Joan Crawford Unmasks Hollywood for Franchot Tone
Mae West Tells How To “Get Your Man”
Why You Love Marie Dressler
A Famous Caricaturist's Conception of METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER'S New Comedy Team

May ROBSON · Polly MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner, Director

Harry Rapf, Associate Producer
Isn’t It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...SWELL DANCER...BUT OH! HER TEETH AND GUMS!

Mildred’s eyes remind men of the stars. Mildred’s brow shames the marble of Carrara. But—there’s a “but” about Mildred!

Dancing with Mildred is like floating on a breeze. Mildred is graceful, vivacious, delightful. But the “but” about Mildred spoils her good times!

Men meet Mildred—are charmed—and uncharmed. First they look—and then they leave. For the “but” about Mildred is her teeth!

Either Mildred doesn’t know—or doesn’t care—about her gums. Mildred doesn’t dream that the “pink” on her toothbrush says “Danger!”

If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!

Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

Are you a “Mildred”? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

Your dentist knows just as much about “pink tooth brush” as the one who can help poor Mildred! He knows that “pink tooth brush” can be corrected with Ipana and gum massage. He knows that if you don’t correct “pink tooth brush,” your teeth may become dull and ugly. He knows that you may become a victim to a gum infection as undesirable and as serious as gingivitis or Vincent’s disease or even pyorrhea... that the soundest of your teeth may be endangered.

The foods of today are too soft to give proper exercise to the gums. That is why Mildred’s gums... and yours... tend to bleed. They are inactive. They need massage—with Ipana.

Start today cleaning your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little more Ipana right into your gums. Your teeth will brighten. Your gums will soon be firm. And you’ll be attractive when you smile!

Avoid “Pink Tooth Brush” with Ipana and Massage!

THE “IPANA TRIOUdOURS” ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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December, 1933

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXVIII, No. 2

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Printed in the U. S. A.
Miriam Hopkins sets up a new code for women in her latest Paramount picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one. ... The play—Noel Coward's "Design for Living". Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The lovers—Fredric March and Gary Cooper.

Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "Cradle Song" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely Dorothea Wieck to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about Dorothea Wieck when you see her in "Cradle Song", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.

Vanilla! They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did!
The Four Marx Brothers as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "Duck Soup", that very funny Paramount Picture directed by Leo McCarey... with girls and music.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!
SCREENLAND

Honor Page

To Leslie Howard for the screen's most romantic performance, in "Berkeley Square"

Sharing honors with Mr. Howard in "Berkeley Square" is the lovely little Heather Angel, as lyric as her name! Miss Angel brings to her part of the heroine of this love story a tender charm seldom seen on the screen. Left, Mr. Howard and Heather Angel in one of the appealing scenes from the picture.

Below, Mr. Howard with Betty Lawford in a scene from the modern sequence of "Berkeley Square," the picture which establishes Jesse Lasky once and for all as one of the truly imaginative fine screen producers.

That fine and subtle actor, Leslie Howard of London, New York, and Hollywood, surpasses himself in the leading rôle of that beautiful motion picture, "Berkeley Square." No other actor could have played it with such sensitiveness. No other actor could have played it at all!

LESLEI HOWARD, we salute you! Your acting in "Berkeley Square" reassures us that a fine actor need not go Hollywood. He may live and work there and remain a fine actor. You have. It can be done! Certainly your performance of the poetic, charming young lover of "Berkeley Square" is your best for the screen. What other actor can convince an audience that he is in love with a ghost-girl? What other actor can appear at ease in the costumes of the eighteenth century? You, Leslie Howard, are the Great Romantic of the Movies, whether in the setting of "Berkeley Square" or a Hollywood story. Don't ever go modern on us!
No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The Star Company"... Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every movie-goer in the land as the one picture that must be seen this month!
Greta Garbo and John Gilbert show you their mugs (of ale) in this still from "Queen Christina." The making of this film is doubly an event, marking Greta's resumption of picture work and her screen reunion with her old love of the dear, dead silent picture days.

A FEW weeks after securing her divorce from Hoot Gibson, declaring that she would never marry again, Sally Eilers eloped by plane to Yuma, Arizona, with director Harry Joe Brown. Not the least surprised among her Hollywood friends was the handsome Mr. James Dunn. Hoot Gibson, Sally's ex-, may soon follow suit by marrying pretty Joan Gale.

Many Hollywood notables attended the wedding of Sally and Harry Joe, including Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rogell, Lew Cody, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), and others.

AMONG the more exciting rumors is the one that places Clara Bow and Rex Bell at the parting of the ways. The "It" Girl, now at work in "Hoopla," and her cowboy-actor-husband, are said to be on the verge of calling it a day.

Mae West told several chorus beauties at her studio that the real secret to sex appeal is good health. Girls everywhere may profit from Miss West's advice to the chorines: "Spend at least six hours a week developing your body, girls," said Mae. "Good health means a full quota of sex appeal. Keep at least nine hours every night, for vitality is necessary if you hope to attract men. As for beauty treatments, spend just as much time as you can spare beautifying yourselves. But before all else, take care of your health. Anemic women don't interest men.

Another elopement during this big marital month was that of Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney, brother of the illustrious James. They were married at Agua Caliente, Mexico.

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, who as you know have been one of Hollywood's principal pairs of bill-and-coers, may be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this. Somehow it's just a bit difficult getting used to the idea of the volcanic Lupe as a sedate little matron; but she's deeply devoted to her Johnny and eager for his happiness. Here's luck!

Carole receives a caller. Gary Cooper strolled over from a neighboring set to see how Miss Lombard was faring in "White Woman." Can you wait to see Gary as the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland"?

Kay Francis, cool and lovely as always, watches some tournament tennis from her perch high up in the stands at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. With her is her director husband, Kenneth McKenna.
The stamp of superlative entertainment

WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"
WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"
SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"
GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROthsCHILD"
CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"
GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"
LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"
LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"
ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"
GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"
"THE GREAT BARNUM"
"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNited ArLISS
The Public Be Heard!

The first eight letters receive prizes of five dollars each.

PICTURE PIPE DREAMS!

I hope to see:
Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in a talkie of "The Dark Angel."
Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis in "The Admirable Crichton."
Helen Hayes, Janet Gaynor, H. B. Warner in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."
Norma Shearer and Phillips Holmes as Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen.

E. M., Plainfield, N. J.

This is a month of raves—good, honest, unaf-fected "whoops" and "braves" for the lads and ladies of the screen who have won the hearts of our susceptible letter-writers. Bayes outspoken and insis-tent, raves subtle and restrained, pour in to prove that old-fashioned star worship isn't dead by any means. Read those printed herewith, and see for yourself!

Besides these enthusiastic encomiums, there's a running fire of trenchant commentary on general movie matters and modes to be found in this month's mail. You'll find a few of them in these pages, reproduced so that they who run (the movies) may read.

There's more reason than ever before for trying your hand at these brief comments, now that the unusual number of prizes gives everyone a chance. Try your hand at a SCREENLAND "swifty"—the best eight letters each month receive prizes of $5 each. You don't have to be a "writer"—all we require is an idea, clearly and concisely expressed. Keep your letters within fifty words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

GENTLE GIBES

Joan Crawford: Betty Co-ed as Camille.
Helen Chandler: Alice in Wonderland.
Elissa Landi: Frozen Autumn.
Katharine Hepburn: Juliet in Murals.
Phillips Holmes: Apollo at Princeton.
Marlene Dietrich: Moonlight on Silver.
Greta Garbo: Isolde of the Icelands.
Leslie Howard: Critic in Pail Mail.
John Barrymore: Faun in Society.
Clive Brook: Galworthy Hero.
Frank Eugene Ford, 2514 Verbena St., New Orleans, La.

SHHH! ANOTHER "CYCLE"?

Why doesn't some producer give us a stirring Civil War picture? It's been so

By popular demand, this month's "Miss Public Be Heard"—Jean Harlow! See her in "Bombshell," with Lee Tracy.

"Swifties" from SCREENLAND readers

long since we've seen one, the idea should go over big. What have we now to equal those romantic days, not to mention the thrilling battle scenes, songs and marches so popular then?

Betty Patterson, 6319 Monitor St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CONNIE AND JOAN IN CRINOLINES?

The Barrymore brothers have made such a success of co-starring, why not a picture featuring the Bennett sisters?

I'd suggest "Vanity Fair" for them, with Connie as Becky Sharp and Joan as Amelia. In my opinion they'd fit the roles perfectly, and wouldn't they look cute in the costumes?

Dee Chapman, 1532 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHEERIO!

I think Jean Harlow is the sweetest star in pictures! Of course all the Har-low-haters think differently; but they in-
Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN in
"LITTLE WOMEN"
by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book... See her... living... the immortal "Jo"... in this glorious romance of four girls in love... The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!
Rave On—you're perfectly right!

I shan't rest in my condemnation of producers who ignore transcendent talent for inferior work until I see Frank Morgan's name emblazoned across the marquees where it belongs. Viennese baron, drunken doctor, heartless publisher, he enacts each with flawless perfection. Can you name his superior? I can't!

John E. Fobes,
693 Shatto Place,
Los Angeles, Calif.

CHECK!

Remember the little Grand Duchess in "Rasputin"?
Remember the poor little girl who killed herself in "What Price Innocence"?
Remember the little peasant girl in "Storm at Daybreak"?
That's Jean Parker—and one of these days she's going to be a great actress and a great star!

Ann Cote,
32 Palmer St.,
Salem, Mass.

An ultimatum to ann!

So Ann Harding wants to quit the movies! And because she "thinks she's a failure"? She is a superb actress and a classic beauty. If she quits, I'll quit too; at least, till she returns. So, Ann, if you don't want our home-town theatre to go broke—stay!

Rosa Lu Hucks,
626 Park St.,
Mullins, S. C.

Welcome back, Barry!

I was glad to note the return of Barry Norton, one of the screen's most talented young juveniles, in "Cocktail Hour."

Though not endowed with the Arliss or Barrymore genius, Mr. Norton can "act rings around" most of the current leading men. Let's see him more often!

Milly Buranitz,
240 60th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

laughs wanted!

Of course, comedy can't hold the lion's share of pictures as drama does. We would soon tire of it. However, we do need more of the slapstick of Laurel and Hardy and the more subtle humor of Will Rogers. Remember, people are more prone to tears than to laughter.

T. Warzula,
185 Beacon St.,

Bow, Baxter, Bow!

We want romance—strong, clean romance—in films. And for such roles was Warner Baxter created. As a "free lance" player he has nothing to fear for the future. He will endure with the greatest.

What a crowning success might be his in an appearance opposite the peerless Dietrich!

Alice H. Dixon,
Liverpool,
Nova Scotia.

The enrapturing arliss

What an amazing actor is George Arliss! I have just seen his "Voltaire," and was enraptured by his portrayal of this great historical figure. Why not more of these screenplays that bring to life for the public such significant historic events?

Lydia N. Sternberg,
c/o Anderson,
511 W. 167th St.,
New York City.

"Genius"? Why not?

Ernst Lubitsch is the only truly great director in Hollywood, whose every venture is akin to perfection. The distinction of Lubitsch's comedies is due wholly to his own individuality. His work is that of a genius; consistent in its excellence, and seemingly boundless in its scope.

Theodore Duval,
374 Central Park West,
New York City.

Fredric the great!

Here's an extra loud cheer for a great artist and a grand actor. A man with natural charm. A man with real acting ability. His name—as if anyone could doubt it—is Fredric March. Producers, keep on showing him to us in roles that are worthy of his genius!

Edna Medved,
765 E. State St.,
Trenton, N. J.

Tush!

I'll bet Ann Harding's mind is a nice pink healthy place with a couple of dimples in it.

Charlotte Morrison,
114 Findlay St.,
Seattle, Wash.

Here's your favorite movie queen as you like to see her—soft, feminine, seductive! This picture was taken as Marlene left Paris for the boat to take her back to America and Hollywood, where she is now at work on a picture based on the life of Catherine the Great of Russia.
DO YOU WANT A SCREEN STAR FIGURE?

I HAVE TRAINED
Many Famous Stars
The idea is simple to understand: of the little girl who desires it, and perhaps the little boy too, I present to you my special training plan developed at HOLLYWOOD. I will teach you to mould your own figure, to develop your feminine beauty, to acquire that beauty! It is complete, it is thorough, it is the one course that will train you to achieve the most beautiful figure of all time.

SPECIAL OFFER
COMPLETE COURSE
FEMININE
FIGURE MouldING
THE COURSE THAT KEEPS THE MOVIE GIRLS ALLURING, Money Back Guaranteed
Stars, I now offer to you at a special low price. The course will come to you at one time, complete in every detail... fully illustrated by movie stars showing the simple exercises that have brought tempting figures to crowds of my students. ALL MATERIAL, entry blanks, etc., for the FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD AND SCREEN AND TALKIE TEST will also accompany the course.

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD
FREE SCREEN & TALKIE TEST

You can have a figure that men admire by simply following the course I send you. Imagine the joy, the confidence in knowing that wherever you go you will be the center of attraction. "The woman with the tempting figure" can be YOU. If reducing or lack of weight is your problem, my course can solve for you. If you are flat-chested or have an over-developed bust, my course will show you how to secure the beautiful feminine curves so much desired. Say to yourself right now, "I'm going to have an attractive, alluring figure." Then send for my course today. Remember, this special low-price offer is limited.

Send me at once, your complete course of Feminine Figure Moulding. I enclose $2.98 in full payment which also entitles me to claim for FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD and free screen and talkie test. I understand my chance to win is based upon progress made while taking your course. Also that in case of two or more winners being chosen, all will be offered the FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD and screen and talkie test.

Name
Address
City State
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 58-59

One Sunday Afternoon
Paramount
Excellent acting and sensitive direction turn this poignant little screen comedy of the 1890's into a better show than its stage original. The atmosphere of a generation ago is recaptured with loving realism, and Gary Cooper contributes a fine performance as the gentle braggart, Bill Grimes. Frances Fuller of Broadway, in her screen debut, proves surprisingly fresh and adroit as his wistful little bride. Fay Wray scores.

Beauty for Sale
M-G-M
Handsomely produced and interesting throughout, this comedy-drama depicts the lives of three little girls in the big city against a background of the beauty-shop business. After seeing her two friends, Una Merkel and Florine McKinney, come to grief, Madge Evans hesitates upon the brink of sin and returns to the straight and narrow path. Good acting by the girls, Alice Brady, Otto Kruger, May Robson.

S.O.S. Iceberg
Universal
Scenically, very much something! The frozen beauty of the Arctic is revealed in all its grandeur in this melodrama filmed in the far North. Dramatically, disappointing. It relates the adventures of a brave band of intrepid explorers, led by your old friend Rod La Rocque. Thrills include unruly glaciers, battling polar bears, and a last-minute rescue by airplane. Well worth seeing for the scenic interest.

Bureau of Missing Persons
First National
Producers are pioneering again. We found out about gangsters and chain-gangs from films and now we learn what happens to the thousands who disappear yearly. Most of this film is based on actual fact—it's exciting and highly interesting. Like life, it's both grim and gay! Excellent direction and splendid acting by Pat O'Brien, Bette Davis, Lewis Stone. Recommended? Absolutely! Don't miss it.

Wild Boys of the Road
First National
The plight of Young America in the days of depression. Frankie (grand actor) Darro and Edwin Phillips strike out for the big city for work when poverty hits home. They hop freights and discover that thousands of youngsters are on "the open road." They band together and meet hunger and tragedy at every turn. It's poten and powerful, but it ends well. Portable mention to Dorothy Coonan and Ann Hovey.

Broadway to Hollywood
M-G-M
Here's a vast, pungent and realistic chronicle of the advance of show business from the 'eighties of Tony Pastor's day down to the talkies of the present. Three genera- tions of Hacketts, faithful trouper, show the varying fortunes of the industry, with Frank Morgan and Alice Brady, in excellent characterizations, carrying the burden of the story. Madge Evans and Russ Hardie provide the romance.

One Man's Journey
R-K-O
Bohold a latter-day "doctor's dilemma," in which a country physician with old-fashioned ideals is torn between duty and the desire for professional advancement. Robert Hardymore gives a moving performance as the self-sacrificing medic. The picture, despite occasional elements of hokum, presents an honest, intelligent story. The strong supporting cast includes Betty Robson, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee.
The Solitaire Man
M-G-M

There are bright lines, breathless situations, and a different idea in this polite crook melodrama. As a diamond collector who neglects to pay for his acquisitions, Herbert Marshall is suave and ingratiating. Most of the action occurs in a Paris-London plane, with many surprises. Elizabeth Allan, May Robson and Ralph Forbes are good; and Lionel Atwill, unsecured by tricky make-up, gives his best performance.

Her First Mate
Universal

With better comedy material than usually fails to their lot, Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville serve up a number of genuine laughs in their best co-starring picture to date. Slim is the mate of a Hudson River boat who hankers for deep-sea sailing. Zasu, his wife, by way of granting him his wish, prevails upon him to buy a ferry-boat! Una Merkel, George Marion, and Warren Hymer add to the funny business.

The Secret of the Blue Room
Universal

Who murdered Onslow Stephens in the Blue Room? No, you're wrong, it wasn't Lionel Atwill! You'll find this mystery film a little disappointing—it isn't quite foolproof. However, the cast including Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, William Janney, and of course, Atwill all contribute good performances. And besides that, there are sliding panels, dark halls and other reliable aids to spooky atmosphere!

This Day and Age
Paramount

Cecil B. DeMille puts the Younger Generation through its paces in this rather incredible tale of a mob of boys and girls who take the law into their own hands to quell the racketeers. There are mob scenes in DeMille's best manner, and Charles Bickford, the head scoundrel, gets his deserts. Richard Cromwell and Judith Allen score in leading roles. Several "Juniors" of famous film personalities assist.

Shanghai Madness
Fox

It's Spencer Tracy's potent personality that puts over this too, too infantile story. He plays the screen's most heroic hero—fighting revolutionists practically alone! Of course, he did it all to rescue his cinema sweetheart, Fay Wray, who was in the mission that was being fired upon. This film packs plenty of action; and the comedy is handled by Eugene Pallette and Herbert Mundin in their usual expert manner.

Ann Vickers
R-K-O

An Irene Dunne triumph! She recreates the heroine of Sinclair Lewis' novel and makes her a real and vibrant person. Irene, as a social worker, gives a forceful yet sympathetic performance. Second histrionic honors go to Walter Huston for his characterization of a somewhat shady judge. Edna Mae Oliver gets the comedy award. For your "Must" list.

---

TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...For 10 Days at Our Expense!

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR...
...it won't cost you one penny!

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 tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

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- And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinated 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. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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.

*This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER
PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 7312, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________ State ________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

"REDUCED HIPS 3 INCHES" OR "FAT MELTED AWAY"!

Before wearing the girdle, I had to be careful to keep my figure. In fact, I'm afraid people might laugh at me. But the girdle proved to be a real wonder. Now I can go out very much without fear of being noticed. And what a marvel it is on fat, sluggish skin! A. McKIRK, N. J.

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

THE SOLITAIRE MAN, M-G-M.
BEAUTY CONTEST? Certain!

Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D.C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!

Another Beauty Contest Won! The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women...
DEAR Katharine Hepburn:

Behave!

You’re in for it now and you might just as well be a good sport. Don’t you dare cheapen the star of “Morning Glory” by any more silly kid stuff like the news picture on this page.

You’re new. You’re over. Why try to steal another star’s act? The Garbo pose is outmoded, anyway. It never was modern. And you’re modern as tomorrow. You’re American, crisp, decisive, direct. You’re our Pioneer Woman of the Screen, whether you like it or not. Realize you’re the first movie idol who’s also thoroughly American? Remember Pickford? Canadian. Valentino? Italian. Chaplin? English. Garbo? Swedish. Dietrich? German. So you see, you have a responsibility of a sort. And it isn’t American to put your hand in front of your face when the cameras are aiming at you. Not at all. The only Americans who do that are public enemies. Our public idols, on the other hand, including our Presidents, put up with it. Mellon and Morgan stand for it, with or without midgets. It may be a bore, but it’s part of their business and they know it and they do it. Suppose you see if you can grin and bear it.

I suppose you’re already tired of all the fuss of being followed and photographed. I know that when your eager fans thronged to your New York radio broadcast and sat thrilled and expectant for you to take a bow, they were disappointed. I know you can’t be bothered much with press and photographic appointments. And now, when the camera boys surround you because you’re a big name and they have a living to make, you cover the famous features with a disdainful gloved hand and let them make the most of it.

Oh, now! Can’t you be human? Can’t you be real? Must the “regular” Katharine Hepburn from Hartford, Connecticut, become merely a bored celebrity? For one thing, it’s too early in the game to be like that. You’ve made a sensational screen success, second only to Garbo’s. But you’ve also had some great breaks. RKO, with wonderful wisdom, about-faced on your films after your second, “Christopher Strong,” with the splendidly appealing “Morning Glory” and now the great Jo rôle in the beloved “Little Women.” I hope RKO will always be that wise. But it’s the test of time and good pictures that makes a really great star. The Hepburn-conscious public must be won not only once, but over and over again. Hepburn, the actress, can do it. I believe she’s potentially great. But it’s Hepburn the girl who must pass the critical muster of the personality-mad public—if she is to keep her place among the movie great.

That’s why I say—Katharine Hepburn, face the cameras!

Delight Evans
Lilian's Life Story

As told to
James M. Fidler

Tiny, golden-haired, blue-eyed, this girl has captivated the Continent and conquered Hollywood. Her life story is as colorful as you have hoped!
First and exclusive account of the life and career of La Belle Harvey!

LILIAN HARVEY

Birthday: January 19th.
Height: Five feet, one inch.
Weight: 95 pounds.
Eyes: Blue; long lashes.
Hair: Golden-brown; long bob.
Skin: Fair; soft.
Figure: Ummmm!
Plays golf, tennis; swims, rides horseback, ice skates, dances; adores fast motoring.
Wears size 12 clothes; size 3½ shoes; size 4½ gloves.
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite flower: White rose.

training that in later years enabled Lilian Harvey, diminutive screen star, to amaze directors by easily mastering such difficult feats as walking a tight rope, diving from a hundred-foot scaffold, and riding a runaway horse without the aid of even a rope-halter.

The girl “Lilie” had no dream that one day she would be hailed as Lilian Harvey, world-famous cinema actress. In fact, as a child she was not at all interested in play-acting. When neighborhood children, (mostly girls, as is usual), staged their cellar or attic amateur theatricals, Lilian was conspicuously among those who sat in the audience, a privilege gained by the payment of two pins at the door, and who scoffed at the antics of the youthful Bernhardts and Barrymores.

She had one brother and one sister, and even at home her preference for boys crept out; Walter, her brother, was her family favorite.

“We were like brother and brother, rather than sister and brother,” Walter turns back the pages of time to recall. “We used to scramble and wrestle together. I was never a strong child, and Lilian often bested me in our wrestling matches, after which she would sit astride my prone body and taunt me until we fought again.”

Through later years, this companionship between sister and brother prospered. He tells of another incident that took place when Lilian first learned to ride a horse:

“I was with her,” Walter relates, “when she decided to take up jumping on horse-
La Belle Harvey was an idol of the English and Continental public before she ever set foot in America. Here's a typical scene of a Harvey arrival in London—crowds, flowers, cameras!

back. The very first jump was perfect, but the second time her horse stopped short and she had a nasty fall. It shook her, and most people would have been satisfied to call it a day.

"But Lilian, jumping to her feet and not even troubling to brush herself, mounted the horse again and galloped for a third jump. She went over gracefully and surely."

To return to the little girl of 1914, and her thoughts of the world at that time:

"The last person in the world to dream of becoming a motion picture actress was I," Lilian confesses. "In 1914, small girls with straight hair, skinny legs, and thin little bodies never thought of the movies as they do now. Why, it was only on rare occasions that I was even privileged to attend a theatre."

"In fact, there is an age limit in Europe for those who would attend the cinema. I remember that I occasionally dressed in my mother’s clothes, when she was away, and thus gained entrance to see the moving pictures."

"The height of my dreams was to climb the highest tree, and perch there, imagining myself atop the world. I could gaze from that tree over the walls and into the courts of Alexandra Palace, which was my dream world of Princes and Princesses."

It was in July of 1914 that (Continued on page 72)
THERE is no need to say that I was not surprised by the marriage of my friend, Jean Harlow, to Harold Rosson, her cameraman.

Everybody was surprised. Jean herself was surprised! And I believe the bridegroom, after several months, still wonders how his good luck came about.

Immediately following her return from Yuma, Arizona, where she became the wife of Rosson, Jean said to me: "When I went on location to Arizona, I had no idea the journey would end with my marriage.

"Oh, we've been in love. You know that. We've even talked of marriage. Our talks were never definite, though; we merely murmured about a hazy sometime.

"Then we went to the desert. We went there on location for 'Bombshell.' Heretofore I've always pictured the desert as a vast, uninteresting stretch of sand, hot and dusty and uncomfortable. Now I realize that the desert I have known is the daytime prairie. The night-time desert is amazingly different. The heat and the glare depart. The stars seem so close to the earth that they appear touchable. The sand and the dunes are simply enchanting.

"The desert at night is the essence of romance. Now I can understand and appreciate the romantic spirit of such pictures as 'The Sheik' and 'The Barbarian,' for I know that romance thrives in the desert nights.

"It all seems strange to me, now that I look back over the days of our courtship. Most romances begin in romantic surroundings. My friendship with Mr. Rosson commenced on a golf course. Our friendship turned into love on the links. Then we decided to marry while we were on location in the desert."

What type of man has Jean married? That question is uppermost in the minds of her millions of admirers.

My briefest description of him is: Regular. (Continued on page 87)
Why You Love

New reasons for bowing to Queen Marie! Here are some never-before-told anecdotes of the life and career of the "Happy Warrior"

By

Hal Howe

The royal gesture! Marie as the grand old actress of "Dinner at Eight" commands your allegiance anew.

FIRST Lady of Vaudeville—
First Lady of Comic Opera—
First Lady of Movie-Land!

Since Grover Cleveland, Marie Dressler has known every President of these United States and has been an honored guest at the White House, during practically every administration.

To Marie Dressler, former President Harding once said:
"I have seen you in everything you ever did. The world is better for your having lived."

And that sentiment goes for all of us!

The indomitable Teddy Roosevelt requested that she be brought to the White House and presented to him. There were several other people awaiting when she arrived. A moment later he entered. He passed from person to person with his famous, "De-lighted, de-lighted."

In Marie's own words: "Paralyzed with interest, I kept my eyes on the strong neck that was being inclined here and there at different points of the room."

He came before her. "Well, Miss Dressler," he smiled, "at last we meet. What do you think of me?"

"I think you have the most wonderful neck I ever saw," she answered, giving her marvelous chuckle. Teddy laughed heartily.

"That beats any answer I've ever had," he admitted, and from then on Marie was a beloved and frequent visitor.

Marie does not recall her first meetings with Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, but her first meeting with Taft is sharply etched in her mind.

"I have," Marie said, "the most comfortable feeling when you are in that chair. Everything seems so calm and sweet."

"I don't know how to take
that,” he chuckled.

In commenting on this interview she said:

“It was as though he enjoyed a thing to the full and finally pitied his hearer and lets him in on it too. At any rate, that submerged laugh always filled me with thrills and a feeling of bubbling mirth.”

And then she goes on to say with that great sense of humor and love of fun which is hers:

“There was always a bond of sympathy between Taft and myself on account of our great size. And I always respected his bravery, for, fearing not the censorship of the world, he used to buy two seats for himself when he was attending an entertainment where he wished to be comfortable. I have often wondered how he felt on the night he reached a theatre and found his two seats divided by an aisle!”

Of all the Presidents, she most loved Harding.

“There was a graciousness and sincerity about him which was altogether winning,” Marie declares, “When we first met there was a crowd waiting in the reception room.

“Surely,” I said, “you are not going to shake hands with that queue of two hundred out there before lunch?”

“Yes,” he returned.

Marie Dressler gives a plea for our Presidents after knowing them as dear friends for twenty-five years, which is both poignant with feeling and forceful in expression. In our opinion it should go down in history with all immortal sayings. It is this:

“To me the great wonder is that any President ever gets out of office with a shred of reputation left, for the higher the position the more eager the mob is to destroy it. A man will start a little store, go without meals, deny himself pleasures, work early and late to build up his business, and when, through actual self-denial and toil, he achieves success, he is envied by his employees and neighbors as being lucky and they are eager to defame him in any possible way.

“Politician; professional; artist—it is all the same, for no matter how conscientiously they may try, as soon as they are known and liked, there is always the blackmailing type which sets to work to smirch any reputation which may have been honestly and laboriously acquired. Any bum can start a false report, but what I have never been able to understand is the avidity with which the populace in general eagerly believes any malicious tale that is spread.”

Marie has well proven her patriotism and love of country. She sold a home for which she had worked for years to pay her expenses to tour the country selling Liberty Bonds during the late world war.

She made one hundred and forty-nine speeches in twenty—(Continued on page 67)
Reunion on Long Island

So the movies have gone safe, sane, and business-like, have they? Ah, but you should see the dizzy divine madness of the good old days running rampant now at the re-opened Paramount Eastern Studio. Read this gay story and be convinced!

By Leonard Hall

SINCE the year 1929 I have complained bitterly—and often cried myself to sleep, too—because the once wonderful and nutty movies had gone completely sane and business-like.

Where, I shrieked to Nursie, is the superb insanity, the colossal cuckoo-ness, that once made Hollywood the most gloriously goofy spot on God's dithering footstool? But Nursie never answered.

Up to 1929, you remember, anything went in Movietown. The streets were paved with gold, and manicure girls and ribbon clerks plucked hundred-dollar notes from the magnolia trees in the hills above the town. Any actor getting less than $10,000 a week was cut dead on the street, and any star worthy of the name bought two Rolls-Royces and ran between them.

Four years ago, when the Market and Jolly Insanity crashed, the bankers and efficiency men looked over the movies—lock, stock, barrel, ill-will and fixtures. Hollywood went suddenly sane, and those who didn't like it could duck three times in the Pacific, and come up twice.

The financiers spanked the naughty little actors. They
Imagine Jimmy Dunn in a frankly comic rôle! He has a grand part and makes the most of it. Can this beauty with him be Lona Andre? She can; she is!

Fixed Budgets. They Cut Costs. Why, they even demanded change from thousand dollar bills—those bits of dingy paper the stars used to give their kiddies to play with! And Hollywood became duller, stupider, and more moral than Coon Hollow on a quiet Sunday.

But there's still Balm in good old Gilead! I blubber no longer. I howl with glee—I give the Rebel Yell and Texas Ranger hoot! Today, for taxi-fare amounting to some eighty-five cents, I can get my homesick carcass to a movie studio that, at the moment of going to press, is as dippy, daffy, and deliriously delightful as the unholy Hollywood of '29, when the new-fangled talkies had driven the whole film world loony, and veteran stars were learning to speak English.

Hear me, you who loved the movies in their dizzier days!

Over on the Long Island flats, where the geese go barefoot and the cops walk four abreast, just over the river from Manhattan's Heaven-piercing towers, the famous old Eastern Studio of Paramount has come to life again!

It had slept in the shadows for nearly two years, that hallowed spot—dreaming of the days when Gloria Swanson was its crowned queen at $10,000 cash, American money, every Saturday night.

It was there that the great stars of now made their first talkie bows—Walter Huston and Kay Francis and Claudette (Continued on page 8g)
The "inside story" of the million-dollar writers of Hollywood—who are as important, as colorful, as expensive as your favorite stars.

The Broadway producer was tearing his hair. He needed a playwright before six P. M. that night.

"Where's John Colton?" he bellowed.

"In Hollywood," said his ash-blonde secretary.

"Get Charlie MacArthur."

"He's in Hollywood."

"How about Marc Connelly?"

"Mr. Connelly is in Hollywood."

The Broadway producer drew out his diamond cigarette lighter, touched off the script, and buzzed for his private elevator to the roof in order to jump off.

On a certain Monday last month, three of the biggest publishers were at luncheon. They were discussing books.

"My favorite has always been 'The Golden Dancer.' By the way, what's become of Cyril Hume?"

"He's in Hollywood."

"Gene Fowler?"

"Hollywood."

"Sam Ornitz?"

"Hollywood."

If the publishers were not careful, Hollywood would reach out and capture Pearl Buck, who wrote "The Good Earth." Louis Bromfield, Leane Zugsmith, Robert Nathan, Willa Cather. They drank their coffee black. Moodily.

And down in the haunts of Greenwich Village, the air of bohemia was thin.

"What's happened to Samuel Hoffenstein, the poet?" asked one tea-room of another.

"Hoffenstein has gone Hollywood."

"Johnny Weaver?"

"Ditto."

They began tolling off the poets who had moved from Washington Square and Sheridan Square, out of attic and out of basement. Shaven, manicured and pedicured, they were living in hillside grandeur in homes overlooking Hollywood with a view from every window, including the one over the kitchen sink.
Dozens of pens of importance had traded sonnet-writing for steam-heat, passion for potatoes. The poets were thumbing their no-es at a past that had paid their poetry twenty-five cents a line—when it had paid at all.

Their brothers, the short story tellers, were just as tired of starving at the pulp-journal rate of a penny a word. Even the national magazines waving ten cents a word under the balconies of best-seller names, could not compete with the movies.

Hollywood was paying a dollar a word—and paying it every single Saturday.

Nowhere in the writing game was pay any better—unless you were technical on the subject and looked up the union scale of those scribes who chisel "Rest in Peace" and "Here Lies Dad" on marble.

And, believe it or not, only the other day, down in the Social Club of the United Morticians, the Boys were mourning the absence of a comrade. He had written from the West to say that he was through with grave-yards. It was always one cold on top of another. He was now in Hollywood and under contract. He was lettering the screen credits in an art department—and he was happy!

Of course, this does not mean that all the writers in Hollywood are happy. Some of them go out, stay four miserable months, and run away. But they usually come back. Even Ben Hecht, the greatest rebel of them all, came back.

The odd thing about it is that they are living greater stories than they are writing.

Take the life of Achmed Abdulhah who served eleven years in the British Army, retiring, dead broke, with the rank of captain (Continued on page 82)

We persuaded Beth Brown to tell something about herself while she was on the subject of eminent authors. Read her amusing "Autobioglet" at the right.

A Word!"

By Beth Brown

A "Dollar a word" writer herself!

Frances Marion, Exhibit A of the cinema writing world. Her usual price is $25,000 for an idea that may run less than two thousand words.

Ralph Spence. His salary is —whew!

Right, George Marion, Jr.—one of the aces.

AUTOBIOGLET

I am five feet nothing, do not look like an author, do not live in an attic, and have a lug nose.

I lived more than anything else of life to be an author. This, I heard, required a variety of experiences. So I worked as a cigarette girl in a cabaret, joined a burlesque troupe and wrote ballets, went to ballet school and wrote Wedding Ring; went to New Orleans and wrote For Men Only; went to Hollywood to write for the movies, and came back to New York with a bank roll, twelve yellow pencils, a red typewriter—and a wish to go back once each year.

I live very simply in a studio one flight below the moon. It has a fat balcony that hangs over the river. Most of the boats toot hello as they go by.

I love a certain young man, red hair, many faces, ten-cent stores, public libraries, smart clothes, rambunctious, watercolor, balleting, blue售货员, my red-haired mother, Broadway, joggers, fine stockings, midnight parties, polo, comb-on-the-cob, and six pieces of soap in my soap dish.
JOAN Unmasks Hollywood for Franchot Tone

By Ben Maddox

Ever since they played together in "Today We Live" you have been clamoring to see Joan and Franchot together again. Your wish will be gratified in "Dancing Lady," from which the scene above is an exciting sample of what you'll see on the screen!

Your guess is as good as Hollywood's as to the status of the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone "romance." Their scenes together in "Dancing Lady" are intense and torrid. On the other hand, both deny emphatically any serious off-screen interest. After talking to them both, I can only report that I thought I saw "Maybe" in their eyes.

But whether they fall in love depends on—oh, a lot of things. Joan won't be legally free until next May. She wants to see her way clearly. Which, at that, is a typical Crawford trait. No girl has ever tried so hard to do what is right and been so misjudged as the earnest, radiant Joan.

As for Franchot:

That he glamourizes tremendously, that to him she symbolizes all that's fair, tender, and fine is evident to his friends. Do you aspire to win her? Very strong violets to you!
A beautiful star proves that Hollywood can be friendly! One of the most refreshing stories you have ever read!

hazard, to be approached with great caution!" Then, break of breaks, he met Joan Crawford! Though he had an impressive cultural and stage background, Franchot was untested material to Hollywood. Being seen with Joan immediately focussed attention upon him. If she liked him, there must be something swell about the lad.

Had he come into her life at any other time his luck might not have been the same. She would have been too busy. But Joan, at the end of her heart-breaking struggle to preserve her marriage, was tired and a little lonely and discouraged. Franchot, so talented and good-looking, happened along at the psychological moment.

“What Joan has done,” he confided to me, “is to explain Hollywood. When you understand a thing you can plan your course accordingly and avoid the unnecessary mistakes.”

To realize just how he has benefited from his association with her, think back for a minute to his past and his attitude when he arrived at M-G-M.

The son of a wealthy business man, Franchot had no youthful struggles. He was sent to a boys’ private school and later to Cornell. At college he was pre-eminent in dramatics and scholarship, being president of the dramatic club and a Phi Bete.

Yet being elected to Phi Beta Kappa for his heavy studying didn’t dampen his zest for extracting the utmost from each passing day. He is high-spirited and perhaps that was why he was intrigued by the exhilarating life of the theatre. To his staid parents’ astonishment he accepted a job as the juvenile in a Buffalo stock company as soon as he had graduated.

“I made forty a week—while it lasted!” he recounts.

“I headed for Broadway and fame when that ‘try-out’ was over. Only—fame kept at a respectful distance from me. For weeks I pounded the pavements! At last I persuaded a little (Continued on page 70)

Meanwhile, Hollywood lies before him like a world set out expressly for him to conquer. Certainly Joan’s interest has helped him both professionally and personally. Three months ago Screenland presented him to you as a brilliant but constrained newcomer. In bringing him up-to-date Joan’s influence must be credited for much of his advance.

“When I started West from New York I expected to land in the most fantastic of places,” he confesses now. “I thought every actress of importance would conduct herself in the fashion of the movie queens in ‘Once in a Lifetime.’ I visualized studio contacts as a moral and mental

Director Robert Leonard talks over the scene about to be “shot” with the star and her leading man. This story tells you how Joan has helped Franchot Tone to win screen success. The Crawford-Tone team will delight you in “Dancing Lady.”
Lowe and Behold! Here’s Edmund

Versatile actor tells what movies have taught him

By Mortimer Franklin

You roared at him as a comic sergeant; you thrilled to him as a detective, a magician, a clever crook; and now you’re admiring his dramatic performance with Jean Harlow in “Dinner at Eight.”

He’s an Eddie of all trades—and good at each one!

IT WAS something of a problem. “It” meaning, in this case, the proper mode of greeting that popular matinee, evening, and midnight-performance idol of the silver sheet—Mr. Edmund Lowe.

“Hi, Mr. Lowe,” I began. But it sounded all wrong—much too ups-and-downsy.

“Lo, Mr. Lowe,” I started afresh. But that sounded screwy, too—lacking in altitude, or something.

Whereupon Eddie resolved the dilemma by stopping my halting lips with a beaker of ginger ale and some of its near relatives, which strategic move enabled him to take command of the interview from that point onward. “You were going to ask me,” he stated, “how I like this business of personal-appearing.” We were seated, at that magnetic moment, in his dressing-room at the Albee Theatre, one of Brooklyn’s most puissant picture palaces, where Eddie was soon to go out on the road for the wind-up of a several weeks’ tour.

“Well, I like it fine,” he answered him sir. “Yes, sir, even five performances a day don’t idle a fellow when he realizes that he’s doing something that’s not only revitalizing to the bank account, but is also a valuable enhancement to his technique as a screen actor. Technique was the word,” he repeated, looking at me sternly.

“A guy is a sap—I mean a man is extremely incoherent”—he continued, “to keep on year after year making movies without ever checking up on his style. And when I say checking up on his style I mean something, not on the boards in direct contact with an audience and finding out what’s right and (Continued?)}
More Adventures in Hollywood's "Grand Hotel"

Celebrated author "tells all" about the inner workings of the great studios. Exclusive!

By Vicki Baum

I LIKE to take a stroll through the studio lot, which is a circus and a fairyland, a gigantic factory and a madhouse!

I may come upon a cage of tigers and lions, to be used in some wild-animal or jungle picture. I may be allowed to play with a little monkey or a baby bear, both of whom are supporting their owners. I have heard of a man in Hollywood who lives comfortably on the earnings of a pet goose which has a good screen personality!

As I was taking one of these strolls through the lot not long ago, I suddenly stumbled upon a staircase, bearing the sign: "Visitors Positively Forbidden." It was one of those typical "set" staircases, built of logs and leading apparently nowhere. The "Visitors Positively Forbidden" sign roused my curiosity and sent me climbing promptly up the steps. Reaching the top, I found myself confronted by the wide-open jaws of an alligator, swimming in what the screen world calls a tank—in reality, a small round basin. Since he was made of rubber, I couldn’t quite understand why they’d gone to the trouble of tricking the tank high-up on the first floor, and why visitors had been invited to stay out. But I soon learned. The beast was being moved about by means of strings fastened to various sections of his body and, “Tarzanizing” around him, was Johnny Weissmuller in the nude. I got a good eyeful of the spectacle before an official spotted me and ordered me to take myself off—quick! Which I did—not without regret. I’ve always wondered since then how they made the hippopotamus work!

The spell of the place lies in the fact that it’s as full of surprises as a barrel of luck, and you never know when the next one’s going to drop into your lap. For instance, I once came on a dancing pavilion in a fishing village. The pavilion was hung with green festoons, and it didn’t take me long to discover that the festoons had been cut from real blueberry bushes and—what was more—that the tiny, delicious berries were still nestled temptingly among the leaves. What a treat in this dry California where no berries grow! My lunch hours for the rest of that week were brightened by my daily trip to the blueberry patch where, like any bad boy, I nibbled my dessert from the foliage when no one was looking.

Another experience I’ll never forget was my first sight of the workmen who were busily engaged in making a tree. You might in your innocence imagine that the simplest way of getting a tree on the lot would be to get a tree. But no. For some mysterious reason which I have never yet been able to fathom, trees on the lot are made. I watched in fascination for an hour while they hauled up barrels of varying sizes, broke them apart, nailed the parts together in the shape desired, and plastered the whole thing with some kind of artificial foliage.

“What are you doing there?” I inquired.

“Making a tree,” they told me.

“Why are you making it?” I asked them.

“Because it’s needed for this scene,” they explained kindly, as to a nitwit.

In return, I tried to explain the reason for my bewilderment, but it wasn’t any use. My arguments seemed as senseless to them as theirs did to me. So we let it go at that. I found the tree later—looking very nice indeed—in one of the gardens of the fishing village.

The color and variety, the (Continued on page 85)
NOW—suppose I wanted to make the king!"

Mae West tossed this bombshell at me and then glanced calmly out the window of her shiny black limousine as the streets of Hollywood whizzed by.

I gasped. She didn't specify what king, but the idea almost swamped me. She had taken it for granted I was to disclose her love system. Of course, being experts, they have one.

"It would take a bit of manœuv'ring," she explained as she turned towards me and flashed her million dollar smile. "It's sort of similar to a stenographer among her Chevalier. He may seem a long way off in a different circle. But—he could be had!"

Will nothing daunt amazing Mae West?

The answer is No! The king—Chevalier—he now I wasn't sure which could be hired. All I realized definitely was that Mae's dictum is: heaven rewards a waiting sprite!
tell how to “Get Your Man”

who concentrates on beating the love racket. When she declares men were created to be captivated she isn’t thinking of scenario frame-ups, either. Mae has her mind on everyday life problems, where you have to scheme for your results.

Hark to the curved lady’s tested and true Ten Get-Your-Man Commandments:
1. Be Available—contrive so he’s aware of your presence.
2. Be Self-Sufficient—let him know you’re hot, but let him start the blaze himself.
3. Be Beautiful—because temptation at first sight saves a heck of a lot of time.
4. Be Elemental—don’t give ‘em English accents when they crave a gal who don’t pretend.
5. Be Entertaining—the fastest way to register is to feed a man’s vanity, not his stomach.
6. Be Feminine—in ways and dress and that allows you a thousand and one tricks.
7. Be Sophisticated—a woman who can add two and two seldom has unhappy days and lonely nights.
8. Be Popular—ten dates on the string are worth more than one on a davenport, and besides the reserves spur on the most ardent.
9. Be Changeable—and you’re sure never to be handed that “a book’s no good when once I have read it” line.
10. Be Selfish—so you won’t be sorry.

If anyone has the ringside on the romance racket, it should be Mae. Other authorities pale, seem rank amateurs in comparison. Perhaps it is because she has refused to accept the conventional axioms that she has become the symbol of the modern siren.

My rendezvous with Mae occurred when “I’m No Angel” was shooting a few scenes without its star. Respandent in a nifty afternoon ensemble, she rolled up to the Paramount studio (Continued on page 78)

Whew! Don’t miss this! Mae gives her tested and true rules of the “Get Your Man” game. It’s West at her best!
CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE
FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N.Y. Herald-Tribune

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IRENE BROWNE
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Directed by FRANK LLOYD
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From the play by John L. Balderston

RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N.Y. at $1.65 admission. You see it at popular prices. Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.
The Fourth in GREENLAND'S Series of Portrait Drawings by Charles Sheldon

Claudette Colbert,
Here's our "Dancing Lady" in a rather Spanish number. Joan hits a new high in sophisticated costumes with this brown taffeta striped with gold. The gown fits snugly—we're telling you.

Sensational chapeau! Joan Crawford sponsors the satin "sailor"—to be worn with formal frocks, my dear! Of course this type of hat should only be worn by girls with poise and sophistication. Speaking of luscious lines, this hat has 'em!

LUSCIOUS LINES!

Portraits of Miss Crawford posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Harrell, M-G-M.
Close-up of Crawford! Joan's intense and poignant face lends itself to any coiffure. And the flower necklace is a lovely frame for the beauty of the superb Crawford head.

Designed by Adrian! The Adrian-Crawford combination will thrill the feminine members of the screen audience again in "Dancing Lady." Joan is sheathed in satin to her finger-tips—note the long black satin gloves.

Satin for formality, says Adrian. Joan Crawford wears this interesting gown with its highly original neck and sleeve arrangement in the new film. How do you like Joan's new coiffure as shown in the portrait above? Those Victorian bangs give an entirely new expression, don't they?

Here's the art of seductive dress, warmly demonstrated by Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"
AN American Girl from Iowa, Margaret Lindsay, dared to enter the "all-English" cast of "Cavalcade" by means of a ruse, and remained to give a grand performance. Now Hollywood claims her for its own!
A n example for movie folk! Here’s the quiet, unruffled manner in which Ricardo Cortez prefers to spend much of his leisure. Perhaps it’s a reaction from his new rôle of "Big Business Man."

Care-free Ricardo!
"Design for laughing!" The three principals in the rollicking comedy, relaxing between scenes on the set, chuckle over a hilarious line by the director-adapter, Ernst Lubitsch. To Lubitsch, who transmuted the play's precarious lines and situations to the milieu of the screen, goes a goodly share of the credit for the gay and entertaining result.
Who said "Three's a Crowd"?

Merry movie trio traces a new "Design for Living," based on Noel Coward's famous stage comedy

Photographs by Sherman Clark, exclusive to SCREENLAND

Three-cornered romance! In the movies' "Design for Living" Miriam Hopkins puts all her peppery ardor and her torrid appeal into the rôle created on the stage by Lynn Fontanne. Gary Cooper follows in the footsteps of the masterful Alfred Lunt, while Freddie March disports himself in the rôle played by Noel Coward, the author.

Eanie, meanie, minie, mo! It's up to Miriam to decide what shall be the way of a maid with two men. She solve the problem by not deciding at all! As George, Gilda, and Tom, three sophisticated moderns, the three co-stars portray Noel Coward's version of love among the artists!
HEATHER ANGEL is one of Britain’s most delightful ambassadors to Hollywood. The same poignant, piquant charm that made you and Leslie Howard love her in “Berkeley Square” is present here in abundance.
IT'S been an eventful year for Lew Ayres, with its ups and its downs, its acting triumphs and romantic tangles. Anyway, Lew has a grand rôle with Lovely Lilian Harvey, as the leading man in "My Weakness."

Laugh, Lew, Laugh!
The Gracious Gaynor!  

We might have called this lovely portrait "The Soul of Janet Gaynor," so typically Gaynoresque are her gentle smile, her shy gaze, her wistful air. Janet will appear soon in The House of Connelly.
JOAN BLONDELL, whose gay screen comedy constitutes a National Recovery movement in itself, takes a bow with her Persian pal, "Washy," who looks as if he's trying to register menace or something!

The Blithe Blondell!
The Ballad of Shanghai Lil

Yo-heave-ho! She couldn’t say no! Here’s an epic of man and made from the musical movie, “Footlight Parade”!
The fleet is in, and the gobs are out,  
Patrolling of the City.  
Behold Jim Cagney, U. S. N.,  
The hero of our ditty!

Ahoy! Avast! Likewise belay!  
Adventure heaves in view—  
The pride of all the waterfront.  
(She's Shanghai Lil to you.)

"Let's weigh our anchors," cries the tar.  
His nautical knowledge showing.  
"I don't know where we're bound for, but  
You've surely got me going!"

Ashes to ashes, as the maid  
Accepts a smoke with gratitude.  
Our hero strikes a light, the while  
Fair Lily strikes an attitude.

"Come let me be your gob of love,"  
He pleads—not speaks of tennis.  
And yet she holds aloof, though James  
Turns on the weighty menace.

He grasps the problem in a trice.  
With actions suave and gentle.  
"I'll make her love me yet, e'en though  
My charms are mostly mental!"

At last she drops the manner prim  
That ladies grave and glum wear,  
And acts like Nature's own sweet child.  
(She's read about it somewhere!)
YOU'VE seen Patricia Ellis (though not quite so clearly, perhaps) as an increasingly persuasive picture charmer in a succession of rôles. Now watch for her best performance yet, in "The World Changes."

Languorous Lady!
An informal encounter with the amazing Pickford, who is younger than Jackie Cooper, busier than the Marx Brothers, and sprightly than any Baby-Star!

By
Alfred Hughes

Mary Pickford as she looks now after she has ruled the American screen for twenty-four years! She's been everywhere, seen everything, had nearly all the wide world can give. Rich as a sultana, still pretty and zestful, unbelievably ardent for her life's labors. Remarkable!

Miracle Mary!

I SHOOK this old bag of bones together, seized my crutches, and tottered into a great New York hotel, the other day, to see a sweet little old lady who had ruled the American screen for twenty-four years.

For nearly a quarter of a century this dear little soul has warmed the hearts of thousands of her countrymen—known triumph and defeat, the birth and death of romance, the loss of loved ones. A quarter of a century of all the storm and sunshine that go to make up this utterly ridiculous life. Now it was meet and proper for me, as one who has loved her these many years, to pay my respects to the dowager queen.

"I'll tell her how marvelous she was in 'Lena and the Geese' in 1909," I thought, as I was helped out of the elevator and led toward her suite by a kindly bell-hop.

I was admitted by a secretary, with a maid or two bustling in the background. In the drawing room, overlooking the greenery of Central Park, three haughty shop-ladies and a small boy were packing and unpacking heaps of shining jewelry. From the bedroom came sounds of a ragtime band conference. Several tinkling bells played "Stormy Weather" softly. In all scavenged me of The Christmas Rose.

I sat with my great Ford resting on a lap, and the very young old man in the midst—this gifted woman's little girl with a golden head, a slim figure, and the prettiest, daintiest pair of feet and legs I've seen since '94.

She was wearing a tight-fitting frock with gay plaid doo-hickies on the shoulders. Her blue eyes were smiling, her cheeks were plumpish and pinkish, and I was wishing to heck that my eldest grandson could find a girl like this somewhere in the Younger Drinking Set.

"Lord, child," I quavered. "You're the livin' image of Mary Pickford. I didn't know our Mary had a little girl like you!"

"Now you stop, Grandpa," said the little lady. "I'm Mary Pickford, and you know it!"

THAT Mary Pickford? I seemed to sort of faint dead away for a spell!

But enough, and too much, of this idle buffoonery! Let's frankly face and take apart the ease of the astounding Mary Pickford—"forty if she's a day!" as the ladies of my sewing circle put it.

Years make Time, but they certainly can't make Mary prove it, up to the hilt?

then ninety-nine percent who display their driving over cliffs in What has kept he What's the explain It isn't a new on
I WALKED into a motion picture studio the other day, and saw a ghost!

This was no terrifying spook. In fact, it was by far the prettiest ghost I've ever seen—even in a studio, where the ghosts are slim and swell. It was a lady spook, and she stood in the prisoner's dock in an English law court, movie style, with a camera aimed straight at her, and a microphone catching every whisper.

It happened that I knew this beauteous ha'nt. The prisoner at the bar was no one at all but Lillian Gish, Lil of the wide blue eyes and the sunlit hair, facing a film camera for the first time in four long years.

How Time, to coin a phrase, flies! No doubt the younger members of the class have never even seen this glorious star of the silent movies' greatest days—the gentle pride of the quiet films—greatest pupil of D. W. Griffith. But every flicker devotee whose memory reaches back ten years remembers with abiding joy the placid beauty and the tender power of this amazing girl, whose life story is really the tale of the growth of the motion picture from a horse race in celluloid to a work of art.

And here she was again—making her second talking picture in all this time! Her very presence on a movie set brought rushing back bright memories of the films' fruitier days.

To you Gishites I would say that, for Lillian, Time has stood stock still in his tracks. She is as slim and straight and girlish as ever. Her hair is a little darker—her face is as sweetly grave—her eyes as wide and as amazingly blue. As one of the boys of the Old
She Isn't Like That at All!

One of the foremost beauties of the screen, Kay Francis is at her loveliest in quaint, old-fashioned clothes such as these. But outside the studio—well, read the story and you'll find a charming Kay whose existence you never suspected!

Aloof? Exotic? Not Kay Francis! This revealing story tells you what captivating Kay is really like

By
Carlisle Jones

Kipling could learn about women from Kay Francis, too. She is the contrariest lady in pictures. And one of the most interesting.

The Kay Francis this interviewer had in mind when he ventured on to the set doesn't exist at all. She isn't like that. She isn't like anything anybody might think she would be like.

In the first place one would suspect that Miss Francis had been born in Paris, or St. Moritz, or Richmond, Virginia. But she wasn't. She was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—"by mistake" she says.

And fate should have given her a surname like Duse or Barrymore or Chatterton. But instead she was christened, properly and legally, of course, Katherine Gibbs. So she had to take her second husband's name of Francis and abbreviate Katherine to Kay to manufacture a satisfactory stage and screen name.

Miss Francis ought to ride around Hollywood swathed in mystery and half buried in the soft cushions of an aristocratic Town Car. Instead she owns a Ford—and drives it herself.

She should, this interviewer thought, enjoy languorous hours in a canopied satin-covered bed. But it seems she would rather camp out—and sleep on a cot under mosquito netting.

She is the kind of a lady who should—and probably does—squander (Continued on page 90)
Here is a new exhibit of celluloid Americana which takes its place as a more highly civilized companion-piece to Edward G. Robinson's "Silver Dollar." Succeeding the rough-and-ready miner of the earlier piece is Robinson's fine portrait of the aesthetic son of a Chicago meat-packer who succeeds to his father's business most unwillingly. He marries a rival meat-packer's daughter, in the charming person of Genevieve Tashman, but real elanor enters his life when he meets a beautiful, embryo opera star, played by Kay Francis. The story leads us from the early days of Chicago, through the Spanish-American War, to the reign of the Rough Rider, Teddy Roosevelt, in the "White House." Mr. Robinson's portrayal is a masterful one; he is impressive as the art-loving young man who becomes a ruthless business man. Kay Francis is strikingly lovely as the opera singer. You'll enjoy Home on the Range as she sings it. Genevieve Tashman is a revelation as the frivolous wife who waits patiently for her moment of revenge. "I Loved A Woman" is worth your time and trouble; it's far from the usual film.

There can't be too much harmony when it's Bing Crosby singing, and Paramount producing. As I've said before, and often, it takes Paramount to produce these kidding musicals. This company somehow knows the secret of making sparkling soundies that are light and gay and intimate, and this is one of the best. You'll like the lively way in which it "reveals" the very private lives of Broadway crooners and sirens. Our Bing surpasses himself as a Broadway headliner who falls in love with Judith Allen, in spite of Jack Oakie, who loves her, too. Then there's Lilian Tashman, who was Bing's big moment until Judith appeared—the complications are comic, especially when the inimitable Mr. Oakie is on the screen. You'll be glad to see Mrs. Evelyn Oakie, Jack's mother, in her screen début, playing, oddly enough, Jack's mother. She's a grand old lady. Good numbers—you'll enjoy Bucking the Wind—not only tunes, but girls, Grace Bradley, Kitty Kelly, and others. Just want to remind you gently that we picked Bing Crosby as a potential star when he was a crooning short subject. Just look at Bing now—and listen.

It's my pleasant duty, boys and girls, to report that Romance is not dead on the screen! Romance is very much alive, thanks to Mr. Leslie Howard. Thanks, also, to producer Jesse L. Lasky, who had the good taste and the imagination to dare to present "Berkeley Square" in celluloid. Let's flock to see his picture and prove we appreciate art—particularly when Leslie Howard is the artist. Here's a picture that's as satisfying as the stage play. It's romance spiced with wit, this great adventure of the young man who goes back to the eighteenth century to find true love. "Berkeley Square" is first, last, and always a great love story; poetic, haunting, timeless. Leslie Howard's portrayal is his best. Heather Angel as the heroine makes it perfectly plain why Mr. Howard was not content with a brittle beauty of the 20th century. The cast, including the distinguished Valerie Taylor, the charming Irene Browne, and the very interesting Colin Keith-Johnston from the "legitimate," help make "Berkeley Square" the important play it is. Please do not miss it. I know you will enjoy every scene.
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Highlights of the Movie Month:

- Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"
- Frankie Darro in "Wild Boys of the Road"
- Frances Fuller in "One Sunday Afternoon"
- Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey"
- Charles Laughton in "Henry the Eighth"
- Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness"
- Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones"
- Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square"
- Heather Angel in "Berkeley Square"
- Kay Francis in "I Loved a Woman"
- Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
- Warner Baxter in "Penthousé"

The Private Life Of Henry The Eighth
London Films-United Artists

Here’s a masterpiece! The full length portrait of that mellow monarch, Henry the Eighth, painted by Charles Laughton, is one of the screen treat's of the season. And the picture itself is the finest ever produced in England. A rich tapestry of the times upon which romantic figures move with color and character, with Laughton's robust Henry always dominant. His was a private life well worth the filming! Here is no "royal butcher" but a king who is every inch a man—and a man with a zest for life and a sense of humor! Laughton roars his way with gargantuan gusto through this film whose foreword frankly says: "Henry's first wife was of no particular interest. She was a respectable woman. We begin with the second wife—" It's all grand fun. Of the wives, it is Elsa Lancaster, the real-life Mrs. Laughton, who impresses most, as the comic Ann of Cleves. Merle Oberon is a beautiful but pale Anne Boleyn, Binnie Barnes is almost, but not quite sufficiently colorful as Kate Howard. Robs—Donat is an interesting Tom Culpepper. For Laughton admirers, a Must!

The Emperor Jones
United Artists

Eugene O'Neill's powerful drama comes to the screen at last, and I hope that you will see it. It is one of the most interesting screenplays of this or any other season. You may have heard that Dudley Murphy, the director, tried for a long time to interest the cinema people in producing this classic, but not until he encountered John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran, the two intrepid young men who presented "Maedchen in Uniform" to America, did his dream come true. The celluloid "Emperor Jones" is distinguished by the performance of Paul Robeson as the Pullman porter who becomes the tyrant of a tropical isle. Robeson is magnificent—there's no other word big enough. He brings all the power and dignity of his great voice and stature to the role. You will long remember his singing of "Water Boy"—an interpolation not intended by Eugene O'Neill, but exciting nevertheless. The jungle scenes, so moving, in the stage play and in the opera, fall far short, through no fault of Mr. Robeson. But "The Emperor Jones," in spite of obvious faults of scenario and direction, remains one of the more impressive celluloids.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Perfume—the rare essence of loveliness

When a beauty editor sits down to write about perfume, it's awfully hard to keep out from under its romantic spell. It's such a glamorous subject! One is tempted to quote poetry, or at least to tell of the lovely women who have used perfume since the world began, and of the men who have succumbed to its appealing charms.

But just for once, I'm determined to be practical about perfumes. I think every woman realizes what a lovely, glamorous thing it is, and how subtly and beautifully it can color her life, if it is used artistically and correctly.

But that is the thing that most American women must learn. So few of us realize the importance of the right perfume on the right person at the right time. We are too liable just to douse it on for a big party, and forget about it the rest of the time. And then its purpose is defeated.

For perfume should never be noticed as perfume. It should be a subtly drifting fragrance, emanating from your whole body, definitely a part of you, always expressing you.

French women, for generations, have been skilled in the use of perfume. Constance Bennett, who has spent a great deal of time in Paris, in addition to making use of her own innate good taste, learned at first hand how to use perfume in the most skilful and effective way.

The picture of her dressing table above shows rows on rows of captivating perfumes and other articles de toilette. As many fragrances as there are flowers in the world, as many fragrances as there are moods and moments. Miss Bennett loves her perfumes. She says that some of them actually inspire her. She even chooses perfumes to suit the roles she plays in pictures, to help herself really feel the person she is portraying.

This is one of the first things to learn about perfumes—how to select them to suit your moods, and the occasions for which they are worn. Don't just select one perfume and stick to it day in, day out. The same perfume, like the same mood, can only get tiresome to yourself, but to other people as well.

A perfume that's appropriate on the golf course, wouldn't be right for a formal drawing-room. Just as when you're feeling full of fun and laughter, your perfume may be a light spicy bouquet—but when you're more quiet and subdued, you will probably want your perfume to be softly languid.

Constance Bennett also realizes the importance of carrying out the fragrance of her perfume in an ensemble of bath powder, eau de cologne, and face powder—when this is possible—so there will be no conflicting fragrances waging a war around her. This isn't an expensive proposition if you want all your perfumes to 'assemble'—but it's a grand idea. (Continued on page 80)
Drama in the Air

By Evelyn Ballarina

IT WAS a melodramatic night at Columbia Broadcasting Studio. The atmosphere was dripping with drama, the—oh, don't blame me, I sat in on one of the Dramatic Guild playlets and it got me, pals, it got me! Just try to watch this group of actors emote without emoting with them—shudder for shudder and throb for throb!

The evening's drama was a sort of radio 'Grand Hotel.' Dramatic incidents were enacted while an orchestra could be heard throughout the program playing the St. Louis Blues. A motor crash—a plane crash—a domestic crash—and other bits of tragedy occurred during the ensuing half-hour. It took two studios and a lot of tricky synchronization to put over this broadcast.

The orchestra was playing in a studio directly above the one used by the players—and neither could hear the other. So of course, all hands had to be absolutely letter-perfect in their lines and entrance cues.

For instance, Betty Barthell was singing at one point, and had to stop practically in the middle of a word so that Stephen Fox, who couldn't hear her but had to depend completely on timing, could cut in with an aviator's call for help. It was quite a feat! Mr. Marion Parsonnet, the Dramatic Guild director, was in the control room with ear-phones over his head, listening to the orchestra, waving cues to his players, and directing the three people who were making those realistic sound effects. All at the same time!

Despite the perfect orchestration of sound effects, something very unusual in radio programs occurred. The broadcast gained just the least little bit of speed during the half-hour, with the result that it finished about half a minute ahead of time. This may not sound like much to you, but to the studio it was plenty! Anyway, the Dramatic Guild usually bows out with chimes—about five notes. Tonight the lady who plays the chimes didn't know about the extra half-minute and stopped at the usual time, but Parsonnet frantically motioned for her to continue. The look of complete amazement on her face as she continued banging away at the chimes had everyone in the studio in convulsions, and handkerchiefs were stuffed in mouths to stifle laughter so that you, you, and you wouldn't hear.

After the broadcast I chatted with Stephen Fox and learned that he is the only dramatic actor under contract to Columbia Broadcasting Studio. And though born in New Orleans, Fox spent a part of his life in foreign lands. He was educated in England and Ireland, hence his grand British accent. He never writes letters; he's an extravagant telegram-sender. When he was in France during the war he received a letter from General Pershing ordering him to write to his mother: "You know, they call me 'Columnia's Mad Actor!" he remarked. "Whew! I was just getting ready to run when he grinned and added, 'I played ten insane men in eleven weeks, and I guess I'll never live down that title, anyway, not with the bunch of ribbers I'm working with here.'

We were seated in one of the offices when a voice from an adjoining office said, "Say, Steve, may I see you a moment?" Loud laughter was heard emanating from that direction—the ribbers were at it again. Sure enough, when Mr. Fox came back he wore a rather sheepish grin and said, "You can't even he interviewed around here without being spoofed about it. Parsonnet and a few of the boys just (Continued on page 83)
Here's Hollywood!

Special dispatches from the Western Front—news, gossip, excitement!

By Weston East

JOAN CRAWFORD's most serious upset of recent months was the departure to London of her secretary, who has been in Joan's employ for many years. The secretary went to join Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Originally he was Miss Crawford's private secretary. When she married Doug, Jr., he became secretary to both Joan and her husband. When Joan and the junior Fairbanks were divorced, they still shared this one employee. It is no wonder Joan is upset; the secretary knew more about her business affairs than she knew herself.

I THINK it was Madge Evans, a rapt believer in astrology, who said in the studio café one noon, "Greta Garbo ought to do well with this company. Why, she was born under the sign of Leo, the M-G-M lion."

CHARLOTTE HENRY, the little eighteen-year-old girl whom Paramount chose, after an extended search, to play the title role in "Alice in Wonderland," must feel pretty much as did Lewis Carroll's small heroine. Charlotte came to the Coast from Brooklyn three years ago to make a name for herself in pictures, but never got far beyond the casting director's office. Now, out of a clear sky, she's getting her chance, and in no trilling role. Others in the cast are Bing Crosby as the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper as the White Knight, Alison Skipworth as the Duchess, Jack Oakie as Tweedledemer, and Louise Fazenda as the White Queen. Quite a constellation!

CLARK GABLE laughed at this, so I suppose I am safe in passing it along. I mean this paragraph from a letter from Joan Betty Huber, a Gable fan:

"We took snapshots. One pose especially was good; I was garbed in slacks and had my arms around Clark Gable. Our 'Clark' happens to be the cutest little brown call with the world's BIGGEST EARS!!"

Oh, well, Clark laughed at it.

BELIEVE it or not, fan mail decreased thirty per cent during the depression, but is near-normal now. Fredric March's stand-in looks so much like the star, he is often besieged for autographs. . . . Baby LeRoy's chair for sets is a high chair, the only one of its kind. . . . Low Ayres gets peev'd with Ginger Rogers because her leading men fall in love with her. . . . Following stars have been sued by "Uncle Sam" for back income taxes: Tallulah Bankhead, $104,660; Fit D'Oros, $910.99; Evelyn Brent, $136.18; Reginald Denny, $336.56 . . . Ed Wynn, a constant summer guest at his director's beach home, sent him a grand piano in appreciation. . . . Claudette Colbert's physician operated for appendix and did not leave a scar. . . . During her illness, Edmund Love sent wife Lilian Tashman a bowl of white roses daily. . . . Sheldon Lewis, dead for several years, recently recovered his hearing. . . . Lyle Talbot remarks that "courting" used to occur before marriage; now it takes place afterwards.

International

They caught the fever! Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother, were the third Hollywood couple to stage an elopement within the space of a week. They were married at Agua Caliente, and are honeymooning now.

Two generation meet. Pepe Davis, as the modern girl, and Pat Francis, as the Gibson girl princess.
A WELL-KNOWN magazine writer who is a friend of Franchot Tone was motoring with Jean Harlow one afternoon. As they were driving at the beach, the writer said, "I'll take you to Franchot's house." Jean thought that a delightful idea.

Arriving there, the writer carefully looked for Joan Crawford's car, for Joan sometimes visits Tone's beach home. No car was in sight, so the writer and Jean went inside—and there was Joan!

And if you know that a feud exists between La Crawford and The Harlow, then you'll know that the situation was most embarrassing.

MARY BRIAN reports a new "height of nerve." At the same time she moved into her new home, some people occupied a house across the street. Several of Mary's friends visited for an informal party—a sort of quiet house-warming. Early in the evening the neighbor knocked at the door, protested against the noise, and threatened to call the police.

"Go ahead, call the police," said Mary, who knew that her guests were quiet and orderly.

Whereupon the neighbor hesitated a moment before he asked, "May I use your telephone?"

THEY were relating the retort of a casting director. An actor was objecting to playing a rôle in which, throughout the picture, he remained silent. He claimed the silent part was an insult to his ability.

"Chaplin isn't so bad," said the casting director.

Gilbert Roland, resplendent in his flight officer's uniform, looks loads of love at Constance Bennett in "The Woman Spy." Look out, Gil—she's probably using you as a tool to help her get hold of the pap-uhls!
NO DOUBT the citizens of Sayner, Wisconsin, are pinching themselves today to discover if they are awake?

For one entire month, Janet Gaynor and her mother rested in Sayner. They registered there as Mrs. Smith and daughter—and no one recognized the girl who is often termed the most popular motion picture star.

THE return of Mae Clarke as Jimmy Cagney's leading lady, in "The Finger Man," evoked several jokes at her expense. 

Never-to-be-forgotten was that scene in "Public Enemy," when Cagney smacked Miss Clarke in the face with a grapefruit. The day she returned from the new picture, Mae found a crate of the juicy fruit in her dressing room. Accompanying the present was a note: "For internal use only. James Cagney."

The following day Cagney, Mae and the cast of six others lounged together. What a laugh went up when the waitress, previously instructed, brought orders of grapefruit to every member of the group.

M O N T H L Y H I S S A N D C H E E R D E P A R T M E N T

A long, long shot with bad lighting to that Paramount gateman who, discovering that a seven-year-old boy had slipped inside the studio long enough to obtain an autograph from Richard Arlen, seized the paper with the precious signature and tore it in half.

And a beautiful big close-up to Claudette Colbert, who witnessed the gateman's act. She denounced him so pronouncedly that he fled into his cubby-hole office in shame. Whereupon Miss Colbert led the small boy into the studio and secured for him not one, but several signatures.

A long shot and noisy sound track to Vanity Fair for publishing those unlovely offstage photographs of stars and stating that such hideous portraits are common, which they are not. The most beautiful women in the world photograph badly when poorly lighted, and Vanity Fair editors should be aware of that.

A lovely close-up to Helen Hayes. Unable to play in "One Sunday Afternoon," she recommended Frances Fuller, a young New York stage actress. Miss Fuller was engaged, and made good.

R E C E N T L Y, Hollywood has returned to its "partying mood" and gay affairs have been the theme of the film colony's return to prosperity.

Foremost among these was a "come-dressed-as-a-star" fete which took place at the Vendome, popular Hollywood eating place. I won't attempt to describe the colorful affair, but will give you a few highlights of the evening.

Top-spot for originality went to Adrian, film fashionist, who came as "Chic Sale," clad in a cardboard "telephone booth" with the regulation crescent-moon cut in the door.

Robert Benchley came as Hitler, the German dictator. That caused Fredric March to comment, "But Hitler is no movie actor." Whereupon Benchley reported, "You think not? Listen, Hitler is the movies' greatest menace."

Two leading men whose names must remain secret almost came to blows over Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, who reached the party in the guise of "Sadie Thompson." One leading man, who is Joan Crawford's ardent swain, said that Mrs. Bellamy was imitating Joan. The other leading man said she was mimicking Gloria Swanson. The argument had reached the personal stage when Mrs. Bellamy ended it by declaring that she had borrowed from the screen characterizations of both Joan and Gloria.

Completely shattering all expectations, no star came as "himself."

T W O lovely ladies are racing to be first to meet the stork. They are Joan Bennett, expecting in February, and Dorothy Jordan, who looks for the stork soon after Joan.

N O FAIR mentioning names, but a certain hand-kissing leading man is nursing a grouch, and the ladies-about-town are hiding disappointment, all because of a recent gag.

It seems that the ladies got together at a party to which the gentleman was invited, and they put sneeze powder on their lily-white hands. The leading man bowed and kissed—and sneezed. In fact, he spent most of the evening, before he went home in a huff—sneezing.

Now he has quit kissing hands, and the ladies are all sorry, for secretly, they will now admit, they liked the gallant hand-kissing, and they derived a private thrill from it.
WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your headaches; tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by relaxation. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test free by mailing the coupon now.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

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Modern Drugists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and economical boxes of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Please mail me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

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Address
City
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WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARY? SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER

SHE ISN'T WELL AND THE LINES IN HER FACE SHOW IT!

IS SHE STILL HAVING THOSE ANNOYING HEADACHES?

YES, WE REALLY OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT HEXIN

SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH SHE IS AGING HER.

HEXIN WOULD HAVE STOPPED HER HEADACHES AND KEPT HER LOOKING YOUNG!

IS IT MYSTERY HOW FAST HEXIN WORKS?

IT CERTAINLY IS, AND IT NEVER UPSETS MY STOMACH EITHER.

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.
Rome, Sweet Rome!

Some classic! Eddie Cantor goes back to ancient times in the musical "Roman Scandals"

Grace Poggi, one of the girls who follows Eddie's advice, helps decorate the scene.

Marcus Eddibus Cantorum of Rome gathers a few of the local cuties around him and sings them a new lyric with an age-old idea.

Just between us musicians! Eddie prepares to warble a tune accompanied by no less a musician than the great god Pan in person.

A bit of Romance language! Ruth Etting, celebrated torch singer, hears a few torchy words from David Manners, a young Roman noble, right.

These statuesque maidens form part of a living frieze for the Great Slave Market in "Roman Scandals." Let's hope Eddie kept his mind on his work!
Why You Love Marie Dressler!

Continued from page 25

nine days, never talking to less than five thousand. Once when she and General Pershing were speaking on the same platform a frantically enthusiastic crowd cried out:

"Pershing for President, Marie Dressler for Vice President!"

"If you go to the White House," she said to Pershing, "I will go too." And she adds, "I could see right then that his hopes were blasted. He never seemed to take any interest in the nomination after that!"

When Marie was but a kiddie she fell off a roof to save her dog from being shot. He had bitten a neighbor's child who had ill-treated him. As the angry townfolk approached the house to get the animal, Marie climbed out of a second-story window, and bounced unexpectedly off a sloping roof onto the ground. She landed like a ton of lead and shook every bone in her body, but held tightly to the pup.

Pretty badly shaken and bruised, she nevertheless carried her pet to safety, and hid him until she got him a home at a sufficient distance where the law could not reach him.

And ever since then Marie has been for the under-dog.

If there ever was a friend who faced a blank wall, wondering if a doorway existed, it was always this great soul who came to the rescue.

If, between engagements, she was puzzled as to what she should do next, all she had to hear was the tale of woe of a fellow actor or actress to decide matters. Immediately her fertile mind thought up an act for them to do and off they went into vaudeville for a season.

If a playwright was up against it, not knowing how to market his brain child, Marie stepped into the picture, helped rewrite the play, and it was sold.

She has stepped into the cast of several plays only to find them doomed to failure. After a few rehearsals and performances, she changed them about and they became roaring successes.

She has made fortunes and lost them but the sheer great, fine quality of the woman has always brought her back.

She has never failed a human soul whom she knew to be worthy and who needed help. Someone, some place, has always leaned on Marie.

From childhood she realized what most of us do not, that life is only worth the living if you see the fun there is in it.

Instinctively she became a comedian to lure folk away from their troubles and make them laugh. The world has laughed with her for over forty years but never at her.

She is the symbol of all we would like to be at three-score and ten. Gallant, unafraid, and with head thrown back, she laughs because it is better to laugh than to cry.

The great of the world have met her in many lands and paid her homage as an artist, but Marie found in them only friends. She was never impressed with their greatness. She found them only human.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on meeting her said:

"Do you know, I used to sit in a gallery just to see you throw a banana peel down on your lap at the orchestra leader!"
I won't throw away my Youth!

Without mercy, gray hair steals your richest treasures... youth, beauty... deprives you of the admiration that makes life a spirited adventure.

"Distinguished," your friends console you, as gray hair opens the door to Heartbreak Age. But you can't hide from yourself that the "silver threads" are robbing you of confidence, making you look and feel years older than you should.

Hold fast to youth! Stop the thief of youth with Notox!

NOTOX is a new method of recoloring gray hair, strictly scientific... undetectable! It never looks "artificial!" With Notox you can overtake even those first gray strands, for its clever shades blend perfectly with your natural color. Instead of crushing the hair with a surface dye as old-fashioned methods do, Notox gently penetrates the shaft, and colors your hair inside where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft and lustrous... and retains its lovely, even shade as permanently as natural color. Wash, wave and sun it all you like!

Ask any good hairdresser for Inecto Rapid Notox. And here's a warning... be sure you see the actual Notox bottle.Recent a substitute... no like product exists. You can buy Notox at any smart shop.

SEND FOR FREE COPY of the Inecto Rapid Notox Beauty Analysis! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair colored with Notox. Write Dept. 83, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 51 West 40th Street, New York.

Femi-nifties

Beauty Products on Parade—without the "Ballyhoo"

By Katharine Hartley

and arranged in wave-like rows, so they can penetrate to the under part of your hair, and even to the scalp. It helps you have the kind of softly shining hair that makes dancing partners sniffle closer!

Speaking of new things on the beauty market, there's a new cream put out by the makers of Thine hand cream. This one is a face cream—a "facial cleanser tonique," it's called. And in addition to cleansing thoroughly, it really refreshes and invigorates the skin. It's grand for quick cleansing and toning, when you haven't the time for a complete facial.

There is also the Thinc Applicator—a little rubber "mat" that fits over your fingers—for applying the cream and gently massaging the face. It stimulates the circulation and is much more effective than applying the cream just with your fingers.

You may wonder what the tap-dancer at the top of this page has to do with remarks on beauty. Well, just this. The stars in Hollywood have found that feet feel the most uncomfortable and comfort treatments, too—whether they're dancing feet or just feet that stand around all day.

Dr. Scholl has proved himself a foot's best friend—what with all his marvelous products for the "tootsie-wooties"—the powders, the heel pads, the arch braces, the what-not. So when your feet are complaining, urge them on to the nearest counter where you see Dr. Scholl's foot products displayed. It's truly the comfortable end of a long, long trail!

It's not enough to spend hours beautifying your face—bodies, too, need pampering. One of the simplest body beauty treatments is to use perfumed Lint freely in your hair. It dissolves in the water and makes your skin feel soft as silk and smooth as ivory.

Incidentally, if you use Lint and then send the package top, together with 10c, to Limit, they'll send you an attractive perfume container for your purse.
what's wrong about his methods, his delivery and his general address.

“Acting, you know, is largely a matter of timing. It's pretty hard to gauge the proper timing when you're performing for the benefit of a parboiled director, two unimpressionable cameramen and a bunch of jokers with no show toward an appreciation of art. For all you know, as you stand out there in front of the cameras and do your stuff, you may be simply terrible—or you may be making a bum out of Edwin Booth. It's when you're face to face with a theatre full of people, and can feel their response or lack of response, hear their laughs or their silences, that you know whether or not you're on the right track.

And that's why I recommend an occasional fling on the boards for any actor—six weeks or so behind the footlights—as a sort of testing ground for his art or his racket, as the case may be.”

While he was thus discoursing, Eddie wriggled, shuffled and side-stepped into a full-dress suit, complete with silk topper—his costume in the little comedy skit in which the good burghers of Brooklyn were to see and applaud the handsome cinematist in the flesh. With this resplendent outfit went a sizeable revolver, his equipment as an irresistible gentleman crook who comes to rob and remains to romance. The entire ensemble was, in its way, an epitome of Edmund Lowe's career on the screen, a combination of the best features of two distinct types which he has proved himself an expert at playing. For when you are not palpitating to his screen exploits as a dangerous flaunter of firearms (“I've toted a gun in almost every one of my pictures,” Eddie commented), then you are apt to see him in a suave soup-and-fish role such as he played in the recent “Her Bodyguard” and the current “Dinner at Eight.”

“That's another thing about this acting business,” pointed out ace-high Lowe. “A fellow ought to change his style every so often. People got to know me as Sergeant Quiet in 'What Price Glory' and 'The Cock-Eyed World.'” (And incidentally, he lived up to Laurence Stalling's immortal characterization of that picturesque warrior as “the best —top sergeant that ever destroyed a memorandum receipt.”)

“But I figured that there was only a limited future in being a tough solder all my life, so I changed off to more polished roles in pictures like 'The Spider' and 'Transatlantic.' And that's what I've aimed at doing right along. Within the next few months I'm going to make another of those rough-and-tumble sagas with Vic McLaglen, called 'No More Women,' for Paramount. And if experience is any guide, perhaps I'm justified in hoping that the fans will welcome me back in that familiar character especially after I've been away from it for some time.”

Other pictures which the sought-after Eddie has contracted to make in the near future are “Bombay Mail,” for Universal, and “Between You and Me,” for Paramount. He is also toying with the idea of accepting the offer of Mr. Ray Kirkwood, independent producer, to go to Africa on location for a thriller which will probably be known as “Hell Hounds.” An attractive idea, thinks Ed, offering travel, adventure, and an environment so different (in some respects) from Hollywood.

Between his definite plans for future
pictures and his rather uncrystallized hopes for a season on the Broadway stage. Eddie often thinks, he confided, of pursuing a hobby that will do little to do with his theatrical exploits. He is, as you probably know, something of a pedant in his way, having won in his student days the right to append the learned initials A.B. to his name, and having also held the distinction of being the youngest member of the faculty of his alma mater, the University of Santa Clara. (Yes, Eddie was a college instructor!) He never pursued his scholastic studies to the logical conclusion of taking his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, however, for the temptations of a stage and screen career veered him into other channels. But lately the University has tendered him the unusual invitation to submit a thesis for his Doctorate—a signal honor, as he pointed out, for very rarely is any scholar permitted to take his Doctor’s degree without undertaking the necessary classroom study. And some day, when Eddie finds the time, he hopes to turn out a sober thesis and win this crowning academic honor.

Which achievement one ardently hopes will come to pass, for the spectacle of Captain McLaglen being told where in the blankety-blank he gets off at by Sergeant Love, Ph.D., should be one of the most exhilarating sights the screen has yet afforded.

Joan Unmasks Hollywood

Continued from page 29

Joan's thesis, which was an attempt to prove that movie-making was too complex for a woman, was met with general laughter. The audience was amused by the idea that a woman, who has never had a job in her life, should attempt to make movies. The play was a hit, and Joan's career took off.

The theatre organization in Greenwich Village to allow me to illustrate how well I could enact the lead in their first production. I read the part with profound confidence. They rewarded me with a supporting role.

"It was a hectic but stimulating existence from then on. Good plays and bad ones, leading parts and poor ones. Finally I got into Katharine Cornell's "The Age of Innocence." This success launched me in a series of juvenile leads and the high-brow critics pronounced him the white hope of the legitimate. That brought the Hollywood bid.

Franchot was anxious to oblige when he reported to M-G-M. But he had no suspicion that movie-making was going to be complex. Everything had been comparatively smooth sailing. Despite the government's protests, he was never broke. But he soon found that there are all sorts of problems in Hollywood and that signing a contract is only half the battle.

He determined to play a lone hand. Silence couldn't get him into trouble. And so our first conception of him was that he was aloof.

The advice of one is at the top of one who has learned the ropes by often bitter experience, has been an invaluable aid. A word of wisdom in pictures. Do you know the tricks of the trade? Unless it is properly exploited.

"This is where Joan's counsel came in," Franchot said to me. "We were introduced over the telephone, by the way! I'd called Joan and he happened to be at her house. So did she hold the honors by remote control. Later I took to visiting them on the sets."

"In every business there are people who must be pleased if one wishes to be looked upon with favor. Powers behind the thrones, too. Joan intimated who was who in Hollywood." And, of course, she sponsored him socially.

Probably the most noticeable change she affected in him was in his viewpoint towards publicity.

"On the stage it is a negligible factor. I felt that posing for portraits and autographing books for fans was a form of exhibitionism. At premières I used to go in with my knees buckling, and I'd scribble my name in the fans' books so fast I scarcely knew what I was doing."

"Joan showed me how wrong I was. She convinced me that publicity is not making a fool of himself when he acknowledges the public's curiosity. She believes one should be very grateful to the fans for their approval. I agree now that I've reasoned it out."

"I remember my first Mayfair Club party at the Biltmore. A news photog-
Make $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

The average cold lasts 5 days. Pepsodent cut that time in half. And remember, $1 worth of Pepsodent equals $3 worth of other leading mouth antiseptics.

**Y**es," you say, "Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs. But what does that mean in fighting colds?" Here is the striking answer based on 500 human tests.

**3 noteworthy results**

For 5 months last winter one group of people gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with water. Other groups gargled with other leading mouth washes or just plain salt and water. Here is the result:

1. 50% more of those who gargled with Pepsodent had no colds all winter.
2. Colds lasted only half the time among Pepsodent users.
3. Pepsodent users caught fewer colds. Those are the facts. Intelligent people will be quick to benefit by what they teach. Here is clear-cut proof of the extra protection Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you in winter time.

Only 2 kinds of antiseptics

There are two kinds of leading mouth antiseptics. One kind *cannot* kill germs when mixed with water. The other kind—Pepsodent Antiseptic—does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

Makes $1 equal $3

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with health. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic, and none other. Safeguard your health, and save your money.
Here's One SAFE Way To Lose FAT

Prepared By Doctors

Don't stay fat and unattractive—not when it's so easy and safe to get rid of double chins, ugly hip-fat and rolls of unattractive fat on waist and bust.

At the same time you can build up more energy and strength—increase vitality—feel and look younger and keep free from headaches, indigestion, acidity, gas and shortness of breath—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing every morning.

An Etc jar lasts 4 weeks and is sold by druggists the world over. Make sure you get Kruschen, the SAFE, HEALTHY way to reduce—safeguard your health—refuse cheap imitations.

FREE: Write E. Griffis Hughes, Inc., Dept. 8-2 Rochester, N.Y. for new booklet giving complete details of Kruschen Treatment—also precious aids for obtaining youthful beauty.

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Write Rigid, 81 Bedford St., New York for 10 days supply. Envelope 10c for postage, customs duty etc.

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350 LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

$1.00 each

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Lilian's Life Story

Continued from page 20

Maurice enters the heartache-healing business! This still from “The Way to Love” shows him with a new leading lady—none other than Ann Dvorak, whose exotic beauty is well suited to the gypsy role she assumes here.

site now is to act with the famous Group Theatre in New York, the organization with which he played. They take time to analyze every character, to study everything pertaining to drama.

And speaking of analyzing, reminded Joan that Franchot is the most logical man she has ever known.

“He has taught me to curb relying upon my intuition. He taught me to think—safeguard your health—refuse cheap imitations.

Kruschen stands for maturity, conservative achievement.

“It's not true that I'm easily influenced,” Joan added, denying the many articles which have painted her as swayed by her environment. “The friendship of people I trust and respect indirectly affects me—yes, I hope! But I have to like them a lot to value their prescriptions.

I have learned peace and trust from Franchot,” Joan concluded as an assistant director called her to work. “He has taught me to live within my own judgment. And, oh yes—he read aloud to me. I have the greatest plays—and 'Alice in Wonderland.' I'd never read it!"

“Maybe you are falling in love, Joan?”

“Ah-ha!” she rallied back. “You want the lowdown, don't you? Well, I refer you to Carlyle who said something about being an embryo of the imagination upon the stuff of nature!”

Joan may be ambitious, but she is the eternal woman at heart. She couldn't be so exciting if she led an ordinary life.

the Harvey family departed the British Isles and embarked on what was intended to be a glorious holiday on the Continent. Franchot, good and tall, guided them to Germany. Gay, happy, comfortably wealthy, the little family was bent on a vacation that was to have extended over the summer months.

They were in Berlin when the black cloud of war appeared on the horizon, and with a suddenness that was bewildering, the cloud swept across the sky of all Europe. Before the Harveys could realize what was taking place, England and Germany were in a state of war, and all English subjects within German boundaries were forced to remain. No boats were crossing the channel; no foreigners were permitted to cross the border lines.

The five Harveys were suddenly war prisoners in Germany!

“I was too young to understand war.”

Lilian says, “I only remember bottles of men in gray uniforms with glistening bayonets and steel helmets, parading the streets of Berlin. The beat of drums, the blare of bugles and the constant thud of marching feet went on endlessly.

Weeks went by, and weeks turned into months, and months into years—stark, horrible years they must have been, even though I could not quite realize their horror. My parents and other English people were kept in Germany until their fates could be decided. We were not treated as prisoners, but our liberties were curtailed. There was the constant feeling of confinement; of being watched; of every movement being checked and rechecked by guardsmen and officials.

Lilian was sent to a German school, but schools there were different from her own English educational institutions. In Germany, the boys and the girls attended separate classes. So little Lilie, accustomed to associating with boys, was aberrated and subjected to ridicule with girls.

Of course, she found this school edict as often as possible. She often sneaked away from the girls' playgrounds
and joined the boys. Occasionally she was caught, and that called for punishment and reports to her parents.

One day the pupils were instructed to bring to their classes some articles of clothing to be sent to the German Red Cross. Lilian brought knitted socks and a sweater, and she was given a small box into which to pack her presents. The class teacher then went from pupil to pupil, showing each the proper way to pack their articles for shipping.

On the top of Lilian’s box was a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm, but to the little English girl, he was unknown. She saw only a man with a great mustache and a beard. Childlike, she also saw room for improvement, so she employed her pencil industriously. When the teacher reached Lilian’s desk, the child had given the Kaiser’s mustache a ludicrous upward tilt that transformed the dignified Emperor into a Mack Sennett comedian.

The teacher was horrified. Here was treason; an English girl who dared to mar the picture of the Kaiser. Excitedly, she seized the box and hid the retouched picture beneath the folds of her dress, that other pupils might not see the shameful results of Lilian’s artistry. Then she led her culprit before the school principal.

Fortunately, that dignitary was wise enough to realize that Lilian was far too young to know what she had done. She talked to her kindly, then sent her back to her classroom. But from that day, Lilian suffered a mortal dread of her teachers.

This fear soon possessed Lilian’s physical body. The fire left her eyes; the color left her cheeks. Her health grew gradually worse. Further complicating her condition, food became scarce and everybody was forced to go on strict, and skimpy war rations. The Harvey table lacked even the scantiest delicacy; the daily menu consisted of potatoes and a foodstuff that Lilian now describes as “little more than weeds.”

“A few months after the incident at school, my mother realized that my condition was dangerous,” Miss Harvey now recalls. “My illness threatened to transform itself into consumption. Mother knew that I would not live if I had to remain in Germany, and she turned heaven and earth to gain permission to send me to another country. “Even so, she might have failed—for war measures are cruel and heartless—had not she learned of the death of a young German boy who was to have been sent to a health camp in Switzerland. She went to an official, and by pleading and adding a bribe to her pleas, she managed to get me into Switzerland in the place of the dead lad. I crossed the German-Switzerland border disguised as a boy.”

Lilian liked Switzerland. She made her home with an aunt, her mother’s sister. Once freed of German restrictions and the fear of German teachers, she bloomed into health again. Soon she was playing just as she had played in her earlier London childhood. As she grew into her ‘teens,’ she learned to ice-skate and to ski. She climbed snow-capped mountains, and finally she crowned her glory by scaling the peak of the famous Jungfrau, then the goal of mountain-climbers from every part of the world.

About this period of her life, Lilian developed a yearning to dance. Her aunt, kindly but regarding dancing as a branch of the stage and therefore something to be avoided, would not allow the child to study ballet. So Lilian schemed, and from her scheming she hatched a clever plot.

At school, she began to sit at her desk with slumped shoulders and drawn-in chest. The teachers regarded her closely,

**INVITE ROMANCE by keeping that schoolgirl complexion**

_BIRTHDAYS may be forgotten, years need not really count when skin retains the radiant bloom of youth. And daily care with Palmolive—the soap of youth—helps to keep that schoolgirl complexion._

Palmolive is made from a blend of youth-giving oils, the oils of olive and palm. That blend accounts for Palmolive’s supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

_To beautify, use beauty oils_ Palmolive’s mild lather is made rich and velvety by the olive oil that goes into every cake. That soothing lather _penetrates_ the tiny pores, freeing them of impurities, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Olive oil gives that soft, rich green color, too—a color that assures you of natural purity and safety.

**Use this beauty treatment**

Buy three cakes today. Then, start this 2-minute beauty treatment: twice daily, massage a rich lather of Palmolive into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And after a month, your mirror will give you the confidence of youth—youth that is charming, lovely—youth that invites romance.

**PALMOLIVE...**

_the soap of Youth_
noted her pitiful smallness, conferred among themselves, and then advised her aunt to permit the child to add gymnastics to her studies. The aunt, frightened into a belief that Lilian's health was none too good, acquiesced. Thus did Miss Harvey undertake gymnastics, which included outdoor and indoor dancing.

After the Armistice, Lilian returned to her mother, who had meanwhile been divorced from her father. Lilian never saw him again. In Berlin, she continued to study dancing under the expert tutelage of Mary Zimmerman of the Berlin Opera House, but still she harbored no plans for a professional career.

"They did not teach dancing with kindness," Lilian says. "I was slapped and belted into dancing. My childhood dreams evaporated; instead of being play, I found the study of dancing was to some, heart-breaking work."

"Pupils were seldom praised for their efforts, I would end a hard day's practice with, 'There. I achieved much today. My teacher would retort, 'You are terrible! Be here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning for more practice. You'll never be good, my child."

"But Mary Zimmerman was kind to me. She taught me so much, and now I am enormously grateful for those back-breaking days."

Miss Harvey's first public appearance as a dancer occurred in Berlin, when she interpreted at the Berlin Opera House, the music of Klingworth-Scharwenkaufl. The following day she received an amazing ovation from public and press, and for the first time ambition budded in her heart and mind.

She approached her mother with a plan to become a professional dancer, but Mrs. Harvey firmly retorted that no daughter of hers should ever go on the stage, thus proving that what has heretofore been regarded as a good old American custom is really world-wide.

Lilian immediately ran away from home. On advice of Mary Zimmerman, she fled to Vienna. In that city she joined a ballet chorus, and almost at once she made her début at the Ronacher Theatre. It was here that an accident occurred which eventually lifted her out of the theatre and deposited her bodily in a motion picture studio.

"We were performing before a distinguished audience one evening," Lilian harkens back over the years, "and I was excited. During the midst of a dance, I stumbled from the stage and fell into the orchestra pit. Luckily for my bones, I landed with a resounding boom—not written into the musical score—on the bass drum.

"It happened so quickly! One instant I was dancing on the stage; the next second I was half-buried inside the great drum, my head, arms, and legs protruding ridiculously into the air. I was so astonished at the moment, I was not ashamed, though later I cried at length over my failure."

But Lilian's tumble was also her good fortune. As she sat—on—or lay, or whatever her position may be termed—in the bass drum, her pert face and ludicrous expression so amused Robert Laul, a motion picture director seated in the front row, that he at once conceived the idea of embodying the incident in a screen story. Furthermore, he decided that the little creature on the screen—whoe'er the rôle she accidentally played in real life—

Lilian was sixteen years of age at the time she appeared in her first motion picture, "The Curse." The title fitted the picture, which was so bad that Lilian's career almost ended as abruptly as it had begun. However, studio officials decided that she showed promise, so they gave her a new opportunity in a production titled "The Wild Lola."

That motion picture proved to be another turning point in her life. She was an instantaneous success. Her fame spread to England, and she was invited to visit London and make a personal appearance with the presentation of her picture. She met the Prince of Wales, and was consequently feted in the very same Alexandra Palace that once she dreamed about from a treetop on a nearby hill.

Miss Harvey remained in England long enough to make a single picture, "One Night in London," and again her brilliant personality and indisputable talent sparked from the celluloid like the Evening Star in an inky-blue sky. She became the toast of all Europe overnight. Thus it would appear that movie fame happens as suddenly and completely in Europe as it does in America, for certainly no Hollywood Cinderella-story surpasses Lilian's quick transition from the near-consumptive girl who fled war-bound Germany, only to return a few years later to be entertained and honored by royalty.

It seems strange, perhaps, that in her biography to date, there is no hint of romance. There can be no mention where there was no romance. Lilian liked masculine companionship. She enjoyed the games and sports of masculine companions. But no thought of romance entered her mind. She worked long hours, and she was still only seventeen years of age when she returned to Germany.
Then, too, play life is much stricter in Germany than in America. There is little social life, Lilian says, for the younger people. Open houses, where friends may drop in unannounced, are a popular form of entertaining in Hollywood and other cities of the United States, but are almost unheard-of in Europe. Over there, friends do drop in, but they never fail to telephone in advance to make certain that their presence is desired.

Not until she returned in triumph to Berlin did Miss Harvey meet a man whom she regarded as anything more than a friend.

That was when Willie Fritsch came into her life.

Fritsch is a German stage and screen star, and he ranks among his country's most popular entertainers. He has never come to America, Miss Harvey says, because until recently he has not troubled to master the English language.

"He talks broken English, like Maurice Chevalier," laughs Lilian, "but Wilhelm is much worse than Maurice."

Soon after she met Fritsch, Miss Harvey changed his name. She does not like Willy, which happens to be his christened name, so she changed that to Wilhelm, because Fritsch's birth date is the same as the Kaiser Wilhelm's—not the same year, of course, but the same day and month. Now, she says, people believe Fritsch's real name is Wilhelm, and that Willy is only a nickname.

In Berlin, Lilian signed a contract with Germany's most important film company, Ufa. Then, for the first time, she was given her own dressing room.

"It seemed like a palace," she says, "if I had my own bathroom, I had my own hairdresser, I had my own wardrobe girl. My own maid. My own shoemaker. Sometimes I even had my own way! But that was not often. In Germany, directors are the bosses. In Hollywood, stars are often more important than their directors. That is not true in Germany; there the director's word is law."

She rented a house in Berlin. It was the first home, except for the houses she occupied as a child with her parents, that Lilian had ever possessed, and she was completely happy. Why not? She had her work, she had a love—and in her first love, Willy—pardon, Wilhelm Fritsch.

Crowning her happiness, her motion-picture articles were successful from the very first, "Crazy Maise," "The Girl in the Taxi," "Congress Dances," "The Fair Dream," "The Love Waltz"—one after another her starring pictures swept Europe. Several of them invaded even America! Miss Harvey made every motion picture in three languages—German, French, and English. Her versatility with languages simplified production problems for her studio. There were always three complete casts, with each role in each left open for her to choose. Scenes were first made with the German cast. Then Miss Harvey played the same scenes with the French cast. Finally, she went through the exact routines with an English cast.

Naturally, the work was gruelling, for actually she was constantly starring in three pictures simultaneously. Her hours were long; often she worked from o'clock in the morning until far past midnight. Still, she rarely complained, for in addition to ambition, she possesses a tremendous supply of nervous energy; she can work amazingly long hours without showing signs of weariness.

Her second return to London proved to be the most glorious of all of her life. On the day of her pose, the entire press was present to capture the grace and beauty of the girl who was the prize winner in the Congress Dances.

She returned to America a hero and a symbol of hope to the women of Germany.
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her fame at that time did not approach the glory that was hers following the long series of Ufa successes. Her pictures were leading those of all other stars at the box-office. In the most sweeping popularity contest held in Europe, her votes totaled more than five-to-one over her nearest competitor.

No American star was ever given a more spectacular homecoming than was accorded Miss Harvey on the occasion of her second visit home. Banners hung from theatres and stores. Parades were arranged in her honor. Royalty, society, theatredom greeted her and jotted her. Newspapers and magazines blazed with headlines and highly painted adjectives. Homecoming week was holiday-week in London, and at the head of every procession rode a demure, tiny, blonde girl with shining, tear-dimmed eyes—an awed, happy, half-frightened Lilian Harvey whose heart was so full that she dared not talk lest she burst into sobs.

"And can you guess what I did as soon as I was able to steal away from the crowds?" Lilian Harvey calmly conveys to her old neighborhood, where as a little girl she had walked fences and shinnied up trees. I've never told this before, but I climbed to the top of the very tree in which I had spent so many happy hours when I was a child.

"I remained in that tree for a long, long time, and once again I peered over the wall into Alexandra Palace, but this time I knew that I could walk right into those handsome courts, and that I would be recognized and welcomed. At last I clambered down, and I managed to tear a very lovely gown before I reached the ground. I didn't mind the dress; I would not have cared if I had ruined a dozen gowns. That secret trip to the treetop was worth much to me."

Soon after her return to the Ufa studios in Berlin, Lilian was offered a contract to go to Hollywood and star in pictures for the Fox Film Company. She thought that she owed first allegiance to Ufa, therefore she took the proffered contract to that company's executives and placed it before them.

"Here is an American offer," she said. "I want to go to Hollywood, but if you promise these American terms, I will remain here with you."

Then she departed, leaving the execu-
tives to decide what they could do. A few hours later, Miss Harvey was enacting scenes before a camera when she heard a newspaper boy crying:

"LILIAN HARVEY SIGNS TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD!"

Until she purchased a newspaper and read that Ufa executives had failed to meet the American terms, and that her contract had expired, Lilian was not aware that she would ever leave Germany.

Next month Lilian tells of her Hollywood experiences in the second instalment of her colorful life story, exclusive to SCREENLAND.

Trouble's brewing! And here's a striking studio picture showing how it's brewed, in Paul Muni's forthcoming picture, "The World Changes." Beyond the tangle of studio equipment, you can see Muni being menaced by Douglas Fairbanks, while director Mervyn LeRoy watches. Note the elaborate set of a Kansas City saloon-hotel.
Ask Me!
By Miss Vee Dee

Bee S. In "Walls of Gold" from the Kathleen Norris story, you will see another new face and a handsome one at that—Hal Broy, who plays with Sally Eilers and Norman Foster. Hal was born in Neuss, on the Rhine. He is 23 years old, is 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, and has curly brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He came to America with his parents at the age of 10 years, learned to speak English, finished his education at Northwestern University in 1932, played on the Illinois A. C. water polo team and went to the coast to try for the Olympic games last summer and stayed to play with the Pasadena Community Players, and now for a try-out on the screen.

U-Sed-It. With a name like that, you should go far. Another screen find has been discovered! John Beal, who played with Helen Hayes in "Another Language." He is from the stage and will be a very welcome addition to your list of screen favorites. The beloved Louise Closer Hale, as Mom, made her final screen appearance in that film. Frankie Darro, who played with James Cagney in "The Mayor of Hell," is the same Frankie who played with Tom Tyler in so many Western pictures. Clever lad.

Hepburn Fan. Katharine is winning new laurels with each new screen role. She plays with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Morning Glory" and also in the movie "Little Women." Katharine is Jo Marsh and her sisters are Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee. And now the greatest news of the year about Greta Garbo and her new leading man! None other than John Gilbert. Do you remember when they starred together in "Flesh and the Devil"?

Luella M. I have some good news for you about Alice White. She is scheduled to play in two Universal pictures, "Kid Gloves" and "Good Red Brick." Alice was born on July 25, 1907, in Paterson, N. J. Myrna Loy is 28 and Claudette Colbert is 29. Claudette was born in Paris, France. She has very dark brown eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her latest release is "Torch Singer" with Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, Lydia Roberts, Florence Roberts, and Baby LeRoy. Claudette's next will be "Four Frightened People," directed by Cecil DeMille.

Merry Maid. This department would not be complete without loads of praise for Joan Crawford. In her next picture, "Dancing Lady," she will have in her cast Clark Gable, Francot Tone, Frank Morgan, Ted Healey, Winton Lighthart, Florence McKinney, Arthur Jarrett, and Fred Astaire, famous for his dancing in stage productions. Will Rogers has been married to Betty Rogers, his first and only wife, for 25 years. Their pretty 18-year-old daughter Mary played a role in "My Weakness" under the screen name of "Mary Howard."

Lily Christine, So you'd like a picture of Eric Linden in every issue of Screenland. Look out now! We may have one any minute. Eric was born in New York City on July 12, 1911. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. He became famous in "The Day of the Locust," "Swamp," and "Flying Devils."
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Mac West tells How to

"Get Your Man"

Continued from page 33

entire in her suitably imposing car. Mr. Timmony, her manager and reception committee, had driven up to the curb to facilitate our meeting. He suggested I go for a spin with Mac. Would I wish to take a role with Miss West? (Silly question, I just barely touched the running-board!) The suppressed desire that she might order James, my chauffeur, to rush us up to her apartment so I could glimpse her "summer stuff" died prematurely as she instructed him to drive just litter and you. When she handed me the key to my disgus. With Mac—'ve no use for fancy drivin', like to see a chauffeur motor in me.

Anyway, even if I didn't get my fortune told, I learned about love. (Theoretically.) She doesn't agree with the Victorians, Dickens, for instance, wrote, "Real love is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the possessor of your affection." In Mae's tantalizing eyes there was an unmistakable twinkle.

"That's all bull," she proclaimed. "But until it applies equally to men it's a lose proposition. Remember the drab, unappreciated lives those women led! Whee! Clingin' vines. And it wasn't long until they were patted on the head and shuffled off to grind out their days in drudgery.

"It was man's world then and the boys were smart enough to let the girls do the submission and devotion act. Those days are gone forever." Jumping from one extreme to another, Mac declines to endorse a contemporary author and sage. When quizzed, Peggy Hopkins Joyce—who hasn't done badly—told me that women should be sensible and admit they cannot attract any man.

To which Mac replies, "Bunk!: You gotta be smart, dear. Your personality depends on the personality of the man you're after. No one is too high to reach for, but to claim you can't succeed every time is absurd. It's good that there are ways to make a man. It's a great study and requires skill." Take that rebuff, Peggy! She paid no attention to the speed with which we were ramin' down Cook's Tour of the town. Nor to the town, Mac was happily launched on her infallible design for loving.

"Be Available. The very first thing a man does is to promote yourself into his company. Get a job that'll have something to do with his. Or someone so's you'll meet him regularly. Without his suspicating your plans, naturally."

"He may be dreaming of a fairy princess or mouthing over a fiancée. In the meantime, little you there and family-familiar breeds attempt. You may have to alter your whole life. Your type, your clothes, your ethics, your mannerism will be determined by the man. But you can't do a thing 'til you're on the ground.

"He'll see in my pictures I do plenty of propositioning, but you'll notice I lead 'em on and then halt. I let the man I love conclude that I cou be had, and then I become with his enthusiasm. That fetches 'em!

"I don't put much faith in the giving-all-philosophy. A lover enjoys doing nice deeds. It's better 'em than you! Be sweet to him. He wants you to break down and

Yoo-hoo, Max! If your ting rivals could only see you now! Max Baer, one of the heaviestweights, makes up for his role in "The Prizefighter and the Lady,"

develop charm in your face and figure, you'll watch yourself closer, miss no opportunities.

"Be Elemental. Pretense is a pain in the neck to anybody. And you're wise if you recognize the fact that you can't fool all the men all the time. Someday you'll slip up on your stunt—if you go puttin' on an act—and then you'll lose the interest you've cultivated."

"Don't be afraid to be natural. Be naturally easy on the eyes and ears. Improvement's right. If it's unnatural for you to be poor, do something about it. Make your way up in the world! But don't bother with elegant poses or fanned accents. They scare men away. I give 'em that intimate, elemental attitude and it never misses."

"Be Entertaining. Your boy friend's chief reason for sharin' his time with you is that he wants to be amused—put in a happy frame of mind. Melancholy dames are okay in the movies, where the photographer gives them the most glorious. In real life they'd be flops."

"Every girl should be a swell dancer. That's not hard. She ought to be able to converse. Oh, Oh, you talk a lot. It keeps up the suspense, you know!"

"Clear? Well, if you're reduced to playing extras, I suppose you should be fresh on the rules. But me, I find so much better ways of bein' entertainin' I ever play bridge."

"Let 'em figure out that you're too smart to be given a rundown, and then try
the old listening gang. Many's the evening I've wanted to cry, 'Oh, shut up!' I listened, and they thought I was brilliant! 

"Be feminine, Marie Dietrich is my favorite actress. Not because she wears pants, though. In spite of 'em I notice shechims out of 'em when she vamps on the screen. Dress as womanly as possible. Accentuate your curves. Let your gowns insinuate that every little corner has a meaning: all its own!"

"Don't drink or smoke. I don't doeither, and I've yet to be accused of being a bum sport. A man loves a girl who is different. So when the others holler for cocktails and cigarettes, he unfurls the femme. Be feminine. And that doesn't mean naive. Just the reverse. It's a perfect excuse to be beguiling.

"Be sophisticated. Life is short and men don't care to stop and explain everything. Some things, yes. You can judge which. Generally they want you to be informed. Observe, read. Study folks so you'll handle any situation, fit into any crowd.

"My definition of a sophisticate is a person who knows which way the wind is blowing and why. You should be startling, self-possessed, tactful, intelligent. Bright enough to conceal your brains."

"Be practical. As soon as you've given in and admitted you love a man, he wants you to be his 'little woman.' My advice is—don't! He admired you 'cause you were hard-germ. If you didn't rush the wallflowers, did he? Be the life of the party. It's no joke; it's an asset.

"Competition pes ups a lover. The more you are in demand—the more in demand! If you're exercising your discretion you won't burn your bridges behind you. Keep your friends. When love cools you won't be high and dry. Be prepared for the worst—it's sure to happen eventually."

Which brings us to the rule Mae never, never relaxes. It is:

"Be Uncertain. This is tough when you're palpitating. However, it's your insurance against becoming a bore. Let there be doubt as to your emotions; love you? You bet she did. Honey! And right in the same breath sigh, and look over his head in a precocious manner.

"You try to learn every single thing your man has done, is doing, and will be doing. His past, present and future intentions? Discovering 'em is the essence of love. When you have him down pat, you glance elsewhere. It applies both ways."

"Diggest that and proceed to her Tenth Commandment, last but not least in her decrealogue:

"Be Selfish. Love is transient. When he's gone it's over. So be thinking of yourself, your health, your wealth and what's ahead. Darwin was right. The strongest dominate in life—and in love too.

"The one who gains the upper hand is happiest. Be master and assert that you'll be dating a couple of other fellows. Not handled like glass. You will be! Ask, and you'll be astounded at what you'll receive. Let it be understood that you must be treated with the greatest respect. Say 'or else.' And you'll never be the one who's left blue and broken-hearted."

As we whirled back to the front door at Paramount and stopped with a flourish which caused a big commotion, Mae added as an afterthought that she disagrees with Ina Claire's assertion that a vamp can't have a sense of humor.

"There are embarrassing moments that you gotta gloss over with a laugh," she said. "Men like sex, but they like fun with it. Excepted?" asked Vamp. "Mae, who has claustrophobia from marriage. I mean who has claustrophobia from a marriage?"

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Perfume—Essence of Loveliness

Continued from page 60

One of the most important things about perfume is the way you apply it. When you dab perfume on yourself, straight from the bottle, its loveliness is dissipated. Its fragrance rises in spots. It is too strong around the place where it has been applied; too weak when "caught" from another angle. The ideal thing is to first apply a bit of perfume with your fingers —to your ears, to your eyebrows, under your nose, to the hollows of your neck, on the insides of your wrists. Then use an atomizer to spread the perfume lightly on your furs, on your handkerchief, on the inside of your hat. If yes, and don't forget to keep your nicest lingerie sprayed with perfume, as it lies in your dresser drawer. When you put it on, the perfume will be delicately suffused throughout the garment. Here's another point about using an atomizer. Always hold it some little distance away from you, so you won't drench yourself with a heavy stream of the perfume. The finely diffused rays of fragrance are much more subtle, and just as effective.

As a general rule, most perfumes are better when used directly on the skin, although this varies somewhat with different types of perfumes. The flower odors, particularly, are more lovely when dabbed lightly on the skin. Other odors, such as the musks and oriental types, seem to have a closer affinity with fur.

When, as a finishing gesture, you spray your perfume lightly over every costume, also have thought for the type of fabric you're spraying it on. The chemical character of some fabrics spoils the perfume. You needn't worry about most silks or chiffons—but certain dark woolens and flannels, etc., have an unfriendly reaction to perfumes. The girl behind the perfume counter will usually be able to tell you what perfume goes with what best!

It is much smarter to use perfume in your clothes, rather than on them—in your lingerie, as I have already told you, and on the inside of your hat. You may also saturate small pieces of cotton with perfume, and sew them in the hem of your skirt, or in your girdle, or in the inside of your handbag. These provide an entrancing aura of perfume all about your person.

If somebody gives you a lovely large bottle of perfume for Christmas, transfer the perfume in small amounts to your atomizer or dressing-table bottles, to protect it from evaporation and deterioration. Or, if you're buying it yourself, buy it in small bottles and buy it more often. This has other advantages too. If you feel like changing your perfume—and when you feel that way, by all means do, because it's good for what ails you—you don't have to hesitate because of fearing to waste a lot.

There are so many marvelous perfumes in the market that it's a problem to know what to buy. All I can say to you is, keep trying them, one after another, until you find the one that really appeals to you every time you put the on. You know, I have often thought how thrilling it would be to deal in perfumes, because as someone once wrote, "To trade in perfumes is to belong to romance!"

Oh dear, there I go, quoting poetry as I said I wouldn't! But at least I caught myself, before I got very far.

Miracle Mary

Continued from page 51

it is a historic remedy that has always made monkeys—and worse—learn professors and of mystical water-springs.

She had slaved over her budding youth is just a strong and abiding love of her life's labors, an unceasing torrent of nervous and emotional energy that never lets her rest.

Yes, my friends. The little old lady is a pretty tornado that makes the late Caribbean hurricane look like a gentle zephyr. The little blonde twister of Hollywood, the perpetual motion machine of the movies. I ask you to behold her contemporaries. The other three members of the Big Four who made motion picture history!

Douglas Fairbanks, led to the teeth with films, roams the wide earth, playing where he will, swinging from tree to tree. Chaplin lives on his millions, toots about with pretty young girls, the old rascal), makes a masterpiece every two or three years. David Wark Griffith, the Old Master Director, slips into the shadows of memory. But Mary Pickford storns along, her eyes snapping, her mind alert, her heart full of love for film, her business! When I saw her she was winding up a frantic week in New York.

She had confered endlessly with lawyers, authors, managers, agents and dressmakers, and had even found time for a few friends.

And then, darned if the little woman hadn't to stagger into the hat market, the den of raging lions, and had bought scores of chapeaux for a shop run by a girl cousin in California! She had charmed the entire wholesale district, and had bought the hats with the cunning of an expert and the wisdom of the serpent. Oh Lord, what a woman!

And so, we sat and talked, Pickford and I.

What sort of a part does she want now, on stage and screen? "I want to play a girl who is modern, intelligent enough, and neither flabby nor bad," she said.

"And I'll always want to play a character who will make an audience, no matter how miserable it is, feel that it's better off than I am."

This is the smart show-woman talking! This pretty creature has only been at the business twenty-four years!

"This Chaplin's all of course. And I like to play a girl who can make the customers say 'Look—she's having a terri- ble time. Yet she is able to smile. Why can't I?'"

Oh canny Pickford! You have played these parts for years—little golden-haired
A little uncertainty seems to prevail as to the proper garb for this little family party on the Universal lot. Here are John Boles, Eddie McKenna, Helen Twelvetrees, Frank Albertson, and Chester Morris. Boles is currently starring in "Only Yesterday"; the others are in "Kid Gloves."

girls with torn stockings who smiled in spite of drunken papas, dead mammas, and even broken legs!

The talk veered, New York was agog, at the time, with Katharine Hepburn, hung with new laurels for her beautiful work in "Morning Glory."

"A remarkable girl," said Mary to me, "I predict a brilliant future for her. It seems to me that her possibilities are unlimited!"

What a tribute from a queen to a rising princess of the blood royal! And Pickford meant it with all her heart. She loves youth in the theatre and the films—you and I will never know how many youngsters she has helped toward greatness.

And as we sat there, above the Park, and Mary talked, my heart did not help returning over the 'log-palayway' as the years she has followed so faithfully. At sixteen—"The Little Biggish Girl," with the golden curls and the sweet smile, At twenty—the most famous and beloved person in motion pictures—and so on.

She was "America's Sweetheart" then, my fellow ancients!

And what is she now, in 1933? Mary Pickford has made many grievous errors, down the years. Mistakes of the head and of the heart. She wore rags, and shook her long golden curls, until she was past thirty—mortal afraid to desert the "beloved ragamuffin" sort of tripe that had brought her glory, love, and millions. There were times when she was accused of flagrant snobishness and high-handedness. Many and varied have been the haymakers delivered at that lovely, golden head. Many of them were not necessary.

And what has come out of all these kisses and bludgeonings of Fate? A stately, a noble and a high-bred woman, "America's Sweetheart." What a lot of tosh! A press-agent's lollipop that once gave the public a national stomach-ache! But today Mary Pickford, ancient errors forgiven and forgotten, is a fine and gorgeous woman. Every golden curl she touches for wisdom, poise, dignity, and a sort of sense of human values.

Who can help but admire the way she has carried herself since it became absolutely necessary to announce her separation?

---

**BATHASWEET**

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TRY IT FREE

These days when backs have come out into the open, and sports clothes and bathing costumes are more brief than ever, body-beauty is as important as face-beauty.

That explains the rapid pace at which Bathasweet has been growing in vogue; for Bathasweet not only makes the bath a perfumed luxury that is a delight to the senses, but it is a veritable beauty treatment as well. It gives the water a unique softness which increases its cleansing power and washes out the pores quite differently than when only soap and water are used. Impurities are dissolved and stay dissolved, as evidenced by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub. This greater cleanliness means added beauty and vigor for the skin. Imperfections disappear. And until they do come that healthy, glowing smoothness which is the very height of alluring loveliness.

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Try Bathasweet today, absolutely free. Only the first tub is free, but a generous supply is included. You will find the whole tub more than ample for a week—perhaps even two weeks. It is only $1.95 at all drug stores. Use Bathasweet the first time any new bathing preparation has been brought to your attention.

$1.95 at all drug stores.
I've Won!

After months of hopeless struggle against ugly, lovely fat, I kept gaining weight in spite of daily exercise and constant dieting...

I tried tight, choking girdles, took weakening salts, and still I weighted too much.

Finally, I found a true reducer...

"I Know a Remarkable Way to Reduce Fat!"

I tried a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

At last a friend suggested a true reducer called Marmola, that is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread through the world—into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that does reduce.

Marmola is so effective that it has become the world's leading remedy for fat. Over 20 million boxes have been sold.

Why should anyone wishing to reduce fail to try this famous remedy, when it has such a remarkable record? The formula is printed in every box. And it is so delightfully simple, Just 4 tablets a day. No starvation diets. No strenuous exercises. No foolish fads. You will feel better because Marmola acts the right way to help turn fat to vim. At all good drug stores. Do not accept substitutes.

Marmola

"Who's Afraid—"

The Great Disney hit is in the Christmas issue

Elizabeth Wilson
Adela Rogers St. Johns
Ruth Biery
Harriet Parsons
James M. Fidler

Read the December 10c On sale November Third

Screen

From Walt Disney's "3 Little Pigs"
for December 1933

see "Emma?" Well, then, you understand why Marie Dressler is her best friend.

Another big name that rose up from the newspaper ranks, is that of Charles MacArthur. We refuse to point him out as the husband of Helen Hayes. Helen Hayes may be his wife, but his laurels are his own.

He writes reporter-fashion with two fingers on the typewriter. What makes him so unique is that he needs to sit down for only a few minutes to turn out an entire chapter of anything from cracking, polished and finished. He can finish his work midway in the machine, go out to play, and come back to pick up the thread of his continuity. He has never stopped it, banging off finish with a flourish.

Howard Green of "Blessed Event" and "Morning Glory" fame, is another who served an apprenticeship as a reporter. He was educated and intended for the bar—and we mean the dignified and not the swinging door variety. He earned his first dollar typing manuscripts. Then he went to work on the old New York Clipper. Luck called in person, Johnny Hines hired him as a gag man. He went to Hollywood.

It wasn't easy.

He came to the end of his rope more than once. But he tied the end into a knot and hung on. Today, he is the writer-producer with his own unit and only two aversions in the world—spinach and insurance agents.

But then, there's not an author who hasn't a pet aversion. Caraway seed, garlic, gnats holding down eagles' jobs, and soft tooth-brushes are the hot hates of a certain writer. Among her recent successes are "Hillbilly," and "Benny's Country Cousin," and "The Adventures of a Texas Ranger." She has written for "Daddy-Long-Legs," "The Man from Snowy River," and "State Fair." She gives this good advice to those who want to break through the ropes. "The motion picture business is a notoriously hard profession. Writers are extremely sensitive persons. A screen writer finds it extremely difficult to be utterly cut out to make his piece and retire. He'll be a conductor yet, he vows."

Among the female writers, little women seem to predominate. Vera Delmar of "Bad Girl" fame is tiny, brittle, bright. Kathleen Shepard who sold "Working Girl" to Paramount is only twenty-four, has no husband, hates beer and bridge. She loves fritet mignon and lives with a pet eel named Jericho. Bess Meredith is a platinum blonde with blue eyes. On rainy days, they are very much alike. Anita Loos, who tickled the nation's funny bone with her "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," is a pea-wee weighing ninety pounds. She cashed a check for $100,000 the day of Mary Pickford, submitting her first scenario to Biograph at the prodigious age of twelve. Miss Loos lives in a furnished house in Hollywood. She abhors possessions. Once each year, she runs away from everything and everyone. Europe, of course. She likes the solitude of her own apartment. Every lair in her house must be lighted at night and every light must burn all night long.

The day of the lady author with the plateau chest and the spring spectacles is no more.

Jane Storm who collaborated with George Marion, Jr., on "Adorable" is a petite who is perfectly groomed. Tashman is her model. Paris is her Bible. But she's not just a clothes horse. She works. Strangely enough, to anyone working on a daily paper is Sunday. "On Sundays, I can get two days' work done in one," she says, "No, there isn't much time nor energy for diversion after you get through at six o'clock. As for playing in the morning—well, I've heard of that but it's probably just another idle rumor."

In a business of collaboration usually ends in battle. C. S. Behrman, author of "Biography" announced that he would not work unless he could work with Sonya Levien. Their partnership has endured for years. "Sonya makes me laugh. And if you don't laugh in the picture business—you cry."

Miss Levien was born in a little Russian village which boasted less than fifty houses. Yet Mrs. Ben Schulberg and Robert Milton were also destined to be born there—to meet and know each other for the first time in Hollywood.

Jesse Lasky read and liked her magazine short stories and brought her out to learn the business. Has she learned it? Judge for yourself. Among her recent successes are "Daddy-Long-Legs," "Cavalcade," and "State Fair." She gives this good advice to those who want to break through the ropes. "The motion picture business is a notoriously hard profession. Writers are extremely sensitive persons. A screen writer finds it extremely difficult to be utterly cut out to make his piece and retire. He'll be a conductor yet, he vows."

Drama in the Air

Continued from page 61

acquainted me of being a "great big wonderful man!"

"I want you to meet Mr. Parsonnet, he's an excellent director," he continued.

"The bows go to Marion for any success I have attained on the radio. An actor is an individual who's business is to act; a director acts with as he wishes; and any actor who denies that a director can make or break a player is just side-stepping the truth."

Marion Parsonnet and Knowles Entarkin, a character actor with the Drama Guild, joined us—when Jack Roche, Columbia's publicity man, dashed in and said, "Hey, Parsonnet, I wish you wouldn't put on such realistic drama—the Nevada Set's just 'phoned and wanted to know where the plane had crashed. And the calls from the fans are too much for me!""

Everyone asked Pilot Stephen Fox where he crashed, and how badly he was hurt. In the midst of all this, the 'phone rang. It was Thelma Todd and Phyllis Ledger wanting to know about the plane crash! We left as Mr. Roche was patiently explaining that Betty Barthell wasn't cut out the air in the midst of her song, 'that it was done deliberately as part of the act put on by the Drama Guild players, and that the pilot of the plane was Stephen Fox, Columbia's only dramatic actor under contract!"
"We!"

Continued from page 56

as suddenly as she did," he explained between scenes of "The Solitary Man," the first of his trio of pictures. "It was her first visit to Hollywood. She was a little nervous and strange. We had always been together—working together and playing together. It was a tough break for her to come out here alone. She was afraid that, in her more or less fearful state of mind, she could not do justice to the part. And she decided, wisely, I believe, that it was better not to do it all than to do it badly. Edna has utterly no conceit. She knew that she could be replaced a dozen times."

The Marshalls have no definite theories about marriage. Their romance was long and slow in the building. They met each other many years ago when they both happened to play in the same English company. They liked each other immensely, became good friends. Then the engangement ended and they were separated. But they met again a season or two later, and took up their companionship where it had ended before. A relationship, which began as a mutually admiring friendship, grew gradually into love. "It seems to me, looking at the situation from an outside viewpoint, that the reason for the failure of so many Hollywood marriages is their lack of a secure foundation," Herbert said, in his seriously slow-spoken British way. "No sane man would think of building a home on a papier-mache foundation. But apparently some men and women will rush into marriage, scarcely knowing each other, carried away by the glamour or something like that. They don't wait to build a permanent and stable foundation."

"I don't like to talk about our happiness, Edna's and mine," he smiled. "Every time I read about the boasted happiness of some couple or other, I feel like sighing a little. You don't talk about the things which are closest to your heart. And I always have the fear that, by the mere speaking of the words, I'll break the spell."

Herbert is fundamentally, but not aggressively, English. His thoughts and ideas are as firmly rooted as are the old trees and stone castles of his native land. He likes and admires and enjoys the colorfulness of a comparatively new Hollywood. But he is not a part of it. "I think that Edna and I have worked out a very satisfactory scheme of living," he went on. "We don't want to belong to Hollywood, to London, or to New York exclusively. We don't want to be affiliated with the stage or just with the screen. We hope to divide our time equally between the three. So we've worked out a tri-cornered agreement which will give us six months in Hollywood, six in New York on the stage and six in London."

Herbert never speaks of "T" or "Me." It is always that affectionately companionable "We." Within the last few months that "we" has included tiny Susan, now in England with her grandparents.

"The baby was too small to take on so long an ocean trip," Herbert said, "so when our contracts demanded that we come to Hollywood, we left her in England. But this winter, when we go to New York to do a play, after we have finished our quota of pictures, she will come over to be with us." With one definite gesture, Herbert exploded the theory that it is untrue for husbands and wives to work together. "I'd rather play with Edna than any
other actress in the world," he said with sincerity. "In the first place, she's a grand trouper. In the second place, it gives us a new bond of mutual interest. We both want the play to succeed, for ourselves and for each other. In the third place, there is no trace of professional jealousy between us. That jealousy is, I believe, the fly in the ointment of so many professional marriages, especially in Hollywood, where conditions change over night. Today the wife is the star, the big attraction. Tomorrow the husband may be given a picture which will carry him higher than his wife. Up and down go their places in popularity and up and down go their emotions. jealousy creeps in and happiness is doomed."

Edna is radiantly happy over her husband's success in films. But Herbert doesn't want to be the sole owner of the glory. He hopes to make pictures with her just as he has done plays with her. "I work better when I'm working with Edna," he admitted. "She doesn't know the meaning of the word flattery. She criticizes my performance with intelligent clear-sightedness. I'm not saying that we are superhuman or anything like that. I don't know what might happen to us if Edna were a star in one studio and I were working in another, making pictures in exact competition. But I'm inclined to believe that our marriage is so firmly anchored on joint experiences, that we would survive that test without feeling any deadly professional jealousy."

In Hollywood the Marshalls are living in the house of their good friend and fellow Englishman, Ronald Colman. They inherited the Colman servants, quiet unobtrusive English people. They use the Colman's house as the British colony members and the American film folk. When in Hollywood they do as the Hollywoodians do. Just as in New York, they are New Yorkers. And in their beloved London, they are typically Londoners.

"Monotony is another seriously disturbing factor in marriage, in Hollywood as well as anywhere else," Marshall continued, "People who stay in one place, no matter how exciting it is, become too much a part of it. Unconsciously they become a little bored with it and then a little bored with each other. Understand, I'm not advocating these separate homes or separate vacations from marriage. I believe that two people who care for each other should take their vacations from their environment together. Edna and I stay in each place just long enough really to enjoy it and to leave, looking forward to a return."

Before they left England a short time ago, the Marshalls bought a lovely, picturesque river-side house and installed an old boatman caretaker to look after it during their absences. Now they are looking forward to returning to it, after they have enjoyed Hollywood and New York. Their life is one continual looking-forward to something, so they don't tire of anything.

---

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TO-NIGHT

TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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... Says Fashion

"You can be shapely," says Nancy Lee

Are you flat-chested? Try this easy way to fill out your chest-line to shapely beauty. Here is your chance to get the famous Nancy Lee treatment at little cost.

Do you want to know how to enlarge your bust? To mould it to firm, rounded shapeliness? To lift the sag? It’s all in the Nancy Lee treatment, and ten minutes a day does the trick. A few special massage movements, with my dainty lubricating Miracle Cream, some clever little exercises to tone and firm the tissues, with other helpful hints—that’s all there is to it! No wonder women all over the world are delighted with so simple and pleasant a way to develop the bust.

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SCREENLAND
The Weekly for the Whole Family

Play to adapt. An adaptation may mean anything from minor technical changes to a complete revolution. There have been many complaints on the part of authors whose novels have been adapted to the screen—complaints which are not in my opinion always justified, but which are certainly cases in which no story has ever been brought to the screen—that which is called a "twist." Never, never, should you try to tell a simple story simply—that’s a rule that’s never been broken in your head from the moment you meet your supervisor to the moment you are asked to write. Don’t do it—it will never in a million years work.

The third and worst type of assignment you can get is to write a manuscript which has passed through the hands of many, many writers—a manuscript which was probably poor in the first place, which has grown worse and worse in its passage from hand to hand, and which is finally tossed to the shelves of the manuscript department to dry up and rot, which is re-discovered and dashed off and handed over to some unlucky wretch: "Here—see what you can do with it.”

Curiously enough, it will sometimes happen that one of the lemon’s, apparently dried-up dry drop of juice it ever contained, somehow, fantastically, in this business where so much is simply and natural. It is a spirit, the weight of your nerves, breaks your heart—but it makes your picture—the twist.

As you can see for yourselves, it was only a short drive to wind up in a clinch. The English lady, swept off her feet by the mystery and dangers of the desert, yields to an overpowering emotion and falls into the arms of the drogon. After a brief idyl of love they part, he to return to his duty, she to hers, both cherishing their memories.

I worked like a fiend on the story, I did my best to supply what I thought was wanted, and I was overjoyed on completing my labor to find myself showered by congratulations from my bosses—a very rare thing in Hollywood.

After the story was finished and I was obliged to leave town for a while and I took my departure, feeling very well satisfied with myself—bursting with pride, to be honest. My ability as a screenwriter is unimpeachable.

On my return I was told that the story was in production and doing very well. Members of the studio reached by wires to the effect that the film has been wrong through the hands of at least nine more directors since I left care of it.

As I said, I was the best of the last.
tured in the commissariat of the studio. "We’re shooting that story you worked on," he told me. "Come take a look at it. We’re doing the wedding ceremony today."

"Who’s getting married?" I inquired cautiously.

"Who do you suppose? The girl and the boy, of course."

"But how can they? He’s a poor dragoon and she’s an English lady."

"Oh, we’ve fixed all that," he assured me. "He was really a prince in disguise."

"Even so," I said, trying not to blink too idiotically. "He’s still a black prince and she’s a white woman."

"That’s where you’re wrong," he grinned. "They discovered—what do you think—that she was a half-caste."

Would you believe how the normal day of a writer in Hollywood ends? Well, it’s something like this. At six o’clock you hear a sigh, take a look at your mustached desk, decide that your mustached head won’t work any longer and that you’ll call it a day. You reach the door and the telephone rings. The supervisor would like to see you at seven. You sit hopefully in his waiting-room till nine, when he asks you in. At 10:30 you leave the studio—there’s no one at the door now to direct you out—and, while the smoking boys have gone home, you’re trying to bear up under the blow just dealt you by the supervisor, who has informed you kindly but firmly that the meeting you’ve contrived with so much agony between your lovers is balder, and that the motive you’ve supplied for their falling in love is inadequate. You go home, you eat a little dinner, you sit in your bathtub and the whole performance starts all over again.

Would you like to know the feelings of an amateur in Hollywood when they give them to you in a nutshell? When I was first introduced to the head of my studio, he said: "You’re considered a good writer, but a certain amount of success in the world. But that means nothing to us. You’ve got to prove that you’re a good writer in Hollywood, and until then you don’t count."

You don’t count in Hollywood—and that’s exactly how you feel.

Jean Harlow's 3rd Marriage

Oh, he will be painted as handsome. One writer has already referred to his mustache as "distinguished." Another compared him to the late Paul Bern, Jean’s second husband.

Erase all such description from your mind. Hal Rosson. He’s still, I am sure, your good friend, just an ordinary guy, even as you and I. He isn’t handsome by far, and he knows it. He is certainly not "distinguished." As a film director, he is rather ridiculous. Except that Rosson, like Paul Bern, is rather less than medium in height, and has the same kind of "immature mustache," I see no reason for comparing them.

At the golf club, where Hal and I often play together, he is a popular member. Men like him, and he is always a welcome addition to any "mixed" party for a good sport. He is possessed of a remarkably even temperament. He is a fine loser and an equally pleasant winner. He is, to be precise, a man’s man.

That he is also a woman’s man goes without saying. Jean Harlow married him, didn’t she?

The three of us have often played together. In fact, my first intimation that they were in love came on the golf links. I noticed that he concealed his poor shots, hid his fine ones. When a masculine golfer achieves that interest in a feminine golfer, there’s more in the air than drives and putts.

After a particularly good shot, he would sometimes glance at me and smile happily. I honestly believe that Rosson enjoyed her good shots better than his own. I am a golfer, and I can tell you that nothing could better prove love than the statement just offered.

Rosson has made no secret of his love for Jean. Ever since he photographed her in "Red Headed Woman," he has been in love with her. I think the reason no one took his declarations seriously was that many other men also were in love with Jean, and they weren’t secretive about their worship, either. Most of these other suitors were far handsomer than Hal, and I rather believe that Hollywood expected Miss Harlow to wed a dashing hero-type, or an elegant and urbane. Therefore, none of us regarded Rosson’s asserted love rather amusedly. Had Hal been a less popular chap, we might have pitied him.

Yet I was particularly surprised that she chose him. Rosson has told me countless times that masculine handsomeness means nothing to her. She has always looked for good sportsmanship and cleverness. I’ll say for her that she has found both in Hal Rosson.

Don’t think, because he is a cameraman, that he is merely a salary worker. Rosson was once a director. The coming of talking pictures, which strangely twisted the careers of many in Hollywood, abruptly cut short Rosson’s directorial success. Now he has become one of the film industry’s ace cameramen, and his weekly salary far exceeds that of many fine directors. Furthermore (and this can be regarded only as a prophecy, of course), Rosson will return to his directorial capacity ere long.

I was one of the first to hear about the wedding, for Jean telegraphed me from Yuma with the news: "Dear Jimmie, Hal and I married here today. You were right." [A few weeks previously I had predicted, on my radio program, that I expected Rosson and Harlow (Rosson) "Wish you were here, Jean." Of course, that final tag was in the nature of a jest. Jean wished no such thing."

On her return, Jean told me that she and Hal arrived in Yuma hours before the hour at which the Justice of Peace ordinarily craves out of bed. Nothing daunted, they hurried on that austere gentleman’s man’s desk until he answered.

"And was he pleased?" exclaimed Jean. "Until he found out that it was Jean Harlow I married, he was invited to marry."

The not unscrupulous Hal. "Then he was all smiles and jollification."

"And of all things!" said Jean. "When the wedding ended, I looked down and saw I had a run in my stocking. It was too early for stores to be open, so I did the next best thing—I took the stockings off and returned home bare-legged."

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Reduce your bust! Recapture the firm, trim contours of youth. My special home treatment is designed for this purpose.

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Just a single dollar brings you this specialized treatment for reducing the bust. Mail the coupon or write, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive your treatment, with return mail—instructions and Formula-X, in plain wrapper. Can you afford to miss such an opportunity? (Name)

Address

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Send Birthday Greetings to Marie Dressler On Her 62nd Birthday!

The screen's most beloved star will be 62 years old on November 9. Her well-wishers are planning a nation-wide tribute. Send your congratulations!

The Return of Lillian Gish

Continued from page 53

yesterday, and many a day before that. What has our gentle Lillian been doing, all these years she has been away from our midst?

Living, growing—always growing, in mental and spiritual grace. It is no exaggeration to say that in her quaint, individual way, Lillian Gish is one of the great women of our time.

She exerts a subtle yet tremendous power over those around her. A great spiritual influence. Her intimates are sometimes leaders in the world of thought. Dour old Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, bemoaned with the world's woes. George Jean Nathan, most critical of critics. Joseph Hergesheimer, outstanding colorist among American novelists. Many more. Yet she will always turn from them to mother the motherless—befriend the friendless.

Those who know Gish best, love her most—truest test of human character. Mary Pickford, who brought Lillian to Griffith twenty years ago, and grew up with her in the picture world, is one of her most devoted friends. Recently the forthright little Pickford has been laboring with Lillian to get her to bob the famous tresses that have been famous for their beauty for years.

Lillian actually laughed out loud when I told her how Mary had described to me this world-shaking crusade.

"Yes, she has tried her hardest to get me to bob my hair. But a week or two ago I went to the hair-dresser with Mary. After watching what she went through, for two hours, to keep her own born shorn head in perfect trim, I swore I'd wear long hair forever. And I shall!" And she will!

Lillian, during her long absence from the screen, has made an honored name in the theatre. In Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya," a thing of superlative beauty, will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

And after the play, these last few years? I am reticent about even mentioning Lillian Gish's life away from the spotlight and the stage. Yet one cannot judge and appreciate this great woman without realizing that for nine long years her whole life has revolved about that of her bountiful mother, Mary Gish, who has lain paralyzed and helpless all these endless days—and nights.

Almost never is Lillian absent from her side. Since the tragic day that Mrs. Gish was stricken, during a trip abroad, Lillian's life is only lived for her. May Gish, whose days and nights were miracles of tender care for Lillian and sister Dorothy when they were child actresses, troup ing the long trail of one-night stands the country over.

There's nothing maudlin about this stupendous mother-love. But when Lillian says "I can't imagine a world without mother," it isn't imagination that sees her eyes grow a bit more luminous with a hint of unshed tears.

In the summer Lillian and her mother had a little house in the lush Connecticut country back of Norwalk—a small house with an old-fashioned garden, where Mrs. Gish, on fine days, can be brought into the open air and given a chance to stretch her legs. Early Fall sees them in a spacious and cozy apartment in New York, whose living is run upon the lines of the old Vermont home. She calls the house the "bottom of the Bean River with its curving brook and picturesque..."
barges moving about far below.

There Lilian and Mrs. Gish spend their days surrounded by a group of truly devoted friends.

It is a quiet and a gentle life, as Lillian would have it. She has never married, and I don't think she ever will. Certainly not during the life of her mother. There is no serious strain in the picture. Her long, romantic friendship with George Jean Nathan is drama enough.

Yet Gish believes in marriage, as the happiest and most natural state for two people who are fond of each other. She has an innate yearning for true companionship—the intimate friendship of congenial moods and hearts. I believe she loves and venerates this more than anything else in life.

Back to the bustling set—the hurrying crowds which revolve around Lillian Gish, the silent screen's newest and fairest star.

Is this making of "The Great Adventure" the beginning of another motion picture career for Lillian Gish?

I doubt it. I know that a great Hollywood studio is trying to lure her to the Gold Coast for a series of films. But Lilian says, with perfect truth, that she feels she's not yet ready to make another parade of pictures.

She was at it for so many laborious years! She worked so long and so well, and the name of Lillian Gish, in any possible history of the movies, will loom large as one of the greatest of the silent artists.

Of course, if the perfect chance came—

But just where is she? Thank you, no. And who can blame her?

You Gish fans of the grand old days—

I wanted you to know of my visit with this lovely hostess. To realize that she is as lovely as ever, and even more beloved by those who come in contact with her. You should hear the ravings of Mr. Young, who is privileged to play opposite her in this new screen adventure.

One of these days a talkie called "The Great Adventure" will be advertised at your theatre and mine. And all we Gish addicts will rush down to see it, by way of welcoming our girl friend after this four-year absence.

I'm sorry, but you won't be first in the line that awaits the opening of the house. I don't give a toot how early you get up. When you arrive, there will be a wheaty little old fellow dozing against the box-office window. That will be Hall.

Reunion on Long Island

Continued from page 25

Colbert and Charlie Ruggles and Miriam Hopkins. There the Marx monkeys began their flicker fortunes. There's a story in every fleck of dust on that studio floor.

Suddenly, after that long two-year snore, the old studio was once more open. There were thousand bats flew out—all the souls of bad actors better off dead.

"Come on!" said the manager. "Anyone who wants to make a talkie is welcome. You put up the de-ri-mi, and in half an hour we'll have a complete crew of stagehands, electrical wizards and technical geniuses on the job."

And thus it was that the fun began!

In the twinkling of a phoney eye-lash someone started to picture one of the last real movie men who had been reading the want-ads for two years suddenly had jobs. The old lot resounded with glad cries of "Hello, Pet!" "Hi, Jake!" and "When do we eat?" It was too truc to be wonderful!

I dropped out to the dear old place not long ago. The movies running among stealing some scenes for the film version of the Broadway musical hit, "Take a Chance." And darlings, it was so mad and marvelous, so truly in the great tradition of the movies—that I sat right down on a sleeping property boy and cried my eyes out. It was the happy Hollywood of the old days the screen stuff used to be.

In the first place, there were the actors!

Who should heave into view but Buddy (no more Charles) Rogers, the Handsome, but still a tenderfoot in the sacred spot that the immortal Buddy, with Kansas wheat-dust still in his hair, graduated from the first and only class of the Paramount Picture School, and went on to glory. Here he first looked pretty for the camera eight (can it be possible?!) years ago.

I saw Jameson Jim-

Dunn, totally minus a Sally Eifers. He was on from the west to do a fat comedy part. Jimmy with the winning Irish ways, the courageous smile that leaves New York night clubs limp and gasping.

And, speaking of Dunn, Romance had already reared its dizzy head on the "Take a Chance" set. The leading girl was none other than June Knight, the blonde charmer who was Jimmy's Best Girl years—not many ago, when both were winning their ways together in the same musical comedy on Broadway.

Jimmie had gone west to pictures, and was mentioned by wire in connection with at least half of Hollywood's prettiest minxes. June, on Broadway, ran up an impressive roster of boyfriends, winding up, not long ago, with Mr. Max Baer, the eminent nose-mangler and ear-scrambler of the prize-ring.

And here they were on Long Island—

together again, romancing around, and holding hands to call the world to see! Off with the new love, on with the old!

I saw Lilian Bond lending proceedings an English-Broadway-Hollywood air. And who also was on exhibition but Lilian Roth! Shucks! You remember Lilian! She was one of the earliest entrants in the musical films of the old (four years ago) days, and got her great chance in Paramount's beautiful Technicolor "The Vagabond King." About a year ago Mlle. Roth married a New York judge and handed in her duster tail.

But the call of the Kliegs was too loud. And here she was again, prettier than ever, and singing her lungs out on "Eddie Was a Lady," the unsinkable ship!"

And here, too, was Cliff Edwards, the "Ukelele Ike" of pious memory. No Metro picture was considered legal without Ike. In 1920, he was the J. Durante of that era.

But the trope is only part of the story of the Paramount Eastern Studio as of that event date. Everyone comes to the grand old plant the hub of motion picture madness of this day and age.

When I talked on the "Take a Chance" set I stumbled into the midst of a large and confused crowd, consisting of sixty or seventy people, and a few, had visible means of escape.

Fifteen of them are shiners, or grips, stood staunchly watching luncheon from their stage seat. Some few stag-
Mr. Schwab, of the theatre, arose in his might from the directorial camp-stool where he had been sitting and sneering.

"No—no—NO!" remarked Mr. Schwab. "Not at ALL! Jimmy, you are not being asked into the garden for a dish of tea! You are being given the bum's rush from a speak because you cannot cough up enough scratch for the tab. Now please, boys and girls, I ask you—"

And while this was going on, Mr. Brice representing the Art of the Cinema, was looking as though he had swallowed an anchovy the wrong way, and memories of such directorial teams of the old days in Hollywood filled my old eyes with a saline solution that could not, of course, have been tears.

The heart-throb was too much. I fled.

In a large and dirty rehearsal hall I found the highly-talented Mr. Bobby Connolly rehearsing fifty beautiful chorus for her "Take a Chance." Mr. Connolly, wearing a large cigar and white pants, assured me that the girls had eight very tough numbers to learn, and were doing fine, while the young ladies of the ensemble worked frantically at reading novels, catching catnaps and swapping gossip. Where on earth could one find such sleepy zeal, such dozing energy, save in a good old studio slaving away a day? 

Oh memories that bless and burn! 

I had seen once more, before I came to die, every crazy, wonderful, beloved thing that makes a human heart's delight—the alienists' Heaven, the nerve-doctors' Paradise!

Just across the East River from Manhattan's cane (?), sober (??), businesslike (???) world was everything the movie cosmos had loved long since, and lost again.

There, on the Long Island flats, I found Jimmy Dunn and June Knight holding hands—Buddy Rogers still the cash-girls' dream in his hundred people rushing about screaming.

This tale has been written with a typewriter and a song in my heart. Once more I am myself VITALLY interested in the movies! Again I am up to the arm-pits in the beloved cinema!

For I have discovered, bless my heart, one spot on this budgeted, balanced earth where the film-making art is once more charming, nutty and unbelievably nice. Go thou, my comrades, and do likewise!

She Isn't Like That at All!

Continued from page 57

and planning new clothes—she is one of those best-dressed women on the screen, you know—but she enjoys deep-sea fishing much more. She should be always elegantly indolent. Instead she is occasionally gloriously lazy.

So, if you're disappointed, don't go on.

The interviewer wasn't disappointed, he was amazed—and delighted. Any screen siren who likes bacon and eggs and declares that she can cook them "beautifully," wins his attention any time.

It didn't seem possible that Miss Francis could rest on anything less luxurious than a chair. If you believe it or not, she likes a hammock better.

In keeping with the mysterious screen personality she has built up—and which we are now busy tearing down—one would imagine she would read decadent French novelists, or perhaps Ibsen or Tolstoy. But she is addicted to detective fiction and to Hemyway and other moderns.

She seems to be the very soul of dignity but she likes a good fight and a six-day bicycle race she finds irresistible. She might be one who would gamble magnificently for enormous sums. Instead she plays bridge—for small stakes.

A novelist, writing about such a woman, would give her lion cubs for pets. But she is content with two dachshunds, two cats, a parrot, a rabbit, a canary, several pigeons, and three frogs. If you are one of those who think of Miss Francis as efficient only in the art of being beautiful, be advised now that she is also proficient as a typist and in taking short-hand notes.

She might, one would suspect from her pictures, have as many jewels as Peggy Hopkins Joyce is supposed to have. But she hates diamonds and wears only old-fashioned brooches and a pair of inexpensive ear-rings, for good luck. She ought to be above such mundane things as superstition—but she won't wear blue.

In fact, this screen "lady of mystery" is really just a woman of charm. Miss Francis has been seen in boodle and period-living-rooms so often, dressed in such intriguing gowns, playing at being exotic and alluring, that it is a distinct pleasure to find her for a change—refreshingly natural.

"How can a fellow learn his lines?" Bill Powell asks, not too plaintively, as Marie Dees, Virginia Dabney and Loretta Andrews seek to lighten his mental labors in preparing for "The Kennel Murder Case." Cheer up, Bill—there are lines and lines!

large sums of money for intriguing bottles of exotic perfumes. But the one odor she finds absolutely irresistible, we have her word for this, is the smell of freshly buttered popcorn!

One can picture her ordering crépe suzette from an oh-exquisit head waiter hovering near. Instead, she is more apt to munch an ice cream cone and her favorite dinner dish is "lamb chops." Of such contradictions is this lady made. Almost every thing she seems to be she isn't! She isn't languorous. She once ran the hundred-yard dash in twelve seconds. She plays tennis. She ought to be thinking about her "art," but the chances are she's looking for a new chair for her living room. She ought to enjoy shopping

"Hup!"—"Look out, that!"—"Comm'n through!" Enough light-tena tinkered with cables to run the illuminating system of the greater city.

What really caught my soul was the fact that there were two directors, as of the early talkie era. One, of course, for the movie end; one, naturally, to care for the art of the drama.

Mr. Monte Brice officiated for the cinem-a lunch. Mr. Lawrence Schwab, Broadway producer of girl shows, sat by to see that the drummer got at least an even break.

The scene to be shot was not, as you might guess, the Closet Scene from "Hamlet." In fact, Mr. James Dunn was being thrown out of a speakeasy into the lushious arms of Miss Lillian Roth, who was waiting on the sidewalk. Simple enough, one might think.

Bells rang, rockets flashed, lights glared.

"It's a take!" screamed three or four young men at no one in particular. We were all still as little mice. Mr. Dunn was duly booted out of the saloon. "Cut," said Mr. Monte Brice. It looked all right.

But I, of course, was quite wrong.

"How can a fellow learn his lines?" Bill Powell asks, not too plaintively, as Marie Dees, Virginia Dabney and Loretta Andrews seek to lighten his mental labors in preparing for "The Kennel Murder Case." Cheer up, Bill—there are lines and lines!

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about **YOU?** shall men say **"SHE IS LOVELY... SO EXQUISITE!"**

BY PATRICIA GORDON

The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but you seem mysteriously detached. It is your moment. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about you. Some one says, “She is lovely!” No conscious flattery this—not meant to be overheard. And so, a thrilling compliment.

“So Lovely, so Exquisite!” How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As background, yes. But as to these, men see *duhly.* Only women are critical. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up so clever, so artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as natural.

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Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

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Modern doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, minute blood vessels, become constricted, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe pain.

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The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 Hexin tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest, and steal your energy.

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[ alguns detalles del artículo ]
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"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"
Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship... shedding their good manners with their clothes... casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. The director—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"
Six riotous comedians, out for fun... six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. The director—Leo McCarey.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"
Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams... a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson... the lover—Douglas Montgomery. The director—Richard Wallace.
February, 1934

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GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

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METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER
Now You're Talking!

The voice of the people is the producers' guide

The eight letters below receive prizes of five dollars each

SOUND-TRACK SALLIES
Kay Francis—Mellow 'cello.
Ann Harding—Downright; done right.
John Gilbert—Passion (or asthma).
Janet Gaynor—Ity, bitsy ga-ga.
Mae West—The Greeks had a word.
Irene Dunne—Easy on ears.
Claudette Colbert—Utterly charming head cold.
Harpo Marx—Restful.
219 Commonwealth Ave.,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

SILENCE HATH CHARMS, TOO!
When that breathless moment arrives—when the drama reaches its crisis, and for an instant nobody speaks—why drag in unnecessary and irrelevant music? "Morning Glory," "Voltaire," "Sign of the Cross," all had their silent seconds, and everybody liked it. Please, directors—don't spoil the cinema's Biggest Moments!

Fannie Shuelein,
220 W. 93rd St.,
New York City.

QUIT "BEARDING" THE LIONEL!
Why lead the versatile talents of Lionel Barrymore into a rut? Did he not make screen history with such unforgettable portrayals as Rasputin, and the Russian General in "Mata Hari"?

Stereotyped, simple-minded "old man" parts will doom him to oblivion. The greatest of the Barrymores is capable of varied interpretations.

Mrs. H. D. Cooksey,
128 Forest Rd.,
Raleigh, N. C.

GALLANT GRETA!
Garbo is accused of being a snob and a recluse. To me she is fine, loyal and sincere. Her choice of John Gilbert as her leading man in "Queen Christina" was a splendid gesture, and it gave us an insight into the real unselfish soul of Garbo.

Milly Buranitz,
244 60th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"
Helen Hayes talks too much! So do Chatterton, Harding, and Howard.

Most of the films these fine actors appear in are from stage hits, with little action and much dialogue. I like action!

Stage stories are making the talkies "ALL talkie"—while audiences shudder! F. M. Martin,
2424 Spanking, Apt. 5,
Berkeley, Calif.

GREAT SCOTT!
My fondest wish is to see "Ivanhoe" on the screen, with Frederic March in the title role. Claudette Colbert would make an ideal Rebecca, and Doris Kenyon could play Lady Rowena to perfection. What a picture! Will my wish come true?

Albert Manuki,
66 Bowdoin St.,
Boston, Mass.

A BIGGER AND BETTER CAGNEY!
I think James Cagney gave the best performance of his career in "Footlight Parade." Without any loss whatsoever of his lovable, rugged charm, he is actually acquiring a polish (yes, I said "polish"), and a depth of character and new, appealing seriousness. All in all, an irresistible combination!

Mary Clark Weathers,
Louisville, Ky.

A CYCLE OF FANTASY
Let's immortalize our beloved childhood fairy-tales! Walt Disney's "Silly Symphonies" and the mimimic Mickey Mouse have contributed greatly to this end. But the field is practically untouched, and I'd like to see some talkie stars in these fantastic roles. "Alice in Wonderland" is something like it!

E. M. Sartain,
Portal, Ariz.
Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....

AL JOLSON  KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL  DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY  RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE  HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY  ROBERT BARRAT
MERN A KENNEDY  HENRY KOLKER

"WONDER BAR"

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly different conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 62

The Right To Romance R.K.O

Here is Jimmy Cagney in a typical Cagney vehicle—fast-moving, hard-boiled, hilarious. It begins with Jimmy as the brains in the New York gambling-house racket, and ends in outlandish Hollywood where he becomes a movie star and tries to forget his past. Perhaps it is based on the actual career of a popular screen actor—you decide. Mac Clarke does nicely; Margaret Lindsay is lovely as a movie actress. Cagney is—Cagney.

Here’s a new one! A chemist with an insane lust for power perfects a formula for making himself invisible. He then embarks on a campaign of terrorization until trapped by the police. H. G. Wells’ thriller is made intelligently and with well-contrived suspense, yet the “horror” element is never overdone. In fact, some of the situations arouse legitimate laughs. The title part is well represented by Claude Rain's dramatic voice. Gloria Stuart is the girl.

Don’t let the insipid title of this picture scare you off, for in its unassuming way it is one of the most amusing and refreshing comedies in many moons. The dialogue is unhackneyed and full of laughs, and so are the gentlely lowdown antics of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, an ideal team for goofy entertainments of this type. Baby LeRoy, though plainly showing his advancing years, lives up to his high standard of histrionism. A picture to see and enjoy!

White Woman Paramount

There's a new wrinkle or two in this tropical-island melodrama, but on the whole it follows the time-tried formula. Charles Laughton is the cruel and slightly cuckoo boss of the island; Charles Bickford is his tough lieutenant; Kent Taylor is the handsome juvenile; and Carole Lombard is the be-menaed white girl. As played by this troupe it becomes an enjoyable show, thanks mainly to Laughton's rich impersonation.

The Way to Love Paramount

This is definitely not a Chevalier masterpiece; yet the simple little tale of a happy-go-lucky Paris vagabond who finds love and a job is diverting enough on the whole. The magnetic Maurice sings, grins and mispronounces engagingly, while the other players help with proper unobtrusiveness. Ann Dvorak, the troubled waif whom he befriends, gets little to do. Livelier story and direction would have helped considerably.

Night club singers, gang chieftains, crooners, crooks, cops, and other racketeers do their entrancing stuff in this Broadway saga by that eminent authority, Walter Winchell. The atmosphere is authentic, the music lively, and the story exciting; but the picture does not differ sufficiently from its too-numerous forerunners. Constance Cummings is good and Paul Kelly is better still. Russ Colombo croons his lyrics pleasantly.

The Mad Game Fox

Power, speed, and melodramatic tension are present in this timely story concerning the "snatch racket," once known as kidnapping. Spencer Tracy, a racketeer with a sense of decency, is outraged when an associate stoops to the "snatch" game, incidentally stealing his girl. Tracy, released from jail on his promise to "get" the offender, makes good. Tracy packs lots of punch; Claire Trevor is a pretty heroine.

Tillie and Gus Paramount

Here’s one of the better Joe E. Brown films. He’s a teller of tall tales in this one. Joe boasts that he’s a fighter, and before you know it his fellow tars have arranged for him to fight the Boston Buster! Joe unwittingly boasts that he knows the Admiral—to the Admiral's grand-daughter, of all people! Complications? Plenty! Laughs? Many! Recommended? Certainly! And besides that, you’ll meet Jean Muir.

Blood Money Twentieth Century

The Admiral's Lively Son A.Century

Recommended? You bet! Joe E. Brown is exactly right as a tough little crook who gets in over his head with the police—and with the police’s pretty daughter (Jean Muir). Brown’s fluid characterization and enthusiastic acting make this worth seeing. Recommended? You bet! Joe E. Brown is exactly right as a tough little crook who gets in over his head with the police—and with the police’s pretty daughter (Jean Muir). Brown’s fluid characterization and enthusiastic acting make this worth seeing.

Son of a Sailor First National

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The Invisible Man Universal

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Son of a Sailor First National
Havana Widows
First National
Meet Mae and Sally, meaning Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. They're a couple of wise-cracking show-girls looking for the right sort of two-legged gold-mine in Havana. If you like slap-dash, rowdy comedy, here's what you're looking for. Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh, Lyle Talbot and Ralph Ince add to the holterousness, and there's the most hilarious free-for-all fight you ever saw, starting small and piling up into a riot. The Blondell and Farrell are cute tricks.

My Lips Betray
Fox
Here's a charming bit of fluff—mythical kingdom-Glendalla stuff. It starts off with a new twist but unfortunately soon falls into the usual formula. The King's inebriated chauffeur, El Brendel, offers Lilian Harvey, who plays a dancer, a lift home in his boss's car. And did the neighbor's talk! Overnight fame for Lilian follows this episode. Of course John Boles, playing the monarch, investigates the matter, and of course there's a happy ending. But La Harvey deserves better material for his captivating art—and we hear she's getting it!

Million Dollar Melody
Educational
Lillian Roth's first song-and-dance short, with ditties by James Hanley and Benny Davis, makes an agreeable little show. Miss Roth puts over her song numbers with charm and spirit, and demonstrates anew her talents as a comedienne. The plot, concerning the rise in market-value of the heroine's song-writing husband after his supposed suicide, and the necessity of keeping him "dead," is unfamilial and amusing.

From Headquarters
Warner
You mystery-story readers who have been wondering what makes the wheels go round in police headquarters will complete your education from this exhibit. Inspector George Brent, assisted by the finger-print squad, ballistic experts, and all of the other deductive departments, unravels a pretty little killing in which stunning Margaret Lindsay is involved. It's a picture you might put on your "must" list if you go for mysteries. If you don't, it's pretty good entertainment for you just the same.

Blind Adventure
R-K-O
This mystery-comedy film carries you through a giddy series of surprises, counter-surprises and super-surprises, embellished with a number of amusing lines and situations. Robert Armstrong solves a murder in fog-bound London, brings the transgressors to book, and wins Helen Mack's hand in the process. Not a bad hour-and-a-quarter's work! Roland Young gives a delightful performance as a Cockney crook with a nice gift for epigram.

The Kennel Murder Case
Warner
Put this down as one of the keenest "detecatii" stories ever filmed, with S. S. Van Dine's novel of the same name serving as a plot, and with William Powell as the suave Philo Vance, and Eugene Pallette as the blundering Sergeant Heath. The mystifying action has been handled in an ingenious manner, although the wiser spectators may pick the murderer without too much trouble. If we had room we'd like to hand out a blue ribbon to the little black Scottie for a grand performance.

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To the Wonderful "Little Women"
We Dedicate our Honor Page

To everyone concerned in this production, from star to script girl, from director to "props," we extend our profound thanks for The Perfect Motion Picture. And—lest we forget—to Louisa M. Alcott!

To George Cukor, superb director, and Miss Katharine Hepburn, amazing star.

To Douglas Montgomery, below, with Miss Hepburn, for his fine sensitive performance as Laurie, Jo's boy.

To Paul Lukas, whose portrayal of the German professor, Jo's man, is heart-warming and very real.
THEY CRASH THE BEAUTY RACKET TO SEE WHAT MAKES "IT" GO!

loose again in

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"

with

RUTH ETTING · THELMA TODD · DOROTHY LEE

The funniest pair on the screen in a musical girly-go-round... Taking the curves with howling delight at sixty laughs a minute!

Music, Lyrics and Screen Play by Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar - Directed by Mark Sandrich

RKO RADIO PICTURE

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer
Day-Dreams come True for Joan... with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women
HELP, HELP!

Exodus from Hollywood—or, Broadway’s Revenge!

This has gone far enough! In fact, it has gone straight back to Broadway—and that’s too far from Hollywood. After all these years the stage is having its revenge. Remember Hollywood bought its best “names.” Now Broadway is luring them back. And what’s the matter with Hollywood that it is taking so calmly the desertion of some of its biggest and best attractions? It was bad enough when Helen Hayes announced her intention of spending six months of the year on the stage. When Nancy Carroll left for the “legit,” perhaps only a few of us cared. It wasn’t too heart-breaking to lose Lilian Bond, Laurence Olivier, Conrad Nagel, Estelle Taylor, Douglas Montgomery. But when Hollywood permitted Elissa Landi to leave instead of tempting her with better roles; and when Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton both admitted they must have their stage interludes—it seemed that fun’s fun but that the joke was beginning to be on dear old Hollywood. At that, we might have borne up bravely if the worst blow of all hadn’t fallen. Just as “Little Women” had skyrocketed her into very nearly first place on the list of movie idols, Katharine Hepburn accepted an offer to appear on Broadway in “The Lake.” True, she completed “Trigger” before leaving, but right now movie audiences are so hungry for Hepburn they want more—and more. Miriam Hopkins, with her greatest screen hit in “Design for Living” making her more than ever in demand with film-goers, left Hollywood to play in “Jezebel.” Both Hepburn and Hopkins, of course, were established stage players before succumbing to the movies, but while they left Broadway quietly they return in glory—and how their screen “draw” will help the “legitimate” box-offices! There are even insidious rumors that Jean Harlow may be tempted to star in “The Holmeses of Baker Street”—say it’s not true, Jean! Franchot Tone frankly says he would like to do a play—and he thinks Joan Crawford would be marvelous on the stage, too. Wake up, Hollywood! Don’t let your best stars stay away too long. You’ve given them money so it must be Art they want. All right—give ‘em Art!
FROM the time she was a little freckle-faced girl who could dive like a duck, stand on her head and do all sorts of awe-inspiring stunts on her sliding trapeze in the garden—there were two things that "Kate" Hepburn cared for more than anything in the world.

One was making up plays and "putting them on." When she was twelve she staged her own idea of "Beauty and the Beast," playing the "big, bad wolf" herself with gusto, in a ferocious-looking head she had made with cardboard and flannel.

The other was some day to go to Bryn Mawr College. This was her mother's college, and that of her aunt, her mother's sister, now Mrs. Edith Houghton Hooker, of Baltimore, both of whom had been very distinguished students. They had been at Bryn Mawr at the chafing-dish-large-pompadour-and-padded-hips era of the college girl, around the close of the century, and were keen about college.

School, and education, and sufragé, and "freedom" and all such "strong-minded" subjects, as well as the more jolly side of college life, were discussed freely in the bosom of the Hepburn family in the great rambling Hartford house where Katharine Hepburn grew up.

"Now at Bryn Mawr—" Mrs. Hepburn would say, and go off into some fascinating story of her college days.

"I want to go to Bin Mar!" would come the plea from little freckle-face.

"All right, some day you shall go," was the answer. Just as it was "yes" when Kate wanted to march with her mother in the Woman's Suffrage parade.

And so the tradition of son going to father's college was kept up in this family by daughter going to mother's college. And Kate Hepburn went to Bryn Mawr.

But it was not until the Spring of her Junior year at college that she showed strong signs that she still retained a deep but hidden longing to tread the boards.

That year, mostly through the influence of one Miss "Beany" Parker, coach of Varsity Dramatics who had violent stage ambitions herself, Kate Hepburn was enthused into trying out for the college presentation of the well-known Broadway play, "The Truth About Blayds," in which she played the male juvenile lead.

The next year, her senior year, she played in the Varsity Dramatics version of "The Cradle Song," which had become so familiar to New York audiences by that time through the Civic Repertory Theatre presentations of Miss Eva Le Gallienne.

"Katharine Hepburn as Theresa was so extraordinarily lovely to look at that it was difficult to form any judgment on her acting. Her voice had, perhaps, too much of the childish treble but her little movements, her poses, and the contrast of her gaiety with the restrained atmosphere of the convent could not have been improved," stated the next issue of the College News.

"In other words, up to this time the general college attitude was "Kate's marvelous-looking, but good heavens, she can't act!" a girl who was present at that college play told me.

But Bryn Mawr students were never again to say that Hepburn could not act!

"Big May Day," a celebration of each fourth year
Bryn Mawr, Class of 1928!

By Betty Shannon

at Bryn Mawr, with May Pole, dancing, and plays, came shortly before the class of 1928 left the college halls forever.

For her rôle of Pandora in the May Day version of "The Woman in the Moon," the college's distinguished professor of Diction, Professor Samuel Arthur King, took a hand in Kate's rehearsals. Up to that time she had had no professional training. Such earlier coaching as she had received had come from the aforesaid "Beany" Parker, coach of the Varsity Dramatics, who was an amateur undergraduate like herself.

Professor King was the first expert to work with Kate Hepburn, I believe, in an intensive effort to help her place her voice and find herself dramatically.

The audiences of classmates, parents, and visitors were thrilled and amazed at the poise and beauty of her performances, of which there were three.

It was their appreciation and a rising sense of power and courage that made Kate Hepburn determine to make the stage her profession. And which led, four years after her graduation and as grilling a stage experience between college and Hollywood as ever a girl went through, to her sensational début as a hitherto untried actress for the screen.

Kate Hepburn, Bryn Mawr, '28, is the first college girl—at least the first gradu- (Continued on page 90)
Nudism is more than a fad," thinks Dick Arlen. "But it's such a radical change from the habit of ages that it can't become common in a day."

The athletic Joel McCrea and the lovely Katharine Hepburn like to dally with the sunbeams, too. In fact, Joel gets as close to them as possible.

"Joan Crawford agrees that the solar rays are full of health-giving properties. She's one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic sun-baskers—in her own backyard and a bathing suit!"

Will Hollywood

Is nudism about to become an actuality in Hollywood?

Will the screen actress of tomorrow moan, "I have nothing to wear"—and mean it?

Will next season's best-dressed star sally forth in a wristwatch and a pre-occupied air—and retain her title?

Leaders of the nudist cult have recently been visiting the film colony with the concentrated purpose of interesting the stars in nudism, because, they say, "if the film stars adopt our cult, the world will follow suit."

These exponents of nudism are not beingcoldly rebuffed by the film colonists, despite Will Hays' edict that no motion picture company shall produce a movie depicting life in nudist camps. In fact, the cult leaders are going about town wearing broad smiles (and regular clothing, for the sake of the city fathers), and are claiming among themselves that before another year has passed, a great nudist camp will be situated right outside the Hollywood city limits—and many famous stars will be regular guests!

"I'm going to buy the property next door, erect stands, and sell seats—each seat to be equipped with a telescope," Jack Oakie remarked at a gathering. Maybe it was a jest, but seven guests at the same party immediately placed orders with Jack Buster Crabbe, one of Hollywood's leading Apollos, hasn't much to fear from the "back-to-nature" movement.
The “nude deal” advances on film-land—what are the stars going to do about it? Read, and be surprised!

There’s going to be a nudist colony right in Hollywood,” predicts Gloria Stuart, Eddie Cantor’s leading lady in “Roman Scandals.” Well, all right!

“I don’t know anything about it—but it sounds like a ‘skin game’ to me,” quips Jack Oakie.

(Left), George O’Brien and Johnny Weissmuller would be a credit to any au naturel gathering.

Accept Nudism?

for front-row seats.

Nudism is developing into a serious subject in America. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of adherents have joined up. “Nature camps,” as the open-air encampments are titled, are situated in every state of the Union. These camps number memberships of from a score to hundreds of men, women and children.

California is a logical goal for the cult, because the climate lends itself to year-round nudism. Old Sol shines 325 days a year (according to the Chamber of Commerce), and the coldest weather is not too bitter for back-to-nature gamboling in the open fields.

Too, the stars have given past evidence that they believe in sun-baths as a health provider. Few stars fail to indulge in sun-bathing. It is legendary that Garbo enjoys hours of rest in the solitary—and well-guarded—confines of her own back yard. Joan Crawford is an advocate of solar bathing. In fact, few stars do not regularly expose their bodies to the health-giving rays of the sun.

The California beaches—Malibu, Santa Monica, Laguna, and others habituated by the stars—have long been noted for near-nudism. Men on those beaches wear the briefest of shorts, and nothing more. Women wear similar shorts, and the (Continued on page 92)
What are matrimony's "Dangerous Ages"? Why do so many blissful unions turn into failures? These and other vital problems are answered by the Films' First Actor after thirty-four years of happiness.

By
Ada Patterson

GEORGE ARLISS has been married serenely and happily to a dignified partner whom he dares to call "The Pioneer"—married for thirty-four years, with no slightest intent, at any time, to become unmarried, or dismarried. (Since society is determined to tag with a term those who have not entered, or have severed the matrimonial obligations, why not say of a bachelor he is "unmarried"? And of a man whose bonds of wedlock have been severed by the aid of the courts, he is "dismarried"? It would spare us unnumbered complications.)

On a certain September day, Mr. Arliss says, he married "the prettiest girl in the prettiest church on the prettiest day in England."

There had been obstacles. When were there not obstacles to marriage? First, because, as George Arliss says, in his autobiography, "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," she didn't seem to like him! It was in Miss Sarah Thorne's school and company at Margate. He was the "new man" in the company and had to bear comparison with the last. "I was introduced to everybody and seemed to be regarded as fairly acceptable except by one girl who seemed to look at me with somewhat unnecessary contempt. A nice girl, too. She had very pretty arms. You couldn't help noticing that."

She even tried to arrange a match between him and a girl in a large hat who apparently regarded him with far more favor. She promoted the proposed match by inviting both to tea, and obligingly had gone out. "The whole thing having been a frightful fiasco" the young would-be match-maker stopped her match-making for that discouraging pair. But it required eight years for the actor to learn that the girl with such nice arms had not been as indifferent as she seemed; for while they were arranging for their afternoon wedding at Harrow Weald, on that September 16, she revealed that her eyes had not held the contempt the shy actor thought they did at that epochal meeting at Margate.

"Wear brown," she said. "All brown. Your suit, your
hat, and your boots. Wear brown from head to foot!"
"Brown? That would be an odd color for a wedding!
Why, dear?"
"Because that was what you wore the day we met!"
What masks even girls with "very pretty arms" can wear when first they meet The Man!
But Cupid is a determined sprite. Again and again he brought them into the same provincial touring companies in England. He even arranged a sudden storm that should drive both of them to the stage of the Royal Theatre of Margate one afternoon. That gave the actor a chance to propose. He was worried because there was no "little home" of his dreams anywhere which he might invite her to enter immediately as mistress.
But a large one eventuated. Two! A handsome apartment in the Seventies near the East River, in Manhattan. Another for the summer at St. Margaret's-by-the-Sea in England. Florence Montgomery and the young man who wooed her that afternoon, on the stage of an-otherwise empty theatre, proved again that most desired things come to those who wait. They waited eight years for the "prettiest day" at Harrow Weald in England.
Throughout all of the succeeding four and thirty years he declares she has been The Pioneer. For "I had no particular ambition. I don't think I ever have had. I just wanted to be on the stage and play parts." Florence Montgomery had much ambition for him. When came the chance to sail for the United States in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company it was the girl with "the very pretty arms" whom he had met at Margate and who seemed to regard him with "somewhat unnecessary contempt" who made the decision. When managers began to talk to him of stardom he told her of his answers to them that he preferred the calmer life and the lesser responsibility of a mere member of a star's company. To her he elaborated the argument. She dismissed it with a short and potent syllable. "Tcha!"
The ensuing situation he summed up with, "At one bound I became a star and an obedient husband (an unusual combination). And I have never since tried to escape from the position in which Flo had decided to place me."
That is the background for Mr. Arliss' interesting opinions about what is the matter with marriage and how to make it permanent.
"It goes back to human nature, don't you think?" the distinguished actor said to me meditatively, looking down at a carved desk top in an executive office of the United Artists in New York, on his return from England and on his way to Hollywood. "Human nature, in Hollywood as elsewhere."
He had consented to talk, for the first time for publication, about marriage. A short, shocked laugh greeted my statement that one of every seven marriages in the United States ends in the divorce courts and that in one of the forty-eight states half of the marriages end with two succinct words "Decree granted." "Fifty-fifty marriage!" he exclaimed.
"What do you think is the solution?" I asked.
Again the meditative look at the carved surface of the desk.
"It is the attitude with which we approach the marriage question, isn't it? The mental attitude that determines most questions in life, barring accidents."
"I don't blame a couple that cannot get on together for separating. I think that is what should be done unless there are children. If there are children the parents should bear with each other, and even deny themselves the dubious pleasure of quarreling. For contention in the family has lasting and serious effects upon the children who witness it."
(Continued on page 89)
MEDALS!

By special request: third annual cheering-and-razzing review! Remember, if you don't agree write to the author—he can take it.

In fact, he has!

This Medals and Birds business is beginning to get me down. It isn't only the labor of raising flowers all year to give away in one splendidous gesture at the end of it—it isn't the drain on my exchequer of providing gold medals for actors who accept them as their meed—it isn't the trouble I go to to keep on hand a goodly supply of birds, (or Bronx cheers, if you prefer), because I love that! I say it isn't any of those things that's getting under my skin. It's the looks I get from friends and acquaintances for months after the awards have been made.

Last year about three months after my findings had been made public I was introduced to Preston Foster. "Glad to know you," he vouchsafed, and immediately placed a safe distance between us.

"What's the matter with you?" I grumbled, following him up.

"You're the guy that sticks knives in people," he explained, still backing up on me.

"Well, all you've got to do is cross yourself and bow seven times when I come on the set and you don't get knifed," I retorted, still following.

Preston, having backed up against a brick wall and being unable to back farther, rubbed his chin reflectively. "Maybe you're right. Anyhow, I had a laugh over that article and one of those birds sure tickled me. Boy, that was one I'd like to have given vent to myself!"

Well, Mr. Foster, just to prove I'm not as black as you paint me, you get a medal for fooling Fox into giving you a contract.

Year before last in a burst of generosity and infatuation I gave the whole hot-house of flowers to Madame le Marquise, Constanza Bennett. Last year I'd recovered my equilibrium to the point where I contented myself with passing out all the orchids in the place to her. You can have the orchids again this year, Constance, because to me you're still the most beautiful, charming, and sophisticated woman I know—but I do wish you'd realize that the world isn't a treasure house put here expressly for you to plunder and that when people do something you don't like you can't go around like the Queen of Hearts yelling "Off with their heads!" My enthusiasm is cooling and you'd better do something about it.

Richard Arlen gets a shiny fourteen-carat gold medal for being, after five years' close friendship, the most consistently regular guy in Hollywood. That makes three times running you've got this medal, Dick, so that makes it permanent.
Claudette Colbert is still the only actress I know who is as good-looking off the screen as she is on, so she rates the bed of chrysanthemums. And, what with prohibition about to be repealed, I don’t care what the other affronted ladies of the cinema thin—and say.

Fredric March gets an improved 1933 gold medal for being the most versatile actor in pictures and Spencer Tracy’s is diamond studded for being the most natural. What that boy can do to put life into a colorless rôle is nobody’s business—or everybody’s.

To Bette Davis goes the bed of carnations, that, apparently being her favorite flower, for her cleverness in spiking rumors of a marital separation. When said rumors were flying thick and fast and her husb and was out of town, she appeared at a premiere with eight escorts all tagged with her label (carnations). Since then no one has heard anything more about a separation.

And Ann Dvorak gets the Sweet Williams because she’s been so darned sweet about seeing writers and discussing any and all phases of her career with them. Most actresses, after any sort of unpleasantness—whether it pertains to their business or their private lives—immediately shut themselves in and refuse to see the press. Not Ann!

A heart-shaped gold medal to John Barrymore for his devotion to his family. Mr. Barrymore has always given me the impression of being the most conceited and self-sufficient person I’ve ever run across. That makes his family life the more incomprehensible—and praiseworthy.

I used to love flowers, and the fun I had distributing them helped make my life something of sweetness and light. But now, with my hay fever, all I can think of is to scatter them to the four winds.

Witness:

The bed of American Beauty roses being extra large and more than one person can wear—and keep within the confines of good taste. I’ll never forget the time Lupe Velez showed me a sixteen-carat diamond ring, remarking that that was as large as a person could wear in the daytime and be well-dressed, but that she had a twenty-four-carat diamond she donned for evening wear. Well, to get back to those aforementioned American Beauties, they go—and all the prayers and good wishes I have go with them—to Wynne Gibson, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill and Carole Lombard for not only being beautiful but the most regular scouts I’ve ever met anywhere. And if it happens there’s an odd number (Continued on page 81)
Use the Movies

“Design For Living” in comfort and charm! A. A. Freudeman, Paramount’s art director, gives you the benefit of his twenty years’ experience in valuable advice and suggestions.

Are you going to remodel your house? Would you like to “do over” your living room? Or don’t you know what to do with Aunt Emma’s old furniture?

Problems such as these can be solved, very pleasantly, by going to see modern motion pictures and studying the beautiful homes on the screen.

The influence of the screen on the modern American home increases every day, according to A. A. Freudeman, one of Hollywood’s outstanding art directors, who has had twenty years’ experience in films.

“When I began to design sets in 1912, we used to paint furniture on the walls,” Mr. Freudeman, now designing for Paramount, recalls smilingly. “Then we were limited and no one thought of copying our effects. Today, you can safely go to the screen for an education in what is good taste in decoration, what is new in furniture, what is appropriate for the small or the large house, what is effective in formal or informal rooms.”

“Manufacturers of electric refrigerators, kitchen devices, new inventions for house-wives, are always glad to have us use their products on our sets, because women see the things in use or on exhibition in the screen homes of stars and are influenced to ask for them. Fans are always writing in to inquire where they can buy this or that. They liked the bed Miriam Hopkins slept in—where can they get one like it? Marlene Dietrich served coffee from a new sort of urn—is it for sale? Fredric March wrote at a unique desk—can they have a sketch of it?”

“All of which shows that women are ready to take
hints on how to improve their homes."

Mr. Freudeman, however, thinks that if you would get the best results in doing over your home, you will take your particular problem to an expert and let him decide it. You will save money by so doing.

"But many people will not do this," he asserts. "If something happens to the car—something that perhaps a screw driver and a knowledge of mechanics will fix in five minutes—the average person rushes to a garage to have it attended to. But he does not think of calling in an expert for his house; and if he should do so, he will insist on incorporating his own ideas.

"So, since this is true, it is well that those who wish to build new homes, or redecorate old ones, should go for education in the matter to the screen. When an art director is given an assignment to do a set, he is not bound by the ideas of half a dozen people. He has no one to consult but himself, and the result is right—it is not a compromise.

"Naturally, we are sometimes called upon to design rooms to be lived in by people of bad taste, or people who know nothing of art or decoration. These rooms are, of course, designed to show up the characters, and are easily identified, and never copied by home-makers.

"Ordinarily, however, we execute our finest designs for every purpose. We try to show the players in surroundings of good taste.

"The modern home is the livable home.

"The reason for the excellence of modern interiors for the modern person is this: The world is changing. Our way of living is altering. Sim- (Continued on page 76)
He Knows What He Wants!

**GENE RAYMOND** is the direct antithesis of most of the rôles he has portrayed. On the screen, more often than not, he has been called upon to depict young men of appearance far superior to their mental or spiritual qualifications. Weak and vacillating characters tossed hither and yon upon the sea of life and love, with no compass of strength to chart their perilous courses.

While in actuality Gene is a most forthright and determined young man with definite ideas and ambitions—and a concrete plan for achieving his goal. In fact, it has been the policy of having a definite plan of action and following it that is responsible for his present advantageous position in the cinema capital.

"I don't believe in luck—at least for myself," he explained. "I think that success in this or any other field should be worked for and earned. That is, lasting success.

"What is often called a 'lucky break' is in reality anything but that. More lives have been wrecked, more unhappiness caused, by a sudden flash to fame and fortune which could not be retained than from any other cause. Yet few persons stop to think of that—the idea of preparing oneself for whatever position is desired just isn't considered.

"When I first came to Hollywood I was under contract to Paramount. Members of the publicity department of that organization came to me on several occasions and asked me what I had done before working in pictures. I told them I had been on the stage, and they threw up their hands in horror.

"'But that's not interesting or glamorous!' they said. 'What else have you done? Haven't you ever been so broke you almost starved, or haven't you ever driven a truck or delivered ice or moved pianos?'

"When I assured them that all I had ever been was an actor, they walked away in disgust. The idea of an actor having planned to be just that—not having been rescued from the gutter by some producer, or found singing in a night-club by some star or 'discovered' by a director seemed appalling to them.

"Yet to me, the only logical reason for being on the stage or in pictures is because one has made up his mind to follow that profession and has prepared for it."

Gene was in a position to know whereof he spoke. Today he is one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood. He has appeared in eight pictures during the past ten months and has turned down parts in as many more, because he did not deem them suitable. Yet there is nothing accidental about his success. He has "constructed" his career just as an engineer erects a bridge or an architect builds a house. It has been thus from the beginning.

When he was a baby, his mother looked around at a world seemingly overcrowded with doctors, lawyers, and business men. Believing firmly that a child should be trained from infancy toward a (Continued on page 81)
Both in screen and in real-life romance, Cary Grant is “sitting pretty”

The 2 Women in His Life!

ONE of the things you find yourself liking about Cary Grant is his resoluteness. Come what may, Cary sticks to his guns; and that’s a quality not often discoverable among the dwellers in cinemaland.

There is, for instance, that far from little matter of Cary and Virginia Cherrill. At the moment of zooming to press, Cary still denied that Virginia was going to become Mrs. Grant. But at the same exciting moment several remarkable coincidences could be observed which pointed to a different conclusion. Yet Cary still stuck to his guns and his denials.

What were these remarkable coincidences?

To begin with, Cary was about to sail for England when I interviewed him. Virginia, who he admits is his best and only girl, likewise was about to sail or already had sailed for England. Coincidence number one!

Again, Cary averred that he would in all likelihood be seeing Miss Cherrill during their respective vacations in England. This in spite of the fact that their announced destinations in the Motherland were some 140 miles apart! Coincidence number two!

Yet again, Cary had previously gone on record as requiring certain qualities in a life companion, and had acknowledged that Miss Cherrill seemed to possess just those qualities. Coincidence number three!

Still again, Cary freely admitted (a) that he fully intended marrying “some day”; and (b) that among feminine companions he preferred Virginia to anybody else—that, in fact, there is nobody else, so far as he is concerned. Coincidence the fourth and last!

But a truce to laboring of the obvious! Though this deponent persistently flunked his mathematics in the springtime of his life, he did manage to learn how to put two and two together. And it is this deponent’s prediction that, deny it who will, Cary and Virginia will return from England, (perhaps have returned home by the time you read this), as Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant.

Just why this handsome and wholly likable couple should enfold any plans they may have in such mystery is itself a mystery. The match is an attractive one from any standpoint. So far as the unaided eye can see, there are no drawbacks of any account. The principals are young, comely, and have much to look forward to; and their joint photographs are of the kind over which sentimental old ladies smile with benevolent approval. Then what? Well, perhaps when the World’s Last Secret is uncovered, such reticences as this will be answered with that long list of other mysteries concerned with the way of a man and a maid.

It was with evident relief that Cary Grant turned from the topic of Miss Cherrill and (Continued on page 36)
At last! The "different" story about Clara Bow you have been waiting for—it is touching, human, true!

By Lillian Montanye

ONE little word, yet it can give a phrase, a sentence, new meaning. It may even influence a life. But we began with it and we hold to it. If she hadn't been born in Brooklyn Clara Bow might never have known fame. Might never have become the flappiest of movie flappers, the It-iest of all the It girls of the screen. Might never have become the gifted, glamorous, hard-working, lovable figure she did become. Might never, we may well add, have known the loneliness, the acid regrets, the spiritual desperation that she came to know—a period more pathetic than her childish days in Brooklyn when she knew only poverty, privation, and neglect.

But why blame Brooklyn?—you want to know. Well, listen, my children, and you shall hear—for the first time, perhaps—the true story of a "fame and fortune" beauty contest. In fact, the story of three beauty contests, for to understand the insignificance of the contest that launched Clara you must know about the pomp and circumstance of the preceding ones and their contrasting results.

Everyone knows that's the way Clara began her career, but few know the facts of that beginning. Not even the few of us intimately connected with this little-publicized affair had the remotest idea that it would mean more than a flash in the pan to the scared little brown-eyed girl from some remote corner of Brooklyn. "Too bad," we said patronizingly, even pityingly. "She is such a child, barely sixteen, and this will only put ideas in her head." We were right—but what ideas and where they would lead her our wildest flights of fancy could not encompass then.

It was the man whose vision made possible the first screen magazine, then owner and publisher of a group of fan magazines in Brooklyn, who promoted this contest. Developing art of motion pictures he decided to inaugurate through his publications a contest de luxe that would bring new faces, new talent to the screen.

Ambitious plans were formulated. From the photographs submitted several would be chosen each month and published in the four publications. These would constitute an honor roll and from these the winner would be chosen. At the close of the contest these girls would be asked to come to New York. All expenses would be paid, chaperones and entertainment would be provided. The girls would take part in the making of a picture which would offer a chance to prove their ability. The final winners would be given tests at a real studio, and a part in a real picture.

Photographs poured in by the hundreds. The old brown-stone house in Brooklyn (Continued on page 72)
Startled Screenland reporter finds cameras whirring all over New York, and fears for the fate of the Gold Coast "Out Yander"!

By

Leonard Hall

REALLY, my dears, what IS going to happen to Hollywood?

Good old Goofytown-on-the-Pacific has been dawdling along for several years, secure in the fond belief that any motion picture not made within gunshot of The Brown Derby wasn't legal. Then, only two months ago, your astonished reporter found that several presumptuous squirts had dared to make several feature films in and about New York City, a large port on the Atlantic Ocean. And in spite of the fact that this was the wrong ocean, such movies as "Moonlight and Pretzels" and "Take A Chance" were actually being shown!

But, darlings, now I find that it is much worse!

Further research around the mad metropolis discloses the fact that the whole town seems to have gone stark mad on the subject of movie-making! They don't shoot policemen in New York any more—they shoot pictures. The camera is mightier than the machine gun. Dear old ham actors who haven't had a job since Chaplin hurled his last cream puff are trimming their cuffs and hoping for work!

What is going to happen to quaint old Hollywood?

I got this scoop for Screenland by moseying over to the hallowed old studio on Long Island to look for a child actress with adenoids and buck teeth reported quietly murdered there in '26.
East Coast, West Coast—Where are the Movies Bound?

I didn’t find that, but I did find Mr. Christie.
Mr. Al Christie, of the famous Christie brothers. The man who took the first movie comedy company to Hollywood twenty years ago, rented a barn at the corner of Vine and Gower Streets, and christened his leading man by smacking him on the head with a bottle of beer.
Mr. Christie is a little over seven feet tall. He has the shoulders of a pug and the bow legs of an old cavalry corporal. He also has a piercing eye, and a voice that can knock three scene painters off a scaffold at a hundred feet. And he has made 90,000 or a million motion picture comedies.

And here was this delicate California bloom in the chilly East!
There the veteran producer stood, surveying the ballroom of the grand old studio. In one corner the famous blackface comics, Moran and Mack, “The Two Black Crows,” rehearsed a comedy poker game, with the aces wild. In another, the noted Miss Helen Morgan, gorgeous torch singer who still mourns her Bill, practised hopping on and off a grand piano and crying at the same time.

“Why, Mr. Christie!” I quavered, “Whatever on earth are you doing here, so far from Hollywood?”
He turned on me, stabbing my wishbone with those azure orbs.

“Hollywood?” he roared, conversationally, as three extras swooned. “Son, I’ve been in Hollywood 22 years, man and boy, and I’m having more fun shooting short films here in New York than I ever had in my life! Why, the stars I can get here I couldn’t get in the West—and say, these New York backgrounds—why, Son, I—”
I fled to think it over.
Here’s what has happened.

Another chunk of Hollywood has deserted the sun-kissed lots. Studios around New York are grinding out more short subjects than they have in years. Fox Educational Pictures, which furnishes us with 118 (my gosh!) one and two-reelers a year, is now making no less than half of them east of the Hudson River.

Why?
Oh, dear! Will you make me bother Mr. Christie again?

“Please, Mr. Christie, why all this making of short films in the East?”

“Why, Son,” the producer answered, patting me so benevolently that he knocked me into a Moran and Mack jack-pot, “haven’t you heard about the New Deal in making short subjects? Well, you will!” And oh, didn’t he just!

Educational Pictures suddenly realized, with one of those lightning strokes of genius, that all the best comedians aren’t serving life sentences out among the pink haciendas of Beverly Hills. Also, that not all pretty girls grow on palm-trees.

How about the hundreds of swell stage talents who couldn’t or wouldn’t trek West to make movies? If the mountains wouldn’t go to the camera, the camera could sneak up on them!

Thus they arrived at the decision to make great gobs of their miniature epics in the Eastern film foundries.
Mr. Al Christie and Mr. Jack White, two of the ablest veterans in the comedy field, (Continued on page 78)

And here’s Lillian Roth about to warble a lyric in the finale of “Million Dollar Melody,” another East Coast product complete with music, dancing, and gorgeous gals.

Ernest Truex has a bashful moment in “Mr. Adam,” one of the Fox-Educational short comedies which he is making in the East. It’s all about a nudist cult—and very funny, too!
You may know Fay Wray by her eyes! They have mystery, depth, enchantment. For the screen Fay wears those luxurious artful eyelashes that enhance a girl's own. Off-screen, she prefers to let her lashes curl in peace, aided only by the careful use of mascara.

Let's go luscious in the evenings, says this evening ensemble of pink satin and ostrich worn by Fay at the left. The bodice goes Grecian. Like that ostrich muff?

Above, Fay Wray's favorite suit, of green cloth with silver fox. The short belted jacket has sleeves that were cut bell-shaped and then held in tightly to the wrist and forearm like cuffs. Fay's hat is black antelope with a short veil.

Fay proves that a girl can be a movie star and still not drip with jewels! She cares little for gems and still less for costume jewelry. But she does enjoy the wrist-watch she is showing you in the pictures below and to the left. The watch case is of wood with a cover that slides off when the fair golfer wants to know the time of day. Smart, isn't it?

The photographs on these two pages were posed by Fay Wray exclusively for SCREENLAND Glamor School. Irving Lippman, portrait photographer. The gowns and hats worn by Miss Wray were designed by Kalloch of Columbia.
School

Edited by Fay Wray

There is a girl in Hollywood who is acknowledged by other attraction stars to have mastered the art of attraction without ostentation; who prefers smart simplicity to sensationalism; who achieves Glamor with grace and effortless charm. We present Fay Wray, who gives you her Glamor secrets.

"Angel-skin" lace sounds yummy—and is! Particularly when the lace has gold thread embroidered through it! Fay's gown has the new square neckline, and sable shoulder straps, no less!

What Fay calls her "sweet, simple, and girlish" coiffure is illustrated above. It's soft, appealing, and very feminine. Now look at La Wray over at the right!

Black and white, sleeveless and backless and with a train, of course, and cut on princess lines—pretty devastating, as worn by Fay! The white bodice is draped around the top of the pointed black satin skirt and gathered onto a cord at the round neckline. Two pieces of the satin are used for this Grecian effect and they are not sewed together but allowed to separate just a trifle, so that the bare skin peeps through! In the back, they are crossed like an ascot tie at the waist.

Perhaps you prefer her more sophisticated coiffure here? See that alluring ear ornament? Made like a clip, it fastens on the lobe of the ear, fitting part way around it.

The wide revers and wooden cuff-link buttons are an interesting note in this suit of brown and tan tweed, which Fay Wray wears, above.

There is a girl in Hollywood who is acknowledged by other attraction stars to have mastered the art of attraction without ostentation; who prefers smart simplicity to sensationalism; who achieves Glamor with grace and effortless charm. We present Fay Wray, who gives you her Glamor secrets.
The Screen Spectator

Here, Hollywood, is constructive criticism, pungently expressed. Help yourself to some good ideas!

So BRILLIANT is the ability of the makers of our screenplays that we wonder why so many irritating faults are prevalent in many of the pictures that we see. We do not fail to realize that errors of detail will occur. We understand painstaking effort is made to prevent such, and that scientific research and advice are dearly paid for in a constant struggle to technically produce the perfect picture.

But we are constantly confronted in our movie-going life with conditions that seem possible to overcome. For example, many of our movies deal with the various phases of business enterprises. Usually the office of the boss is shown. We work in an office. We have been in a thousand offices! Only once, however, have we seen in real life an office typical of the conceptions of the interior decorators of Hollywood of the place a man of big business works in—and that one was a fly-by-night concern that folded up in less than six months!

Don't you believe for one moment that all industrialists, bankers, and brokers occupy rooms five hundred by three hundred feet, decorated in geometrically designed heavens of chromium tubes, modern glass, trick furniture and trickier secretaries. Even though Senatorial investigations of the boom years that went Boom! Boom! would indicate that big business men were all fat heads—take it from us that nine out of ten of such could not have dictated even one of their contracts of iniquity in such a place.

It was a joy, therefore, to behold the office of Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory." That was an office as is—and didn't Tracy impress you while at work in that office as being actually a big-time leader of a business enterprise?

We find realistic settings of this sort most gratifying because we can quickly recognize authenticity in furniture, clothes, locale, etc. And every detail that we can check as true enables us more easily to accept that with which we are not familiar. Producers, directors, writers and players should realize this and not confound us in their artistic offerings with absurdities so patent that we are prone to sit like sharp-eyed ferrets watching for errors, when we prefer to be entranced by the wonders of the screen world.

Another condition that bewilders us is the pic- (Continued on page 82)
One-word description of the new screen sensation, Margaret Sullavan. Here’s the only interview she has granted since her smash hit in “Only Yesterday”

Original!

I’ve been immune to rumors ever since I heard the one about Ann Harding and Harry Bannister being “Hollywood’s Ideal Married Couple.”

But when, via the grape-vine route, came rumblings of Margaret Sullavan’s magnificent performance in “Only Yesterday,” I believed them—all of them.

You see, two years ago, I had witnessed her stage début in a play called, “A Modern Virgin.” It had been a very bad play but her performance stood out like a lalique vase in a five and ten cent store. I knew then that she was Going Places—Hollywood, inevitably.

It was there that I met her for the first time, after she had been dying for several days in the final scenes of “Only Yesterday.”

“I’m supposed to die of a heart attack, but I sound like the last stages of asthma!” she greeted me, when I discovered her on Stage 9 in, of all places, the assistant director’s lap!

And with blithe unconcern, she continued to sit there until the harassed young man from the publicity department drew over a chair and murmured “Won’t You Sit Down?”

I had already been warned that this littlest rebel hated Hollywood. So I opened fire with my best line of attack.

I told her I came from New York.

It worked like Claudette Colbert’s charm! We became soul-mates immediately, while she wept on my shoulder and sang me her Hymn of Hate.

“They call this picture, ‘Only Yesterday’—but it’s been a lifetime!” she exclaimed. “We’ve been on it for almost four months now and I’ve had exactly one day’s vacation—and then I spent it in jail for smoking a cigarette in a forest region. I might still be there if my name didn’t happen to be Sullavan!” she added with a grin.

As she sat opposite me in a pair of blue slacks, looking for all the world like Huck Finn’s younger sister, it was hard to realize that this pert infant was a brilliant actress, who in her very first screen effort was being “supported” by such luminaries as John Boles and Billie Burke.

Orchidaceous, Glamorous, Sextacular. None of the usual Hollywood labels catalogue her. In a land of carbons, she is as original as the “a” in the spelling of her last name.

Her voice, too, is like no one else’s you have ever heard. It hasn’t the lyric quality of Cornell or the guttural richness of Fontaine, but its vibrant huskiness is a catch between a laugh and a tear, and there is just enough of a Southern accent to identify Norfolk, Virginia, as her birthplace.

She is the daughter of Cornelius Hancock Sullavan and Garland Council, sub—names that instinctively conjure up visions of a white colonial homestead, baked banana pie, and darkies strumming “Old Black Joe” on a summer evening.

When it came to christening their baby daughter, however, the Sullavans chose the plain, down-to-earth name of Margaret, a name as unaffected and straightforward as she, herself, is. Her friends have always called her “Peggy.”

(Continued on page 94)
YOUTH ROMANCE

Jesse L. Lasky's

I am Suzanne!

Lilian HARVEY - GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

RIORECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance... While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes... and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX
Garbo grins! And when Garbo grins, the world smiles in sympathy. You'll see her in his mood and many others in her new film, "Queen Christina."
FROM "Too Much Harmony" Bing Crosby croons his in gratiating way into "Going Hollywood," Marion Davies tuneful new picture. Here's the grand new team in a scene from the film. You'll like it.
WE'RE cheering for this new combination, too. Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald co-star in the screen version of "The Cat and the Fiddle," one of Jerome Kern's most charming operettas—and how they sing!

And Two More!
Quick! Who Is It?

**How** long did it take you to identify the star above? Three guesses? Yes, it's Richard Barthelmess in his current characterization of an Indian in "Massacre." We think you'll like him.
THE Dunn lad's been kept hopping of late, what with varied rôles in "Take a Chance," Jimmy and Sally," and "Fox Movietone Follies." but he still has time to be the real Jimmy—just a large Irish smile!

Jimmy as Himself!
Watch the Ice Melt!

WELL, it's lucky it's Hollywood ice—or it wouldn't last long when Lilian Harvey leads the St. Moritz number in her new picture, "I Am Suzanne." Lovely Lilian's third American movie is said to be her best.
AND still another new part for the screen's best bad boy. Jimmy Cagney, having turned into a song-and-dance man all in the good cause of film musicals, now takes a fresh rôle—yes, "fresh" is the word!

Cagney as a "Lady Killer"
New Glimpse of Gable

YES, he's all right now—and his robust performances in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford, and "Overland Bus" with Claudette Colbert, for Columbia, will prove it to you. Clark's cheerful again—good!
New Portrait
of a Lady

AND a fine actress. Norma Shearer is working in her first "return" screen play, "Rip Tide," with Robert Montgomery playing opposite her. And then she promises she will play "Marie Antoinette" — positively!
MARY ASTOR, appearing with Adolphe Menjou in "Easy To Love," permitted the photographer to portray her in what may be called the title rôle. Mary can be as daringly decorative as the accepted cinema sirens—it's all in the day's work to Miss Astor; but off-screen she is one of the frankest, most genuine and humorous young women in Hollywood.
Don English

Who's Frightened?
Not Claudette Colbert!

L. A. Colbert has a congenially colorful rôle in Cecil DeMille's latest opus, "Four Frightened People," filmed in Hawaii. At the left, Claudette in a scene with debonair Herbert Marshall.
AT LAST, a scene that the men in the audience will appreciate! Warner Baxter goes fishing in "As Husbands Go" and incidentally provides us with one of the most picturesque "stills" we have ever selected. It's a good picture, too.
YOU may think that Madge is rushing the season—but perhaps she's thinking of Palm Beach, or Bermuda, or Hawaii—what's that, Madge? Sorry, folks—Miss Evans says she's just dressed up for her new picture and so busy she'll have to leave the winter vacations and cruises to you!
GIVE YOUR HANDS
AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION

Hands as soft and lovely as flowers...reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? Keep them alluringly smooth, even in winter? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply refuse to let work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

Caressingly smooth and lovely are MARGARET SULLAVAN'S hands. With JOHN BOLES in UNIVERSAL'S success, "ONLY YESTERDAY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too...by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.
RECOGNIZE her? She's another example of the movies' amazing magic. Marguerite Churchill, from a capable ingenue has been transformed into a magnetic and exciting person—and you'll see her in "Girl Without a Room." Read about her in the story on the opposite page.
They’ll Bet on Love!

And we’ll bet on George O’Brien and Marguerite Churchill! A grand story about a grand guy and his girl

By Dickson Morley

I have a unique story to tell you.

It concerns a good man and a good woman who have found each other in Hollywood. And despite Hollywood!

My adjectives are emphatic because these two are thoroughbreds. The hero is everything a real man should be. The soul of honor, intelligent, courageous. Handsome and virile. Above all, sincere. Our heroine possesses all the virtues you seek in a woman and, in addition, she is beautiful and charming.

The tale is “different” because its moral is so old that most of us will have to dig into our memories to get the point.

When all of us were very young we were told that if we’d be good, always do the right thing, and live an irreproachable life, we’d be happy. Somehow it’s a pretty big order to carry out idealistic intentions. People seem to get ahead by out-maneuvering others. Those who jazz fanciest apparently eat their cake and have it, too.

I want to introduce you to the two who are actually Hollywood’s most admirable romantics. And I’ll let you draw your own conclusion as to the dividends a life of Goodness pays.

This, then, is the story of George O’Brien and Marguerite Churchill.

You know that when they married the middle of last July, in the historic old California Mission San Ynez, the final capitulation of the gallant Bachelor O’Brien.

(Cont. on page 74)
Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition

Platinum Bombshell gives us the best story of her life to date! Don't miss it! Exclusive!

By James M. Fidler

BET you can't guess Jean Harlow's secret ambition. No, no—I'm sure you can't. What? Three guesses? Don't make me laugh; you can never guess in three guesses. Sure—go ahead and try!

Jean wants to be the most popular motion picture star? That's your first guess? Pardon me while I have myself a laugh. Oh, don't get me wrong; Jean is interested in her career—deeply, seriously interested. No doubt she would like to become the greatest star on the screen, and if she continues to progress as she has during the past year, she's headed straight for the top. However, that's not her secret ambition. Guess again.

Jean wants to be very, very wealthy: That's your second guess? Certainly Jean wants to be rich. Who doesn't? But money isn't everything in the world—not to Jean, at any rate. No, that's not her secret ambition. And you have only one more guess.

What? What is that you said? Jean wants a baby? Your third guess is that Jean wants a baby? Awww, somebody must've told you! You could never have guessed it. Nobody could have guessed. Whoever heard of such a guess? Imagine! Hard-boiled Jean Harlow of "Red Dust" wanting a baby! Loose-talking Jean of "Hold Your Man" wanting a baby! Awww, you didn't guess that. Somebody told you.

Even so, you are only partially correct. Jean doesn't want just a baby. She wants babies. Three or four youngsters running around her house, carving their initials in the piano, pilfering doughnuts from the bread-box, and embarrassing Aunt Molly by saying, in her presence, "Mamma, Aunt Molly isn't cooked. You said she was hard-boiled."

Babies. Jean wants a family of them—maybe a pair of boys, and at least one sister for them. A sister for the brothers to fight over; and for a cherubic little darling with silky, platinum hair and big blue eyes and lips you'd love to touch. A tiny angel who would never, never cry or whimper. Who would be a grand little sport on every occasion. Who would give her doll to that poor girl down the street, whose parents could not afford to buy a doll. A baby Jean.

"I want her to have platinum hair," Jean confided to
Maybe we shouldn’t say so but Jean told Jimmy Fidler this was her favorite of all the stories ever written about her. What about it, Public?

me. “There have been times in my life when I was sorry for the color of my hair—sorry for the reason that that very hair threatened to hinder my career because motion picture producers seemed to lose sight of any acting talent I might have, simply because my hair was so widely exploited. There have been times when I have grown very weary of being called platinum blonde.

“But when I wore a red wig for ‘Red-Headed Woman,’ I made up my mind that I was happier as a blonde. I will be glad if my daughter has hair exactly the same color. What if she has, and doesn’t like it?” Jean laughed. “She can change it easily!”

Jean wants one son to be older than the daughter; the other, younger. She hopes the older boy will come two years in advance of the daughter, and that the next son will be a year or two younger than Miss Jean, the second. Yes, she’s figured it all out!

She wants the boys to be dark. No platinum blond boys for Jean, if her hope is granted. She wants them to grow into tall, broad-shouldered, almost-swarty men.

Of course, I’m telling you what Jean wants. I haven’t once quoted Hal Rosson, her husband. But what do men know about dreaming of babies? A man’s only interest is that the first-born will be a boy, and that he will be just a little bit tough—a fighting little fool. At any rate, that’s what Hal says.

One must know Jean Harlow intimately in order to understand the domestic side of her nature. I have known her for years, since she was in her early ’teens. At times I consider myself almost a member of the family, although I must admit that no move has been made to adopt me into the Harlow fireside circle. Nevertheless, Jean, and her mother and step-father, and her husband and I are intimate enough to sit together and discuss very personal issues—such as Jean’s yearning for babies.

Several months after Paul Bern’s death, I was lunching with Jean one noon. About midway of the salad course, I asked: “Do you think you’ll marry again?”

She stared at me as if amazed. I began to feel a little foolish for having voiced the question, because I knew her answer even before she opened her lips.

“One will I marry again,” Jean said. “What an absurd question for you, of all people, to ask. How many times have I told you that I want a home? I mean a real home, with children of my own to worry and fret about?”

At that same luncheon, which took place about three months before Jean’s marriage to Rosson, she told me that she was in love with Hal. That is why I laugh every time some gossip says that the platinum blonde married in a hurry, and then adds an accusing, “Why?” She married for love; that is why. She was in love (Continued on page 90)
The movies have got under the great actor's skin at last! Read this exclusive story and meet a new Muni

By

Ben Maddox

Paul Muni is on the verge of departure from Hollywood again. He has made his allotted two pictures for the year. But this time it's an entirely altered Muni who is checking out.

Hollywood has got under his skin at last!

He used to be the banner boy for the "free souls." In him surged the ever-present, unquenchable yearning to wander. And now look how constant exposure to nefarious movie atmosphere has changed him. Our wandering Muni has settled down!

The acting genius who said, when he was doing his memorable chain-gang drama, that life was merely a trap and that his soul was torn with the desire to "escape," has right-about-faced.

He proclaimed that he could never—positively!—be fettered with a home. Nor property. Then he added that only such an understanding woman as Mrs. Muni could even put up with his craving to be "free."

Bella Frank, who is Mrs. Muni, merely smiled in those days when he was reacting so violently to the international fame which the talkies suddenly poured upon him. She was discreetly silent. For she is understanding—and wise!

Twelve years of marriage to this strange man Muni have taught her that, because he is a master of his art, he is supremely sensitive. Every mood, including his infrequent gay moments, is a significant feeling for him. He
Done to Paul Muni?

can do nothing casually, no matter how unimportant.

The lavishness and ease of Hollywood scared him silly.

"I had to work so hard that the over-night way men
and women are pushed into picture stardom appalled me," he admitted when I called on him and his wife in their
new home.

Home—do you get it?

That's what Hollywood has done to the marvelous
Muni! It has shown him that one doesn't have to become
a hobo to breathe one's fill of fresh air, that people are
happiest when they live a simple, regular life. And that
contentment lies right in your own front yard!

"I honestly never expected to learn the virtues of home,
sweet home from Hollywood!" he told me with an ex-
pression of delight on his mobile features.

It seems that I was the first interviewer who had been
privileged to visit his establishment, so a word or two
about it will not be amiss. The Muni headquarters is a
rambling, pink stucco house in the center of a five-acre
grove of walnuts, figs, and peaches. It is in the country,
or "out on the land" as Muni expresses
it, about fifteen miles from Hollywood
proper. Quiet, secluded, and thoroughly
comfortable, it is a miniature kingdom in
which Muni is monarch of all he surveys.

"We have no antiques," he pointed
out proudly as he introduced me to the
cheerful living-room. "I told Mrs. Muni
we wanted a place that would be, above
all else, a home. So she went ahead
and fixed it up, and doesn't it look
livable?"

The one feature for which he apolo-
gizes elaborately is the big swimming-pool in front! He
explains that it was already there when they bought the
ranch last summer, so they just have to make the best of
it. (He revels in swimming in it, but is afraid to admit
it for fear he'll sound like one of the idle rich!)

"We may be away all winter. Of course, I intended
to do a Broadway play and I have devoted my spare time
to reading scripts. I came across nothing particularly
outstanding and it is almost too late to start a play run
now. So unless some extraordinarily good show turns
up, Mrs. Muni and I will go to Europe. We have made
several trips before and enjoy travelling immensely.

"There is a possibility of my doing personal appear-
ances in France. It appears that my pictures have gone
very well there and I have an offer for a vaudeville tour.
I cannot speak French, but, if I should decide to accept,
I will take a month or two to learn enough of the lan-
guage to present an act."

Yet no matter how far afield the Munis stray, they'll
call Hollywood home from now on.

"We won't be tied down. This house
is not an expensive luxury. While we
are away we can get one man to live
here and take care of the orchard. And
at a very nominal cost, so we won't
feel that we have to be here unless we
wish."

"What has caused your transfor-
mation into a home-lover?" I inquired
with reasonable curiosity.

His response confounded me. He
thinks he is getting old!

"I am thirty-five and Mrs. Muni and
I have begun to think of our old age.
We do not make definite plans to do
specific things. We have learned from
experience (Continued on page 87)
Fields for Fun!

All about that laugh-maker everybody likes—except Baby LeRoy!

By Amory Westcott

W. C. FIELDS is a comedian with a real sense of humor! You know, he doesn't play Hamlet in his private life. He is just a droll fellow, on and off.

Why the impressive initials? Well, as he explains it, a comic must have some dignity. Everybody really calls him Bill.

His "feud" with Baby LeRoy is the funniest thing that has happened in Hollywood in many moons, and you'll have to admit that a lot of funny things have happened in Hollywood.

It seems the baby thought that good old Bill was a "heavy" instead of a comic. He howled every time he looked at him. So many scenes were ruined that certain persons began to accuse Bill of going around frightening little children.

Just as I say, Bill Fields has a swell sense of humor. The harried comedian retorted: "Say, I'm the only actor this baby hasn't been able to steal a scene from. That's why he is throwing those fits of artistic temperament." And, when the feud became heated, the following advertisement appeared in a Hollywood paper:

"If a certain prominent baby in our esteemed industry does not cease telling people that I, W. C. Fields, stole his bottle, he will get himself into a whole peck of trouble. (Be careful, B.L.) Signed: W. C. Fields."

This absurd advertisement is typical of the Fields brand of humor. Even when someone maliciously suggested that the baby was afraid of Bill's famous red nose, the victim took it all in good fun.

Be that as it may, the "feud" came to a sudden end when the comedian jumped into a tank of water to haul the baby off a raft which looked as if it might tip over. Then and there, they became fast friends. Before the picture was finished, they do say that Bill was discovered in a corner of the set teaching Baby LeRoy to sing, "Who's afraid of the big red nose?"

For an artist who has been one of the most famous and highest salaried comedy stars for some twenty years, Bill Fields has an extraordinarily odd, but sensible, philosophy.

"Health, wealth, and freedom!" is his motto.

"I keep in good health," says he, "to insure making sufficient wealth, to enjoy the life I like most."

Unlike the traditional trumper, Bill would be perfectly content to forego the flattery of seeing his name in electric lights if he could play golf every day of his life. In fact, he almost manages to (Continued on page 96)
PROBABLY the oldest law in the theatre is "The play must go on." The Harrigans have added another line—the Harrigans must be represented on Broadway. Only this can explain Nedda Harrigan's presence in the East while Walter Connolly remains in the West making pictures. Certainly it was not an economical move to keep the Harrigan fire burning brightly on Broadway for the nightly long-distance calls have made their telephone bills formidable first-of-the-month visitors. But the Harrigan ghost must not walk. So Nedda remains acting in the East while Walter is adding to his laurels in Hollywood.

Walter, you may remember, was one of the die-hards of the legitimate stage who refused to travel westward for many, many years. His determination to avoid motion picture alliances was due to an experience he had had in the movies in the early silent days. In those times, picture-making was admittedly mechanical. Walter hates, as only an artist can, anything mechanical connected with acting. Producer after producer attempted to lure him to Hollywood, waving fat contracts before him, but he closed his eyes resolutely and fled. Columbia's good luck came when Walter was ill in the hospital and unable to escape. Nedda Harrigan, his wife, has never appeared in the movies, but there is still hope. Some day she may be sick and have to go to a hospital. Jolly thought!

Her return to the East on the stage afforded, however, an opportunity which is rarely given of seeing an actor through his wife's eyes, while she is so far away from him that his presence cannot color her opinions. We were naturally interested to discover how and why Walter Connolly's aversion to the movies had evaporated so soon. It must have evaporated or he would not have signed a new contract giving Columbia first call on his services for the next five years.

Walter Connolly, it appears, likes Hollywood because it means work, constant creation, work in the morning, work in the afternoon, and often work in the evening. During the filming of "A Man's Castle," the Frank Borzage production, Walter Connolly worked for the most part at night and in the early morning. During the afternoon he was busy making "East of Fifth Avenue" some days, and "Master of Men" others.

It seems that Walter had his entire opinion of Hollywood changed shortly after his arrival there. He had always felt the movies had no heart, no soul, but a little incident during the filming of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" changed his entire outlook. One of the scenes in that picture was in the "Hoofer City" where Lee Tracy, as the young Congressman, (Continued on page 95)
Dorothy Lee likes gadgets and says so frankly! "But too amusing!" she says of this cigarette lighter that looks like a lipstick, which she is showing off in the picture above. It is ignited not by flints, but by a chemical action which is automatically released when the cylinder is opened.

One of the most entrancing coiffures to be seen at Hollywood smart spots and picture premières is Thelma Todd's, illustrated for you below. It is a softer version of the classic coronet idea, with a most becoming cluster of curls at the neck. Note, too, the sparkling clip Thelma wears with it.

Well, Ruth Etting! If you aren't wearing one of the craziest creations we've seen in many movie moons! It's a two-way affair in which the sleeves can be white lace or black velvet, according to La Etting's mood. Ruth wears it in "Hips, Hips, Hooray," the giddy new gelatine opera in which her gay good looks and lovely voice are featured with Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey. Yes, that turban is crownless.

Margaret Lindsay, at the right, is wearing one of those gowns that other girls greet with a drawled, "My dear, how Hollywood!" But, worn by Margaret, it attracts—its daring dusky chiffon sleeves contrasting so dramatically the trailing white gown with its deep-cut shoulders. We're not surprised that the suave William Powell prefers Miss Lindsay to other leading ladies these days!
Lovely, Loretta! She's a Young poem, in this rather original turquoise blue satin gown with its interesting neckline treatment. Loretta wears it in "Born To Be Bad," her first production for 20th Century in which she appears with Cary Grant.

Glitter, glitter, little star! But with Constance Cummings a touch of silver beading is as good as a ton to some other movie girls, and her black frock is brightened simply but surely at the neckline, with a turban ornamented to match.

If You Would Strike That New Note—

Here are suggestions from Hollywood, where girls are fashion-wise—first! Some practical, some fantastic, but all fun!

If you are as alluring as Sari Maritza, you can wear a cocktail costume as extreme as Sari is showing you at the left. It's fashioned of dark green satin—imagine!—with a square-out back. (Of course there's a jacket to wear over it, not shown here.) The hat? Yes, even Norma Shearer wore one at Marie Dressler's formal birthday party! It's a grand, insane season!
Jean Parker's formal frock is of black taffeta with lace-topped bodice. A separate ruched cape is an added attraction. Note Jean's coiffure—in keeping with the quaintness of her costume.

It isn't necessary to wear exotic clothes to be attractive, even in Hollywood! Here Miss Parker wears a double-breasted velveteen coat with high rever neckline, and matching visor hat.

Jean introduces the new eye-brow beret made of tiers of felt topped with double silver buttons. Jean has this chapeau copied in colors to wear with sports dresses.

Furred and fitted—two smart notes in Jean's blue wool suit, which is buttoned down the front. Miss Parker calls attention to the fur pockets but cautions the "hour-glass" figure girls against this idea.

Here's a new combination—tweed and jersey. Jean is a study in brown and white. Her double-breasted suit is of brown and white striped tweed; her accessories are of brown jersey—beret, gloves, scarf.

If You Would Be Quaint—
Quaintness, right now, is to be desired—and it can be acquired. Look and learn, you Jean Parker-esque girls!
Kay Francis, with Ricardo Cortez, in a scene from "The House on 56th Street," in which Kay plays a mature matron in many sequences. Right, Kay selects a smartly tailored hat in keeping with the graceful age she portrays in some scenes in her new film.

Isn't she stunning! Kay Francis says it's better to accept your age with sophistication and stateliness than to cling to frills and curls. Pay particular attention to make-up—it is more important in the fascinating forties than ever before.

If You Would Have Poise—

Dignity is preferred after you have said farewell to first youth, says Kay Francis. And here's how Kay, who herself is a long way from maturity, expects to achieve it
At last, the Perfect Picture! "Little Women" is a master-piece, and I hope every man, woman, and child will hurry afoot or in the family Ford, by bohsled or by airplane, by hook or crook and SEE IT! Louisa M. Alcott's book has been translated to the screen without losing even a little of its power and appeal. Who's responsible? Perhaps George Cukor—henceforth my favorite director. Perhaps the adapter. Perhaps the cast. Perhaps, even, the supervisor. I don't know. It's a miracle and I'm thrilled. You will be, too. "Little Women" proves that what every American most needed at this point was a good cry. People are melting; crying their way in and out of theatres; coming back for more—it's that good. Katharine Hepburn is starred, and she is a perfect Jo March. Her best performance by far. But it isn't a starring picture to me. It's an all-star, with laurels, first, to Miss Alcott, who wrote the story; to the director, next; and then to the extraordinary cast. "Little Women" has artistic integrity. It's the first great film to come out of Hollywood untainted by commercialism—and it is breaking records.

This is great fun! Never a dull moment, thanks to director Lubitsch, his sparkling cast, and some of the most hilarious situations ever devised for your delectation. Frankly feather-weight, elegantly ralbd, this picturization of Noel Coward's play may astound the author—but I think it will also amuse him very much. Not as skillful or subtle as the original, still the screen's "Design for Living" offers as sprightly entertainment as you'll find in this season's cinemas. A triangle, but with a difference! Gary Cooper, as an artist, and Fredric March, as his playwright pal, both adore the lovely Miriam Hopkins—and no wonder, for she's more alluring than ever here. And she, wicked wench, loves both of them. When the artist's away she worships the playwright. Then the absent one returns and her affections wander—all very amusingly. The scenes in which the two musketeers turn up and wreck Miriam's marriage of convenience are spontaneously side-splitting. Gary Cooper is, to me, the shining star—he reveals a gorgeous sense of comedy. But you may prefer March, who is excellent; or Miss Hopkins, who's superlative. Or Edward Everett Horton, never funnier. See by all means!

Meet Margaret Sullavan! She's the New Girl of the Month. Miss Sullavan is something very new in screen heroines. Not beautiful, like Dietrich; not picturesque in the Hepburn manner. But arresting in her own way, and using with rare discretion one of the most interesting voices you've ever heard. In fact, like Francho Tone, Miss Sullavan rides to fame, for me, on the waves of a thrilling voice. But about "Only Yesterday"; it's a picture of "moments." John Stahl has directed certain scenes of surpassing beauty. The screen has never given us a more beautiful love idyll than that enacted by Miss Sullavan and John Boles when she, as the Southern girl, and he as a world-war officer, meet, love, and part. But as the serious story of a woman's life and love, "Only Yesterday" never convinces. We are asked to believe that the hero could forget the lyric interlude so completely that when he later meets and loves the heroine, now the mother of his child, he sees her as a total stranger. Well, it can happen in Hollywood! But the fine performances, not only of Miss Sullavan, but of Mr. Boles, Billie Burke, and Jimmy Butler as the boy make it well worth seeing. More Sullavan!
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Dancing Lady
M-G-M

This is the picture that took so long to make that it kept your Joan Crawford off the country's screens for almost eight months. Was it worth it? Well, I can say honestly that it's a glittering and rather gorgeous movie, that it will bring back the Crawford you seem to prefer, the colorful heroine of "Dancing Daughters," and that it will not fail to entertain you. Yes, it's another musical—but it's one of the best. And it's novel to see a star of Crawford's calibre actually dancing, and effectively, too. The film opens with Joan doing a "strip tease" in a burlesque show. The theatre is raided and our heroine is jailed until Franchot "Park Avenue Playboy" Tone comes to the rescue. She then battles her way to Broadway stardom under the tutelage of Clark Gable, who plays a hard-boiled dance director. And incidentally, Gable gives one grand performance here. Ted Healy and his stooges are priceless. But the film is mostly Crawford—practically a one-girl show! Grand if you like the star. A good show even if you don't. You'll like seeing Joan and Gable together again.

Eskimo
M-G-M

Here's your epic—and you won't be disappointed. It's a whole two hours of epic, and not one of you can say that you aren't getting your money's worth. It may have been produced in the Arctic—in fact, it was—but it is as red-blooded as you would wish. From the story by Peter Freuchen, the Danish explorer, director W. S. Van Dyke has fashioned a real thriller of life among the brave and brawny men of the North and their lovely wives. "Eskimo" recounts the adventures of the mighty Malo, a dramatic Eskimo Tarzan, among whales, icebergs, wolves, caribou, walrus, and the Northwest Mounted Police. Malo's standards are not those of the white men and so Malo is branded a murderer when he avenges his wife according to his code. He is a hunted man—and the camera record of his flight provides some of the screen's most exciting scenes. "Eskimo" is too long—even breathtakingly beautiful pictures of the frozen North begin to pall after a while; but it is unique entertainment. Much of the dialogue is native, but charmingly translated for you. Malo himself is rather magnificent, and his movie wives are delightful. Watch for Director Van Dyke himself as a "Mounty."

Cradle Song
Paramount

A lovely picture! Delicate, beautiful, and tender, it may be no "box-office" sensation, but I wish you would see it if you like a poetic screenplay as a change from lighter film fare. "Cradle Song" marks the American motion picture début of Dorothy Week, the distinguished continental actress who scored in "Maedchen in Uniform." She proves, in her new performance, that she is far from a "one-picture" star. In this quiet, touching story, adapted from a Spanish play, Miss Week plays a nun, Sister Joanna, who takes to her heart a foundling left on the doorstep of the convent. The child grows up mothered by the nuns but instead of taking the veil she falls in love with a young man from the outside world. Sorrowsly but sympathetically, the nuns bid her farewell. As an impressive study in mother-love "Cradle Song" will interest you. The acting is very nearly perfect. Miss Week is the rightful star; she is spiritual beauty personified; but she is ably supported by Evelyn Venable as the foster-daughter, Louise Dresser as the gentle prioress, and the other members of a splendid cast. Not exciting, mind you—but a sincere, moving, and poignant picture. I hope you'll like it!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Footnotes on Beauty

By Katharine Hartley

Sandals and Sheer Hose Call for New

When you gaze at this glamorous picture of the lovely Carole Lombard, and your eyes look at her admiringly from tip to toe, aren't you just a bit envious of that dainty foot, thrust out for your attention? There isn't very much of the slipper, and she isn't wearing hose. It's just a lovely foot, as smooth and white as her hands, and as expertly manicured. (All right, "pedicured" if you want to be explicit!)

This is something all women have to realize sooner or later. A foot can be just as intriguing as a beautiful, graceful hand. In fact it's got to be, since fashion has decreed that we wear open sandals for evening, and the sheerest and filmiest of hose. And who wears bathing shoes any more when they go in swimming? Well, let's face it—who?—only those who are afraid to show their toes!

I don't know why we have been so sensitive on this subject for so long. Unless perhaps we didn't know how to make our feet beautiful and healthy. For of course these two things go together. And the beauty and health of our feet have much to do with the expression of our faces. It's a known fact that neglected feet and uncomfortable shoes etch more lines on a face than ever time or age could!

Why is it like punting teeth to get most women to go to a chiropodist's office? Why are there so many women who laugh at the suggestion of a pedicure, feeling that it's only a ridiculous fad, a mere affectation? Here's where the stars in Hollywood have it all over us. What with standing around on the set all day, and a tap lesson here, and a series of exercises there, they know it's important to care for their feet as they would for their hands. Regularly, their tiny toes trip to the chiropodist's for comfort and to the pedicurist's for "make-up." And it's all just a part of their beauty routine. That's the way we should all feel about it.

One of the surest ways of having lots of foot comfort is to have lots of shoes, and change them often. It's really almost impossible not to have several pairs these days, since there are so many flattering styles to intrigue us. Even so-called "sensible" shoes are not as awful as they sound, and much better-looking than they used to be. Every smart woman sticks to medium-heeled shoes with daytime and sport clothes. Only in the evening, can our shoes be as giddy as we like, with extremely high heels, and a very low cut!
Hail! Radio's New Home

STUPENDOUS! Tremendous! Colossal! Don't stop me—I've just been over to NBC's new modernistic home in Radio City! You should have heard the adjectives being tossed around by the 1200 distinguished guests that night Radio City went on the air for the first time. It was the biggest event of the season—with the cream of society, opera, screen, and stage represented.

The program opened with a blast of trumpets from the top of the seventy-story RCA Building. Then the NBC Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Frank Black, played the Star-Spangled Banner. Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, extended a greeting to guests and listeners. Jane Cowl read a dedicatory poem. Maria Jeritza, John McCormack, Will Rogers, Amos 'n Andy, Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman, Jessica Dragonette, Dr. Walter Damrosch, and other celebrated artists contributed their talents.

The charming Irene Rich came in from Chicago to be present. She said this was one bit of history she didn't want to miss! (Incidentally, have you been listening to her excellent Hollywood “inside” chatter every Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:45 P.M., E.S.T.?)

Now let's get statistical: NBC occupies ten floors of this huge building, with (Continued on page 98)
Torrid tips on screen news in the making!

ALL those stories about Greta Garbo being money-mad—a miser, and penny-squeezer, and whatever else she may have been termed—are made to appear silly by the fact that the Swedish star has actually turned her back on more than $250,000 in cold cash during the past year!

If you think the sum is fabulous, and if you are inclined not to believe that she really rejected such an amount, following are the offers that she turned down:

Life-story interview for national magazine: $25,000; offer to speak one word—"Hello"—on radio: $10,000; series of ten radio talks: $150,000; one week on New York stage: $50,000; and endorsement of a certain cigarette: $25,000.

Total: $260,000—and refused by Garbo!

THE next time, Joan Blondell won't talk until she has completed her plans.

For months, Joan had kept her eye on a certain marvelous mountain estate, planning eventually to purchase it for herself. One night Busby Berkeley, the dance director, visited Joan's house, and Joan—or her husband, George Barnes—told their guest about this wonderful piece of property.

The following day Berkeley bought it for himself!

The perils of Katharine! Here, in the wildly beautiful San Jacinto Mountains of Southern California, Miss Garbo spent several days making outdoor scenes for "Trigger." The central peak, "Hips, Hips, Hooray," set, embracing six lovely chorus girls, when little Miss Garbo arrived. Spotting her father immediately, she called: "Daddy, why don't you ever come home?"

BERT WHEELER'S tiny daughter played havoc with a scene at her father's studio. But let me explain that when the Wheelers were divorced, the child went with Mrs. Wheeler.

Now, returning to the story: Bert was on a "Hips, Hips, Hooray" set, embracing six lovely chorus girls, when little Miss Wheeler arrived. Spotting her father immediately, she called: "Daddy, why don't you ever come home?"

WHY, Mr. Powell! Here is William Powell, with two ex-wives—one of them Carole Lombard—and who do you think he's been seeing with in Hollywood?

None other than the first Mrs. Powell one night, and the second Mrs. Powell the night immediately following. Well, there is one advantage in taking out his ex-wives—Sill knows just what to order at dinner.

HOLLYWOOD, for a few hours, was greatly excited by the rumor that "Seventh Heaven" was to be re-made as a talking picture, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in the original roles they played in the silent version.

The report emanated from the Fox studio. Company officials did approach Farrell to learn whether he would consider playing his original role. Charlie would, he told officials.

A few nights later, I took Janet to a preview of Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women." That night she said, "Under no conditions will I re-make 'Seventh Heaven,' I could not equal my work in the silent version, and I do not intend to invite comparison."

Incidentally, Janet expressed anxiety to meet Miss Hepburn, and at the preview we tried to fight our way through the crowd. Before we could reach Kathy, she disappeared through a rear exit in an effort to avoid the large mob of avid autograph hunters.
THE joke is on Katharine Hepburn! On location for "Trigger" scenes, Katty offered $25-a-day prizes for the daily winner of the company-workers' volleyball games. You see, Miss Hepburn expected to be on location two days. Unexpected fog slowed proceedings, so the company remained on location eleven days. Katty's generous cost her nearly $300!

HOLLYWOOD—the younger, sportive element—has a new ambition. It is to bring Jean Harlow and Constance Cummings together in a dice game.

Both Jean and Connee are amazingly lucky with the little square gamblers. It is recorded, for instance, that Miss Harlow visited a famous Mexican gambling resort and ran thirty-three straight passes, believed to be a world's record. On the other hand, Miss Cummings has yet to go into a dice game and emerge a loser. The wisest remark concerning a possible meeting between the two came from Chester Morris, who said: "I'd hate to be the third person in that crap game!"

THE last thing Gary Cooper did before leaving Hollywood for a vacation in the East was to sign with Samuel Goldwyn for the male lead opposite Anna Sten in "Barbary Coast." This will be the Russian star's second picture under the Goldwyn banner. Following it Gary will return to Paramount for another film to fulfill his contract.

Southern California, more than five thousand feet above sea level, Katharine Hepburn in the background is Tauquitz, the famous rumbling mountain. Miss Hepburn is the set crews are moving their cameras, floodlights and "mikes" into position.

THEATERE marquee sign: "SMILING EYES, with a big cast"... Comedian Ed Kennedy says that a middle hair part for men isn't sissified if the part is more than four inches wide... Dixie Lee Crosby (Mrs. Bing) is planning a movie comeback... George Brent was suspended by his studio for refusing to play a role assigned to him... Sally Rand, movie-contracted because of her sensational fan dance, refused to repeat the performance for the screen... Title "Bombshell" (Jean Harlow opus) was changed to "The Blonde Bombshell" because theater shoppers thought it a war picture... Deer hunting is a new Hollywood fad; Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, John Gilbert, Robert Montgomery, Lew Ayres bagged one each... George Raft likes fine white linen handkerchiefs; he owns more than 200 of them... Three special trains are required annually to transport Hollywood rooters to Northern California for the big football classics... Don't miss seeing Constance Bennett in her black wig for "Moulin Rouge."

CAN you tie this? Gloria Stuart asked a columnist to write a note for her newspaper asking for men to send her their old ties, as she needed them for a crazy quilt.

Within three days, piles of packages commenced to arrive at the studio, and before the week ended, Gloria had enough old ties to make fifty crazy quilts.

AFTER many years of saying no to all comers, George Bernard Shaw, the celebrated Irish playwright, sotswayer and wit, has finally sold the movie rights to one of his plays. The opus to be filmed is "The Devil's Disciple," a costume comedy laid in America about the time of the Revolutionary War. R-K-O will make the picture, with John Barrymore in the leading role, and production is expected to be begun sometime next March. Kenneth MacGowan, R-K-O associate producer, is given the chief credit for having sold Shaw the idea while the latter was visiting Hollywood last spring.

At last—Shaw surrenders! The veteran dramatist has sold the picture rights to his play, "The Devil's Disciple," to R-K-O. John Barrymore will star in it.
YOU have read about Gary Cooper being a “strong, silent man of the plains”? Well, the restraint is a family trait. When Gary visited his Montana ranch, he and his brother, Art Cooper, rode to the ranch-house from the depot. According to an account of their ride, this was their complete conversation during that eight-mile journey:

Art: “H’yuh, Frank?” (Gary’s real name).
Gary: “H’yuh, Art?”
A few minutes of silent riding, and then:
Art: “How’s Hollywood?”
Gary: “Oke.”
Art: “That’s good.”
More silence, and then:
Gary: “How’s that lame mare?”
Art: “Oke.”
Gary: “That’s good.”

IT WOULD be cruel to mention her name, but this story is told at the expense of a recently-married star.

It seems that she went before the executives of her company and demanded a salary raise. When they asked for a reason for her request, she floored them with:

“I’m married now, and I have one more person to support.”

LIKE most Hollywood stars, Bing Crosby has a private telephone number. Not long ago too many people had learned his number, so Bing changed it. Then he forgot his new number, and when he asked the operator to refresh his memory, she refused.

“How do I know you are Mr. Crosby?” she asked, when he persisted.
And then—yes, you guessed it: Bing sang a chorus of “Learn to Croon.” He got the number.

“WE ALL kid a lot about that producer who makes the awful mistakes in grammar,” comments Fredric March, “but has anybody ever heard of him making an error when he counts his picture profits?”

A FAN-LETTER writer wanted to know if Russ Columbo is related to the fellow who discovered America. Elissa Landi has a most useful manner of spending spare hours on sets—she writes chapters for her new book, . . . Charlotte (“Alice in Wonderland”) Henry is now on a personal appearance tour . . . A Brown Derby waitress is a startling double for Joan Crawford, and a Sardi bus boy resembles George Raft . . . Since her return from Europe, Patsy Ruth Miller makes use of a lorgnette . . . The cake for Marie Dressler’s birthday party measured six feet across, was eight feet tall, and weighed 300 pounds . . . Panché Lucas, M-G-M office boy, was seen by a casting director, and now is an actor: his first picture is “Viva Villa” . . . Lilian Harvey had never seen a football game until she came to Hollywood . . . Mary Jane Irving, once a prominent child-star, is Janet Gaynor’s stand-in . . . If you live near Bowie, Maryland, you may have seen that Clara Bow handicap (horse race) run there on November 27th . . . Joel and Frances Dee McCrea lived in a two-room house, (Joel’s), while carpenters added more rooms . . . When William Powell refused to answer the telephone in response to her call, Carole Lombard burst into tears at her studio.

Here’s looking at you! Anna Steen, backed up by Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland, peeps out at the world in her nineteenth century costume as “Nana.” The Russian beauty plays the title rôle of that classic in her first American film.
FOR days, Florence Desmond, clever mimic, whose "Hollywood Party" imitations will entertain millions of theatre-goers, watched Joan Crawford at work in "Dancing Lady."

Then Florence went away, and for a week she practiced her Crawford imitations. She then visited Joan’s house and performed.

"And do you know," Joan said afterward, "since I've seen myself as others see me, I'm actually self-conscious in public."

IF YOU see a blonde Joan Blondell in her next movie, you may be sure that the lady is wearing a wig, for Joan is now a brunette. Let me tell you the amusing story:

The wig represents a compromise with Joan's studio. Not long ago she suddenly announced her plans to change her name to Joan Barness (her husband's name is Barnes) and to alter the color of her hair. Studio officials objected to both, but compromised by granting her the latter privilege.

This is the laugh: That is all Joan wanted. Several times she had asked permission to turn brunette, and each time the studio said no. This time she threw up a smoke screen in the form of the decision to change her name, and the studio officials became so excited that they gave in on the hair-darkening.

JIMMY CAGNEY has proved himself a good sport. He bought some tickets in a football pool gotten up by the studio office boys—and one of Cagney's tickets won the pool, which amounted to $30.

So what did Jimmy do but refuse to take the money. Instead, he gave it to one of the office workers and requested that it be used to defray the expenses of a general dinner for the boys and their girl-friends—and is Cagney the popular lad with those young chaps now!

IS THIS treason? Clara Bow said to a group of friends with whom she dined at the Derby. "I don't like red-headed women."

Clara is a red-head herself—as if you don’t know that—and she surprised her friends when she went on to say, "Red-headed women are vampires at heart. Even if she were my best friend, I wouldn't trust my husband with a red head!"

RUDY VALLEE will appear in Fox's film of George White's "Scandals," now in preparation. Rudy, who recently signed for the one picture, will part from his band for the duration of the filming, and by special arrangement will work with Gus Arnheim's orchestra.

June Gale is another of the "Moulin Rouge" pretties. Among those featured in the cast of this picture are Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati.

I CAN tell you right now, these Hollywood girls fear the wiles of Jean Harlow, even though she is married.

Joan Crawford, for instance, protested loudly and long when Franchot Tone was given a role in "The Blonde Bombshell," with Jean.

And if you think Joan's outbursts were noisy, you should have listened to the uproar from Lupe Velez when M-G-M officials announced that her Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller, was to play opposite Miss Harlow.

Funny thing is, Jean has never been interested in actors, and now that she is married, she is even less interested, if that is possible, than before.

Here's Pat Paterson, pretty blonde English picture star, newly arrived in Hollywood to join the Fox Film forces. Greetings!
New screen starlet! She's none other than Maria Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's pretty eight-year-old daughter, who appears in her mother's new film, "Catherine the Great." Maria plays the Empress as a child.

Gary Cooper's engagement to Miss Veronica Balfe, debutante who has appeared in films as Sandra Shaw, was formally announced at a dinner given by Miss Balfe's mother, Mrs. Paul Shields, in New York November 28. No date has as yet been set for the wedding. And this, as we scurry to press, is the final word regarding Gary and his fiancée.

You'd be surprised what one must go through in order to visit the home of a movie star. Take, for instance, that night I escorted Janet Gaynor to the preview of Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women." A guard stopped me at the gate for identification. Another guard was at the door when I drove to the front of the house, also for identification. We drove to the preview in Janet's car—and her chauffeur is licensed to carry a gun.

Upon our return to her house, the gate-guard ran behind her car to the front door, where the second guard again mysteriously appeared. The chauffeur alighted from the car—and the three stood watch until we were indoors.

If you Lochinvars have any kidnapping ideas with regard to Miss Gaynor, dismiss them—they're a waste of your time.

Monthly Hiss and Cheer Dept.: A lovely close-up to Jean Harlow, and make the lighting very special. When Jean was confined to the hospital after her appendectomy, she received myriads of flowers. Instead of keeping them, she sent them in truckloads to an orphanage.

A long shot with blurred lighting to Lupe Velez. Although newspaper and magazine writers have been most kind to Lupe, she deliberately denied her marriage to them, and permitted several good friends to be scooped on her wedding story.

A double close-up to be shared by Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. Although both were ill at the time, they worked far into the night on "Dancing Lady," in order that the crew might have the following afternoon off to go to an important football game.

A blurred long-shot to George Brent. He chose that moment when there was so much adverse comment on movie salaries to demand a higher weekly check from his studio. And that despite the fact that his reported thousand-dollars-a-week stipend left him in no danger of immediate starvation.

A nice close-up to Ginger Rogers. Returning from Palm Springs, she went to her garage to get her car. She discovered that during her absence, a mama-bird had brought her little ones to nest in the machine. So Ginger made use of a taxi until her gardener constructed a new home for the bird family.

Positively touching is the incident they tell about Francis Lederer, handsome star from Czech-Slovakia who simply slew the New York gals when he appeared on the stage there last season.

Lederer, it seems, knew Lilian Harvey quite well when both were acting in Continental films. In fact, they worked for a time in the same studio. Now, of course, Lilian has become a leading star in Hollywood, while Lederer has yet to prove his mettle in American films.

One day a visitor to Hollywood who knew them both in Europe paid a call on Lederer. The compelling Czech asked his friend if he were going to see Miss Harvey, and begged him to convey his regards to her. "You mean to say you haven't seen Lilian during all the time you've both been here?" demanded the amazed friend.

"No," admitted Francis. "You see, Miss Harvey has made a big success in American pictures, and I have yet to appear in my first picture. So I haven't gone to see her for fear of appearing to thrust myself upon her."

You've probably recognized this gallant White Knight by his towering figure! Gary Cooper goes through some bizarre antics in his role in "Alice in Wonderland."
"YOU can have the kind of skin men can't resist" says Sally Eilers

"I'd like to tell every girl: DON'T be satisfied with just an 'average' skin!" says this beautiful screen star.

"It's the complexion with something more...the soft luminous quality of true loveliness...that men can't resist! And this beauty can be yours...with my complexion care. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years because it keeps my skin so incredibly soft and smooth.

"Try it for your complexion. Use it regularly...faithfully...as I do. Then see how soon the delicate new loveliness of your skin is noticed—admired—adored!"

Girls the country over are discovering that they need no longer be satisfied with a complexion that just "gets by." Hollywood has shown them the way to exquisite loveliness...the irresistible beauty that wins—and holds—hearts!

Actually 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

You try it. Begin today to win new loveliness!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say.

"Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin...dry...oily..."in-between"
If She Hadn't Been Born in Brooklyn

Continued from page 27

where the magazines were published could scarcely house them. Each mouth when pictures were chosen for the honor roll it was a rite in which every dress, every desk, every office boys to the publisher himself engaged. Beautiful pictures of beautiful girls were spread on the floor of the various offices, with the corresponding cads, to walk by. No other place was large enough to display this.

"Everywhere the close of the contest and the deluge. From coast to coast they came—blonde, brunette, Titian, slender, plump; some very young, some not so young; some with no fancy for the stage. They came up the steps of the old brown-stone house, up the dark dingy stairs. They invaded the business and editorial offices. The managing editor fled to his office after several hours of interviewing delectable beauties and behind locked doors muttered vaguely into his persistent telephone, "Is she from California or Texas? Has she got curls?" We were all that way.

Came the final day. At the publisher's bungalow the home the contestants, chaperons, cameramen, director and make-up man assembled, and the film, "Dream of Fair Women," prepared for the opening of Clara's. Lovely Miss Astor, an honor roll girl, came into prominence at this time. Virginia Brown, who later became Virginia Faire, was one of the warmth of which I chose not be narrowed down to one or two. The other three winners and honor roll girls flickered more or less brightly on the screen for a time; then the lack of talent, ambition, or because producers found no desirable spots for them, faded out entirely. An interesting contest, fairly conducted, and a good though anxious time was held by all.

The second contest, staged the following year, was less spectacular, with two winners. Came the third year. But the publisher had weary of contests, or perhaps thought the screen had talent enough to work on its own, anyway, the third and last attempt was conducted indifferently, perfunctorily, with indifferent results. Or that how it seemed. But how wrong was I in that time along came Clara!

As for the preceding contests, a short story or series of scenes including the contestants had been filmed. In a lack room called the "grooming room" of the editorial offices, in the old house in Brooklyn gathered the stuff and a few others to view the pictures. It was only one reel, crudely made, not too carefully directed, but from the screen a curly-haired girl with big brown eyes and a piquant expression flashed a smile at us and arrested our attention.

"Hi-m-m-m!" muttered the promoter of fame and beauty contests, calling for the cheap photographs Clara Bow had submitted. "She'll do, and she's right here in Brooklyn. No car-fares to bring her here. Her rates, you know, expense of any kind."

And just that, without flare of trumpets, without benefit of the press, with nothing to recommend her, right out from a hair, a dimpled childish face, and the fact that she lived in Brooklyn, Clara Bow began her career.

A few weeks passed and one day a slim little of a girl came into my office and slipped shyly into a big leather chair beside my desk. At the same time my buzzer sounded and the chief's own voice said:

"I just sent Miss Bow to you to be interviewed. We promised it to her, so please give her a short write-up."

And even then, young and untried as she was, Clara knew that it was not just a test in a picture she went to meet. It was a trial. It was to be tested, loneliness, and discouragement to keep. "Down to the Sea in Ships." A great sea, a free spirit, and a muslin waving over the universe. To her, it was Clara Bow, alone, facing success or failure. Romance, high adventure, fame, all the beauty that had been offered to her, could she be hers if she swam safely through this racing sea. She did!

To the strange world that is Hollywood came Clara, with fair young courtesans. She was young—barely seventeen—pretty, shapely, with glints in her hair, laughter in her eyes, in her heart a burning ambition for fame and fortune, for life and happiness.

About this time came the glimmer of an awakening in the picture world and the screen heroine, hitherto naïve and pure, began to fall from her pedestal of sweet young innocence. Elinor Glyn, appointing herself chief oracle of this new-found force clung more and more to Clara, and acclaimed the little newcomer as its personification. And Clara, aiming to please, startled if not shocked the movie world by the unprepossessing, but distinctly refreshing, mass of naughtiness, but with sharply defined reservations. Gayly she lured her men, leading them through a maze of intrigue to real harm was done. The studios became wise to the value of sex appeal—the "It" epidemic was on. Clara's Hollywood career began here, on her successes, her failures, the good and bad of her, are film history—not to be judged without due consideration of all she had missed in her misguided, untried youth.

Most of us like to pretend we believe in fairy stories, and the Cinderella tale is the favorite of all because it's the most applicable. Clara Bow was a Cinderella whose pumpkin turned over-night into a coach and four. But her return to the inevitable ashes was not the next day or promised. And despite the, who wrote that first interview and who followed with confidence Cara's early career, claim that I was something of a prophetess.

When Clara Bow came to me that day she was poorly, cheaply dressed in a little brown dress and hat. Her shoes were shabby. She was immature in mind and body. She had no background of fine living and culture. But she was gallant in spirit, eager to make the most of the good things that happened her. She was an en- diated youth and enthusiasm, That was her background.

That afternoon, the editor assigned to this pleasant duty took Clara by the hand and led her forth, not to the shops of Brooklyn but across the bridge into the shopping marts of Manhattan. Clothes were one of the things Miss Bow would choose for a high school or college girl—only a few things, but they might make a fair suit. She was stubborn, and Clara was given a small part in a picture—a part which was completely eliminated before the picture was released! Her first role was a small part in a called "Beyond the Rainbow."

Then came her chance in "Down to the Sea in Ships" directed by Elmer Clifton.
Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Die

Gerry L. So you've "gone Mae West completely." I'm not annoyed—I've gone West myself along with a million other fans. Mae was born in New York City on August 17, 1906. She has blonde hair, violet eyes, and is a little over 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her Paramount releases are "She Done Him Wrong," "I'm No Angel," and her next may be called "It Ain't No Sin." Clever woman, Mae West—writes her own stories, her own dialogue, and toshes off novels in her "spare" time. Sorry I cannot arrange a meeting between you and the engaging Miss West. But if she tried meeting all her fans she'd have no time left to make movies.

Boo Hoo. Out of 7,000 girls who applied for the role of "Alice in Wonderland" Charlotte Henry, 19-year-old girl from Brooklyn, N. Y., got the year's biggest plum. All you movie fans who have forgotten your "Alice in Wonderland," dust off Lewis Carroll's book and get set for a grand entertainment. Over forty prominent screen stars are in it, a list I haven't space for here. Just imagine seeing the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Mock Turtle, the Cook, the Duchess and many others, all played by your favorite stars. P.S.—W. C. Fields will play Humpty-Dumpty and isn't that something? Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Cary Grant are a few favorites in the cast.

Sherry. Peggy Shannon would be delighted to know of your sincere admiration for her screen work, your desire to be her humble slave, and so on and on and on! Her latest pictures are "Devil's Mate," "Turn Back the Clock," and "The Deluge." Peggy Shannon was born Jan. 10, 1909, in Pine Bluff, Ark. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has red hair and green eyes. She began her screen career in 1931 in Vitaphone shorts. Her real name is Winona Sammon.

Doris S. Have you heard Dick Powell sing The Road is Open Again in a recent "short" about the NRA? The blonde Toby Wing was the girl in the I'm Young and Handsome song number in "My Second Street" with Dick. Toby, whose real name is Martha Virginia Wing, was born near Richmond, Va., on July 14, 1915. She has appeared in "The Kid from Spain" with Eddie Cantor and in "College Humor" and had a small part in "This Day and Age." Watch for her in Paramount Pictures in the future.

Anne H. As long as we have Ken Maynard there will be Western films! George O'Brien, Leon Errol, Bob Steele, and George Duryea, known on the screen now as Tom Keene, are among the popular players of the West as we like to see it. Ken Maynard was born on July 21, 1896, at Mission, Texas. He has black hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He graduated from the Virginia Military School at the age of 18 years with a degree in civil engineering. But the lure of the circus proved too much for Ken so in 1914 he joined up with a traveling show as a trickerider, later becoming nationally known as a stunt-rider and roper with Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus and Ringling Brothers. He made his first pictures in 1922. Ken is happily married to Mary Leeper, a non-professional. Among his releases are "The Lone Avenger," "The Trail Drive," and "Gun Justice."
They'll Bet on Love!

Continued from page 31

was a surprise. For years he had been a target for women. A man with exceptional looks, character, and wealth is always a problem to any place—including Hollywood. But George politely refused to be caught by experts' wiles, and it appeared that here was the one woman who couldn't be had.

A famous siren once stormed into the publicity offices of a studio where he was working. She threw her hat and purse on the desk and appeared to rend her spleen. George with words a lady never uses. When asked what he'd done she replied, "Nothing—blanket-blank him!"

Cautiously she revealed that she'd been posing for publicity stills in the portrait gallery all afternoon with them. They were love scenes. She yanked for him and pulled every trick in her extensive repertoir to excite him into "comin' up sun-time" for a rendezvous. She ended her cussing in a flood of tears at her lack of luck.

Though a gracious escort to various women, the only girl George ever really cared about before he met Marguerite was Olive Borden. When she was a Fox star half a dozen years ago, Hollywood concluded mutual attraction would lead to marriage. Marguerite wasn't in the cards.

Why and how did he fall for Marguerite Churchill? A glance at her new photographs will give you one reason.

"We were introduced in a director's office at Fox two and a half years ago," he recollects. "Marguerite had been on the lot for nearly two years and we'd never met. She was on loan with me in a Western."

They went on location and every-day association gave George the idea that maybe this was the girl he'd dreamed about. She noted that he was a man among men, as well as a very personable actor. Cautiously he checked each other's qualifications, as, on the surface, they became friends.

George has been the backbone of the Fox organization with his Westerns, but that doesn't mean he hasn't all the perfect Romeo traits off-screen. You know how he looks. But did you know that his clothes are made by Hollywood's most expensive tailor? That his manners are impeccable? That he is a sympathetic and fascinating conversationalist? And that he is often on a bicycle race, as he is on a horse or at tennis, swimming, boxing, wrestling, football, baseball, soccer—and, oh, any other sport you can think of?

Marguerite, you must understand, did not run after him. She saw that he had been totally unspoiled by Hollywood, that he was not conceited or blase, that he personified the sound mind-in-a-sound-body ideal. But she had had other beau's. She was neither gala nor awe'd by movie fame. So when she and Fox parted shortly after she met George, she went back to New York and the stage.

"I didn't forget him, though," she acknowledged to me. Nor could he banish her from his thoughts. She returned to pictures for the summer of 32, and then returned to Broadway again. She was there last season in "Dinner at Eight." The damage to both hearts had been done by then.

"I wanted to be married last spring in Paris," Marguerite informed me, "but George's father, who was touring Egypt with his heart trouble and was ordered to California immediately for the more favorable climate, I'd already booked passage abroad, so I went on to England as I'd been signed for the picture Sally Eilers eventually did there.

"I waited for six weeks in London for it to start. Then I was advised it would be delayed another six weeks. I was homesick, and lonely for George, so I cancelled my contract and headed for Hollywood." By flying across the continent she made the trip in ten days.

While she was in London she was consulted by the gorgeous engagement ring George bought in Cairo for her. It is a big sapphire set in diamonds. Her wedding ring is a plain platinum band.

Because George and his father were the closest of clums, Hollywood often said that it would be difficult for a girl to intrigue him.

"On the contrary," says George, "my parents saw me coming home from my tours around the world, and wondered why I never brought back a wife. They approved most highly of Marguerite."

"I think I made my first headway," he laughs, "when Marguerite asked me what I planned about something. I confessed I never plan far ahead and am likely to change my mind any moment. 'Shake!' she exclaimed. 'At last I've come across a man after my own heart!'"

The George O'Briens have now weathered six months of matrimony and they are blissfully happy. They are renting a furnished house atop Lookout Mountain, in Hollywood, Joan Blondell is their nearest neighbor.

They began their honeymoon without plans and that's the way they continue to live. "After the wedding my father asked where we were going," George remembers. "We had no notion! We were for Canada. One afternoon as we were driving along Marguerite remarked, 'I doubt if we will get any tan this way—it's getting so cold.' We turned around in the middle of the highway and headed for Mexico!"

They tarried longest in La Jolla, an ocean-side resort near San Diego.

"We were spotted at the hotel, so we took a cottage on the beach," Marguerite recounts. "I can't cook at all, so we ate in a tea room across the street. But one noon I decided to fix lunch for my husband. When George returned from a swim I had my food arrayed like a buffet supper. The chief dish was canned corn beef. George took one look at it and said, 'Marguerite, how could you? Don't you know that anyone who's been in the navy can't stand canned corn beef?'"

Since then she has left the cooking to Marie, the faithful cook George has had for years. Marguerite isn't a bit domestic and George, who is wise enough to realize that a girl can be a fine wife without adoring to bake and dust, doesn't care.

"Folks have asked me if I don't want Marguerite to retire now that we're married. Whatever she wishes suits me," he declares. And she wishes to hold on to her career, having been born the daughter of a theatrical producer, and having studied dramatics all her life. Born in Kansas City she went to the Professional Children's School in New York and lived in Buenos Aires when her father produced shows there.

He died when she was twelve. Two years later she enrolled in the Theatre Guild's dramatic academy in New York. In her first year she was awarded the Winthrop Ames scholarship, and the next year she won the Otto H. Kahn scholarship. At sixteen she was debuting opposite Gene Raymond in the Broadway production, "Why Not?" Six more play leads and she was imported to Hollywood by Fox.

"That was a dismal experience," she says. "They cast me in gingham and I was sunk in insipid roles." You aren't acquainted with the real Marguerite if you haven't seen her in "Girl Without a Room," the first film on her new long-term contract with the Paramount-Chales R. Rogers' unit. She has bobbed her hair, adopted a dashng coiffure, and is being allowed to display her capacity for wearing stunning clothes.

"I want to play absorbing characters on the screen from now on," she announces. "And I look forward to doing one play..."
a year in New York. Other than that, George and I have no plans, except that we want to travel. He has been practically everywhere. I'm most anxious to go to the Orient with him.

"We are entertaining very little, probably because we relish each other's company so much! I like the outdoor life of Hollywood, but I also adore New York, getting up at noon, and going places at night. Hollywood night-life seems amusing.

"How to be happily married in pictures? Why, the possibility of divorce has never dawned on me. I've been appalled at the number of movie divorces. But they didn't deter me. My only theory is that it is necessary to thoroughly know your husband. And I regard the opposites-attract-opposites line as wrong. The more you have in common, the better."

Consider, for a minute, how much George and Marguerite agree on things. Both come from fine family stock; both have ideals. Neither has ever indulged in whoopee. Both are independent spirits and hate to be tied down. Both get a tremendous kick from acting, and their fun from sports. Travel and dressing up and good shows are other mutual likes.

Did you know that for the past five years George has taken four months off annually to roam the world? He has never owned a home in Hollywood, his cottage at Malibu, informal and comfortable, having been his simple headquarters. Marguerite has no desire to own a home now.

Only twenty-three, her picture fan following is potentially large. His is huge, and he has worked for it. For eight years he has had the same secretary, and she is installed in his suite at the studio. He pays more attention to his fans than any actor in Hollywood. Every letter is filed, every photograph he sends is personally autographed. Whereas most players who have been prominent for any length of time are bored with the public's demands, George is sincerely pleased whenever anyone is interested in him.

This winter marks the turning point in his life, professionally and personally. In the future he'll be available for dramatic roles. He is to do two Westerns a year for Fox and be free the rest of the time.

"I am not tired of Westerns," he has made it plain to me, "I cannot imagine a more pleasurable job than riding horseback and being outdoors in the fresh air for one's work." He has averaged $100,000 annually at it in recent years.

"For a while I yearned to be a young ingenue, I did 'Sunrise' and demonstrated what I could do with a really dramatic assignment. Recently I've had so many offers for straight, 'indoor' leads that whenever I'm convinced it's a strong part I'll accept it. But four pictures a year is all I intend doing. More would be unwise. And I hope to persuade Fox to give me the historical Westerns, rather than fictitious ones."

None of our actors can wear a dinner jacket with more aplomb than George, and a lot of us are led to see him coming off the range for a spell.

The death of his beloved father last October was a great blow to him. A man of extraordinarily strong character, the elder O'Brien was hospitalized in San Francisco where for many years he was chief of police.

"Five years ago I was broke," George revealed to me, "I'd invested my savings ill-advisedly. I determined then that 'Cap' would have to take over my business. He gradually handled it all, investing my salary cleverly and acting as my agent in dealings with studios. That he had to be

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"Keep colds and grippe outside by proper home disinfection"

Dr. Margaret B. C. Manus, leading physician of Amsterdam, on staff of Municipal Hospital, Boerhave Hospital, and State Hygienic Service.

"Ask your doctor whether there is a quick, magic cure for common colds, grippe and influenza, he'll answer promptly, 'No.' Those three highly infectious ills still baffle medical science... kill thousands... cost millions.

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"In Holland, as in America, through four decades, leading physicians, hospitals and health authorities have waged war on disease germs by the 'Lysol' method of personal and home disinfection. "Lysol" is the modern mother's weapon for protecting her home and family against disease and infection."

(Signed) DR. MARGARET B. C. MANUS

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"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. It's an effective germicide at ALL times. For forty years it has had the full acceptance of the most prominent physicians, of the entire medical profession throughout the world. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals everywhere. No other antiseptic enjoys such absolute trust, or is so generally recommended for home use.

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GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

Please send me free the "Lysol" Health Library including: "Keeping a Healthy Home," "Marriage Hygiene," "Preparation for Motherhood."

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Keep your house clean with "Lysol." Wash clothes, especially bedding and handkerchiefs, with "Lysol." Use "Lysol" to wash the bathroom, tubs and tiling. After any illness, disinfect the bedroom, floors, woodwork and furniture, by washing with "Lysol." Use "Lysol" to disinfect basins and other sickroom furnishings.

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Use the Movies in Home-Making

Continued from page 23

Screeland

now he has Margarette to share the rest of the road with him. Talented and lovely, she rounds out his life.

This be-man who doesn’t smoke, or drink, or care for much of anything but nice wife is visual proof that—well, I need I repeat the obvious moral? They’ve no complexes, no troubles, nothing to hide. Two healthier, more normal people would be hard to find anywhere.

We know that of the many who have tried to combine career and marriage in Hollywood the majority have failed at it. But how many couples had the stamina of these two? George and Margarette are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. To survive the intervening snares, they’ll bet on love.

I’ll bet on them!

Extra: a stunt man, and a bit player before he progressed to leads and became a world-renowned star.

Modestly, he claims that the bending of the twig determines what a man’s contract will be. He doesn’t rate adult environment as an important influence. Which means that he thinks you don’t go Hollywood or hang around unless you’re the kind of a person who wants to.

At thirty-three he has superb health, an unblemished reputation, countless friends, and a wife he loves. He is beloved by travel and first-hand knowledge of people. Because he is so appreciative of his wife he values his friendship. Personally, I respect no man in Hollywood more than George O’Brien.

Space. For this man’s room, a table will be required, two or three chairs, perhaps a dishpan or couch, and a cabinet for certain articles. The cabinet, book-cases, desk, or whatever you desire can be made of an interesting design conforming to that of your room, and the whole effect will be beautiful.

Things should be easy to live with. They should be no confusion; just simple, restful furniture.

Wall treatment should be simple. You will notice that modern interiors seldom include a room as a backdrop for one in a scene to make good composition.

Tastes differ about this, as about many things. A man of the world chooses to live in a Mexican farmer-house. Other sophisticateds of the studio select early American designs. Early American is the present fad. It brings back wall papers, because they were used when America was young. You can get excellent samples of good taste in this style of interior decoration by watching the screen, since the screen must reflect current custom.

A few years ago, everything was Spanish; before that we had Louis Sixteenth furniture. Before that we had Empire, and before that toile fashions were good. When we had Spanish houses, rugs hung from balconies all over Hollywood.

Another good thing is this business of cheap reproduction—fake things. Furniture manufacturers are now making a million dollars’ worth of early American furniture, but few of them employ good designers who understand line and proportion. They won’t pay real artists, so any draftsmen you can draw combine their No. 14 back with their No. 12 leg, and their No. 17 seat, and that’s early American, take it or leave it!

But every man who has had a truck here at the studio a few years ago, and who now has his own business, stopped me on the street the other day to ask a favor. He had a beautiful cabinet, but wanted to do it in early American style, and would I go shopping with him so he could get the stuff wholesale? He didn’t say what was meant by ‘early American’!

At present, a great deal of Monterey furniture is being built. Monterey is certainly a mean- en’s name, is Monterey furniture? Whoevery heard of it? There never was such a thing! Someone got the idea of making furniture that looked like driftwood, so he made it and called it Monterey—and that’s what it is, believe it or not!

“Study a room that pleases you, before you copy it, and try to understand why you are pleased. Don’t be cheated by a mere resemblance. A little school girl often sees

Pulence is a necessity to us. Simplification of furniture eliminates unnecessary frills, and we do not need or want frills in the home. But the steel makes the building strong, the glass makes it light. Designs for furniture and decoration of these homes must be different from those of an earlier day, hence modern furniture. It’s a new period, that’s all.

The idea of modern furniture is comfort and utility. The average Louis Sixteenth chair gives you a sore back if you have to sit there an hour. You should be able to sit in a modern chair all day and feel no discomfort.

You must please note: IT IS IMPORTANT.

“Modern interiors were originally designed in Europe more than thirty years ago. They are beautiful, but they have been abused by inferior minds. Fake reproductions and cheap imitations have almost ruined our conception of them in this country. Therefore, I want you to study the modern sets you see and try to understand why they differ from the bad modern stuff still seen around. The leading furniture designers of Los Angeles leading designers studied the modern art and specialized in this design a few years ago. Our leading furniture manufacturers have been liberalized by establishing a special shop in their large plant where they displayed their beautiful things.

Furniture, if properly made, is expensive, because the simplest things are the hardest to make perfect. You can conceivably build a large, complicated piece of furniture, but a simple thing must be absolutely true. Only the expert can produce the perfect piece, just as only the best dress in in a garment can turn out the perfect, very simple gown.

But little shops spring up everywhere, in imitation of this artist’s work, showing cheap, unapted imitations. Furniture is supposed to be copies of things created by the master mind. They were dreadful because those made them didn’t understand the piece in it, its beauty. If we don’t enjoy the work, why do it to, so what they made was in bad taste. They thought that any unusual article was more beautiful. But the wonderful aspect of furniture was modern and they could sell it. They were skillful, uncomfortable and they turned the market for what was really good.

A young man associated with Paramount Studios wanted to build a house, and went to Mr. Freudeman for advice. He had a friend, a director of sophisticated pictures, who was building a Mexican farm-house.

George has a brother a few years younger than himself who is a brilliant San Francisco attorney. So Dan O’Brien, Jr., is now handling the business affairs of the family’s stellar member.

To Hollywood the way George has maintained his equilibrium is nothing short of miraculous. A San Francisco school athlete, he joined the navy at sixteen, when America entered the War. He attended Santa Clara College afterwards, leaving to go up to Hollywood. Starting at the bottom, he was a prop boy, an assistant cameraman, an
a bedroom on the screen, with Miriam Hopkins occupying the bed, and she likes it because Miriam is in it. She paints her own walls yellow, puts down a black rug, buys an ugly, shapeless bed, paints it, and believes she has a modern room.

"When she gets tired of it, as of course she does, she thinks it's modern furniture she doesn't like. But she's tired of it because it's hideous. Beauty grows on you; you see new loveliness in it all the time; so be sure that what you choose is beautiful and not merely strikingly unusual.

"When you see something that pleases you in a picture, try to find out about it before you incorporate it into your home. Learn all that you can about the furniture, rug, decoration, or drapery.

"You shouldn't buy your furniture in a hurry. Get just the essential pieces first, and spend a year or so picking up the things you really want, that you can live with forever, or so long as you last.

"People take a year to build a house and expect to furnish it in three weeks. That's impossible!"

"Often, friends or acquaintances ask me to tell them what is wrong with their houses. I go to see them—but I know before I go what I will find! There is always too much in them! But when I say 'Throw this out!' they do not do so. They hate to part with whatever it is. They go to auctions and pick up junk, just because it is cheap and they think it's a bargain, and then want to know how to pick up the pieces they have missed.

"Never buy anything unless you know exactly what you will do with it!

"Lighting for modern homes is all subdued, indirect lighting. I do not use floor lamps, because I think table lamps infinitely better. Essential lighting is the right kind. Ask yourself, 'Why do I want light?' The answer is: 'To read by.' Well, then, get a good reading-lamp and place it by a chair that you have bought because it is comfortable and you like to sit in it; place the chair where you like to sit, not where some- one else thinks it will look best, and have your light where you can see by it. That is the essence of modern design.

"Drapery is used either to shut out or to let in light. A very simple, homespun linen will do, and any color you choose, will hang well, be inexpensive and durable, and every bit as effective as velvet or brocade.

"Remember that color is psychological. We all react to it. Living in a room painted entirely in grays would be very dull. It would probably depress us, whether we knew why we were depressed or not. I know a man who reacts to yellow. His house is painted yellow outside and decorated in yellow inside. He couldn't work at his office in the studio until he had called in the painters and had it done over in his favorite color, because he is only happy with yellow. Other people cannot bear yellow and are happy only with blue.

"At the studio, we have charts to show how various tints and shades of color photograph. There are six distinct variations of each color and these are numbered, so that we know No. 3 yellow and No. 3 blue will have the same value on the screen and can combine our colors for photographic value.

"In real life, however, color never has the same value in different places, because it becomes different with varied reflections.

"If a house is surrounded with trees, lawns, and shrubbery, that outside green will affect the color inside. We must, therefore, take this green reflection into account when working with colors in the house; and remember that at night, when there is no green reflection to affect the interior, we must have our lights to cor- respond with the missing value. Our lamp shadow can be arranged to take care of this."

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When good directors get together! Wesley Ruggles and his actress wife, Arline Judge, spend a carefree afternoon with director Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers, his bride. "Certainly they direct—on the set!" say the girls.
"In a pent-house, where there are no reflections to disturb you, you can work out your color scheme differently."

"Do you know that you can control the color of a room entirely with Venetian blinds at your windows? This is a trick of the trade not perhaps generally known."

"If you sit in a bedroom in blues that will be nice and quiet and restful, you can use Venetian blinds that can be so adjusted as not to admit color from outside, and get some marvelous effects. Then you can change all this by admitting more light when you are, we will say, dressing, and wish to get the effect of your new gown for a gala lunchhouse."

"Plain-colored chenille rugs are always favored by me, because they do not clash with furniture or draperies and need not be considered when you are working for effects. But if you like Oriental rugs, please get an expert to go with you to select them, so that you may be sure of getting real values."

"I am glad to see American women taking an active interest in what we do on the screen. We are learning something new every day and, as it were, picture we try out new effects, work out new ideas, progress a little—or a lot—and women can follow our experiments and benefit by them."

"We have an advantage over designers in the trade, for we have no opposition. We decide what we will do and we carry out our decisions. The trade man must submit his designs to the owner of the house that he is employed to decorate and alter them to suit the occupants of the house, whether they know about interior decoration or not."

"Mr. Truex wants this wall covered with pictures, because he likes pictures; his wife wants the draperies looped inartificially, and insists on using grandma's ttippled table and old spinning wheel, both entirely out of the period, because she has them and values them. The result is hodge-podge, and the trade designer is not proud of it. We who design for the screen, however, are usually back of everything we create."

Next month, the second article in SCREENLAND's exclusive "Home Hints" series will appear. It will give you the benefit of the advice of the celebrated Cedric Gibbons, announced last month as the first of the Hollywood decorators to talk to you. Due, however, to the timeliness of "Design For Living," for which Mr. Friedman of Paramount designed the sets, we present first the article you have just read, and take great pleasure in promising you Mr. Gibbons' suggestions for the next issue. Don't miss it.

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East Coast, West Coast—Where Are the Movies Bound? Continued from page 29

were given American passports and headed toward New York in a covered wagon. They surveyed the cold and found it fruitful. Now they are shooting pictures frantically all over Gotham, hiring stars who are all flicker friends of ours.

Take Lillian Roth—a pleasure! Happily she was to Mr. Justice Shalleck of the New York bar, Lillian, her Hollywood triumph almost completely given up for all thoughts of the screen. Then the cameras started grinding at her very front door.

Now lovely Lillian, instead of sinking her youth and beauty in the swamps of contract bridge, gets the judge's breakfast and motors blithely to the big Eastern Service studio in the Bronx, New York. There she takes off some of her store clothes, dons a few spangles, and stars in a life musical comedy produced by Mr. White—getting home in time to cook up a mess of cheese blintzes for judge's supper. What could possibly be sweeter?

"Nothing," answered dim Lili. (Note to the boys—she's prettier than ever. Ah, there, judge!"

Then there's Mr. Ernest Truex. Ernie, the split paying commissary, whose Sopapera in the film "Warrior's Husband" sets memory's ribs a'cracking.

Mr. Truex is a country gentleman of nearby New Jersey, and is devoted to the New York stage, (which is, by a happy circumstance, devoted to him). Moreover, he is guiding one strapping son through his first feebler steps as a Broadway actor, and watching another bone-crushing off-spring score touchdown for Dear Old Rutgers, the storied college on the banks of the old Raritan.

Happy the moment when Educational's Eastern short production began! Mr. Truex has just finished one called "Mr. Adam," or Ernie Among The Nudists, which is guaranteed to bust the buttons off a million American vests or your money back.

This is? Broadway is fairly crawling with twinkle-eye Stars who can't or won't go West, Young Aetheroid! Here's the beauteous Helen Morgan, sweet singer of sad songs, gorgeous creature of "Show Boat" and "Sweet Adeline," who has cracked a heart for every deserted denier on Broadway. When the rain stops, the cloud lifts, and the sun breaks through, it reveals Morgan, hip-deep in tears, dawdling belated night club soars with her maudlin melodies.

One of Broadway's leading landmarks, Hollywood, is only a vague, unconfirmed rumor to La Belle Morgan. She still thinks it is something you hang on the chandelier at Christmas. But the girl can be lured from her scented sheets at an early hour and set to warbling into a New York microphone, and this girl therefore tempts her with soul lure, and neither we nor the screen at large is deprived of her beauty, her art, or her Morganian melodrama over old Helen.

The mellow Morgan stopped her pianohopping long enough to dry those gorgeous eyes and say a few words.

"I'd like to sing a few little songs in pictures in the East?" she said. "Does a night-club habitat like a pink toy balloon?"

"I'm part of Broadway and always have been. Here you're here—" I love the atmosphere of the New York theatre, and the smoke-filled, noisy night club, and the liquor!"

"So these Eastern pictures are a great boon to me. I can stay in my own home with my mother and my new husband, the "Happy" Magician, son of a Cleveland political mogul). I can cook over my own gas range, sing at the Simpson Club at midnight, and the next day go to the studio and sing a song or two straight at the camera."

A lovely girl, this Helen Morgan, with
a heart as big as the Empire State Building. She simply cannot be imagined away from the raucoius Broadway scenes she so adorns, and she is so simon-pure genuine and honest with herself and other people that she hardly belongs among the microphoneos (you should excuse me) Hollywood.

"Then, too," went on the pretty minx, fixing her mascara in readiness for the next musical blubberfest, "I don't object at all to finding another check with the morning bills, as long as I don't have to go West to earn it. And what with my Sunday night broadcasts and my night-club work, Helen is doing well this season. I'm glad the Eastern studios are busy. And is it true that there aren't any night spots in this Hollywood?"

Christie and White have their claws into many more troopers. Moran and Mack, funniest of blackface buffoons, who are chained to the East by radio contracts. Tom Patricola, the dancing comic, now featured on Broadway in Joe Cook's musical show; Tom Howard—old hatchet-faced Tom—one of the greatest of all drawing comedians of the Extra Dry type; Stoopnagle and Budd, the radio zanies; James Melton, handsome and able young tenor. All other slaves of the East.

All these things go to make up the New Deal in big little pictures. Star names that mean dollars in electric lights. New York backdrops as a healthful change from the palms and magenta bungalows of the Golden State. Story ideas taken from the news of the day and not the medly old comedy rag-tag.

All this Messrs. Christie and White will tell you with loud voices and dramatic gestures. Both Californimaniacs of the most vicious type, they are now gibbering nuts over the joys of Eastern comedy production.

"Please, sir," I said to Mr. Christie, who was juggling three Boston cream pies to keep in practice, "do you have any trouble in casting your epics?"

"Lor' bless you, Son," he boomed, "just look over that!"

I saw ten men with flowing whiskers holding a beaver convention on the saloon set.

"I didn't send for those fellers," said the boss. "They just came. Word got around Broadway that I was doing a mining camp scene in this Moran and Mack opera, and those ten beards turned up without being called. Then I needed a Chief Devil for the big Hell scene. But before I had a chance to send out for one, six very fine Chief Devils reported in one morning! Excuse me—all ready on the saloon set? Come on, boys, act gay and tough!"

"Now may I see the custard pie department?" I asked.

"What do you think this is, a cafeteria?" said the boss. "Comedy pies went out with the Wilson administration. Run along up in the Bronx, Son, and see the chorus girls!"

And I did!

WE COVER HOLLYWOOD!

Wherever big news is developing—wherever events of importance to the screen world are shaping—wherever there are goings-on involving your picture favorites—there's where our Hollywood correspondent are to be found.

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Femi-nifties

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever...”

By Katharine Hartley

who wish to add to their chin and neck line. If you want more information on this brand new contrivance, won't you please write the Beau-T-Hood Company, at South Orange, N. J.

Just because your haul at Christmas time didn't include one of the smart new Lentheric purse atomizers, is no reason that you should go without. One. It's not very expensive, and it's grand. The box includes a large vial of Lentheric's "Miracle perfume", and a tricksy atomizer that looks and works like a cigarette lighter—only it's not as temperamental! You can carry it in your purse and it won't leak. You can use it anywhere and it works. You eliminate the necessity of having to pick up perfume in the morning, in order to still smell a little sweet at night.

There is a product that claims not only to remove skin blemishes, but treacles as well. (I wish I'd known about it last summer when all you people were writing me for information on how to banish the stubborn spots.) Anyway, Beaupix, for that's its name, is a scientifically, medicated treatment, and in no way connected with skin-polling. Sounds like something to look into!

When winter winds do blow, and we shall have snow, (swiped from some enterprising poet), we will also have chapped hands, unless we watch out. Hinds Honey and Almond cream—that old favorite—has appeared on the winter scene in a brand new bottle, and label. Bright red is the trimming, and it strikes a chery note on the bathroom or kitchen shelf. Even the stars in Hollywood, in spite of all our California sunshine that you've heard about, use Hinds to counteract chapping and dryness, and to keep their hands worthy of the admiration of millions.

"Beauty is on the air...Lady Esther!"

"It looks and works like a lighter..."

"Keep your chin up...means "Beau-T-Hood..."

"Hinds appears on the winter scene in a new bottle..."
He Knows What He Wants

Continued from page 24

definite goal, she decided that she would educate her son for a career in a medium which has always offered unlimited opportunities to the individual—the theatre.

Of course when he grew old enough to decide such matters for himself, he could either continue along the way he had begun or select some other vocation.

So Gene made his theatrical début in child roles at an early age, later attending the Professional Children’s School. Upon graduation from that institution he determined to pursue the Thespian muse and embarked in earnest upon the career which was destined to lead him to Hollywood and films.

His first stage role after finishing school was in “The Pottery,” following which he was one of those who got snatched in “The Cradle Snatchers.” Various other popular shows of the next few years boasted young Mr. Raymond’s presence, so when the screen siren called, he was well-equipped to answer her song.

Not only in the quality of his work, but in his attitude toward it has his training proven its value. For it has given him the ability to view himself and his work with detachment and a clear perspective.

He considers acting his business and accords it the same assiduous attention that a banker or merchant or a broker gives to his. He respects the demands that work makes upon the individual, but he has no distorted sense of values. In other words, he takes his work seriously—but not himself.

“During the time that I was at Paramount, I was cast in several roles for which I was entirely unsuited. That usually happens to players when under contract. Since I have been free-lancing, when I am suggested for a part I quite naturally have the opportunity to read the script before either accepting or declining. In this way I hope to avoid at least some of the casting mistakes that are so prevalent.

“After I do sign for a picture, I devote all my time and attention to my part and endeavor to make my character a living breathing human being. This means concentrating on the person I am trying to create as well as technically perfecting myself in my lines. From the moment the cameras start grinding each morning until the director calls ‘Cut! That’s all for today!’ I consider myself the property of the studio and feel that it has a right to my most earnest efforts.

“But when the day’s work is over and I leave the studio, I leave the part I am playing as well.”

“Enjoying life” to Gene Raymond does not mean attending wild parties or frequenting the late spots. It means riding horseback along wooded bridge paths, swimming in the cool sparkling waters of the Pacific, attending small dinner parties given by the famous and the not so famous, giving the occasional dinner in his own home, or taking a girl to the Coconut Grove rather than to one of the more hilarious night clubs. To date, he has never been so concerned about any of the numerous young ladies whom he has escorted thusly.

“I don’t expect to marry for many years,” he told; “Not until I have really accomplished some of the things I want to do and would have time to try to make a girl happy. Not until I have traveled all over the world and know what the world is. I don’t mean just to take a brief and cursory va-

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The Screen Spectator Speaks

Continued from page 32

turing of the dreadful agonies suffered by screen characters. We all suffer, but we have to. Can’t we be spared witnessing the awful realism of the torture we have been or may sometime be subjected to in the future?

We never know when or where the horrors of Hollywood’s torture chambers will turn up. When our critics and screen writers advise that a picture is “a la Frankenstein” perpetrated to scare the daylight out of us, we avoid it. And we don’t condemn such pictures nor ask that they not be produced. We know many persons enjoy the sadistical, ghoulish, terrible realities and imaginings of humankind. We just stay away.

But can’t something be done to save us the anguish of such gruesome scenes as in “Wild Boys of the Road,” when that young solicitor lost his leg? Remember, first his terror at having to jump off the fast-moving freight; then his stumble over the railroad tracks, and then his torturing struggle to escape an onrushing locomotive. Just what happened then we don’t know because we shut our eyes, and fortunately our sub-conscious permitted us from hearing. After a few deep breaths we looked again, realized a serious accident had occurred, but darned if they weren’t amputating his leg in a field or shack without an anesthetic, without hot water, other facilities or anything but our nerves and stomachs!

Must we grant to our screen playwrights that there may at sometime arise such a medical crisis that in this day of sirenscreaming, racing ambulances no hospital could be reached by a doctor who said he had performed three major operations that very day? The agony of the boy induced many in our audience to deplore that scene, and it succeeded only in upsetting us.

It did make the story so unreal that the excellence of the theme value of the picture was greatly diminished. It typified such exaggerated torture that it could easily lead those unaware of the plight of America’s ragged youth to believe that this was just another horror film rather than the forceful social propaganda which inspired the author of this screen drama.

Again, in “Torch Singer,” Claudette Colbert’s suffering when she appeared to be in the terrible throes of death’s agony in that childbirth scene, so affected us that we failed to enjoy Claudette’s swell crooning and her as usual splendid characterization. We were unprepared for such...
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Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with “TY” stamped on each tablet.

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Medals! Birds!

Continued from page 21

so they can’t be evenly divided, the extras go to Dorothy because anyone as gorgeous as she looks in the Ed Wynn picture deserve extra consideration.

Lee Ayres gets a medal. I can’t quite figure out for what, except that I like him and I can never forget those two amazing performances he turned in in “All Quiet on the Western Front” and “The Doorway to Hell.” The latter was before the Hays office got uptight and decided “Hell” couldn’t be used in a title. That makes it tough on the studios. You remember only last month how the title of “Captain Terioli” had to be changed to “Hell and High Water” on account of that

This Pollyanna mood I’m in is suffocating me. The aura of sweetness and goo exuding from me is too much. It’s unnatural. So I’ll leave the nothouse long enough to take a few birds from the icebox.

Warner Baxter and Warren William can split a brace between them for being in my not-too-humble opinion the prize hands of the business. As far as I’m concerned they’re both paid by the pound instead of by the week.

Lupe Velez gets a bird for her ingratitude to writers who have befriended her. Her ingratitude consists in keeping her marriage a secret from them so one writer could have a scoop when other writers have been just as friendly. There’s nothing personal about that, but, because I barely have a speaking acquaintance with her...

Well, so much for that. I’ve recovered sufficiently to get back into a malmarshmallow mood.

Gary Cooper rates a crois de guerre because to me he’s the most decoratively leading man since Wally Reid, because in “Design for Living” he proves himself a deft farceur—(surprised!)—and lastly because he’s still cowboy at heart.

To Miriam Hopkins goes a whole primrose path because she is the most elemental girl in pictures and she always gets her man.

Cary Grant gets a medal because, although he started his career as a stick-walker, he didn’t need them to reach the top.

Ann Hovey gets the bed of violets because she is as modest as they and because in her first part in “Wild Boys of the Road” she turned in a performance any actress might be proud of.

Tom Brown gets a medal because he gets more fun out of life than anyone I know and because he’s a coring actor.

Judy Blondell gets another one because she’s still as fresh as one — no cracks intended—and because her devotion to her husband is something unique in Hollywood and because she peps up any picture fortunate enough to boast her presence in its cast.

Andy Devine rates a medal, too, because he never forgot the day when he was broke and a dollar is still a dollar to him. When he made a hit he only asked for a nominal increase in salary instead of the telephone number salaries most stars demand.

Una Merkel gets the bed of cornflowers because they’re as unpretentious as Una and because aside from being a perfectly swell actress, she’s so genuine and has such a genuine sense of humor she is a fitting friend of ours.

Madge Evans gets the edelweiss because it is one of the rarest flowers and most difficult to obtain and Madge is the only girl I know whose sense of humor is on a par with her beauty.

Norman Foster gets a medal for being such a good sport. Richard Cromwell gets the one in “Hooray!” that he had played on the stage, and which he was so anxious to do in pictures.

Sally Eilers gets the bed of salphagloris for being the shrewdest girl in the business and never letting her heart run away with her head.

Bea Dunn gets a medal for sticking to his job and outsmarting the Hollywood gels who were looking for a meal ticket—and because he’s good company.

Arline Judge gets the hollyhocks because they’re unassuming and one of my favorite flowers. By the same token, Arline, in addition to being a fascinating person, is one of my screen favorites and entirely unassuming despite being married to one of the foremost directors in the business. And she’s a great hand at crawling fish.

Clark Gable gets an eighteen-carat
And Janet (Six Lumps) Gaynor gets a bird for being all sweetness and light in pictures and just the opposite—from reports I get—in her dealings with people around the studio.

Lillian Harvey gets the bed of bleeding hearts for being the favorite on the Fox lot despite her enforced separation from Willie Fritsch.

Jackie Cooper gets a medal—grown-up size, too—for being the most natural child actor ever to step before a camera. That's been said before but what hasn't been said is that adult actors come away from scenes they've played with him amazed by his poise and ability.

Myrna Loy gets the bed of crimson poppies because she grows more beautiful daily and because she has developed into the actress I always knew she could be if she were ever given the opportunity.

Ramon Novarro gets a medal for his eagerness and the zest he still finds in living and acting after fourteen years in the limelight.

May Robson gets the bed of petunias because she lost no time in proving herself when she got the opportunity, ("Lady for a Day"), and because by her performance she showed up many better known actresses and because she is simply magnificent as The Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland".

George O'Brien gets a medal for in-"ing the girl other men have pinned for and for finally eschewing the joys of professional bachelorhood.

Mary Boland gets the daffodils because no other flower could do justice to her superb crowning which is as rib-tickling off the screen as on. In addition, she gets a gilded lily because despite her beauty which is great enough to permit her to play under any authority, she ignores her looks and knuckles down to giving the public good, deep belly-laughs—and manages those without mugging.

Gene Raymond gets a medal because his mother raised her boy to be an actor and he's done her proud.

Jean Harlow gets the moonflower vine because her friends today are the friends she had before she ever became successful and because she has ignored the slanderous things printed and said about her instead of taking them to heart and trying to slap back.

Helen Hayes gets the honeysuckle, (my favorite flower of all), because she's as dainty as that plant and because, in spite of that exterior of sweetness, is a will of iron and the courage to do the things she wants. And because she is one of the most intelligent girls out here.

Kay Francis gets the lilacusus because there is nobody on the screen who can wear the modes of yesterday as authorita- tively and as charmingly as she—and because she is regular enough to swear like a trooper when the occasion demands.

Jack Oakie gets a medal because he is one of the few comedians I can tolerate —on the screen—and because he is a fine dramatic actor as well.

Max West rates the bed of nasturtium because she is determined her pictures will make box-office history or bust. And because she is one of the most ambitious women in Hollywood. In addition to her desire to be a lady is her longing to write, cast, and direct her pictures—and she works hard at all her ambitions.

Richard Barthelmess gets a medal for be-ing the least temperamental actor in Holly-wood—bar none—and for doing a bit in "The House of Connelly"—without a squawk after playing leads in "This Day and Age" and "Hoopla."

Richard Barthelmess gets one of my very best medals because whether his pictures are good or bad he always manages to be

* * *

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The 2 Women in His Life

Continued from page 25

What the screen did was to multiply by many times an audience that already knew her for the great star that she is. Of Miss West as herself off the screen Cary could say little. He has rarely seen her when they were not working. He is up to date on his movies, however, that the luscious vulgarity that infuses the star's screen self is any part of her personal life or character. "Don't let anybody fool you about that. When you hear some zippy sentiments or gay lines attributed to her, the chances are she said them. But what of it? It isn't Mae West speaking, but Lady Lou or Tira. In other words, she's just being true to her screen character, as her public expects her to be. That's her stuff, as the people say, and she gets plenty of it for popular consumption—and darn smart of her, too!"

On the set, says Cary, Mae hasn't the least trouble forgetting that she is Paramount's star-bright auditorium-filler and one-woman gold mine, and acts as affairs and generally bullies the rest of the cast. She chats freely with the assisting actors and the technical crews, inviting opinions about the playing of a scene or the writing of a gown from directors and third assistant sound men impartially.

With his roles in Mae's first two passion epics which Cary eagerly went to the mat for, he got much better pleased with his material. "Of course," he observed, "I'm only there as a foil for Mae, but that's valuable for a fellow in my position, because those
pictures certainly do get around the country. What's the use of having a big part in a mediocre picture that nobody goes to see? I'd rather play a minor part in a huge success any day than star in a flop."

Two pictures of the Western school, however, are enough for him. More than that would be too much like settling in a rut. "Most of my roles so far," he observed in this connection, "have seemed a little unreal to me. Dashing, romantic fellows, but lacking three dimensions. A little too Frank Merrwell, if you know what I mean. I don't know yet what I'm going to play in when I get back, but I'd like a shot at some real human parts, with a touch of comedy in them. Like the characters I used to play on Broadway before I hit Hollywood."

Of the unique part that Cary enacted just before leaving Hollywood, he was eloquent in praise. This was none other than the Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland." It was an experience. Cary had to imagine the emotions of a turtle, and play the role accordingly!

"As for little Charlotte Henry, I'd have a hard time imagining anybody doing Alice more delightfully. That little girl is going places in the movies. I think you'll agree when you see the picture that she, as well as Norman Alcoff and the whole cast, have caught the spirit of Lewis Carroll's yarn perfectly. It isn't true, as many people think, that Charlotte's a one-picture actress who isn't fitted for any other parts. She's been in Hollywood for years, has had minor parts in other pictures, and knows her acting. Unless I miss my guess, she's in the movies to stay, and I prepared to leave as various items of personal business connected with his trip began to crowd in on Cary.

"If you've liked our interview about Virginia, Mae, and Charlotte," grinned Grant in parting, "and if you ever want a story about Cary Grant, look me up again some time."
and give him hot love scenes, he would be the most thrilling screen lover of all!

Muni wasn’t grateful. Or, rather, he doubted it. It’s almost as though the most magnetic eyes of any man in Hollywood!

"Some stars register on the strength of their good looks and personality. But me—"

BUMLOW, our puppet.

"and even if I were, I should not care to be a matinee idol. I have studied acting too long to receive any satisfaction from being a puppet. When the story calls for a love scene, I do my best. But I don’t want people to come to my performances just to see me make love.

Being treated with respectful solicitude by Warners, he has little by little become quite fond of pictures. Despite all pleading, though, he will not do more than two films a year.

"I want to give outstanding portrayals," he contends. "It is not possible to find more than two convincing stories a year.

"But if the fans forget you because other stars are doing so many more films," I provoked.

"Well," he mused, "it is better to be half-forgotten, if that is the penalty, and then to arouse interest all over again each time you do appear. They won’t have a chance to tire of you, and they’ll anticipate your next display of talent.

"I endeavor to present a surprise in each film. ‘Scarface’ and ‘I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang’ were strong propaganda pictures and dealt with some of the greatest evils—the gangsters and prison cruelties.

"They had news values, you might say. Whereas ‘The Hunchback of Notre Dame’ reveals the evolution of a family. A dramatic tale, but hardly an influential one. My second picture for this year, just finished, is still very much in the traditions of my predecessors. Hi, Nellie! is a boisterous, rowdy newspaper comedy. It will prove that I, too, have a sense of humor!

"That Paul Muni is sold on rowdies, but talkies is evidenced by nothing so much as his choice of Hollywood for his permanent residence.

"This is really our first home. We did own a small place at Brighton Beach, in New York, but we only lived in it a few months. When I am doing a play I have to take an apartment near the theatre. To live on the East side into this East would necessitate too many hours commuting.

"When we came out last summer we rented a house in Beverly Hills, having resorted to the various excuses for coming to Los Angeles. We have made the best of it, however, and gone to the movies.

"We probably will spend half of our time in the future here. I don’t care for night clubs or stuff social functions, and neither does Mrs. Muni. We prefer to entertain and have peace and quiet at home. We have friends over, and the company of our few intimates, is all we ask."

Although he is unanimously hailed as a leader in his profession, Paul Muni indulges in none of the eccentricities dear to the heart of stage and screen royalty.

He is not a back-slapper. In fact, he declares he has only about twenty really personal acquaintances in Hollywood. He lacks other stellar tricks. The show-off complex, with its money, importance, glittery affairs are declined. He doesn’t go for premieres, splashy autos, Malibu, celebrity-chasing, or stepping out on his life.

There is no fear of the Muni marriage crashing now that they are a part of the Hollywood scene. They are in but not of the movie crowd.

"If one wishes to be extreme and affected, that is his inner self creeping out, and not to be blamed upon the acting business. Perhaps by going away half the year, and I take Hollywood less seriously than those who get no perspective. We feel as though we partake in the world’s little things of the city, but are lookouts to the gaudy side. I honestly relish working in pictures now that I have a say on my stories. And the stories are better, too. They are just like Broadway producers."

Pressure was brought to bear upon Muni to enact the villainous attorney in Universal’s “The Attorney.” It went to the winds.

Every inducement was dangled before him—whatever director he wished, his own plays in pictures. But Warner’s recommended John Barrymore for the role which he himself originated on the stage.

The reason? They believe it will be so good as a picture. The important objection, however, was due to the playwright having neglected to ask me about it. He sold it to Universal on the theory that I would jump at the opportunity to play it on the screen. Everyone knew all about it but me. Had I been asked—?"

Which admission betrays to us that Paul Muni is not an artist of spirited temperament. He doesn’t stir or nag, or fight for superficial prestige. But the dogs like to be accorded thoughtful treatment?

His devotion to his wife is one of his most admirable traits. He includes her in all his discussions and “we” is a basic word in his vocabulary. Though he was not able to finish high school, he is a well-educated man. Intelligent reading and studying for his hundreds of parts have given him more than a college course does for most men.

Music is his hobby. He neither sings nor dances, (they couldn’t inveigle him into any of the Warner musicals!), but he is a fine violinist and is an authority on Beethoven and Bach.

Politics and crusades for relieving unjust, and unwise situations in this great country, and seeing to it that he comes to culinary tastes, he is frankly plebian. Scrambled eggs is his favorite dish, and to heck with fancy diets!

For the students, when doing a play, he works at fewer things to square his performance perfectly-round.

At home—in Hollywood—he prefers to loiter around the garden. When his truck garden will begin to furnish the household needs.

"I am wearing this suit today,” he informed me with an astonishingly naive grin, “because I wore it to a studio conference yesterday, and it was the first thing that came to hand this morning!"

Muni nodded in a rather condescending tone, murmur something about her chief duty being to keep him from going wholly native.

That, again, is our wholesome Hollywood influence!

As a final indication that he has tasted of California home life and found it unbeatable, you will kindly note that he has purchased two ranches near his own. His mother, now retired from the stage, is installed on one. The other is being taken over by a large canine who has been having tough sledding in the East.

Paul Muni and the lady in his life are getting out their fine feathers to do Europe in the proper style. But we know that they have the biggest nest in the West, worrying whether the caretaker is watering the walnuts, and envying him for suspected kids in that front-yard swimming-pool!"
Arliss Talks About Marriage

Continued from page 19

"But, having married, I think we should all of us trial.
It has the elements of permanency else it wouldn't have endured through the centuries.
"There are two dangerous periods in marriage. One is the first three or four years of wedlock. That period of adjustment being over there is a good chance for the marriage to settle down to whatever the rest of the life voyage. But there is another. It comes when each is about forty.

"The time Sir Arthur Wing Pinero wrote in 'Men of Mark' in which Miss Barrymore played!"

"Yes. When they have been married about five years. Pass the rocks of impatience and intolerance at that time and a couple is liable to reach the part of happiness together. In the earlier and later danger period and all others in married life I think selfishness is the rock of which to beware.

"As I have looked on at the marriages of my friends and others I cannot truthfully say that either the man or woman is more to blame. I believe that if both exercised the sense of fair play they might go on to journey's end together."

"Some students of marriage and its dangers say that the extravagance of women is the cause of most failures," I remarked. "You remember that Flaubert said 'There is no wind that blows so coldly upon love as the demand for money.' He may have meant an unreasonable demand for money."

Mr. Arliss registered disbelief. "Women seem extravagant because they do not know their husband's earnings. Men make a great mistake there. They should put their cards on the table. A man should say at the beginning, or before marriage, 'My income is so much. Do you think your share should be so much?' If they pretend to prevent misunderstandings and all unfairness. Most women who know what their husband's incomes are do not spend more than a fair share of it. They are good sports-women.

"Women are more likely to be restless than extravagant," Mr. Arliss continued. "Many of them do not have enough to do. My earliest impressions were that a woman's horizons were bounded by home and that therein she found content. Now that is not so. She would not occupy all her time. Of course she has her clubs and bridge. Often the woman who is unhappy in her marriage has time to spare. She has half hours to waste in petting her hair and nursing her grievances. Small grievances grow into huge ones. If she has talents she does not have to work hard enough at them to keep her from that same grievance nursing."

"Mrs. Arliss and I have a friend who once was a really brilliant writer. She married a man who could take care of her. Not especially well, but enough to get along. She has stopped writing. We asked her why. She said, 'It is fun to go to my desk and know that I don't really have to do anything.' A man, whatever his job, works like a dog at it. That makes him accomplish something and get on.

"Nowhere more than in marriage is needed a sense of sharing. Both must learn not to exaggerate trivialities."

I asked the man who had illuminated the characters of Disraeli and Voltaire if he had heard stories of how the bridegroom who separated at their wedding breakfast because she thought the breakfast egg should be broken at the large end and the small. He had heard it, but not of the woman who deserted her husband because he looked at his feet while they walked together. He told me of the couple who quarrelled because one told the other of his dreams. "We lived in the same house with such a couple," he said.

"Do you think, as Hall Caine did, that permanence is marred by keeping alive romantic love?" I asked.

"I think an effort to do that might make life artificial, but the solid friendship built upon the foundation of romance is a desirable and an enduring thing," George Arliss answered.

"Which involves common interests? The caring for the same things?" I suggested. "For instance, I happen to know you and Mrs. Arliss are both members and supporters of the Humane Society of New York."

"Ah, yes. And the Anti-Vivisection Society. Mrs. Arliss in those, as in all else, was the pioneer. She became interested in them first and I followed. In every step, in all the important decisions of my life, she has been the pioneer."

We salute, as he would have us do, Mrs. George Arliss, Pioneer. How many husbands, of Hollywood or other variety, are so gallant?

"Which, perhaps, is the place at which to recall that her husband said, 'While the attempt to keep alive romantic love might be artificial there are gallantries that should be a part of every marriage.'"

He reflected again and delivered his last and most memorable comment on storms at sea and frequent wrecks of the good ship Marriage: "The Navajos say: 'Anger is the worst of sins.' Isn't it?"
Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition

Jean Harlow was a grand lady—awfully careless as to clothes, of course—but clever and interesting. Very independent. Not particularly well-known to any but her own intimate crowd, which includes Alice Palance of Boston, and the girl who is now Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt Field. Just one of them.

But they "didn't know it was in her" to do such big things, and in a way they were shocked to think what they had overlooked. But the fact is, of course, and with each of her successive screen appearances her former classmates have become increasingly proud of her. And she was very proud of herself, which Kate Hepburn displayed her independence more, perhaps, than in the matter of her clothes and the campus.

She went on: "of the girls to introduce the bare-legged fad into Bryn Mawr. (SCREENLAND, you remember, said in the beginning that she was "more modern than tomorrow."")

She wore battered sneakers about the campus. Big, heavy sports shoes and socks, also, sometimes.
And as a forerunner for the overalls and slacks that she now wears on the Hollywood lot and has brought so much discussion—she frequently made her appearance at breakfast in a suit or dress pulled hastily over her pajamas, with the sleep still in her eyes. A green corduroy skirt with raveled hem, and a shirt which needed pressing, and a beret tip-toe hat with a long pheasant's feather are remembered as a favorite costume of hers. But she was known for her complete indifference to other people's criticism of her ensemble.

(This is conceded to be a fault of many college girls, however, not just an eccentricity of Kate's. One of the college magazines recently published an article comparing the campus "where there are no men", with that of the co-educational college, and found the latter much better-dressed.)

"Kate could be stunning!" I was told the other day by a girl from her class. "As a matter of fact, her clothes were exceedingly smart. She was lovely in the evening. Most of them, as I recall it, were made for her."

"In Hartford?"

"Yes, in Hartford. She designed most of them, or many, at any rate. Of course, at college during the week she did not dress up particularly. Bryn Mawr is not like the other women's colleges that have rooms and tea dances all the time on the campus. Everyone goes home week-ends when possible—or to Philadelphia or some place."

"Katharine went home to Hartford, or over to New York week-ends. Sometimes she visited in Philadelphia."

Speaking of boys—I have been told by one of her best friends that there were always strings of boys around wherever she was. She has always been exceedingly popular with them since the head-standing, trapeze-sitting days at Hartford, and has usually been able to equal them in athletic games and contests. She met "Lud" Smith, as every one knows, at Bryn Mawr, at the home of some friends whose son had brought him home for a visit, during her senior year, and was married her first year out of school.

She does not care much for dancing except as a study, such as she made with Mordin in preparation for her stage work, and rarely indulges in ball-room dancing, I am told.

"Katharine Hepburn could have been one of the most brilliant students on the campus if she had felt the urge," one girl from her class told me. "Just as she could have been an expert swimmer, if she had really been a member of the swimming team. Everyone was very much excited over her swimming Freshman year, hoping for great things. She was on the Varsity. She was too much of an individualist, however, to be interested long in any community activity, and not interested enough to keep in training."

"Kate" majored in Philosophy and two of her other subjects were Psychology and German. She had a quick and original mind and was able to understand and learn her work very easily. She had an amazing habit, like schoolboys, of addressing all male professors as "Sir" and would often preface an objection with "But, Sir, what about the other side of the question?"

"Of all the so-called 'children of nature' Kate was the most natural. She always managed to do what she wanted to do in spite of all the world said, and she was something of a challenge to a friend who knows her well. "She never cared at all for rules."

One of Hepburn's favorite spots on the campus on spring evenings was the campusward enclosure by the library class-rooms where she loved to disport herself and roll around in the damp grass!

She lived in Pembroke West Freshman year, and in Junior and Senior years in Pembroke East in the charming tower-room just outside the dining room.

She went through one period of aestheticism in the furnishing of her room when she decided to have little, sleeping on the floor and having none of the accepted comforts and ornaments of life such as cushions and curtains.

This must have been the room, at least for a while, a very different appearance from that of either of the two rooms which we managed to snap the other day fitted up for the girls now occupying them.

"Kate" appeared to have plenty of money and took her meals out, for the most part, besides being an inhabitant of the College Inn where she was usually to be found from tea time on, playing bridge sometimes with her own particular friends, but not when she could get out of it. Bridge gives her the jitters.

Katharine Hepburn is what they call, in educational circles, the "new" college girl. This means that she is independent, Boys "rah rah" things, is to be trusted to study because she is grown up enough to enjoy her classes, speaks up in class, dares to disagree with a professor, and thinks that following the deliberations of the League of Nations is as fascinating as the sweet girl graduate of the 1900's found making fudge.

Bryn Mawr may be called the "high-brow" of the women's colleges. Rather than going in for society, its aim is to develop intellectual eagles who will soar to great heights. In Kate Hepburn Bryn Mawr has hatched a beautiful golden peacock—also a soaring eagle, but so outside the pattern that American women's colleges have yet seen themselves, that Bryn Mawr does not exactly know how to take it!

There has never been exactly an entente cordiale between the motion pictures and the women's colleges. But now with a college girl a tremendous sensation on the screen, there is no telling what may happen in the future.

And here's Tweedledum, impersonated by Jack Oakie in "Alice." This is Paramount's multiple-starred production of the famous story, with Charlotte Henry as Little Alice.
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Will Hollywood Accept Nudism?

continued from page 17

very minutest of garments above their lovely waists. It is but a short step from the semi-dishabille of the California beaches to the complete nakedness of the nudists' mountain encampments.

How long will it be until the film stars take that step?

And who, if I may be so bold, could offer more to the cause of nudism, from a physical point of view? The most beautiful women in the world are gathered in Hollywood. Many of the most perfect masculine bodies are stars of the film industry. The Harlows, Crawfords, Dietrichs, Colberts, the O'Briens, McCrea's, Baers, Weissmullers — they would help make the physical charm of a nature camp, without doubt.

"I think nudism is more than a fad," Richard Arlen said one evening at his home. "Of course, the cult is a radical change from a habit that is hundreds of centuries old, therefore nudism cannot become common in a day.

"What most people do not seem to understand is that nudism — honest nudism — is not shameful. Nudism and nakedness are as contrastive as art and vulgarity. I think the honest nudist is more modest than, for example, audiences who attend burlesque theatres to witness so-called striptease.

In an effort to ascertain the truth about nature camps, I visited one of these sites. It is located within easy reach of Hollywood. Permit me to relate the facts of my visit:

Arriving at the small hut that guards the entrance, I was invited to disrobe. I confess that I balked. I compromised by donning a pair of trunks. Thus partially garbed, I was permitted to enter the encampment.

This site overlooks one of California's beautiful lakes, and as I neared the closer shore with my guide, I discovered more than a score of men and women, all entirely naked, daydreaming, picnicking, playing, sunbathing, sitting, and sauntering in a most natural way.

For the first few minutes of my visit, I was horribly self-conscious. This, my escort took pains to explain, is common to nudists. Before long, my embarrassment vanished, and the naked bathers seemed as natural as the lake itself, and its surrounding landscape.

These nudists to whom I was introduced were most serious. One and all, they believe that their cult will sweep the country. They are positive that when this occurs, healthier bodies and healthier minds will result. The creed of nudism is that modest nakedness creates purity of both body and spirit.

They are not publicity-seekers. In fact, until I assured them that my mission was entirely serious, and that my description of their encampments would be in no way derogatory, I was not permitted to enter their Edenesque little garden.

Following my visit to the encampment, I talked with several motion picture stars. They are about equally divided, for and against nudism. Lilian Tashman, for one, is a rabid anti-nudist.

"Modesty will prevent nudism from becoming common," Lilian declared. "There are really so few beautiful bodies in the world that the sight of nakedness is somewhat revolting."

Now read Jean Harlow's answer to that thrust:

"If human bodies are not beautiful, it is the fault of men and women," says Jean. "Bodies are created beautiful, and if we will exercise as much care in preserving our bodies as we do in beautifying our faces and hands and other commonly exposed parts of our bodies, we may retain physical beauty.

"The trouble is, clothes hide bodily disfigurement. People are prone to allow their bodies to disintegrate because they know their naked bodies cannot be seen. If nudism becomes popular, I believe the human race will be forced to seek ways to beautify their bodies. Exercising, sunbathing, and other methods will become prevalent — and anyone can see the possible benefits."

"If nudism comes into popular vogue, and all the horribly mis-shapen people (together with the few good figures), walk around without clothing, I am sure all sense of fine feeling will disappear."

George O'Brien says: "Miss Tashman seems to have disregarded the fact that nudism is not a cult for the betterment of health and mind. There is no reason for a normal man or woman to possess an ugly body. Proper exercise can build up too-thin people, or reduce too-fat people."

"If nudism does become a vogue, men and women who have fat or ugly bodies will strive to beautify themselves. Frankly, I can see remarkable benefits to the human race from the cult."

A few statements made to me by Gloria Stuart as of especial interest, because
Gloria was once a model for her now estranged husband, Gordon Blair Newell, the young sculptor:

"I do not doubt that before long a nudist, as such, will be a rough right [sic] 'Hollywood,'" Miss Stuart said. "The Bohemian spirit of the town would not frown upon the idea as quickly as other localities do.

"There is nothing bold or vulgar about nudism. Civilization has merely given us a certain false modesty, and this will prevent an enthusiasm like that which had been established. The greatest of all art, through the ages, has been nude art, and people generally respect the beauty of the human figure. But conventions and the fear of sex today discourages nudism.

"If the public ever reaches that point of intelligence when it will not confuse nudity and nudism, and see nudism as a cult may arrive and be strongly adopted. Today, the only race of people who have nudist camps are the Balinese. The true spirit of nudism exists among them, and there is less sex misinterpretation among them than anywhere else in the world."

"So, there's hares in them there mountings!" Jack Oakie said, after I had told him about my visit to the nudist encampment. "I know nothing about nudism—it sounds to me like a skin game."

Despite Oakie's levity, and the pro-and-con arguments of the remainder of Hollywood's film colonyists, multi cult leaders have engaged in a quiet campaign in and out of the studios. Throughout the winter and spring months, the campaign will continue.

With the summer, 1934, a concerted effort will be put forth to lure at least a few motion picture notables to the cause of nudism. Such an effort would almost be doomed to failure at this moment. But much may be accomplished within a few months' time, and perhaps the campaign of the cult leaders may be successful before summer comes.

Meanwhile, in spite of the mandate of the Will Hays office that no motion pictures depicting the life in nudists camps be made, a prominent motion picture director recently visited an important encampment near Hollywood, and there obtained scenes for a photoplay that is in direct opposition to the Hays edit.

Not only did this daring producer make such a picture, but it has been shown in Hollywood and nearby towns, and many audiences greeted the film with stormy applause.

"Anyway," as Oakie says, "I'll bet the tailors won't vote for it!"

**Home's Where His Art Is**

*Continued from page 57*

addresses the ex-service men who have come to Washington seeking government aid. And it's no trick to get legiti-
mate actors whom Walter in his early days had looked up to and revered and envied. Now through circumstances they have been paid, and some a good salary, as extras. They were hired by the day. During the shooting of the scene, the di-
lector, Frank Capra, decided to go through a rehearsal first and shoot the scene on the following day. But Lee Tracy put

so much into his role that the company, all experienced actors, realized that he could not be replaced and all, of their own accord, without any order from the director, entered into the scene spontaneously with all the art of their long stage experience. They made the scene then and there although it meant losing an extra day's pay, which for most of them meant meals for the week. And then and there Walter Connolly realized that there could be sacrifice in art in the movies as well as on the stage.

Simply and unfeignedly, the suggestion that this would be a day wasted, the youngest replied: "I shall." And grace was said.

But let us go back to hear what Nedda Harrigan, and Walter Connolly, the latter whom it was said that Walter is much nicer since he entered the movies, He is less tem-
peramental.

"When you're working on a stage play he concentrates all his energy on the play. He works at top speed, and during the months prior to the opening he is not the easiest man to get along with. The artist will break out! Meals must be on time. The house must be quiet. And he notices nothing. He reacts to movies much enough; it's a great deal to the fact that he does not study roles, but only characterizations. Before he could arouse himself up to his highest pitch he is through with the picture and beginning a new one. He is charmed and delighted by the intricacies of motion picture production. He comes home and relates all the details of the new technique. He is as enthusiastic as he was in his early stage days. Every new picture brings him into a new world. He loves being on location. He enjoyed making 'Master of Men' because so many of the scenes were shot in a steel mill. He feels that there is more action in those scenes, and an an broadening experience. It took him some time, however, to readjust himself to Hollywood existence after the routine of acting on the stage."

"During his theatre days he dined sparr-

ingly. He was accustomed to a huge meal after the play. It took him some time to get accustomed to a seven o'clock dinner, and that is an ordeal when one is trying to run a well managed house."

"Actors in the movies," Nedda Harrigan

continued, "should live longer than stage performers, for there is less wear and tear on their nervous systems. This, not because roles are easier to prepare, but on the stage every performer feels that the success of the play depends individu-
ally on him. In the motion picture, how-

ever, the players never see the finished work until it is too late to do anything about it, and the success or the failure of the picture occurs many months later, while they are working on another feature and so there is less from them a reponsibility."

Nedda Harrigan and Walter Connolly have been married sixteen years. They met when they were on the stage. They refer to their early courting as a "milk-
bottle romance. Their first interest in the early days was in the arrival of Walter. He used to bring her a bottle of milk every day to her dressing-room as it had been prescribed by the doctor and she never refused to drink it of her own accord. He has not changed in all these days. He still loves old clothes and cannot endure being perfectly dressed. When they go out in the evening he always does some-
thing to disarray his attire—a tie out of place or a handkerchief awry. He abhors feeling that he has just stepped out of a band-box.

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57 MusicalComedies, Oper-


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WALTER’S willingness to stay in Hollywood is the first long separation they have had since they were married. Before this they were almost constantly on Broadway together. His popularity and ability have kept him constantly engaged. The short time he has been there he has appeared in the title role in "Washington-Merry-GO-Round;" national advertiser to the Chinese general in the "Bitter Tea of General Yen;" the father (he likes best to his part in "A Man’s Castle") in "No More Orchids;" the congenial and likable Italian speechkey proprietor in "Man Against Woman;" the Spanish Count in "Lady for a Day;" the elderly Englishman in "East of Fifth Avenue;" the financier in "Master of Men." In "A Man’s Castle," Walter receives wholehearted praise. He has been reduced in circumstances to gain his livelihood by being a night watchman. Although Walter Connolly’s contract calls for five years in Hollywood, Nelda is sure that he will ask Columbia to allow him to come back to New York for at least one or two plays. The Harrigan tradition, although it was acquired by marriage, runs strong in his veins.

"It is either that," Mrs. Connolly admitted, "or I will spend my time between plays travelling Westward. I want to stay in the East until Anna, our nine-year old girl, finishes her schooling. I don't think it is fair for her to change schools."

"That is all," Mrs. Connolly said when we tried to coax her to tell us more about Walter. "I probably have said too much already, but then Walter always said, ‘Nelda, you talk too much!’"

Original!
Continued from page 33

Delving into Peggy’s family history, there is the slightest trace of a theatrical blot anywhere. And until she was eighteen, Peggy never gave the slightest hint that she would be the exception to the rule. She graduated from Chatham Hall, an exclusive institute at Chatham, Virginia, and entered Sullivan’s College at Bristol. Her family wanted her to major in Art, the most gentry of all vocations for a nice little Southern girl—but Peggy spent all of the first semester majoring in “How to Leave College!”

She passed with flying colors when she didn’t write home for several months, her punishment to her parents for making her so miserable and unhappy. In despair, they sent for her.

No sooner was she home again than she began to make up for her “silent” treatment by talking herself hoarse in an effort to “sell” her family on the idea of going to New York to study dancing at the Denishawn School. Again, in despair, they let her go.

After all, Boston was a cultural seat and dancing (aesthetic dancing of course) was considered one of the Seven Arts. Besides, if the truth were known, their fond offspring was beginning to be an awfully little lady!

Soooooo, Peggy, “tripped the light fantastic” at Denishawn—until that fatal day when she attended a matinee, and after viewing the leading lady’s performance was convinced that she couldn’t possibly be that bad—and she might even be a whole lot better.

Which explains why the next day Denishawn was a dancer and the Copley School of the Theatre plus a new student. Journeying with this new group of collegians for a summer stock engagement at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, Peggy played important roles in “A Kiss for Cinderella,” “Our American Cousin,” and “A Quietude,” and other noteworthy productions. But despite the New England atmosphere, she still retained her Southern accent, so when she heard that Brock Pemberton was casting for the road company of “Strictly Dishonorable,” in which the heroine hailed from below the Mason-Dixon line, she applied and was accepted for the part. And “on account of” she sounded like Yoakum, Mississippi, she got the job!

By a happy coincidence, her tour of the South included a one-night stand in Norfolk. Having failed to apprise her family of her “Strictly Dishonorable” venture, her return home was interpreted with only one meaning—she had finally given up all thoughts of a stage career. And Peggy didn’t disillusion them!

It wasn’t until they saw her picture grinning at them from the front page of the morning newspaper, headlining the news, LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD, that they knew the true reason for her home-coming.

“Poor darlings, I’m afraid it was quite a shock to them!” Peggy confessed with a twinkle in her eye. “But bravely, they came to the opening night. In fact, I think the second act when I disrobed on the stage! I wish you could have seen Mother’s horrified expression—and was Daddy’s face red!”

But these blushing were anemic compared to the crimson hue that diffused their cheeks when, a few months later, they learned that Peggy had been signed for...
the title role in a play called "Modern Virgin." Peggy, a thousand miles away, could hear the Sullivan ancestors turning triple somersaults in their August graves! It was the same "Modern Virgin" that Margaret Sullivan launched on the Broadway consciousness. Every critic anointed her in superlatives. Every producer panted, "Where have you been all our lives?"

Hollywood, of course, immediately began to cast its Lorelei spell. Long-term contract, Pay capacity, world adulation. But Peggy remained immune. She couldn't see herself as a screen personality. She still can't. For some inexplicable reason, she had that terrific complexity and that look that intensifies itself in a whole-sale beauty mart like Hollywood.

It was this unique barrier that no film studio could ever break down, until John Stahl came along with the script of "Only Yesterday." Ever since Universal had decided to make the picture, Director Stahl had been carrying on an endless search for an actress to play the feminine lead, a role more demanding, more exciting than that of Irene Dunne's in "Back Street."

After testing every available leading lady in Hollywood, none of whom suited his romantic fancy, he was on the verge of giving up in despair, when he suddenly remembered an ingenue he had seen a few months before in a play called "Chrysalis." If he could break her reach—now—she was the living counterpart of Mary Lane—young, aristocratic, with a fresh, unspoiled lovelyness and a dramatic talent and poignancy voice that could capture all the delicate beauty and richness of the rôle.

Sending a frantic S.O.S. to New York, he discovered that she could be found at the Music Box Theatre, where she was playing the rôle of Paula Jordan in "Dinner at Eight." But could she be had? That was the question of "Universal" importance!

An emissary of Stahl's was sent to visit her back-stage with the script of "Only Yesterday" under his arm—and a prayer in his heart. Peggy was still as adamant as ever on the subject of herself as a film choice. But she read this haunting tragic story of "a girl who was true forever to a man who kissed and forgot," all her former prejudices were completely obliterated by her enthusiasm for the part of Mary Lane.

Thus it came about that on May sixteenth of this year, the second anniversary of Mary Lane, Margaret Sullivan arrived at Universal City—and a new screen star was born. From May 22nd until the end of August, Peggy stayed in Hollywood, seeing nothing of it but the road between her bungalow in the hills and the entrance gate to the Universal Studios. Stahl is a tireless worker. The opening of a door, a small, quickly disposed of gesture to any other director, was given as much attention as an important scene. Three exhausting weeks were spent on a sequence that is now on the cutting-room floor!

During the entire making of the picture, Peggy didn't see a single day's rushes. With that old inferiority complex working over-time again, she was afraid that once she had seen herself on the screen, she wouldn't have the courage to go on. But Peggy was on the strength of those daily rushes that she was being elevated to stardom, a rare achievement in a first picture, even then, when the world was a laughing place.

Without even waiting for the first preview, she hopped a plane back to New York. It was here that we met again—and a Hollywood acquaintance grew into friendship.

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Maxine Bashor School of Advertising
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 4522, Chicago, U. S. A.

Peggy has been accused of pulling a "Garbo" on all interviews. She has been condemned for being snotty and high-bad. Nothing could be further from the truth! Being a very direct and honest young person, she hasn't developed the art of subterfuge. She says exactly what she thinks without worrying about how it is going to look in print afterward. It is Universal who does the worrying then!

Before the whole "Only Yesterday" she would never sign her own name in an autograph book. "No one knows me yet, so how could anyone possibly want my autograph?" she said. Publishers and agents, as she obligingly scribbled the name of "Farina" or some other "known" signature for a somewhat puzzled fan.

It is also in Hollywood that she used to spin the private dressing-room of the studio commissary, where all the Big Shots state in random fashion, "Oh, so this is the counter with all the grips and electricians who adored her. If this be "snootiness," make the most of it!

Unlike a great many actresses, who begin to splurge as soon as they are "in the money," Peggy still lives in the modest, unostentatious style to which she is accustomed. In Hollywood, she lives alone in a small, rented bungalow. In New York, she rarely permits herself the extravagance of a taxi-cab but travels everywhere by street car or bus. In Hollywood, she drives a second-hand Ford.

Wise with the wisdom of youth, she knows the instability of a stage and screen career. Her name gleams high in electricities now. In five years, the fuse may blow out. And Peggy believes in preparation as I have already hinted more than once, she is excessively unassuming about herself and super-critical, where her work is concerned.

Being with her after she had seen "Only Yesterday" for the first time, she greeted me with a face as long as Stan Laurel's arm.

"Well, I've seen it and my worst suspicions are confirmed. I look exactly like a Pekinese!"


"Yes, but not as a leading lady in a picture," she retorted. "I think I had better leave this country—there's a boat sailing for Europe and points East in three days!"

At luncheon a few days before, she had been torn between motoring through New England, taking an eight minute part, (but a swell one, mind you!), in a new play, and getting a job in a book store. So I decided to wait until our luncheon before bidding her bon voyage.

In the meantime, I made her a handsome wager that when "Only Yesterday" had its world premiere at the Radio City Music Hall in Manhattan, she would be acclaimed by press and public alike. I had already judged her performance at a preview and I knew that my bet was like taking gags from Sam Goldwyn.

A few days later, when I read her newspaper notices, I was filled with the most of her over-night success, was hurrying down to New York for another beautiful script, Hans Fallada's best-selling novel, "Little Man, What Now?" and the promise that Frank Borzage would direct it.

This wild kid of eleven happened to see his latest hit—a cheap burlesque show. Next day found him sitting under an apple tree, juggling apples. The lad had mastered this difficult art all by himself in his bedroom, and was back on Broadway with another beautiful script, Hans Fallada's best-selling novel, "Little Man, What Now?" and the promise that Frank Borzage would direct it.

Fields for Fun

Continued from page 56

achieve this ambition by living at Tolucan Lake, right beside his golf course, the house he will build, and spend his days in writing, fishing, and making cheerful gags. The only girl Bill falls seriously for is one Angela Moran. She is the five-year-old daughter of George Moran, the other "Bill Fields"—the one who was boyhood at Tolucan Lake, and is the cutest little dame you ever laid eyes on, and does Bill go for her in a big way! Just to prove that some kids like Bill, Angela maintains that he is her husband. But Bill has presented Angela with a real diamond and platinum wedding ring which is never off her finger.

Here is a Hollywood romance that is going to last.

Perhaps one reason why Bill is not so hot as a ladies' man, but to his rough and ready is that he has a heart of gold, and Little Willie got off to a slow start in life. He was born in Philadelphia. That is, on the outskirts in support called Rising Sun. Sounds like an Indian camp! Bill and gang were Indians, at that. At the tender age of eleven, Willie had a serious tussle with his old man, and the house was never to return. He didn't run far, but he sure was an independent little cuss. For several years of formative boyhood he lived on the street, and with wit to support himself. He slept in livery stables, on wharves, and in cheap club rooms where an odd gift made him welcome. That gift was juggling!
Today we find the estimable W. C. an established success as a Paramount comedy star. Believe it or not, a couple of years ago a comedy producer rejected Bill’s offer to make a picture for nothing, just to show what he could do!

By succeeding in Hollywood he is enabled to carry out the “health, wealth, and freedom” idea. No longer must he roam the world. Not only can he play his beloved golf, but he can wear his equally beloved bedroom slippers every day in the year.

Like John Barrymore his sartorial taste startling even the nates out here at times. Bill wears bedroom slippers on all occasions. He has a nice shiny black pair for evening clothes. Not that Bill likes to doll up. Liking the open neck shirts and sweaters of the great outdoors, he hates to wear a tie. When he does he runs to stripes. Never wears a hat. Always a cap, if any.

Oh, Bill has his share of eccentricities. For example: he always combs his hair the last thing before going to bed. And if he gets up during the night he can’t go back to sleep unless he combs his hair. He is a great hand for waking up at 3 A.M. When he does, he usually eats a cold snack and imbibes a bottle of beer. Bill likes to eat, and he likes to eat roast lamb best.

He knows most of the famous eateries of the world, his favorite haunts were Joe Leomi’s in New York and Henri’s on Long Island. He plays no favorites in Hollywood.

Golf, of course, is Bill’s favorite game, sport, and exercise. He shoots in the seventies and pails around with all the great pros. He has played with Bobby Jones. He doesn’t hunt or fish, but he likes to play tennis. He boxes with a trainer every day to keep in trim.

Bill Fields has long been a great friend of Bill Hart and Bill Rogers, not that doesn’t mean he can ride a horse. In fact, horses usually bite or kick him. Just a case of “If you are going to get on, I’ll get out.”

He’s a great nature lover. Loves to motor through the countryside stopping off somewhere to picnic. Imagine that! His words are Lionel Barrymore. But he hasn’t a favorite actress—he likes them all!

LISTEN IN!
SCREENLAND
Is On The Air.
Here’s Hollywood—brought right into your home in all its glory. It’s the talk of the town! When you hear, each Friday, the radio gossip of SCREENLAND you will be a step ahead of the news, because our West Coast reporters not only know what’s happening but they also gather news-in-the-making. Keep up with your favorite Hollywood stars—their new pictures, future plans, parties, new gags, whims and hobbies! Be aware of the facts and fancies of the film colony. You’ll be Hollywood-wise if you follow SCREENLAND’s radio gossip!

Every Friday, 2 P. M.
STATION
WMCA
New York

DARLING, PLEASE DON’T GET FAT!

If you are a man and a woman swear by it. They ask for it in over 40 different countries.

And Marmola is so simple! No rigid diet, no exercising. Merely take 4 tablets a day. Why should anyone want to reduce—whether it be 10 pounds or 114—author to try this delightful way that has been thoroughly tested and many, many times? The formula is printed in every package. Ask for Marmola at any drug store. Do not accept substitutes.

MARMOLA
The Right Way to Reduce

“I Know It Has The Power To Reduce Fat!”

I WAS frightened. My husband thought that fat was unforbearable. Yet try as I would I could not get back my slender, youthful lines.

I tried almost everything before a friend suggested Marmola. I had heard of Marmola, of course, but I did not fully realize how effective it was.

How foolish I was to torture myself with diet, exercise, girdles and dozens of baseless formulas. When Marmola employs a reducing principle that the whole scientific world recognizes. Why, doctors regularly prescribe the same ingredients. It is the outstanding fat-reducing method. It has stood the test for years. Over 20 million boxes have been sold. Men and women swear by it.

No More Whiskey Drinking

Home Treatment That Costs Nothing To Try

Oderless and Tasteless—Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

We’re All Happy Now—says Little Mary Lee, because Mother found how to end the habit safely (and we want every woman to know about it).

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, it should be just the thing you want. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of Odorless Treatment.

You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 585 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STAY Your Rupture Worries!

Why worry and suffer with that ruptured hernia any longer? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving and curing many cases of reducible hernias. It has Automatic Air Cushions which bind and draw the broken parts together as if you would a broken limb. No dangerous springs or pads. No salves or plasters. Different, cheap. Send on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

H. C. BROOKS, 6079 State St., Marshall, Michigan

Mad and Hungry at Every Meal. Tried Every New Reducing Fad.

I STRUGGLED HOPELESSLY BEFORE I FOUND THE RIGHT WAY.

I Only Knew How Desperately I Was Trying to Reduce...

My Husband’s Gentle Warning Hurt Me So...

Send Money Now Write Now

WHEN THE PAIN BARES ITS TEETH
Rapidly relieves the pain of indigestion and nervousness in less than 15 minutes. A diet of Painless Foods permits eating of foods without pain. A thoroughly scientifically research, natural, safe, painless formula. Sold only by medical and dental practitioners. Write for details and a trial bottle.

WHITNEY CHEM. CO., Dept. 82-T, Tyrone, Pa.
There's a BARGAIN IN BEAUTY at your grocer's

What a thrill it is to slip into these modern clothes—so flattering to delicately moulded curves. To know, as you wear them, that your face is as lovely as your figure, your eyes bright with health and happiness!

To look well in the new styles, many of us must reduce. In dieting, be sure your menu contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. This condition may endanger both health and complexities. It may be corrected by eating a delicious cereal.

Just ask your grocer for a package of Kellogg's All-Bran—rich in "bulk" and vitamin B to aid regular habits. All-Bran is also a good source of iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in All-Bran is much like that in leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much pleasanter than taking patent medicines!

Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Hail! Radio's New Home
Continued from page 65

thirty-five studios of various sizes. A special studio for children, and five special studios for auditions. Each broadcasting-room is decorated differently—all of modern design. Even in the press department the desks are of black and silver! 325 electric clocks throughout the building are synchronized so that they always show exactly the same time. And there are 250 microphone outlets in the studios.

All in all, this was Hollywood-on-the-air! Marie Dressler's birthday party celebration brought all the bright stars into your home. Then, of course, you listened to the grand send-off Hollywood gave to Radio-City. And Rudy Vallee very kindly presented Margaret Sullivan, the newest screen sensation; Miriam Hopkins, and Ernst Lubitsch, to us listeners. You've probably been listening to Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers every Sunday. Bing Crosby is back thrilling the tuner-inners with his grand voice. And don't forget our own Jimmy Fidler who, each week, introduces screen celebrities from Hollywood.

I sat in on John Florence Sullivan's first broadcast from the new studios. (Yes, folksies, here I am back at Radio City again!) What, you don't know Mr. Sullivan? All right, I'll break down and tell you who he is. Hey, come out from under that moniker, Fred Allen! There!

The swanky studio didn't effect Allen's droll comedy, he was just as funny as ever in this elegant setting. You know, of course, that Fred writes his own material. And you may also know that Portland ("I'll Intimate!") Hoffa is his wife. They've been married for six years. Allen started his career as a juggler. He had a vaudeville act and toured the country for years. His next step from there was the Broadway stage. He was starred with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb in "Little Show," and followed that with "Three's a Crowd." But now Radio has his undivided attention. He puts in an appearance at the studio every day, trying out bits of his funny business.

He puts on a good show from the beginning to his unique wind-up. "This is Fred Allen saying Good, spelled G-o-o-d, Night, spelled N-i-g-h-t!" Even Mack Sennett thought this a wow—he was a guest one night. And Sennett knows his comedy!
IF YOU REALLY KNEW about Princess Pat powder
YOU'D SURELY TRY IT

• here we shall try to give the facts - - read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is fragrance. Will you like Princess Pat? Yes. For its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of romantic things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume. So point three in favor of Princess Pat powder is a fragrance of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her only powder. For Princess Pat powder is good for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in no other face powder. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and naturally lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the selfsame properties. Fancy that! When you powder, you actually improve your skin. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture. You will inevitably say you look younger by years once you have changed to Princess Pat face powder.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base — cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.

NOW IS THE TIME! Receive FREE a beautiful Vanity

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 of 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.

PRINCESS PAT
LONDON . . . . CHICAGO

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. A-3042. I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. ENTIRELY FREE, postage prepaid, send me the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled, with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold or Silver finish is desired.

Name ____________________________________________

Street ___________________________________________

City and State ___________________________________

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.
It takes Healthy Nerves

TO BE A CHAMPION SKI JUMPER

ANTON LEKANG—National Ski Jump Champion of the United States, 1932. With over forty titles and trophies behind him, Anton Lekang, a Camel smoker for many years, says: "A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. They never interfere with healthy nerves."

A MATCHLESS BLEND

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos
NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

Anton Lekang, winner of over 40 titles and trophies, smokes Camels steadily—without a sign of jangled nerves. He says:

"The most important elements in ski jumping are correct timing and healthy nerves. In fact, they add up to the same thing because you cannot have correct timing without healthy nerves. I have been jumping at championship ski-runs for years. And I have smoked Camels steadily for even longer. They are the only cigarette that I don't get tired of. A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. And Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

Countless thousands are changing to Camels. And they are urging others to join them! Camels are milder, They have a rich, satisfying flavor. And they leave your nerves smooth and unruffled.

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
New Love For Garbo?

Gary Cooper Talks About His Big Romance!

Who Are Hollywood's 6 Most Charming Women?
Girls who know this secret always win out

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEAROSE COMPLEXION

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive... how to win admiration... romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple... so easy to try... regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer your skin becomes... how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and holds them!

9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars... countless girls the country over... have proved what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the added beauty Lux Toilet Soap brings.

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists say:
"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... in-between

YOU can have the Charm men can't resist
Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl... pretty clothes... but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and massage the gums, with Ipana—and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

| IPANA TOOTH PASTE |
A Picture You Should Not Miss!

Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young in "A Man's Castle" (Columbia).

Here, in all respects, is an unusual film! Director Frank Borzage has called forth all his old-time skill and wizardry of touch in fashioning a tale of two orphans of the economic storm. Bill and Trina, adrift in New York, meet and pool their assets—which total exactly nothing. They set up sketchy housekeeping in the "shantytown" of the homeless and jobless, and there manage to ensure happiness until Bill's wanderlust threatens to tear them asunder. Taking these two very human and appealing characters, Borzage has woven a story that is tender, exciting, and gaily amusing by turns. If, here and there, the plot wanders off into extraneous melodrama, blame the script rather than the sensitive direction or the consummate acting. Spencer Tracy's Bill is a memorable character, especially in the frequent gay moments where he reveals a rich talent for comedy. Loretta Young is scarcely less excellent as the frightened little waif blindly in love with her roughneck benefactor. And the fervent love scenes between these two are among the most convincing the screen has shown us in a long time. Walter Connolly, Marjorie Rambeau, and Arthur Hohl render able support. This isn't the great screen drama of America's Years of the Locust, but you'll find it amply rewarding.
Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted!

Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen’s "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
This diverting comedy is Lilian Gish's first film in three years—and she's charming. The story, adapted from an Arnold Bennett play, is a variation on the mistaken identity theme. Roland Young portrays a timid artist who can't prove that it was his valet and not he who died. So he lives the life of the valet even so far as marrying the dead man's mail-order fiancée! Both stars are splendid. More Gish films—soon!

Here's one successful Broadway play that is equally effective as a screen story. Vivid and dramatic stuff. John Barrymore is excellent as the attorney who rose from the Ghetto to a position of power. Doris Kenyon, as his snobbish wife, gives a good performance, and Bebe Daniels wins your sympathy as the devoted secretary. The film maintains a lively pace, with cleverly distributed comedy, drama, and pathos.

Clara Bow wiggles a mean cooch dance as Fatsima, the girl "who begins where all other Oriental dancers leave off." This talkie version of "The Barker" is well presented, and contains some realistic circus scenes with the usual "hey-rube" fee-for-all fight. Dick Cromwell is credible as the romantic circus boy. The entire story, however, is too familiar by now to qualify as anything like first-rank entertainment.

They do in this picture—but in surprising ways! Alice Brady plays a middle-aged lady who seeks to revive a girlhood romance, with unlocked-for results. The clever, un-hackneyed story furnishes a grand setting for Miss Brady's slightly daffy comedy. Lionel Barrymore plays her elderly husband amid much eyebrow-wiggling. Mary Carlisle is sweetly girlish as their daughter. Conway Tearle plays the autumnal lover.

At last! The Hollywood song writer comes into his own. In fact, there are two of them—Jack Oakie, the exuberant, and Jack Haley, the timid—and they're both immensely comical as the heroes of this musical film. Out on the Coast in quest of a job, they run into assorted complications, not least among them the exciting Ginger Rogers. The music, dancing, and "spectacles" are satisfying. And Gregory Ratoff!

We were afraid of this. Jimmy Dunn plays one of those brash press agents—a rôle without which, evidently, no vigorous young actor's career is complete. As usual, he loses both his job and his girl through an excess of zeal. Then, having seen the error of his ways and reformed, he wins back again. Jimmy performs with genuine charm, and Claire Trevor shows promise. But the story, alas, has little in its favor.

What could be funnier than a rough-and-tumble newspaperman being forced to conduct a "heart-throb" column? The answer should be "nothing"—particularly when Lee Tracy is the harried scribe. Yet somehow the story, presented in cinema form, fails to come off. And the attempt to liven matters by hauling in melodrama scarcely helps. Tracy tries hard; Sterling Holloway assists; Sally Blane does her best work yet.

For Ann Harding addicts! The star's classic profile, coiffure, and croon have full play in this never believable and only occasionally moving or amusing story of a broken-hearted heroine who gives up her baby son, only to find him again later on in the engaging little person of Dicky Moore. Meanwhile she spurns the fascinating Tulio Carminatti and the irresistible Clive Brook. Pretty hard going for the grand cast.

What a woman's picture! And what a woman playing it! Kay Francis gives her grandest performance as a chorus beauty of the gay 90's who marries a young man-about-town, Gene Raymond, and retires to the mansion mentioned in the title, where their daughter is born. Tragedy separates them and Kay becomes, later, a lady gambler in that same mansion. Enter daughter—and sizzling drama.

Charlie Ruggles annexes the honors again in this haphazard yarn about American artists in Paris. As the slightly alcoholic friend of Charles Farrell, he rescues the latter from a Russian siren and re-unites him with his sweetheart, Marguerite Churchill. There are a few amusing scenes and a tuneful song or two—and that's about all. Farrell does his best with a poor rôle; Marguerite is lovely and effective. And Ratoff scores again.
Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)
directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
NOW
You're Talking!

Stop—read—write!

One picture—and screen fame! Margaret Sullavan's arresting personality and thrilling voice in "Only Yesterday" completely captivated the film audience. She's our readers' Girl-of-the-Month.

The first eight letters receive prizes of five dollars each

APPLAUSE WITH SOUND?
Whoever started this no-applause inhibition, anyway? Recently, at "Berkeley Square" and at "Three Little Pigs," I caused consternation among the sophisticated by clapping in the good, old-fashioned way. Well, it's no use—either pictures must become less enjoyable or I'll have to be handcuffed!

W. Ward Wright, Rural Route 3, Logansport, Ind.

ROMANCE K.O.'S SEX
Who says movie-going America has gone "sexy"? A lurid sex movie hereabouts had only fair attendance for two days. Meanwhile, at an adjacent theatre, "Little Women" played to packed houses for seven days. Give us wholesome pictures, intelligently acted, and they'll continue to pack us in!

Mrs. H. D. Cooksey, 28 Forest Rd., Raleigh, N. C.

BUT—JOAN FORGETS!
Remember Delight Evans' open letter to Joan Crawford? Joan replied, promising to mind Delight and remove "at least two inches of that make-up." Judging from her portrait in the January Screenland, Joan's memory is short. Why the gallon of stickum on the justly famous Crawford orbs? Spank her, Delight!

Linnie Cooper, 103 N. 7th St., Hamilton, Ohio.

A GIRL HE CAN'T FORGET!
Margaret Sullavan in "Only Yesterday" is the most "human" actress I have ever seen on the screen. She is completely real and natural. I can still hear her lovely voice and see her appealing face as Mary Lane, a girl I can never forget. More power to Margaret!

Francis Darragh, R. F. D. 6, Manchester, N. H.

FOR "THREE LITTLE PIGMENTS"
Why not more films in color? Is the process too expensive, or what? I confess my ignorance—but how I do revel in rich, beautiful color! It adds 50% in attractiveness to any picture. Imagine those gorgeous scenes in "Footlight Parade" in color. Not to mention the famous Cagney thatch!

Willie Mae Jackson, 108 Riverside Dr., Columbia, Tenn.

TRUE "SUCCESS STORY!"
Frank Young, of a local theatre staff, takes his he-man movies seriously. It (Continued on page 11)
Warner Bros. parade of stars marches to greater glory!...

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade"

...and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known—"Wonder Bar". Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON  KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO  DICK POWELL
RICARDO CORTEZ  HAL LEROY
FI FI D'ORSAY  GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT  KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY  ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY  HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture
To GARBO

SCREENLAND'S Honor Page

We HAIL the triumphant "come-back" of the screen's most noble figure. We believe that here, for once, is a star and a motion picture living up to all the advance ballyhoo. Garbo in "Queen Christina" is a rare and lovely experience. We are proud and happy to urge you to welcome the mighty and majestic Swedish girl back to her cinema kingdom. Her first film since her long vacation proves anew that Garbo gives us something that no other screen actress is able to give: a glimpse of grandeur, a hint of deathless beauty, the pulse of pure poetry. "Queen Christina" is no cheap sex drama for sensation-seekers, but a fine and worthy vehicle for the Snow Queen's victorious return. Long may she reign!
TST-TS WAR DEPARTMENT!
I can say my say in one sentence; Joe E. Brown had better look to his laurels—he'll soon have a rival if Joan doesn't economize on that lip-rouge!
Mary Hickey, 171 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

A BOLAND BOUQUET
My fifty words are dedicated to Mary Boland, a player so intelligent she can do "dumb" roles superbly. She has saved many a so-so picture, like "Three Cornered Moon," through her combination of wit and charm. What's more, she possesses one of the most attractive voices on the screen.
Doris Davies, Regina, Canada.

PAGING MR. MANNERS!
David Manners is one of the most romantic actors on the screen today. At all times his work is a genuine pleasure to see. Why not show him in more of those romantic tangles? Producers, give us more of this popular young Thespian!
Winifred Luzmoor, Lafayette, Colo.

OFF THE BLONDE STANDARD:
Isn't it about time we put all our synthetic blonde menaces in moth balls an' gave girls like Pert Kelton a break? An orchid and a couple of dandelions to Pert! She's a tonic for jaded nerves.
Mae E. Nelson, 1933 So. Highland Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

KELLY COMES THROUGH!
Our friends the producers may not know it, but they've discovered a great star in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." His name is Paul Kelly, and he's one actor who can make an imaginative scene effective without making it mushy. Let's see him often!
Ruth Joanne Wilson, 240 12th St. S. E., Washington, D. C.

THE FLAMING FEMME OF 44 B. C.
What a hit Cleopatra, if she were alive today, would be in motion pictures! She not only possessed beauty and acting ability, but she married often—totaling three spouses—and always made her mark!
Roderick Dhu, 4446 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 90)

Now You're Talking
Continued from page 8
used to earn him a lot of razzing. Then one day two six-foot armed bandits appeared. Frank floored them with a sock in the whiskers. Nobody kids Frank about his movie enthusiasms any more!
Manly Wade Wellman, Wichita, Kan.

CARY AND THE GALS
My favorite star? Cary Grant—he has everything! But am I jealous! I usually find him in the arms of Mae West, which seems to be his idea of how to pass the time. Understand his latest effort is "Born to Be Bad" with Lucetta Young. Goodness, what a birthright!
Pauline Doris Doner, Little Rock, Ark.

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PERFOLASTIC GIRDLING FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES"...writes Miss Healy

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy."
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REJECT YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS...
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JOHN BARRYMORE
Just as sure as not
You'll find John on his yacht,
Developing seaworthy legs.
And spending his time,
Without reason or rhyme,
With his rarest collection of eggs.

JOAN CRAWFORD
You cannot ignore,
In this group of four,
The personal hobby of Joan.
She considers it play
To model in clay
And even to chisel in stone.

NORMA SHEARER
If you can't analyze
The charm of her eyes
Or the glamorous lure of her tresses—
You, at least, should have known
That Miss Shearer is prone
To designing her very own dresses.

CLARK GABLE
Here is a man's man,
A cinema-fan's man,
An actor in sweater and jeans.
When off of the lot
You can see Clark get hot
'4-fishing for whales and sardines.

hollywood hobbies
Two Great Come-Backs!

By Delight Evans

TINY girl with shimmering golden hair and appealing pout and expressive hands and cute childish legs walked out on the big stage of the Paramount Theatre on Broadway, New York—one of the “hardest” theatres in the world, with one of the most exciting audiences. The little girl opened her lips to speak—and perhaps she did, but you couldn’t hear her for the applause that spread through that vast theatre. Evidently the little girl was Somebody. Just a mite, but maybe the audience knew her. Knew her? They loved her! They had always loved her—the mothers and the aunts since “Tess of the Storm Country”; the youngsters since “Secrets.” And she was weaving the same spell. Mary Pickford came back to Broadway—the street she deserted for the movies when she was a golden-haired child prodigy of David Belasco in “The Poor Little Devil.” And now, with years of film triumphs behind her, she returned to play a bit from “The Church Mouse,” and conquered again. This Pickford must have something! I should like to see her in a full-length stage play, as she plans, touring every city, town, and hamlet where her movie image has been loved so long. Why don’t you invite her to visit you?

IT WAS a heart-warming evening, that world premiere of “Queen Christina” on Broadway. It brought back Garbo. And it brought back another movie idol who had been away too long. When that tall man with the plumed hat and the flashing smile and the burning eyes stepped from his stage coach into a movie Swedish snow-drift—you believed he was, in truth, the Spanish envoy on his way to his sweet fate as the lover of Queen Christina. And no other movie actor could have made you believe it but John Gilbert. It isn’t easy to be convincingly dashing and romantic in a fur coat and a velvet hat and a Castilian hair-cut. Only Gilbert could do it. And later, when it becomes so apparent that his rôle is not to be “built up”—that he is to be merely Garbo’s leading man, he accepts the inevitable with such good grace, such charming humility, that you admire him all the more. I hope that John Gilbert is back in pictures to stay. Why doesn’t some smart producer take advantage of our current romantic mood and star him in “The Count of Monte Cristo”? He’s the one actor who would not be ridiculous in such an heroic rôle; he would make us believe it, because he would believe it himself!
Gary's married! "Bachelor until 35," he succumbs at 32. Here are the reasons, revealed by the Montana Menace himself.

GARY COOPER had always maintained that he would not marry until he reached the age of thirty-five. But his marriage on December 15 to Miss Sandra Shaw (Veronica Balfe) of the exclusive Park Avenue social sector was announced—and Gary is only thirty-two!

With the rest of the world, I was curious to know just what had actuated him to change his mind and revise the sentiments he has so often proclaimed both publicly and privately. I wanted to hear about the girl who had succeeded where so many had failed.

For Gary has been rumored in love, engaged and even married more often than any young man in Hollywood, where for an appreciable time he has reigned as the cinema colony's most eligible bachelor.

First among the screen sirens who laid siege to his heart was the torrid Clara Bow, back in the days when both were starting their picture careers. But their romance did not endure for long, and Evelyn Brent followed the Brooklyn bonfire in Mr. Cooper's affections and press-notices. Miss Brent was in turn supplanted by Lupe Velez.

The progress of the Cooper-Velez romance was historical and hysterical. It lasted for over three years and there are those who insist, even today, that neither Gary nor Lupe will ever completely forget each other.

However, at the time that Lupe wrote finis to that chapter in their lives, Gary was a sick boy. He sailed for Europe in the double quest of forgetfulness and health.

It was while abroad that he met the older woman for whom he felt a very real appreciation and friendship. However, Hollywood in general and the world at large magnified...

By
Laura
Benham
his friendship with the sophisticated Countess di Frasso and when that worthy noblewoman arrived in Hollywood to visit Mary Pickford shortly after Gary returned home, tongues wagged and pens scribbled in a veritable deluge of gossip.

So, for a long time Gary's name was insistently linked with that of this charming older friend. Despite the various rumors that flew so thick and fast for a while, to the effect that the countess would soon discard her title for the simple signature of "Mrs. Gary Cooper," you may be sure that such an idea never occurred to the tall, gaunt gentleman from Montana.

I've known Gary for a long time and I'm sure that this is the truth. For he has always been quite frank with me and his rare confidences are things to believe and to cherish.

For that reason, I wanted to see him and have a good, long talk with him about his plunge into matrimony. I wanted to see if Hollywood and pictures had at last changed the man who had always been impervious to the superficialities and hypocrisies of a town noted for altering most characters—and most views on matrimony.

Gary greeted me as cheerily—and as silently—as is his usual wont. The fact that he is one of the most popular actors on the screen today and has been fêted by princes and potentates has not altered the charmingly ingenuous grin and half-shy mannerisms that characterized him in the beginning.

He was inclined to be reticent at first (but that's typical of Gary), and obviously preferred discussing such timely topics as Roosevelt, recovery, and repeal. But eventually he squared his shoulders and decided to be brave and tell me why he had decided to forego those three years of single bliss.

"It's because I think I've found the One Girl," he explained. "The One Girl I've always been looking for.

And when that happens you find that it doesn't matter what you've said before—it doesn't matter how young or how old you are—all that counts is being together and sharing each other's lives."

"Did you know the moment you saw Miss Shaw that she was the 'One Girl?'" I could not resist asking.

Gary's blue eyes twinkled as he replied. "I didn't see her when I first met her! It was last April in the projection room at the studio. It was dark, of course, when I went in, and after stumbling over several pair of feet, I managed to find a (Continued on page 72)
Charm—what, how, why, and whose? Here are all the answers!

By Margery Wilson

Every woman wants Charm! Every screen actress is supposed to have it! But what's the real truth? Is this precious quality the exclusive property of a few movie stars, or may you possess it as well? We wanted the answer, and we found it—by asking Margery Wilson, acknowledged authority on Charm, to tell us her conclusions. Read Miss Wilson's article. We believe it is at once the cleverest—and the most controversial—ever written on this fascinating subject. For Margery Wilson knows. She is consulted by famous stage and screen stars, by society women, teachers—and just girls!

WHAT is Charm? This is the question thrust at me incessantly. After hearing careless chatter on the subject one might suppose that there are different kinds of Charm—one sort for actresses, another for housewives, still another for dealing with men, and others for different ages. Let us rid our minds of such complications at once. We will arrive at the forceful truth immediately if we will admit that there is only ONE Charm. True, that Charm expresses itself in a million ways by whatever

KATHARINE HEPBURN
"Her face does not matter."

MARIE DRESSLER
"She has taken the fear out of age for women."

HELEN HAYES
"A lovely lullaby."
The Charm Six: Hepburn, Dressler, Hayes, Chatterton, Garbo, Shearer

avenues present themselves in any given person, place or circumstance. But it is basically one thing—a single, vital, immutable psychological fact. We will dissect and then discuss this common denominator found in all charming women. Then you will see why I have chosen this list of six women; you will perceive just what is the special quality they have in common—and I trust you will agree with me that they have it in greater abundance than their contemporaries.

Now, for the definition: “CHARM IS THE ABILITY TO CAUSE OTHERS TO SEE THEMSELVES IN YOU.” A truly charming actress actually lends her beauty and emotions to every woman in the audience. If each timid little girl, seated in the dim theatre, is vicariously living the delightful, pathetic, or thrilling things of the actress’ performance—she will adore that actress. This is the secret of personal appeal and success anywhere in life. Every woman in the world has it to a greater or a lesser degree. It is what producers are combing the earth to find. After you have read this article, I believe you will have a most interesting experience in studying yourself comparatively with the women you know. These six players, in my opinion, reflect amazingly the desires of their audiences.

For instance, Katharine Hepburn does and says things you and I would like to do and say; says and does them with a reckless nobility—with always her sound conviction supporting them. She has, perhaps, the most rapid co-ordination of heart and head to be found in Hollywood. Her face is not the ordinary one. Her admirers think her rather odd face is beautiful. Her critics say she is homely. I say her face doesn't matter, for it is merely the place where the fire of her personality casts its reflections. It is but a screen on which is shown the shadow-play of each day's dramas. Katharine Hepburn can, if she wishes, act for an admiring public as long as she lives—if life does not dim the flame of her spirit.

If life does not dim the flame of her spirit, if nothing dulls the edge of her lightening perceptions, if her personality remains unchanged she will later be as beloved a character actress as either Marie Dressler or May ROlison.

For most of us life is too complicated to let us go about speaking our minds in the Hepburn manner. We fear it might not be politic. We are afraid of giving offense, of being considered rude. In her it does not seem rudeness but rather a passionate and constructive honesty. Thus, in Katharine Hepburn we see our own wish given full and arresting expression and we say—"Isn't she charming?"

Mae West's appeal to both rowdy and conservative is based on the same thing. It charms most people to have their vices expressed for them. (Continued on page 80)
What I Think of Jimmy

The only trouble with giving out a story of this kind, as I see it, is that in order to be any good it has to be absolutely honest. How can I make it honest and yet printable—particularly if he’s going to give out one on me?

My first meeting with him occurred when we went to a producer’s office to see about parts in “Maggie, the Magnificent.” The room was packed and jammed with people. And there, beside me, stood that tough-looking little redhead with a face like an amiable bulldog.

As I said, the room was so packed I despaired of ever getting close enough to the producer to talk to him. Cagney was standing next to me. He must have noticed that I looked a little worried because suddenly he said, “Do you want to get up there?”

“Sure,” I said, “but I don’t suppose I ever will.”

“Go on,” he said and began pushing me. When he stopped I was right up in the front line. As I came out of the office I gave him a little smile which was intended to tell him everything was all right. But I still didn’t know who he was.

Next day I met him at rehearsal and we were introduced. He’d got the part he was after, too. The play only had six weeks’ run but it served two purposes. We got to know each other and became fast friends and it kept us in coffee and cakes.

Jimmy was a revelation to me even in those days. You expect him to be just a tough mugg. Well, even when he was only getting a foothold, Jimmy was never tough. He was constantly trying to improve himself. The only people who have ever interested him are extremely intelligent people and those he calls “camps”—people with an unusual sense of humor who are always good for laughs. But he prefers the intellectuals. Not only Jimmy but all his brothers read constantly. And they read good books in an effort to better themselves.

When I hear people say he has gone highbrow in an effort to live up to his position as a star it makes me furious. He isn’t highbrow! He’ll laugh just as uproariously now at low things, even vulgarities if they’re funny, as he ever did. The only difference is that in those days he was a relatively unimportant person and no one paid much attention to what he read—or even if he read.

People are constantly asking me if he has changed. The only change I can see in Jimmy is that in New York I could usually understand him whereas now he talks so low it’s almost impossible to hear him. You get the feeling when he’s talking that some delectable dirt is being dished if you could only hear it.

But that again resolves itself into the difference between being unimportant and a great star. When you’re unimportant you have to talk loud to make yourself heard and when you’re a star everybody sits on the edge of the chair so as to be sure of not missing a word.

He has an air of quiet assurance about him that makes everything he does seem O.K. When he used to tell me something it never (Continued on page 82)
they've been good friends ever since—
Cagney consent to talk about each other!

S. R. Mook

TALK about Blondell? I seem to know her too well to remember anything startling about her. When you know a person well you take each other so much for granted you stop making observations and disregard the colorful aspects of a personality. The result is, very often we are surprised by a pointed comment from a stranger concerning her.

Joan's most pronounced trait is her absent-mindedness. An instance of this is furnished by the fact that she is continually inviting people to dinner and then forgetting all about it. Usually when she extends an invitation to intimates she will add, “Call us up the morning you're coming and remind us, will you?” That's great as long at it is intimates she invites but when her to-be guests are casual acquaintances with whom she is not on friendly enough terms to do that, things often become a little embarrassing, because when the guests arrive Joan and George have generally forgotten about it and are as apt as not to be out to dinner themselves.

(Mook speaking: That's great coming from Cagney, who is probably the most absent-minded person I have ever met. When he wired me recently to join him in Carmel on a little vacation he failed to give me the address. I called George Frank, his friend and business adviser, to get it. “You're lucky he remembered to sign his name!” George chuckled.)

I think Joan is without doubt the best comedienne in the business. She never has to extend herself for a laugh. She has a really great gift for comedy. She is the most attractive young woman I can think of who can play comedy effortlessly and instinctively.

In her first important role in New York, “Maggie the Magnificent,” she took direction from that greatest of all stage directors—George Kelly—with an ease that only a natural and instinctive actress possesses. The very fact that Kelly, himself, used to collapse in the footlights, figuratively speaking, at the facility with which she followed his instructions proved her understanding of the requirements.

I cannot stress too much the rarity of the comedy gift among women players—particularly young ones—because, for the most part, they are chiefly concerned with the dramatic aspects of the part they are playing. Blondell will play any scene for all it is worth and, in playing a scene, will disregard entirely the character that is so pronounced among the leading ladies: that of looking pretty at any cost.

She is sensible enough never to let her moods influence her relations with her associates. I mean, for instance, if she came on the set in a bad humor or feeling: “Of sorts, she would never have the set closed, as many actors and actresses have done. If she is in a bad humor or a blue funk, she can easily be kidded out of it. She's always ready for a laugh.

Another of Joan's great characteristics is her very broad tolerance. She has an amazing capacity for taking it on the chin.” The fact that she has been stung again and again hasn't embittered her. She will always listen sympathetically to anyone's tale of woe and do all she can to help out. She's (Continued on page 83)
YOU can get a free education in interior decoration from the motion pictures that you see, according to Cedric Gibbons, the noted art director who is responsible for the sets created for such stars as the Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"In the ordinary course of events, an average American family man knows perhaps twenty other families into whose homes he can go," says Mr. Gibbons, speaking to Screenland's readers. "When he has visited these homes once or twice he has seen all there is to see in them, and they can give him no new ideas about furniture or decoration."

Perhaps the most popular home setting ever created for a motion picture: the living-room devised for "When Ladies Meet" by Cedric Gibbons, who received thousands of requests for information about it from householders throughout the world.

Read what Mr. Gibbons says in this article.

Mr. Gibbons, the eminent art director whose authoritative views on home decoration are presented to you herewith.

Consult the Screen for Ideas in Decorating Your Home

Remember the amusing bar in Alice Brady's home in "When Ladies Meet"? Here's a view of it, above, from Cedric Gibbons' files.

Right, Mr. Gibbons designed this delightful bedroom for a young girl. Note how gay and informal, without being too "quaint."
Let Cedric Gibbons advise you on home decoration problems. The second in Screenland's exclusive series of helpful articles by famous interior decorators

By
Ruth Tildesley

"But each modern screen production contains anywhere from one to a dozen interiors. In the course of our film-going we enter a hundred different homes in a year, and get as many new ideas. It is as broadening as travel, and in some instances it is a safer guide, for motion picture producers spend much money for the best experts in this line, each one possessed of the latest thought on the subject.

"The average picture-goer can educate his taste from the screen, since many sets seen in up-to-date pictures are good examples of modern art.

"The principle behind the creation of a beautiful room is simple: it should be a background for the people who live in it.

"The average person looks at a room as a place with four walls, furnished thus and so; but the correct idea is to look at it merely as a background to set off the people who come into it.

"Don't crowd it with furniture and ornaments so that you have to look twice to see who is present. A modern interior should have a subdued beauty that sets off the human element to best advantage. No outside details should detract from the personality of the hostess or the loveliness of her gown.

"I like the living-room in 'Reunion in Vienna,' because it is a comfortable, beautiful, livable place that wouldn't dwarf the personalities of interesting people who went into it.

"I consider it infinitely better than the remodeled cottage in 'When Ladies Meet'; yet it is this cottage that brought me a great sheaf of letters asking for stills, sketches, plans of any kind from all over the country. Apparently, householders who saw the film liked the cottage well enough to wish to live in it, which somewhat surprised me, because this place was supposed to have been designed for Alice Brady by a fussy architect, and it was in some ways just a little too 'nice.'"

"Probably, however, the reason so many fans noticed the cottage was that time was given in the picture for guests in the house to admire it. Someone was always saying: 'Isn't this adorable?' or 'Let me show you the bedrooms,' or 'See what Walter did with the old stables!' and so on. People notice what is called to their attention, naturally. And the cottage (Continued on page 88)
Romance for the Swedish Sphinx? Read what one of Hollywood's keenest reporters says about our latest star-director love rumor!

By Alma Whitaker

HOLLYWOOD wants its Garbo involved in a romance.

But the secretive, mysterious Greta has never exactly flaunted her dates. Gossips pined in vain. Not since the days of her first director, Mauritz Stiller, and later her leading man, John Gilbert, has The Garbo furnished the film rumor-hounds with sufficient material for even a paragraph.

So that, the wish being father to the thought, when it leaked out that she had been seen in the company of Rouben Mamoulian, while off duty, the glad news buzzed wherever tongues could wag.

Now Rouben Mamoulian directed Garbo in "Queen Christina." He is a highly presentable Russian, speaks six languages, including Greta's own Swedish, is well versed in the ways of romance—and has never been married.

The excitement began late in the Spring last year, when Mamoulian was with Paramount, and was directing Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." Garbo did an unprecedented thing when she accompanied Mamoulian to the rival studio to see the "rushes" of the Dietrich picture. She was to do this on several occasions, finally attending an out-of-town preview of "Song of Songs" with the Russian. The next we heard, Rouben Mamoulian had been selected to direct Garbo herself in the much-discussed "Queen Christina."

Since then, outwardly at least, their status has been that of an appreciative star toward a sympathetic director and vice versa, except that applied observers vowed they saw a soupçon of intimacy in the professional mien which had not been noticeable when, say, Fred Niblo or Clarence Brown held the directorial wand.

And that, mes amis, is positively all the evidence. On such slender foundation is romance built in Hollywood. The quidnuncs admit that Garbo may have been merely appraising Mamoulian's work when she accompanied him to see those rushes, with a view to having him hired for "Queen Christina," but they likewise imply that great oaks from little acorns grow and all that sort of thing.
New Love for GARBO

In the question-mark, Garbo and her new director, Malmö. In the triangle, Greta with her leading man of this and past screen seasons, John Gilbert. The Garbo-Gilbert team, revived in "Queen Christina," still has its old glamour for fans.

The studio publicity department at M-G-M is torn two ways. It entirely approves of the regal flame of publicity that has flashed around the world, which will in no wise embarrass the popularity of "Queen Christina." On the other hand, their Garbo's rather peremptory ideas about her private affairs being sacred, forbids them aiding and abetting the fire. So they look innocent, deny everything, and generally give the impression that they simply mustn't tell.

In the Hebrew, Rouben means "Behold, a son!" Hollywood wants it to mean "Behold, a lover!" They like the idea of Rouben being a bachelor, thirty-five years of age and oozing cosmopolitan tang. Born in Caucasus, Russia, he was educated at Moscow University, where he graduated in law, and at the Lycée Montaigne in Paris. He went to London to direct some Russian stage plays in 1920, attracted the attention of George Eastman, who brought him to the U. S. A. to direct American grand opera, and later to run the Eastman Theatre School. New York's Theatre Guild claimed him in 1926. Paramount lured him out to Hollywood in 1931. For them he directed "City Streets," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Love Me Tonight."

Now, of course, no one could possibly accuse Garbo of coveting anything belonging to Dietrich. Still, it is whispered that Garbo made one of her little incognito trips to see a Dietrich preview. At all events, Garbo's interest was obviously aroused by the time "Song of Songs" was on the way, and she was intrigued enough to see those "rushes"—along with the two-way eligible Rouben.

Then, too, the lustrous Garbo may have envied Marlene her Sven gal. Von Sternberg. It was not fair that Dietrich should have two Sven galis! Garbo's own original Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's greatest director, who had picked her out and piloted her on to fame and Hollywood, had been missed. In those first American days, nine years ago, the Stiller influence had been very important to the so-recently elevated daughter of Sven Gustafsson of Stockholm. At that time Stiller was god-father, prince charming, guide, philosopher and friend. Stiller was that most dangerous of men—one who understood.

So, in Hollywood's way, it was comfortably decided that Mauritz was the all-important man in Greta's life, both in the films and out.

And it was after Stiller's departure that she became Garbo, the arch-recluse. Hollywood built on that. It was the thing to picture her a struggling Trilogy, with a lost Sven gal. There was even a hint of dismay when succeeding pictures, minus Stiller, proved successes. Garbo had fooled them again! During that period she would visit few people, chiefly Frances Marion in her hill-top home, where she would sit and gaze wistfully across the world.

But presently came "Love" and "The Divine Woman" with Jack Gilbert. The bouyant, (Continued on page 73)
DeMille's Magic at Work Again!

CECIL BLOUNT DE MILLE, Star-Maker of the movie lots these twenty years and more, sat in the restaurant of a New York hotel a few days ago, and fiddled with a perfectly legal cocktail.

He was breaking a lifetime rule, was Cecil Blount—a law advised by his pappy at the business end of a razor strop. A wise man and a true gent never touched a drop before sun-down. But great matters were a'fizzling under that bronzed skull, and anyway, the sun was invisible through a Times Square cloudburst.

Yes—the dreaded, courted "C.B." was once more hot upon the stunt that has delighted him and made him famous through all his movie years. He was engaged in the spectacular, intricate, and fascinating business of making another great film star.

By Leonard Hall

And the lady ear-marked for lights and luxury was our toothsome young friend, Claudette Colbert!

As an old film reporter, I was so excited when I learned what was going on in the DeMille noggin that I swallowed my ripe olive pit and all. For when Cecil makes a star, she's a blazer, and she stays made for years!

Gaze briefly upon the record of this amazing DeMille, who was making red-hot movies when most of Hollywood's young geniuses were being carried in to see Chaplin hurl pies.

This vivid vet was the first man in filmland to realize and cash in on the horse-power and drawing power of luxurious, sensuous young ladies in motion pictures. Let the other boys have their "camera angles" and "montage" and all that studio clap-trap. Give DeMille a gorgeous girl dallying daintily with scented sin and he was ready to shoot!

He invented the sunken bath and the two-acre bed six-feet deep with silken pillows. He brought delightful yet censor-proof decadence to the movie world. He has been poked fun at as much as any producer in screen history—yet the same history has never proven his formula wrong.

More, he practically devised the movie star system. And he didn't use any rusty old second-hand stars. Not
The great director has created many famous stars—and his latest and most sensational is Claudette Colbert.

Cecil! He made 'em, and, to coin a striking phrase, how!

He dug up a shapely Mack Sennett bathing beauty named Gloria Swanson, who was married to a low comic called Beery—first name Wallace. He swathed her tightly in two yards of white satin, cut low both north and south. In two or three perfumed pictures—called something like "Who's Your Wife?" and "Where's Your Husband?"—he made the Swanson girl a star of such high voltage that in a few years she was sniffing off earnest offers of $10,000 a week, rain or shine.

Years ago he found a dark-eyed, curvaceous kid called Bebe Daniels. She was serving Art by being pushed around in one-reel comedies by a skinny, goggled boy named Harold Lloyd. C.B. cast her in his silken, sexy films, and at this very hour she is still a leading ornament of Hollywood, much in demand, having acquired riches, Husband Ben Lyon, and a charming infant on her way through the years.

The old DeMille formula, mates! The one that has obsessed him for two decades. Find a girl who looks like the wickedest daughter of old Mother Eve, hot with allure and dripping with Original Sin. Clothe her craftily, stressing silk, satin, and blankets of gardenias. Give her a slightly dizzy rôle, exploit her properly—and watch her shoot to glory!

And so I found DeMille, after all these years and pictures, plotting another blistering star—about to turn loose, on the unsuspecting public, his new ace, Claudette Colbert! Dramatic? Ask me!

He is about to bust out with a picture for Paramount on the life and loves of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, sweetie of the great Julius Caesar, honey-pie of young Marc Antony, juggler of nations, first of the Red-Hot Mammies. I suspect that Cleopatra really infested the ancient world so that one day, centuries later, C.B. might put her in a talkie. And the little Egyptian home-breaker and world-wrecker is going to be played by Claudette "Legs" Colbert.

She's the new DeMille star, latest in the royal line. Jot it down in your memory book. And around her choice for the purple hangs as romantic a little yarn as Hollywood has coughed up in ten years!

The Case of Claudette is historic as one of the most thoroughly mis-handled and gummed-up in screen (Continued on page 94).
The Man

Tracy was “out” of “Viva Villa”—and Stuart Erwin was “in”! That’s Hollywood! Read, here, how Stu welcomes his big chance, with his wife, June Collyer, cheering him on.

By
Ben Maddox

S
OMETHING always happens in Hollywood!

There is no telling what or whom you’ll bump into around the corners of this topsy-turvyville. Ah, Hollywood—you fascinate me! Never a dull hour; of thee I sing, baby!

More particularly, of Stu Erwin I write. Stuart is plain, true-blue Stu to his friends. No frills or temperament—a regular guy who, without a speck of sex-appealing menace in his honest grey eyes, still managed to win the beauteous June Collyer.

This month he has suddenly become an important personage. Both his fellow players and the distant fans are talking of him and discussing his future. And, now that M-G-M has displayed renewed interest in Stu, there has been an accompanying avalanche of questions as to June and her plans.

The attention is the direct result of Lee Tracy having made one smart-crack too many on that Mexican balcony. (Certain meanies had long speculated as to the real-life reaction if a fellow tried Lee’s familiar screen technique for putting folks in their place. Well, now we know!)

In Hollywood, as everywhere, one man’s misfortune is another’s meat. Stu had been patiently awaiting Old Man Opportunity and diligently doing all he could to improve his individual talents. So when M-G-M thrust him into Tracy’s role in “Viva Villa” he was ready to turn out an outstanding performance.

The studio is delighted with their Tracy substitute and momentous parts are in the offering. Naturally, this executive recognition pleases those of us who have contended that all either Stu or June needs is a chance.

Probably, at this point, you are attempting to recall what this couple have been doing recently. Unspectacular, they have been plugging right along. And if they...
who replaced Lee Tracy!

have receded into the background, it is because they've been too busy being happily married to cut up enough to crash the gossip columns.

Stu, you remember, rose to brief stardom at Paramount. But he was dissatisfied with the poor stories they gave him and voluntarily left to accept featured billings at Metro. June, who had been under contract as a leading lady at Fox and Paramount, has appeared infrequently since their marriage in the summer of '32.

To distinguish the Erwins for you, I'm going to request that you hark back to the classic story of "Merton of the Movies."

You recollect the tale: the small-town hick of very average physical charm dreamed of wowing Hollywood as a Romeo, and ended up as a successful comic. He did achieve the Beverly home and, when finally reconciled to his metier, was able to refer glowingly (as he'd anticipated), to his wife as "my best friend and also, may I add, my severest critic."

When the talkie version was made, they starred Stu in it. He excelled in the characterization because he is a Merton himself!

With variations that are improvements on the original plot. In lieu of falling for a mere extra girl, for instance, Stu captured the Park Avenue-bred June. And though he doesn't actually use Merton's description when speaking of her, you know that he repeats it to himself devoutly when no one is listening.

I wish you could have been with me the afternoon I went to call on the Erwins. It was cold outside, so Stu stirred up a roaring blaze in the fire-place in their comfortable Beverly living-room. He and June and I endeavored to analyze their current happiness. I couldn't help thinking that he is Merton ten years after...

Today Stu is where he used to dream of being. He's a famous picture actor, lives in exclusive Beverly Hills, and has a wonderful wife and a son to carry on his name.

I happen to know exactly the environment in which Stu grew up, and it is as far removed from the movies as possible. He was born on his parents' cattle ranch in the foothills of Central California's big inland valley. It's as romantic a spot as it sounds, his birthplace—Squaw Valley.

His natal day was St. Valentine's Day and, to Stu, that augured a passionate (Continued on page 86)
Metal invades the field of sports attire, sponsored by Miriam Hopkins. She favors this gay gray knit frock shot with silver threads. A tailored bow and belt are brightened with silver nail-heads and bands. You'll see this dress "in action" in Miriam's next film, "All of Me," in which she appears with Fredric March.

The first step toward Glamor achievement—be utterly feminine! Chiffon, says Miriam, is the most alluring bit of fluff—so make it a "Must" in your very private wardrobe. Miriam's lovely hostess robe is of pink chiffon, and satin roses adorn the shoulders.

A close-up of Hopkins-Glamor! Rather use too little make-up than too much, cautions Miriam, if you possess the delicate blonde brand of beauty.

Apply your make-up so carefully that it looks smooth from every angle, advises Miriam, who suggests the use of a powder brush for that finishing touch of cosmetic perfection.
If you haven't Glamor, go and get it, says Miriam. There are no hard and fast rules for coiffures, cosmetics, clothes, that you must follow—you can, and should be, as individual as you choose. Be a Hopkins, you piquant blondes, and accent your individuality.

Perky hat with impertinent peak! Miriam's cap is knitted in black yarn with wide ribs, and La Hopkins pulls it well down over her forehead. It's practical and quite simple to make—and now, girls, go back to your knitting!—P. S. How do you like the very new coat with the outrageously smart revers?

Miriam goes gray again! And how becoming to her spun-gold Glamor! Her suit is of pale gray wool, smartly accented about the shoulders and neckline with silver fox fur. Her tiny turban, handbag, sandals, and gloves are gray suede.
“TELLING ALL” about

Fresh facts, authentic revelations about the screen’s most famous, least talkative brothers

LET’S get modern about the Barrymores!

For more years than they care to count, these famous “royal” rolling stones have ridden on the crest of a glorious legend. Gathering, as you’ve heard, plenty of polish.

Where there has been so much smoke—you’re right! There’s been red-hot fire. Likewise a number of misconceptions in the minds of those awed by the Barrymore tradition. I propose to sort the facts from the fanciful tales for you. So come along and we’ll meet the illustrious brothers as is, and make an honest appraisal.

1934 finds Lionel and John occupying a definite stellar niche in the Hollywood scheme of things. Ethel is among the missing. Since that one talkie venture with her brothers a year ago, she has been alternating plays and vaudeville throughout the East. Doing, I regret to say, none too well at either.

Have you wondered why all has been strangely quiet on the Barrymore front during the past year?

I’ll start my tattle-telling by letting you in on the true reason for the comparatively little mention they have had recently. It is their own fault if others have stolen the spotlight, for every move of a Barrymore is swell copy. This is the lowdown:

Lionel resents sob stories about himself, and is aloof because he suspects writers of the worst intentions; John thinks there is something in the writing game, too, and hence is following Will Rogers’ example and saving his
bright ideas for his own by-line; Ethel has faded from film magazines because she is no longer active in pictures and interest in her has therefore decreased.

Before we encounter the Barrymores separately, there are a few generalizations I can make which will surprise you. It is no news, of course, to state that they are extraordinarily talented in their line of work, and that they are great individualists. But these facts may astonish you:

Although tagged the royal family of the theatrical profession, they do not agree on the honor themselves. Only Ethel takes it seriously.

In spite of the prestige which their achievements have earned them, they are extremely democratic. They don't give a blankety-blank (as they'd put it) for "society"—real or reel. They aren't ritzy enough to compete for the first family of filmdom title.

Their salaries are large, but all three of them were once poor and had to struggle for fame and money.

They have been lavishly written about, yet they have always endeavored to keep (Continued on page 70)
“And the Lodges Speak Only to—”

But wait! Here’s John Davis of the Boston Lodges—and one of Hollywood’s own

Did Hollywood feel it was suffering from a shortage of “gentlemen”? Well, anyway, it has acquired John Davis Lodge, grandson of the famous statesman, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

And you will find it difficult to believe that he is a gentlemanly novice when you see him as the dashing, insolent Count Alexei—sent to fetch that princess from Germany who was later to become Catherine the Great of Russia—Marlene Dietrich in her new picture—and the sumptuous love-scenes that ensue when they become mutually enamoured en route.

John’s family is the pride of superior Boston. It has furnished statesmen through generations, beginning with that great-great grandfather who is listed as having been our first Secretary of the Navy under George Washington. John himself had the sort of education both here and abroad—Harvard and Europe—to fit him for the law and later high politics. A year ago he had a successful law practice in New York, with which, by the way, he says his present movie salary does not compete. No vulgar money considerations lured him to the screen.

But John also has a wife, a dainty, pretty, brilliant person, who had won fame for herself as Francesca Braggiotti, dancer, actress, artist, musician, when she met John. Meanwhile, Metro had been searching the country for someone who could do voice synchronization for Greta Garbo in the foreign pictures. So, when Francesca was acting in a play on Broadway and the critics mentioned how like Garbo’s her voice was, Metro seized the lady with unseemly haste. Francesca speaks English, French, Italian, German and Spanish—and claims all those bloods in her veins. Hers, they say, was that utterly fantastic family that (Continued on page 76)
First the struggles—now the success—and it looks like a happy ending to come!

By James M. Fidler

AS A RULE, there is little to write about the past of a seventeen-year-old girl. There is not even a great deal to write about her present. Generally, so young a girl has her life yet to live.

Jean Parker is an exception to this rule. She has a past, and until a few months ago it was none too happy. She certainly has a present, what with a charming romance, a motion picture contract, and a most generous outlook on God’s world. And if she hasn’t a brilliant future, presaged by her remarkable screen work in “Little Women” and “Wild Birds,” then Garbo is a talkative Spanish grandma.

Jean will talk but little about her past, primarily because she was dreadfully poor, so poor that during the time she attended school in Pasadena, California, she was too ashamed of her home to permit young friends to visit her there. Instead, for nearly two years she hid within her heart a secret, silent love for a school-mate, rather than allow him to visit her and see for himself the poverty in which she lived.

When I tell you that this secret sweetheart is Francis Lucas, and that today, nearly four years after they first met, she is still in love with Frank (and theirs is without doubt the most charming and the sweetest romance in Hollywood), you’ll understand the soul of Jean Parker.

School duties threw Jean and Frank together often. He was greatly attracted to her, and often he asked her if he (Continued on page 93)
Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.
Thanks
A
Lot!

To all the charming ladies and all the handsome lads who greet you in these pages, we voice our appreciation—and yours—for the good times they've given us on the screen.

To Myrna Loy

For her skill and artistry in interpreting so many varied roles, from the exotically sinister to the wholesomely charming—and for her ability to be, withal, as delightfully herself as you see her here.

C. S. Bull
To Randolph Scott

For his straightforward sincerity in acting, regardless of what he is called upon to do; and for his high proficiency in "straight" roles as well as in Westerns, which has earned him the right to succeed Gary Cooper on the Paramount lot.
FOR keeping undiminished her unmatchable little-girl charm—and for being as refreshingly lovely as this in her character as a Southern belle in "Carolina," her next picture in which she appears with Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young.

To Janet Gaynor
THOSE unique and delicate loveliness deserves the beauty of setting it receives in this exclusive picture; and who will give you some more grand performances under her new Columbia contract.
WHOSE good acting has brought him deserved prestige among film leading men; and who looks pleasantly at home against the outdoor background of this picture, also especially posed for you.

To Gene Raymond
To Del Rio and Cortez

For being two of the most personable actors on the screen; and for their wholly delightful romancing in the musical "Wonder Bar."
FOR Marlene's majestic allure as "Catherine the Great"; and for her gay humor in her scene with these sculptured satyrs.
FOR his courage in playing, as his first cinema rôle, a furred and frigid Esquimo, after having built his acting reputation on torrid personal charm; and for proving, in this appealingly natural study, that he's still as warm-blooded a lad as ever.

To Francis Lederer
Wetbourne

To Dick Powell

FOR the consistent high quality of his picture portrayals; for his versatility in combining good acting with equally good singing; and for being just such an all-around good-humored "grand guy" as this off-guard photograph reveals him to be.
W HOSE too infrequent song pictures have brought a great entertainer before the cinema audience; and whose stage sensation, "Wonder Bar," now comes to the screen. And thanks, too, to Ruby Keeler, the lovely Mrs. Jolson whom you see, right, with Al!
WHO is just as easy to look at off the screen as on, and yet so beguilingly different in appearance (compare the on-the-set portrait below); and whose blonde charm and expert acting have won her an increasingly important series of picture rôles, the latest of which is in "I Like it That Way"
ABOVE, in fluffy bangs and naughty smile, the Russian menace suddenly goes French, much in the manner of Lily Damita. Kathryn's sparkling charm is one of the many assets of "Wonder Bar" and "Bedside."

To Kathryn Sergava

THE Sergava here, above, puts on her Norma Shearer mood—notice the gay, "free-soul" expression about the eyes and mouth that used to be characteristic of an earlier screen Norma.

WHOSE many-sided cinema art is winning her a goodly share of American recognition. Here, (right), is the recently-imported Slavic beauty in what might be called a sophisticated interpretation of Loretta Young.
MY SECRET
to give
Beauty
ADDED Loveliness
As told to Florence Vondelle
by CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Powder...the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor’s Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enhance the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satiny-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge...next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor’s Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, its blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.

Lipstick...last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It’s moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I’ve made up my lips I know they’ll appear perfect for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature’s colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect.

The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius. Max Factor’s Face Powder, $1; Max Factor’s Rouge, 50c; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1. At leading stores.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Anna Sten and Phillips Holmes in "Nana"
SATIN-SOFT HANDS
PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid caressing on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich penetrating cream in liquid form, that softens, smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

LUPE VELEZ' hands are enchanting. Shown with William Cagney in the Reliance film, "Joe Poloooka," released through United Artists. Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

—And how they grew!
If you thought you knew your "Ruthie,"
read below and learn

There are five Ruth Chattertons!
There is the very feminine "Ruthie" who is
only known to a small intimate circle. She is as
lovely girlish and appealing as the nickname
"Ruthie" implies. She is altruistic, affectionate, sympa-
thetic, loyal and devoted to her own. She is as en-
thusiastic and impulsive as a school-girl, in love with
life—and George Brent.

There is Ruth Chatterton, the artist. Sincere, intelli-
gent, capable, hard-working actress. This Ruth is a
practical dreamer, who has aspired and achieved through
sheer force of character, an inflexible will, and the de-
termination to get what she wants. She also has all the
temperament, egotism, and personal eccentricities which
bespeak the artist.

There is Ruth Chatterton, the business woman. She
is a dominating, courageous fighter born. Keen, ana-
drical, and logical, she has the mind of a Philadelphia
lawyer.

There is Ruth Chatterton, the woman of the world. Gorgeously
impractical, extravagant and physically lazy. She is a thoroughly charming, witty "first lady" who
revels in an atmosphere of culture, art, and sophistication.

There is the Ruth Chatterton no one knows. The
mischievous little girl known as "Mike" in boarding
school. When this Ruth gets bored with the others, she
plays hookey. She may be found on a roller-coaster,
in a dance-hall, or at the zoo. She is sure to be eating
hot dogs, munching popcorn, drinking soda pop, chew-
ing gum, and playing the slot machines.

The Ruth Chatterton I know is a composite of the
five. Of all her characteristics, I like best one quality
all the Ruths possess—a keen sense of humor.

Several years ago the girl who had been hailed as the
"first lady of the American theatre" arrived in Hollywood
flat-broke. She had severed all ties with her beloved
theatre to embark upon a tramp adventure. Walking
quietly in the shadow of her husband, then Ralph
Forbes, who had scored a hit in "Beau Geste," Ruth
Chatterton found herself virtually unknown in a land of
blonde ingénues.

The proud girl, who had starred in and produced her
own plays on Broadway, was in the undignified position
of a clinging vine. She had a small, cheap roadster and
twenty-five dollars cash. Out of the crash of her career,
she had saved only her talents, an indomitable spirit,
and that deep-rooted sense of humor. She could face
the ridiculous as well as the sublime.

In those days most of the feminine stars were
ingénues in age and ability. Many times since, Ruth
has told me of her first shock of incredulity when she
overheard a couple of movie bums nonchalantly, but
crudely referring to a famous screen actress, younger
than herself, as a "has-been" fit only for the old ladies' home. Such was Hollywood before talking pictures came.

Ruth Chatterton's sensational rise to picture fame over-
night actually began in the silents with Emil Jannings,
and has been told too many times to repeat here. We are
more concerned with the revelations of the most misunder-
stood woman in Hollywood. (Continued on page 74)
“Jo’s Boy”!

And now he’s one of your favorites, too! Meet Douglass Montgomery, hero of “Little Women” and other fine films—and read some hitherto untold anecdotes concerning Katharine Hepburn.

**By Mortimer Franklin**

A FILM actor who is stage-struck? Or a stage actor who is film-struck? Whichever of these two interesting categories Douglass Montgomery may belong in, (and personally I suspect that he’s a combination of both), he can certainly lay claim to being a few jumps ahead of the Hollywood he serves. For years the good-looking youth who played Laurie to Katharine Hepburn’s Jo March has been doing what only recently became the fashion among our front-rank film performers.

Long before the Hayes, Landis, Hustons, Hepburns, et. al., ever thought of it, Douglass was scooting back and forth across the country, sharing his time between camera and footlights. In fact, his determination to burn his artistic candle at both ends of a continent has given rise to the accusation of neglecting the cinema for its elder sister in the arts. And that’s why he now feels that Hollywood may have begun to suspect him of the cardinal sin of snootiness—a suspicion which, he assured me, is wholly unfounded.

“It’s true I’m in love with the stage,” he acknowledged amid the quiet charm of his New York river-front apartment, “and I always have been. But my chief plans—or hopes, anyway—are for a permanent film career. As a matter of fact, that’s where my ultimate ambitions lie.”

A tall, well-set-up youth, this Montgomery, with a sensitive, alive face under a blond thatch that makes him look no more than his twenty-four years. He abounds in a nervous energy that keeps him almost constantly on the move and fills his speech with frequent vigorous, unexpected turns of thought and expression.

Douglass traces his early preference to the stage, by a paradoxical route, to the fact he was born in Los Angeles, practically on the doorstep of the burgeoning film industry. The infant actor and the infant art grew up hand-in-hand.

“When I was a kid,” he pointed out, “movies were made chiefly out of doors. A couple of actors would get out in the middle of a street or a park or somebody’s lawn and start mugging and wigwagging at each other, with a cameraman and sometimes a director in attendance. That was the art of the (Continued on page 68)
The
Screen
Spectator
Speaks

In this the first year of the Blue Eagle, symbol of N.R.A. and codification of our nation's industrial life, the appointment by President Roosevelt of Marie Dressler and Eddie Cantor to represent the actors of Hollywood's famed industry caused a happy response in this filmgoer's mind. So much has lately appeared in the public press as representative of the national government's attitude that our screen stars are overpaid, that this choice of Marie and Eddie would indicate that no bad wolf is hovering around to destroy the glamorous glories our cinema celebrities enjoy as a result of our willing contributions through the box-office for the entertainment and enjoyment they afford us.

Marie Dressler we know must be one of the highest paid—and certainly Eddie Cantor has been in the money in a great big way for many, many years. Neither of them gets one cent more than he earns. They both have started at the bottom, trouped and worked, met success and failure and again success, and are large earners now because of their ability to so thoroughly entertain us that we pay millions of dollars to be permitted to attend their every performance.

We hear much of unknown boys and girls making good overnight in pictures and being paid five hundred up to one, two, three, four and even ten thousand dollars per week. We must discount a lot of that and charge it to the showman's efforts to get publicity for his attraction—as ever since Barnum the entertainment world has been convinced that we the public will pay for the greatest attraction ever offered only if it has been procured at the most stupendous cost.

But those stars of the screen who do get the large salaries we can be sure have got to produce profits just exactly the same as everyone of us—whether our pay envelopes contain twenty-five dollars per week or if we ever reach the heights and get in the larger income class. Some few may get by through pull, luck, family connections or something else. However, no industry as important and calling for so large a capital could survive if old-fashioned, sound business profits weren't procured from its efforts—and remember, each picture that we see represents some person or company risking hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Exactly as the pioneer, the inventor, the creator or the idea man who is successful has been rewarded by riches, so should those actors and actresses who have what we the spectators want—be it genius or beauty—so too should they reap the rewards of success which under our system can only be represented by money in the bank.

And even though many of our stars are young, we must remember we want youth, and frequently the popularity of a star passes in so short a time while the rest of us are making our more normal lives that, what to we ordinary mortals seem fabulous salaries, may be earned for only a few years. Many of these young stars, through unwise investments, extravagant expenditures for absurd luxuries, gambling and victimization by the unscrupulous wipe out their fortunes in a few years and find themselves penniless and unprepared to earn any livelihood at all.

Often we think that, whatever salary some of the stars receive, they must feel ill-paid for the job they have to do for us. Suppose you were a normal, natural sort of person and you were able to portray a sweet, wistful, lonesome sort of waif such as Janet Gaynor has interpreted for us in so many of her very successful screen portrayals. And suppose (Continued on page 85)
Radio Round-Up

Gathering the latest about your favorite ether entertainers

By

Evelyn Ballarine

facts about him and the band which he adorns. "We organized in 1929 with a flock of cynics telling us that the organization would last about six months—well, here it is five years later, and we seem to be doing all right. There's nothing remarkable about it—wouldn't the boys be foolish not to try to make a go of it! We're all getting the same salary and we collect dividends regularly," he added.

Glen's full name is Glen Gray Knoblauch—he dropped the last part of it because it's too difficult to pronounce. However, the boys in the orchestra call him "Spike." He can't recall how or where he picked up this nickname, except that he has had it from grade school days.

"Just what does it mean to be president of the corporation?" I asked him. "Well, I do the hiring and firing," he pointed out. "I almost always select the music for our programs—with the approval of the boys, of course. I have taken Harold Gifford, the banjoist, out of the orchestra for a week. Oh, no, he isn't being fined for not attending rehearsals, nor is he being punished for inhibiting during working hours—he's the lad who does our arrangements. And that's exactly what he's doing this week—nothing else but," said President Gray. "You see, we're on the air four or five times a week and it takes plenty of songs to vary the programs. We're kept so busy that I haven't even been able to take time out to see a Mae West picture!" (Continued on page 95)
Every woman should take up dancing in one form or another

By
Katharine Hartley

Dancing for your Beauty's Sake

If you have seen Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," you no doubt felt a little envious of her lovely dancing. There's hardly a female amongst us who hasn't, at one time or another, dreamed of gliding back and forth across the stage, to the tune of tumultuous applause.

But how few of us really do anything about it! We gradually grow up and get older, and our bones settle firmly into place, and then it seems too late. We relegate this desire, as we do many others, to the realm of our childhood, and do our best to forget it.

Now, I haven't reminded you of all this, just to have you mope over it. Because it's my idea that every one of us should take up dancing in one form or another—not to become professional dancers at this stage of the game (particularly if you're well over twenty), but for your Beauty's sake. Yes, for the nice things that dancing does to the body, and for the relaxed, happy expressions that it puts upon our faces.

You see, dancing called by any other name might not sound so sweet—(exercising, for example!) but it is, truly, the inspired way to take off pounds where you need to lose them, and to put lovely soft curves where you lack them. Not only does it do this, but it makes your figure supple and young, and light and beautiful. Too, it gives your body a natural rhythm. It teaches you to move more gracefully, and to stand more stillly, without forever fidgeting and shifting from one foot to another.

And—wonder of wonders—what it does for your circulation! After the first lesson or two, you'll no doubt be tired, and you'll ache—how you'll ache! But, nevertheless, you'll feel a renewed well-being. Your body, tried and tired as it is, will at least feel alive and responsive. And your skin will look warm and flushed and healthy—and twice as beautiful as you have ever seen it look.

You will remember that Joan Crawford was a dancer before she ever became a movie star. And it was not only the trimness of her figure, but her indomitable vitality that won her so much attention from the start. Her personality is as peppy as her feet. Her brightness twinkles in time with her toes.

So let her be an inspiration to you, and, if you want to rejuvenate both your body and your spirit, devote an hour or two a week to some form of dancing. The ideal "course" is a combination of acrobatic and tap dancing—for real slenderizing results, as limbering and stretching and agility, are the things which will be of most practical use to you. Take a tap lesson one week, and an acrobatic lesson the next week, and practice both in between. (If you don't, it'll be just like starting all over again every lesson.)

Your acrobatic lessons will prove the most interesting to you, as you soon find yourself doing things which you never dreamed of doing—the splits, for example and hand-stands, and back-bends, and cart-wheels, and what-not!

They will stand you up alongside a bar (not the drinking variety), and tell you to hold on with one hand, while you kick, sideways, then backwards. You'll do deep knee-bends with the bar to hang on to. Then you'll be put on the mat—and told to lie on your back, and the kicking starts all over again. Only after these kicking episodes, the instructor will stand in front of you, and try to put your foot alongside of your left ear. Day by day, you'll see it drawing nearer and nearer.

There are all sorts of these mat exercises. And some of them you can do for yourself at home, on a soft carpet. Sit on the floor and spread your legs as far apart as they'll go. Then try to touch your head to your right knee, then to your left one. You'll realize then how much your stomach needs flattening, when you try to lean down over it. Then there's (Continued on page 95)
Yoo Hoo!
Here's My Story

Friends and countrymen, lend me your lap—and I'll tell you how it feels to be a champ "scene-stealer!"

By Baby LeRoy
As told to Maude Cheatham

"Soft, eh?" gurgles the little menace, as Dorothea Wieck cuddles him for this scene in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen." "Guess I'll insist on a few dozen re-takes!"

HO, HO, I'm Baby LeRoy, that's who I am! But they call me the champ scene-stealer.

I was only born in 1932, on May 12. But I'm growing as fast as I can and now tip the scales at 29 pounds.

Being a baby film star is lots of fun and I have a new crop of stunts for every picture. In my first, "A Bedtime Story," I only laughed, goo-gooed, and cried. Yet critics say I stole the picture.

In "Torch Singer," I stood alone. And did the "razzberry," too. I liked to do that. In "Tillie and Gus," I walked. Yes, sir, all by myself! In "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," I talked for the very first time, saying Ma-ma, Ma-ma, several times. And did it make a hit? I'm the Joker, in "Alice in Wonderland." They taught me to goose-step as I walked toward the camera and was I happy when Director Norman McLeod exclaimed, "Fine! Did you ever see anything so cunning as the way he swings his chubby legs in perfect military rhythm?"

They also showed me how to bow from the waist and touch the floor with my forehead—pooh, that was just like a game.

Bathing, though, seems to be my specialty. Maybe I'm to outshine Cecil B. DeMille in a bath scene career.

"Member how Maurice Chevalier bathed me in "A Bedtime Story"?" Then, Claudette Colbert gave me a scrubbing in "Torch Song." Alison Skipworth put me in a tub in "Tillie and Gus," but Dorothea Wieck, my film mother in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," and I had the best fun of all. We got into the tub together. She let me duck her and we came up laughing and hugging each other.

Oh, there's Claudette coming over to see us! "Hello, you rascal," she said, pinching my cheek.

"Did you tell about your big discovery?" Claudette asked me. "Well, then I will! It was during a scene in "Torch Singer." I had taken him from the tub and placed him beside me on a table. Suddenly, he gave a squeal; Baby LeRoy had discovered his navel!"

"Regardless of the grinding cameras, he began squirming to get a better view. He pushed his little round tummy this way and that way. Then, startled, he looked questioningly at each of us on the set to see if we saw what he saw. It was a classic of baby wonderment and we howled with laughter."

Is that dignified? Well, maybe not. But I'll never get spoiled or smarty. My mother won't have it. She's sweet and serene but oh, she can be firm. Her name is Gwenneth—Gwenneth Winebrenner. She isn't twenty yet and she's studying to become a doctor. She comes to the studio with me every day I work but Wacer has complete control of me here and she never, never interferes.

Wacer? Why, Wacer is my (Continued on page 79)
What Next, Charlotte?

Alice of Wonderland was born in Brooklyn on March third.

"Born in March?—there should be a moral to that," no doubt the Duchess of Wonderland would exclaim. "Coming in like a lamb and going out like a lion, or is it coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb? Coming or going, going or coming, lion or lamb—it is all the same."

But Alice—or, to use her true name, Charlotte Henry—is not coming; she is here. And neither is she going; she is here to stay, we hope. However, if Charlotte really is to stay, just what is to keep her here? She can't go on playing Alice forever.

She cannot play Alice again, in fact, any more than Betty Bronson could twice be Peter Pan. Do you remember how adorable Betty was as Peter Pan? Well, Charlotte is just as simply charming in the guise of Alice. Now, if Betty could not outlive Peter Pan, can Charlotte survive Alice?

If she can, then how is she to succeed? In other words: What next, Charlotte?

"The next screen rôle for Miss Henry," say those gentlemen of the studios ambigously termed executives, "will very possibly be Lovey Mary in Wonderland."" Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Rice."

Delightful! Charlotte should be as charming as Lovey Mary as she is as Alice. Perhaps that little story-book girl of Mrs. Wiggs' cabbage patch can make the public forget Alice.

On the contrary, there is the chance that as Lovey Mary, Charlotte may still remain Alice to the public, except that she will be situated in a new environment—in the cabbage patch instead of Wonderland.

In other words, there is a real fear in Hollywood that little Miss Henry has with one screen appearance established herself in a characterization that will cling to her as definitely and as tenaciously as two ludicrous shoes and a wisp of a mustache have clung to Charlie Chaplin.

It will prove a real tragedy if Charlotte's first big screen opportunity implants her so firmly in the public mind as a story-book character that she will never be given a chance to prove that she has real talent. Story-book characters have a way of leaping suddenly to film fame—and fading just as quickly. Betty Bronson as Peter Pan is not the only proof of this statement. See what happened to Ruth Taylor of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." And to Kathleen Burke, the Panther Woman.

Charlotte is a favorite at the Paramount studio, where "Alice in Wonderland" was filmed. It is because she is so well liked that common fear is held for (Continued on page 92)
The Transformation of Jean Muir! Make-up magic and clever coiffures help to make Jean one of the screen’s most glamorous younger actresses.

Here’s the new Jean Muir, below. Haven’t those eyes taken on mystery? Compare her with the girl at the right.

Jean, in her pre-Hollywood days. She was sweet and charming—but not nearly as interesting as she is today.

Jean Muir as she looked when she applied for a screen test. The casting director saw in this “sweet young thing” glamor, mystery, and smart sophistication.

Behold the finished work of art! What poise! What glamour! Would you have recognized a potential Garbo-Dietrich in that girlish and dainty young lady in the simple lace dress, above?

Perc Westmore, make-up expert, is responsible for Jean Muir’s grand new coiffure. Casting director Maxwell Arnow is holding a mirror so that Jean can see herself change from a demure maiden to a glamorous gal. Help yourself, you Jean Muir-ish girl!
Bette Davis takes on the mood of every mode—practically a personality for every costume. Bette wears these clothes in “The Fashions of 1934”
Study these suggestions from Hollywood's smart actresses and adapt them to your own clothes and your coiffure problems.

Sophisticated lady! That depends on your hair-dresser, says Irene Bentley. He can make you look dramatic—like this, above.

The "Little Women" influence! Margaret Lindsay affects the little cluster of curls on the forehead—a la "Jo" Hepburn for a refreshing new coiffure.

And now here's Irene, left, with a demure "little girl" hair arrangement. Quite a contrast, isn't it?

Below, Irene with still another coiffure—this time suave yet sweet, altogether suitable for deb or smart young matron.

It's all done with mirrors! Travis Banton designed this costume for Lilian Tashman for her personal appearances. The brilliant tunic is made entirely of mirrors, and the skirt is a graceful white satin inspiration.

Dennis Phillips, Fox Studio hair stylist, is creating the California Curl for Irene Bentley.

This is Irene Bentley's "going-to-town" hairdo. It's the very thing for Big Nights in Hollywood. Very striking, Miss Bentley!
Kathryn (of Russia) Sergava introduces this necklace and bracelet of glistening aluminum in coat-of-mail design, interlaced with bands of black velvet ribbon.

Jean Broadway-to-Hollywood Howard suggests this crimson velvet tiara, necklace, and cuffs, edged with silver balls, to adorn your white crépe evening ensemble.

**Thrilling tips on toggery!**

Here's a breath-taking affair—a printed linen evening gown, and it's absolutely backless! Take it south with you, says Lilyan Tashman, who knows. And how do you like Lil's short ringlet bob?

Decorative Del Rio! Isn't Dolores stunning in this peach satin pajama robe or house coat, whichever you prefer? Note the three bands of jade, the tailored collar, and the casual self-material sash.

Dazzling Dvorak is wearing just about the wildest gown that ever came out of Hollywood! The bodice is composed of two long draped scarfs, a black and a white satin, which end as a sash.

Travel in tweeds is Tashman's counsel. Lil brightens her severely tailored gray tweed suit with white flowers. Black gloves, black and white scarf, and a black beret are her accessories.
There is Garbo! Any doubts you may have felt during the many months' absence of the Swedish star are dispelled when you see “Queen Christina.” You breathe a sigh of relief and say, “So there really was a gorgeous long girl with an unbelievably beautiful face who knocked us cold for seven years!” By the time the rather tedious script and slow direction have given the great Greta a chance to warm up you are asking yourself, “Hepburn? Who's she?” Because this Garbo has the power to make you dream again. You may fight, but before you know it, you are transported into that make-believe world which you hadn't visited since you thrilled to your first stock company show. Garbo is in the great tradition. And as Queen Christina she is the most romantic figure the screen has ever seen. As I said, it's often very, very slow; but there are scenes—and what scenes!—between Christina and her Spanish lover in a snow-bound inn, and later on an outward-bound ship, that more than atone for the dull passages. The love scenes, so lyric; the queen's adoration, actually stirring; and the magnificent finish—all make “Queen Christina” a memorable picture. The Queen is not dead!

It's all right! You lovers of Lewis Carroll's book need no longer cringe. Paramount's “Alice in Wonderland” is a fair picturization of the classic “Adventures.” Some critics may find fault with it—and with good reason. But better to have made it, with all its rubber masks and mistakes, than not to have had an “Alice” on the Christmas screens. And there is so much to enjoy that I think only the Carpers' Club will quibble. For one thing, Charlotte Henry is a charming Alice—not too sweet, seldom self-conscious, and always believable. Perhaps you won't recognize many other members of the cast; but you'll know Gary Cooper's inimitable voice as the White Knight; and you'll be vastly amused at W. C. Fields as Humpty-Dumpty. The Mad Tea Party is, to me, the best scene in the picture, as, for me, it was in the book. But you may enjoy more the perfectly crazy croquet game, or the Cheshire Cat. Just for the record, that's Cary Grant's melodious voice warbling Soup of the Evening, as the Mock Turtle; and it's Charles Ruggles as the March Hare; and the White Rabbit is none other than Skeet Gallagher. It's all fun. Except that animated cartoon—amateurish and inexcusably unfunny.

Just about time that some smart producer discovered the scenic beauties of Rio de Janeiro and Dolores Del Rio—and put them in the same picture. You'll enjoy this sparkling movie musical with its stunning setting of Rio's lovely harbor and its superlative cast. What a background for Del Rio's dark beauty, and how grand to see her again! There's no one quite like Her Latin Loveliness on the screen. Gay tunes, novel dances, gorgeous girls—and what's more, there's a plot somewhere about. But perhaps the most amusing number is the dance staged by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire called the Carioca, which makes the Rhumba look like a slow waltz. The blond and ingratiating Gene Raymond impersonates a breezy band leader who falls in love with the Brazilian heiress played by Del Rio, and wins her away from Raoul Roulien—remember Raoul? Ginger Rogers is completely captivating as the little singer who also shines in those sizzling dances with Astaire. And as for that dancin' boy from Broadway—he's a real hit, as a grand dancer and pleasant person. You'll like that number presented on the wings of a fleet of airplanes. The last word in spectacle—until the next one!
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Best Performances of the Month:

Garbo in "Queen Christina"
Gilbert in "Queen Christina"
Patsy Kelly in "Going Hollywood"
Bing Crosby in "Going Hollywood"
Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"
Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood"
Hugh Herbert in "Convention City"
Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio"
Charlotte Henry in "Alice in Wonderland"
Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street"

Yoo-hoo, Mr. Sam Goldwyn! Come on over here; I want to whisper something. Who's that with you? Eddie Cantor? Oh, all right; he can listen too. The reason for all the secrecy is that I like your picture, "Roman Scandals," too well. I don't want all the other producers of grand musical movies to hear me say that it's the best I've ever seen. So I don't say it. You can just imagine it. You must know that "Roman Scandals" is as funny as four Marx Brothers pictures and better than any two Eddie Cantor films. I have never laughed harder—not since Chaplin, anyway—than I did at the slave market scene in which Eddie is auctioned off. Cheers for Cantor who plays it and George Kaufman who helped write it. And that's not all. After a slow beginning every scene of "Roman Scandals" is comic perfection. Imagine Eddie as the Emperor's fool and food-taster—recreating the Empress' wiles, lost in a ladies' Roman bathorium, in love with beautiful Gloria Stuart, and finally starring in the most exciting chariot race since "Ben Hur"—oh, better than that. Cantor is genuinely, pricelessly funny. You'll like Ruth Etting's singing and David Manners' profile, and Veeve Teasdale.

Going Hollywood
M-G-M

Here's a combination for you—Marion Davies and Bing Crosby! And here's a picture for them to shine in, with the most agreeable movie music since "42nd Street." By now you know your We'll Make Hay while the Sun Shines and Our Big Love Scene as well as you ever knew your Last Round-Up. But no matter how well Radio Rudy croons 'em, you haven't really heard 'em until you hear Bing sing them to Marion—who, by the way, "listens" more alluringly than any other screen heroine. You'll love Marion as the little French teacher who goes to Hollywood on a Crosby quest and becomes a movie star in spite of herself. How she dances—and she's prettier than ever, if possible. As for Bing—well, remember what I predicted for him? It all comes true here. Crosby is better than ever. He is the most natural and likable man on the screen today. No fuss, no "acting"—this crooner with a sense-of-humor is refreshingly real. And at that, he gives a more convincing performance than most "actors." "Going Hollywood" has grand dialogue, a knockout bit by the promising comedienne, Patsy Kelly, and a very funny interlude of imitations by the Radio Rogues.

I might call this the comedy "Grand Hotel"—in fact, I will, for this rowdy screen show is a hilarious record of the Average American Business Man at the Great American Sales convention combining the Average Business with perhaps not quite so average Pleasure. The action—and I use the word advisedly—takes place at one of the big hotels that border the board-walk in Atlantic City. There are Adolphe Menjou and Guy Kibbee as rival candidates for the big job of general sales manager. There's dazzling Joan Blondell, as a chorus girl who dabbles in "shake-down" work on the side, with Dick Powell her first victim. There is pretty Patricia Ellis, the boss' daughter; and Mary Astor, the smart feminine salesman, who loves Adolphe and after various complications, wins him. And, last but very far from least, there are three funny men, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, and Hobart Cavanaugh, three musketeers of the bottle, who make matters worse for the cast and better for the audience with their bubbling geniality. Herbert, particularly, will panic you. The story moves at a furious pace. Not for the kiddies—but what fun for everybody else. How you'll like Mary Astor!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Here's Hollywood

The busy Baer! When not occupied with being a prominent pugilist or KO'ing the screen audience, he makes stage personal appearances or acts as a nightclub "M. C." Here's "Maxie" rehearsing his stage act, supported by a pretty little posse of Helenmor-gans. P. S.—Extra! We learn as we romp to press that Maxie may be Mae West's next leading man! Negotiations are pending.

Why does Katharine Hepburn dodge newspaper photographers, you want to know? The reason is that Katty has freckles. Those freckles look ever-so-friendly when met face to face, but their photographic effect is like a lamb in a soot-fall. So, when Miss Hepburn is without make-up, she does her utmost to dodge cameras of every description.

Well, how was that for a strange dinner party? I mean Joan Crawford's private little dinner for three, given in her home right after Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s return from Europe. The guests were Young Doug and Frances Tone—her former husband and (take it from me) her next husband. But they are all quite friendly, and it was a most pleasant evening for all.

Laugh this off, if you can: When Charlotte Henry donned a new tailored suit in Hollywood after her return from a personal appearance tour, her own employers failed to recognize the girl. Reason? For five months, Charlotte wore her "Alice in Wonderland" costume constantly. She is really quite a grown-up young lady in regulation clothes, and it is no wonder studio officials failed to recognize her.
"Getting personal" about movie men and maids

By Weston East

WHEN "The Merry Widow" reaches the screen as a talking picture (probably with Joan Crawford in the title rôle), Clark Gable will be seen somewhere as an extra. His studio has promised Clark that privilege. Gable's very first extra part in pictures was in the original screen "Merry Widow," and for memory's sake, Clark is going to relegate himself temporarily to the extras' ranks again.

NINETY thousand dollars is a lot of coin to toss for the privilege of living in a Hollywood house for a few weeks, but that is the price Rudy Vallee paid. When they were happily wed, Fay Webb persuaded Rudy to buy a house in movieland, and it cost $90,000. The only time the crooner lived in it was during that recent brief period when he was in Hollywood to work in the Fox movie-ised George White's "Scandals."

MY, my, my, but were the stars wrangling among themselves during the filming of "Wonder-bar"! Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez—each wanted to be most important in the cast.

Well, one day the cameraman was having difficulty in lining up a group for a close-up. At last Cortez impatiently cried: "If that man would move over, we'd be all right."

Al glared at Ricardo. "The name," he growled, "is Jolson."

Happy family-to-be? At any rate, here is the omnipresent cameraman's record of the first meeting between Joan Crawford and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Toner, parents of Francotch. It occurred after the New York premiere of "Dancing Lady," which all four attended.
ONE of those pests who go about marring signboard pictures found his way into George Raft's studio dressing room recently. Raft was working at the time, and as is his custom, he left the door to his quarters unlocked.

When he returned from the set at lunchtime, he discovered that every portrait hanging on the walls (even including pictures of two lovely ladies), had been given a mustache.

THAT was a funny gag Groucho Marx pulled on Adolphe Menjou. Groucho telephoned Adolphe, and when the sophisticated Menjou answered, Marx droned: "This is the telephone company. We are testing your line. Will you whistle into the 'phone, please?"

Dutifully, Menjou puckered his lips and whistled.

"Thank you," chuckled Groucho. "We'll send you some bird-seed in the morning."

(Continued on page 97)
for March 1934

This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL...

AUNT ALICE IS RIGHT—EVEN A BUSY WIFE CAN TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO TO LUX UNDER EACH DAY. LUX TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOUR YET SAVES COLORS.

AND SOON TOM’S ATTITUDE CHANGES!

OH, TOM, WHAT BEAUTIFUL ROSES—THEY’RE SO SWEET.

JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW THIS HUSBAND APPRECIATES HIS CHARMING WIFE.

BUT TOM SEEMS SO INDIFFERENT. AUNT ALICE—I WORK SO HARD—KEEP THE HOUSE SPICK-AND-Span—BUT, OH, WHAT’S THE USE?

DEAR CHILD, MIGHT I VENTURE A HINT?

OH, AUNT ALICE, HAVE I BEEN CARELESS THAT WAY? I DIDN’T REALIZE I WAS OFFENDING—I KNOW IT, MY DEAR. BUT PERSPIRATION ODOUR IN UNDERTHINGS MAKES ANY WIFE SEEM UNROMANTIC. WHY RISK IT, WHEN LUX IS SO EASY?

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor—protect daintiness this easy way...

No girl need ever be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away completely and saves colors! And it’s so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors
motion picture as I grew up to know it as far back as I can remember. With the movies practically in a fellow's front yard all the time is it any wonder he isn't exactly paralyzed by the glamour of them?"

With the stage, it was something else again. Though both Douglas's parents are non-professionals, he decided in early childhood that he was going to be an actor or bust.

"My first trip to the theatre was at such an early age that I've forgotten the name of the play. But that's the only thing I have forgotten about that event. Everything else—the awe of the unfamiliar and mysterious, the fascination of watching people at make-believe on a brilliantly lighted stage, and the thrill of wondering what went on behind the scenes—it all left an imprint on my mind that stayed there. I suppose most kids at that age want to be actors awhile, but from that day on I never wanted to be anything else."

And he wasn't. As soon as he was old enough to put behind him the irrelevancies of formal education, he joined the Pasadena Art Theatre, and acted away to his heart's content. For a solid season he stage-managed and directed as well. Then, as soon as he felt sufficient strength in his wings, (perhaps murmuring "Get along, little Dougie" to himself), he made for New York and the Ultima Thule of the theatre.

His first part on Broadway was in Guthrie McClintic's production of "God Loves Us," an artistic success but a commercial disaster. Shortly after that he landed in a work called, with simple dignity, "Crime," which subsequent events prove to have been a veritable training-ground of future film notables. In the cast with him were such geniuses-to-be as Sylvia Sidney, Kay Francis, Chester Morris, Jack LaRue, James Rennie, and Kay Johnson. That for your present-day "all-star" movies and their vaunted novelty!

"I kept getting my fave tangled up with those of future movie big-guns," he relates. "My next parts were with Mary Boland in 'Women Go On Forever' and with Miriam Hopkins in 'The Garden of Eden.' Then I found myself, somewhat to my own surprise, acting in Theatre Guild productions, including the lead in 'Volpone' into which I recklessly stepped when Alfred Lunt left it for a vacation. I was also in 'Faust' for the Guild, and in 'Meteor' with Lunt and Fontanne, both in their New York and their London productions of that comedy."

Between these stage ventures Montgomery was, meanwhile, shuttling back and forth from New York to Hollywood, doing a movie when he was not acting in a play or trying to crash into one. His first attempts in the talking cinema, disguised as Kent Douglas, weren't particularly auspicious. It was not until "Waterloo Bridge" that he hit his stride with a really compelling performance opposite Mac Clarke. And now, following the tremendous success of "Little Women," containing among its other glories his tender, sympathetic interpretation of the lyric role of "Jo's Boy," it seems likely that Montgomery is going to have the major share of his time and talent to Hollywood projects.

"I was a little doubtful about that part at first," he confessed, "perhaps because of the tradition of sentimentality that surrounds Miss Alcott's story. And I still can't get used to the fact that a movie in which I was implicated has been breaking box-office records so fantastically. It shows what a fellow can accomplish," he concluded with no trace of a twinkle in his eye, "when he has actresses like Kit Hepburn and those other girls in his supporting cast!"

Montgomery, by the way, is all for this Hepburn lady, both as an actress and as Katherine Hepburn. He knew her well in the good old days of Broadway bench-warming in producers' offices, and studied art with her famous coach, Frances Robinson-Duff. "What do I think of her present success? I would have been amazed if she hadn't knocked em for a loop when she went to Hollywood! Anybody who knew her could see that she had it in her, even before she became well-known on the stage or screen. But I suppose it's great fun to know, and I found her just as much fun to work with. Good-humored, sympathetic, gay, and above all a swell sport. If there's anything of the prima donna about her, as of course it's been charged, I never saw any sign of it. If she's fond of practical jokes on others, she thinks they're just as funny when she happens to be the goat herself."

He proceeded to cite an incident in point. "Remember that scene in 'Little Women' where Katharine arrives home from the opera with Paul Lukas, thrilled with the music and tells him of what she saw and tells him she wants to be a great prima donna? Katharine had to speak some rather high-flying lines and end with an elaborate curtsy—a part that had to be performed with just the right restraint to keep it from appearing overdone. Well, she went through it a few times and got it. But when one of herisseas in the picture, but, by a pre-arranged scheme, director Cukor pretended to be dissatisfied, and paused for another time. Then, when Katherine finished the scene again with the proper flourish, the studio hands fired a barrage of slightly aflame bottles at her, and touch an assistant director came forward with a curiously bow and presented her with a hat! "Pretty rough ribbing, I calls it, but Kate took it like a bragger. She joined in the laugh and accepted the trophy with a little speech of thanks!"

With that Lewis-Carrollish brand of logic so often found in Hollywood, Douglass' success in a role with four girls in "Little Women" has not beeneded by another picture, just released by Paramount, in which he is the only man involved with eight girls! The film, called "Dancing Girls in a Brass Band," is a German photoplay and inevitably recalls "Maechen in Uniform," though Douglas modestly doubts whether it's quite as good as that classic."

What is Douglass Montgomery's ultimate aim in his flourishing picture career? "Just that I be allowed to develop in my own way," he summed it up. "I think I've proved to them by now that I'm perfectly serious about my film acting. People have asked me if I were aiming to blossom into some definite 'type' of actor—anything from Gable to Leslie Howard. I even suspect that due to my name some of them think I ought to combine the best features of Douglas Fairbanks and Robert Montgomery! But that's all nonsense, of course. I've got my own ideas and can be my own personality, and all I want is a chance to realize them to the full."

One is reminded again, irresistibly, of a "Little Women" episode—that in which Jo March, the ambitious young authoress, unburdens to the Professor her fears that she will never flower into a Shakespeare. "Not the kind of stuff we write about," the sage tells her, "but you can be a Josephine March!"

Gable? Howard? Tut! "Jo's Boy" has other plans—he'll be the Douglas Montgomery!
Just as comfortable feet can be made the foundation of new beauty, grace and attractiveness for you, so will tortured feet show in tired eyes, winching lines, a halting stride and in a silhouette robbed of its once soft, lovely curves.

Corns, callouses, bunions and sore toes can affect you in these respects as seriously as most any other painful foot trouble. Whether it's simply to stop nagging friction or pressure of your shoes on a tender spot on your feet or toes, or to ease the sharp pain of a corn, callous or a bunion — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you

**RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!**

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause of these foot troubles —shoe friction and pressure—by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They soothe irritated nerves and inflamed tissues and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, enabling you to walk, dance or golf with comfort.

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NOW, to quickly and safely remove corns and callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box for that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right off painlessly! Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Avoid caustic liquids or plasters—they can cause acid burn.

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**ALSO SPECIAL SIZES AND SHAPES—THICK**

for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callouses

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**Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS**

Put one on — the pain is gone!
Their triumphs in the legitimate theatre may have caused you to forget that they are movie pioneers, Lionel made his debut in 1909 under D. W. Griffith and was one of Mary Pickford's first leading men; John and Ethel ventured before cameras almost twenty years ago.

Now would you like to know their ages? Okay, I'll talk-tale!

In "Who's Who" Lionel skips this detail and his studio associates can't seem to recall it. However, John admits that next month he'll be fifty-two.

Lionel is four years ahead of John, and two up on Ethel. In a moment of rashness John confessed to a friend of mine that he is two years older than his "press" age. So, with that hint, you may check again on the family for yourself, but don't quote me!

And this brings us to Lionel in person. A bit stooped, gray, he is much as you expect. Immediately you note the familiar mannerism of covering his mouth with his right hand while thinking, and you are pierced by his sharp glance. His wary look turns genial as soon as he decides you are worth his attention.

His reluctance to be interviewed has given him the reputation of irritability. Yet, observing that he was one of the most gracious speakers at M-G-M's press parties for Mary Pickford and Marie Dressler, I searched for him on the set of "Carolina" at Fox. He hadn't been interviewed for more than a year, but he consented to talk exclusively for Screenland.

"I don't want to be considered grumpy," he declared. "But I hate Hollywood publicity methods. Every story has to have an 'angle' and you writers play up a factor that is trivial!"

Reassuring him that I'd be the exception, he unburdened.

"I have no 'philosophy of life,'" he said to me. "I'm no sage. I'm just an actor!" To me this is an ill-important tip-off to a modesty that is astounding. Lionel Barrymore refuses the privileges of a veteran.

Remember that he was acclaimed one of Broadway's finest actors and that he has reached the height in talkies as both actor and director. He has no wish to resume in the latter capacity, although it was he who directed such notable productions as Chatterton's "Madame X" and Tibbett's "The Rouge Song," both huge successes.

Aside from being a man with no delusions of grandeur, he is a brave soul. He will detest this comment, but I'm going to make it because I believe you ought to know it. Neither Lionel nor his wife have been in the best of health lately. Yet—

'I am happy," he assured me with no indication of his tone, "professionally and personally. You can't pin any fool complexes on me! Ambitions I still yearn to satisfy? No! I am content. Regrets? None!" He added, "But I begin to smell an 'angle.' I have no regrets or overpowering troubles!"

He told me, marked him as a very unusual Hollywood star indeed. Having emphasized how ordinary he was, he could only say "Hum!" to this! He gets angry if you criticize Hollywood or attempt to paint it as the promised land.

There are no more divorces and there's no more anything here than anywhere else. And actors are regular humans!" (He and who have rushed to voice instructors for publicity. Indeed, necessary polishing will be amazed at the viewpoint of Lionel, dean of actors.)

When I stated that three-fourths of those who are under present film contract have had stage training, he said this was a revelation to him and reiterated that it wasn't important.

Jefferson remarked that a fine voice had ruined more actors than whiskey. "I don't think anyone should worry about his or her voice unless there is something terribly wrong. These microphones can make any voice sound all right."

"Do you feel a stage accent?" He spluttered. "Why, what is a stage accent? I never heard of such a thing. I assure you none of this was said facetiously. And here most of our ingenues have been trying to imitate Ethel Barrymore's elegantly trained voice! John used to study voice improvement for hours every day!"

"Anyway," he went on without a stop. "how do people recognize a 'stage' accent—whatever that is! Most of them have never seen a play!"

Dubbed the conservative member of the trio, thanks to avoiding notoriety, Lionel is by no means old-fashioned. He drives his Ford roadster himself, travels by airplane on long trips, is keen fighter, and reads the latest novels. Nor is acting his one accomplishment. He excels in oil-painting, etching, and at the piano.

The reason for his slight limp has never been disclosed—so more talk-telling:

A dozen years ago he needed money badly. He used to box and wrestle, and he cracked a knee-cap one day in a wrestling match. A movie job came up shortly after, which demanded that he learn to ride a spirited horse. He took the part because he had to have the cash. But he worked in agony and his injury didn't have time to heal properly.

The average athlete would complain at having to forego sports. Lionel only insists that he is "happy. Stout fella!"

At any rate, he proposed to Laura Fernwick, his wife, whom he married ten years ago when she was his Broadway heroine. They have no children, nor did he have any by his first wife, Miss Rankin, who was also an actress. The Lionel Barrymore home in central Beverly is luxurious. But it is a quiet place, a house of comfort and peace.

I might pass on Lupe Velez's discerning description of Lionel. She says, "He is not like a Hollywood actor. He fairly reeks of common sense!" Even madcap Lupe appreciates him!

Let's progress to John. Today finds him a matured romantic. Yes, ninety-nine per cent of those escapades reported of him are true! He has lustily loved wine, women and song. Lionel contended to me that John was never furioso, but John is his own best debunker. If there's anything he hasn't tried—wire, don't ask of him who.

His having been a fast life and a merry one, he can hardly object if he now looks his age. Though his hair is graying, his eyes flash as vividly as of yore. And, there's still the profile!"

Which reminds me of an untold incident proving how John recognized the value of the marriage arrangement which enabled him to hold onto youth so long. When he completed his first silent film for Warners years ago, he presented the cameraman with a check for $1000 as a
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Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo for OILY hair
vacant chair. As I sat down, someone next to me tapped me on the arm and said, "I want you to meet Miss Shaw, who has just started in pictures." and motioned to a girl who was on the other side of the room. It was several hours later, after we had seen a couple of pictures and had exchanged a few whispered remarks that we walked out side by side and I first looked at her.

"And all fiction to the contrary, it was not love at first sight. I thought she was beautiful, of course. Anyone meeting her would think so," Gary went on. "We chatted for a few moments, then departed in opposite directions. I am sure that neither of us gave the other a second thought that time.

"But Miss Shaw was very prominent in Hollywood. After making her début in New York, she had come to the Coast for a visit. At a party, she had met David Selznick, who was then an executive of Radio Pictures Studio. Impressed with her potentialities, he asked her if she would consider a screen career. More for a lark than because she was seriously interested, she consented to a screen test, with the result that she was signed by Radio on a short-term contract and was assigned small parts in several pictures.

"But though she was a beginner professionally, she knew many people in Hollywood personally and was invited to most of the parties. In that way, we met again and almost before I realized it, I was beginning to look forward to seeing her as soon as I arrived at a party.

"That was when I decided to 'phone her and ask her to go for a drive with me. She consented immediately—and it was then, I think, that I first became conscious of how very much I wanted her to like me.

"And after we had been out together a number of times, I began to recognize Sandra as the ideal of all the things I had dreamed of some day finding in a woman. She epitomizes all of those things which can make life complete."

"Just what are these superlative qualities, Gary, that Miss Shaw possesses and which fulfill your ideal requirements?"

"First, she is beautiful. While I never felt that the girl I would some day love and marry must be beautiful, I think that every man hopes that when he falls in love it will be with a beautiful woman." Gary paused to light a cigarette.

"We have the same ideas about life and are congenial," he resumed. "We like the same things and enjoy the same people. Whenever I 'phone her and say, 'Would you like to go to the beach?' that's just what she has been wanting to do. When I ask her if she'd like to go for a horseback ride, I find that she is eager to accompany me. If I suggest a moonlight drive along the beach, that suits her, too," he explained naively. "And I couldn't help thinking that almost any girl could bear up under a moonlight drive with Gary Cooper."

"And she isn't a 'career woman'!" he continued. "I always said that I hoped that when I fell in love it would not be with an actress. And although Sandra has appeared in several pictures, and a brilliant future has been predicted for her, she really isn't interested in a career and is going to retire from the screen when we marry."

"Aren't you afraid she'll grow bored with life in Hollywood if she has nothing to occupy her time, after the gay and busy social life of New York, to which she was accustomed?"

"No, for she has those inner qualities which enable her to fill her life with things other than synthetic gayety and crowds of people. She is vitally interested in everything that goes on in the world. She likes to discuss politics and sports and philosophy and motion pictures. She likes to read—and she likes silence. Another way in which we are congenial is in our need for solitude. Both Sandra and I like to be alone occasionally, and for that reason, neither will intrude upon the other's need for absolute privacy when that mood arises."

"In other words, Sandra has breeding and poise and a self-sufficiency that, with her other qualities, make her utterly desirable and the type of woman that any man would be proud to introduce as his wife."

Though admitting that Hollywood offers many temptations to both a man and a woman, Gary insists that it should be no more difficult to achieve a successful marriage there than in any other place. He is uncompromising in his opinion of the most important element in the relationship of a man and woman.

"Fidelity is the most important factor in any marriage," he states definitely. "There may be differences of opinion on any and all other subjects. There must be no doubt on the subject of fidelity and trust, both mental and physical. Neither partner to a marriage should brook even the faintest hint of unfaithfulness in the other. Both husband and wife are entitled to know, without qualification, that utter and complete fidelity prevails in their marriage."

"Only as long as they remain true to each other can their marriage survive and mean what a real marriage should."

"And once either party falters, the other need only break up the whole thing. There is no alternative!"

Immediately after their marriage, Gary and his bride departed for the coast, where they will live on the ranch he recently purchased about twenty miles from Hollywood. They plan to stay there about eight months of the year.

Of course he wants to continue in pictures—and that is the only change I can accuse Hollywood of having wrought in Gary. For when I first knew him, he expressed a desire to retire from the screen as soon as he had accumulated enough money to insure him an income for life.

He has already achieved that material goal, as for a long time he has been in the higher salary brackets and his earnings, wisely invested by his business.

And so they were married! After keeping all of us guessing, Gary Cooper and Veronica Ballo, known on the screen as Sandra Shaw, took the decisive step. Here's the smooth-looking couple after the wedding, and just before leaving on their honeymoon.
manager, assure him a carefree future. But in the development of his character, he has become imbued with a real love of his work and a desire to achieve something really worthwhile on the screen. Therefore, he declares today that he hopes to continue acting for the next ten or twelve years. He does not attempt to look farther ahead than that professionally. But in a romantic way, he considers ten or twelve years as mere seconds in a lifetime. As far as his marriage is concerned, be expects it to last for all the rest of his life. Which is the way all good marriages should be planned—even in Hollywood!

New Love for Garbo?
Continued from page 23

very American Jack certainly made an impression. He was so “different.” Jack sent orchids. Jack was admitted to the home sanctuary. For a while Hollywood palpitated with expectancy. And not until Jack actually married Ina Claire would Hollywood be convinced the Garbo-Gilbert romance had petered out.

After Jack, Garbo was seemingly to cut romance out of her life, except for strictly professional purposes. During the making of “Mata Hari” there was a mild flutter with Ramon Novarro as the hero of the romance. Ramon at last won her to breaking her rule against rehearsals, so that the few love-scenes in “Mata Hari” did get a little exercise. Ramon sent yellow roses. But right after “Mata Hari” Garbo made good her oft-voiced threat, “I go home,” and the new excitement as to whether she was renouncing pictures forever, hobbled the stage. There never seemed to be a Garbo romance that Hollywood could really get its teeth into. Jack Gilbert came nearest.

For ages the only news about Garbo was that she had moved again, that her laundryman was in bad for giving away her new address, that since her return to pictures she seemed more human, that her manager still kept the ban on interviews, that she prefers comfortable plain sport clothes to dressy things, off the screen, and so on. The gossip had almost given up hope of a first-class romance for Garbo, when presto, up pops Ruben Mamoulian.

Those working on the set of “Queen Christina” insist that Garbo’s attitude toward Mamoulian is that of gentle appeal, of trusting sweetness, of significant little glances that do give an impression of a rather special mutual understanding. Nothing tangible, you see. It may all rest on the instinctive match-making proclivities of Hollywood. For all they really know, Garbo may be a spinster, or even a nun, at heart, just being nice to a superior director. But that isn’t what Hollywood wants to believe. For they really want to see Garbo as a wild, miserable, aching woman in the throes of blinding love, all jittery whenever Ruben looms in sight, a victim of that all-absorbing love that is a torment and a treasure: Having it no peace, lacking it no pleasure.

And there are even those who are saying that one of these days we may hear that Garbo has become Madame Mamoulian. Certainly the story that Greta accompanied her director on a house-hunting tour, to give her advice on his new abode, sounds promising. One enterprise Hollywood reporter even voices that he has special information leading to his positive belief that Garbo will marry Mamoulian.

But so far we must regretfully admit that the Garbo poise is very slightly shaken, if at all. She is still keeping ‘em guessing as we go to press!

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The 5 Ruth Chattertons

continued from page 51

She is one of the few honest women I have ever known. Too honest for her surroundings. She has been accused of snobbery. Of being high-hat. This charge has always bewildered her. Snobishness is foreign to her nature. She still doesn’t realize that to refuse to attend certain Hollywood parties, to insist upon selecting her own friends, is to forever stamp her a high-hat to the public.

She detests affectation. Hates lies. Social liars, parasites and stupid people in general bore her. She will have none of them. I have known her to spend an evening talking to a crook, simply because he was a keenly intelligent individual.

While refusing to waste time associating with people who fail to interest recently she has a deep sympathy and charity for weaklings. She is generous to a fault. She is frightfully extravagant at times, yet she doesn’t seem to be the type that she knows where every penny goes. Is very methodical in running her affairs.

She says exactly what she thinks at all times. Thinks straight and reasons like a man. She is courageous, not belligerent.

Never has a chip on her shoulder, but she will fight a buzz-saw, and blinks her eyes, for what she believes is right.

Ruth loves to talk and argue, because it promotes creative, intelligent thought. She is famous for her habit of getting up all night merely to talk with intimate friends, or with a chance acquaintance who has something worth while to talk about. In the midst of these marathon conversations, she can talk like an encyclopedia.

However, Ruth has also mastered the rare art of listening. In contrast to her obvious femininity, she has the ability to remain quiet when it is best to say nothing.

Ruth has an odd but compelling habit of fully opening her eyes and gazing calmly, intently into the eyes of the person who is talking to her. She really listens, and thinks rapidly. This is why she wins most studio arguments. Always six jumps ahead of the boys!

Of her own ability as an actress, she is extremely modest and reticent. Yet one knows instinctively that she has the absolute confidence, assurance, and egotism necessary for the proper exploitation of her talents.

She is one of those rare persons who is capable of making and retaining deep friendships with both sexes. In Hollywood she is surrounded by old stage friends, many of whom have been better days. They cherish and are cherished.

She is still "Ruthie" to them.

Ruth dresses simply, but exquisitely. She doesn’t own a diamond wrist watch, but occasionally a string of pearls. For the street she prefers tailored tweeds; for evening, soft clinging gowns in true black, white, or red. Adores all furs, particularly fox.

White is her favorite color. She likes green, yellow, red, and black, but detests blue, purple, and lavender. Outside of a sentiment for yellow roses which her admirers have sent her for years, her favorite flowers are white. Likes particularly, George Brent always sends her an enormous vase of white flowers every Saturday.

She much prefers a quiet evening at home with her husband, or possibly with a few friends. When she does entertain, it is not done ostentatiously.

At home, among her own, she has all the odd little eccentricities of the average human. She is physically lazy, for one thing. Simply refuses to get up to get anything if there is anyone else in the room who will get what she wants for her. (Yet she will work like a demon at the studio or theatre. Has been known to paint her own scenery for a play.) The telephone comes all day and night before she would answer. This is one of her pet aversions.

Ruth cannot make a bed to save her life. But she is proud of her cooking ability. She can also sew, but hates to confess to a passion for making over dresses, which she can never wear. In the early day, for the theatrical struggles, she did make her own clothes—and wore them, too. Ruth can really trim a snappy hat.

Cigarettes furnish another Chatterton eccentric, subtle, refined, gold, and incessantly. She holds the cigarette at the very tip of her fingers, doesn’t inhale, and blows the smoke out of the corner of her mouth. She has the habit of leaving lighted cigarettes in ash trays. Dislikes to put them out herself because the ashes soil her finger nails.

Ruthie cannot tell a lie, to those who really know her, because of an odd little mannerism. She loses that calm, instinct though often blushing.

She loves to sit on a low stool, or on the floor in front of an open fireplace, with her back to the fire. Particularly when listening to the radio or victrola. She adores a rough house with her dogs, cocker spaniels and Sealyham. She is obsessed with a desire to change the furniture about. This is in keeping with her restless nature.

She has enormous vitality. Eats sensibly, but enough. Drinks sparingly, if at all. While she does, she is very fond of rare old brandy, champagne, and Rhine wine. Does not believe in diets to get thin. She keeps in perfect health by eating rare, unsalted steaks, steamed, unsalted vegetables, salads, sweet butter, and ice cream. Drinks milk, but no coffee or tea.

She likes exercise, such as walking and swimming. She is an excellent swimmer. Does not indulge in any sports such as golf and tennis, but does swim and walk regularly. While efficient equestrienne, she no longer rides horseback. Too many spills. Loves to drive a car, but seldom does because her husband objects. She drives a Lincoln. Daily massage is a further contribution to keeping fit.

Ruth has never cared for sports as a spectator, such as football, golf, and the various games. She does enjoy polo and tennis occasionally, and she worked up a yen for bullfighting in Spain last summer. She says the bullfighting was more thrill than enjoyment. Her favorite indoor sports are chess and backgammon, and she plays a fine game of contract bridge.

Ruth loves to travel. Prefers France to any other place in the world to live. She manages to get there in California or New York. Nearby Hollywood, she likes the desert at Palm Springs. Detests the beach because of the cold and fog.

Her favorite foreign country, France; and city, Paris. She speaks French so fluently that she has been invited many times to star in French pictures. However, she also loves London, Berlin and Madrid.

Her favorite American spot is good old San Francisco, colorful and fascinating city of Bohemianism and tolerance. And she knows her San Francisco like a book. With Henry Miller, she always opened her plays
there before going to New York, three thousand miles away.

Ruth Chatterton has a multitude of friends among the artists and writers who dwell in the hills overlooking the Golden Gate, but none more worshipful than certain denizens of that strangest of cities, San Francisco's Chinatown. So well-liked and well-known did she become to the Chinese that she can always wander through the dimly-lit streets alone at night.

One of her best friends today is an old Chinaman who is a leading exporter. He and his family always occupied a box at the opening of her plays, as her guests. When Ruth was injured in an automobile accident several years ago at the time when she was gambling for recognition in Hollywood, our own newspapers paid scant attention to the story. She had been temporarily eclipsed in her profession. But six months later when she was playing "The Green Hat" in San Francisco, her Chinese friends showed her copies of their own newspapers which chronicled her accident in headlines.

She likes everything Chinese, except their furniture. Too gaudy. Claims she likes Chinese food, such as birds' nest soup, but I've never seen her eat it. She has never traveled in the Orient, but plans to go in the near future.

Ruth Chatterton is a woman of many talents. Few know that she is an accomplished musician, and has composed music which she sings only for her friends' enjoyment. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano.

She is a devoted patron of the opera, concert, and symphony. Never misses a Hollywood Bowl concert when in town. Richard Tauber, the German tenor, is one of her two favorite singers; Lawrence Tibbett the other.

While she is a voracious reader of everything worth while, she has a weakness for the detective story. She is also something of a linguist. Speaks, reads, and writes French almost as well as she does English. She is studying German and Italian. Languages come to her naturally. She has translated several plays from the French, including "La Tentresse," her last stage success with Henry Miller. Playwrights and screen writers have profound respect for her dramatic judgment.

Ruth Chatterton has one iron-clad studio rule. She never works after 5:30 o'clock, because she firmly believes that eight hours is the limit of one's efficiency. Yet she has been known to break her own rule many times, working all hours to help her director out of a hole. The working men of her crews are her staunch admirers. She speaks their language. Her constant consideration for their welfare is traditional in the studios. Ruth hates to pose for still photographs. But, one night when dead tried, she posed for two hours for a young photographer who convinced her that he would get in a jam if she didn't. That she had a dinner party on didn't matter.

As everyone knows, Ruth Chatterton was a mere chit of a girl, sixteen, when she scored her first Broadway hit. The play was "The Rainbow," and two years later she rose to stardom in "Daddy Long Legs." Her next success was "Come Out Of The Kitchen." Then, "The Change-lings." One of her most artistic successes was Barrie's "Mary Rose."

Ruth Chatterton's art is of the type that will survive for posterity because she went through the Spartan training that is denied the young actresses of today.

Her real beginnings have never been told. In her veins courses the blood of the aristocratic de Chamous who trace their lineage in France back to 1222, and also the blood of honest English farmers who settled in America before the Revolution.

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It is characteristic of Ruth Chatterton that she has the kind of self-made woman who had never been taught the niceties of life. "He drank his coffee out of a cup-plate," she says, "and she was a self-made man who became a successful naval architect despite his handicaps. He was one of the simplest and finest men that ever lived. I like to think that I get my decent qualities from him."

To this stern and rugged inheritance can be attributed her ability to struggle through a pitiful existence in a cheap New York boarding-house where she and her mother once lived on $10 a week. Ruth was then fifteen years of age. She had been born in New York City, and in her eighties, she was seen in her mouth. Her father was an artist, Ruth was educated at an exclusive girls' school at Pelham Manor. When her family fell upon hard times Ruth and her mother went out in the world to make their living.

Although not one of her family had ever been identified with acting, she seemed to have a natural gift for minny. As a child she "rehearsed" Shakespearean roles in front of a full-length mirror. At fourteen, with the gay courage and optimism of youth she sailed forth to conquer the world. She succeeded in getting a bit in a stock company in Washington, D.C. Here she won the attention and friendship of Julia Dean, a noted actress, who gave her much valuable advice and tutelage. Later, when she landed a small stock engagement in Milwaukau, but needed clothes, it was Julia Dean who shipped her a trunkful.

For the better part of two years the girl fought for her opportunity, eluding a precarious existence in the seaside boarding house on West 45th street. Katharine Hepburn, who might have been the ingenue Ruth Chatterton. She was an impertinent minx who blandly burned stage vitamins that could play any and all roles. And she firmly believed in it.

Finally, Henry Miller heard of her performance in "The Rainbow" and directed the Chicago company of "Standing Pat." He sent for her. Picture the sublime nerve of a minx of sixteen, who told Gilbert Miller that she would accept the ingenue role in his forthcoming play titled "Standing Pat." "I don't wear bolero and girdles," and "that she would not play the Bijou Theatre." Ruth had heard the Bijou was a junk house.

Henry Miller has an irascible temper, but also a great sense of humor. He had never seen or met the prospective ingenue, but her ultimatum struck his funny bone. Talled to her over the telephone and liked her voice. She was engaged to play the ingenue role in "The Rainbow"— sight unseen.

She had lied about her age when she started her career in stock at fourteen, and she continued to lie. When she made her film debut as a thirty-six year old, she was really sixteen, but claimed to be nineteen.

It is a matter of Broadway history that the first night of "The Rainbow" at the Liberty Theatre was one of the most amazing events in theatrical annals. Not only did it witness the discovery of a girl-child who was destined to become one of our finest actresses, but it also witnessed a psychic phenomenon. In the second scene of the first act, after Henry Miller and Laura Hope Crews had exited, Ruth Chatterton made her entrance. She stood silently in a pantomimic expression of the mood of the scene, with a shaft of light falling upon her upturned face. Suddenly the audience of hard-boiled first-nighters burst into a storm of applause which culminated in a five-minutes' ovation. To this day no one who saw that debut can explain why, least of all Ruth Chatterton. She had not spoken a line. Miller and Miss Crews left their dressing-rooms in astonishment. And at the end of the play the ovation was repeated. A new star was born.

Today, we find Ruth Chatterton one of the most popular actresses in motion pictures. She is Helen Hayes, who began her career as a stock ingenue in "Standing Pat." But her success in "The Rainbow" was the start of a long and successful career as a stock ingenue in "Standing Pat." But her success in "The Rainbow" was the start of a long and successful career.

Margaret Kennedy wrote about in "The Coozant Nymph"—every member of which has since made a mark in some branch of the artistic world. So Francesca Braggioni Lodge came to Hollywood with her small daughter, and dedicated herself to a sound-proof dark room, studying the Girard Lodge, her voice modulation, and temperament generally in order that her voice might substitute for the screen in "Some Like It Hot." "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me" in foreign release pictures. So excellent was her skill in the Italian versions that Mussolini himself sent her congratulations.

And that's how John Lodge came to Hollywood—to visit his wife and daughter. His agent will tell you that John had no thought of the screen, that she herself persuaded him to take a test—since there was such a painful shortage of "gentlemen" à la the Ronald Colman ilk. Mrs. Ad Schuberg is the agent and she says we were "tired of seeing men portraying drawing-room roles who had the appearance of clerks."

So far so good, but John himself admits that he was willing to aid in being "discovered and persuaded." He had done a good deal of dramatic work at Harvard and loved it.

Anyway, he took the test, and Paramount approved it. John insisted on beginning in a small part—knew that if he failed through inexperience in an important one his career would end. "private—Boston Lodge or no Lodge. I was that of the doctor in "Woman Accussed," his second rather more significant in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "I was offered a part opposite Mae West," he reveals, "but begged to be excused. I still felt too inexperienced to risk that." John will probably go down to history as the only man who declined to play opposite Mae West.

As the likeable rascal in "Under the Tonto Rim," John proved he was acquiring ever more hysterionic assurance. Then came the lover role, opposite Frances Dee as Meg, in "Little Women." That settled it! Von Sternberg promptly annexed him for that most coveted male role in the Dietrich picture, "Shanghai Express," in which he is winning studio eulogies galore. Von Sternberg can overwork them, keep them hungry, run their nerves ragged, but John Lodge is in the seventh
He's all-Hollywood now. And this is what can happen to a member of that Boston aristocracy of whom it was written, "This land of the bean and the cod, where the Lowell's speak to the Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God."

Incidentally, although John is much too gentlemanly to mention it, I think he rather regrets Jacques de Bujac taking the name of Bruce Cabot for screen purposes. If he really belonged to the Cabots, it would be all right, you understand. However, Bruce comes from a pretty good family, too—his grandfather was French ambassador to the United States, and his father was a famous lawyer in New Mexico.

"But we are no relation," informs John Lodge, sedately.

It was one of Mrs. Lodge's sisters who started the Braggiotti-Denislaw Dance Academy in Boston—and it was there that Francesca with solemn permission from the mayor, did the first bare-foot dance ever publicly performed in this country. She is a talented, charming person, and John Lodge gracefully credits her with precious aid in his acting career.

"My best successes have always been when I was either seen but not heard or heard but not seen," laughs Francesca—which did not prevent the New York critics speaking highly of her work in straight drama, all the same. Actually her voice is more attractive than Garbo's own—less guttural, more color and emotion. Because of the ban on these synchronized foreign versions of Hollywood pictures in both Germany and France, Francesca is largely restricted to the Italian versions of Garbo now. However, her personality has won Hollywood, and one or two tentative offers have been dangled before Francesca to come out of the sound-proof dark room and show what she can do in good old English.

The Lodges have taken a very modest house on Highland Avenue in Hollywood, no splurge of any kind. Their small daughter, who laughingly tells strangers her name is "Miss Lodge," but whose full cognomen is Lily de Pourtales Lodge, is a remarkable independent 2½-year-old. One suspects that the nurse has a busy time of it, the young lady is so extremely enterprising.

John Lodge stands six feet two inches tall, and has an air about him. He isn't exactly handsome—his large black eyes being his most distinguished feature. He carries himself well, and has a firm chin with dimples, and a most engaging smile. He was distinctly overwhelmed when the reporters rushed him for interviews and pictures on arrival—his family hasn't gone in much for that sort of thing, and it was all distinctly new to him.

He doesn't expect to forsake the law and politics altogether; he knows very well that ten years is about the limit for a star to be an star on the screen. And incidentally, he is already slated to be in the star class.

"My family has always served its country in some way or another. My brother, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., deliberately prepared for political work as a newspaper correspondent in Washington, as continue my career now, beginning at the bottom, as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He is also editor of a newspaper—and he's only 30 years old."

Whereas John comes from a wealthy family, Francesca says she has earned her own living since she was fourteen years of age. "All of our family were brought up to be self-supporting and to have a purpose in life," she explains. "So John encourages me to keep on with my career."

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Please tell me what is wrong dear!

W***n don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

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HEALTH SOAP

(BODY ODOR)
**Domestic Doings Around Hollywood!**

Even the most glamorous and exotic stars have ideas about a house!

By Katharine Hartley

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**"Joan loves to putter around..."**

We see and hear so much about the stars and their public life, that we sometimes wonder what, if anything, they ever do at home. It may be surprising to a few romantic-minded fans to know that Hollywood has a domestic streak in it, too. It loves to entertain at home—and to have the friends "in", if only to see the new paper on the living room wall. Many of these Hollywood hostesses have excellent taste—and their own ideas about what should be done. When Joan Crawford first took up housekeeping, what she didn't know about decorating a home or planning a formal dinner party, she learned... and practices beautifully. Joan loves to putter around, rearranging flowers, and trying pillows in your places—not only to see that everything is just so, but to see that it has a touch of Joan Crawford about it, too. Something unique, original, like Joan herself. Leave it all to a decorator—even such a good decorator as William Haines is? Well, I guess not. Having a finger in the pie is a woman's best fun. Any woman.

And speaking of having a finger in the pie, having a finger in fudge is even more fun, and very tasty. "Making fudge" is making the grade in Hollywood in a big way these days. It's practically the favorite indoor sport of the stars. Katie Hepburn lies awake nights trying to remember that fudge recipe she learned in the good old days at Bryn Mawr. And those two sisters, Sally Blane and Loretta Young, simply can't agree on whether you let the fudge cool before beating it... or what!

Well, to solve all these difficulties, here's a fool-proof recipe that Oakkosh and Hollywood both, would do well to follow. Mix two cups of granulated sugar with a cup of water, and bring to a boil. Then add one cup of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Stir constantly and boil over a low flame until a bit of the mixture forms a firm ball when dropped into cold water. Then remove it from the fire, and add 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate, cut into small pieces. Add nut meats if you wish, and heat until thick and creamy. Then pour into a buttered pan. Give the fudge spoon to the most deserving of your friends, to lick... and hold the rest of the crowd off until the candy is cool and ready to cut into squares.

And if this fudge doesn't melt in your mouth, I don't know what will. Ice, maybe.

The talk of the town, (among the women, anyway), occurred recently when one bright hostess set her guests down to a dinner table done entirely in ensemble fashion. Lovely china, crystal and silver, all in the same pattern—a tiny, triangular design, modern in its simplicity. The oh's and ah's were politely suppressed. But I'll bet every woman there had difficulties coming over the urge to turn the silver on a plate upside down to see what "make" it was. The secret is out now, however, and "Community Plate" is doing a big business in Hollywood. You see those smart ensembles everywhere.

There's one thing about Hollywood. When it goes in for anything, it goes in for it lock, stock and barrel. And that "ensemble" idea is not confined to dinner tables alone. All the "best bathrooms" have been assembled completely. Face towels, bath towels, wash cloths, seat covers and bath mats all bear the same smart design... maybe a fish border one day, and a row of tulips the next. Another woman is responsible for most of these smart sets. And I hope you need no introduction to Carbon towels. They're just about the softest, warmest, dryingest towels in the world. And that's saying a lot.

Here's another idea that originated in the Glamor City. You know that peculiar metallic odor that hovers 'round the mouthpiece of a phone? Well, put a few drops of perfume in the mouthpiece, and see if that doesn't add romance and charm to conversations.
Yoo Hoo! Here’s My Story

Continued from page 56

best beloved on all the world, next to my mother. Of course, that’s just my name for her. She’s Rachel Smith, State Representative of all minors at the Paramount Studio.

She’s so pretty. Ask her how many times a day I give her a big hug. She calls me Love, and says I’m the most affectionate, most responsive and good-natured baby she ever saw.

It was Wacer who discovered me. Guess everybody knows how I got into pictures. Director Norman Taurog wanted a baby that looked like Maurice Chevalier to play in "A Bedtime Story," and he asked Wacer to find one. She’s told me many times that the very first minute she saw me she knew I was the one but the studio tested 1000 babies before they decided I had the Hansburg lip and screen personality they were seeking. So, I’m literally one baby in 1000!

Wacer says I’m such a mimic that all she has to do is stand behind the camera and act out whatever they want me to do and I follow her.

She’s strict, too. And do we have schedules? Where! Regular meals, regular baths, regular meals. I’m crazy about spinach and carrots and tomato juice and consommé and lots of other good things. Once in a while when Wacer wants to reward me she gives me a teeny bit of chocolate bar. She says it can’t hurt me for most of it goes on my face.

I’m allowed on the set four hours a day and two hours before the cameras. These two hours, of course, are divided into just a few minutes at a time so I never get tired. Oh, and what do you think? I have two doubles! These other babies are in the long shots and stand in for light tests which save my precious time. I’m pretty much pulled for no other star ever had two doubles!

Mother and I have a little home in the suburbs and I have a goat, a frisky white and black fella, a goose, a pet rooster and two pigs and lots of toys and books—I like the books best. Wacer teaches me words out of books. Ho, ho, I could say book a long time ago, and today I learned the word pig—and I say pig, pig, pig all the time.

I can say, I’m mad, too, and it sounds so funny that I laugh and laugh at it. See, I can snap my fingers and dance and keep time.

Do you know Jack Oakie? I love Jack. Every time he sees me he bellows, "Hi, Pal!" Guess he borrowed that from "Skippy." Jack and I are a lot alike for he’s a mother’s boy, just like me. Then, everywhere he goes there are always girls hovering around. That’s how it is with me, too. But it’s fun. Jack says when I’m a bit older he’s going to teach me his dances. And Bing Crosby promises to make me the greatest crooner in the world. Bing and I are to co-star in our next and my dear Norman Taurog will direct.

Fredric March is swell, too. He lets me play with his watch and I never drop it as I did the watches in "A Bedtime Story." I know better now. Once, Freddy took me over to see the pretty chorus girls rehearse their dancing for a picture. They were peaches, every one, but they became so interested in us men that the director put us out.

I like men and boys better than girls. But I like Miriam Hopkins. She comes to see me often and sometimes brings her little boy, Peter. Peter has the grandest

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See for yourself how quickly Noxzema can clear, soften and refine your skin. You can get one of the new larger 50c jars—or a generous 10c trial jar at any drug or department store. Get a jar today.
With all my sun-bathing I never get brown. I get red and then go right back to white again.

I like Marlene Dietrich, too. When she was making "Song of Songs," she'd leave her nice leading man, Brian Aherne, sitting alone at the luncheon table and slip over to feed Melba toast. Now, I don't like Melba toast, but I would eat it every time to please Marlene.

Perhaps you've heard there was a feud between W. C. Fields and me. That's all over now. He calls me Mr. LeRoy and we're great pals. Of course, he did accuse me of stealing some of his choice scenes in "The Big Shot," and now says that while he doesn't want to squawk, I certainly copied his lines in "Alice in Wonderland." He tells everybody he's just waiting 'til I get a full set of teeth so he can knock them down my throat. Pooh, that's nothing, just professional rivalry.

Oh yes, one of my favorites is Ernst Lubitsch. He never had a child in any of his pictures but he thought I was such a funny baby that he wrote in a wee bit for me in "Design For Living," and we had the greatest fun making it. He'd carry me around in his arms and let me break up his cigars and just laugh at me. Once, quick, before he caught me, I tried to pull a big black one like he does. But he grabbed it, saying, "None of that, Young Fellow. You'll probably learn soon enough, but never from me."

Something new is always happening. A few weeks ago they took me down to the frontcourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, just beyond the routine to wash the elephants in the circus prologue for Mae West's film, "I'm No Angel." I turned the hose on them and they liked it. Then I rode a caged lion. I'm not afraid! Afraid? Oh, no. Why, we were friends. Oh, hmn, what else do you want to know about me? Let's see. Well, Dr. Milton Metfessel, of the Psychology Department of the University of Southern California, put me through a series of tests and said I have the mental development generally found in babies twice my age. I don't know what it all means but mother and Wacer were so proud.

I fall down a hundred times a day but no one pays any attention to me so I get up and pretend I didn't touch the floor. Red is my favorite color and all kinds of wheels fascinate me. I love to watch the camera wheels whirling round and round.

My future? There's such a lot of it, isn't there? Well, I'm signed with Paramount for seven years and as I'm only a year and a half old now I'll be a big boy when that is over. Besides my salary, my reward for turning up as the Chevalier baby, is an insurance policy that will give me a college education. Mother talks about me being an engineer and building bridges but I think I'll go right on in motion pictures.

I'd like to be an actor like Freddy March, wisecrack like Jack Oakie, dance like Georgie Rait, and sing like Bing.

That's a big order for the future, but just watch me get there!

Who Are Hollywood's 6 Most Charming Women?

Continued from page 17
that will be told to children to instill value in them—told to grown-ups to encourage them. She grips our emotions as the boldest gladiator must grip his woman by some special feat of heroism, while the whole theatre of bowing people held up their thumbs (the sign for mercy) and roared their approval. Marie Dressler proves that Charm is not confined to the pretty young things. She shows us anew that woman need not fear age but instead make it serve them. If this is not Charm, there is no such thing! So I must chose Marie Dressler as one of Hollywood's six most charming women.

We, of the audience, can give our admiration and allegiance to a number of types of women because we ourselves are such complex creatures. Sometimes we are saints, sometimes sinners, most of the time an inconsistent mixture of the two. The average woman has within her own nature both a saint and a madonna. This is why she can admire both Marlene Dietrich and Elissa Landi.

Miss Landi is in every move and sound the foster aristocrat. Discriminating, yet kindly, she is the eternal princess in the Gaulish drama that goes on inside every woman.

Marlene Dietrich is, in direct contrast, of the earth, earthly. So much so, that even from the screen one can almost feel the warmth of her flesh. There is something deep, feline about her. Her eyes are like those of a lioness, inscrutable, more or less than human. You are almost sure that if she were comfortable before a fire that she would purr—a deep, rasping, rhythmic purr, and that the whole room would be filled with her animal content.

This gives her a great and basic appeal. Buried somewhere in the human consciousness is the memory of times when the herd or family huddled together for warmth. Besides that, we all experience a sense of satisfaction in beholding a woman who is physically comfortable. So to a tired and jaded world, Marlene Dietrich lends the pleasure of a perfect body. She appeals to us instinctively rather than mentally. An important phase of Charm!

It is to this same tired world that Helen Hayes offers the balm of her exquisite tenderness. She heals our hurts with her gentleness. She soothes and rests us with the melody of her voice. She is a lovely lullaby singing giants of disillusion to sleep. She gives us dreams of our forgotten ideals. She makes children of us, children clamoring "Do that again!" Because she stimulates our imaginations and refreshes our visions she is an important section on us.

Her exact opposite is Garbo. One of the most interesting things about this strange woman is that she fascinates even those who dislike her. Her severest critics never miss one of her pictures. There is a certain desperate unrest in Garbo that communes readily to others. She seems imprisoned, lashed by desires impossible of fulfillment. It is this that pulls us to her. Within all of us there is something that longs dimly for something that is inexorable fate will dash our hopes. So we are drawn to Garbo by the strange necessity of having to know how she will come out, thus, perhaps, finding our own solution. Her appeal is sure and deep, based on the common ground of human frustration.

True, she is an artist. But there are other artists—and only one Garbo. So she is number five on my list.

There are two women I want so much to name here but cannot because my editor has demanded that I name only players who are appearing in current films. I refer first to Mary Pickford, who seems to me quite among the most remarkable woman alive. Though she is a splendid actress, it is as hostess, woman, humani-

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The film Tars and Feathers, starring Mary Pickford and Robert Harron, was released in 1922.

The film was directed by Thomas H. Ince and produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. It was based on the newspaper comic strip of the same name and was a period piece set during the American Civil War.

The story follows Mary Pickford's character, Jane Flanders, who is a Union spy and a member of the Nurses' Home in New York City. She is sent to work as a nurse in a Confederate hospital and becomes involved with a Union officer, played by Robert Harron.

The film was a commercial success, grossing over $1 million at the box office. It was one of the first films that featured a female lead character, and it helped to establish Mary Pickford as a major star in Hollywood.

Summary:
The film Tars and Feathers, starring Mary Pickford and Robert Harron, was released in 1922. The film was directed by Thomas H. Ince and produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. It was based on the newspaper comic strip of the same name and was a period piece set during the American Civil War. The story follows Mary Pickford's character, Jane Flanders, who is a Union spy and a member of the Nurses' Home in New York City. She is sent to work as a nurse in a Confederate hospital and becomes involved with a Union officer, played by Robert Harron. The film was a commercial success, grossing over $1 million at the box office. It was one of the first films that featured a female lead character, and it helped to establish Mary Pickford as a major star in Hollywood.
and uses them in an entirely natural way.

Recently he went on a trip with a Mr. Frank. There was no other reason for the trip than that he wanted to discuss a book of philosophy with him. They had touched it about several times on the set and finally decided the only way to thresh it out was to go away by themselves where they wouldn't be interrupted.

Bill, his brother, has told me that sometimes Jim goes out in his back yard and will lie for hours in a swing looking up at the sky—thinking! If anyone comes near him all that can be got out of Jim is a smile and the expression, "This is the life." Yet he doesn't mean that literally. He's merely trying to figure things out for himself.

I don't think he particularly likes Hollywood because he feels that nothing really creative ever comes out of it.

Despite that gorgeous sense of humor, he'll never let it be known he can get people to talking seriously. He seems to feel that a laugh only lasts a minute but you can always get ideas from serious conversations to take away with you and mull over afterwards. No one is ever too dull for him to attempt to "draw out." He thinks everyone has ideas that are worth hearing.

If, occasionally, he sees there is no hope of a serious conversation he'll let go and clown until he has the whole room in stitches. I've never met anyone who could resist laughing—or who wanted to—when Jim set out to be funny.

He's indefatigable in his efforts to improve himself. During the studio shutdown he devoted an hour each to dancing, singing and piano lessons—every day. He's always been a good dancer but he wants to keep himself up to date and not be known as an old-fashioned dancer. I don't remember what all else he studied during that time.

He never changes his technique. Once in New York we made a test for Fox. I was dolled up in the Mae West mode. We worked the ideas Exploration. We did three or four scenes from our show, Jim did some dances and—I think—sang. They thought I was too big and Jim was too small and they showed the test around town for laughs.

The other day, George Frank, Jim's agent, saw it over there and said they're laughing out of the other side of their faces now. We were exactly the same then as we are now and they could have had either of us for $100 a week.

If I go on much longer I'm afraid I'll be getting into more or less personal matters. Personal, that is, as far as he is concerned—and hell hath no fury like a Cagney one has taken liberties with.

But in closing, I want to say there's only one like him and may his shadow never grow less.

What I Think of Joan
Continued from page 19

always being put upon. People make touches again and again, yet she has never learned to say "no" nor has she let unpleasant experiences in the past make her skeptical of the woes of the next one. I, who am generally known as "a soft touch," have a heart like a pawnbroker being approached for a loan on buttons when compared to Blondell.

Her chief interest in life is her immediate family. They come first and I think anything else in her life is merely incidental.

(Mocking speaking): I can furnish an illustration of that. While I have never seen any excessive drinking around a studio it is a common practice at the close of a day for one of the leading players to say to other members of the company.
You can have
ENTICING EYES

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SALE OF THE THEATRE

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Screenland
further that you finally got sick and tired of being so sweet, and that writers and critics sometimes wrote that you weren't as sweet and gaga as your pictures represented you to be. Then you might feel rebellious and most likely fear that you were being typed, and want to change to another kind of dramatic portrayal. If you did, most likely we the public would turn thumbs down on you, refuse to pay to see you, and your career would be ended.

Remember Jimmy Cagney went haywire about a year ago because he was tired of it all and announced he was finished with acting. We believe he was sincere in his desire to return to college to study to become a doctor. But we wanted Cagney—we wanted him to continue to give us interpretations of a hard-boiled guy who was rather soft inside. And we got him because so large a salary was offered to him, he could not resist it and he returned to the screen.

Recently we saw one of those horrid, historical albums of the movies of years ago. You know, where they take short sections from famous films of years gone by and race the film so fast that the actors, their mannerisms, even their clothes only ten years ago are made to appear so ridiculous that we are ashamed that we are more than fifteen years of age. As usual the inevitable facile commentator made the usual absurd wise-cracks. Certainly nothing else is needed to emphasize the short screen life of the average Hollywood player and to prove that many of them enjoy so short a vogue that even a large salary is received at best for only a short interlude in their lives.

The continuance of high stellar salaries is also selfish from our point of view in that part of the enjoyment we get from the movies is in the realization that the screen players are fabulously rich, that they live in a rare world of luxury, that they are the outstanding successes of the entertainment world. They represent another great American achievement—and all of us who pay our admission at our local theatre feel that we helped to make them rich and great. Most of us, too, see a vista of grandeur their unreal lives as something to hope for when and if our ship comes in—and anything that makes a dream world for us is worth paying plenty for.

Because we feel that way we hold the stars to an almost cruel accountability. We make them live under a searching glare of publicity—we must know their love affairs, what they eat, how they dress, intimate details of their home furnishings, how they exercise, how they play, how their families are—even to their uncles and aunts)—and we bete them if they displeasure us. Let a married star contemplate a divorce such as one in every nine or ten married persons in the United States do and lo, the very flood gates of public criticism are opened. We become the detectives, the prosecutor, the judge and the jury.

Newspaper and magazine reporters and photographers, syndicate writers and cartoonists hound them and pound them and say on them every hour of the night and day hoping to secure or concoct some juicy, scandalous morsel to headline in every journal and every avenue of publicity throughout the world.

Those things which in our lives would be natural, even though unfortunate and unhappy developments of the years we live, must be handled at high cost for them through publicity counsels, agents and at-

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**Gorgeous Lemon Pie without cooking!**

The Screen Spectator Speaks

Continued from page 55

further that you finally got sick and tired of being so sweet, and that writers and critics sometimes wrote that you weren't as sweet and gaga as your pictures represented you to be. Then you might feel rebellious and most likely fear that you were being typed, and want to change to another kind of dramatic portrayal. If you did, most likely we the public would turn thumbs down on you, refuse to pay to see you, and your career would be ended.

Remember Jimmy Cagney went haywire about a year ago because he was tired of it all and announced he was finished with acting. We believe he was sincere in his desire to return to college to study to become a doctor. But we wanted Cagney—we wanted him to continue to give us interpretations of a hard-boiled guy who was rather soft inside. And we got him because so large a salary was offered to him, he could not resist it and he returned to the screen.

Recently we saw one of those horrid, historical albums of the movies of years ago. You know, where they take short sections from famous films of years gone by and race the film so fast that the actors, their mannerisms, even their clothes only ten years ago are made to appear so ridiculous that we are ashamed that we are more than fifteen years of age. As usual the inevitable facile commentator made the usual absurd wise-cracks. Certainly nothing else is needed to emphasize the short screen life of the average Hollywood player and to prove that many of them enjoy so short a vogue that even a large salary is received at best for only a short interlude in their lives.

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**WILL JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLES FARRELL RE-MAKE “SEVENTH HEAVEN”**

The question that all Hollywood is buzzing about right now is, will the screen reunion of the great love team of the movies repeat the sensational success scored in “Seventh Heaven”? In other words, will Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell be able once more to re-create the idyllic romance that thrilled the world when they first appeared together in pictures? You want to know the answer! Well, SCREENLAND’s Hollywood sleuth, James M. Fidler, who is Janet’s best friend among screen scribes, and also close friend of Charles Farrell, is hot on the trail of the “inside” story of the imminent co-starring return of the team that made box-office history. Are Janet and Charlie glad to be together again? Will Farrell’s role be of equal importance with Gaynor’s? For the answer in the April issue of SCREENLAND, on sale at all newsstands February 23.

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**Learn Public Speaking**

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Dramatic “on the hoof” speech practice, practice, practice, because success, though it flatters, depends not on the skill of the speaker but on the command of the subject. How to think with words, not with pictures. How to make a good thing better. How to make a bad thing good. How to be a good conversationalist. How to write to influence. How to use inquests as a research tool. How to become a master of style. How to improve the voice and make the memory work. How to cultivate poise. How to analyze the problem. How to add beauty to the spoken word. How to meet any emergency. How to come out on top. How to handle criticism. How to be a leader. How to make others see your point of view. How to improve the memory. How to translate experience into an effective statement. How to spur interest. How to sharpen the sense of humor. How to get cooperation. How to become a persuasive speaker. How to overcome shyness. How to learn the secrets of personal beauty. How to know how to act in any social situation. How to dress your idea. How to think of — and through — the audience. How to create an audience. How to interest and captivate your audience. How to be an artist.

**MAKE $50 TO $200 A WEEK!**

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SH-H-H--! A SECRET!
OLGA STUART
POPULAR STAR

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampoo could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! 25¢ at your dealers', or send for free sample.

*Note: Do not confound this with other shampoos that merely clean. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "spring-fantastic"—a very little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair?*

FREE
J. W. KOBI CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. C
Seattle, Wash. ******* Please send a free sample.
Name ____________________________________________
Address ____________________________________________
City __________________________ State ____________________________
Color of my hair ____________________________

Id Money and stamps WANTED
POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2000 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $10 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay the highest prices.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME
1914 S. Mint $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not perfect) and hundreds of other amazing coins for coins. Get in touch with me. Send me Post Office Flders and further particulars. I may mean much money to you. Write today to
NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 232 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

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A new modern scientific method of regaining beauty of face and form without the aid of medicines, starving diet, or straining exercise. A simple vacuum device and lotion approved by doctors and easy to use. Reduces weight, eliminates wrinkles, and other ugly signs of age. Leaves the skin glowing with health, the body refreshed and invigorated. A few minutes use daily produces remarkable results.

Complete set including lotion $2.95

Lawton Method Dept. 2-A
50 East 42 Street, N. Y. C.
I agree to pay postman $2.95 plus postage for complete Lawton Method line by beauty set. If I am not satisfied within ten days, I may return it and my money will be refunded.

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The Man Who Replaced Lee Tracy
Continued from page 27

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist’s secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! 25¢ at your dealers’, or send for free sample.

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The Man Who Replaced Lee Tracy
Continued from page 27

pilgrimage through life. Alas, his face didn’t come up to his expectations!

Nevertheless, he kept his notions of evolving into a Great Lover in his heart throughout his uneventful childhood. When he was a senior in the high schools at Porterville, California, he got his first taste of dramatics. He performed in the class plays and thoroughly enjoyed his work for the heights.

But there had never been an actor in the Erwin family—his two brothers and a sister still live in peaceful obscurity at their birthplace—so he discreetly enrolled at the University of California in Berkeley, and supposedly began majoring in journalism.

“The summer following my freshman year I worked in the fruit canning in Porterville,” he told me as we talked in front of the theater. “I stayed there the last minute, instead of returning to college I took the money I’d earned for my tuition and headed for Los Angeles and a drama academy.”

“Can’t you picture him murmuring, "Darling, I want you, I must have you!" as he sliced peaches endlessly all that summer?” replied his sister, “for the only thing I’d ever heard him do was to play heroic leads," he confessed to me and June. Visions of Stu melodramatically acting before his boarding-house mirror floated before our eyes. Like Merion, in reality Stu gaped at Hollywood’s stars and confidently planned what he’d do when he was one of the sacred cit.

“Fortunately, by the time I’d finished rounds in the dramatic school I had come to the realization that I was humorous rather than heroic. This was casually stated, but you can bet that facing the Facts of Hollywood was just as much of a blow to Stu’s ego as it was to Merion’s.

Stu quit the training academy when he was offered a part in the local production of “White Collars.” Produced in a small theatre, it ran a whole year. It gave him the necessary theatrical varnish, and he continued in Los Angeles stage shows, alternating occasionally as a stage manager, until a Fox scout noticed him. His film career thus began with a role in “Mother Knows Best,” one of the early talkies.

“I’m thankful I have a trick, quavery voice,” Stu pointed out. “It’s an asset to my type, I have tried to develop a distinct comedy style.”

“Compare myself to Lee Tracy? Well, I’d say that our methods are just the opposite. He’s high-key; I’m low-key. He overplays, gets his laughs by his speedy delivery and his flair for blunting. Whereas I underplay, talk too slowly, and appear vague.”

It may seem easy to wander through a talkie looking dumb, but it isn’t. Stu explains that, in life, a funny fellow isn’t that way all the time. He is apt to be most laughable when by himself and to be perfectly ordinary when with others. On the screen one has to be funny when it can be observed. Furthermore, it’s difficult to be amusing and maintain the slow pace when the rest of the cast is playing straight.

That Stu and June should have hit it off so marvelously has never ceased to astonish those who don’t really understand them. Squaw Valley and Park Avenue...
are worlds apart on the surface. At the
time these two married I did a story on
them and called it "Hollywood's Strangest
Marriage."

The way their love has lasted and
literally deepened with each passing year
proves to me that my adjective should
have been "wise."

Environment isn't an infallible index.
Stu may have been a hick once, but, like
Merton, he has had no intention of not
having the finest things effort and money
can procure. June discerned this inner
self of his.

What's more, she discovered what many
women have learned too late—that when
it comes to marriage a man's profile isn't
as essential as character. Stu is kindly,
talented, sincere, and intelligent. Alto-
gether, the ideal husband.

It takes two to make a go at a Holly-
wood union, and we must give June equal
credit. The daughter of a prominent New
York attorney, she was raised in a wealthy,
sophisticated atmosphere. But she was not
permitted to be blase. Shortly after her
private schooling was over, she attracted
Alan Dwan's gaze when he was in New
York to direct a George O'Brien film. He
persuaded her to take a supporting part.
Her beauty resulted in a Fox contract and
she was sent to the coast. That was in
1927.

"I enjoy acting," June declared when
our conversation switched from Stu to
her, "and I hope to go on with it. But
it's been absolutely secondary since our
marriage. Stu and the baby are first with
me. They mean more than any part or
any contract!"

This devotion to husband and home,
avenueless and unassailable, shows you an
other reason this couple has beaten the
Hollywood jinx. Ambitious, June has
wisely weighed the ultimate value of fame
over love and found the latter infinitely
more desirable.

Her professional rating has slipped be-
cause of her love for Stu. Soon after
their marriage she was offered a fine role
and rejected it because it meant a location
trip. Then Stu was sent to New York for
three months and she refused to be sepa-
rated from him. Stu's jr. debut came
along next. Now the baby is fourteen
months old and, circumstances having
adjusted themselves favorably, June has just
done two leads again.

"I don't believe in marital separations," she
explained to me. Stu doesn't either. And
this isn't love, what is? When he was
on location with "The Stranger's Re-
turn" company at Chico, he drove in every
day to be with June—a sixty-mile jaunt.
I asked why he hadn't been bothered by the insidious gossip which
sooner or later creeps up on every film
pair.

"My attitude has changed on this matter," June
commented. "I used to assume that
the columnists were persecuting innocent
couples. Now I check the
rumors and eventually most of them ma-
terialized as truths! As far as Stu and I are
concerned, they can't make up trouble
where none exists. We've given them no
ground to whisper!"

The aforementioned Stu, jr. was
brought down for my inspection by June.
"Manni" and "daddy" cooed at his cute
tricks, and I did, too. He's a smart child
and it's easy to guess that he's going to
have everything his affectionate parents
can bestow.

Each morning at eight, June arises and
personally gives the baby his breakfast.
When she is working at a studio, his nurse
brings him to the lot for lunch with her.
The Erwins have never spent a full
weekend away from home since the baby was
born. Junior is too young to vacation, and
they don't care to leave him.

Don't let PAIN rob you
of your charm!

New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

Don't let pain take the sparkle out
of your eyes or the brilliance from
your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the
ordinary aches and pains distress you.
You can be sure to feel well at any
particular time and need have no
wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in
the relief of pain, and now headaches,
backaches, earaches, and toothaches
are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly al-
ways find that pains yield to 2 of
these tablets with a glass of water
in less than 10 minutes.

Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on
the box) is well known to modern
doctors and druggists. Part of this
new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once
in the stomach, giving instant relief.
The remainder dissolves in the diges-
tive tract and prolongs relief amaz-
ingly. Many users claim relief to be 3
times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children,
HEXIN had to be safe and, in actua-
metrical tests, it proved much less distur-
ing to the digestion than old-fashioned,
slow-acting tablets. It can be taken
just before meals without upsetting
the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been de-
veloped for the common cold, many
people find that if they take 1 HEXIN
tablet with water every hour until a
total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a
threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN
also greatly relieves the discomfort
incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN
is well known to the medical profes-
sion. Pains due to rheumatism, arth-
ritis and neuritis usually yield quickly
to HEXIN.

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The fever-reducing action of HEXIN
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ritis and neuritis usually yield quickly
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**Screenland**

Do Your Lips Clash With Your Cheeks?

"Color Harmony" is the smart new name in make-up. To be truly beautiful, the color-tones of your lips and cheeks must match! Outdoor Girl, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge does away with the cheap artificial effect that so often results in contrasting shades of rouge and lipstick being used. A mere touch, applied to lips and cheeks, reproduces the beautiful, natural shades of a healthy, glowing skin. Pure colors; harmless to even the most delicate skin. Goes on smoothly, Indelible and waterproof. In 5 exquisite shades. At leading drug and department stores—30c, 25c. Also at variety stores in miniature sizes for 10c.

**Free for Asthma During Winter**

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you ache as if each breath was the very last; if painful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the desire to slowly wear away your life, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable remedy. No matter where you live, or whether you are poor or favored, you will be sent this new remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered too long, and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Frontier Asthma Co., 92-7 Frenfier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY and have a profitable vocation. There are many opportunities in this field of profitable photography. Learn to take platform photographs, business photographs, portrait photographs, product photographs, engineering photographs, industrial photographs, view photographs, signature photographs, etc. Many successful photographers have taken platform pictures at a hundred dollars a week. Free instructions. By Mail. Address, New York Institute of Photography, 10 West St., Dept. 40-C, New York City.

Consult the Screen for Ideas in Decorating Your Home

(Continued from page 21)

Stu and June attend a moderate number of Hollywood functions, but never go out when it is not necessary. They live in a home regime. In fact, they've never had time to see a Mae West film! They aren't too methodical, though. Doing the unexpected has been a habit ever since their elopement. You'll remember that they met when cast in "Dude Ranch" at Paramount, where they were timely relieved, and the handsome hero—now forgotten—had the kissing scenes with June. She thought Stu more entertaining than the hero who was brought on location. They began lunching together. There were dancing dates, June kept going places with other admirers, however, so their elopement was totally unforeseen by their friends. At eleven one night they decided to drive to Yuma. With June's two brothers in the back seat, they made a historic trip. First they hit a wind storm. Then a cloudburst. Came sand. Finally a terrific battle of bugs. Wearily they marched before a justice of the peace at ten the next morning. It was so hot they couldn't venture forth on the return journey until dark. They drove around the vicinity, so their delayed honeymoon was unconventional. They hadn't had time to get away from Hollywood. Then one Saturday afternoon they spent the day in a railroad hotel, they went in a car and a sandwich stand at Vine and Sunset boulevards. "Let's go for a ride," said Stu. And as agreed June. They didn't get home until the following Thursday! (Yosemite and Tahoe were where they were surprised to find themselves.)

Their consideration for each other, after two-and-a-half years of constant association, is remarkable. June insists that Stu does it his way; he wouldn't dream of crossing her.

Aside from golf and tennis, candid camera is his pet sport. June gave him the absolutely equipped "dark room" box for his last birthday so he can develop his own prints. His favorite subjects are June and himself.

Her domesticity makes the wheels of their household run with enviable smoothness. But June always supervises the regime of her hero. He works very well in his private life; was single and was fitted by Prince George of England, Buddy Rogers, and other noted young men.

My prophecy is that Stu will eventually be a youthful Will Rogers. In "Viva Villa" he deserted the kick type. And while we don't want him to drop Lee Tracy, Stu's dry, thoroughly human wit ought to be given an outlet on the screen. After all, Merton wouldn't remain forever naive!

Whether the passionate June will reign her former standing depends upon the she gets. Stu's just had his; maybe he wants even more. The Prince George was beautiful than ever, and that's the highest of compliments. If roles don't turn up immediately, she isn't worrying. Apollonius don't turn up immediately, she isn't worrying. Apollonius, a perfect gentleman and Junior Stuarts' praise is all she really asks.

This, then, is the man who replaced Lee Tracy, the man with the details of his private life. Stu's off-screen doings aren't as sentimental as Lee's. And for that I'm sure we can thank Merton Erwin's "best friend and foremost critic." Take the orchid, June!
To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer. As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard work and expenses, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

I have no abnbs whatsoever for not making your start toward musical affairs now.

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument, entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Easy As Can Be.

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You're never in hot water. Just you tell me how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern musical way—and found it easy as A-B-C. For get that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the rest in each case will average the same—about a few cents a day.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1193 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SCHOOL—SILVER SCREEN—OUT FEB. 2nd

Fill Out Your Chest Line

Are you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly instead of standing out firm and round? Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arched shape lines, to hit the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

Add Firm, Shapely Beauty

It is so easy the Nancy Lee way! Let me send you my simple instructions, with large container of Miracle Cream for special main technique. No drugs or medication, nothing harmful. This is the safest way to increase and beautify the bust. Try it and see! You risk nothing.

NANCY LEE, Dept. SC-3
1193 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

My new illustrated book on bust development is free! Take advantage of big bargain offer now: Send only $1.00, in money order, check, or postal order for the Nancy Lee Treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream. Free Book included. Your money is refunded if not satisfied. Mail coupon or write, enclosing only $1.00.

NANCY LEE, Dept. SC-3
1193 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your developing treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream, with free book, in plain wrapper. I enclose $1.00. Alas, back if not satisfied.

Name
Address
City
State

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matches-corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Now You're Talking
Continued from page 11

CRAZY OVER CROSBY

Here's to Bing Crosby! He's one swell lad who can both act and sing—an unusual combination. And when he croons "Thanks"—well, I haven't words to express my feelings. Those who say soft music and harmony will agree with me that this lad is going to go a long way.

DUNNE!

A toast to the screen's most forceful, versatile, and beautiful actress! "The Silver Chalice," and "It Came From a Ballet" are all are proofs of her amazing dramatic prowess and her touching sympathetically. Who do I mean? Irene Dunne, of course. Let's have some more Irene Dunne hits!

M., M.,
52 Fruit St.,

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I've just seen the best picture of the year—"A Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. The artistry and feeling with which these players interpret their roles are second to none. It's a perfect thing! Frank Borzage has taken a homely love story and produced a compelling classic. Thanks!

Bessie Toles,
514 N. Nevada Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

"QUEEN" EDNA!

Long live Edna May Oliver! She brightens up any screen production like it. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Wuthering Heights" she is magnificent. "A Man's Castle" is her latest token of her excellence. Her delightful characterizations of the past make her a.<br>

FRANCES E. FINNERAN,
119 Main St.,
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TRIUMPHANT TONE!

Franchot Tone was simply immense in "Dancing Lady." Too much credit cannot be given that lad for his magnificent performance. Speaking of scene-stikers—Franchot, for me, practically stole the whole show from Crawford and Gable. What more can one say? Give us plenty

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more of Franchot Tone. We can take it! Vermetta Miller, 
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A HEARTY CHEER FOR JOAN
Joan Crawford is the personification of grace, loveliness and charm in her newest picture, "Dancing Lady." Excellent in her dance routines, poignant and convincing in her emotional scenes, and amusing in her comedy moments. Here's hoping that 1934 will bring happiness, contentment and continued success to Joan. She deserves them!

Muriel Marks, 
2104 Aqueduct Ave., 
New York City.

ANOTHER "LITTLE WOMEN" RAVE
I sat through two performances of "Little Women" in a very poor seat in the gallery, the house being packed. But it was worth it! What an antidote this picture is to the sophistication of our usual feature pictures! More like it, and I'll become a marathon movie sitter!

Mignon Quaw Lott, 
207 Kelvin Place, 
Ithaca, N. Y.

CHEERS FOR A FILM DEBUTANTE!
How about some more of Frances Fuller? "One Sunday Afternoon" was a Gary Cooper picture, and great is Gary's appeal—so Frances had to be plenty good even to be noticed! Yet I was deeply struck by her charm and her sincere acting. Here's love and success to charming little Frances!

Elizabeth Avery, 
2606 Maryland Ave., 
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What Next, Charlotte?

Continued from page 57

her future. From director Norman McLeod, who produced the picture, to the least important "props," her co-workers admire and love this little newcomer for her unselfishness, for her willingness, and for her sweetness.

"Not once during production of the picture did Miss Henry ask for time off," McLeod said. "She worked steadily for fifty-six days. Each morning she was among the first on the set; every evening—and far into many nights—she was one of the last to leave."

"There were times when I and others working on this picture reached the end of human endurance. We were working night and day in order to compile the picture in time for Christmas showings throughout the English-speaking world. When we were so tired that we felt we could no longer go on, we would look at Charlotte—smiling, cheering us with a smile that toward the end became a little more forced but never disappeared—and we would pull our belts a few notches tighter, square our shoulders, and plunge back to work."

It will be a pity if a girl with such courage and ambition finds herself barred from success by a seeming good fortune that backfires; that is, by having won a screen role so great that it cannot be topped, and therefore will prove to be the one big event of her career.

Cautiously hidden by her studio, (in an effort to not spoil her Alice-characterization by having it contaminated by past films,) is the fact that Charlotte Henry is no screen newcomer. She has played in other pictures before "Alice in Wonderland," among them "Huckleberry Finn" and "Lena Rivers." Not only did she take parts of those pictures, but she clearly demonstrated that she is possessed of a magnetic personality and real ability; she presaged a real future for herself. Only one thing barred her immediate ascension to screen success after "Lena Rivers," and that was her age and her more youth-ful appearance. The very thing that won her the title role in "Alice in Wonderland."

Charlotte is not the "growing-up" type. She is destined to look very, very young for years to come. Perhaps this fact may open many a way to her future success. Perhaps Charlotte Henry may be cast in talkie versions of some of Mary Pickford's earlier productions.

This presumably is the most logical step for her. In more ways than one, little Miss Henry is comparable to the Mary Pickford of fifteen years ago. She should fit admirably into the Pickford parts in "Suds," "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Hoodlum," "Taddey Long Legs," and other of Mary's child-roles.

There is no sham or pretense about Charlotte. She has not become affected as a consequence of all the fame that has been suddenly heaped upon her shoulders. If there is any change in the immature girl who walked, half-afraid, into the Pa- ramount studios and asked for a test for the part of Alice, it has been apparent on the surface. She says her sirs and madam's to her elders, which is unlike the majority of too-fresh children who have been spoiled by film stardom. She speaks quietly, and never has much to say unless she is first spoken to.

She is more than wise; she is intelligent. She has a memory. Although she studied her dialogue for "Alice in Wonderland" religiously, there were times when that dialogue was changed on the set. Charlotte had only to be told her new lines once, and she was thereafter able to repeat them without error.

For instance, there is a Cheshire-cat sequence in the picture that runs slightly longer than four minutes. When the scene was photographed, a mistake made by a long-lens camera caused the cat's mouth to move before the actual conversation, (spoken by Richard Arlen,) was heard. Three weeks after that scene was first photographed, it was re- made, the second time without conversation—Charlotte had only to repeat her pantomime.

So perfectly had she remembered her previous actions, when the new scene reached the cutting room, only the absence of talk in the second take provided the cutters with a means of distinguishing the new from the old negative.

Charlotte was asked one day if all the attentions and the publicity being given her were not having an effect on her own opinion of herself.

"Why should it?" was her surprisingly wise reply. "It all goes with the part I am playing. The same fans who would have been made over any girl chosen for the role of Alice. It is not I who is being feted; it is the part I play."

Unlike just about everybody who knows her, Charlotte is not worrying over her future. She believes that she is a capable artist. She is a shrewd and impartial critic of her own efforts. She admits with- out hesitation that she has little or no opportunity to prove her ability in "Alice in Wonderland," but she knows that when the time comes she has the necessary talent to succeed in any part assigned her.

From the moment of her selection for the picture, and no doubt until she is given another role, she has been Alice, Alice, Alice. She has been photographed at the studio, at home, at meals, at play, and even in bed, as Alice. She has made radio speeches, and on every occasion she appeared at broadcasting stations in the same familiar garb.

She made a long personal-appearance tour on which she was introduced to more than a million people. During that tour, she met Mayors and Governors; she dined with Rotary, Lions and civic organi-
might visit her. As often again, he wrote

him, and through her very young heart cried out against the pain of denied companionship, Jean smilingly refused to permit the youthful Lucas to visit her. Neither would she go to the movies, she was too poor to buy the clothes that every young girl loves to wear in order to please her suitor.

Opportunity to step from poverty to fame came to Jean in a most spectacular fashion. In 1932, she was chosen by her school to ride in the Bad Meals which was to have been entered in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses parade. Something went wrong and the float was not entered, but before that occurred, Jean's Miss America appearance in a Los Angeles newspaper.

Now pictures in newspapers ordinarily mean little, but it happened that this photograph revealed Jean in a bathing suit and that Miss Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, is interested in all water sports. She wrote Jean, saying that the Swimmers Association of New York a few years ago, the first organization of its kind. Therefore, anything in a bathing suit captures her eye at once. She saw the newspaper photograph of Jean Parker, and she persuaded her employer that this girl's picture indicated screen promise.

Ultimately, Jean was invited to the studio for a screen test. "Come tomorrow—Thursday," invited Miss Koverman, by telephone.

Astonishingly, Jean answered, "I can't come tomorrow; I am going on a hike." Miss Koverman could hardly believe her ears. A girl offered a motion picture test, could not accept because she was going on a hike! Could this be impertinence? Luckily for Koverman, Jean explained it was youthful ignorance. She laughed.

"Then come the next day," she invited. On the assigned Friday, Jean visited the studio. Koverman glanced at her immediately, explained that if the test was good, it would mean a contract. No doubt the studio chief executive's secretary expected her to be delighted. Koverman, however, was not at all excited.

"I don't want a contract," she answered. "I have two more years of high school to finish. I am not an actress. I am not beautiful."

Jean interposed innumerable other reasons why she wanted no screen contract. She wished to become a commercial artist, she insisted. She also wanted to be a concert pianist. She had never thought of motion pictures, because she was not beautiful.

Miss Koverman was thunderstruck, but she realized that the innocence of the girl could not have been posed—Jean Parker actually believed she had nothing to offer motion pictures!

Of course, the test was taken. Miss Koverman says today that she has never in her life, on such short notice, wanted to help a girl as she did Jean Parker. So the test was arranged, and within twenty-four hours, despite Jean's own belief that it was all a dream, M-G-M had signed the newcomer to a long-term contract.

A series not too important film roles followed. "Divorce in the Family" was her first part. Then she played one of the young Grand Duchesses in "Rasputin." "Caesar's Wife," "The Secret of Madame Blanche," and other pictures provided her with other minor roles. As so often happens in Hollywood, another studio provided Jean with her first real opportunity—she was borrowed by Columbia for a feature part in "Lady for a Day." This starred the Parker ball-rolling Radio borrowed her next for "Little Women," and on the heels of her performance in that picture, she was again borrowed for the part of "Birds." It is "Wild Birds" that promises to win Jean quick stardom. When the picture was given its first pre-view in a cold studio projection room, a storm of applause greeted its ending. That applause was not alone for a fine production, but for a fine performance by Jean Parker.

But what, meanwhile, of her school-days' sweetheart, Frank Lucas? Well, when stock and bonds were crashing and billions were being lost in the great financial debacle of 1929, '30 and '31, Frank's father lost a great part of his fortune, and the son was forced temporarily to relinquish his plan to complete his college education. He had to find a job.

And of all places, Frank secured that job at the M-G-M studio, the same studio that held a contract on the services of
Asthma Was Choking Her

Illustration

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DeMille's Magic at Work Again Continued from page 25

a little girl named Jean Parker! But now a new and queerly comported situation has arisen: Jean Parker was the important one, and Lucas the reluctant lover. She was an actress, and he merely an office worker, and not for one moment did he think of imposing on their former friendship.

He did not account for Jean, however. Not that she was preposterously beautiful, but to have him in her home, now that she had a home to which she could invite him, she made up her mind that she would not let him escape her.

But nothing so prosaic as merely saying "Why don’t you come up some time?" entered Jean’s mind. A romantic sentimentalist, she used a more colorful method of promoting his first visit. She conferred with mutual school friends, and together they hatched a plot to kidnap Frank.

So one night four masked men seized young Lucas near his home. They bound and gagged him, and presently a very frightened young man felt himself carried to an automobile, and then was aware that he was being taken for miles and miles by a group of men who were gangsters, or kidnappers, or merely highwaymen, he had no means of knowing. It is to his credit that young Lucas did not whimper nor cower.

Soon he felt himself being lifted from the automobile. His feet were placed on the ground, and he was guided into a building and up a flight of stairs. Silently, his captors led him through another door, and at last he was invited by a heavy, soft voice to "Sit down." He sat.

"Of course, he couldn’t know, but I was in that room," Jean explains happily. "For a few minutes I watched Frank, blinded, folded and seated on the davenport. Soon he began to feel about in an effort to learn what kind of seat he had been placed under him. Then it was that I knelt beside him and removed the blindfold."

Neither Jean nor Frank will describe the scene that followed, and unfortunately this writer will not present to witness it. Suffice to say that from that moment on—and there seems every reason to believe that I may safely say "from now on"—Jean has never again been in love.

A few weeks ago, during the filming of "Wild Birds," romantics tried to insinuate that Jean and young Tom Brown, leading man of the picture, were really in love. It was denied. Nothing was ever further from the truth. Daily young Lucas drove Jean to the studio; every evening he called with unflailing gallantry to drive her home. "If only people could understand how sweet and fine Tom Brown is, how long I have loved him, they would never report me interested in any other boy," Jean says. Miss Parker is a charming, unspoiled youngster, and she was sitting on the floor. She sat there and told me about her five serious ambitions—ambitions that will shape her future, that is, not to be devoted to love. Her ambitions are to be a fine pianist, to be a successful commercial artist, to be a great interpreter, to become a famous motion picture and stage actress, and to write a book!

She wants to write only one book—something to do with Frank. It is, she says, a desire sounds strange when voiced by such young lips, but childhood poverty and suffering having caused Jean to use her head and to think for herself. No pampering has spoiled her; she has always had to do for herself. She is older than her years. She is deeply emotional. Talking of any subject that is dear to her heart, she will suddenly well up inside, and tears will flood her eyes—and very beautiful eyes they are, too. When she could not attend the benefit show for old vaudeville artists. Among the performers was Donald Brian, the man who years ago created the role of the Phony Christy. She went "to the stage. With his wife, Brian re-created, on benefit night, his former dance, the famous waltz. Jean watched him, and suddenly she realized that there was a man who, years before she was born, was a great dancer and stage star. Before she knew it, she was crying much to the amazement of those near her.

Many people laughed at that little incident. Those laughers are fools. They do not realize that only soul could bring those tears to Jean Parker’s eyes. They do not understand soul, those laughers. But when I told this same story to Charlie Chaplin, he listened and said, "Before I reared, he said, "I should like to meet Miss Parker. Chaplin understands soul."

Because of this so rare element, I predict Jean’s future freely. Given such opportunities as were provided her in "Little Women" and "Wild Birds," she is destined to become a great star, whether she now realizes it or not.

But soul must be handled as carefully as must human hearts. If ever the Parker soul is bruised—such a thing will never happen by George!—spray studio executives are not too preoccupied or too case-hardened to recognize this fact.
Dancing for Beauty’s Sake

Continued from page 55

that old exercise where you sit up from a prone position and touch your toes with your hands, and then lie down again.

These and many others are all designed to teach you muscles to work smoothly and evenly, and literally “without a hitch.” That “stiffish” feeling so many of us get, after years of no exercise at all, will soon melt away as you sit up and begin to work, and hips pull in, and shoulders disappear, and waist-lines shrink substantially.

One of the nicest parts of this dancing business, is the clothes you wear. Or, rather, the clothes you don’t wear! A pair of short velveteen trunks with a rubber dancing belt under them, and a light weight blouse will suffice. The first time you catch a look at yourself in a mirror in this outfit, you will be surprised to find how masculine you look, and that young girl is the trunk-and-blouse thing is successful for just that reason. It makes you look young, and when you look that way, you usually feel so. And youth and exhilaration are the most enticing qualities of all.

Radio Round-Up

Continued from page 54

Which reminds me that you’ll probably be seeing the Casa Loma boys in shorts—

I mean short film features, of course—soon. And if Glen Gray photographs as well as he looks “in person”—well, you never can tell.

Irene Taylor, the little girl with the big voice, is even more pleasant to the eye than to the ear. She’s dark, exotic, and petite. And if she grows up with Ginger Rogers in Fort Worth, Texas, Irene, you know, sings with the Casa Loma orchestra.

I’d been suspecting that it was about time I sat in on one of SCREENLAND’s own broadcasts. And when the boss told me that Phillips Holmes was to be guest artist I was sure it was about time! I knew Phil hadn’t done much broadcasting, so I dashed up to the studio about thirty-five minutes before the program began, with the benevolent idea of paving the way for him. But when I got there I found Mr. Holmes sitting in the crowded reception room going over his script, unmindful of the people staring at him. “Why aren’t you fussed? Why aren’t you pacing up and down?” I said in amazement. “Oh, I’m very fresh about that microphone, I refuse to be impressed by the monster,” laughed Phil. “I think that remembers me right now is how I’m going to have to be ready to sail for England this evening.”

Phillips went over the script of his broadcast only once with Mr. Sam Taylor, the announcer. And just as they were about to go on the air, Phil grabbed at Taylor and kiddingly cautioned him not to be nervous! However, young Holmes said he wished his dad, Taylor Holmes, there," DeMille told me. "You’ll find her giving the best performance she’s ever done in pictures. Now watch her Cleopatra!"

His bright blue eyes twinkled as he forked another scallop. Don’t you fret, ole boy. We’ll watch.

The star-udder, hard at it again! Once more a glittering young woman has caught his fancy as star-material. Again he is doing what he did a long ago with a younger version of that little wassawnus and a flapper named Daniels. And he is brimming over with joy.

A great old bird, this DeMille. A grandappuppy now. Four grown sons and daughters—one of his own, three much-loved adopted children. A good job, a worthy name, the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his lapel. Clear-eyed, fine-skinned, smart under the scalp. He’s marched all these years, with “high-brow” critics snapping at his heels—making the sort of pictures he likes—and that many millions appear to like, too. His eyes twinkle as we say goodbye. "Every woman has a spot of Cleopatra in her," he says. "Some more, some less. If all women weren’t a bit of Cleo at heart, most of the best plays and stories and songs would never have been written. It’s Cleo that makes the world go round. "I just happen to think that Claudette has more Cleopatra than anybody. I know. See if you don’t think I’m right."

And with that the young-old veteran charged blithely into the storm to see if he could still a handful of that husky Marc Antony on the actor-littered sidewalks of New York.
She Thought His Figure was "Hopeless!"

SHE was positively ashamed of herself! Was there anything more wuthering than a heavy, sagging bust? What could be done about those ballooning tones that hung in flabby masses, utterly ruining her charm? Imagining her joy when she learned of the wonderful FORMULA-X treatment, made possible to reduce an over-sized bust!

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had been able to be at the studio with him. She finally asks him if he is making a movie as to whether he is really as cocky as all that! Anyway, here's wishing Phil a grand vacation in jolly old England—he may make a movie while he is over there, too.

The Hinds Honey and Almond Cream program is one of the most "ultra" on the air. Here are "names" for you! Names of stage, screen, and opera—and more to come. Katharine Hepburn inaugurated the series on its launching on January 7, over NBC at 10:30 P.M. And you tuners-in know how grand she was! Next Lily Pons, famous French coloratura soprano in the Metropolitan Opera, thrilled us with her glorious voice. This series is rightly known as Hinds' "Hall of Fame" and is serving us with the cream of the artistic world—for which many, many thanks.

Ask Me! By Vee Dee

None. With so many stars from the stage, with a world of experience, extensive training, and fine voice control, it is any wonder an inexperienced person, even with a lot of ambition and ability, finds it hard to get a foothold on the screen? George Raft was born in New York City but being 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His screen career began in 1921, appearing in "Quick Millions," "Juno and Company," "Rainy Days," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface." For several years George was a nightclub dancer in New York, later appearing in stage productions on Broadway. His next picture will be "All of Me" with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Helen Mack. Helen is a bright little girl who is coming right along with all the best trouper. She plays with Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in "Christopher Bean." Her first talking film was "While Paris Sleeps" with Victor McLaglen. Later she played with Lionel Barrymore in "Sweetings." Helen was born in Rock Island, Ill., on November 13, 1913. She has lovely dark brown eyes, weighs 105 pounds and is 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall.

Kitty. You are appealing to me for a word picture of David Manners? I'll not overlook such a cry for help, so here is David, all ready for your inspection. He has grey-green eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 169 pounds. He was born on April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Your guess is as good as mine. He attended the University of Toronto and later decided to try the stage. He played in "He Who Gets Slapped," "The Witch" and "Dancing Daughters" on the stage. His first screen appearance was in "Journey's End" in which he made a very favorable impression. Among his latest pictures are "The Devil's in Love," "The Warrior's Husband," "The Girl in 419," and "The Torch Singer" with Claudette Colbert. Two charming children appeared with Claudette and David: Baby LeRoy, Shirley Ann Christensen, as Little Sally, and little Cora Sue Collins takes the role of Sally. David made his latest appearance in the Eddie Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals."

Muni Fan. You can't decide if Paul Muni has a personality—allow me to say he has plenty. Did you see "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang" or his latest, "The World Changes"? He was born on September 22, 1897, in Vienna and at the age of four came with his parents, who were struggling actors, to New York. Paul's love of library work, his early interest in schools over the country and in East Side public schools in New York City. He has played in vaudeville in Chicago, working at odd jobs between engagements, plied in a stock company in Boston, became identified with theatre guilds and art theatres when his work came to the notice of Broadway producers. He was a sensation in "We Americans" and "Four Walls" on the stage. His real name is Muni Weisenfreund. He is married, is very fond of music and singing. Since the age of four. His next release will be "Hawaii!" "Red, the convict in "I Am a Fugitive," was played by James Bell.

Ann C. You want me to give all other players a rest but give Nils Asther a break—if appearing in two important new pictures, "The Right to Romance" with Ann Harding, Sari Maritza, Robert Young and Donald Reed, and in "If I Were Free" with Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, isn't getting a good break, what is? Nils' first two American pictures were "Topsy and Eva" and "Sorrell and Son." While working on "Topsy and Eva" he fell in love with Vivian Duncan—their engagement was soon broken but two years later it was renewed and their marriage took place. They have a little daughter, Elyon, who has Nils adores, but their marriage was a failure so divorce followed. Nils is 31 years old, has black hair, green eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His hobby is collecting antiques and his love of good literature is well-known.

Richard B. W. Your favorite, Sally Eilers, stole a grand march on her many friends and flew to Yuma, Arizona, on September 20, 1931, to marry Leo Joe Brown, the well-known director. The wedding followed by less than a week the marriage of Jean Harlow and Ronson, who likewise chartered an airplane from the screen capital to Arizona's "Gretta Green." Sally was divorced from Hoot Gibson on August 29, 1930, were separated for the first time a year ago, but affected a reconciliation which lasted a few weeks until Sally went to Europe for a vacation. Sally's eyes are all right; they shine like stars so don't let any rumor disturb you about Sally losing her eye-sight.

M. O. D. Here you are in print and how do you like it? Bibble has had a bad time. He made a picture for a long time and we miss her. Bibble is 30 years old, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds. She is happily married, you know. Katharine Hepburn does not reveal her age. Dick Powell was born November 14, 1904. Lillian Roth was born December 13, 1911. Adrienne Ames is 24. Joel McCrea was born November 5, 1905, and Frances Dee, November 26, 1908. Joel and Frances were married on October 20, 1933, at Kye, N. Y. The newlyweds were in Austin, Texas on Friday, too—but who's afraid of Friday?
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 66

OFFICIALS of a Hollywood radio station became excited with the news that Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland were to make a double appearance over the air. In view of considerable rumor that the two, Miss Bennett's agreement to appear was cause for widespread conversation.

Both of the facts were never made public. Principal among these was the fact that Connie, when asked to sing over the radio, agreed—provided the station would pay free through the world for one song. Now you can understand why she has not, up to this time, heard Miss Bennett on the air.

CHRISTMAS week meant plenty of excitement in the Joe E. Brown household. December 19th marked the fourth birthday of his youngest daughter, Katharine Frances. December 24th was the eighteenth anniversary of Joe and Mrs. Brown. And Christmas Day, in addition to being that special occasion, was also the birthday of his eldest son, Don. Quite a festival season, all in all.

THERE is a clause in the contract of new-leading lady Evelyn Venable's contract which provides that she is not to be kissed in movie playing scenes. So when Evelyn and Fredric March were sofa-ing it for "Death Takes a Holiday" and March was permitted on a kiss on her shoulder, he frowned his disapproval. "I can't help it," explained Evelyn. "Father had that clause put in my contract. What would he say if he came on the set and saw me necking?"

"What do you think my father would say," retorted March, "if I saw me sitting on a davenport with a beautiful girl, and soft music and low lights—and I didn't kiss her?"

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This came to me as a true story, and is passed along as such. It seems that when Sally Rand performed her famous fan dance for the picture, "Bolero," so many people tried to crash the gate that director Wesley Ruggles barred everybody except members of the cast and staff.

George Raft, star of the picture, avowedly tried to get in, and he was stopped at the set's entrance by a new gateman.

"I'm the leading man of this picture," he informed, "Tell it to somebody else," snapped the guard. "I've already passed Fredric March, Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie and six others who said they were the leading man. How many men are in this picture, anyhow?"

This sounds like a producer's agent's dream, but it is truth: A director hired an Italian hot-chestnut vendor for a minor bit in "Old Hannibal." The embryo actor was to bring his stand to the studio for long shot and close-up, and for a final close-up with May Robson.

"All you have to do," the director explained to Tony, "is sell your chestnuts. Considerable talent is required to make everything clear, but Tony at last indicated that he understood—all he had to do was to shine his chestnuts.

The long shots were taken, with Tony shouting "Hotta chestnut! Hotta chestnut!" and the extras buying. Half an hour later, Tony's chestnut vendor friend moved up for a close-up of Miss Robson buying a bag of chestnuts—but there was no Tony. He had sold all his chestnuts to the extras—and had gone home!
HEART BEATS AND HEART BEATS DEPT.: 

The most exciting romantic chatter of the moment is that Greta Garbo may marry her director, Roheen Mamoulian. Why, so emphatic is the report, Greta may be Mrs. Mamoulian almost any day now.

There are ever-so-many weddings about to take place that a half dozen now-engaged couples may trip to the altar soon, if they're not actually married before you read these lines. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, for instance. And Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye, who'll marry either in New York or Hollywood.

Then, too, Christine Lee and Ricardo Cortez, and Pat (Toby's sister) Wing and William Perry, wealthy young ranchowner, may take the step any minute. Ken Murray has filed suit for divorce from his wife, and Sue Carol will likely sue Nick Stuart at once. They'll marry when their divorces are final, of course. Miriam Jordan's eastern broker-fiance and the blonde actress can't be well until she divorces Joe Davis, her English husband—but she'll be doing that soon.

There are Anita Louise and Tom Brown, too—very young, but very much in love, and a marriage shouldn't surprise you. Ruth Romane is likely to become Miss Georgie Stone any old time, and Genevieve Tobin admits that she and Felix Chappelet are only awaiting a propitious moment between her pictures.

Among the keeping-companions who are attracting attention by their devotion (apparently) to each other, are Marian Nixon and Gene Raymond, Mary Brian and Donald Cook, Verne Teasdale and Adolph Menjou (who'll likely wed next summer, when Adolph's divorce is final), and Mary Carlisle and Eddie Hillman (Marion Nixon's ex).

Bets are on that Harry Bamster (divorced from Ann Harding) will not marry Mary McCormick. Bette Davis denies emphatically that she and hubby Harmon O. Nelson are rifting. Ned Sparks was cruel, testified Mercedes Sparks—and they are now divorced.

Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee are ga-ga-ing. Florence McKinney and director W. S. Van Dyke have it bad. Lyle Talbot is helping Countess Dorothy di Frasso forget Gary Cooper.

Fifi D'Orsay is at last sealed to Maurice Hill, after many pros and con wagers. Alice White went to Mexico to wed Sidney Bartlett, and after a twenty-four hour honeymoon, she was recalled to work. Director Lowell Sherman and actress Geneva Mitchell are pricing marriage licenses. Contrarily, Thelma Todd and her husband, Pat de Cooce, are said to be thinking in terms of divorce.

Joan Crawford has as much as admitted that she will alter-ate her life with Franch Tone when her divorce from Doug Fairbanks, Jr., becomes final. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are more serious since their two-week split-up, and maybe they'll try marriage in the merry, merry month of April.

Patsy Parker and Bert Wheeler have cooled, and it looks like no-go between Joe Gable and Lew Schriber, her agent. The film colony's youngest (and sweetest) romance continues to belong to Jean Parker and Francis Lucas.

Amidst the din of chow-chow bells and whistles, Betty Compson married Irving Weisberg, her business manager, on the observation platform of a transcontinental train in Albuquerque, New Mexico, late in December. Forty-five hundred goggle-eyed citizens were on hand to see the solemn rites performed.

Two days later, Gary Cooper took unto himself Veronica Balfe, professionally known as Sandra Shaw. Their marriage occurred in New York City, and while earlier than friends anticipated, it was no surprise.

To offset all those divorce rumors, Sidney Fox and her husband, Charles Beahan, the writer, were re-married at the Little Church of the Flowers, near Hollywood, on the first anniversary of their New York wedding. They'll re-wed yearly, Sidney says.

Mrs. Benny Rubin sued for divorce from her comedian-husband, and won $300-a-month alimony.

Here are some amusing doubles for the stars of "Dinner at Eight," who appeared in a two-reel burlesque of that film, called "Come to Dinner." Front row: Ninon Bunyea as Billie Burke; Flavia Arcaro as Marie Dressler; Leda Lee as Jean Harlow. Rear row: Curtis Karpe as Wallace Beery; Margot Stevenson as Madge Evans; Herschel Mayall as Lionel Barrymore; Renee Brun as Karen Morley; Charles Cannefax as Edmund Lowe.

Family reunion! Joan Blondell visits her husband, photographer George Barnes, who is shooting scenes on location for "Massacre." They're lunching with Richard Barthelmess and director Alan Crosland.

Hepburn goes maternal! Katharine plays scenes in "Trigger" with eight-months-old Irene Rich.
Oh to be in Hollywood now that April's there!

(With apologies to Robert Browning)

Spring, beautiful Spring! And beautiful Hollywood with its gorgeous Garbos and Dietrichs, its handsome Gables and Coopers! Who wouldn't like to be in Hollywood in the Spring? The next best thing is the Spring Number of SCREENLAND, the Magazine of the movies that brings Hollywood into your home. The April issue is Hollywood at its loveliest and liveliest.

SCREENLAND'S Own Spring Fashion Show!

For the first time a film magazine presents its own fashion show for you directly on the screen by courtesy of Fox Movietone News. Gorgeous gowns worn by smart ladies are modeled for you in the movie. These same gowns appear in a special rotogravure feature in the April issue of the Magazine. Watch for them!

And now, a bombshell!

WARNING TO HOLLYWOOD STARS!

Probably the most sensational feature ever to appear in a screen magazine! Dr. Louis Bisch, eminent psychiatrist, believes that Hollywood actors and actresses are in grave danger. He faces a serious question fearlessly. He may tread on some famous toes in his article, but it is an article which had to be written. Read it. It is Hollywood presented in a new light.

DON'T MISS APRIL SCREENLAND

On Sale At All Newsstands—Feb. 23rd

SPECIAL OFFER—For a Short Time Only 10 Big Issues For Only $1.00—You Save 50c

SCREENLAND sells on the newsstands for 15c a copy, but if you mail the coupon at once, you will get the next 10 issues of SCREENLAND for one dollar—saving you 50c. Pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it now.

(Screenland 15c a copy; $1.50 a year in U. S. and possessions. Canadian postage 50c extra; Foreign $1.00 extra.)

MAIL THIS NOW

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
45 W. 45th St., New York City
Here's my $1.00. Please send me the next 10 issues of SCREENLAND.
(Canadian postage 50c extra; Foreign 80c)

Name
Address
City..........................State................................
I just like to give you a light

They Satisfy

Chesterfield

the cigarette that's MINDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

April

15c
20c in Canada

Lilian Harvey

WARNING to Hollywood Stars!

See Page 20

Bing Crosby’s Real Life Story

IS MOVIE LOVE TOO REAL? LESLIE HOWARD ANSWERS!

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell Tell the Truth About Their Screen Reunion
"A BEAUTY TREATMENT
for the
TEETH"
.. say smart women

Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about $3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(above) The first picture of ETHELYN E BOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.

(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.

(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.
LAST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that he would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you weren't altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it impossible.

Mum! That's what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does not prevent the perspiration itself.

Watch for Announcement of Big New Contest!

Your favorite stars have something for you—and we don’t mean merely entertainment value! They will offer you very special inducements to enter the exciting new contest to be announced in the next issue. Joan Crawford—Marie Dressler—Jean Harlow—Clark Gable and others, will invite you to participate. See next month’s SCREENLAND for further announcements.
Wallace BEERY

The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade," now welcomes "VIVA VILLA."

Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and reverie...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!

Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
At last Darryl Zanuck has given us a sparkling photoplay such as we had a right to expect of him. Connie Bennett, in a dual rôle, impersonates another woman and finds her husband falling in love with her alter ego. The story is an implausible "tour de force of "The Guardian" school, but the deft play-acting of Connie, Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati carriés it off. The song-and-dance scenes are extremely pleasing.

Fast and frantic speeds the action in this first of the cross-country bus pictures. Robert Montgomery, a fugitive from jail, casts his lot with Madge Evans, whom Nat Pendleton is pursuing all over creation. They help each other through a series of tight squeezes, until Bob wins a pardon by saving a bus-full of children from death. An unconvincing tale, entertainingly told, with grand laughs by Ted Healy.

Richard Barthelmess, as an Indian youth who has won success among the white race, goes back to his people to find them suffering horribly at the hands of their white conquerors. This film portrays, with realistic detail, the tragedy of the oppressed Indian race in America. If a serious and courageous attempt to grapple with a poignant social problem interests you, don't miss it. Ann Dvorak and Claire Dodd are good in brief rôle.

The fat fellow and the little guy convince their wives that they're going to Honolulu in search of health. Instead the naughty boys light out for Chicago and a gay convention. Of course their duplicity is discovered, and the hefty Hardy and the long-suffering Laurel receive their just deserts. It's all familiar L- and H. slapstick, built around a good idea but not too ingeniously developed. With Charlie Chase.

The story, dealing with baby-snatching, is gripping—even hair-raising—by its very nature. And the fine acting of Dorothea Wieck as the mother, aided by Alice Brady and Baby LeRoy, adds to its persuasiveness. Fortunately, since this is a movie, the stolen lamb is returned after a narrow escape, and all ends joyously.

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LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

"MELODY IN SPRING"

with
Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences.
Now You're Talking

SCREENLAND readers write!

By popular acclaim! John Barrymore, who turns each of his pictures into a personal triumph, is our readers' favorite of the month, by virtue of his splendid acting in "Counsellor at Law."

The first eight letters receive prizes of five dollars each

MARVELS OF THE MOVIES
I wonder why: Katharine Hepburn is always tragic; Randolph Scott can knock out three men with a single blow; Gary Cooper hasn't a leading lady who comes at least to his knees; Ralph Bellamy never gets the girl; Irene Dunne is such a confirmed martyr.

Betty Presner,
1874 Loring Pl.,
New York City.

BRING 'EM BACK WITH SOUND!
Producers howl for new material! Why, there's a wealth of it in the old, pre-talkie field.
For example, how I'd love to see "The Little Minister," "Little Old New York," "Tillie, the Menopause Maid," "Pollyanna," "The Magic Garden," and "Keeper of the Bees"—all in talkie form. Eh, producers?
Mrs. C. E. Padgett,
619 Vermont St.,
Quincy, Ill.

KATIE, CHANGE YOUR ACT!
Hepburn's publicity "act" hasn't been so hot from the very start. Her grand entrance in an expensive (rented) flivver failed. I'll admit she's a great actress, but her off-stage manner puns me. I wish she'd quit imitating a certain famous Swede. Katie, leave the camera-dodging to Garbo!
Clyde Terry,
P. O. Box 638,
Mineral Wells, Texas.

HERE'S A "DIFFERENT" SLANT!
Anent the Editor's Page in February Screenland, I disagree. I wish even more actors would divide their time between stage and movies. Stage plays are, and always will be, more fascinating than movies—and I honestly believe cinemacors who tread the boards now and then are benefited by the variety.
Taimi Helin,
Milford, Mass.

(Continued on page 76)
THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!

From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers...who would have died for her!

A New

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
scaling undreamed-of heights!

and

ELIZABETH BERGNER
a new star—the like of whom
the screen has never known!

in

"CATHERINE THE GREAT"

Presented by
LONDON FILMS

with
GERALD Du MAURIER
and FLORA ROBSON

Directed by
Paul Czinner

Produced by
ALEXANDER KORDA

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS
SCREENLAND'S Honor Page

Shared by Elizabeth Bergner and Madeline Carroll
(Ladies, ladies—don't fight! You're both good, but different.)

HAVE you heard of her, Elizabeth Bergner with the big eyes, the expressive mouth, the unerring dramatic talent? She's a German girl who came to England not so long ago and scored sensationally both on stage and screen. Critics are raving. The public—and the British public, remember!—is applauding. Now you are to see and judge Bergner for yourself, for United Artists has imported her new picture, "Catherine the Great," in which she co-stars with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., under the supervision of Alexander Korda, the director responsible for "Henry the Eighth." Elizabeth Bergner is little and appealing—but she is much, much more than that. She has authority! She can play comedy and drama with equal ease. And her voice is one you will long remember. If you insist upon classifying your screen stars, then you may want to know that Bergner is a little like Lilian Harvey, but not so pretty; something like Janet Gaynor, with more dignity; and—but see her for yourself! As for us, we welcome her heartily.

MADELINE CARROLL is one of Britain's most famous stars. She is a real English beauty of the spun-gold, peaches-and-cream kind. In addition, she is a very fine actress. Some of her pictures are being shown over here now, and soon Madeline herself, in person, will be coming to Hollywood to make films among us. Watch for Miss Carroll in "I Was A Spy," which we can thank Fox Films for importing. It is an impressive drama of the World War in which the blonde actress gives a poignant performance. Imagine, if you can, a beautiful screen star who plays some of her most effective scenes with her back turned to the camera! No feeling, here, that you are watching a star emote; but a genuine impression of a real character, honestly and deeply interpreted. Perhaps you may see Madeline again in a lighter film offering, "Love and Let Love," a Gaumont-British production with Ivor Novello. She is just as interesting in sparkling scenes. Remember, we warned you to watch for Madeline Carroll! You'll like her.
And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"WONDER BAR"

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934"... 5 rousing song hits... and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!
WHY Jean Almost Quit the Screen

Jean told SCREENLAND—and no other magazine—all about it, and we’re telling you! EXCLUSIVE!

By James M. Fidler

MOTION pictures came near losing Jean Harlow. For at least two weeks late in January, the platinum blonde seriously considered quitting her screen career. Several times she was on the point of making announcements to that effect, but each time she decided to wait a few more days.

This all took place during her salary quarrel with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. For two months, she was under suspension, which means that for two months she received no salary.

Of course, everything is settled now, and Jean is once more at work in the studio. Early in February, she met with her employers in a final conference. From that meeting came about a peaceful settlement of the controversy. Had the conference not ended satisfactorily, I am positive that Jean Harlow would have quit motion pictures.

Let me tell the inside facts about the platinum blonde’s quarrel with her employers:

Miss Harlow walked out of the studio in November when her employers refused to increase her salary. At the time of her departure through studio gates, she was being paid $1500 a week.

Now $1500 a week seems like a great deal of money to thus freely kiss goodbye; in fact, $1500 is a tremendous weekly salary in any business in the world—except motion pictures. Why isn’t $1500 a big salary for a screen star? The answer is: Because a screen star must undergo unusual and heavy expenses.

Of her $1500-a-week salary, Miss Harlow put aside a sum for taxes. She set aside $150 (ten per cent, the usual fee) for her business agent. Another $175 defrayed the salary of her secretary and the maintenance of her fan correspondence. Her general business expenses totaled an additional $75. Thus, at the end of each week, Jean’s actual income was considerably less than the original $1500.

Now even $450 a week seems like a considerable income. Again I state, such a salary is plenty lucrative in any other business, but is insufficient for the needs of a motion picture star. Why? Because a star’s normal living expenses are greater than those of an ordinary citizen, due to the “front” that a screen notable must maintain.

A star must have a fine home. She must have servants. It is important that she have a handsome motor. She must dress well. All these things are important to her prestige—and it has been proven that prestige is important to a screen career.

“Ridiculous as it may appear, I cannot make ends meet on a salary of $1500 a week,” Jean told me during the height of her studio quarrel. “Yet I live simply. I pay little for clothes. I possess few jewels. I certainly do not entertain elaborately. Despite these things, I found myself gradually dipping further into the hole at the end of each $1500 week.

“So what? So this: I determined to quit motion pictures unless I could win a new contract. I did not expect to remain idle, when I planned abandoning the screen. I had just finished writing a novel, ‘Today Is

Imagine losing all this radiance from the screen! It almost happened, and this exclusive story tells you just why Jean Harlow was on the verge of leaving pictures—forever.
Tonight! I had received a fine offer for book and magazine rights. A motion picture company had made me another offer for screen rights. I am positive that I can write, and that I might make almost as much money in that field as in motion pictures.

"I realize that millions of people will say that I was crazy for ever considering desertion from motion pictures. But why be in a business, if my earnings gave me no chance to save? After all, my career can't last forever; I must provide for my future.

"I am one of those strange people who prefer personal health and happiness to screen fame and wealth. I was unhappy under the conditions of my old contract, therefore I had made up my mind to seek happiness elsewhere. The glitter and sham of screen stardom mean nothing to me. I more enjoy the friendships of fans than any possible idolization.

"I never, at any time during my controversy with the studio, blamed my employers for not readily offering me a new contract. I did not once claim that I am worth more money to them. That question was for them to decide. I did say that if I was not worth more, then far better that I quit. In other words, the worry and the nervous strain of being a star—and at the end of each week being unable to save part of my salary—was not worth what I was giving."

But of course, that is all settled now. After two months, Jean's employers finally perceived the reasonableness of her request. During her suspension, an erroneous newspaper item reported that she was demanding $10,000 a week. A more conservative reporter declared that she was asking $5000. Both stories were ridiculous. Jean Harlow actually sought (and the studio at last granted her), $3000 a week. Scores of stars received more—scores who are not as popular at box-offices as Jean, who is generally ranked among the ten screen leaders.

Only seven people were aware of Jean's decision to quit motion pictures unless her salary request was fulfilled. They were, in addition to this writer, Hal Rosson (her husband), Jean's mother and step-father, and her attorneys.

We all knew that her plans were advanced to the point at which Jean's statements to newspapers were already prepared. If studio executives had not acceded to the platinum blonde's request during the last important conference, I have no doubt but that she would have calmly quit the screen, never to return.

If this declaration seems preposterous, bear in mind that other screen stars have abandoned their careers in the past. Some walked out of their studios never to return. Olive Borden and Madge Bellamy, for example, who were perhaps just as popular a few years ago as Jean Harlow is today. Others quit their careers, but were recalled by their employers. Rudolph Valentino, James Cagney and Janet Gaynor are among this latter group.

And what would have happened had Jean really quit? No more of those glamorous close-ups! No more of that catchy, contagious voice speaking wisecracks that roll 'em in the aisles! No more of those heart-throbing love scenes! No more of—but hold! Let the dead past bury its dead. Jean is back again!

And now we hope that Metro will resume its interesting plan of co-starring Jean Harlow and Marie Dressler, for here would be one of the most fascinating teams in screen history—the genial, warm-hearted, sympathetic Marie and the lovely, spirited Harlow with her youthful radiance and exuberant humor. Miss Dressler has just been signed to a new one-year contract and Jean, of course, will be working under her newly signed agreement.
Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr., “star” of “Baby in the Ice-Box,” with his two supporting stars, Sally Eilers and Arlen, Sr. Left, the first close-up of this great new star.

Read why Dick Arlen put his baby son in pictures, in the funniest story of the season.

“Takie—squawking his head off!” graph? I wanted to know.

“said Dick modestly.

the nurse brought the young actor a knitted cap set rakishly askew. He and me disdainfully. Memory stirred I had been present at his birth, and spat up his lunch.

He used to be able to feed his stomach turning.”

“Older,” Dick explained tactfully, and account of Elmer’s entry into pictures, anything they brought over some of the he had worn in a couple of pictures and think Elmer would wear them? He they finally had to get him some

happen to consent to letting him act “I persisted, harking back to my orig-

we thought it would be a gag. Be-

got it would be nice for him when he this hunk of film with both of us in it. now if it was such a good idea or not. performance—better than I do—and when he gets old enough to distinguish good acting, he’s likely to think I’m not too hot and get just a trifle conde-

“Do you know,” Dick went on, “that was Helen Hayes’ own baby she had
acting with her in ‘The Sin of Madelon Claudet’. Not many people know that Helen wanted that film as a sort of record for the child. I thought it was a pretty swell idea.

“I don’t know that I’d want Elmer to keep on with his career right now but I know this much: No matter what actors say about not wanting their children to go on the screen and stage, there isn’t one of them who, down in his heart, doesn’t secretly hope when the kids grow up that’s what they’ll choose as a profession. That ego again. It’s like a man founding a business in the hope that when junior grows up he’ll carry it on. Or like a man wanting a son to perpetuate his name.”

Dick was warming up. There’s no one who can get quite as excited as he does over comparatively nothing and when he gets excited up he’s a respecter of persons.

“Why shouldn’t kids be actors? If they’re successful actors—I won’t even say good actors, I’ll just say if they’re successful actors—they can make more money than they can in any other line of work. Why, most of this mousetrap crowd out here in Hollywood today couldn’t make $20 a week at anything else if their lives depended on it.”

“Elmer gets $25 an hour when he works. We started a bank account for him with his money he’s earned. He ought to be pretty proud when he’s a little older to have a nest egg and know that he made it himself.”

“Has success changed him any?” I asked anxiously.

“Don’t ask!” said Dick, his face dropping. “You know how democratic he used to be? Speak to anybody? Not any more. He and Baby LeRoy look the other way when they pass each other. That’s bad enough but if that were all I wouldn’t take it to heart because they’d never met until Elmer started working on this picture. I suppose it’s only natural for LeRoy to feel that Elmer’s being groomed to take his place and, accordingly, resent him.

“Say!” he ejaculated suddenly. I’ll bet that W. C. Fields put Elmer up to acting that way. Bill and LeRoy have a feud on. They’ve never liked each other but Bill can’t do anything about it because he’s so much bigger than LeRoy. I’ll bet he’s been running from one to the other carrying tales in the hope that if they started scrap- ping LeRoy, would get his new tooth knocked out.

“Well, after all,” I said, “that’s nothing to get worked up over. Just go to LeRoy and tell him what’s happened and then tell Elmer he can’t trust Bill Fields.

“Sure,” said Dick gloomily. “If that was all there was to it, it might be easy enough to straighten things out, but it goes deeper than that.”

“Elmer and Gunder Crosby were born practically in the same bed and they’ve been lifelong friends—or were until Elmer went into pictures. Now, Elmer won’t speak to Gunder any more. And even that isn’t all. When we take them out together hoping that away from the studio Elmer will forget he’s a star and be himself again, he high-hats Gunder. Just sits there jingling his money and rattles that he bought it himself and knowing darned well that all the money and rattles Gunder’s got are what his old man bought him. It makes Gunder feel bad.”

“Why there’s no sense letting a kid grow up that way,” I retorted. “Why don’t you give him a good talking to?”

“I did,” said Dick mournfully. “You know what he ever said a word. Just looked at me disgustedly.”

Elmer passed through the room briefly, on his nurse’s arm. I glanced at him but he wasn’t looking at me. I sort of got a good sense:

(Continued on page 94)
Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.
Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST
For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can’t even go for a walk down the street, but what someone’s eyes search your face—judge your looks—and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.
Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you’ll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.
Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women
Dear Anna Sten:

I'm glad you're here!

We needed you—how we needed you! What with Garbo striding about the screen in boots in "Queen Christina," and Marlene Dietrich taking to long, voluminous skirts in "The Scarlet Empress," and Katharine Hepburn attired in calico as a mountain gal in "Trigger," we were getting rather austere and sensible and All-for-Art. And now you appear. And we know why we recognized Russia.

"Nana" is a tonic for tired screens, and you are "Nana." I'm afraid that some of us nice polite moviegoers had been thinking all along that Nana was just one of the characters in "Peter Pan." We know different now! "Nana" is a dash of the Dietrich we knew in "The Blue Angel" singing Falling In Love Again; only Nana's song is Who Cares?—but it seems to mean about the same thing. Anna—and what a name for a girl like you!—it begins to look as if you're going to be worth all that half-million dollars that Sam Goldwyn spent on you.

You're teaching us a new language, Anna Sten. But I admire you most because you learned our language first! For over a year you worked and studied. Not easy, learning to speak English without a trace of an accent. But you persevered. All those months you hid your breathless beauty in a little home on the Pacific at Santa Monica—not for you the high spots of Hollywood, but work—work—work.

And now I want to tell you my new American friends a story I've heard about you—I hope you won't mind. It makes me like you. Seems that you rented your beach house from Franchot Tone, who left a lot of his books there. Your English teacher recommended "recreational reading," and so you decided to browse in Franchot's library. The first book you selected was Hugh Walpole's "Rogue Herries," that robust novel of Georgian life and love. Then, because it was next on the shelf, you read "Judith Paris," in which Walpole continued his social history of the Herries family. You liked that, so you ordered the next in the series, "The Fortress," and finally the last, "Vanessa." And you read through that long book and, toward the finish, on Page 598, you came upon these words:

"They had been seeing 'Tempest' with the new Russian actress, Anna Sten. She had excited Benjie and he would have given anything to be able to kiss her adorable and most mysterious almond eyes."

And as you read those lines, Anna Sten, you cried. No wonder! Already a success in your native Russia; then a celebrated English author pays you rare tribute. And now America joins in the applause.

What's the Russian for "Three cheers"?
Exclusive to you! Never before has the screen's foremost crooning actor permitted his authorized autobiography to appear. Intimate facts and recollections of his life are told here for the first time in any magazine.

Many happy Crosbys! The small picture at the top of the page shows Bing as a tiny baseball hero. Below: when the boy grew older; then as a youthful diamond star; and finally, when he began his real crooning career.

Editor's Note: What has this Bing Crosby that makes him the hottest thing in the field of pictures, radio, and canned music? It isn't his looks because, although he has a pleasant face, there are handsomer men on the screen. It isn't altogether his voice because there have been singers who could put a song over as well. It isn't altogether his acting because there are equally deft farceurs. Perhaps it's a combination of all these things. Perhaps it's just Bing. At any rate, unable to figure out a satisfactory answer ourselves, SCREENLAND has persuaded Bing to write his life story for you, hoping that somewhere in the account of his travels, trials and tribulations, you will discover the secret of his charm.

Does it smack of conceit to say that as a kid I used to dream of the day I should be asked for my life story? I wonder! Or does everyone hope that some day he'll be successful enough and important enough to have magazines and newspapers clamoring for interviews? I don't mean that I have reached that point. I only mean I wonder if that is what everyone longs for.

I'll be honest, at the risk of being considered egotisti-
My Real Life Story

By Bing Crosby

As told to S. R. Mook

I used to hope that would happen some day, although I must also admit I never had anything more than a forlorn hope that I'd ever be anything other than a little Spokane punk.

I used to treasure anecdotes, intimate, revealing incidents that I thought would look well in print, but now, as I sit here, trying to make a beginning I find that I'm just one of those muggs whose memory reaches no farther back than the day before yesterday.

Instead of bringing everything out into sharp relief so you can get a true perspective on your life, Time plays you dirt and dulls everything. Disappointments and heartaches that seemed so keen and all-important at the time, are either completely forgotten or are blurred to the point of actual inconsequence. And good times are magnified and intensified out of all proportion to the joy we had from them at the moment. Maybe it is better that we look back on the vista of years through rose-colored glasses. If we could live over the unpleasant things of life and feel them as keenly years afterwards as we felt them at the moment of their occurrence, I'm afraid we should all be pretty bitter.

For instance, I can remember how my mother used to take us all out to a lake every summer, during vacation. It was cheaper than staying in town where the seven of us would be pestering her for money to go to picture shows, for ice-cream sodas, for car-fare and other incidentals every minute. We usually stayed a few weeks.

I've always been nuts about swimming and one summer I persuaded one of the ladies who ran the camp to give me a job carrying water and wood, in exchange for my food and board. By doing (Continued on page 77)
The beautiful Barbara La-Marr as she looked when she was the acknowledged glamor girl of the screen—as popular in the silent film days as Crawford is today.

IT'S a strange thing about Hollywood stars—you simply "can't help lovin' 'em"! Indeed, this personality interest exceeds by far even one's interest in the films produced.

And is this not, after all, perfectly natural? Seeing them so often and in so many different roles you get to know the movie actors from many angles. Gradually their whole personality seems to reveal itself. You experience a feeling of intimacy. And before you know it they are your friends.

That is precisely why I am writing this article. I have been observing Hollywood with a professional eye for many years. I have had the privilege of knowing in the flesh—yes, actually of advising in a medical capacity—some of the best known film players.

And since these good folk surely are your friends as well as mine, I want to tell you why I am concerned about them.

Say what you like, no more strenuous labor exists than that of the motion picture actor or actress. The mere physical exertion of performing on any movie lot is taxing enough even if it does not involve hanging on to a runaway horse or doing a parachute jump from an
to Hollywood Stars

airplane. What bears the brunt of the strain in particular, however, are not the muscles but the mind and the nervous system; sometimes, indeed, to an extent that becomes well-nigh unendurable.

Surely it is not to be wondered at that every screen lot witnesses so many cases of “nerves” and sometimes even downright breakdowns.

In this connection one at once thinks of certain names. Barbara La Marr and Alma Rubens, for instance. And then those others: Valentino, Wallace Reid, Ernest Torrence.

I must confess that last winter, when Bob Montgomery did a week of “personal appearances” in New York and invited me backstage for a “chin-chin,” my pleasure at renewing an old friendship carried with it a definite professional curiosity to discover what five years of Hollywood had done to him.

Here surely is a young man who climbed to fame through his own efforts and hard work. And when I recalled the rather frail and high-strung lad he was when he acted in my own “Complex” on Broadway (dare I confess I write plays?), back in 1925—once, in the capacity of stage manager, being so nervous that he rang down the curtain before the act was finished—well, I just wondered!

Happily, however, I found Montgomery more mature, more robust and more stable than I had ever known him before. Possibly there was a little more sophistication about him, which probably was to be expected. On the whole, however, he was still the same frank, agreeable, vivacious youth as of (Continued on page 80)

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

If this is the most daring article ever aimed at movie actors, remember—the truth may hurt, but it must be spoken!

By Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

Valentino, who was the greatest matinée idol the movies ever knew.

Robert Montgomery, Comedy-Drama King.

Garbo, Glamor In Person.
JANET and CHARLIE

tell the truth about their
SCREEN REUNION!
The ONLY authorized interview given by Gaynor and Farrell since they agreed to play together again! Read it if you would know how these great screen lovers really feel about each other—now!

Two of the happiest young people in Hollywood at this moment are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell!

The reason for their supreme joy lies in the fact that these two are once again to be united on the screen. After a separation of more than a year, Janet and Charlie are about to resume their screen love-making.

Soon you will see their first picture of this reunion. It is a screen version of Kathleen Norris' story, "Manhattan Love Song," but is likely to reach theatres with another title.

Both Janet and Charlie must recognize the peril of their re-union. That peril is—unfavorable publicity. I also call it unfair publicity, because all of the malicious gossip that has surrounded them since Miss Gaynor's divorce from Lydell Peck is based on lies.

Charlie is married—and happily so—to Virginia Valli. But if he maintains a soft spot in his heart for the girl of his first real romance—Janet—then why mar that feeling with ugly stories. And if—remember, I say if—Janet still cares for Charlie, is that not her privilege, or is it necessary for gossips to make much out of her secret love?

The real reason for the re-joining of Miss Gaynor and Farrell on the screen is that the public has demanded their reunion. I asked Charlie if this were not true.

"I can only judge by my letters from fans," he answered. "I have received thousands and thousands of letters demanding that I star again with Janet. Many writers blame me for the breaking up of the team, and they have reviled me. I presume that these same letter-writers have made demands on the studio, and that Fox officials, recognizing the box-office value of re-joining us, have acted accordingly."

Janet, too, has received myriads of letters requesting her to enact again her screen romances with Charlie, rather than with other leading men.

"I'm happy to work with Mr. Farrell again," she said. "We are the best of friends professionally and personally. Not only have I always enjoyed working with him, but our co-starring pictures have invariably been successful."

"Will you re-make 'Seventh Heaven'?' I asked Janet.

"No, I won't," she answered. "In that picture, we attained a beautifully romantic spirit that could never be reached in a talking picture. The talkies are too (Continued on page 94)"
WHAT

Is Katharine a screen hit and a stage flop? Everybody wants to know the truth about her stage play. Here's the real story, told frankly and fearlessly.

She's runner-up to Garbo. "She's a promising young actress with a striking but immobile countenance, a voice that is monotonous and unpleasing to the ear, and gestures that are reminiscent of graduation day."

"Some day she will be our greatest actress, perhaps as great as Duse." "She's a young actress with a rather monotonous delivery, playing at being Duse."

"She has an ardent and emotional warmth that drag the heart out of your body." "She's a stick that couldn't wring a tear from a weeping willow."

"She's divine!" "She's disappointing!"

"She's a poem!" "She's a wet smack!"

Take your choice, ladies and gentlemen, from among this random collection of comments, written and oral, on the subject of filmdom's Katharine the Great. There ought to be something here to suit every taste. If not, there's a wealth of others you can pick from. Look up the files of the fan magazines. Look up the screen reviews of the Sunday newspapers and the smart periodicals. Look up the New York public prints of December 27th and the days following. You'll find their pages studded with Katharine Hepburn's name in garlands of contradictory adjectives. Arm yourselves with what ammunition you need. Whether you belong to the reverently worshipful, the coolly judicial or the definitely

By Ida Zeitlin

Here is Hepburn as she looked when she made her entrance in the first act of her stage play, "The Lake," in her role of an English girl who loves twice—and both times disastrously. Read in this story what Katharine thought of herself in the play.

She's a poem!" "She's a wet smack!"
Happened to Hepburn on Broadway!

"You'll have a scoop!" Hepburn promised Ida Zeitlin, who secured the only screen magazine interview given by the star in New York.

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

Hollywood's Three H's—Hepburn, Hopkins, and Hayes—came back to Broadway at the same time. Now turn the page and read the fate of the other two!

Stage photographs of Miss Hepburn in "The Lake," a Jed Harris production, by Fandango Studio, New York.

In the second act of "The Lake" Hepburn appeared as a bride, wearing this striking gown designed for her by Howard Greer of Hollywood. The screen star of "Little Women" received mixed notices on her return to Broadway. One critic called her "still a promising young actress."

Blanche Bates, stage favorite of yesteryear, came back to Broadway to support Hepburn, playing the heroine's understanding aunt.

antagonistic school doesn't matter. But to some school you must belong, or find yourselves cut off from half the dinner-table arguments in America.

Myself, I am among the "antis." I'm sorry, you whose sensibilities I'm offending. I can only plead in extenuation that I've done my best to see the light. I've watched her performances, willing, eager to be moved, trying earnestly to find what so many had found before me. But—pushover though I am for tear-jerkers in any form—I've sat through them all cold as the heart of a kidnapper. Intelligence, distinction of appearance, vitality—those things I could see. (Continued on page 90)
Star's Return

First of the Three Hollywood H’s to go back to Broadway, Miriam Hopkins was also the first to find the “legit” audiences less warm than the movie fans. Read how she feels about her footlight experience and her future film career

By Leonard Hall

THREE glamorous Aitches of Hollywood sped Eastward last fall to resuscitate the swooning Drammer. They were the Misses Hayes (Helen), Hepburn (Katharine), and Hopkins (Miriam).

Once the choo-choo had dumped its precious freight in New York, the Drammer came to, and opened one eye. Surely, with these three gilded chickabiddles on the job, Broadway was itself again.

Well, let’s see. Miss Hayes has scored a terrific wallop in “Mary of Scotland,” and once more queens it over the theatre. Hepburn, though sadly over-anticipated by fawning thousands, still trots along in her play, “The Lake,” before milling throngs of pop-eyed schoolgirls. La Belle Hopkins, alas, was first to fall!

She opened on Broadway in a play called “Jezebel,” once destined for Tallo Bankhead until that feminine bromo seltzer fell ill. Playing a daughter of The Old South, a part fit for one of Gorgia’s finest flowers, Miriam looked like a distillation of all that is loveliest in Southern Womanhood—a cloud of white chiffon, blue eyes, rebellious hair, and those alabaster shoulders over which male film fans moon, sicken and die.

But it was no dice. Dramatic critics said “Poohs” and shot “Jezebel” from under the star with their heaviest shells. The citizens fell upon the play with bestial cries, and beat it to death with public apathy. After five weeks “Jezebel” turned up its toes, sighed faintly and died. Miriam Hopkins said “That’s that,” gave her troupe a champagne party on the last night, and left the platform to the mice and the old dead dreams.

Little woman, what now? It was to discover precisely that which served me to dare the uptown glares of Mlle. Hopkins’ grand hotel on the Avenoo.

“Miss Hopkins asks you to come up,” said the voice on the house phone. “Suite 3311.”

I popped into the lift—all New York elevators are lifts, please, east of Fifth Avenoo—and mused on what manner of Miriam Hopkins I should find in good old 3311.

I remembered several Hopkinses, all (Continued on page 72)
Hail, Hayes!

Helen, alone of the Three H's, swept all before her in her return to the stage. The Little Queen of troupers captivated New York as "Mary of Scotland." She gives you, here, her frank and fearless opinion of Broadway and Hollywood

Also by Mr. Hall, who makes 'em talk!

The other day I stood in the wings of a great New York theatre and heard a tremendous burst of applause explode in the face of a little five-foot-nothing actress named Helen Hayes.

On the stage Helen had just finished another of those feats of magic that make her unique on stage and screen. By sheer acting horse-power she had convinced 1,200 people that she was not a plain, mousy little woman knee-high to a duck, but was really Mary, Queen of Scots—six feet tall and so beautiful that her loveliness knocked half the lairds of Scotland for a braw, bricht loop and a couple of hoot mons.

Helen, in short, was up to her old tricks. A refugee from Hollywood after two years before the camera, she had captured Broadway again. Once more she was queen of her beloved theatre, star of "Mary of Scotland," the rip-roaring hit of the town!

Her eyes were shining as she came off the scene.

"Can't hear that in Hollywood!" she chortled. "Come right into the dressing-room."

I did. So did her maid. And so did a chubby little doctor who was treating Helen for some very sore toes. The shoes she wears on the stage to build her up from five feet to five-feet-four were playing hob with her precious pinkies. As the doctor probed and Helen winced daintily, we talked.

My first remark was a dumb crack, but necessary. I knew the answer before I opened my mouth.

"Are you glad to be back in the theatre, after Hollywood?"

"La Hayes was entitled to brain me with a powder puff, but she didn't."

"Glad?" she answered, "I'm too happy to be true! The play is so beautiful and so successful, and you know as well as I do that the theatre is my first love, and my last. And then, of course, I'm home!"

Now it was the wife and mama, not just the artist, speaking.

"Charlie, (that's husband MacArthur, the playwright), and I bought a house up in Nyack a year ago. It's a colonial place, just four doors from Ben Hecht. (Hecht is the other divine madman, who collaborates with Charlie on plays and movies.)"

"When I'm on Broadway, we live there, the lot of us. I drive up there every night after the play. We have fine times."

Isn't it heart-warming to know that this little vagabond (Continued on page 70)
Those camera kisses! How deeply are they felt? The screen's leading romancer knows—and tells!

By Ben Maddox

Ann Harding, Leslie's favorite leading woman, was his love in "Animal Kingdom," and they'll soon co-star again. What is this thing called "movie love"?

Is Movie Love Too Real? Leslie Howard Answers!

HAVEN'T you wondered?
Do movie love scenes tempt the stars? When the virile hero reaches for the luscious lady, enfolds her so firmly in his arms, and when they gaze adoringly at each other in those intimate close-ups—is it just make-believe?

Embraces which display a technique you crave to contact—do they leap the border-line of mere acting? In the tenderest moments which often are hours in the filming, then are they artists concerned with their Art, or are they very human?

I thought I would query Leslie Howard, because he is back in Hollywood and because most women seem to agree that, concerning the finer points of romance, he should have the best answers.

He does, pals, he does! What I particularly approve of in the fascinating Mr. Howard is his delightful candor. Naturally, being a married man, he has to be respectfully discreet. Yet, being the one and only subtle Leslie, he is far too intelligent to stall.

"Screen love?" He registered concentration. (He does that by leaning his face on his right hand in classic thinker style.)

"Certainly it's thrilling to the participants, assuredly it's liable to be too realistic, and of course movie kisses are dangerous! Why, cinema sweethearts have all the external qualities of romance presented to them on a silver platter!"

Nothing evasive about Mr. Howard!

"When millions of fans are entranced by a gorgeous screen girl, can her hero be a man of iron? He probably should be, I'll admit. But," and he suddenly stared piercingly at me, "could you be nonchalant?" I reminded him that he was the interviewee, and he replied he didn't believe it would be normal to be utterly casual.

Almost finished with "Of Human Bondage," his first
American production since the memorable “Berkeley Square,” he had slipped over to his manager’s office to visit with me while his associates at Radio went into a huddle to decide how to wind up the plot.

“If it wouldn’t sound facetious or be a bad pun, I might confess that I myself learned much about women from Hollywood!” Now I was getting somewhere. I urged him to elaborate.

“Well, you see the leading ladies here are superalluring. Stage heroines, for instance, climb to the top strictly on their acting merits. In the theatre a girl need only be passable as regards her face. The audience’s distance automatically endows her with sufficient glamor. You get what I’m driving at? While one may admire a fine technician, one isn’t struck giddily by her knack for acting.

“Here in Hollywood, surface sex appeal reigns triumphant. The heroines, thanks to the close-ups, must be positively appetizing. Delectable! The public must literally see why the lady is so enchanting to the hero. More and more sheer ability is counting, but a beautiful personality has so far been an adequate substitute.”

His blue eyes sparkling with that constant intensity which is so exclusively his, he warmed to his subject. Alternately he lounged lazily behind a massive desk and then strode vigorously up and down the room. There is a charm about him which is as evident in person as on screen or stage.

“It’s all very well and diplomatic to declare that working in movie love scenes is purely business. But if you are a sensitive, emotional person—and you have to be to be an actor—you are predisposed for romance. You remind yourself that you’re acting, but the pre-

Here, below, is the lovely Howard residence in Surrey, England—a four-hundred-year-old Tudor home.

Leslie Howard leads the field when it comes to subtle masculine charm. He’s now in “Of Human Bondage.”

tense can start you guessing about your partner’s reactions—if you are bold. “You say to yourself, ‘Now here’s a person capable of feeling the ardor she pretends for the sake of the story.’ The director orders you to put enthusiasm into your scenes. Ah, it’s a problem—whether you’re single, or married and in peaceful relationship with your own wife!”

Where high-pressure film affection has frequently led, we know. Few dare to be as frank as Leslie Howard. But Hollywood’s history is high-lighted with cases of screen thrills that wound up in real flame. Off-screen friendships become more serious when the two friends are cast together in love sequences—often, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone currently, as Garbo and Gilbert in the silent days, exemplify this tendency.

But to return to Mr. Howard’s revelations.

“English screen girls are not so troublesome to the actor,” he continued. “The British fans haven’t been educated up to the high standard of beauty Hollywood has achieved. In London, when they cast a film, they just hire a competent actress and turn her loose on the set. She shifts for herself. The infinite pains taken here to enhance a lady’s looks are not taken there. Consequently, it’s easier on the actor’s conscience in Britain!

“I should interpret this variation thus. In America the film stars have established themselves as the supreme influences. The average girl (Continued on page 95)
Don't wear a tiara unless your coiffure can compete with its regal requirements. Here are two views of Myrna's correct and sophisticated hair-dress.

You never think of Myrna Loy as the "suit" type—yet she's very fond of them and wears them with dash. One of her favorites is this hand-knit suit of tomato rust, which Myrna shows so attractively below.

Trust Myrna to select the quietly feminine in hostess gowns! This one is of corn-gold velvet with coreded elbow-length sleeves and is girdled with turquoise satin. Mysterious Myrna is a fitting title for this lady with the provocative eyes!

One of Myrna's smartest secrets is her foresight in buying a costume she likes even if it is months ahead of season. Right, here's her linen beach ensemble for Summer. The dress is white with blue. The coat is red and blue on a white background.
“Loy” is Hollywood language for Lure! Myrna’s is a very special kind—she is subtly sophisticated but never glaringly glamorous. We present the Princess of Poise!

Myrna’s four-piece tweed ensemble, shown below, is in red and blue checks on white, with a knitted blouse.

Photographs of Miss Loy posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Clarence Sinclair Bull, Clothes by I. Magnin.
One day last fall a rich little nugget of scandal was dropped into the hospitable lap of Hollywood.

**Chevalier breaks with Lubitsch. Chevalier refuses to work with MacDonald. Chevalier says he's big enough to carry a picture by himself. Chevalier dissatisfied with Lubitsch direction. Chevalier will not play Merry Widow if Lubitsch directs.**

Tongues wagged and rumors flew. "What do you suppose happened? What's it all about? Why doesn't he deny it? How dreadful! How amusing! But Lubitsch and he were such friends, my dear. I have it on the best authority. Then he ought to deny it. They say he's jealous of MacDonald's success. But he couldn't be. He's not that sort of person. I met him once—But it's spread all over the papers and he hasn't denied it. So it must be true—" And so on and on and on through all the delightful variations the theme afforded.

Meantime Chevalier, blissfully unconscious, was speeding across the ocean for a well-earned rest in France. Three months later he returned to a hailstorm of questions.

"How about 'The Merry Widow'? How about Lubitsch? How about MacDonald? Why don't you want to play with MacDonald? What have you got against Lubitsch? Is it true that you said," etc., etc., etc.,

"No, no, no, no!" cried Chevalier, aghast, bewildered, indignant, incredulous. "I have not said these things!"

"But you haven't denied it. You should have denied it. Why didn't you deny it?"—like a mocking chorus

**"no, no, no, NO!"**

Give Chevalier a chance to defend himself! Don't condemn him until you have heard his side of the story! Screenland, in the interests of fair play, asked the famous Frenchman to give us the inside facts. In all justice you must read his explanation...

Do you want to see Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald together again in "The Merry Widow"? We hope that by the time you are reading this, these two will be reunited on the screen. See what Maurice says!
heard in a bad dream. I found him standing in the middle of his hotel room, his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets, his eyes like those of a woebegone child who's been swiftly and suddenly kicked in the pants for no reason that he can discover.

"You know," he said, "I would swear in front of God—if I could meet God tomorrow—that I have not said these things!"

The effect of that interpolated phrase—spoken with utter simplicity and no thought of humor—was curiously moving, bearing witness as it did to the depth and honesty of his distress. So far as I'm concerned, I'd as soon take Maurice Chevalier's undorned word for the truth of a statement as any oath sworn to before a bar human or divine. But it was easy to understand why he should have felt the need for emphasis. The legend had grown pretty firmly entrenched during his absence. And he hadn't—so they told him—denied it.

"How can I deny it?" inquired Maurice patiently, "before I have heard it? In America nothing was against my thoughts—it is against my feelings—it is as far from the truth as the earth from the moon—it—" he cast about almost desperately for some word that would adequately convey his feeling on the subject, then gave it up. "Well, anyhow, the proof is that from the boat to France I sent a letter and Charles Laughton sent a letter to Lubitsch, saying how we would be happy if we could work, the three of us, in a story Lubitsch has in the back of his head for Laughton and me. And I hope," he continued darkly, "I hope I can say without praising myself too much that I am not the fellow who says behind a man's back I don't want to work with him and then writes him a letter that I do."

Deeply disturbed though he was, he spoke quietly, sitting still in his chair. He has none of the staccato gestures we have come to associate, rightly or wrongly, with the typical Gallic temperament. His feeling was apparent only in an occasional shrug, a tilt of the brows, a compression of the lips, a slight roughening of the voice.

"When I read Thalberg's wire, I wired back, telling him what I have said and what I have not said. Meanwhile there came a letter from Lubitsch, sent two weeks before. As I have not denied anything about those articles, he thought I was meaning them and answered something in the papers. Am I blaming him for that? No, a thousand times. I understand how he was hurt. I in his place would have felt the same. Then I wired him personally, saying exactly what I have said to Thalberg, and he sent me a very (Continued on page 83)
Here’s Herbert Marshall, Esq.

Here’s “Little Boy Bart”

Marshall vs. “Bart”

Famous author exposes the mystery of “two” of your favorite movie gentlemen!

By Beth Brown

Whose best-selling novel, “Man and Wife,” will soon be filmed by Metro

This is the true story about two people wearing the one skin and sharing the same wife.

One of them is a small boy who will never grow up. The other is a man who has never been young. That’s why only those who know him very well call him Bart. At the studio—on the lot—to the rest of the world, the outer half of him answers to the sober name of Herbert Marshall, Esquire.

If you catch him in a moment of intimacy, you may also find the Bart of him at home—and their act begins.

You’ve seen a ventriloquist on-stage arguing with a wooden doll who is his other self. Well, it’s just like that. Mr. Marshall is very gracious, very distinguished, very suave. Little Boy Bart is childish, mischievous and painfully outspoken.

That was how Herbert Marshall and his echo sat there facing me. Mr. Marshall was hoping the camera would break or the dinner bell would ring for dinner. He hates to talk about himself. That’s why nobody knows anything much about him.

Bart was squirming to tell all. Bart looks eleven years old. Mr. Marshall looks thirty-seven. People are supposed to multiply this combined age by two and divide by seven.

“Please don’t give away any secrets,” whispered Mr. Marshall.

“You can trust me,” with a malicious wink.

And the interview began.

Bart will eat anything but bananas. Mr. Marshall dotes on roast beef and kidney. Bart likes striped suits. Mr. Marshall dislikes tea in tea bags. They are both intrigued by American refrigerators. Mr. Marshall is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is as handsome as his wife insists that he is. In fact, he is the only actor in captivity who is distinguished without being gray-haired about it.

Bart is forever buying ties, shirts and collars. He likes his handkerchief at a careless angle. The orderly, immaculate, British Mr. Marshall keeps correcting the incorrigible Bart.

The ladies all adore Mr. Marshall. Theatre alleys just swarm with young and (Continued on page 84)
"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come!"
It's in the fragrant air, the budding trees, the balmy winds. And Hollywood extends its welcome—a welcome epitomized in this charming still of Janet Gaynor and Robert Young in "Carolina."
Their "Pet" Playmates!

She's a pet! Little Miss Shirley Temple, who became a movie star all of a sudden, is one of the proudest young persons in Hollywood. And next proudest is the Fox studio, which discovered her, put her in "Fox Follies," and has been congratulating itself since! Here's Shirley with Victor Jory, one of her humble slaves.

"This is no Scotch joke," says Helen Mack, as she teaches Hoot Mon, her Scottish terrier, how to take a proper pride in his personal appearance.

Springtime is playtime—and the boys and girls of filmm land know how to choose their play companions.
"Now I ask you," demands Genevieve Tobin, "how can I refuse him anything?" We don't know—not when her supplicator is this appealing youngster. Genevieve thought she was going to snatch a snooze on the grass—but her twin pups had other plans for spending the afternoon. Watch for Miss Tobin in "The Ninth Guest."

Here's a touching story! Penny, Heather Angel's kitten, is suffering from anemia, so Heather has to "build him up" with doses of sherry. Take your medicine, Penny!

Just a couple of interpretative artists! Irene Bentley, lovely screen actress, supervises little Mitzie's piano practice. Mitzie's learning to play a duet with herself.
Beauty of every kind outdoes itself in Spring! The leaves are greener, the blossoms gayer—and yes, the Hollywood girls look more gorgeous than ever! See for yourself!

"Let's Fall in Love" is the logical title for a picture invoking Ann Sothern, especially at this time of year. And that, by a happy coincidence, is the name of the film musical in which she is being seen.

Spring does right by Pat Paterson! With the coming of that bright season, Fox was so deeply impressed with her young charm and beauty that they forthwith placed her right in a leading rôle in George White's "Scandals."

Haven't You Noticed—
The Girls Grow More Gorgeous!
June Knight, once a cinema bud, shows she's in tune with the season by flowering into stardom. June's springlike name is co-starred with Russ Columbo's in "The Love Life of a Crooner."

Renewal is the keynote of Spring, and that sounds like a good idea to Arline Judge. So she proceeds blithely with her renewed screen career—even more delightful than you knew her in the old.

Is it that vernal bloom? Florine McKinney has never been easier to look at than she is here, and that's praise!

And here's Marian Marsh, whose early ingenue acting you remember well. She's a more mature, more gracious Marian today.
In love with Nature, too! Francis Lederer, one of the most romantic of stage and screen actors, finds room in his heart for yearnings toward beauty botanical as well as feminine. And even Nature, which loves a lover too, seems to be returning his admiration.

The balmy season fills Eddie Horton with more than his usual agitation — and that's quite a lot of fussiness! But this clever comedian shows you here that he can be a pretty fetching fellow, too, when it comes to prepossessing looks.

Tullio Carminati, singer of gay songs and actor in romantic rôles, finds new inspiration in these delightful days. Have you seen him making love to Connie Bennett in "Moulin Rouge"?
Even "bad-man" Bickford softens in answer to the smile of the elements. Charlie, who so often appears before the screen public in the roughneck garb of the "tough guy," slicks up and looks pleasant for Spring's return.

Phillips Holmes doesn't need any special incentive for looking attractive—does he, girls? Yet there's an added appeal and new assurance in his look as he breathes in the Spring sunshine.

New dash, new vigor, new spirit infuse the lads of Cinemaland when Spring puts on her gay attire. Behold some of Hollywood's handsomest, agog to greet the season.

Otto Kruger, that gentlemanly actor, knows how to respond to the call of the rejuvenated outdoors. Trim and athletic in his golf sweater and knickers, he's as pleasing to the eye in this informal off-screen picture as in any of his posed stills or portraits.
Our Own Spring Fashion Show

All photographs by Wynn Richards, posed exclusively for SCREENLAND, courtesy of Fox Movietone News. Additional gowns by Lord & Taylor.

Here's a heavenly turquoise blue American lace gown with the smart high neck-line achieved by a scarf that crosses in the back and falls gracefully over the shoulders. A V back and short train are featured. Bergdorf-Goodman.

Isn't this a picture! Stunning gowns worn by smart ladies! These advance Spring frocks are absolutely correct for formal soirees—satin, taffeta, lace, challis—take your choice!

A creation of luscious green taffeta with the new bustle effect, and a V neckline. In keeping with the quaint gown, a pair of dull gold bracelets, one on each wrist, and a gold leaf tiara, are worn. Lillian Sloane.

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring" inspired Reboux to ornament this elegant large black milan chapeau. Nicole de Paris.
For the first time a screen fashion show has been dedicated to a magazine! Moviegoers all over the country enjoyed Fox Movietone’s glimpses of the new gowns in a Screenland Fashion Show—and now we show you herewith, the complete review.

Screenland’s Spring style show was directed by Miss Vyvyan Donner of Fox Movietone News, and shown on the screens throughout the world.

Here are suggestions for that important Spring evening! The girls wearing these Screenland fashion specials are famous New York models, each noted for good looks and chic.

This regal silver lamé evening suit with kolinsky fur demands that high tiara and stunning neckline. Ten Eyck.

Even Grandma will put the stamp of approval on this printed challis evening gown with its red velvet sash. A series of ruffles cascade from the knees into a train. Lillian Sloane.

Very 1840, my dear, but oh, so 1934!—this hat of lustrous navy straw trimmed and faced with piqué. Daché.
DON'T overlook Fay Wray, whose fresh youthfulness and pervading warmth make her eminently suited to any vernal celebration. Fay, looking her most gorgeous, has been doing herself proud in serious rôles.
My Make-Up Secret
To Enhance the Charm of Beauty

As Told to Florence Vandelle by BETTE DAVIS
Starring in Warner Bros. “FASHIONS OF 1934”

Powder "The color tone of face powder is most important, for it should harmonize with and enliven the beauty of the skin. For my coloring...blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin...I use Max Factor’s Rachelle Powder. Clinging in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that I know will appear faultless under any close-up test."

Rouge "Put on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone...and then soften the edges by blending with the fingertips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor’s Blondeen Rouge...its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft, natural, lifelike coloring."

Lipstick “Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Vermillion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It’s moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day...three good reasons why I use it."

The charm of beauty lies in the appeal of color...for color is the exciting thing about beauty. Color is the brilliance that attracts...that creates unforgettable charm."

This is how Bette Davis describes that elusive something called charm...and here is her secret for capturing it.

"Make-up holds the secret. And in Hollywood, this means color harmony make-up...powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones...created by Max Factor to enhance the colorful appeal of youthful beauty."

Like Hollywood’s stars, you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Film-land’s genius of 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
SCREEN DRAMA

in the

Great

Tradition

Loretta Young’s gentle charm finds a congenial setting in the quaint eighteenth century costumes she wears as Julie, daughter of Baron Rothschild. This epic film tells of a great period in European statecraft.

George Arliss depicts the head of the famous House of Rothschild, makers of world history.

Photographs by Kenneth Alexander, Twentieth Century Production.

Baron Rothschild in person! George Arliss fits to perfection in the rôle of the suavely masterful financier who stood behind the thrones of potentates.
It's a breach of fashion... if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair must be in wave. Straight hair is conspicuously out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave now. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does genuine Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls... just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—a genuine Eugene permanent wave, preferred the world over.


Miss Margaret C Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: "Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."

Eugene will gladly send you a free copy of his style bulletin "Hair Views." It shows the latest coiffure styles sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and reproduced by Eugene, and it contains important advice on permanent waving. Send the coupon at once.

FREE... Eugene offers "Hair Views"
An unconventional portrait drawing by Charles Sheldon
JOAN CRAWFORD
in "DANCING LADY"
with Franchot Tone
on M-G-M picture

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS
IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars... and YOUR charms, too.

And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night.

Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form that softens, soothes, softens and protects. And it costs so little!

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt 10c, 40c, 65c.

NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

Tune in an Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E.S.T. WEAF, N.B.C. network.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

Something was bound to happen when the dashing Gable crossed the path of the ravishing Claudette! Here's one of the results.
As Thousands HEAR!

How do screen stars behave while broadcasting? Here’s the answer!

By

Evelyn Ballarine

“Nervous?” echoed the lovely Latin. “People have asked me that about the radio before—but how strange! I like to talk for audiences, whether I can see them or not. Don’t I always talk to a microphone when I am working in a picture?”

That seemed to be that—yet how refreshingly different from the attitude taken by Katharine Hepburn when she was rehearsing from the same studio; I hear that she not only denied herself to spectators and visitors of all kinds, but even had to have an elevator all to herself when coming to and from her broadcast! On the other hand, there was Phillips Holmes, who not only sailed through his program for Screenland without the least bit of embarrassment, but actually sat out in the reception room and visited with people almost up to the very minute when he had to go on the air. Strange how differently that bit of metal called “Mike” affects different performers!

In response to my query as to whether she was sorry she had bobbed her “crowning glory,” Dolores had this to (Continued on page 82)

Time out! Dolores Del Rio is caught by the cameraman in the process of being interviewed by Evelyn Ballarine, SCREENLAND’s radio reporter, during a rehearsal.

RECENTLY you heard Dolores Del Rio broadcast with the Ipana Troubadours. You applauded her work and when it was over you tuned in on another program, and that was that. But it wasn’t, really—you can’t dismiss it as calmly as all that. Dolores devoted an entire afternoon to rehearsals—I know, I was there! And what a hectic afternoon!

News of her presence at the broadcasting studio spread like wildfire. Fans appeared in droves. Dolores graciously autographed papers and things. She had been told that there would be no interruptions at the rehearsals. Well, practically no interruptions! Two sets of photographers barged in—a Spanish couple who were friends of a friend arrived for a chat—several N.B.C. executives came in to say “Hello.” Etc., etc.!

As soon as she had a breathing spell, Dolores came over and chatted with me. She was having a grand time in New York, seeing every worthwhile play on Broadway and visiting the gay spots in town. I asked Dolores the inevitable question—did she feel a bit nervous on approaching the microphone, or did radio hold no terrors for her?

How Del Rio looked when she faced her ether audience.
How to beautify your home background! Read this third article in our exclusive series of informative talks by the screen's leading decorators.

Here is a view of the living-room set designed by Mr. Polglase for Irene Dunn's new picture, "Transient Love." Note his effective use of a white wall with plain rug, and furniture of varying periods.

HINTS FOR

"People like livable houses," declares Van Nest Polglase, art director for R-K-O Studios. "And why not?"

"The average American wants a home that will wear well, one that he can enjoy several years hence as much as he does today. He doesn't care for very odd and unusual decorations around him, no matter how much he may admire the effects on the screen."

Slim, young, and red-headed, Mr. Polglase stood on the very "livable" set he had designed for Irene Dunne's latest picture, "Transient love," and considered the home problems of Screenland's readers.

"I know that there is a great deal of interest taken in the rooms shown on the screen," he continued, "for we have a steady flow of fan mail, asking questions, begging for plans or sketches or styles of particular dwellings or furnishings in our pictures."

"After 'Animal Kingdom,' my first production on this lot, we were nearly swamped with requests for details of the little house occupied by Leslie Howard and Myrna Loy. It was a small, attractive, home-like place, not in the least bizarre or modernistic. It spelled comfort, which is the first requisite of young America.

"I am convinced that the average American is becoming more critical of things he formerly took for granted, simply because he has the contrast of what he sees on the screen. He may enjoy looking at a set done in cubes, ovals, and cylinders, but he is still, in my opinion, very far from wishing to live in a house of that design."

"After all, the hints I have to give concern the average American, not the exceptional individual who has his own rigid ideas on decoration, or the one who can afford to turn the whole problem over to an interior decorator."

"First of all, when you judge the room you see in a picture, remember that it was designed to get the finest photographic effects—and take that into consideration when you attempt to reproduce it. We use white walls on this set, but if I were to put them into a home I would use off-white or even an ivory or cream."

"Before you plan the rooms in your new house—or the changes you wish to make in your old one—consider the personalities who are to live in it. Consider yourself, your husband, your mother, the children—whoever is to be part of the home, and let the rooms frame the family so that they will be at their best. Never try to live with something that clashes with your personality."

"Extreme styles are for showy people. I believe modernistic effects are very good for public buildings, for theatre lobbies, for offices, for formal places, for very 'arty' people, perhaps—grand opera stars or flamboyant actors—but they are decidedly not for the average American."

"I like a very homey house myself, smart but comfortable. I think I'd have light walls, probably off-white, with contrasting curtains, and furniture that was comfortable and cheerful-looking. French Provincial or early American furniture, or mixed styles, would look well in such a house."

"For a typical American family, I would suggest a
living room in early American style. I'd have wallpaper of the period and an off-white paneling, simple drapes in solid colors, and early American furniture in knotted pine.

"If the family has inherited some pieces of good furniture, they can be fitted into such a room. Most people have some pieces they don't wish to give up, either because the things are really good, or because they have a sentimental value. Even the Victorian stuff needn't be thrown out, unless it is too ornate, for horsehair can be ripped off and replaced by plain rep, and useless ornamentation removed. Good old mahogany looks well anywhere in a living room of this type. You may mix your furniture and it will not look out of place.

"In this set, you will notice we have two French Provincial chairs that we've covered in blue and white checked material; they fit into the room perfectly.

"If you have something that has no value except a sentimental one, don't think you must sacrifice it because it is out of date. Consider the piece carefully and watch the screen for hints. You have no idea how a little attention can make it sightly and usable.

"If I had a house with plenty of spare room, I think it would be amusing to set aside one for early Victorian stuff and use it for a show place, or as a small living room. That would be a good way to take care of heirlooms that don't go in anywhere else.

"The interest created in Victorian things by the sets of 'Little Women' is rather surprising. This picture was an absorbing problem for me and for Thomas Little, who works with me on furnishing the sets I design. It took more research than a modern film, of course, and he went to much trouble to find the exact pieces to reproduce the March and Lawrence homes.

"However, I am partial to early American furniture because I think it fits our (Continued on page 86)
Screen stars at play — 1934 version! See how charming and correct the Joel McCreas and the Gary Coopers are, at a recent Hollywood party.

Hollywood Welcomes

Repeal appeal! Cinema City goes gayer and grander, with the stars glittering more gorgeously, dressing more beautifully, entertaining more formally

IN THE day of the speakeasy, it was all very well to have an afternoon dress that “did” for evening by taking off the jacket. It was all right to appear at a dinner in the outfit you’d worn to luncheon or at the golf tournament. If you couldn’t get your husband to put on his dinner coat, your hostess seldom turned pale at sight of him, and the maître d’hôtel of the smart Coconut Grove in Hollywood might suffer when you arrived in sports things but he didn’t politely suggest that informal dinner was served in the Moroccan Room as he would have done once.

But try to get away with that now!

“Repeal of the prohibition law has brought in great formality in dress and manners,” declares Vera, clothes creator for Universal Pictures, who was with Lady Duff Gordon in New York in the day of formal elegance.

“You have heard all the talk about the fact that first-night opera goers this winter, for the first time in years, have brought out all their jewels and gone in for trains, diadems, and costly furs. Full dress for men, correct to the smallest detail, has replaced more than a decade of dinner coats for any and every evening function.

“We’ve turned back the clock to the era of elegance!”

Vera smiled at me across a length of gorgeous metal cloth she was selecting for Margaret Sullavan’s new picture.

“The screen is reflecting life today, as it has always done,” she continued. “We know that people copy what they see on the screen, but before what they copy can appear there, there must be a national trend toward it.

“During the late and unlamented depression,

For the cocktail party Vera designed this black and white costume for Margaret Sullavan. More ruffles on the embroidered white blouse! There’s a tiny jacket.

Margaret Sullavan’s afternoon frocks for Spring and Summer are all as gracefully grand as this one of white chiffon with ruffles. Designed by Vera.
we had to be conservative because nobody could afford to be anything else. So we made our frocks do for more than one occasion; we discarded formality at dinner. Our guests helped shake up the cocktails, they romped in to the dinner table, they even ransacked the ice-box and ate in the kitchen, or sat on the stairs with their plates and made a frolic of washing them afterwards.

"It was a lot of fun, but it's all over now.

"The new formality has one excellent point, besides the gracious manner of living it brings in: it stimulates business in every line! Jewelers are beginning to smile, because women are wearing gems again—real stones instead of costume jewelry. Those who make or sell clothes and furs are taking heart. But there are also the merchants who deal in furniture, tableware, china, glass, rugs and drapery, singing hallelujahs for formality. You can't give formal affairs with dishes that don't match, cigarette holes in the davenport, and out-of-date drawing rooms.

"Depression excused a great many things, because we were all in the same boat, but now we are beginning a new day, when appearances matter again.

"The screen is going in for formal styles in clothes, formal appointments at filmed dinner-parties, very formal balls, correct costuming and properly conducted entertainments. And you will be out of everything if you don't follow suit!

"When you select your evening gowns, remember that it's the thing to be feminine. Mannish affectations are as dead as near-beer. Last year, a few stars attempted to wear evening gowns in sports styles, but they wouldn't get as far as the door in them now.

"Decide whether you are the demure or the sophisticated type before you select your gowns. If the former, the long-sleeved (Continued on page 74)
Here is the American screen début of That Girl! You've been hearing about her for over a year now, and it may be that some of you are a little tired. After all, who was she to be challenging the supremacy of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford? And if she was so good, why did Sam Goldwyn have to spend all that time grooming her? Well, here is your answer. Anna of the Soviet Stens is well worth waiting for. She is Something New. She is Sex Appeal in person, and what a person. Her picture was "suggested" by Zola's "Nana," but the sole similarity seems to be in the heroine's name and the costumes of the period. The screen Nana, Miss Sten, is gloriously beautiful, immaculately gowned, and with a heart of gold which surrenders to a handsome young soldier. But Anna triumphs over the trivialities of her story, and emerges as the screen's most thrilling new star. And what support she has! Richard Bennett is superb as Nana's doting old manager. Phillip Holmes has great charm as Nana's Supreme Passion. But two ingratiating little girls come rather close to stealing all the human interest honors—Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland. They're funny, they're ingratiating, they're grand!

For once we have a screen spectacle to appeal to the women as well as to the men! "Fashions of 1934" has all the excitement of the usual movie musical, including beauties indulging in an amazing fan dance; but it also has an amusing story and a parade of fashions for the delectation of the femmes.

Fashions of 1934
Warners

You may think you have seen all the spy dramas you ever want to see. But just one more won't hurt you. In fact, it will be good for you to see what fine films they can make in England. Granted that this is one of the better British buys, it has a quality only too rarely achieved whether in Hollywood, Elstree, Moscow or Berlin: the quality of quiet dignity. "I Was A Spy" is impressive not so much for its subject matter as for its beautiful and authentic direction by Victor Saville and its acting by Madeleine Carroll, Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt, Sir Gerald Du Maurier, and the other members of its superb cast. A Belgian spy, played by Miss Carroll, and a British spy, Herbert Marshall, meet in a hospital in Belgium during the World War. They work together—and they fall in love; and one of them is caught. That's about all. But it becomes poignant drama in their hands. Some great moments; the total absence of stellar heroics; believable dialogue; a minimum of close-ups; and conviction in every scene, in every word, in every gesture—"I Was A Spy" is a picture I wish you would see. I cannot endorse it strongly enough.

Watch for Miss Carroll's first American film—soon!
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

What a Month of Good Movies!

Three sensational new stars: Anna Sten, Madeline Carroll, Elizabeth Bergner.

Two fine films from England, "Catherine the Great" and "I Was A Spy."


Have a movie holiday! Don't miss one of these superlative screenplays!

Hi, Nellie!

Here's what we mean when we speak of superlative entertainment! "Hi, Nellie!" is designed for amusement and achieves it. You'll enjoy every scene of this newspaper story, the best of its kind since "The Front Page." Suspense — humor — excitement — splendid performances — all here. Paul, Muni, W.W., (Without Whiskers), plays a big-time newspaper man who is demoted because his horse sense kept him from featuring a big story about an alleged absconding banker. Transferred to his disgust, to the "Loveorn" column, he stumbles upon a thrilling murder mystery which solves the case of the vanished banker—and gets himself reinstated in his old job. Muni has taken the rôle in his teeth and torn it to pieces! And proves, too, that he can play comedy as well as deep and desperate drama. Glenda Farrell races off with second honors in her best part to date as a sob sister; and one of those Warner all-star character casts perform nobly, particularly your favorite dead-pan actor, Ned Sparks, Donald Meek, Douglas Dumbrille, Hobart Cavanaugh, and Berton Churchill. The war cry of the picture is "Hi, Nellie!" You'll want to know what that means. So—see it!

I Am Suzanne

Lilian Harvey's third Hollywood picture is by far her best. You'll see the real Harvey who was so utterly delightful in "Congress Dances" as she has not, alas, been seen in her first two American films. This Harvey is inimitable; the other Harveys were not so much more charming than dozens of our own girls. But here Lilian is allowed a real rôle in which she can prove that she's the one great star who can act as well as she can sing, and dance better than that. What's more, this Lilian can make us feel oh, so sorry for the character she plays, that of a dancer who is hurt in a fall, and, thinking she will never dance again, joins a troupe of talented puppeteers. She helps pull the strings of the clever sawdust performers, falls in love with the young chief puppeteer, that elegant actor and appealing boy, Gene Raymond; and then—but you won't want to hear all the plot. I think you'll like it. It's novel, it's wholesome, it's good film entertainment for the family. Children and grown-ups alike will enjoy the puppet shows which are included in the one price of admission! Again Jesse Lasky has made a picture that is a lasting credit to our screen. Good taste does matter!

Catherine

Excellent historical drama! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was a wise lad to cast his lot with our British cousins. His first rôle, that of a wild and weird Russian Grand Duke, is at once more colorful and more exciting than he has ever been given in Hollywood. And he plays it in the proper grand manner. Here's the Boy Barrymore! But while it may be the junior Fairbanks' presence in this film that will entice you to see it, you'll stay to watch a new actress, Elizabeth Bergner, weaving her spell in the title rôle. This tiny girl dominates the picture by sheer artistry. She makes the young Catherine a hauntingly charming figure, pitiful even in her victories, always human, but always royal. Bergner, I suspect, is one of our truly Great Actresses. The drama relates the match between Grand Duke Peter and a German princess arranged by the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. The shy little princess fights her husband's cruelty, his intrigues, his other loves—and on the death of the Empress she finds herself on the throne. Bergner makes it all important to us. Gerald Du Maurier proves again he is one of the most perfect actors of his time. Flora Robson enacts Elizabeth.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
SCARED OF MOVIE WOMEN!

Dick Powell admits it—and he tells you why in this EXCLUSIVE interview

No matter how you gild Hollywood love, it's all the same to Dick Powell.

"Sweet madness!"

Tersely he sums up the whole passion racket so far as he is concerned with it. He's not crooning, either. And he is involved, for every screen season there is a new darling of the debs and Dick Powell is probably 1934's foremost feminine thrill.

More girls than even you'd guess are sighing over him, aiming for him. Spurred on, doubtless, by Mae Westish confidence that he-can-be-had. Well, he can be. He's afraid of that! But—will he?

Not unless Massa Dic's outsmarted! He's running away from real life romance as earnestly as he pursues it on the screen.

This is his strange reaction to Opportunity, for far and near they're willing. The ladies, I mean. Warners report that he receives more letters than any male star at their studio. At my last count twenty-five fan clubs in his honor were thriving throughout the land. Distance, however, lends safety, and written suggestions will never trap Dick Powell.

It's our local movie colony tantalizers, so available, who disturb his peace of mind. They take his crooning and his gay, contagious friendliness as a very personal tribute and just yearn to accompany him to a honeymoon hotel. (With or without orchestra and chorus effects!)

"I'm plenty scared of Hollywood women!" Dick exclaimed to me when I delved into his private thoughts. Yet he almost always dates actresses. He'd rather be a husband than president, and still he shies from proposals. Confusing, eh?

What kind of a movie hero is he?

I'll tell you. Being on the ground, as it were, and Dick being a pal of mine—I'm proud to boast—I'll pass on his side of the situation. It boils down to this! Dick Powell is a career man and an old-fashioned gentleman. An odd combination in dizzy, dazzling Hollywood.

Let me ask you a question: have you ever pondered a career man's plight?

His problems are a great deal more complex than those of the female of the species. You have read how girls sacrifice for film success. And surely you've observed that, at least until a (Continued on page 68)
June Knight tells you how to put Your Best Face Forward!

By Katharine Hartley

If you’d like June if you met her. She’s friendly, she’s vivacious, she’s not conceited, and she’s frank. When I told her I wanted the low-down on how she keeps looking so fresh and youthful, she didn’t hum and haw, and infer that it was all just natural. She up-and-said, “By taking a lot of care of my skin and hair, by constantly trying new cosmetics and new ways of applying them. I’ll bet I spend about two hours a day at my dressing table—do you like my bangs?”

That’s June Knight! I told her of course I liked her bangs. They’re about the cutest I’ve ever seen. They add just the right amount of sophistication to her otherwise childish face.

How about creams, I asked her. She admitted that a cleansing cream and a foundation cream are the only two she uses. Well, she shouldn’t need any more, at her age! “But I use them plenty,” she added. “Every time my hands look as though they need washing, I am reminded that my face must need the same cleansing. So about five times a day I remove all my make-up. One time I cleanse with cream, the next with mild soap and warm water.”

Constant cleanliness is my pet practice, so of course I approve of that heartily. And I also approve of alternating the cream and soap cleansing. There’s such a thing as loading your pores with too much cream and oil. The soap and water picks up all the oily residue, and stimulates the circulation.

Then we got down to the business of make-up. June uses a light shade of rouge, with a shell-pink cast to it, to blend with the exquisite, fragile tone of her skin. Her lipstick, too, is a natural pink tone, rather than the brighter orange or crimson tone. “I never like to look too much made-up,” she explained.

“You don’t have to apologize for that,” I told her. “But how do you get that nice, moist-lip effect?”

June says there’s nothing like using just the tiniest dab of cleansing cream on your lips, before putting on your lipstick, to make your lips look moist and shiny. This makes the lip-rouge go on more smoothly, and makes it look much more luscious. Another thing, this cream-before-lipstick has practical advantages. If your lips are the least bit cracked or chapped, the cream fixes everything: it smooths over the cracks, and keeps the lipstick from caking in the chapped spots. It helps correct the condition, too.

Another thing, June says she couldn’t live without absorbent tissues, and for that matter, who could? But here’s a use for them you may not have thought about. After putting on your lipstick (yes, we’re still in the lipstick stage), put a piece of the tissue between your lips, then press your lips together over it. Comprendez? It absorbs the excess lipstick, and “sets” the color. It’s much better to put that extra smudge of lipstick on the disposable tissue than on the next cigarette or cup or glass that you put to your mouth. (To say nothing of your hostess’s best linen napkins!)

I commented on June’s eye-shadow, and she laughed. “Well, it really isn’t eye-shadow. (Continued on page 89)
Here's Hollywood!

By Weston East

"In the red!" Toby Wing's beach suit for the approaching summer is just the thing for her blonde loveliness. The color is red, accentuated by white cross-stripes forming squares. Striking, what?

CLARK GABLE and Robert Montgomery were discussing a much-publicized movie actress who was a sensation a few months back, but whose glory was short-lived.

"Whatever became of her?"

Clark wondered aloud.

"Oh, she's gone the way of all flash," answered Bob.

KATHARINE HEPBURN momentarily yielded the spotlight to her mother, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, when the latter went to Washington to address a Congressional committee in favor of a birth control bill. Mrs. Hepburn, who incidentally is the mother of five other children besides the famous Kate, was accompanied by Mrs. Margaret Sauger, well known birth control advocate.

WHEN Mae West made a benefit radio appeal, a great crowd gathered outside the door of the broadcasting station to see her. Of the estimated nine hundred who were present, no fewer than eight hundred assailed Mae for autographs.

The other one hundred? Oh, they were pan-handlers. They knew that Jim Timony, Miss West's manager, carries money, on Mae's orders, to give people in need. So they rushed Timony, and he spread about fifty dollars among them for "coffee and."

Meet Jack Holt and his strapping son. Young Master Holt may be Charles John, Jr., to the world, but he's "Tim" to his doting Dad.

THE most exciting news of the month is that Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee are about to receive another visit from that wise old bird, the stork. The second Crosby heir is expected in June or July, at which time little Gary Evans Crosby will be just about one year old. Funny, too, that the first time Bing was about to become a fond papa, he yelled the news to the world as quickly as possible. But this time he and Dixie have kept their secret for several months. They both want a girl, and you'll be pretty safe, in the event this one is a girl, in wagering that it will have Jolynna as one of its surnames, because Jolynna Ralston Arlen and Dixie Lee Crosby, as you probably know, are the best of pals.

JEAN HARLOW has six ducks in her back yard. A friend asked the platinum blonde; "Don't they squawk a great deal?"

"Yes, they do," laughingly replied Jean, "but they don't squawk nearly so much as the neighbors."

BIG things are being planned by Fox for their picturization of Richard Aldington's novel, "All Men Are Enemies." In fact, they're talking in hushed whispers of making it another "Cavalcade." Helen Twelvetrees gets a leading role as Kate, and several players are being imported especially for the picture, including Hugh Williams from England and Mona Barrie from Australia, both of whom have made considerable reputations at home.

MOTION pictures certainly make use of circumstance. For instance, there was that day when Myrna Loy arrived on a "Men in White" set with a very bad cold.

"I simply cannot work today," she sniffed to the director. "My eyes are watering."

"The very thing," shouted the megaphonist. "Today we will shoot those big crying scenes!"
FOLKS, meet the doctor—Doctor Joel McCrea. He earned his degree during the rain-flood that inundated Hollywood. He successfully performed in the guise of obstetrician when the McCrea family cat, chased to the top of the garage by the flood, chose that moment to bear a litter of kittens.

"I put on a pair of high rubber boots," Joel says, "and struggled through two feet of water to the garage. With the aid of a ladder, I climbed up on the roof, where I acted as surgeon-in-chief," Dr. McCrea reports that mother and four daughters and three sons are doing well.

Here are Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye, whom the newspapers have been flattering with some attention. They're together in Fox's "Scandals."
WE CAN'T vouch for what may happen the minute after next, but as press-time looms the Garbo-Manouelian romantic furor seems to have calmed down. Exciting while it lasted, that motor tour to Arizona seems to have left no concrete evidence in its trail of a marriage or of any intention on the part of the two to weld in the future. Both parties, of course, have emphatically denied holding any such idea. It was just an impromptu vacation, they insist, participated in by mutually pleasant companions. And yet—and yet—well, is Garbo, we ask you, the girl to display that much interest in a man without entertaining some definite ideas about him?

WHEN some of our big musical comedies reach China, do you think the beautiful stars get their names in theatre lights? Well, they don't. That honor befalls Sammy Lee, a dance director. You see, the Chinese think he is a Chinaman.

Mae Clarke dropped into a neighborhood theatre to see herself on the screen. Mae was dissatisfied with some of her scenes, and she made terse comments to that effect to a girl-friend who accompanied her.

At last, a lady seated in front of them turned and snapped: "Miss Clarke is a fine actress. If you think you could do better, why don't you go in the movies?"

"Yes," said the subdued Mae.

SOMEONE asked Fredric March which book has had the greatest influence on his life.

"The World Atlas," immediately replied Freddie. "When I was a boy, I often wore it in the seat of my trousers, and it saved me no end of pain."

"You mean," wise-cracked nearby Jack Oakie, "no pain of end."

This is another of those guess-who stories, but it is too immense to set aside, even though the names of its principals cannot be revealed.

A prominent motion picture executive (his salary is more than $200,000 annually) called a certain glamorous actress just before New Year's and said: "I'm giving a big party, at which I will have only about seventy of my personal friends. I thought we might take over a local club for New Year's Eve. Will you come? It'll only cost you ten dollars a plate."

The star, momentarily stunned by this invitation to a "pay-as-you-enter" party, thought rapidly for a moment, then answered: "I'm so sorry, but Mr. (an equally prominent film executive) is giving a party, and I have accepted his invitation. You see, he's only having fifty friends, and his party is just seven-fifty a plate."


The magnificent Marches (Fredric and Florence Eldridge) embark on a leisurely vacation cruise. Watch for handsome Fredric in "Firebrand," his first Twentieth Century film, with Constance Bennett.

Pleasant company helped speed Gene Raymond's vacation trip to Europe. Left to right are Gene, his mother, Mme. Galli-Curci, and the latter's famous pianist husband, Homer Samuels.

Another Cecil DeMille's gift to the screen! She's his daughter Katherine, in "Viva Villa."
What a month is this for comings and goings of film notables! Paul Muni, with his attractive wife, joined the transcontinental caravan for a New York vacation after finishing work in "Hi, Nellie!"

HERE is how movie-star salaries are exaggerated: A national columnist commented at length on the fact that John Barrymore received $25,000-a-week in a recent picture. That story brought hundreds of indignant letters from theatre exhibitors. Many of them pointed out that the public resents such high salaries. Well, the truth is that Barrymore was paid $50,000 to do a picture—and that picture was completed in two weeks, practically record-breaking time.

Barrymore's salary last year was less than $350,000—and he drew more money for his services than any other star on the screen. But when the government has taken a fifty per cent cut of that salary, and when other huge expenses of a movie star have been subtracted, John's $350,000 will have dwindled to about $125,000.

When Bing Crosby becomes excited at the Friday night fights, he forgets himself and sings advice to his favorite fighters. . . . Joel McCrea, California native son, has an amazing collection of books on Early California. . . . Jimmy Durante, learning that George Raft was to star in "The Trumpet Blows," wired: "Keep my nose out of it." . . . Robert Montgomery denies that his new puppy, which has "very large feet," is a police dog. . . . Lupe Velez had thirteen dogs until they congregated on her front lawn and dug for bones; now she has but three. . . . Joan Crawford and Francis Lederer may co-star in a stage play in Hollywood next summer . . . Hollywood's one trained sheep was suddenly in demand when it was needed for two pictures at once—"Sequoia" and "Merry Wives of Renzo."

AMAZING, amusing facts about Will Rogers continue to pop up. These things aren't generally known, because Rogers is so publicity-sly that he rarely talks about them. The newest is that Will has a dread of telephones, and he uses them only in cases of extreme necessity. Instead of telephoning, he sends telegrams. A Western state Governor telephoned Rogers not long ago, and the comedian ordered his servant: "Tell the Governor I'll send him a wire."

THERE MUST be a game! We mean that off-again-on-again act that Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are pulling. For Johnny packed up and left his three-months' bride, avowedly for good. A few days later they were together again; now they're apart once more. That's how it stands at the moment of writing this—and neither we nor anybody else knows about the next moment!
George Brent and Warner Brothers Studio are also engaged in a salary controversy. Brent has been receiving approximately $500 a week—and that's pin money compared to what he wants. George has entered suit to break his contract on the grounds that the studio has withheld his salary. The studio has countered with another suit, claiming that he has not been paid because he is under suspension for refusing to play a role assigned to him.

Something has happened to Greta Garbo! No need of trying to kid ourselves, the lady is changing. And if these changes are indicative of her future habits, Garbo is about to drop her "mystery woman" guise. This prophecy is based on the fact that during recent weeks, Garbo has been frequently "seen about town" in Hollywood. Not only did she attend two previews of her new picture at local theatres, but she has made numerous other "appearances." She dines frequently at the Russian Eagle, a popular Hollywood dining spot. She was caught shopping for slacks and sweaters in the local Army and Navy Store. She visited a very public shoe store on the boulevard and ordered new footwear. She entered one of the film town's leading department stores and calmly wandered from counter to counter, ending her excursion with a visit to the soda fountain, where she inhaled a chocolate-malted milk.

Added to these bobbing-ups, Greta has been seen many times of late at popular resorts around Hollywood, including Palm Springs, Santa Barbara, and Arrowhead. No one can quite fathom her actions. My guess is that Greta has had a "swell act." Now that Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, "Slim" Summerville, Ronald Coleman, Marlene Dietrich and a few more are stealing the familiar Garbo routine, perhaps Greta is going to spring something new. Smart gal!

A Hollywood theatre advertised across its facade: Preview tonight: ALL OF ME. "Huh, another nudist film!" was W. C. Fields' comment.

By the time you read this, unless plans go astray, Lionel Barrymore will have made a brief return to his old love, the stage, after an absence of ten years. It is to take the form of personal appearances in several Eastern theatres, including the Capitol in New York. Lionel has chosen for his vehicle a sketch from "The Copperhead," one of his most famous successes of old footlight days.

Here is a novel example of fan enthusiasm: When Charlotte Henry was personal-appearing in Oakland, California, a twelve-year-old boy anxiously sought her autograph. But when Charlotte agreed to "sign up," the boy had no pen or pencil. Not at all daunted, he raced to a nearby store, explained his predicament to a clerk, and offered to leave his overcoat as security if he could borrow a pen. And that's exactly the transaction that took place. After he secured his autograph—and an extra one for the clerk—the boy returned to the store and redeemed his overcoat.
Phillips Holmes is another of the movies' vacation wanderers. The good-looking Phil does some impressive acting in "Nana." (Left, below.)

SALLY RAND, whose fans stirred the air of this country, made a personal appearance at the opening of a Hollywood brewery. The manager suggested that she do her dance on a platform, and step from there into a fountain of beer.

"I'm willing," agreed Sally, "if you'll pay for my fans. The fans," she went on to say, "cost me $1300." It took a glass of cold beer from his fountain to revive the breweer.

A FEW months ago, Dick Mook wrote a story for SCREENLAND, revealing that Richard Arlen had never given Jobyna Ralston, his wife, an engagement ring. After they had been married a few years, Arlen did buy a ring and she made him return it, saying, "We can use that money for something else!"

Mook, and those who read his article, may be happy to learn that Jobyna must now believe that they have enough money in the bank, because she recently permitted Dick to give her an engagement ring—seven years late!

A house that is in Laurel Canyon! I mean the bungalow tossed by Ida Lupino. Not only do the little English actress and her mother dwell there, but in the same house live Elsa Ferguson II, Bryant Washburn, Jr., and a third boy. Never a night passes that there isn't a party, and Mrs. Lupino finds herself in the position of being Hollywood's busiest chaperon.
Honest Injury! Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez aren't gambling—they're playing cards "for fun" during a lull between scenes of "Laughing Boy." How do you like these redskins?

Cliff Montgomery, Columbia football warrior, examines the pigskin while Ginger Rogers and Ricardo Cortez make unkink comments on the black eye he received in the Rose Bowl.

THE price of tickets to the Screen Actors' Guild ball—$25 a pair—aroused some criticism. The opinion of many was that instead of selling tickets to a benefit for themselves, the Guild budget-fund should have been contributed from the pockets of its wealthy star-members. In response to that charge, actors like Eddie Cantor, James Cagney, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow and others declared that the reason for the ball was to promote, among all Guild members, the spirit of co-operation. By giving a ball, everybody contributed; otherwise, only a few would have contributed. And all the tickets were speedily sold.

Jimmy Durante's father, a grand sport, paid his well-nosed son a visit in Hollywood. One day Jimmy was about to take the old man on a visit to the studio, so he paraded a stack of photographs and said, "Look through them and pick out the dames you want to meet." The first "dame" Papa Durante selected was Greta Garbo.

"Look at 'im!" screamed Jimmy. "Can you imagine! He's tryin' to cut in on me!"

When Bing Crosby's baby son had the whooping cough, more than 5000 solicitous letters came from every part of the world... Ginger Rogers indulges ten minutes of "eye exercises" daily; she rolls and blinks her eyes to strengthen the muscles... Joe E. Brown spent fourteen of sixteen Christmas-holiday nights making personal appearances at benefits... Clark Gable, with three race-horses as a starter, is going into that sport in a big way... Frances Dee and Joel McCrea often drive to the studio from their ranch in a garden truck... Alice Faye was so distressed over the killing of the dog given her by Rudy Vallee that she moved from the apartment in which she had been living before its death... Claire Trevor's divorce was honed, while in England, by being invited to give a "command performance"... A Hollywood brewery has a fountain that repeats the name of their beer... Charles B. Rogers, explaining how he fell from a roof: "I tried to climb down a ladder two minutes after the ladder had been removed."

Adolphe Menjou and Verna Tessdale are letting the world know that they intend to be married in Spain next August, which is the date Adolphe's divorce from Kathryn Carver becomes final. Miss Tessdale, who recently achieved a contract with Warners, is a niece of the late Sara Teasdale, famous poetess.

An exciting rumor is afloat regarding the screen activities of John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran, American sponsors of "Maedchen in Uniform," and producers of the film "Emperor Jones." The story, so far unconfirmed, has them planning an elaborate production in an Eastern studio with no less a star than George M. Cohan in the leading role.

This item is clipped from a Hollywood newspaper: "Al Jolson, not worried by the mud, ran a mile and an eighth and looked good for another mile junk. Al Jolson is a great racer."

Don't worry about the mammy-singer becoming a track star. This Al Jolson is a race horse.

Carole Lombard was telling a studio-visitor that she never wears face-cream when she goes to bed. "Is it because you think cream hurts your complexion?" the guest inquired.

"No," impared Carole. "It's because a woman is never pretty when she has cream on her face—and I can never be sure when a fire will break out."

That duckey naked archer, Dan Cupid, shivering in the cold winter winds, has not failed to do his duty. For instance, he finally married-off Ricardo Cortez to Christie Lee, Hollywood society girl, and sent these two away on a Honolulu honeymoon.

His hope of reconciling Ann Harding and Harry Bannister (Harry visited Ann and her daughter for two weeks) went glimmering when Bannister returned East.

And before these words can reach public print, there may be a regular chorus of wedding bells, for it looks as if Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, Merna Kennedy and director Bushy Berkeley, and Randolph Scott and Vivian GAYE may at last join hands and hearts.

But see what Cupid has written into his book:


Cupid has been busy trying to wed Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy, and don't be surprised if he succeeds along about April; perhaps earlier. Ivan Lebedeff pursues VERA Engels all the way to New York to continue his marriage proposals, but without luck as this is written.

Billy Bakewell tried unsuccessfully to replace Frank Lucas in Jean Parker's affections, but failed. Miriam Jordan, filing suit for divorce from her English husband, Joseph Davis, is scheduled to wed a New York broker. Lilian Harvey is threatening to quit pictures, marry Wilhelm Fritsch, and have a baby. Remember she first told SCREENLAND so in her life story of a recent issue?

Mae Clarke is now wearing Sidney Blackmer's ring, and Anita Louise has Tom Brown's engagement pledge on her finger, too. The Myrna Loy-Ramon Novarro romance, icy for a while, seems hot again. Myrna may go to Europe at the same time Novarro makes his concert tour abroad.

Harmon O. Nelson, visiting wife Bette Davis in Hollywood, has been with her so constantly that divorce rumors are spiked, at least for the moment.

"Good Dame" is the picture in which Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March appear like this.
THE divorce ideas of Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan seem to have been definitely abandoned at the moment of scotching to press. This does not indicate a complete reconciliation, however, for the bride and groom will maintain separate residences.

Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper were talking about another actor, notorious for his conceit. Gary, who hardly knows the fellow, asked Carole if stories of his ego were not exaggerated. "Exaggerated" screamed Carole. "Listen, that guy is so stuck-up that when he had X-ray pictures taken of his teeth, he had them re-touched before he showed them to his dentist!"

HENRY THE EIGHTH"—(the picture, not the man)—proves, if proof were needed, that students at Dartmouth College have a sense of humor. Remember, in the picture, the sequence when Queen Anne was beheaded. Of course, the beheading was not seen, but the fact that she had lost her roof was definitely established.

Well, when Queen Anne was beheaded, a quartette of college students arose in the back of the theater and sang that popular number: "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More."

HOLLYWOOD has an interesting new game this month. At your next party, try it. It is called "Observation."

Before guests arrive, provide paper and pencils for all. To start the game, give player number one a short, typed paragraph. Let him read it once. Then let him write the paragraph from memory. Then give what he has written to the next player, and repeat the process. Continue until every player has read and written something. Then compare the paragraph written by the final player with the original item.

At Lew Ayres' house, where the game was introduced, the original item read: "The casting director wants a medium-sized man with a blue coat and gray trousers, not more than forty years of age, to report for work on location at 112 North Sixth Street tomorrow morning at seven-thirty. He must wear a dark felt hat and black shoes."

This message was read by the first subject, who rewrote it and passed his version along. The final result was: "A studio wants a middle-aged man in a gray overcoat to come to work in the morning wearing a hat."

When "The Merry Widow" comes to your theatre, strain your eyes hard, if you are a Clark Gable fan, and see if you can find your favorite among the extras.

Clark asked for—and received—permission to play an extra in the picture. His reason is purely sentimental; Gable's first movie pay check was earned as an extra in the silent version of "The Merry Widow," and for "the sake of auld lang syne," he will re-enact his minor bit.

FASHION ODDITIES:

Heather Angel sports a gay swagger stick made of natural wood and topped with a Scotty's head painted bright yellow. In case of rain, she removes the top and lo, the swagger stick contains an umbrella.

Ginger Rogers' newest sport outfit has three-inch metal buttons. There is a reason. The buttons are hollow; in fact, they are usable receptacles for coins, notes, or other small articles.

Dolores Del Rio wears two rings, exact duplicates, one on each hand. The effect is striking.

Ida Lupino, English actress, introduced a new fad—she has removed her eyebrows entirely, and penciled them on as she fancies, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes straight, sometimes curved.

HELEN MACK admits to a streak of vanity. A few years ago, when she was in vaudeville and was barely earning enough money to keep herself alive, she often sent money home to her parents.

"They didn't need the money," Helen says, "I just wanted them to think I was earning a big salary!"

AN OUT-OF-TOWN friend paid a week-end visit to Richard Arlen's home. On the day of his arrival, Dick stood on his front porch and, pointing to a house two blocks away, told his guest: "That's Bing Crosby's house."

That evening after dinner, the visitor (tired from a day's auto travel) stretched on the davenport and dropped off to sleep. Dick meanwhile turned on the radio, and happened to catch a broadcast of a Crosby record. The music awakened the guest, who drowsily opened his eyes and commented: "Good gracious! I can hear Bing singing from way over at his house!"

EACH of the four Marx brothers looks upon the others as a natural phenomenon. Very recently Groucho mentioned that Harpo was a most precocious baby.

"The moment Harpo was born," Groucho re-remarked, "he opened his eyes, looked at the nurses and said, I'll take the blonde."

"He was then so astounded at his own accomplishment—and good taste—that he hasn't spoken a word since."

OUT OF HISTORY'S PAGES:

GEORGE BANCROFT'S first theatrical experience was as a trick bicycle rider. He was termed "A Tramp on Wheels." He gave that up and became a hoofer. He teamed with a singing girl named Octavia Broske, who later became Mrs. Bancroft.

Jimmy Durante once decided to be a prize-fighter (yes, with that nose). He fought one time, and was knocked out. He was taken home, and as soon as he recovered, his dad knocked him out again.

Harold Lloyd's first movie job was in a Mack Sennett comedy. His duty was to roll down one of San Francisco's steepest hills. He commenced to roll—and couldn't stop. He crashed against a board fence at the foot of the hill. Harold was paid three dollars for his day's work, but he spent eleven dollars having his bruises and cuts ministered to.

(Continued on page 97)
player is definitely established, the wisest course is to sit clear of entangling heart alliances. Which the resolute careerist tries to do.

But remember that a man also can long for companionship and a home. To try nothing, _atem_, of the "call of fatherhood" and the pitter-patter of childish feet! A man, for instance, like Dick Powell, who is a product of the hard type of the American middle-class family.

A girl may elude Hollywood's love complications much easier than a man. In the first place, there's the whole that may not be socially raised. We have a decided surplus in women in Hollywood and invitations from the important and attractive males are at a premium.

Then, too, the acquisition of stellar gloss requires all of a serious girl's time. To progress her she has to find ways to top all the rest in the tricks of novelty and chic.

The skyrocketing young man spends no hours in beauty parlors. Masculine attire is standardized. As for dates, though! Good-looking, prospering fellows are invited to all the Hollywood doings and the eligible ladies have to pick which world-shaking girl they are escort.

The career man, bent on achieving permanency in his profession, is therefore constant and the house that brings us right back to Dick Powell, Exhibit A.

"Love?" Dick shook his head warily and muttered, "Oh-oh!" in the ominous tone a familiar colored radio entertainer uses. We'd have a leisurely dinner out at his Toluca Lake cottage and had lazily settled in front of the blazing fire in his living-room.

I volunteered he was correct in declaring love something to worry about. Curious, I wanted to know his recipe for avoiding it. And why, here he's been in Hollywood for a year and a half and is the rage. As he describes himself in song, he's "young and healthy." Not classically handsome, this blue-eyed, wavy-haired, six-foot lanky is "good-naturedly exciting"—according to an admirer who extolled him to me in her strongest adjectives.

There have been rumors of his devotion to various belles. I needn't name them; you've perused the gossip columns. On investigation these tales have proved to be much ado over minor attentions.

"When I feel myself falling, I get myself in a corner and state, 'Look here, Mr. Powell, I'm in love. I love you.'"

"And do you?" I interrupted.

"You bet!" he retorted vigorously. And the explanation was on.

Echolocating the hottest dame on celluloid, Dick asserts that he's no angel. He is human and he craves to whisper you-who-you-who-you-who in "fatty gals' ears. When it comes to love—ahh! Massa Powell can't help it—he's for it! Furthermore, he's anxious to go a lot farther than Mac West.

Family-conscious, he wants wedding bells, a wife and kiddies. Three or four of the latter!

So why does he say now when all the world is saying yes?

Because—and now I'll get to fundamentals—he clings to the old American theory that a man should be head of a family and should be financially responsible, for his dependents. Money, the supposed root of our evils, is the sole reason for his Hollywood attitude towards love.

"If I were positive of a steady income equal to what I have at this time, I'd airplane off to Yuma. Well—as soon as I could fall in love and persuade the lady to accept me!"

His current income is not to be wheeled at, but it's by no means large. And Dick plans ahead. He realizes you have to invest a considerable sum to draw adequate dividend checks. Having no rich uncle, he is fated to earn his own security. (Warriors have contracted for his services for the coming two years, with no options attached. Such an arrangement is exceptional these days, and it illustrates how optimistic his studio is about his prospects.)

"By 1936 I should have enough saved to marry," he amplies. "I have no wish to become a Beverly Hills plutocrat or to live expensively." He does anticipate sensible comforts. This next summer he expects to build a home, a modernized American farmhouse being his dream. It'll be in the Toluca Lake district, a modest section of Los Angeles.

Those publicized appearances at parties and premieres with Hollywood lasses are fun for Dick. They're a perpetual temptation, these beautiful actresses. But, waxing confidential, he acknowledges that he honestly hasn't thought of marriage since he arrived in movieland.

"I've been too worried about myself. After all, this is my big chance. The talkies are the peak of show business. I want to make a permanent place for myself here. Of course I've had twinges of marriage for a few years. But I've stopped short when I've ever discovered myself drifting towards an 'understanding,' because I can't afford a wife yet."

"Anyway, I'd probably be a heck of a husband at this stage of the game. I'm too selfish, too interested in amassing a fortune!" Read between the lines and you'll discover that Dick isn't the least bit selfish. He is the most considerate actor I have met and is so unselfish that he condemns himself for realizing that there is a climbing period in everyone's life when concentration demands its toll.

The future Mrs. Powell won't be an actress. She met him when he courts her, but after the ceremony she'll go domestic. He has no doubts of this.

"I'm prehistoric, maybe," he elucidates, "but I think a man should be the provider. Nothing could be more appalling to me than to have my wife proclaim, 'Well, whose money is it? I'm earning more than you,Hell, I'd bust up the furniture.'"

"And then there's the professional jealousy which is bound to creep in. One or the other will be more popular and that may cause insidings. All actors are exhibitionists. Why, I can see that jealousy problem without getting married. I note a prominent girl and either you or she carries the more important, whatever you go. Naturally nothing is said between you, but the one who's received the lesser flattery is hurt inside."

"Besides, if an actress had the time to be a wife—as should—she wouldn't have time to be much of an actress. And an actor is too busy to bother with his wife's career. How many business men have over their better halves' bridge club squabbles when they come home at night?"

He contends that the appeal of Hollywood women is mainly due to the success they have attained, and not to any special individual glamour.

"Take the same girl and the same clothes and remove her fame and so what? She'd have to make the grade on her very own merits and she would be no more stunning than many non-professionals."

"I'm still a movie fan at heart, though," he confesses. "Somehow the screen magically enhances and builds up charm. Re-consider he was asked to be Frankford's escort at a dinner and theatre party and he frankly admits he was a-dither with excitement."

There are other famous women he'd like to meet—Myrna Loy, for example. And Hepburn. Like any fan he wonders if they are as fascinating as they seem to be. Ann Harding is a secret favorite. He saw her once at a big party and regrets that he wasn't introduced.

When Dick Powell speaks of love and marriage it is not with the bland assurance of a greenhorn. At twenty-eight he looks forward and weighs values through experienced eyes because he has glanced back at his initial joints with Cupid.

Few recall it, but he impetuously married when he landed his first job.

"I was twenty-two and making $70 a week, singing daily with a hotel orchestra in Louisville." He is too well-bred to relish a personal matter which affects anyone else. His wife was the daughter of gentry family. One day Dick commented to me, "My marriage was the only really influential event in my life." Despite his avowal he had a career. His wife, he seems the perfect love just as everyone does. Behind his laughing face there are memories too painful to discuss.

"It burnt out so quickly. But long! She mused as he watched the flames from

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Here is Dorothy Hynson, attractive English ingenue who is in the British International musical, "Happy." Note her interesting "zebra" dress.
Here's Claudia Colbert talking to YOU!

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN...

WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.

GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION. IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS CHARM MEN CAN'T RESIST.

Here Claudia Colbert talks to you about her beauty care . . . Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how easy it is to have a truly fascinating complexion!

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care . . . used regularly . . . keeps their skin radiantly lovely . . . soft and smooth.

Try it! Start today to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!

YOU can have the Charm men can't resist
tastically on the earth. I have been told that his wife could not understand the whirlwind existence his rapid rise necessitated. She disliked the stage. But personality such as Dick's could hardly be hidden in a commonplace, humdrum life.

"You've heard how I started. I came from an average American family and began singing in the church choir in Little Rock, Arkansas. Instead of going rah-rah, the fact that folks liked my singing turned me towards the footlights. I studied voice and got that job in Louisville. I stayed there for ten months, delivering light opera melodies.

"Gradually it dawned on me that popular music was more profitable. I got myself a banjo and jazzed my tunes. That boosted me. I became a master of ceremonies when I learned to tell jokes."

His remarkably cheery manner and his ability to delight audiences with his splendid voice soon led him to Pittsburgh. There he quickly wowed one and all. When a crooner with personality plus was required for "Blessed Event," Warners sent for him. In his first picture Dick spoke only one line of regular dialogue, but the songs he rendered immediately made us all aware of him. Since then he has evolved into our leading screen vocalist.

Crazy about music, he hopes eventually to follow in the footsteps of his idols, Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crookes. To this end he faithfully continues his singing lessons. Now he has become anxious to click as an actor. In "Convention City" he came through with a straight juvenile performance that demonstrated he doesn't have to rely on singing.

"What a kick I got at the pre-view when they laughed at my comedy scenes!" he remarked to me enthusiastically. "You know I've only done ten pictures and I've an awful lot to catch on to. It seems to me I'm still a little too 'broad.' On the stage you over-emphasize, but close-ups the size of a wall demand subtlety." He figures he benefited more from the small role he played in Arliss's "The King's Vacation" than from any other part.

His stepping out is astonishingly unsystematic. He may not date for two entire months and then he's calling on our local ladies two and three times weekly. Here's a tip to them: you have to encourage him! He's not the flip, fresh sort who'll request a date after one meeting. Rather he waits until he has encountered you five or six times and is certain you relish his company.

If he is absent-minded, don't conclude he's giving you the big go-by. Dick's recollection for sending flowers and birthday cards is self-specified "terrible." "And no woman wants to be taken for granted," he bawls himself out. "Nor does a man," he adds philosophically. "A fellow likes to be petted when he comes home after a hard day's work!"

Personally, I'd consider his schedule a sure antidote for a heavy love affair. He's on the skip-and-jump continuously. But he's used to the high-pressure gait, for he did four shows a day during the three years he headlined in Pittsburgh just prior to his Hollywood break.

His vacation this year is arranged for April, May, and June, and he intends to travel through Europe. No stage appearances as in '33.

Don't imagine he's hunting a riotous romance when he voyages away from Hollywood's million dollar queens. He came to us aware of the errors one can make in marrying, and he's determined to shun the slips of the past. And if you suppose this Dick Powell can't cool himself off at the psychological moments, listen to this: he actually found an actress here whom he could adore—and she would have given her public in order to be his missus.

Because he is so convinced that he can't afford to give in, he didn't. What a man!

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**Hail Hayes!**

*Continued from page 27*

![Killing two birds! Heather Angel rehearses her lines with Norman Foster for "7 Lives Were Changed," while the studio hairdresser fixes her dark tresses for their next scene together.](image-url)
WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

Hexin—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve endings. With lightning speed, Hexin gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse Hexin with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. Hexin relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of Hexin.

AIDS SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 Hexin tablets with water. Let Hexin relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. Hexin is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake? Hexin will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Hexin Combats Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. Hexin relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. Hexin is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold—distress safely—by relaxation. Most people find that 1 Hexin tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

Make This Test

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 Hexin tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once Hexin starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try Hexin. Insist on Hexin today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test free by mailing the coupon now.

*Hexin is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN, Inc.
8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARY? SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER.

She isn't well. SHE ISN'T WELL AND THE LINES IN HER FACE SHOW IT.

IS SHE STILL HAVING THOSE AWFUL HEADACHES?

Yes, we really ought to tell her about Hexin.

She doesn't have those awful headaches and keeps her looking young.

HEXIN WOULD HAVE STOPPED HER HEADACHES AND KEPT HER LOOKING YOUNG.

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S MURDER TO HAVE YOUR STOMACH ALWAYS UPSET BY MEALSTIME?

Oh, it certainly isn't, and if I never get comfort again, I shall take up the厨艺 business.

It certainly is. and if I never get comfort again, I shall take up the catering business.

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mother's asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

Hexin is safe for children. It has a unique alkaline—therefore—formula, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of Hexin for adult use. The action of Hexin is immediate for children or adults.
Stars Return  
Continued from page 26

named Miriam—or "Li'l Gawgia," sueh! There was the chorus girl Miriam. That was in '21. She played either "in" or "la."—I follow as one of the "Eight Little Notes" in the great "Music Box Revue," first edition.

Then there was the struggling young ingenue Miriam Hopkins. That would be about '25 or '26, when she was playing in "The Fall of Eve." The play's big moment came when she, the beleagured heroine, Miriam, tore practically all her clothes off, to the consternation of the villain and the joyous whoops of the crowd. I remember thinking then that she looked like an ivory toothpick—for that was before the time when God, Time, Prosperity and Prof. Ernst Lubitsch had made her into one of Hollywood's more luxurious maidens.

After the play's opening, the producer gave a grand party, and there was "Li'l Gawgia" in it and die in in one hand and a hot dog in the other, and didn't we have fun, just! Such a jolly, regular kid!

And the Miriam of '36, a booming Broadway hit. Again at a New York party—laughing and natural and gay, with a glass in one hand and the other employed for gestures, as my old pal O. Henry used to say, at last.

Now I was to deal with the Hopkins of '34—three years and better in Hollywood —and picture stolen from right under Chevalier's nose; a Lubitsch Creation, Class of '31; a booming star temporarily betwined by an unlovely flop. What a gal!

The lift popped me into the corridor, and I toddled to the door of J31 and pushed the buzzer. Rose, coffee-colored maid of eight years' service, admitted me. What a hay!

On a wide and squally sofa lolled Miriam Hopkins, finishing a smidgin of toast and a dish of coffee, the hour being 11.30 A. M. She didn't seem to mind being caught thus in her second best lounging pajamas, without a spot of make-up. At the moment the lass had no more glass in her and Minnie. She looked like a nice, well-washed girl, with peach-fuzz on her cheeks, dawdling over a lazy breakfast. Which of course she was. No camera within miles—no Lubitsch under the couch with a jug of Glamor!

Looking a bit thinshin, I thought. Must feed the gull up a bit, what? (She later told me that she had taken to drinking up what the baby left of its certified milk, which I thought a cute idea for putting on bulk.)

Greetings over, would I have a spot of coffee? No, thanks.

Would I have a glass of sherry? I opined it was no sin to absorb a mite of sherry at noon, tossin in the interesting news that I had practically given up cocktails for sherry before meals.

"I loathe cocktails," said the star. "I simply cannot stand cocktails before dinner, and brandy and highballs afterward. But champagne, or sherry, now?")

"I, too, admitted a fondness for those vicous tipples.

"Too bad about 'Jezebel,' " I said, curse me for my cruel heart.

"Yes, wasn't it," she agreed. "I liked the play, and Guthrie McClintie—pro-

A bicycle built for—? Eddie Cantor, who takes his exercise seriously, goes out for a little spin with the famous Sophie Tucker on a tandem bike.

can stage, acclaimed by the theatre world.

Verily, she has her reward in love and glory today, this half-partment of remarkable woman!

"Is she going back to Hollywood?"

"Certainly!" Helen told me. "I'm engaged with this play until June, and then I expect to go back to the Coast. M-G-M has bought Barrie's 'What Every Woman Knows' for me, and that's what I hope to do next."

And when she does, mates, you are in for something! She played it for sixty weeks on the stage, and my memory of Helen as Maggie Shand in this fine play is one of the most precious my heart holds.

She is my memory of Helen as the present happy state of one of our best beloved stars. Her toes may hurt, but her heart is high. She's again the toast of Broadway—once more she feels the surf-heat of applause as the last curtain falls. No true trooper is ever really happy without it, any more than the old fire-horse can help straining his ears for the clang of the third alarm.

She's happy with her Charlie and her babies and her morning at the old home in Nyack, with Wild Ben Hecht four doors away for laughs and company. And she's earned every dad-burned ounce of joy that Helen deserves.

I got up to make my farewells. The little doc still tampered with those million-dollar toes.

"Goodbye, Helen," I said. "Take care of the tots."

"I will," she said. "Be kind to your typewriter."

"And watch those marital jitters when you get back to Hollywood?"

She laughed, and she said, "Remember, there's always Nyack!"
opened an account at the grocer's.

"Then, at a little shop on Madison Avenue, I saw the loveliest set of china. It cost $200. I just couldn't resist it. Well, that's the set. And that's how I economize! How could we eat $200 worth of breakfasts by June?" I had no answer ready.

The door opened. A nurse wheeled in a pram carrying a sturdy, pink-checked infant.

"Fierc's Michael!" exclaimed Miriam, and bolted for the child.

And Michael it was—Prince Michael I, of Hopkins—the 21-months-old lad Miriam adopted from a Chicago crèche soon after he was born. In other words, the silver spoon was inserted in his mouth shortly after birth. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, he's a healthy, jolly child who can say "mamma" and "door" just as plain as anything. To the Prince, everything that is not "mamma" is "door," and rice is green.

Mike, gradually getting accustomed to the funny-looking man in the shiny suit, was led in by his "Nana." Of course, chums, his nurse is "Nana." No relation to the naughty girl in the Zola story, obviously, but nurses are never "Gert" or "Mag." Always "Nana." Remember that, you rascally kiddies!

After passing cigarettes and attempting to tip over the decanter, which Miriam rescued maternally, the Prince counted vit-"les in the next room. Squeezing joyously, he was hoisted into the high chair to cope with his three nice vegetables, and his nice egg, administered by "Nana." Mike also improved his time by tossing silverware over his left shoulder, for luck.

It was time to go. I made my adieu, leaving the luxurious soot so near Heaven, and on the right side of the Avenue. Miriam Hopkins and I pressed hands and parted, with mutual expressions of high regard.

I popped into the lift, fell 33 floors, popped out again and tooted down the Avenue, musing on Miriam the while.

If the girl is munching bitter bread over her play's bust, while Hayes and Hepburn scout on, she's too good a trapper to show it, though it must hurt like a galloping toothache.

Meanwhile she mothers Prince Mike and ponders her future. She's said to have a smart business gal, and her blonde fragility, all innocence, might make it easier to sneak up on the moguls and smash them down.

Hollywood saw her grow from a scrawny ingénue to a full-blown, alluring woman. Originally her fiend was its helpful course. Prof. Lubitsch took charge of the case, and with that famous yet totally inexplicable magic of his, shot her full of what passes for glamour in the films.

Just now "Li'l Gawg" is out on a limb. She's an actress, young and full of beans, with nothing to act. Like a cornet-player without a horn, ham and eggs without ham.

Around her are her pictures, up in that swell hotel. There's a piano, and Mike and "Nana," and "Rose," and a charming girl who makes herself useful acting as telephone-and-doorbell-buffer. Outside are a thousand friends. Famous couturières come to her now for fittings. Oh, Miriam Hopkins is pretty swell—a Hollywood star with all the trimmings.

Yet I felt a little sorry for her, up there among the clouds. Helen and Katie down there on Broadway reciting away for dear life, and Miriam a smart little girl, too—with no pieces to speak!

I wonder if she ever thinks, a bit longingly, of the brave days when she was Hollywood-bound—laughing and gay, just a cute kid at a party, a glass in one hand and the other for gestures? Oh, probably not.

---

**4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely**

1. **Wash often.** Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

2. **Use pure, mild soap.** "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. **Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot!** Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow. Ivory Snow is fluffy . . . melts quick as a wink in safe Lukewarm water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slish it gently up and down in the suds, or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

4. **Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring.** Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

---

**FLUFFY • INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER**

For 15c at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25c size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too ... keeps your hands in the Social Register?
evening gowns, cut low in the neck or entirely backless, are very good. You will look so demure in front and be so breath-taking when you turn your back!

But the sophisticate will wear the bare-armed, décolleté gown with jewels.

"You must have a train, though, even if it's a tiny one, for no formal gown is correct without one.

"It is the material that really makes the gown. Very luxurious materials are being used of beautiful metallic cloth, lamé, jewel cloth, exotic printed satins, and these will be good well into late spring except for very warm places. Then you may wear your jewels—whether real gems or costume jewelry—with tulle and chiffons, but don't omit the jewels!

"With the new styles, fashions in hair dressing show a distinct change. It's no longer possible to wear it short and uncurled. Your hair must be as formal as your gown, and you will put ornaments—brilliants and jewels—in it, or wear a diadem.

"The fashionable women in New York are using transformations for evening to save the time of having their hair formally dressed every night. Screen stars have done this for some time, as it would be impossible for them to get to a dinner at all if they had to stop for a formal arrangement of their crowning glories after a hard day at the studio. They wear transformations to save their hair, too, for so much finger waving, hot iron and hot drier will ruin any head of hair.

"The diadem isn't as heavy and 'drow-ager-ish' as the tiara used to be; it is light and graceful and makes your face look youthful. The tiara added dignity and made its wearer seem dignified and stately, but the diadem gives more the effect of glorious youth.

"Don't wear one if you are a débutante, however, or if you are of débutante age or younger. For you is the tiny hair-band of silk flowers in pastel shades; of tiny stars pinned here and there."

For the first time in years, the 'sweet young thing' won't be a copy of her mother and her aunt and her elder sister. Sophistication for the "jeune fille" is a thing of the past. She is to wear ruffles and tulle, bouffant skirts, pretty girlish-looking things, so that too-slim youth will no longer look like a picked chicken or a string bean, but truly young and charming. There is an especial allure to a girl in full ruffled skirt when she is slender as a young birch tree. We are using beads on dresses again, brillants and very tiny sequins that give the effect of dewdrops or a shining mist. Sequins dropped on tulle and chiffon are flattering and feminine. Of course, the simplest line must be used on such a gown or the effect will be lost.

"Restaurant hats are small, as they have been, but brillants and shining ornaments appear on them—even jet is used if the hat is black.

"Wraps for evening are very elaborate. Luxurious furs are in once more—Russian sable has come back and chinchilla is very good, for the lucky ladies who can afford them; and as spring advances summer ermine and feather wraps will be the vogue. Taffeta and peau de soie are also nice for the spring wrap, but choose truly feminine colors, nothing harsh or heavy.

"Gone is the day when we could buy a sports coat with a fur collar and wear it anywhere.

The off-hand style in clothes belongs to the day when woman's freedom was new. It was the over-emphasis on equality with men that brought in the era of boyish forms and mannish fashions, according to Vera. Women who dashed out to meet their friends in speakeasies, who flirted freely and went without escorts, who wanted to show they were independent, had become, didn't care to bother with feminine fashions.

"But now we're tired of so much independence," says Vera. "We don't see the fun of shifting for ourselves, when some man might as well do the shifting for us. We are beginning to value the chivalry we laughed at, and to appreciate the courtly manners of pre-prohibition days. We want to keep the best of the freedom we've won, but we don't see the sense of denying ourselves all the tenderness men are eager to shower upon us.

"Men like to take care of women—it's their privilege—let's let them!"

So what is more feminine than afternoon tea? Not tea that really means cocktails, but old Sir Thomas Lipon's well-known beverage itself.

"Now that it is legal to drink liquor, the smart thing to do is to serve tea!" declares Vera. "Pouring tea is such a gracefully feminine thing to do. And that brings in the new hostess gown and the tea gown, made in pastel shades of lovely soft materials, with wide sleeves falling back to reveal the wearer's white arm.

"And it will be a white arm, too, not a parboiled mahogany one!"

"An afternoon gown today is an after-noon gown and not a makeshift. You can't take off the jacket or cape and go on to dinner. No, this dress is ankle-length, and sleeved. It is made of soft crêpe or chiffon—or, as the season advances, of one of the new and amazing cotton weaves, and no jewelry is worn with it.

"Quite a few large hats will be seen for afternoon, but they will be more formal than those we have been used to seeing. We are using elaborate trimming for the first time in years. Paradise feathers, when we can get them, will be very good, burnet ostrich and plumes are expected to make a real come-back this time, because they are to be worn in their proper place. We won't see woman wearing them to work, to market or to shop, as we did during their brief reign two or three years ago.

"We have gone around like so many wreaths for so long that it may seem strange to turn into peacocks, but you must be a peacock in 1934!"

"For the formal luncheon, in late winter and early spring, the velvet suit with the metallic cloth blouse, or the dress of rich material with good furs, will be right. As it turns warmer, any of the beautiful new printed silks can be worn, or something elaborate in the new cotton weaves, perhaps with a touch of embroidery or lace, can be worn.

Gloria Stuart, in these breezy sport shorts, demonstrates the kind of garb that one does not wear to cocktail parties in these new repeal days.
TRY THESE

Hollywood Hair Styles

But don’t let wispy DRY hair or stringy OILY hair spoil the effect

Expressive of her virginal personality is the radiant, up-toned mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant 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 hair. 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 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 strengthen 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 normal 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

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for April 1934

“Do not, however, attempt to appear in a plain tailored suit or a sports frock.

The sports things have their proper place, on the sports field or in the spectator’s gallery. There are lovely hand-knits for spring, made abroad where they know how to do intricate stitches, and expensive-looking English woolen weaves.

Vera believes that the American woman dresses well for business, usually wearing simple, practical outfits that may be inexpensive but are very smart. She doesn’t confine herself to black and navy blue, but knows how to add cheer to an office with colors that are not out of place.

“It always amuses me when a director insists that a stenographer be dressed in drab, ugly clothes, because no American girl would dream of wearing unbecoming things,” says Vera. “Even for business wear, there can be a dainty feminine touch rather than the severe mannish mode of past seasons.

“But now that the NRA provides more leisure, we all have time to spend on making ourselves more charming, on being women instead of mock-men.”

We went without many changes of appropriate clothes during the depression because we couldn’t afford them; before 1929, we didn’t emphasize their importance because we wanted to feel free. But now we must tie ourselves to the glove counter and lay in a stock, for “no lady is seen on the street without her gloves,” as grandmother used to remark.

1934 gloves are very plain against the more elaborate costumes; we won’t go in for fancy materials and odd shapes and colors. They are well-made and neat.

“Shoes must match the ensemble,” Vera informs me. They are more elaborate too, but that is because they are of fine leather or material and beautifully made. When we had to wear cheap shoes, we forgot how important exquisite workmanship can be and how much it counts in footwear. Remember it now.

“The same thing holds good with purses and handbags. It isn’t the elaborate bag that is fashionable now, but the one of fine leather, properly made.

“Why, there’s nothing to it! I hear women say, as they pick up these new bags. But that’s because they are used to flamboyant stuff and haven’t been educated to appreciate the exquisitely simple.

“With the arrival of the new age, slacks and pajamas and all pseudo-male attire is definitely out,” declares Vera. “You may wear your pajamas on the beach and your slacks in camp, but anywhere else will merely blazon forth your ignorance and lack of taste.

“Perhaps you may wear some ornate Russian pajamas with elaborate tops when you entertain informally in day-time in your own home, but nothing less elaborate will pass.

“Pajamas in the bedroom, pajamas are doomed to say farewell, for nightgowns are back! They are of lovely lace and chiffon and gorgeous negligees are shown with them. Watch the screen for suggestions. We are using velvet robes, heavily embroidered, padded silk, and airy chiffons. No more can you don a bathrobe like your brother’s.

“Lingerie has gone feminine, too, and the tailored underthings are passé.”

“In the new age, ushered in by repeal, poise is to be more important than pep, and we can’t wear a train and climb up on the piano; wise-cracks will be discarded in favor of gracious manners, and instead of embarrassing our guests with so-called wit, we’ll strive to set them at their ease.

“These Charming People” won’t be a meaningless phrase. Fall in line for formality!
What a DIFFERENCE!

What a truly amazing difference Maybelline DOES make

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.

Maybelline EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect Mascara

Now You're Talking
Continued from page 8

A GRAND IDEA

I hope Walt Disney is going to do "Alice in Wonderland," despite the fact that the story was recently screened. Disney's animated drawings have a whimsical quality and a subtlety that Alice deserves.

F. M. Martin,
2424 Spaulding,
Berkeley, Calif.

THE ACACLOADE GRACIOUS

He's sincere! No hally-hokey, no publicity stunts to announce him, but suddenly he was there! If you saw him in "Ever in My Heart" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady," you know what I mean. Attractive, versatile, refined, poised and intelligent—a great actor and a grand man—Otto Kruger!

Phyllis Dallam Menke,
Thomaston, Conn.

IT MUST BE LOVE!

What a girl is Margaret Lindsay! Her performances in recent pictures have gained her an enviable host of admirers for this radiant beauty of personality. She has those rapturous qualities that glow and tingle, and create an answering spark. In short, a superb actress and a beautiful woman!

Hoyt McAfee,
Forest City, N. C.

PERFECTLY "RIPPING"!

Here's to M-G-M for giving us Charles MacArthur's "Rip Tide" with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. A perfect trio! MacArthur's brilliant writing. Shearer's loveliness, and Montgomery's poise and facility should make the picture one of the long-remembered ones of 1934.

Eve Anderson,
2257 University Ave.,
Bronx, N. Y.

A CROSBY CONQUEST

Bing Crosby is the only actor on the screen who really has everything. The most gorgeous voice in all the world—and that charming personality! I simply can't stay away from a theatre where he's playing. In fact, I saw "Harmony" eight times. 'Nough said!

Shirley Winters,
Troy, N. Y.

AND STILL THEY RAVE!

Of the many outstanding pictures of 1933, I would give the palm to "Only Yesterday." A thrilling and powerful story, beautifully photographed and gloriously acted. Best of all, it put that dynamic little actress, Margaret Sullivan, over the top. What a picture! What a girl!

Rose Eleanor Lefco,
916 N. Hawthorne Rd.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRAISE INDEED!

Charlotte Henry made a delightful Alice in Wonderland, and I must congratulate
the director on his accurate copies of the fantastic figures and grotesque characters appearing in the original drawings of Sir John Tenniel. I think even Lewis Carroll would have been delighted with the result.

Helen M. Watson,
57 Center St.
Concord, N. H.

MARGARET IS BACK—IN
"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW"
Please don't let Margaret Sullivan leave Hollywood and the films! It is imperative that we see her again after poignant characterization in "Only Yesterday." As far as I am concerned, her fine acting and delightful voice have combined to put all other actresses in the shade.

Mary Daniel,
18 Kennedy St.
Hartford, Conn.

A "WHOOOP" FOR WALTER!
Just a word in praise of Walter Huston. From "Abraham Lincoln" to "The Prizefighter and the Lady" his characterizations have always been superb. And to think he was once a song-and-dance man! It was a fortunate day when this talented artist was persuaded to enter motion pictures!

Arthur Keller,
109 Shippen St.
Weehawken, N. J.

HE'S AN OLD SMOOTHIE!
I like Franchot Tone—his natural manner, his well-modulated voice. He seems actually to be living every part he plays. And the first thought that comes to you when he strides into the scene is, "Well, here's one actor who looks as though he's at least read a book!"

Marcia Feldman,
1034 Lanier Blvd.
Atlanta, Ga.

My Real Life Story
Continued from page 19

that, I could stay out there after the rest of the family went home. At the time I suppose I felt a little rebellion over having to work for things other kids' families could afford to give them without their working for it. I suppose many times a tear or two splashed into a bucket of water as I meditated from the spring to the camp pondering over the cruel fate that forced me into being a human water-wagon when I would much have preferred being a human dolphin.

But the tears, the water-buckets, the cords of wood I chopped are all forgotten now and I can only remember the joy of those weeks when it seems, in retrospect, that I worked very little and played a great deal. I can still recall the pride I felt when I first perfected a jack-knife, a front flip, a back flip and a half-Gainer.

The chagrin and heartache I felt the next summer when I worked as locker boy in the municipal swimming pool—the humiliation I felt when I entered a swimming meet and none of my family except my mother bothered to come to watch me because they thought we had no chance of winning and so refused to get excited about it—those things are forgotten although I know I must have felt them keenly at the time. I can only remember the intense pride and excitement Mother and I felt as we burst into the house that night carrying the medals I had won—six firsts and two seconds.

I don't remember school as a sort of

JANE FROMAN
Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered
to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST," writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its instant results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.

\[ Image of the coupon with text on it. \]
prison. I can't say that I recall jumping up and down, clapping my hands and yelling "Goody" when summer was over and it was time to go back to school, but I do remember having a pretty swell time in school.

But I guess I should quit trying to talk about the things I don't remember and tell you of the things I can recall.

I've always been blessed with a good memory—for some things—growing up, I used to have a diary and keep it in my room. I used to put down things that happened during the day and things I wanted to remember. I used to think that I would remember everything, but I wasn't always right.

The next teacher was my mother. She was a teacher for several years and I remember her telling me stories about her experiences. She was a good teacher and I enjoyed learning from her.

She would tell me stories about her adventures in college and how she had to work to pay her tuition. She would tell me about the hard work she had to do to keep the house clean and how she had to take care of the children.

She would also tell me about her experiences in the military and how she had to be strong to handle the hardships of war. She was a strong woman and I learned a lot from her.

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I was always out in the wood-shed for a session with Dad and his razor strop. In fact, I'd almost wager money that the reason I'm so fond of easy chairs today is that seeking a chair with a soft cushion after those excursions to the wood-shed became such a frequent necessity it grew into a habit!

My mother, on the other hand (and she insists she has an excellent memory for details), stoutly maintains that I was seldom actually punished and that the measures taken to "slow me down" as she puts it, usually ended with threats.

On one point we're agreed, however. My table manners during those years must have left much to be desired. I've always maintained that food was invented to be eaten and not toyed with. I never could see any reason for pretending you don't care about it when you're starving. I had an aunt who used to visit us occasionally and she was always after my mother to scold me out of me on account of the way I ate. She said it "nauseated her."

I firmly believed good manners around home were a waste of time—sort of like spraying perfume on the desert air—and that when I got out I'd know how to get the food down the gullet without disgracing the family. I have learned, too. It's got so now when we're invited out, half the time my wife doesn't even glance at me to see if I'm using the right fork.

There is one other all-important subject in my life that should be touched upon: MONEY.

I've told you how, at a tender age, it became incumbent upon me to get out and dig for myself. Well, that taught me an appreciation of money. I've never learned the value of it but I've learned that it's something no young boy can afford to be without. I've been pretty lucky I guess. Until comparatively recently I've never had more than I needed but, somehow, there has always been enough to permit me to do the things I wanted.

This lack of understanding on my part is the cause of many an argument in my home today. If Dixie, my wife, spends $175 or $200 on a dress it seems to me like sinful waste—N. R. A. or no! On the other hand, when I lose five or six hundred over the gaming table (as has happened occasionally), it upsets her because she can't forget what she could have done with that much. I, on the other hand, argue that she shouldn't let it upset her because I swear I never go in there expecting to lose that much. In fact, I go in with my mind firmly made up to win.

So I'm forced to the conclusion that the loss of a tidy sum like that is directly attributable to an Act of God, an accident, or something, whereas the dress was purchased with moneys aforethought.

My mother and I used to have much the same kind of argument when I was small. She was always prominent in church work and, invariably, when they got up socials and things, she'd want me to sing for them. I maintained that if I could sing well enough to be entertaining, I could sing well enough to be paid for it. She was hesitant about asking the various church committees to pay her son, so it usually ended by my forming a quartet and instead of having to pay only me, they had to pay four of us!

I dunno! Maybe money is the root of all evil. But if it hadn't been for wanting money I'd probably have stayed in Spokane the rest of my life. You'd never have heard of Bing Crosby and I'd never had the thrill that comes from writing—"Continued next month!"

(Watch for the next installment of Bing Crosby's own life story in the May issue of SCREENLAND.)

How to make the most of your GOOD POINTS

Study your features! You may wish to play up the color of your eyes, to accent lovely lips, to highlight an interesting profile.

Watch your figure. Modern fashions are built around youthful curves. If you reduce, be sure your diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Too often, women permit this condition to dull their beauty and charm. Yet it can be corrected so easily—with a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show Kellogg's All-Bran provides "bulk" and vitamin B to aid proper elimination. Also iron for the blood.

Two tablespoonsfuls daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. Isn't this better than risking unpleasant 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.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE
Here's the Perfume
Mae West uses for
that "come up 'n see me sometime" lure

NOW YOU can use the identical scent
which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for
Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping
with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every
drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n
see me sometime" personality. This isn't
merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's
actual perfume. • Be the first in your
crowd to use Parfum MacWest—exquisite
bottles at 65c—$1.00 to $25.00.

Warning to Hollywood Stars
Continued from page 21
old, despite the fact that he has played
love and emotional scenes with almost
every female star in the business, from
Garbo down to the littlest ingenue.

Why do I stress this point? Because
emotional scenes, especially romantic ones,
are the very kind of work which burns up
the lives of our motion picture celebrities
quicker than anything else.

That Montgomery's nerves have not
suffered so far—in fact, that he actually
seems to have been benefited—is lucky for him,
although I must admit that he never seems
to let himself go entirely, neither off-stage
nor on. Perhabs that saves him.

On the other hand, did medical ethics
allow, I could cite cases of actors and
actresses whose Hollywood residence has
not been so harmless. It is no exaggera-
tion to state that if a screen actor, espe-
cially a star who must needs take the most
intense climaxes, manages to escape with
mental and physical health intact he or she
is performing a stunt that well-nigh ap-
proaches the miraculous.

I know you have read about, and even
have seen photographs of, movie stars play-
ing golf, riding horseback, hiking, waiting
for their masseur to give them a rub-down,
and otherwise disposing themselves to
keep fit.

But even these, who realize the health
dangers their work involves, and they can
do little or nothing to counteract them.
After all, a picture must be made, and
while it is being shot the work for all must
needs be most intensive. There just isn't
any other way out.

Clark Gable surely is a "he-man," if
ever there was one. He is muscular,
strong, self-assertive and, apparently, free
from "nerves" in the generally accepted
sense in which that term is used. Yet
Gable has been sick a great deal. He does
not seem to enjoy the health he had when
he entered the movies.

Strong, masculine, virile types like Gable,
Spencer Tracy, Paul Lukas, Richard Dix
and Richard Arlen cannot be shut up in-
doors for long without jeopardizing some-
thing of their strength. Men like that
need plenty of fresh air as well as plenty
of room in which to exercise their muscles.
They may make good lovers and look
stunning in a drawing room. They are
not parlor or bedroom boys, however.
They cannot spend their lungs, sweat, fish,
hunt, ride or wield an ax if they would
keep in physical trim. Even Gary Cooper,
although he seems so sly and aloof, is
quite a cowboy at heart. In fact, most
men are. It just lies "in the nature of the
beast!"

Women, to be sure, do not need so much
stressful exercise as do men. But they,
too, must have change. Too much of the
same kind of work, especially indoors, is
bad for them as well.

One wonders, for example, whether
Garbo is as vigorous in health as she
might or should be. In her latest picture,
"Queen Christina," she looks so weary, so
tired in some scenes. This exclusiveness
of hers, which has done much to bring her
unsolicited publicity, can undoubtedly be
counteracted by exterior activity.

Insurance companies have always con-
sidered actors, whether men or women,
and irrespective of whether they are in pictures
on the stage, on the screen, or in private
life, mighty poor insurance risks. Some companies do not
write them policies at all or they make
the premium rates higher in order to cover
themselves.

Beholding a movie unfold before your
eyes while you sit comfortably in an easy
chair in a picture palace, where you can
even rest your feet on a railing and smoke,
is one thing! Making the picture yourself
in a setting where you are surrounded by
lights, ladders, wheels and the usual un-
romantic paraphernalia of "backstage,"
where a dozen or more mechanics, direc-
tors, and what-not are watching you with
eagle eyes and sharply criticizing every
move you make—surely that is a horse
of quite a different color!

Hollywood, we are here! Pat
Paterson, Fox's compelling
candidate for world stardom,
arrives to take the lead in
"George White's Scandals."

Time after time the same scene is
photographed over and over again until it
is right. Hour after hour the minutest
details are rehearsed until the actor's
nerves are frayed to a frazzle. In-between
rests are not long enough. Under such
circumstances it is impossible to relax.
When you are in a picture you actually
eat and sleep with it until it is finished.
No other job could possibly be harder.

A Hollywood star, and a very popular
one, too, once said to me: "You can't
imagine how often I have wished to be
back on the farm, peeling potatoes or
playing nursemaid to the cows."

And listen to this from one of our lead-
ing male celebrities when I expressed
surprise that he was thinking of giving it all
up in order to take on another job outside
the screen.

"Don't think I want to stick to
the movies all my life," he blurted out, "It's
the big money that appeals to me—nothing
else! But there's a limit to that, too. My
wife says I'm a pretty hard customer to
live with when I'm doing a picture but she doesn't realize how hard it is for me to live with myself. Pictures get the actor, Directors, they sap his vitality. Not to mention the deadening mechanism of it, which sooner or later affects everybody's nerves. Yes—I'm going to quit before some sanitarian or the undertaker has a chance to rob me of some of this hard-earned cash I've made!

If you are in a picture star's confidence and he trusts you, you will hear many expressions such as those mentioned above. All realize that movie actors are likely to "burn themselves out" before their time; that they exhaust their energy dynamics; that the pace of the movie star is the kind that kills.

Take Zasu Pitts, for example. This highly-gifted artist actually is forced to capitalize her neurotic nature. Note her drawn features, her anxious expression, her sensitive hands. These characteristics of her personality and work are "put on"; that figure up there on the screen actually is the real Zasu Pitts.

And do you suppose it does a naturally high-strung individual like that any good to be playing parts where this neurotic make-up must be emphasized? Small wonder that Miss Pitts had to undergo a course relaxing and body-building to prop up her health and strength.

If all movie stars could work like Mae West, the draining of their reserve of strength would be much reduced. Miss West works so easily, without apparent effort. Even the scenes which should be highly charged with emotion are carried off with a few significant gestures, a rolling of the eyes and an undulation of the torso. Miss West produces the desired effect of allure without placing a particle of strain upon her nerves.

On the other hand, there is Joan Crawford, who crowds every appearance she makes with every ounce of nerve force she possesses. If she can keep this up without injury to her system she will stand as a denial of all that Doctors preach in the way of health preservation. The average, however, cannot keep on burning themselves up that way. Emotional exhibitionists inevitably exact a heavy penalty!

I had occasion at one time to examine a star one hour after she had finished a scene in which she was taking the part of a neglected wife who becomes jealous. In this picture plot, outbursts of feeling were frequent. As usual, the scene had been rehearsed many times over; in fact, the whole day had been devoted to it.

The pulse rate of this particular woman was 140; the heat beat was irregular, with a beat dropped out every now and then; the blood pressure had dropped to 101 instead of her normal of 130; fine tremors in the extended fingers were in evidence; all her reflexes—that is, her automatic nerve responses—were over-sensitive. But what is more significant still, I discovered later on that a state of nerve exhaustion always followed, not only the acting of love scenes, but any others in which strong emotion had to be employed.

Any of you readers who may be in love will acknowledge that making love is a weakening business. You also must know what shocks, anger, joy, suspense and other high-tension mental states can do to you. Even if you possess what is often spoken of as a temperamental nature you know with what a feeling of being "washed out" such states can leave you, even to the extent of affecting you physically and making you actually feel weak in the knees.

Unless you are an actress, however, you probably do not know what such experiences, occurring daily and repeatedly, can do to undermine your strength and deplete your reserve of nerve force. Although the.
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The adrenals are two in number, each about the size of the tip of the little finger, each embedded at fat on top of the kidney structure. Whenever emotion is registered in the mind the adrenals at once become more active than usual, and the blood becomes saturated with the powerful chemical they secrete, namely "adrenalin." Adrenaline in the blood contracts the blood vessels, raises the blood pressure and makes the course of the blood flow faster. This means an increased supply of oxygen to all the tissues. Adrenalin in addition releases "glycogen," stored up in the liver and tuberculous, that is, highly stimulating to all the organs.

The story being all this upon motion picture actors, you ask?

Where an actor must needs do combat with the villain, or flee from a burning building, or a woman finds herself forced to protect her honor or, contrariwise, she sets out to vamp and conquer her man—no matter what the story portrayed may be—the adrenals of the actor involved are invariably stimulated, and stimulated to excess.

For every picture stresses action, the high-fights of life, and dramatic moments. What is more, a film condenses life, surcharges it with emotion, packs it full of heart throb and breath-taking incidents. Therefore, subjected as they are to emotional stress and strain in the parts assigned them, movie actors, especially the stars, find themselves in a chronic state of hyper-excitement which even continues in their private lives after the day's work is finished. Like the spring in a clock, it must keep on unwinding if it is to continue at all.

But I have yet to examine a picture actor or actress who did not reveal at least a few signs, indicating frayed nerves, such as I have mentioned. Every one of them had a low blood pressure and all were too high-strung. Evidence of depleted adrenal glands was common. A few even were suffering, in addition, from impairment of some vital organ. The special virtue they were laboring for the screen; all because they were just being burned out!

Not very long ago I found that Bette Davis was to be insured so that her studio might be protected against her growing stout; that should the actress reach 120 pounds—Miss Davis now weighs 106—the insurance company would pay her employers $50,000. Yet Bette Davis is only 5 feet 3½ inches tall and the average for girls of that height, irrespective of age, is 118 pounds. This is only two small pounds less than the penalty weight in her case! Most certainly her present weight of 106 is too low!

It is a great pity that picture actresses must keep so thin especially when doctors realize the lowering of vital resistance that goes with being underweight; and the organ's demand for the extra calories that such a condition invites. But here again is another drawback that seemingly cannot be avoided. The actress must keep slim in order to hold their jobs.

That stars exist who are perfectly healthy goes without saying. In pictures, however, the deformed body is the rule. In these reasons I have given, is decidedly to grow old young.

Disaster can be prevented if the star is willing to be on the alert and take care of himself. Many of the breakdowns that already have occurred could surely have been avoided. Let us be optimistic. Let us hope that our warning to Hollywood may be heeded.

In fact, having captured our hearts, our being is green with envy at that much, anyway. Not only should they look after their health for their own individual good, they should also remember how genuinely solicited a great pity that picture actresses. Having, in effect, become members of our own immediate family, it is their duty to take care of themselves!
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Marshall vs. "Bart"

Continued from page 34

Marshall, who are not a team play too often together, begins to have no kick for them and no kick for the public, which is not fair for Jeanette and not fair for the fans. This is what I have said. This is all I have said. First, that I want to play a different kind of part. Second, that I do not want to be marked down as half of a comedy team. If he cried, his blue eyes kindling, "if I can’t say that, then what must I do? Just walk on my knees?"

He rose and walked—on his feet—the length of the room, then he reached the other end and he’d recovered his serenity.

"So—now to talk of something pleasant. I have this time two stories that I like, ‘The Merry Widow’ with Lubitsch. That was already something I’ve mentioned. And then I go to London to do a picture called ‘Monsieur le Maréchal’ with Korda. Alexander Korda, who did ‘Henri the Eighth.’ Also not a lemon, what do you think? Then? I don’t know. Then I will see how I ride my bicycle."

‘Who’ll play with me in ‘The Merry Widow’?” He raised his hands in self-defense. ‘Please don’t ask me. First, it looks as if I have the right to say I want this and that. Which is far from the truth. I will play with whom Thalberg and Lubitsch decide. They know all the angles and I put them above my judgment. Without hurting everyone, I can’t say it too strongly—if they decide that Jeanette is the one for the part, then with all my heart I will play with Jeanette.’

He eyed her for a moment. ‘Maybe I have again talked too much, eh?’ he inquired a little anxiously, then broke into a grin. ‘If you don’t talk, then you are dumb or high-hat. If you talk, then see what happens. Always you are afraid to say the wrong thing. Maybe now they will think I am talking against the part. But I know that sometimes, without meaning to say something bad, I don’t make myself quite clear. If I could talk English as I talk French, it would be different. But if I would misquote me, I would say: all right, I must not talk with that fellow again. This way I think maybe it is my fault—not my fault exactly. Either, you understand, but the fault of my English. Because I cannot twist it to my will, it comes out as if I am insulting someone I admire and like. ‘It makes me feel so terribly sad and sorry,” he said, his face clouding again, ‘that such a thing should happen in a world where people have to be so kind with me and where I have tried always to behave well.”

Like a courteous guest, he refuses to load any share of the blame on whose country he is visiting. But it seems to me that the guest deserves at least equal consideration with the host. Granted that his original statement was genuinely misunderstood, it might have occurred to some of us that there was a nigger in the woodpile, simply a statement hardly borne the Chevalier hallmarks. We might have gone to the trouble, before spreading it broadcast, of asking him: “How about it?” And without hurting our guest, he might have given his reputation a tenth of the space so lavishly bestowed on the things he was supposed to have said and didn’t.

We’re sorry too, Maurice. There’s nothing to say now but excuse it, please, and we’ll try to behave as well in the next crisis as you’ve behaved in this one.

hopefuls from fourteen to four times that in forays for photographs and autographs. Mr. Marshall obliges very graciously. But he wishes Bart weren’t so excited. He wishes that Bart would stop pounding so audibly. Won’t boy that Bart ever get over being touched and humbled by adulation? As a busman, Mr. Marshall is in the busdriver line. He was first. Paramount wanted him to go to Hollywood to work in pictures. Bart said yes. Mr. Marshall said no. They had a contract with the Paramount Miller. They were playing in ‘There’s Always Juliet.” The picture offer would have to wait.

Paramount asked Gilbert Miller to figure out his profits for the next five weeks. Gilbert Miller sent Paramount a pretty fat figure. Despite its size, Paramount wrote out a check to Gilbert Miller for the full amount, and down came the curtain on the show. And Bart and Mr. Marshall went off to Hollywood together.

Mr. Marshall liked Hollywood. Bart just loved it. It was thrilling, luxurious, restful. It was the top of the hill at last. They both knew London, so far behind him, where Bart had been born. They remembered heartaches and hardships. The climb had been steep. They remembered every step of the long journey since that memorable May dawn when Bart had popped into the world. They remembered Bart’s prosaic childhood. They remembered Bart’s grueling college days. He was not a rich man’s son. When he graduated, he became—oh, no, not a King—but a clerk who went to work for a firm of accountants. Bart could not add or subtract to the queen’s taste so they fired him. He got another job. He was fired again. And again. As a clerk, Bart was a flop. No one dreamed then that Bart would ever grow up and become the Herbert Marshall of London, New York, and Hollywood.

One night, a theatrical manager offered the discouraged young clerk a job with his troupe. Bart accepted laconically. He was better at anything. For a long time, he was committed behind the bars—of the box office. He went in and out with road companies. He played every part for a nervous man. He was forced into acting against his will. The Management (with a capital M) had decided to economize and the manager (with a small m) insisted on casting Bart as a servant. He played the part of a servant. He played a count. A coat-tail. A butcher. A background. A king’s army. The fore-legs of a horse. A sailor. A soldier.

For a long time, he did not earn much money. But he had all sorts of experience which was worth much more than money. He acted in repertory and in stock. He toured by road. He played Shakespearean roles. He filled a variety of parts and the parts filled him, rounding out his elbows and his angles. He spent his nights everywhere, morning, noon and night, studying the technique of other actors, correcting his own and demanding to know when he was going to stop being a nobody and start being a somebody.

As yet, he had had no experience on the London stage. His first real opportunity came through Cyril Maude. The bit called for a nervous man. He was perfect for the part. He was so nervous during the audition that Cyril Maude could not hide
A 85

Sarah Lynn is worth it. When she was born, there was nothing in the world happier than me or Mr. Marshall—unless it was Edna, or the baby. I guess I'm all mixed up. But you can't be dignified all the time with a baby in the house. Don't let Mr. Marshall try to tell you she talks to Sarah Lynn in seven syllable words. I'm around, I know better.

"Edna Best is no mean actress. Just because she picks up and goes anywhere you go ought to win her a spot in this story. Tell the lady the facts, Mr. Marshall. Didn't she leave the baby behind in order to go to Hawaii with you on that "Four Frightened People" location trip? Didn't she give up a show in order to be your shadow? Go on, tell the truth! If you won't tell her, I'll tell a hot one on you. You wear blue pajamas. Yes, you do! Pale blue ones with yellow stripes in them—"

"After that intimate disclosure, you can tell anything else you like," said Mr. Marshall disgustedly.

"Aw, don't be mad at me," pleaded Bart.

"After all, we got to spend the rest of our lives together."

"You talk too much."

"All right. Let me tell just one more story and I'll call it quits. I've got to tell this one or bust."

Coddly: "Very well. Proceed—"

"We made a film in England. It made a lot of money. We bought a car. A Hispano. We came to New York to act in a play. We shipped the new car to America."

"What's the point?" demanded Mr. Marshall in a bored voice.

"Don't you get it? We own an Italian car bought with English money for driving around in America."

Mr. Marshall softened. "For driving around in America," he echoed. "Edna, Sarah Lynn and I."
Hints for Home-Makers

Continued from page 53

national character better than anything else I know of—it's strong and plain and really well-made.

"If you watch the screen, you will notice many sets in this style, from which you may choose your own.

"If you have an old house and think that you cannot afford to have it remodeled, you can have it painted to change the feeling when you redecorate inside. Perhaps your house is of no particular style and is a drab brown or a dull gray. Have it painted an off-white, with the sashes and lintels painted black; the slingle roof can be grass-green, and you will have what we call a 'house-and-garden' effect. The inside need not necessarily match the outside.

"Of course, if you are considering remodeling your house, call in an architect. It will run into more money and be less satisfactory if you try to do it yourself.

"You can get ideas on altering or enlarging your rooms from this Irene Dunne set.

Mr. Polglase showed me an alcove in the right wall of the living room, beyond the fireplace.

"We can imagine that at one time the archway leading to this alcove was just a window and see what an improvement we have!" he pointed out. "The window has been thrown back into the outer wall of the alcove, and book cases have been set into the walls. There is room also, as you see, for a desk, a small sofa, and several chairs, so that one may come in here to read or write and not be overlooked."

At its farther end, the "Transient Love" set's living room opens into a sun-room with six double glass doors leading out onto a terrace. This makes a lovely light spot at the end of the room, and is a hint for those looking for ideas for alterations.

"A big studio window at the end of your living room may be removed and a sun-room like this added onto your home," said the young art director. "Yellow curtains would add to the sunshiny effect—or if the room seemed too light, you could use green or blue.

The curtains on the set were white, but this was, as he explains, for photographic reasons.

"The arbor that extends from the sun-room to the end of the garden on this set is also a good hint for householders," observed Mr. Polglase, opening one of the double doors so that I could see the green and shady length of the synthetic arbor. "It adds a restful vista, very grateful on a warm day, and it is also an addition to the outdoor aspect of the house."

Those who live in the bigger cities abroad are more museum-conscious and know more about good pictures and fine music than does the average American citizen, Mr. Polglase believes.

"There are more bastard stories here simply because we don't know what is good," he explained, "but we are rapidly learning, mainly through the medium of the screen.

"But don't be afraid to be yourself in your own home! Don't feel that you can't have what appeals to you because you're afraid it isn't right. A woman who likes bright, gay, comfortable rooms won't bloom in a cold, white wasteland; there is plenty of old pictures and small figured chintz and light walls. Her mother, if she was a smart, sophisticated sort of person, might use good early American furniture with light toned materials in solid colors. Her sad curtains could be chintz or taffeta, according to her personality.

"Personally, I like Oriental rugs with good old mahogany. We've used a figured carpet on the floor of the hall on this set with the dark furniture and the white winding stairway.
"Outside the house, you can use a figure-head from a ship or a mast for flags, especially if you have a view of water from your garden."

"If someone in the house likes sports, good sporting prints are excellent decorations. At present, the fad is definitely for colored prints of animals, birds and flowers, simply framed with wide mats."

"You may use smartly framed pictures or pictures in old frames, but don't mix them!"

I don't prohibit ornaments, but please don't use too many. Have them just the necessary things, like cigarette boxes, lighters, ash-trays, coasters for cocktail glasses, vases for flowers, or some special knock-knock that means something to you personally. This helps to express you. But one or two of these is enough.

"I like bookcases set into walls, without glass doors, like the ones in the alcove on the set here. But if your books are so valuable that they need protection, you can use bronze screens over the shelves. These are decorative, too. I remember that in 'Animal Kingdom' we used the casing of a grand piano, up-ended, as a cabinet and screened this in bronze. It attracted much attention."

When you look at the sets displayed on the screen, remember that you may expect to find things on them that the designer would not use if it were not for the action' given in the script of the picture.

For example: On the "Transfig Love" set, there is a bridge-lamp standing beside one of the couches at right angles to the fireplace.

"This is here-because one of the characters in the picture has a piece of business to do with it," explained Mr. Folglase, "To my way of thinking it is out of place in this room, especially where it is, I never use standing lamps myself, because I think table lamps give better light and are more decorative. In this case, too, there are lamps on the mantelpiece that give plenty of light to those sitting on that couch; but if you took the lamps away from the mantel, a small table could be set at the arm of the couch for the needed light.

"Don't put your lights too close together in a room; it destroys the balance of the room, it's unnecessary and uncomfortable.

"Always remember, when you are arranging a room, that comfort must be considered as well as beauty. Draw up your chairs or couches or tables or lamps with an eye to what the occupants of the room will be doing. Put the furniture where it can be most readily used-to get warm, or cool, or have light or air-for conversation, for reading, studying, sewing."

Hints on livable arrangements of rooms can be gained from the screen because pictures deal with things people do, and furniture must be arranged so that actors will be able to do them easily and gracefully.

If your flowers are inclined to struggle or settle hunchily and ungracefully when you use them on your table or in your living room, you may find hints on floral arrangement in almost any picture.

Not only do the artists who decorate a set understand how to put blossoms into vases or jars, but they understand how to place the containers so that the best effects are obtained. You will also notice novel flower groupings, unusual assortments of blooms and odd treatments of flower and vine decorations, if you pay attention to scenes that show dinner parties, weddings, tea or balls.

But look at these films affairs with a careful eye. Be sure not to copy what you see if the story indicates that the hostess is a bizarre creature, or a woman of poor taste.

(Watch for the next article in our series, in the May issue, with helpful advice to home-makers.)

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Femi-nifties

In the spring a young woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of loveliness!

By Katharine Hartley

You don't have to go to the movies to see Mae West these days. You'll find her in practically every drug-store window on every four-corners of the country. No, of course not in person, but the photos are pretty personal at that. The cause of it all is the West perfume. The bottle not only carries her signature, (printed), but the box is generously inscribed with some of her pet sayings. As for the perfume, it's very fine, and terribly intriguing. First made by Gabriella of Paris for Miss West personally, and now made by the same people for all of us.

Don't let the recent publicity against certain eyelash dyes scare you, as this attack was made only on a few products, which have already been taken off the market. No, this does not apply to Maybelline's Wax or to any of the other well-known and much-advertised brands, which are not dyes. These products are absolutely pure and safe, and most beautifying!

There's a certain beauty product that I've been raving about for some time. Believe it or not, I've even made speeches about it, just because it's one of those products that rouses a beauty editor to speech-making. It's Du Barry Special Preparation for blackheads, made by Richard Hudnut. It's a powder, not a cream, which you mix with a little of water, to form a paste. You put it on your face (over the large-pore and blackhead areas), leave it until it dries, and then wash it off. The effect is marvelous. Used consistently once or twice a week over a period of a month or so, the results are bound to be effective. Used even once, it makes your skin look much cleaner and more beautiful. The modern girl, being the crank on absolute cleanliness that she is, will insist on routing the tiniest speck of grime out of every pore—and she can depend on this special preparation to do it!
inches of hair near the scalp. The Eugene Sachet makes it possible to get right close to the head.

Who says the old-fashioned sewing club has gone out of existence? I personally know of two groups of young girls right in this town who get together once a week to discuss the clothes problem—but more than that, to do something about it. They realize that clothes must be of good quality fabrics and tailoring really to be effective. But clothes of this type are expensive, and while few of these girls can afford to buy them ready-made, they can all afford to make them.

"Oh, yes," says Suzy, "but they must have taken sewing in school!" Well, they have, but not at the kind of school you're thinking of. They're all taking courses by mail at the Women's Institute at Scranton, Pa. The Institute does more than teach you how to sew. It teaches you how to know a good fashion when you see one. It prepares you for a career of Dressmaking or Designing. And perhaps most important of all, it teaches you how to copy expensive models that you have your heart set upon. (Does this give you an idea of how you might copy the smart clothes you see worn by Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Lilyan Tashman, and other Hollywood stars?) If you're interested in making some smart new clothes for yourself and don't know exactly how to go about it, write the Women's Institute at Scranton, Pa. Their course will be of help to you all the rest of your life.

June Knight Tells How to Put Your Best Face Forward

Continued from page 59

It's mascara that's what it is! "It's what?" "Mascara. Look, I use it like this." June took a bit of dark blue mascara on her finger tip. (She often uses blue for her eyelashes, to bring out the blue in her eyes.) She moistened the mascara, and then spread a very thin film of it over her eyelid. I had already grasped the idea. It was waterproof, and for her eyelids, it helped the adventitious salt glands and melting into creases when her skin gets warm under the blaze of many studio lights. Original, eh what? Of course you could use "he", brown, if brown is effective on your eyelids, though personally I think that brown eye-shadow gives the eyes a tired, sleepy look. Incidentally, the new eyeshadows with the iridescent flecks of silver or gold in them are very flattering for evening. They lend a sparkle to the eyes, and catch the light whenever you move or lower your eyes.

Do I have to remind you that eye-shadow should never be applied above the line of the eyelid? A lot of girls make the mistake of smoothing it up way up to the eyebrow, which looks unnatural. But it's hard, you say, to look exactly how your eyeshadow looks, since you can't see it yourself, when you look in the mirror. Well, here's a trick that will show you your own eye-shadow exactly as others see it on you. First apply your eye-shadow as nearly right as you can. Then stand in front of a large mirror, with a small hand mirror in your hand. Hold the hand mirror so it reflects the picture of you in the mirror in front of you, and look down into it. There, you see your lowered eyelids exactly as others see them. And if the eye-shadow doesn't look natural, it's not too late to change it!

**SKINNY?**

Special quick way adds pounds fast

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added.

**THOUSANDS** of people today have found that there's absolutely no need to remain "skinny" and unattractive. They can't say enough for this new easy treatment that has given them all good solid flesh and lovely curves—in just a few weeks! Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater toning results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time. Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty—bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

**Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch** flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're a 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 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 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 a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 204, Atlanta, Ga.
What Happened to Hepburn on Broadway!

Continued from page 25

I could feel nothing. Came the emotional scenes and something inside me curled up — the emotion seemed to me always a coating applied from without rather than a fire glowing from within.

I'm perfectly willing to concede that my lack of appreciation may be due to a lack of comprehension. Among many people whose opinion I respect have told me so. Wherefore it was with particular interest that I went to keep my appointment with her, hoping in a personal encounter to find some clue which would open to me too the gates of this Paradise in which millions delighted.

My appointment was for 1:30 at the theatre where Miss Hepburn was to play a matineé that afternoon in "The Lake," the play in which she made her "come-back" to the stage she had deserted for Hollywood. I was admitted by the doorman who announced me. Would I wait, please? I sat down outside the dressing-room and waited. Five minutes passed, ten. I was beginning to grow a little uneasy. I knew that the matineé my time would be limited. A man strode past me and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Oh, come in, Tony."

Tony went in. And Tony stayed in. I could hear the delightful sound of Miss Hepburn's laughter and the shuttering of the door of the boom. Nervously I watched the minute hand of my watch fly. Ten minutes of two!

"Will you remain Miss Hepburn that I'm here?"

I asked the doorman.

His jaw dropped, his eyes widened. "Oh, I couldn't do that, sir, or gurned," he said.

"I told her once you're here, I couldn't tell her again." Deciding that I'd bumped up against an unfamiliar rule of stage etiquette, I subsided. But at three o'clock, with the gay conversation from the dressing-room still going strong, I took a chance that an outsider might be permitted what a doorman warned, and knocked myself.

"Who's there?"

"Have you forgotten about me?"

"No! It's just a moment."

This time she was as good as her word. In just a moment Tony departed and I was admitted. Sure I was sure. Who could have forgotten an apologetic apology that had done little to soothe my ruffled feelings. A glimpse of Miss Hepburn did more. For here's a fact you Hepburn admirers can hug to your bosoms without fear of its being snatched away. Your dream, walking and talking, is far lovelier to look at than is her image projected on the screen. It's not only that her coloring — the warm chestnut of her hair, the delicate clarity of her skin, her eyes which seem neither blue nor gray nor violet but a luminous combination of all three — it's not only that these beauties are lost in the black and white of the screen. That's a loss she shares with other film actors. Miss Hepburn's left unrewarded are the softly curved contours of her face, which hold only the barest hint of that hollow-cheeked angularity so sharply accentuated by the camera. All this I caught despite the fact that I never really got a good look at her. For only on two or three occasions has she been facing me, a mere moment. The rest of the time she kept her eyes fixed steadily on her own image in the mirror studying it with professional gravity.

I commented on the difference between her actual and her screen features.

"You know," she said with the forthrightness for which she is famous, "that was one reason why I thought they wouldn't like me in the movies. I thought my face was too ugly, my voice too loud, my personality too strong. Lots of people do dislike me, of course. My personality's the kind the public goes at!" Her voice, incidentally, so liberally criticized by critics as harsh and colorless, is distinctly acceptable in ordinary conversation. "People either fall for me or they hate me. There's no in-between. She's fine, they say, or she's too violent. I thought the latter would be in the majority. I went off to Europe before 'A Bill of Divorcement' was previewed. It wasn't till I got back six months later that I knew what had happened. How did I feel about it? Great! How would you feel?"

"And just as I was afraid they wouldn't like me in the movies, so I was afraid they wouldn't like me in this play. Only this time — I saw the corner of her mouth curl up with delight, "this time I happened to be right!"

And that's where the picture turns into a real mystery.

Katharine Hepburn, as no one needs to be reminded, made what amounted to a clean sweep of the movie staves—one of the greatest, most spontaneously-embracing triumphs in the history of the films. If there were dissenting voices raised here and there to mar the grand triumph of acclaim. The owners of said voices told they were crazy and Katharine was hailed queen by an overwhelming, if not a unanimous vote; the critics hymned her praises; the public bent its knee in homage.

That's one face of the medal. How to reconcile it with the other? Less buried until it was turned right side up after "The Lake," starring Miss Katharine Hepburn, opened in New York. Here was a play that had waved London. Here was an actress, originally of the legitimate stage, who, since her last appearance in the theatre, had been overshadowed by Hollywood glory. Play and player had been the talk of the town for days. Drama lovers were agog. The show hung out for two weeks in advance of the opening.

What happened? The rocket fizzled. Again a chorus of voices was raised in defense. But the whisper was reversed. The burden of the song was sour. The critics lamented that their high hopes had been dashed, and brought in a verdict that Katharine Hepburn was no great shakes as an actress. Here too there were some dissenting voices, but they were too feeble to avail much against the general cry of thumbs down.

"It seems almost as though the comic fates had decreed it that way," said Miss Hepburn. But this was couched with a brief laugh. "Because it was going to be such a joke if I failed after all that ballyhoop!"

Apart from the fact, what's the answer? From the fact, what's the answer? From the past stroke a let her fail to live up to expectations that she frightened herself into failure? Was the high-hat drama just looking for a chance to lean the darling of its illegitimate brother-industry? Or were the critics right and is it true — as has so frequently been asserted — that success may crown those in the Hollywood heavens and still not be an actress.

Miss Hepburn has definite views on each of these theories. "I was terrified all right," she said, "though that hardly describes it. I felt — I turned her head — as though I weren't in my body at all — as though I were following myself around."

An indescribable look flitted across her...
face as she recalled the sensation, and I felt a sudden pang of pity. But you can’t feel pity for Katharine Hepburn long.

"As a matter of fact," she went on firmly, "I suspected all along it was going to happen. Why? Simply because I wasn’t good enough yet to be starred on Broadway. Oh, yes, I know—but starring in the movies is something else again. You’ve got to be trained for the stage. On the screen, if you have a personality that happens to get across, they suddenly decide you’re the greatest actress in the world—which, on the face of it, isiline. You may have the talent—which I think I have—but to be natural in front of the camera to realize the character and then think yourself into it simply and truly. And you also may have the good luck—which I know I did—to be blessed with the perfect director.

"I could rave on forever about George Cukor. He can do anything with anyone. He can make people who are devils behave well. The moment he steps on the set, you know everything’s going to be all right. The very qualities people have complimented me on are the qualities he brings out in me. George," she said suddenly, "means more to me than anyone in Hollywood. Once more his face softened,—"I phoned him the morning after this play opened. It made me feel better just to hear him say, ’Ah, go on, it couldn’t have been as bad as all that!’—even though I knew it was every bit as bad and worse.

"Well, when you have a director like that to rely on and to build your performance for you, you can see how much easier things would be. In a play you’re responsible for everything yourself. Where I hit a snag was in not being able to sustain the performance. The critics," she assured me, "were perfectly right. If I felt I’d been unjustly panned, I’d be mad. But I don’t. I think they bent over backward, trying to be nice to someone they expected to make a hit and would have liked to see made a hit.

"If I hadn’t been starred, they wouldn’t have expected so much. And the funny part of it is that nobody wanted to star me, I didn’t. My producer didn’t. But with all the publicity I’d been getting, it just seemed as if I were suddenly talking and talked and talked over, and finally decided yes. What we should have done, of course, was to wait until Broadway itself was ready to star me.

She was brisk, businesslike, impersonal. I got the feeling—perhaps because of the cut-cuts profile which was all I could see—that this was a mask, repeated by rate the things Katharine Hepburn, lurking somewhere inside, was ordering it to say. I thought of all the conflicting stories I’d heard about her—stories, on the one hand, of her marvelous kindness to the people she works with—stories, on the other hand, of her high-handedness and brusquerie. Here an interview says that talking to Katharine Hepburn is like talking to your favorite kid sister home from college. There another comments acidly on the fact that trying to talking to Hepburn is like crossing an avenue paved with red-hot spikes. You can’t tell that she is gracious and generous. You hear that she’s arrogant and hard. Are these tales simply the natural manifestations of a many-faceted personality or are they the results of a well-calculated gag to make talk?

"Why don’t you like interviewers?" I asked her.

"It’s not that," she informed me. "I just don’t feel I have anything important enough to say." Then she thought better of it. "I’m nice to the people I like," she said. "I’m a person of moods. One day I may say I don’t give any interviews and the next day, if I happen to like the face

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**Pepsodent Antiseptic**
of the person who wants it, I may change my mind. It's the same with autographs. Depends on how I feel that day—or that minute. I know it isn't right." She smiled briefly. "I just don't approve of it at all. But there it is.

"And then," she continued, "if only they'd be satisfied to write a simple story instead of trying to make something sensational out of it. Those are the people who spoil everything for the others—the kind who'd rather get a picture of you in bed than your opinion on anything sensible—who'd rather dig out some terrible disgrace in your past, whether it's there or not, than anything sweet or comfortable.

It was a perfectly sound and unanswerable argument.

"Suppose you were forced to make a choice between the stage and the screen, which would it be?"

She flashed me a swift glance. "Now? The screen," she answered promptly, "wholly natural for a moment. "Sour grapes, I suppose," she laughed. Then the mask seemed to slip down again. "When you're hit, you do forget," that she had put her hits so many millions of people, naturally you love to be associated with it and with all the enthusiasm it creates. It's true,

She speculated, "that people get sick of you sooner in the movies than they do on the stage. And why shouldn't they? You do four or five movies a year to one or two plays. And yet—" she spoke thoughtfully, "they get hold of someone like Marie Dressler, who has the fundamental qualities, they do hang on to her, don't they? Well, anyway, after I've made 'Joan of Arc' and one more picture, I may come back and do another play. And I trust," she concluded in her own crisp style, "that I shan't make a fool of myself again."

I felt very little wiser than I'd been when I arrived. I felt that I'd been watching an act put on for my benefit—skillfully put on but unmistakably an act. I felt that Katharine Hepburn could turn on her honesty, her gallantry, her charm, like so many actresses at that, and then switched behind a shrewder observer than myself to decide where the genuine ended and the artificial began—Intelligence, distinction of appearance, vitality—those things I could see. But the things that go deeper—the things without which, by your leave, an actress and a player alike, could not be called a woman—those things I couldn't believe in. Off-screen or on, Miss Hepburn's emotional reactions don't ring true to me. I'm still an outcast from the enchanted garden.

---

**Ask Me!**

By Miss Vee Dee

Be Jolly. I've been called a lot of names but never "Jolly." Fletcher, who will do until you have a better one for me. Claudette Colbert's pictures have been "The Sign of the Cross," "I Cover the Waterfront," "Torch Singer," "Three-Cornered Moon," and "Four Frightened People," the latter with Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, and William Gargan. Burrwell Fletcher was the actor who is supposed to go hysterically mad in the first part of Universal's "The Mummy." The dog who played with Marion Davies in "My Heart's in the Highlands," Maurice Chevalier's latest release, "The Way to Love," another grand dog makes his appearance. He is billed as Matt but it may be one and the same canine, who knows? Certainly there's a resemblance. Elissa Landis is the author of several novels, among them are "House and Sale," "Helmers" and her latest, just completed, is titled "The Ancestor."

Blue Bird. And where have you been keeping yourself? On the wing? If I tell you the name of my favorite screen player, I'll be divulging a secret I've been keeping to myself, and you mustn't know, none other than Sparky from "Our Gang." He has the most gorgeous smile and an adorable little face. Of course, he's the famous "roaster" as Will Rogers says, is a classic.

Allen. It would take too much space to give you all of Lee Tracy's pictures but to begin with "Blessed Event," I'll list a few of them. "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Private Jones," "Phantom Fame," "Clear All Wires," "Dinner at Eight," "Turn Back the Clock" and "Blonde Bombshell"—and his latest is "Advice to the Lovelorn." Lionel Atwill was The Baron in "Song of Songs." Gene Raymond was born August 13, 1908. "The Monkey's Paw" was released in 1923 as a silent picture and the talking version was made by R-K-O with a capable English cast, including Ivan Simpson, Louise Carter, C. Aubrey Smith, John Mack Brown, Betty Lawford, Winter Hall, and Herbert Dunston.

D. M. No wonder you were all bothered seeing your hero with two names—Tom Keene and George Dursey, but they are one and the same. George changed his name to Tom Keene because he thought a French name like Dursey wouldn't interest the fans—well, anyway, his good-looking Irish face didn't look like a Dursey, hence we have Tom Keene in the movies.

Tom was born in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., on December 30, 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His wife, Grace Stafford, is a stage actress. Frankie Darro, Sidney Miller, Raymond Borzage and Mary Bethel, who had the principal juvenile leads in "The Mayor of Hell" with James Cagney.

**Movie Fan.** After "Another Language" was released, my mail box began to bulge with letters asking about John Beal who played Terry. John played the same role successfully on the stage before signing up for the screen. He is just 24 years old, graduated from the University of California three years ago, and he appeared on the stage immediately after.

If the fans have their wish, John will make more pictures, but so far his real love is the stage.

**Just a Fan.** If you are very lucky, you may receive a letter from your favorite movie star who, let me warn you, your letter will have to be clever and original. But don't feel badly if you have to wait a few days, a few months, or even a few years. These stars have a habit of keeping very busy. Ruth Etting appears with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd, and Phyllis Barry in "Hips, Hips, Hooray." Thelma Todd can be seen in "Sitting Pretty" with Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, and Ginger Rogers.
Here it is—SCREENLAND'S own fashion show in the making! Your favorite movie magazine, in collaboration with Fox Movietone, put on this spring style exhibition, directed by Miss Vyvyan Donner.

**I.P.I.** I haven't a record of a picture titled "Love is Dangerous," with Rocelle Hudson. You may have reference to "Are These Our Children?" with Rocelle as the feminine lead, opposite Eric Linden. Others in the cast were Arline Judge, Mary Kornman, Roberts Gale and Ben Alexander. Rocelle was born 18 years ago in Claremore, Okla. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1931. Her latest releases are "Walls of Gold" from the Kathleen Norris story; "Wild Boys of the Road" with Frankie Darro, and "Mr. Skitch" with Will Rogers.

Marion. I don't know why the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" between Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was cut and presented by Katharine alone in "Morning Glory." I suppose because the picture ran too long and had to be cut. Many admirers of both stars were looking forward to at least a part of it. But wasn't Katharine's role as Evie Lovelace a most delicious bit of acting? Now for a real treat—see "Little Women" with Katharine as the beloved Jo, Jean Parker as Beth, Joan Bennett as Amy, and Frances Dee as Meg. Hepburn's very latest release is "Trigger.""}

**Dorothy W.** Ralph Bellamy did not play in "The Last Mile." The principals were Howard Phillips as Richard Walser; Preston Foster, Killer Meurs; George E. Stone, Berg; Noel Madison, D'Amoro; Alan Roscoe, Kirby; Paul Fix, Werner, and Daniel Haynes as Jackson. In "The Conquerors" Richard Dix played both the young and old Roger Standsch. Julie Haydon was Ann Harding's daughter in the picture.

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Baby Le Roy's Rival
Continued from page 15

Janet and Charlie Tell the Truth About Their Screen Reunion
Continued from page 23

realistic for illusion—and I believe that 'Seventh Heaven' depended heavily upon illusion for its results. I feel that the 'Seventh Heaven' spirit may be judged by Charlie's own words to me:

"Everything looks so different now," he said. "I have been away for eight months. I have played polo, I have made pictures at other studios. I have proved myself to myself."

"Now, when I look at the past happenings that caused me so much unhappiness, I wonder how I could possibly have let him go. I am sure I shall never be down again. I've developed a lot since that time. I feel that I can laugh at things that once bothered me."

For after all, he was returning to his old studio under more cheerful arrangements. He will co-star in only two pictures with Janet. He has the privilege of reading stories, and rejecting them if his parts are not satisfactory.

"I have been offered parts with Janet before this," he said, "but I turned them down because I did not like the stories—or at least, those stories did not seem suited to me. I feel that there are only so many Gaynor-Farrell [I notice that Charlie always mentions their team in this order] pictures that make a bad picture. Elmer, there can be another for so many months, and fans who have wanted us back together will be disappointed. We have waited until the studio found two good stories—that I feel may be made into pictures that can take places beside 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Sing Out, Sing!' and 'Merry, Merry Ann.'"

Janet has had many leading men since Farrell, in a huff, walked off the Fox studio grounds. Among those who have appeared opposite her are Lew Ayres, Henry Garat, Robert Young and Richard Cromwell. These actors are just as capable as Farrell, but none has fitted so smoothly into his role opposite Miss Gaynor.

On the contrary, Farrell has worked with other leading ladies, including Elissa Landi, Mary Le Roy, Jean Arthur, and Frances Dee. Not one of these capable young ladies complemented Charlie's work as does Janet. There are other such "natural" screen teams. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are such a combination. Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are another. Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, are others. These are "natural" teams. The public likes them better as teams. The public demands them as teams.
is impressed by the beauty and the smartness of the Hollywood favorites. There is something peculiar that every actress has to exert herself to be exceptionally beauteous. "In England, however, the old social traditions still persist. The society folk, etc. are proud of their titles and interested in politics, are the arbitrators of the mode. The higher you go in English circles, the less likely you are to find obvious beauty and chic. The first ladies of the land either go in for political maneuvering or fox-hunting. Neither sport is conducive to presenting a golden crown of pictures, or startling gowns! "Therefore, British studios don't fuss with their heroines. Comparatively, Holly- wood women are akin to hot-house orchids. The actors' positions? Well, daisies don't tell and orchids occasionally do! So it all boils down to the man's choice. He can get involved, or--he can't!"

This struck me as the appropriate minute to interrogate Mr. Howard as to how he happened to be with the lady. Though he frankly states that he is forty, makes no secret of having been married to the same wonderful wife for nineteen years, yet you perceive he is still a highly idolized, if his two idolized children, feminine fans have not ceased to speculate on his love-life.

He told one of his most subtle and remarked, "I was fortunate in having passed my impressionable years on the stage." When I was so bold as to ask if he'd ever regretted it wasn't the Gallimaufry type he amused me by saying, "Oh, absolutely! Not in recent years, for I realize every person is dressed with unique characteristics which will appeal to some. But when I was in my 'teens I envied the husky lads with all my heart! I was one of those people who mature slowly, I developed tardily as an individual. I was horribly shy, Mass beliefs didn't convince me and I was afraid to stick up for my own views."

"Then, also, I was always in love, and that tended to depress me. The objects of my adoration were uniformly pretty and popular creatures. So you see I must have been slated for a Hollywood future long before I even planned to be an actor! In the imagery of a young lady you might at least have a smile. I must inform you that I got nowhere with the girls during the 'teens decade. When I'd mustered up the nerve to register at the premiere of a picture, I became a dashing fellow had cut in on me and in less time than it takes to tell I was the forgotten girl."

At twenty-one, just as he was drafted from his insurance clerkship into the army, he met the pretty girl who was wise enough to come at me, but not less that lurked beneath his bashful exterior. It was
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LOVE at first sight and they lost no precious time in hastening to a parson. Their happiness is proof that a whirlwind courtship can weather the years.

After the World War I, the bitter realities of the battlefields having taught them to demand his own heritage from life, Leslie Howard tackled his suppressed desire—the stage. Inhibition conquered, as he painstakingly rose to fame of an international scope.

Years to Mrs. Howard as "The Indispensable." That she truly has been; an ideal wife and a splendid mother. Never an actress and ambitious only for him, she has built her life around his welfare. Because she is child-like in his extraordinary simplicity and trustiness, her business acumen and habit of protecting him from chicanery has been no small help towards his success.

A master of romance on screen and stage, a contented husband, his statement that romance and marriage do not mix is provocative.

"I have gone in for romance in my acting—strangely me, I think, in the interests theatregoers. And yet I find it incompatible with a happy marriage!" All along we've been reading that one should retain his romantic air, nourish it assiduously, to hold love!

"The essence of romance is sex appeal," according to Leslie Howard's interests—on and off the stage. "If you want perpetual romance, you'd better avoid matrimony! It's like firing a gun. Romance flares just as a bullet shoots out of a chamber. After the first thrill is overpowering. But it is bound to diminish and, eventually, to cease."

There has to be much more for marriage. There is an impetus of mutual attraction, surely, but other things have to enter in. Respect, for example. Commary me of ideals, for a sympathetic with your mate's ambitions and desires. Family ties. Familiarity—which is not romantic!

"I'm not denying that romance, the spell of the unusual and glamorous, isn't fun. It is tantalizing. That's why screen lovers are continually on the spot. They are apt to hop from the comfortable frying-pan of permanent marriage to the firey fork!" Mr. Howard, furthermore, does not deny that he's been on the so-called spot himself at times. That he has weighed the consequences and discovered that the love of his wife and children is a possession too dear to risk losing.

It confides that, actually, he grows less and less romantically inclined as the years pass. He says it would be hypocritical to argue one is not tempted, but mentions that he has the marvelous faculty of foreseeing results. He's glad he has such clarity of vision!

So far as he is affected, the only kind of person who is romantic is the one who is supremely honest.

"It is honesty, not mere beauty, which makes one exciting. The woman who has certain original, rare qualities. Develop these to their utmost and you have a real personality!" Mr. Howard feels very strongly about the glamour, not to mold yourself to suit everyone is disastrous in his estimation.

"The vital, novel personality is the one inspiring romantic attentions. You don't have to be mysterious, either. Take Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer. To me both are exceedingly romantic and yet they are opposites. Garbo is the lure of the unknown. Miss Shearer is frankness personified. You seem to know all about her at your initial meeting. Still, she is equally as captivating as the other woman.

"The reason, of course, is that each has had the bulldog courage to be herself. Neither follows. They have studied themselves, made friends with themselves, and then have proceeded to scorn imitation.
The writer explained that he was working slowly, and added, "Of course, you know that the title is tentative." "Tentative? Tentative?" exploded the executive. "Nobody'll understand that title. Change it!"

HELEN VINSON was working at Fox studio. Remember that; it's the basis for this story.

Helen forgot her make-up case one morning, and sent her colored maid home for it. Later, she decided she wanted something to do between scenes, so off the maid traipsed to Hollywood and back.

To shorten this anecdote, the maid traveled back and forth between Helen's house and Fox studio four times within as many hours. Then came a telephone call, and Miss Vinson heard the maid drawl: "Dahnie t'night! Naw, suh! I've been Fox-trottin' all day!"

HOLLYWOOD is constantly laughing over the mistakes in grammar on the part of a certain uneducated, but extremely successful motion picture executive. The latest story is to the effect that this producer entered a scenario writer's office and asked about a script in early stages of preparation.

Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 67

Katharine Hepburn likewise has become a vogue because of her difference."

In referring to Hepburn, he recollected when she tried out for a part in his stage version of "The Animal Kingdom." "She campaigned for the role Ann Harding did when we filmed it. She unfortunately wasn't the type. Her individuality hampered her until she had the opportunity to express herself fully. But how clever she was to refuse to alter!"

Shifting his thoughts to his family, he commented, "Mrs. Howard and I didn't bring the children back with us on this trip. We had to come to some conclusion about them. We couldn't keep dragging them to and fro, for at their age they have to feel a loyalty to one country. We let them choose, and they voted to stay in England."

"No doubt it's the environment they're in that determined them. They're too young to enjoy Hollywood's social life and the unexcelled California climate. The sheltered, rural home we have over there is their notion of heaven. It's really the exact converse of Hollywood. The neighbors are plain farm people. And they have fabulous conceptions of actors' doings!"

"I don't get on at all with school-masters there. I'm sure children should be allowed their own integrity. Regular schools teach them as so many sausages. I worry considerably about my son, who is fifteen. He found such conventional trips into his head that I have to spend all his vacations saving him!"

"He's shy, as I was, and can be misled into doing what he's told rather than what he wants. I wouldn't let my daughter, who is nine, begin school until this year. Then I put her in a very modern school where the children are for themselves. I needn't bother about her! She's already bent on being a personage. No one could subdue her!" He ended on a rapturous note.

Planning to divide his future between his native London and America, he will do several starring pictures for Warners. Late in the summer he will start for London to put a new play in rehearsal. Settled in the Elsie Janis place in Beverly Hills again, the Howards have introduced a quality in entertainment that makes itself to their parties a mark of the highest local prestige.

Money to them is a means for doing what they want, however. They reject such stellar trimmings as chauffeurs and propose to ignore the dictates of the gaudier element in Hollywood.

"Yet," the star of stars drewled whimsically as we parted, "I realize I'm lucky to be an actor. It's an excuse to get out of the every-day rut. All actors are suspect of being slightly crazy, you know, so we can escape conformity without being too severely criticized!"

In my book wherein are treasured sentiments of this and similar scenes, Leslie Howard has penned his autograph, prefacing it with this phrase: "In the hope that you will not make public all my knowledge of me!"

A superb interviewee, I haven't, Mr. Howard, now have I?

The writer explained that he was working slowly, and added, "Of course, you know that the title is tentative." "Tentative? Tentative?" exploded the executive. "Nobody'll understand that title. Change it!"

This following instance cites why you are not wanted on motion picture sets:

A lady tourist watching the making of a new picture saw a scene in which an orchestra went into motion, the pianist fingering his keys and the trumpeters blowing away. The lady suddenly leaped to her feet and screamed: "I've turned deaf! I can't hear that music!"

Of course, the scene was ruined. And when the lady embarrassed when she learned that the action was pantomime—the actual music was to be scored later!
Ho for the billowy waves! Beach pajamas are distinctly nautical this spring. Helen MacK's are cut low in the back to permit of a sizeable sun-tan.

EVERY dyed-in-the-wool fan knows that Joan Crawford's favorite flower is the gardenia. Here are some other star-favorites revealed by Halchester, Hollywood's special florist:

Jean Harlow: White rose.
Dolores Del Rio: Tuberose.
Ann Harding: Talsisman rose.
Thelma Todd: Dark orchid.
Marion Nixon: Light orchid.
Sylvia Sidney: Light-red rose.

BING CROSBY makes 'em pay for oversights and slights. He sent his brother to talk business with one studio that needed Crosby for a picture. Because the brother was kept waiting an hour, Bing demanded an extra $10,000 — and got it!

AFTER the published newspaper stories that her studio has taken out $50,000 insurance against Bette Davis growing fat, many people wrote letters telling her how to gain weight, in order that she might collect the insurance money. One chap wrote in and offered a diet that would put her above 120 pounds—the limit allowed by the insurance. All he asked in return was an equal split of the insurance money. What Bette's advisors do not know is that, in order to be paid the fifty thousand, Bette must remain at more than 120 pounds for three years. By that time her career would be ruined.

NEVER get the idea that all of the big salaries paid in the motion picture industry go to stars, directors, and producers. The cameramen also collect stupendous wage-checks if they are among the top-notchers.

Lee Garmes is paid $1100 weekly. Hal Rosson (Jean Harlow's husband) rates $1000 every seven days. George Barnes, (Joan Blondell's husband), Hal Moore and a few more receive $750.

THAT was a funny gag Groucho Marx pulled on Adolphe Menjou. Groucho telephoned Adolphe, and when the sophisticated Menjou answered, Marx droned: "This is the telephone company. We are testing your line. Will you whistle into the phone, please?"

Dutifully, Menjou puckered his lips and whistled. "Thank you," chuckled Groucho. "We'll send you some bird-seed in the morning."

FUNNY sight—Johnny Weissmuller playing nursemaid to Lupe Velez Weissmuller's Mexican hairless dog. Joel McCrea has a section of his ranch-grounds secured so that he may there enjoy rain baths a la natural. Ed Kennedy, comedian in that Eskimo film, "Man of Two Worlds," was guilty of this worst-pun-of-the-month: "I think igloo home now." After all these years, Joan Crawford has just commenced installation of a swimming pool on her estate. There is no truth to reports that Barbara Stanwyck was disfigured when she collapsed on a theatre stage. Jack Oakie, in Honolulu, sent a huge rock to "Sweets" Gallagher, in Hollywood—and it arrived collect! Otto Kruger has a collection of 45 pipes, ranging from a Cherokee Indian "peace pipe" to modern. The term "grinding the camera" is obsolete—cameras are now run by motors. Bruce Cabot has never worn motion picture makeup. Oh, oh! Francis X. Browne reveals that Joel McCrea cannot bear baby talk. Bill Gargan has rigged up an attachment between his baby's cradle and a washing machine, and the thing works.

HOLLYWOOD postal clerks admit that they have great fun deciphering some of the peculiarly addressed envelopes that come for the stars. Among the oddly directed letters that were correctly delivered were the following: "Come up and see me some time" and "Diamond Lil"—Mac West. "The Ambassador at Large"—Will Rogers. "Tarzan"—Johnny Weissmuller. "The Crooner" and "Bing"—Bing Crosby. "Schnozzola, U. S. A."—Jimmy Durante. "Charlie Chan"—Warner Oland.

WHEN Claude Rains, distinguished New York actor, arrived in Hollywood for motion pictures, Slim Summerville pulled the best of many "pokings" at the new arrival's expense.

"You have no business in this state," popped Slim. "We don't have rains in California."

POLLY MORAN, who admits that she is no ingenue (but she isn't any old woman by many, many years), enjoys poking fun at her age and the fact that her husband is slightly younger.

"I am constantly meeting people," says Polly, "who say, 'Remember, Miss Dee'—I don't remember you too long ago. Why, things have reached a point, if I see an old man with long, gray whiskers approaching me on the street, I dodge into the nearest open doorway."
ABOUT YOU? shall men say “She is lovely -- So exquisite!”

BY PATRICIA GORDON

The music ends — softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but you seem mysteriously detached. It is your moment. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark — about you. Some one says, “She is lovely!” No conscious flattery this — not meant to be overheard. And so, a thrilling compliment.

So lovely, so exquisite! How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As background, yes. But as to these, men see dimly. Only women are critical. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up so clever, so artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as natural.

Some women know — Some do not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate obvious make-up, she simply does not know the glamorous beauty of harmonized Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. So natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious almond base (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

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