Anna Sten—Actress and Woman!
No More Splurging! Say Hollywood Stars
STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the FOOD SHIP

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda’s, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization’s curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds are caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filterable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man’s cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

“The daily use of a mouth-wash,” says one eminent authority, “will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years.”

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a booklet on Listerine tests, Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. S-12, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds and Sore Throat...LISTERINE...The Safe Antiseptic
Isn't it a Shame?
Graceful girl...lovely manners...but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!

She's as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that brushing the teeth is not enough. Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

IPANA is needed
Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.
Watch for Our Cover Girl Prize Contests!

BEGINNING with the next issue, SCREENLAND will present a grand new, brand new idea in star contests! The month's Cover Girl will offer prizes to you for clever descriptive slogans.

Myrna Loy, subject of the beautiful portrait by Charles Sheldon on our next cover, will invite you to participate in her own contest. Then, the month after, another lovely Cover Girl will offer her contest. You’ll enjoy this contact with your screen favorites, and you will be entertained by the opportunity to present your own expression of the star’s particular appeal. Remember, only in SCREENLAND will you find Cover Girl Prize Contests! New, different, entertaining! Watch for the first, next month!
WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".
An exceptionally fine picture, one that has certain appeal for every grown-up—Galsworthy's novel dealing with English divorce laws is not, of course, for juveniles. Diana Wynyard appears as the wife who leaves her brutal husband, who then asks for divorce, charging her with unfaithfulness. Beautifully staged, and superbly acted by Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Colin Clive and others in a superlative cast.

This was made to entertain you—and it does, with a fast-moving action story blending melodrama and broad comedy. Jean Harlow gives a sparkling performance as the girl who sets out to marry money, then falls in love, and fights back when the hero's father tries to 'frame' her. Franchot Tone is the hero, and Lionel Barrymore the father—both acting at their best— with PatSY Kelly supplying laughs. Swell show!

All the hokum that could be attached to love and a "Cinderella story" are injected into this picture, but it is so finely done that the results are highly worth your while. The hero is a press-agent who ballyhoos a girl to wealth and fame; then he almost loses her. But the publicity chap is too smart for his rival and wins out. Roger Pryor, Heather Angel and Victor Moore will wow you. Go and have a good time.

A camera record in which Joan Lowell seeks to prove that she is no story-book sailor as critics of her book, "Cradle of the Deep," declared. However, the thrill exploits seem as fabulous in films as they did in the printed word. Nevertheless, fine camera work reveals storms at sea, some interesting wild life of Guatemala, and extraordinary Mayan ruins. It's good, if you go for travel films in a big way.

This is melodrama cut to the "Turn to the Right" pattern, with Robert Montgomery starring as the city racketeer who finds regeneration and love on the farm. After a somewhat hesitant start it develops into a highly effective, wholesome and ingratiating little romance that you'll find mighty satisfying entertainment. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold, and Elizabeth Patterson are notables of a swell cast.

A Will Rogers picture is like the boy's idea of apple pie—the one you're eating is the best ever made. So "Handy Andy" is Rogers' best. He appears as a lovable druggist, who sells his store to please his wife, and then in a hilarious sequence at the New Orleans Mardi Gras proves to her it's better for him to go back to work. Peggy Wood is ever so charming as the wife, and Mary Carlisle engaging as the daughter.

Naturalness is the principal joy offered here. It's the story of what might occur to any man, wife, and children who love each other despite divorce which separates the parents. Adolph Menjou, as the improvident husband, and Doris Kenyon as the wife are believable and therefore excellent. You'll enjoy the struggles and eventual reunion of this interesting, fate-parted family. You'll also like the play's heart appeal.

You should see this, and for many reasons. It's great entertainment, dealing with back-stage vaudeville life, with a widowed actress, mother of a boy, marrying again. The second husband is a "bad egg," but Lee Tracy is the Good Samaritan who helps things to a happy conclusion. Tracy is excellent. David Jack Holt is a boy actor who will be a rival to Shirley Temple; and Helen Mack and Helen Morgan also triumph.
U. B. C. That pretty little British star, Heather Angel was born in Oxford, England, on February 9, 1909. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Heather is becoming more popular with each picture, so keep your eye on her, for she's going places. She was featured with Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square," played with Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan’s Greatest Case," and in "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger. Yes, you’re right; it was Ralf Harrold you saw in "I’m No Angel" with Mae West. Edward Robinson appeared in "Smart Money."

Dorothy. Where have you been not to see all the stories that have been written about your favorite, Katharine Hepburn? Her latest film is "Spitfire" and the forthcoming one, "The Little Minister." Gene Raymond was born August 13, 1908, in New York City. George Brent was born in Dublin, Ireland, on March 15, 1904. He has hazel eyes, black hair, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs 170 pounds. Mr. Brent is no longer Mr. Ruth Chatterton.

H. F. F. To give a list of all the pictures several of the stars have appeared in for the past few years is quite a large order, but here are the films that Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery have been co-featured in: "Private Lives," "Their Own Desires," "Strangers May Kiss," "The Divorcee," and "Riptide." Joan Blondell’s pictures have included "Blonde Crazy," "Night Nurse," "Public Enemy," "The Crooked Roars," "Union Depot," "The Ferguson Case," "Miss Pinkerton," "Big City Blues," "Three on a Match," "Central Park," "Blondie Johnson," "Broadway Bad," "Footlight Parade," "He Was Her Man," "Smartie," "Dames," and "Kansas City Princess."

Miss E. P. Claudette Colbert is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 103 pounds; Miriam Hopkins is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Joan Parker weighs 105 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Norma Shearer is 5 feet 3 inches and weighs 118 pounds. Frances Dee is 5 feet 3 inches and weighs 108 pounds. And that’s a weight off my mind!

Mrs. E. A. T. Lanny Ross has been singing his way through life since he was a lad of seven. He sang in the boys’ choir at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, and when about fourteen years of age he entered the Taft School for Boys at Watertown, Conn. From the Taft school he went to Yale, having in mind the law profession. He wanted to take his law course at Columbia but lack of funds prevented, so he turned to singing on the air. By the time he received his degree at Columbia he was earning more than $25,000 a year. He has made several "shorts" before his first full length feature on the screen, and no doubt you have reference to those. His first starring picture was "Melody in Spring." He is now working on "College Rhythm" with Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, and Lyda Roberti.

Bill H. Sorry I cannot give you the name of the song you ask for in "Song of Songs" but if you’ll write the Paramount Publicity Dept, and make your request you may get the information. "A Tale of Two Cities" has not yet been filmed with War- ner Baxter—shelved, no doubt, for the time. His latest releases are "Stand Up and Cheer," "Such Women are Dangerous," and "Grand Canary." His next on schedule is "Broadway Bill" with Myrna Loy, Helen Vinson, Walter Connolly, Lynn Overman and thirty and more well-known players.

Miss Helen M. For a list of Joan Blondell’s releases will you please read H. F. F. on this page? The rôle of the heavy in Mae West’s "I’m No Angel" was played by Edward Arnold. He gave an unforgettable performance in "Sadie McKee" with Joan Crawford. And speaking of Shirley Temple, if you did, she goes right on making one good picture after another; her "Baby Take a Bow" wowed ‘em and the box-offices bulged. Now comes her latest with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, "Now and Forever."

Dolores P. I believe you have reference to Harold Huber who played the stool pigeon, Nunheims, in "The Thin Man" with William Powell. He also played the gangster, Leo, in "Hi Nellie" with Paul Muni. Mr. Huber is one of the more memorable movie menaces.
Salutes and Snubs

Hollywood wants to know your views! Put them on record here!

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

THE GREAT GLOOM CHASERS!

Every pest has an enemy to counteract it—even the Big Bad Blues! Hollywood has developed a particularly sparkling brand of gloom chasers. Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Una Merkel, Claire Trevor, Joan Blondell, have had a lot to do with sweetening up the world’s disposition.

Mrs. F. D. McKinlay,
9709 47th Ave. S.W.,
Seattle, Wash.

CONVERTED BY SHIRLEY!

Though I have regularly attended movies for over twenty years, I have never before written a “fan letter,” but Shirley Temple has made a fan mail writer out of me! Whenever I want a happy thought I close my eyes and see Shirley doing her dance. Lotta Rose,
201 Avenue E. North,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.

HOME, HOME ON THE SCREEN!

Out here movie patrons are mostly

Chinese, Japanese, Polynesian, Filipino and half-castes of all descriptions. But we few Americans squeeze in to get the thrill of American scenes. A picture like “If I Had a Million,” for example, was so homely, so typical of American people that I’m still homesick!

Charles M. Hatcher,
1548 Kewalo,
Honolulu, T. H.

If you want to know exactly what is what, also who is who, in current cinema activities, listen to the voice of the Fans! Read what the highest authority has to say about pictures, stars and screen art, right here in the letters from the real bosses of the movies!

When you see the Salutes outnumber the Snubs by a great majority, you know that the pictures and the stars have been putting forth their very best recently, and that better times cinematically speaking are here—for which Hurrah!

This month the fans comment on a wide range of subjects, from discussion of the effect of talkies on the language of the land, to tips to producers on how to cast pictures—with raves for pictures and stars interspersed generously. Here’s a movie fan who has been a picture-a-per for twenty years and who here for the first time in her life writes a fan letter. Why? We’ll give you three guesses, then read and you’ll realize you needed only one.

If you are not a regular contributor to this department, start right now, and we’ll wager you’ll realize instantly that you have been missing a lot of fun by not having joined the merry party sooner. And, bear in mind, your letter may be judged one of the eight best, which means that you will receive a prize of $5.00.

Write your letter now! Make it deal with a subject of general interest, restrict it to five words, and address it to "Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. Please don’t ask that your letter be returned if it is not published, and don’t enclose stamps for its return.

Fans clamored for Harold Lloyd to give them a new picture and now they clamorously greet “The Cat’s Paw.”

SCREAMS FOR TEAMS!

Producers, listen! Why not cast Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn together? Two of the best players in Hollywood together in one picture! What a show that would be! And how about Leslie Howard opposite Garbo? Maybe the glamorous Swede might do something to his British reserve!

Dorothy Miller,
Box 220 No. 2,

BOON TO GOOD SPEECH!

Motion pictures are “standardizing” pronunciation and enunciation of English speech in America. Through pictures our national tongue is rapidly becoming a blend of all sectional accents. The Southern speech is losing some of its drawl; the Northern, some of its crispness. The result is a pleasing, clear diction, easily understood.

Katherine Wharton,
Readville, Tenn.

HURRAH! HAROLD’S BACK!

Good times must be back again if Harold Lloyd is releasing a new picture! He is tonic for jaded nerves; and it’s laughs in the old way that we need today. Please

(Continued on page 85)
Hi America!... Here he comes!

...IN WARNER BROS.' WILDEST LAFF RIOT!
Every lap a laff as the screen's ace comic sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of the Arena—making chumps out of champs... a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over wheels in love with every gal in the grandstand!... It's an hysteric event!

JOE E.

BROWN in
'6-DAY BIKE RIDER

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture
Meet the Amazing Margo!

IS MARGO, who captures our Honor Page this month, the screen discovery of the season? Only time can answer that question! But definitely established is the real distinction of the début performance of this dark-haired girl with the smouldering eyes, in the rôle of the tragic little nightclub performer who is cast off by the brilliant lawyer in “Crime Without Passion,” the Hecht-MacArthur drama, in which Margo, formerly known only as an interpreter of the dances of her native Spain, shares leading prominence with Claude Rains and Whitney Bourne, the latter also making a distinguished début. At the left is a scene showing this accomplished trio in a dramatic moment.
MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores do tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here’s why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a pure soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won’t flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and runs!

And here’s a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other “silk stocking” soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you’re at your grocer’s merely say, “A box of Ivory Flakes, please.”

IVORY FLAKES • 99 4/100% PURE

"LADY, WHY YO’ LEAVE dis chile wif me?” gasps Sam. "Yo’ train goin’ soon."

"Where’s the station drug store? Where’s my head?” demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry’s cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o’ time,” says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she’s goin’ to keep yo’ 99 44/100% pure."

"PURITY IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES” SAY DOCTORS

"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?” asks Mrs. Gibson softly. "Sure!“ says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honey-moon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we’d both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It’s still the finest complexion soap,” declares Mrs. Gibson. "Absolutely!” agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo’ sho’ is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo’ use must be pow’ful strong. Why doan yo’ use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo’ to?"
SCREENLAND takes you on informal, “different” visits to Hollywood’s most charming homes! Here May Robson shares her secrets of hospitality

By Betty Boone

MAY ROBSON lives in a red-roofed white bungalow on a homely tree-shaded street where the neighbors all live in pretty bungalows, too, with strips of neat green lawn before their doors. Her house has iron grilles in the windows and yellow-painted window sills, and in a row outlining the entire front of the house are pots of rose-pink geraniums set as closely as possible.

There’s a leather thong to be pulled instead of a doorbell to be pushed. (“That rings an old Mexican cowbell in the kitchen,” explained Miss Robson, “We couldn’t have a modern doorbell in a Spanish house!”)

The entrance hall is L-shaped, and looks like a conservatory because it is so filled with tall potted palms, cactus in variety, flowers, all kinds, from exotic blooms with long Latin names to huge Shasta daisies, growing in window boxes, in flower baskets, in green and yellow and orange pots.

Comfortable cushioned bamboo chairs and painted tables, little and big, are set in the base of the L, one side of which is all windows, looking out on a patio, an inner court surrounded by the walls of the house.

In one of the bamboo chairs, her soft white hair silhouetted against the window, sat Miss Robson, sewing on a man’s silk tie.

“My dear, it wouldn’t matter when you dropped in
here, you'd find me making Christmas ties!" she greeted me, "I begin on the first of January and I'm still doing it on the 31st of December. Look, these are all I have cut out now." She indicated a dozen stripes of silk crepe in varying hues, piled, not in a haphazard work-box, but in a long, neat box lid. "My husband once said to me: 'I don't know why it is but I never cut off ties big enough for my neck!'

"You can't?" I cried. 'Well, I'll fix that!' So I began to make them myself and he liked them so well that he told other people, and here I am still making them for every man I know—if I like him well enough. You see, I put my name inside—" she exhibited a neatly inscribed label—"and between you and me, I think they just say like the ties so they can hang 'May Robson' around their necks.

All Hollywood knows that the jolliest holiday celebrations are held at "Mizzie May's," as her friends call Miss Robson, in these parts.

"On Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, we always have open house here and invite every boy and girl who happens to be living where it isn't possible to cook a big holiday dinner," she explained. "It's not charity, it's just a jolly for my friends. Last year there were eighty of them. From four till ten, we served dinner on little tables set all over the house and out in the parlors— it was warm enough, remember? The boys washed dishes, whenever we needed clean plates, and after it was all over, and the girls put the things away, you never saw such a merry-making!

"I'm not a prohibitionist, but I'm for temperance. I never serve liquor, and the boys and girls know that, so they are prepared to drink tea or coffee, either hot or iced, hot chocolate, lemonade, ginger ale or orange juice. Then there's always plenty of milk on hand for the babies—there's always several babies!

"We—when I say 'we' I mean my friend Lillian Harmer and I—she's been with me all these years—we order in turkeys, hams, spaghetti, bread and butter, pies and cakes and so on, and everyone comes to join us. We try to have the very best of holiday food that people expect. But there's one thing I serve that nobody else does, because they can't make 'em, and that's my famous fifteen minutes pickles. Wait—I want you to taste them!"

Maude, the cook, one broad, beaming dusky smile, brought in a dish of pickles and I tried one—and the pickle justified the smile.

"This is the way to make them," went on my hostess, her brown eyes dancing. "Put your cucumbers on ice for two hours before you begin, so that they will be crisp. Then you peel off part of peeling in strips, leaving alternate strips on, and cut them in slices one-quarter inch thick. Take some small pickling onions—if you can't get them small enough, cut them up in small pieces. Take a stalk of celery and cut into one inch pieces and a green pepper cut into small pieces. Put all these solids into your jar, I use a big bean pot myself, with a tightly fitting lid.

"Then I take 2 tablespoonsful of white pickling spice—it must not be the ground kind, quarter teaspoon of vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of salt, (leave the sugar and salt to taste, because some vinegar is very strong), then pour the liquid over the fire until it comes to a boil, then let it cool for 5 minutes, put it back until it boils again, then take it off and pour the liquid over the solids in the bean pot and put the lid on tight.

"It's the steam that cooks it, and takes the onion taste out of it, so that you can (Continued on page 86)
**All hers!**

.. yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

**Direct Cleansing**

Listerine Tooth Paste does cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in Direct Contact with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

**See and Feel the Difference**

You can feel the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually feel cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they look whiter.

**Try It One Week**

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
An Open Letter to Baby LeRoy

DEAR BABY LEROY:

Why don’t you pick on somebody your own size?

First you terrorize poor W. C. Fields and make him so nervous he can hardly play in a scene with you. He never knows when you will tap him over the head with a rattle—or if there’s no rattle handy, a hammer will do. The whole studio cringes when you come to work. They’re all in your power. For a good reason, too.

With Garbo it’s “I think I go home.” With Hepburn it’s haughty plane trips to New York. With Dietrich it’s silence. But with you—what a weapon you have! With you it’s tears. And when Baby LeRoy begins to cry, work stops, strong directors tear their hair, actors break down, and beautiful leading ladies sob in sympathy. You have them right where you want them and well you know it!

What a way to get actors upset! When you were cast in this new picture with Lee Tracy, maybe you had a few doubts that you would be able to hold your own as easily as you did with W. C. Fields—own up, now. So what did you do? You broke up Lee by bursting into tears whenever you had to do a scene together. Then, with Tracy all unstrung, you calmed down and stole the scene away from him.

Then Lee Tracy, I hear, made a face at you. Not that I blame him much. He had to defend himself somehow. Well, that was just what you wanted. You started crying all over again and put on such a good act that production had to be held up, which gave you a chance to go home and think up new ways to worry people.

“Baby” LeRoy! Machiavelli-Svengali-von-Sternberg LeRoy would be more like it. What a brain, what an ambition, what a power! From the day you broke Maurice Chevalier’s watch in “A Bedtime Story” you have swept all before you. Of course, to be great one must be ruthless, and I suppose you realize this and consequently have no pity for your supporting cast. Chevalier has never seemed quite so gay and carefree to me since you stole his picture from him. Good old Bill Fields seems to have a hunted look. But as for you, you forge ahead, grabbing bigger and better roles, reams of publicity, and the ecstatic gurgles of women everywhere.

But there may be a day of reckoning. Fans are clamoring to see you co-starred with Shirley Temple. If the clamor is loud enough, the producers may listen. And then, Baby LeRoy, watch out! It takes a picture thief to catch a picture thief, and Shirley knows a few tricks herself.

Delight Evans
The stars are turning practical! No longer does the thousand dollar a week actor spend fifteen hundred to keep his place in the sun, or the three thousand per actress expend that much and more to stock her wardrobe with the season's latest. The wild-buying figure of Hollywood belongs to another era.

Of course, many of Hollywood's greatest have practiced pet economies for years, such as saving pretty boxes or picking up paper clips or putting away string. Everyone has some such habit. What Hollywood has done in these past few months is really set out to save. And those making the most money are among the foremost to indulge in this new fad.

Take Miriam Hopkins, for instance. Her income runs well into six figures every year. Yet she demanded that her landlord cut her rent in two, or she would move. It wasn't that she couldn't afford to continue paying what she doled out each month. Not that at all. But she had observed that many of her friends, who lived in as luxurious quarters as she, were paying only about one-half of her rental price. Hence, her peremptory notice.

Those familiar with Joan Crawford's handwriting will recognize her signature on bank slips, business envelopes, checks and the like. For Joan is now handling her own business and secretarial affairs.

During the past four years, the actress has employed the same secretary to perform these routine duties. When this man had a chance to better himself, however, Joan readily assented, glad of the opportunity to cut down her monthly payroll. She couldn't possibly dismiss a man who was giving excellent service. She could not dispense with the services of a night-watchman...
Picture people can be practical! They are proving it. Read this story for the real facts!

By Whitney Williams

or a cook. So now her household overhead is less and Joan finds that with a little extra effort she is able to manage her own affairs effectively.

Richard Barthelmess owns a spacious and beautifully furnished home in Beverly Hills. Local residents point to it with pride. But does the star hold forth amid such surroundings? He does not. He leases this residence, for which he receives a considerable rental fee each month. In the meantime, he lives the year around in his modest beach house at Malibu, with the exception of that particular period when he is making a picture. Then, he rents a small apartment in town. Another economy credited to Barthelmess is the fact that he still drives the same convertible coupe he purchased seven years ago.

Even if Lew Ayres wished to spend a great deal of money—and his salary is sufficient to warrant the purchase of any little thing like a yacht or a ranch—he could not lay out more than a very few dollars each week. He has an agreement with his business manager whereby that individual will allow him only a modest sum weekly, the remainder of his pay check going into a trust fund. His drawing account is so small as to prohibit any foolish expenditure.

Bruce Cabot, the up and coming young actor who rapidly is gaining a fan following, is another whose money goes into a trust fund. Regardless of how much he needs the cash, the bank will not permit him to draw on that account. Joan Harlow set a new style when she appeared at a smart evening affair in a thirty-five dollar dress. By shopping around, she had picked up an evening frock for that price, and so favorably did it compare with other gowns at the same party that now she seldom pays more than that figure.

Joan Bennett, who formerly seldom invested less than seventy-five dollars in a gown, now buys them for $1275 at a little Hollywood shop. She considers it silly to pay more for the average garment, especially a summer dress, for the following season it will be out of style. Occasionally, the actress will spend more for an evening gown, but these occasions are rare. It is notable that on her recent trip to Paris, Joan did not purchase a single article of clothing—waiting rather, until she returned to Hollywood.

Constance, her sister, has budgeted her household expenses to the nth degree. Ever one to watch the (Continued on page 88)
WHEN I first came to Hollywood, over three years ago, Myrna Loy was the last person I wanted to meet. I was sure she smelled of cheap incense, ate chop suey, and smoked perfumed cigarettes from long jade holders. I didn't know what she really looked like because every time I had seen her on the screen she was so completely wrapped up in veils, or old mandarin robes, that I began to suspect that hers was neither the face nor the figure that launched a thousand ships. A leaky Chinese sampan would be about her speed.

I had seen Myrna play, Lucrezia Borgia's head lady poisoner in "Don Juan" and thought, "My, my, what an unpleasant person to have around the house." I had seen her doing a Sin Toy—"Me China girl. Me likee Melican man"—in one of the "Fu Manchus" (the phooeyest one, I imagine)—and had rushed home and written a letter to Mary Pickford begging her to return to the screen. Then, too, there was the premiere of "The Black Watch" at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood. Myrna, completely done up in miles of veils—that preferred to string rather than flow—played a nasty little Sorceress of the Hills named Yas Minnie. Well, when dozens of Fox extras disguised as soldiers and peasants and things began to shout, "Yah, Minnie," I became slightly convulsed, and so did the audience, and for months after that Myrna Loy, the pride of the
As She Was!

La Loy in her “Fu Manchu” days—one of the phooeyest, according to Elizabeth Wilson.

Manchus, was only “Yah, Minnie” to me. That was over three years ago. Today I had rather spend an hour with Myrna Loy, and watch that provocative smile of hers, than dine with Greta Garbo, dance with Clark Gable, or sit in the moonlight with Herbert Marshall. I’d even give up hearing Ethel Merman sing “Eddie was a Lady,” or Carole Lombard discuss Sex, to see a Myrna Loy picture. I have seen “The Thin Man” three times, but am quite sure that some day I shall just have to see Myrna with the ice bag on her head, and hear her say, “I was a gleam in my father’s eye” just one more time. So when the editor of Screenland told me that I might write a story about Myrna I went into such a blissfully unconscious daze that I paid the rent, reached for the check, (and at the Vendome too, tsch, tsch), and snubbed four fan writers.

I believe it was the day I was interviewing Jean Harlow in her dressing-room on the Metro lot that I first made a startling discovery about Myrna and quickly became so Loy-conscious that three stars on the Paramount lot dropped me from their dinner list. With a “S-s-s-shush” to me Jean made a dash for her dressing-room door, and sort of peeked from between the curtains. “There goes my ideal,” she sighed. “If only I could look like that! She’s the most glamorous person on the screen.” Jean sank dejectedly into a chair and snarled at her own beautiful face in the mirror.

“Garbo?” I shrieked, wondering what the Swede was doing so far from her own runway. But as I opened the door frantically I saw no one in sight but Myrna Loy, looking something elegant in a little whimsy whipped up by Adrian. There really was an air about Myrna. I gaped like a fan with an autograph book. “Jean,” I exclaimed, “you are right. Myrna is glamorous. Why, she’s actually sophisticated. Fancy that, my poor little Yah Minnie has turned into a sophisticate!”

“—and not like your sophistication,” or Joan Crawford’s, or Norma Shearer’s, or Carole Lombard’s,” I continued. “It’s a new kind of sophistication. It’s honesty, that’s what it is!”

“Well, as I was saying—” Jean interrupted. “Say, are you listening? Maybe you’d rather go interview Myrna Loy? Well, I don’t blame you. Tell her that I think she is so glamorous that I die with envy every time I look at her—and look at her every chance I get.”

All night long I thought about it. Myrna really was the epitome of sophistication—but the new sophistication. Our own little Myrna, who had been playing around in pictures for seven years, and had been a contact player on practically every lot in Hollywood: Myrna with her freckles, and her reddish hair, and her greenish eyes, and her figure that wasn’t perfect; Myrna with her friendly smile and warm handshake and natural voice—why, Myrna Loy, I suddenly realized, had more sophistication in her little finger-tip than all those picturesque beauties of Hollywood. All the exotic ladies of the screen, those who pride themselves on their sophistication, have all had to have “props,” or tricks, or publicity. (Continued on page 95)
Joan sponsors black and white! Her black tafeta hostess gown here is dotted with white, with white touches at belt and collar. See those sleeves!

Crawford wears those clothes in "Chained," her new picture in which she co-stars with Clark Gable. Her close-up, left, below, shows her new hair clips.

Edited by Joan Crawford
Joan believes in glitter if it is achieved as cleverly as in her white Adrian gown, shown at the right. The gorgeous fringe follows the just as gorgeous Crawford curves, and Joan the actress rejoices; for she has long emphasized the importance of costumes to carry out the mood, the emotion of the moment.

Black—rich, irresistible black of soft velvet and shining feathers, relieved only by the square fastenings of flashing rhinestones! This is the gown for “an entrance,” such as only Crawford can make! Wearing it, Joan is a girl Goya would have loved to paint!

Crawford’s new clothes credo: let us be definite! Joan shows you her latest Adrian costume creations

Sculpture in silk! This black and white gown, posed so glamorously for you by Joan, is one of Adrian’s most interesting designs. Note the peplum, and don’t overlook Joan’s curly coiffure.
Artist and Business Man!

Learn how Fredric March achieves that happy combination!

By Shelby Moore

One of the most joyously crazy people on earth—on screen or off—is Fredric March. To talk to him or watch him on the screen, you wouldn't think he had a brain in his head. You'd credit him with having about as much business sense as Mickey Mouse.

Yet this same Freddie has recently signed a contract with Twentieth Century that is a seven days' wonder in Hollywood. It calls for only four pictures a year and contains all sorts of fancy provisos, including a portable dressing-room such as most stars have to furnish for themselves.

As a starter on this contract, they have presented him with co-starring parts in "The Affairs of Cellini" with Constance Bennett, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Norma Shearer, and "We Live Again" with Anna Sten.

And that's Freddie for you. Not an idea in his head, apparently, and yet he goes gayly on garnering more than his fair share—not only of money but of what is more important to his career—good parts.

I swear, I can't understand it! It's so contrary to my knowledge of and mental picture of him.

I remember one day about four years ago after he had made his big initial hit in pictures. His career had started to backslide in a rather alarming manner. We sat in his dressing-room at Paramount and discussed his anaemic future, as he packed to go to New York.

He was as nearly in the dumps as I have ever seen him. "I don't know what to do," he muttered. "I go into the front office and jaw and jaw, and reason and reason, and they 'yes' me and go right on giving me futile parts that afford me no opportunity to show what I can do. It's a cinch unless something happens, they won't take up my option, because at the rate I'm going I won't be worth the money they'll have to pay me."

"Are you saving any money, Freddie?" I queried.

The question wasn't as idle as it seemed. I didn't like to discourage him but there were few people who had made the hit he had at the start of the talkies and then dropped as deep into the rut of mediocrity. And, once you've started slipping, it's harder to come back than to make an original start. It seemed to me his career was over almost before it had started. I hoped he'd saved while he could.

"You're damned right," he nodded. "I didn't take a course in commerce at college for nothing."

I took all that with a grain of salt. I knew how nicely the Marches lived and it didn't seem possible to me that they could save. I concluded that, as far as business went, he was just another actor—and actors are notoriously poor business men.

One day I suddenly realized that Freddie was one of the few actors on the lot whose option was being picked up every year—and at the increase called for. It's true, the last year he was there the executives tried to talk him into staying on at his old (Continued on page 86)

Here's an actor who has won highest honors for superb performances, and has also gained great financial success. Freddie, above, as he appears in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
SUCCESS in any line of business is an elusive goal. It perches away up there in the distance, apparently as unachievable as the silver lining of clouds in the sky.

Success in motion pictures is even more remote than in most fields of endeavor. One person achieves it: one thousand fail in their efforts. And after several years of puzzled contemplation, I can’t see that beauty, personality, ability, and brain-power have a great deal to do with the matter.

Take Gloria Stuart, for instance. At her home the other night or so, I sat in silent retrospect while Gloria reviewed her screen fate to date.

“IT’S very far away from Hollywood,” she said to me. “I’m really looking for myself. I’ve run into a problem which, I’ll admit, has me guessing for an answer.

“I seem to be getting nowhere, fast. Why? The answer to that why is my problem.

“Once, appearance, ability, and camera presence may not be such as to startle the world, but they are at least the equal of other girls who seem to be getting quite a lot more from Hollywood than I am. I’ve shown no great genius in acting, but I know others who have shown no greater talent, yet who are far ahead of me on the mythical ladder that leads to fame.

“I’m not,” Glory hastened to explain, “complaining of my lot in Hollywood. There’s food on my table and money in the bank. But something more important is missing, and that something is the satisfaction I’d like to feel for having done a task worth while.

“I’ve been continually cast in parts and pictures which require little acting ability, and which any so-so pretty girl could fill. I started out in this business with a bang—but lately it has seemed to me that the bang was all noise and no actual achievement. What’s wrong with me? Why don’t I go places in the movie business?”

As I stated at the start of this story, success is an elusive goal. Gloria’s plight isn’t new to Hollywood. Scores of girls have been in the same position. But few of those thousands compare favorably with Miss Stuart. Gloria says, “I’m no raving beauty,” but if she isn’t, she certainly comes as close to being one as anyone in the film capital. She has what photographers describe as a rare “camera face”—a face that can be photographed from any angle to real advantage. I have had several cameramen tell me that it is a joy to them to have Miss Stuart as a subject for their lens-artistry.

Without attempting to eulogize Gloria’s beauty, let me note in passing that she was famed for her physical attractions long ere she reached Hollywood. She was the favorite model of the West’s most exclusive colony of artists and sculptors.

Gloria Stuart, then, is not lacking in beauty. Again quoting her, she says, (Continued on page 77)
Confessions of a Celebrity-Shooter!

By Dorothy Manners

The first question invariably asked a Hollywood news cameraman is: "Are the stars nice about posing for you boys who jump out at them when they're getting married or divorced or dining in public, or do you have to catch those pictures in the face of a lot of explosive temperament?"

My answer to that is: "Name your stars!"

If you're dealing in percentages...
Hollywood news cameramen see the stars at their best and worst! Here's what they think!

I'd say a good eighty percent of the players are swell about giving us a picture even with a fork half-in, or half-out, of their mouths. I don't know of a single case of a Hollywood news cameraman who has ever had his camera broken in attempting to get an informal picture. (I understand the New York boys aren't so lucky. Just the other day I read where Katherine Hepburn's father chased a cameraman for blocks after the fellow tried to get a "snatch view" of Katherine's family.) But as a general rule we Hollywood snappers have been pretty lucky in avoiding actual physical violence in getting out pictures.

Greta Garbo, of course, is Hollywood's hardest star to photograph. She just won't pose, and what you get of Greta, you get on the run with your, and her, coat tails flying. But at that, I think Greta has a far greater sense of humor than the interviewers have ever led you to believe.

One day I ran smack into Garbo, face to face, as she came out of the Hotel Roosevelt dining room. It was pretty late in the afternoon and my camera was in my car, parked down the street. Greta must have recognized me as one of the many cameramen who have dogged her steps for years, for the moment we clamped eyes on one another we both started running like inspired rabbits—Greta, for her car, and I, for my camera! When we reached the street the traffic signal was against us, but did that stop me, and my girl friend? Not on your life! Irate motorists honked violently, and leaned out of their cars to yell as the Swedish Sphinx and I went darting shoulder to shoulder through the traffic. It was about a block to the parking station and I mean to tell you that Greta can run! I was panting like a winded amateur before we'd gone half the distance, but Garbo was making it full steam ahead.

Suddenly she began to laugh, and I mean, really laugh! She could hardly catch her breath. I had to laugh, too. So there we were,

(Continued on page 82)
Two or three years ago an Englishman upset Hollywood and its liege lords, not by what he did, but by what he did not do. He wouldn't take their money. That was all. But that was enough! That was a cross between treason and insanity in the land of genius and hokum. But when the alienists had finished examining him, they had to report Leslie Howard sound. He simply preferred doing a stage play now and again, between pictures.

Not long ago another Britisher set the town talking. This time it was Charles Laughton, robust star of "The Private Life of Henry the VIII."

Laughton not only refused Hollywood gold but he turned down lucrative stage offers besides, in order to appear at the tradition-steeped, moss-covered Old Vic, London's home of the classical drama. Immediately one sets forth that this theatre houses classics, one need hardly add that it is such an artistic theatre that it is not interested in making money. Yet Laughton, at the top of his stride, chose to play there for an entire season for a mere pittance rather than sign a Hollywood contract running into six figures. Howard at least received his due for stage services. Laughton was paid the nominal fee parcelled out to the rest of the co-operative players.

Wondering precisely what manner of man this fellow might be I made my way to Culver City to find out. He had just finished portraying the wicked Mr. Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and he still seemed a bit depraved, a bit craven, yet withal chuckling and hearty when he chose. He is an extraordinary actor, an unusual individual, an unforgettable figure.

He is thirty-four, egotistical in a quiet, inoffensive manner, inordinately proud of his wife's acting ability, and forty pounds overweight. He is a gross-looking colossus who talks wittily, rowdily, intelligently as any actor you'll meet in a grand tour of the studios.

For an actor who has been acclaimed by his colleagues as the screen's best, Laughton is singularly unaffected, simple, direct. Most big people are, of course.

"Irving Thalberg is the cleverest person in this field," he said decisively. "I am sure that he is infused with a spark of divine genius."

He thought Adolphe Menjou's work outstanding in "Little Miss Marker." He disliked "Cavalcade" because to him it seemed tiresome (Continued on page 78)
Read about the couple who are as interesting off-screen as any of their famous characterizations!

I've met the prankish *Anne of Cleves*—Elsa Lanchester, in real life! And I found her a human prism, flashing so many sides of a radiant personality that the hours flew by on swift wings in her presence.

Elsa is the wife of Charles Laughton, who rose to international fame in "The Private Life of Henry the VIII." This was the picture also that introduced her so happily to American audiences, for as *Anne of Cleves* Miss Lanchester shone brilliantly. Especially will she be remembered for that priceless scene in the bridal chamber when she bested the King, in the card-game battle.

Naturally, we spoke of "Henry the VIII." And of their success in it.

"Odd," she gaily laughed, "what that one film did for us both. When we were in Hollywood a year or so ago we were unknown and had a very lonely time. Charles was considered just a fat actor whom producers found difficult to cast. I had no rating at all. But now it is different. He proved what a superb artist he is and there are more fine parts lined up for him than he can ever play. It looks as if we would divide our time between London and Hollywood, for the next couple of years, which pleases us for we adore your California with its glorious sunshine and its ideal climate.

"Oh, yes, making 'Henry the VIII,' was a glorious experience, but truly none of us had any idea it would turn into such a sweeping triumph.

"After working two days on the picture I refused to go on until I could develop an accent for my rôle of *Anne of Cleves*. It was ridiculous that a girl from a royal German house should be speaking exactly like the English queens.

"Of course, accents are part of an actress' training but I had to evolve one quickly so as not to hold up production. Do you know where I got it? From Alexander Korda, our famous director. But—he doesn't know it to this day. He doesn't even think he has an accent.

"I used to ask him to read my lines and then carefully memorized them exactly as he spoke them, and while he is Hungarian, not German, I secured a stage accent in my dialogue that gave realism to the part."

It is very easy to discover that Miss Lanchester has two abounding enthusiasts: her husband and her

(Continued on page 79)

Below, Charles Laughton in character for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Above, the memorable impersonation of Henry VIII, the part for which Laughton was awarded the Academy prize for acting.

Right, Charles Laughton with the trophy for acting. Below, as Nero in "The Sign of the Cross," the C. B. DeMille screen spectacle.

Step into Success!

By Maude Cheatham
“Tell me,” writes the Editor of Screenland, “about the moments in Hollywood that stand out in your mind. With all the people you know out there you must have had some pretty interesting experiences. You must have had moments you’ll never forget!”

Have I? I’ll say I have! And some others I’d like to forget.

The first person who flashes across my mind is Richard Arlen. But when I think of him I can remember enough moments to fill an article by itself.

If I live to be a thousand I’ll never forget one Sunday afternoon last fall down at Palm Springs. The Arlens and Crosbys had taken a place together there for the season. Among the guests was Dick’s Dutch large dog, Jill, who resembles nothing so much as a thoroughly drowned rat. Well, Jill was—er—expectant. Dick gave the dog no peace. He had decided she was going to have her litter that afternoon and have it she would if he had to blast.

There was no veterinary in town and nobody paid much attention to Dick. We went on with our backgammon, bridge, etc. Suddenly Dixie Lee Crosby and I, in the midst of an argument over a backgammon game—(Dixie said I cheated)—were startled to see Dick going through the room clad only in swimming trunks and carrying a tired old razor blade in his hand.

“What you going to do with that?” I asked, the bathroom being in the opposite direction from that he was taking and also knowing he’d just shaved that morning.

“I’m going to perform a Caesarian operation on Jill,” he announced calmly.

“You’re crazy!” I gasped. And as I saw that do-or-die look in his eye, I added weakly, “What do you know about operations?”

“You forget my son was brought into the world that way,” Dick informed me in measured tones, “I’ve heard enough about how it’s done, haven’t I? I’m not going to let that little dog suffer.”

You can’t tell me dogs don’t understand. Jill’s blessed event occurred then and there, and today Jill’s puppies are privileged pets in the Arlen household.

Last summer, Dick, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie and I had been on Arlen’s yacht for ten days. We wound up at Catalina. Gary’s manager, Jack Moss—variously known as “The Colonel” and “Spanish Jack”—flew over...
to join us. As he weighs a good 260 pounds and had his bags with him, there wasn't room for all of us to go ashore to greet him. Dick rowed over to fetch him, while Cooper, Oakie, and I remained aboard as a welcoming committee.

Presently Skipper and guest drew alongside. "Ahoy!" yelled Moss very nautically and dramatically.

"Dip the colors!" Oakie, equally dramatic, yelled to no one in particular.

"What colors?" Coop woke up to inquire.

"Any colors." Jack yelled and turned indignantly to me: "Where's your uniform?"

I seized a pea jacket of Dick's—about three sizes too large for me—and a commodore's cap Jack had borrowed from the Paramount wardrobe department.

"The royal carpet," Jack ordered.

I grabbed a red, white, and blue bath towel and spread it over the companionway steps up which the Colonel must come.

"Stand at salutes," Jack commanded. We stood stiffly at attention as the Colonel prepared to come aboard.

Then tragedy laid its ugly hand on us. The Colonel grasped the companionway rail and prepared to step from the skiff to the landing. Being rather short, he had to lean slightly to grasp the railing. The skiff started skidding away. Maybe, as he afterwards explained, Dick was only working one oar trying to get the boat back alongside the companionway, but it seemed to me Mr. Arlen was pulling on both oars as hard as ever he could.

At any rate, the gap between the skiff and the yacht widened suddenly until the Colonel was stretched out as horizontally as any clothesline. When he was stretched to his utmost limit, with the skiff going everywhere but closer, he stepped daintily over the side into forty feet of water. The skiff, freed of his weight, shot ten or fifteen feet away from him.

Dick sat there holding his sides. Oakie was doubled up. Even I, sympathetic as I am by nature, could not but shout at the spectacle of the Colonel, as, like some gigantic cork, he bobbed helplessly up and down. He's so stout he couldn't sink.

Gary, whose friend and manager he is, leaned solicitously over the side of the yacht. "Can you swim?" he asked brightly.

When we finally got the (Continued on page 80)
The Search for Scenarios!

Here are the facts about the breath-taking race in which rival studios bid for screen material

By

Lester Gottlieb

by dollar. Then he snapped, "I'll fool 'em! Sign that Alcott woman and get her to write a sequel for us immediately!"

It wasn't exactly ignorance that prompted this command; it was desperation. Hollywood spends thousands—but thousands—in a single year on scenarios. Bright young authors have come back from California with gold mines that would have made their '49-er ancestors blush. A breath-taking race is being run every week, every hour, and every minute, among these frantic producers, in an effort to get the jump on new books, plays, and short stories. It's a never-ending search and a thrilling one. No wonder Mr. Shlumburg was exasperated! Radio Pictures, by the simple but sure process of ransacking through old masterpieces, recreated one of the greatest tales of all time, with the production of "Little Women." Now, like children in the game of Follow the Leader, the other companies have placed on their schedule more of these old-fashioned, sweet tales.

Mistakes are made, of course. Boners are pulled almost every day out where the Mae West begins. But when I begin to tell you what (Continued on page 74)
For a long time I have been carefully saving my superlative description. I wanted to reserve it for Louise Fazenda!

Now that M-G-M has signed this beloved actress on a long-term contract and has ambitions plans for her, she is news again. To her, many faithful fans all over the world, and to those of us who have had the privilege of knowing her personally, she never ceased to be important.

You can imagine, then, how glad I am to be able to say at last right out in print what I have always thought: she is the most interesting woman in Hollywood!

Remembering all the fascinating ladies in the movie business, this is a sweeping statement. I mean it to be. But before I attempt to show you why she deserves this distinction, I want to disclose some surprising facts about her. Behind Louise Fazenda's recent film hull and her present zoom into the big time is one of those stories which makes Hollywood the most perpetually astonishing place on the globe!

Everyone is delighted with her sudden skyrocketing to a brand new "high," because the warmth of her genial, unique personality has very definitely been missed on the screen, and because she is acknowledged by everybody who has met her as one hundred per cent swell as a person—companionable, genuine, and thoroughly human.

Did you know, though, that she originally went into pictures quite by accident? You recall her slapstick yesterday, but did you know she became a comedienne because she couldn't find work at Stanford University to pay her college tuition there? Or that, although her husband is production chief at one of the major studios, she has never mixed her career with her domestic life?

"I'm back on the band-wagon," declares Louise, "cause Fate just keeps on happening to me! A little over a year ago I thought I was finished!"

The inside tale is this. When she was at this low professional ebb, she chanced to see a prominent agents' agent at a beach party. "Who's handling you?" he asked her. Louise had parted with her former representative and, discouraged, hadn't sought a new one. "I'd like to gamble on you!" this discerning man exclaimed. "There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be busy. Sign with me and within a year you will have a contract again!"

Louise agreed. In Hollywood players don't dicker for rôles themselves; their agents are the formal go-betweens. She had nothing to lose.

Why she had ever faded from leading rôles remains a mystery, for she had made (Continued on page 96)
A New Katherine
"The Great"?

WHILE the official whooper-uppers chant the praises of Ketti Gallian, Rochelle Hudson, Patricia Ellis and Frances Drake, singling them out as the most promising Hollywood débutantes, this corner is strongly pro-DeMille, and we don't mean Cecil.

From the day we saw "Viva Villa" we have been putty in the hands of the darkling, voluptuously planned young beauty who played Pancho's bride of the week. There had been no advance ballyhoo about her. Her part was short. Yet she shared the honors with Bavery and Walthall. The program simply said she was Katherine DeMille.

So when we worked our way to Hollywood by pack train, pony express and caravan, one of the objects of the trip was to meet Miss DeMille, wish her well, and see if she was actually as ravishing as she filmed.

Over at Paramount they plotted a rendezvous for me. I was to meet Katherine at the studio, where she was getting costumed for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As soon as she came in the door, I was for her. She has that electric personality—smouldering but all the more vital for that—that ignites upon introduction. She is brunette and set up like a champ. Her handclasp is firm, her eyes flinty but bright, her mouth warm red. She is in her early twenties, but she has the poise of a woman of forty. In New York you would place her as a Park Avenue native. She has style, smartness, and sophistication.

We decided that the studio was a workaday place at best. Katherine was trying out a new car, so she suggested that we both try it, riding here and there, inspecting what high spots the town offered at three in the afternoon.

(Continued on page 73)
SO I up and says to Mrs. Wiggs, says I:

"Look here, Wiggsy, you can’t pull the wool over my eyes. First time I ever laid eyes on you back in New York you were a fallen woman. Called yourself Anna Christie then, didn’t you? Seen you play some mighty bad women since then, too. How come you to give up Eugene O’Neill for Alice Hegan Rice?"

Mrs. Wiggs looked real hurt and indignant.

"Lan’ sakes, feller," she retorted, "don’t you think a body ever gits tired of bein’ a bad woman? Reckon I got a right to reform if I feel the urge. Land of Goshen, there’s some good in all of us! Mrs. Wiggs is more my kind anyway, ain’t she, Norman?"

Pauline Lord turned to her director, Norman Taurog, for verification. We three were seated on three rickety chairs in an incredibly ramshackle shack, on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. We were in the “Cabbage Patch.”

The director looked at me solemnly.

"Pauline is right," he said, "Mrs. Wiggs has come clean!"

Then he laughed: “Can you imagine the irony of it? (As that great philosopher Durante would say.) Here is Pauline Lord, who is famous on the stage for her dramatic portrayals of fallen women, making her motion picture debut in the first ‘good woman’ role she has played in many years!”

Sure I could imagine it! Anything can happen in Hollywood. On the white waves of purity that are rolling over movietown these days, Pauline Lord is fairly sure to ride to triumph in the (Continued on page 76)
LIVE NOWHERE! .. REVEL ANYWHERE! .. LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her ... whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!

CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES
LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE
C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
NOAH BEERY

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart ... haunting you for days to come!

Executive Producer: Robert T. Kane
Directed by Erik Charell
From a story by Melchior Lengyel
Music by Werner Richard Leymann
In case you don't know who this is & better sign my name — Shearer

SCREEN star gets gay with her fans! Here's Norma Shearer's selection of her most recent portrait sitting, with her own idea in autographs—for YOU! Latest in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series of personally inscribed star photographs.
LESLEIE HOWARD is the subtle romantic hero of many women's dreams—and he is a bit of a dreamer himself, don't you know! Somehow, whether on stage or screen, in London or Hollywood, he has a way of making his dreams come true.
THE pugnacious Irish-American sock-'em-and-enslave-'em boy is branching out! Some day, we hope, he will have an opportunity to prove that he can be quite as adept at finesse as at fisticuffs. In other words, a real actor, this James Cagney.
Ah, there, Danilo! We know you and think your gold braid and roguish smile are mighty becoming to Maurice Chevalier! As to you, Maurice! You have the part of your life, and such a lovely Sonia to court and waltz with and sing to! Why shouldn't you wear your famous smile?

A Sonia to the fans' taste, and there's nothing more complimentary to be said to or about any star of the screen, Jeanette! Like Maurice over there, your smile is too convincing for us to doubt that you are glad to be The Merry Widow.

The Merry Widow Waltz—here we have it with all its grace, rhythm, and romance. There at the left are Jeanette and Maurice at the climax of the dance famed around the world, caught by a "stop action" camera which enables us to show you precisely how it's done.
TWO HEARTS THAT DANCE TO WALTZ TIME!

Maurice and Jeanette! We've waited watchfully for you as the lovers the whole world loves!

Merry indeed is The Merry Widow as she poses for you at the right, in a creation of flame-colored taffeta.

Left, another pose by Jeanette Mac-Donald in her beautifully quaint Merry Widow costume.

The world famous lovers in close-up, right. A happy moment for Danilo and Sonia.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in “Broadway Bill”
That great actress, Shirley Temple, is just a farm girl at heart!

Ah, me! After you've slaved away at emotional scenes in a motion picture studio there's nothing like the simple life—at least for a change, says Shirley.

What the well-dressed farmerette should wear! La Temple brings the sunbonnet out of hiding as a chapeau for the stylish sub-sub-deb.

No Pekingese, Pomeranians, or dachshunds for the great big little star of the screen. St. Bernard or nothing! P.S. Shirley got the St. Bernard.
Welcome Home, Helen!

"Home" is where your best part is, and right now Hollywood is offering you some grand new roles: first, "Vanessa," by Hugh Walpole, to be followed by the immortal Maggie Shane in "What Every Woman Knows." Stick around, Helen Hayes!
WHILE he is off on a jaunt around the world with his family, his new films are working for him! Will Rogers is the new king of the cinema theatres, with pleased patrons piling up profits for his clean pictures. Very latest, "Judge Priest," by Irvin Cobb.
The Movie Camera
Looks at Love!

A boy, a girl, a lake, a canoe—the treat awaits you in the new production with Fay Wray and Joel McCrea, above.

Then there's love with a smile to flavor the tenderness, as at the right—Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin.

Why, here's Joel McCrea again, and with another charmer—Miriam Hopkins! Above, happy lovers as called for by the script of the production which will bring these two stars together on the screen.

Screen fans thrilled to the announcement of Garbo and Herbert Marshall as an acting duet, and here they are, right, in a scene together, portraying love that is mature, intense, touched with sadness.
Surely you can find your ideal of romance here! And personified by some of your greatest favorites, too!

Romance fired with the gusto of youth as you will see it in Jean Parker's first starring picture. Above, James Dunn and Jean. Like 'em?

"By popular request!" Yes, John Boles and Irene Dunne are reunited on the screen as romantic figures in another dramatic production. Above you see them in character.

Left, Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan are perfect support for one another in this scene in the film in which Bob plays a city slicker and Maureen the girl.

Ah, a "Kaydet" makes love, and those West Pointers haven't gained the reputation for being picturesque suitors, for nothing! Below we have Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler making it all very charming.

And who's this we have at the left, so charmingly romantic and with that love-light in their eyes? Why, the blonde and beautiful Marian Marsh and Eddie Nugent.

Demonstrative lady, reticent man! Right, Alice Brady as the lady who gives vent to her feelings and Edward Everett Horton as a shy chap, as they appear in support of dancing Fred Astaire.
IF YOU think that competitive cinema champions glare at each other every chance they get, gaze on Gable and Bob Montgomery, who not only admire each other's acting but enjoy going "skeet" shooting together.

Rivals? Rot! Says Gable
ONE of America's most distinguished actors, Henry Hull, now casts his lot with the films. His first will be "Great Expectations," from the Charles Dickens novel.

Here's Hull!

Here's Hamilton!

YOU know Neil! Always suave and satisfying! His pride and joy is his three-year-old daughter, Patricia Louise. His new picture? "What Ladies Dream," with Binnie Barnes.
THOUGH brief, as "retirements" go, Virginia Bruce's absence from the screen was all too long, as the fair and charming lady makes us realize in "Jane Eyre," the notably sincere screen version of the Bronté novel.
Why Any Girl Can Be MORE ATTRACTIVE

A New Kind of Make-Up
Originated by Hollywood’s Make-Up Genius
Holds the Secret of

Lovely Beauty

The real testing laboratory of beauty is Hollywood. Daily, hundreds of screen tests are recorded. Daily, hundreds of make-up tests are made. And now for twenty-odd years, Max Factor, Hollywood’s genius of make-up, has worked intimately with the stars of the screen to discover new beauty secrets.

Now, out of this unique experience, Max Factor brings to you... to every woman... a new and original idea in make-up for every day.

It is color harmony make-up... because it is color, and color alone, as thousands of tests have proved, that can actually make natural beauty appear more ravishing, more youthful, more attractive. Yes, one may even appear ten years younger if correct color harmony is used.

But... color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor is amazingly different. It consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades that are scientifically and artistically perfected for each variation of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette types.

The face powder creates a satiny-smooth, clinging make-up. The rouge is lifelike in its natural coloring. The lipstick is the one that withstands every close-up test. And the color tones of each blend together in a beautiful harmony of color to create for you the lovely beauty of your own imagination.

Now this luxury, Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Until you test your color harmony in Max Factor’s Make-Up, you will never know how beautiful you can be. At all leading stores.

MaxFactor* Hollywood

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift!
Learn These Secrets of Make-Up!

For you, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony make-up chart and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up..." How to rouge a round face; how to rouged a thin face; how to conceal hollow cheeks; how to make up small eyes, thin lips, and many other valuable secrets. Mail the coupon now.

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FACE POWDER

In original color harmony shades that actually enhance the beauty of the skin... and there is a shade for your individual coloring. Perfect in texture, Max Factor’s Face Powder creates a satiny-smooth make-up that cling for hours and hours. One dollar.

ROUGE

In harmonizing colors to blend with your face powder and your colorings so to impart a youthful glow to your cheeks, Creamy-smooth in texture... Max Factor’s Rouge blends easily and smoothly... creating a soft, natural coloring. Fifty cents.

LIPSTICK

Super-Indelible, far in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip makeup, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor’s Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

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Barbara Stanwyck

For her colorings... dark auburn hair, creamy skin and blue eyes... the perfect color harmony make-up is Max Factor’s Brunette Face Powder, Bloodeen Rouge and Vermillion Lipstick.

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MaxFactor* Hollywood

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

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MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD JUST A TASTE is the manner for you to judge the true color harmony chart and Lipstick! You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Booklet. For complete information, see Max Factor’s Famous Hollywood Book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up.” FREE

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NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT CLEVELAND CINCINNATI ST LOUIS COLUMBUS MINNEAPOLIS PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE BOSTON WASHINGTON RALEIGH CHARLOTTE DALLAS ATLANTA PORTLAND SEATTLE DENVER PHOENIX SALT LAKE CITY UNION CITY L.A. ST. JOE'S WILMINGTON SATURDAY EVENING POST | 4-11-34
Study of a Slavic Siren!

OUR cover charmer, Anna Sten, is the subject not only of this beautiful portrait, but of the special story on the opposite page—first interview granted by the star in months, and the first to present her to you as an appealing woman as well as an actress.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street
M-G-M

The perfect picture! Sheer magic from first scene to last is Irving Thalberg's masterly screen version of the play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. It is Norma Shearer's finest achievement; Fredric March's most scintillating performance; Charles Laughton's most restrained work. Maureen O'Sullivan's personal triumph—in the most intelligent and high-hearted romance the screen has ever offered us. Not once does this picture disappoint, from the flawless account of the meeting of the invalid Elizabeth and the vital Browning, through her father's stern opposition to their love, to the final moving scenes in which Browning wins his bride. The Victorian scene is superbly realized. Never is a tawdry note permitted to intrude. It is life as you like to believe the Barretts and Mr. Browning really lived it; and it is rare romance that you can thrill to whether you are a brisk modern or just an old sentimentalist. Sidney Franklin has directed with even more than his customary charm and penetration, and he has the most inspired cast of the season. I mentioned Maureen O'Sullivan, as the heroine's spriightier sister, proves herself the brightest potential star among the younger actresses. She's a delight. All in all, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a cinema classic, perhaps the most intelligent motion picture so far made.

The Fountain
RKO-Radio

Fine, adult drama, this splendid screening of Charles Morgan's novel has power and pathos for picture-goers who appreciate quiet drama and charm of characterization. Seldom have I enjoyed a picture more, but I must warn you that "The Fountain" flows slowly, and you must be patient with the painstaking method in which director John Cromwell builds his situations and molds his moods. The detail of this screenplay is exquisitely, carefully wrought; and the tireless emotional conflict, when it does occur, is all the more potent. Briefly, the story concerns the lovely wife of a German officer, who falls in love with an Englishman during the war. The husband returns from the front badly wounded, and the wife is torn between—yes, you've guessed it—love and duty; but the old triangular theme is so beautifully handled that it becomes brilliant and fresh and fascinating. The players are superb, with Anna Harding throwing off her shackles and becoming once more an inspired actress; with Brian Aherne proving an actor of excellence; and Paul Lukas—he'll tear you to pieces with a performance second to none in screen annals—and you may quote me on that!

Cleopatra
Paramount

You won't be disappointed! Here is the master of spectacles, director Cecil B. DeMille, at his gaudiest and most glamorous. You've never seen such a glittering scene as that on Cleopatra's barge; it's beyond belief. But you'll enjoy it. And you've never met such a saucy heroine as Claudette Colbert's "Queen of the Nile"—incredible, but you'll love her! Shakespeare might have shuddered, but you'll probably gurgle, as I did, at the gay goings-on in Egypt and Rome when Cleopatra held sway over the noblest Roman of them all. The dialogue has a curious way of alternating between the raciness of Noel Coward and the resonance of the Bard of Avon, so sometimes you'll be a little confused, and the character of Cleo herself is always a little in doubt between a Mae West and a Marlene Dietrich; but this simply makes the picture more entertaining. It may not be good history but it's darned good DeMille; and personally, I demand DeMille movies as part of my film fare because they really move—you'll never see more stirring battle scenes, or triumphal processions. La Colbert, is more than ever dazzling and delicious. The "new" Henry Wilcoxon is decidedly interesting.

British Agent
Warner's

A new screen team, Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, make their bow in this picture, and I think you'll like them. The stormy beauty of Kay and the fine and sensitive romanticism of Mr. Howard are well matched, and their vehicle offers opportunity for full expression of their so-different talents. Bruce Lockhart's best-selling autobiography provides the background for the screen story, but don't expect all the realistic episodes of the book in the cinema translation, for you won't find them. Sorry! The adventures of a British agent in Russia during the war are colorfully recounted, but lack the authentic flavor of the original. Hollywood's cardinal sin is committed once more, i.e. thrusting the love affair of two persons ahead of world cataclysms in importance. Of course we all want to see our movie lovers live happily ever after, but there are a few little matters such as the Russian revolution that need faithful attention, too. However, the love scenes of the co-stars are admirably enacted, with sincerity and conviction, against the bewildering background, the glimpses of life in diplomatic circles interesting; and the cast, notably William Gargan and Ivan Simpson, efficient.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Meet more young hopefuls in this concluding article in the series introducing today's candidates for screen stardom

Frances Drake, and Helen Mack, who were recently boosted to featured roles by Paramount—(feature billing is just below stardom); Pat Paterson and Alice Faye, both of whom have been promoted to stardom by Fox; and others.

On this, our final tour, we will travel to Universal City, five miles outside of Hollywood, then back to the Columbia Studio, near the heart of Hollywood, and thence to the Radio Pictures Studio. Lots of traveling, so let's get going. We're off! Out Hollywood Boulevard past Sardi's, Warners' Theatre, the Roosevelt Hotel, Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Past Hollywood Bowl, the home of those celebrated symphony concerts under the stars. Over historic Cahuenga, and there,
Hoard the film "Mata Hari," she doubled for Greta Garbo. She earned fame as a dancer, was reported engaged to Max Baer, and made a success on the Broadway stage. June is five feet, five inches tall, has deep blue eyes, and taffy-colored hair. She weighs 119 pounds. You'll be seeing her soon in her latest picture, "Wake Up and Dream." All Hollywood is talking "Binnie Barnes" at the moment. Binnie is Universal's newest contractee, brought over from London. She has been on the English stage for several years, and more recently she has appeared in British-made motion pictures, among them "Down Our Street," "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and Gregory Ratoff's "Forbidden Territory." You may see her opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Return of Don Juan," when that London-produced film comes to our country.

Miss Barnes is five feet, six inches tall; she weighs 122 pounds, and she has dark brown eyes and reddish hair, which is bobbed. Universal is counting heavily on her future.

G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Roger Pryor loom as this studio's most promising newcomers, and, since the tragic and untimely death of Russ Columbo, the mainstays of Universal's young male talent now being groomed for stardom. That Universal chiefs are casting these actors with great care for their future development as popular personalities is a distinct advantage to them.

Returning to G. P. Huntley, Jr., we (Continued on page 92)
Radio Parade

Getting the intimate slant on stars of the ether by personal contact in and about the broadcasting studios!

By Tom Kennedy

Radio fans told Jack Benny he ought to be in pictures, and Hollywood producers agreed, so at the left you see Jack in a scene with Nancy Carroll for the new production!

JACK BENNY slumped into a deep-seated wing chair, pulled around him his dressing gown—of navy blue silk spangled with red dots about the size of a nickel—and yawned three times.

"Excuse me," he said.

I nodded. Why shouldn't I excuse him? This was the morning after, wasn't it? A chap certainly has a right to be yawny on a morning after, hasn't he?

With another yawn, Jack Benny acknowledged my generosity. Perhaps I'd better explain that this wasn't one of those "mornings after" that the impromptu medics behind the soda fountains minister to with draughts that fizzle and foam as though ill-content themselves with their lot in life. No! This was a morning after a Jack Benny broadcast. And if you don't think there is a "let-down" after the tension of preparing a show and sending it over the air, just try writing a script, rehearsing yourself and half a dozen others to perfect timing, gags, music and the other details of a radio show, and then putting it on!

But we Screenlanders didn't come up here to the Benny apartment to look at Jack yawning as he sat in a chair framed against the window which overlooked Central Park from twenty-one stories above street level, did we?

What we want to know is how does it feel to be on top in the new air industry, also star of a picture, "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," and preparing to star in a Broadway stage show.

"Well, I don't feel any different," Jack says as he straightens up and looks at us intently. "No different than I did when I was struggling along in my early vaudeville days. The only difference is, you worry more!"

And there you have it! I say, and you say, that Jack Benny and his wife Mary Livingstone, signed to radio contracts which place them among the highest paid performers on the air, when the picture and stage salaries are added, are "sitting pretty." Jack says he is more worried than ever. And maybe he's right about having plenty to worry over.

Consider for a moment what it means.

"I start the show about the time that my new radio series commences. Sunday, the one day of rest an actor can count on, I must do a broadcast—two broadcasts, for we are to repeat the program at a later hour for rebroadcasting from the coast stations."

"Well, how did you make out in Hollywood during the nine weeks there of making a picture?" we ask.

"It was all right," came the answer. "Something like a vacation, though I consider acting in pictures more difficult than either the stage or radio. You have so many mechanical or technical factors to consider—the camera, the microphone, camera lines marked out in chalk to watch out for without giving away the fact that you are watching out for them. There's lots to working in pictures, but I like it.

"I hope," he went on, "the (Continued on page 91)"
New Fashions in Faces!

Dolores Del Rio believes a complexion should be smooth as silk when worn with velvet!

By Josephine Felts

There are several good reasons for the new elegance in fashion. One of the best of them is the lady above!

THERE are new and exciting fashions in faces! The trend is all toward elegance: toward make-up colors that are clearer, brighter, toward provocative eyes that have fascinating things to say for themselves: toward velvety, satin-soft skins.

For elegance has come upon us in fashions in clothes, and faces must keep in step. The new fabrics glimmer and glow. There is the ripple of silks, the soft silence of velvet, the shine of satin, the sparkle of jewels and all things bright and glittering. Glamor is once more written in capital letters, both indoors and out.

It will pay you now to keep your eye on Dolores Del Rio, because she expresses this new passion for elegance to perfection. Her smoldering dark eyes, clear-cut face, full curved lips, soft black hair and face for clothes have made her a glamorous ideal the world over. A perfect brunette, vivid, modern, she is a fashion in herself. She is color, warmth, verve, tenderness, all in one. And in an era of contrast, sophistication, and elegance, she is High Fashion and well worth study.

But what does this mean to you and to me, I hear you ask. Elegance is all right. Glamor is all right. And Dolores Del Rio is very beautiful. But my nose turns up, your chin is too round, and Sue’s skin is anything but perfect. How about it?

It is true that being-made-beautiful is an individual matter. There are no rules that fit all faces. You must discover your own rules for yourself.

“Try to imagine me with baby blue eyes, and fluffy hair!” Dolores once said.

You are right, Lady. We can’t! What is more, we wouldn’t want to. And no more would we want to imagine you and you and you as something you are not. But discover the rules for your own best self. Apply them with care and you will be surprised how much better you look, how much happier you feel.

This season, if we would be in style and in tune with the world in which we live, our faces must keep pace with the new elegance in clothes. The skin must be clear, fine, and smooth; eyes made up with restraint but definitely glamorous, even in daytime; lips carefully outlined in full rich color. And perfume has a most important rôle to play.

Remember that the girl who is well groomed thinks of herself as a complete whole. She realizes that her appearance is only as lovely as the most unlovely thing about her. This is a hard lesson to learn. It is harder still to live up to. But it is the beginning of beauty wisdom.

Never make up so that your powder, rouge, or mascara are admired for themselves. That is to fail in the gentle art of beauty. The (Continued on page 81)
ACQUIRE that HOLLYWOOD FIGURE!

Follow the guidance given the screen stars! Our series, with complete and authentic exercises and advice by James Davies, Hollywood physical culturist, will help you if you'll help yourself!

This time we're going to talk about legs!
Just because hem lines no longer hover around the knees is no reason that you can afford to have a fourteen or fifteen inch knee measurement. Thick ankles can't be hidden under long skirts. I'm told that fashions for 1935 include skirts slit to the knee—front, back, or sides—and only the girl with the slender leg is going to feel comfortable in them. If you've been wearing shorts, in spite of bulges or angles, you know what I mean; and if you want to compare favorably with Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert, you'd better see what can be done to trim down or build up.

Screen stars pay particular attention to shapely legs, whether or not they happen to play roles that call for a display of them. Strange as it may seem, though, calls for help to me are usually concerned with building up too slender underpinnings. At present, Carole Lombard is coming to me because she thinks she needs a little more flesh on her too-slim legs.

For Carole, of course, I use massage, as well as exercise, but for those of you who cannot avail yourselves of the services of a masseur, I'd like to recommend the bicycle. It's one of the finest things in the world both for reducing and for building up, like swimming.

When you wish to build up the calf of your leg, take your bicycle riding easy and ride slowly, always remembering to breathe deeply. Start in and ride a little at a time, say, half a mile the first day; farther the second day and so on. But try to be regular about it. That goes for all exercise. If you bicycle for a week and then forget it for ten days and go to it again, you'll lose the benefit of the exercise.

As I said before, the bicycle is also an excellent vehicle for reducing. If your legs are too large, mount your bicycle and go in for the sport strenuously. This will tear down the fat quicker than anything else. For quick reducing, wear a pair of rubber bathing trunks under flannel shorts—this is a splendid reducer for hips and thighs, but you must go in for riding with all your might and main, if you are looking for swift results.

Bicycle riding is the finest thing in the world for weak or stiff ankles or fallen arches. Press the pedal into the ball of the foot, firmly, to get the best results. If you can't get a bicycle, fall back on the bicycle exercise, which is done like this: Lie flat on your back on the floor; raise both legs straight up until you are practically lying on your neck; support your waist with your two hands and bicycle your legs madly in the air.

Here are a few exercises for building up the legs that I always recommend to my clients. Place hands on hips, feet together. Rise on toes, then bend the knees, holding your body erect; then upward stretch again and lower the heels to the floor. If you do this rhythmically a dozen times morning and evening, you will surely develop your leg.

This is especially for the calves: Put a book on the
Defeat Those Dangerous Curves or Angles!
Let James Davies Advise You!

James Davies shows Gertrude Michael how to cross one leg stiffly over the other, for one of Mr. Davies' new exercises for helping to make the limbs lovelier.

Don't forget that Mr. Davies is here to aid you! Write to him about your own weight and diet problems. He'll be too busy to answer you by mail, but he will select the most interesting of your letters and answer as many as possible in this magazine. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. Answers to letters begin in this issue—see Page 70.

Now that's applesauce!
Here are several perfectly painless ways of exercising, even in company. You often see girls sitting on tables, swinging their legs, don't you? Well, those girls are exercising, even if they don't know it!

Sit on a table—or if you can't use a table a chair will do. Put your legs out straight in front of you. Holding them stiff, swing them up and down. Now then, both legs straight out as before, hold the right leg stiff, and cross the left one over it, stiffly; then swing them in that position. Next, try the left leg underneath.

(Continued on page 69)
Clothes that are “Cleopatra”-conscious! Claudette Colbert shows you the modern version of the creations worn by the Queen of the Nile

Left, Claudette wearing a “Cleo-patra” adaptation which she has included in her own personal wardrobe for Fall. It is a hostess gown of raspberry crêpe, with a tunic silhouette and a scarab motif at the throat and wrists. Designed by Banton.

Right, a Banton modernization of a “Cleopatra” costume in shimmering, deep blue satin, molded to the figure to the knees. The jeweled collar, in a lotus flower pattern, is an Egyptian note.

Below, Frances Drake shows you the “Cleopatra” trend in shoes. Jeweled sandals provide the smart way for a girl to keep both pretty feet on the ground!

Frances Drake echoes the “Cleopatra” influence with the rhinestone-studded diadem she is wearing, below.

And here in this close-up, below, Miss Drake models for us another glittering ornament for the evening coiffure.
Everything new! The suit, the hat, the girl! She is Margo, the latest screen sensation, discovered as a dancer in New York by Ben Hecht and now the possessor of an important film contract. Her suit of clever checked tweed boasts slim lines and square buttons; her hat a jaunty feather.

Dolores Del Rio has won international attention for her invariable chic and charm. Not only Hollywood, but all points East and West, North and South sit up and take notice when Dolores sponsors a muff for evening—see, above, the silver fox creation, carried with the brief evening cape of silver fox and velvet.

If it's new and if it's smart, one of the screen actresses will be wearing it! Here are some advance notes of interest to every girl who would be fashion-wise.

Del Rio, at the right, wears a Fall fur ensemble: fitted elbow-length cape with ascot scarf, and one of the new huge flat muffs which replace the round little muffs of last season. The hat that Dolores is wearing, by the way, is very new and very smart—a fedora, carried out in brown velvet. Helen Hayes wears a similar model in her portrait in this month's rotogravure gallery.
It's mutiny! Gloria Stuart beats Hoot Gibson to the draw—and that's a feat. Is Hoot surprised or charmed?

FOR the first time in more than ten years, there is a threatened war between Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen, and you just know that their babies would be the cause of it all.

The truth is, although the Arlen baby is some two weeks older than the Crooner's first-born, Bing's baby can walk—and Dick's cannot. So Crosby sits and beams while his youngest trots about; and Arlen only clamps his jaws shut, and frowns.

But just wait, says Arlen. His baby is husker, (which is a fact), and when he is able to walk, says Dick, he'll be chasing that Crosby youngster all over the neighborhood!

APPARENTLY Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is "off Hollywood for life." All of his California real estate and personal belongings have been put up for sale by a Hollywood agent.

Meanwhile, Fairbanks has told friends he will make his home in England.


Troupers, and buddies, too! Lee Tracy and David Jack Holt, the new juvenile star, are good pals, ever since their picture together, in which one tried to out-trope the other!
Hollywood!

By
Weston East

A BIG movie close-up with fine lighting to Ann Harding. When one of the boys of the R-K-O publicity department wrote a book and had it published, Ann volunteered to appear on a radio program, free of charge, to help the new author exploit his brain-child. Inasmuch as Miss Harding has refused large sums of money to make radio appearances, her act was the more noteworthy.

Not to be outdone in goodness by Miss Harding, SCREENLAND also congratulates Tom Lennon, author of "The Laughing Journey"—(the publicity writer and his book). Double congratulations, because the book isn't about Hollywood.

THERE are certain slight disadvantages to having tiny, (in stature), stars in pictures, one director learned.

Out at Fox, a director returned from luncheon, and he began a search, which eventually became a frantic chase, for his script. It couldn't be found anywhere, though assistants and property men looked high and low.

After half an hour, the script was discovered. Little Shirley Temple had luncheon on the set, and because she couldn't reach the table from an ordinary chair, her private tutor used books and things to lift her higher. The script was one of the elevating devices.

PERHAPS this'll make you chuckle: A face-lifting doctor, to whom several veteran actors and actresses have gone for that purpose, is named Dr. Updégraph. Translated, the name means "Up the face"—and it's his real name, too!

AS THIS is written, there is a movement afoot in Hollywood to establish a memorial to Marie Dressler, who was Hollywood's most beloved woman.

The most logical answer to the question, "What shall that memorial be?" is: A home or clinic for aged or broken-down actors and actresses.

During the final years of her life, Miss Dressler gave huge amounts of money for the care of destitute actors. She maintained quarters for them, both in New York and in the West.

The money for the erection of such a home, it has been pointed out, could easily be raised by the production and release of a single motion picture. There probably is not a star in all Hollywood who would not volunteer to work in such a picture.

At least a million dollars would be the net profit from such an undertaking. That sum would be sufficient to establish not only a perpetual, but a beneficial, memorial to Marie Dressler.

Paid to eavesdrop! The sound engineer listens as Dick Powell tells Josephine Hutchinson she's lovely.

He's ticklish! Eddie Cantor can't help laughing though Ethel Merman is picking his pocket—but it's all in fun anyway, because it's for a scene in "Kid Millions."

Will and Shirley! Two great screen "names," fellow workers at the same studio and good friends, as you see.

Glorious rebellion! La Swanson turns her back on John Boles and Reginald Owen—but that's what the script calls for in her return vehicle, "Music in the Air."
Once upon a time Jack Oakie boasted that if all his relatives in his old home state attended pictures in which he appeared, he'd be a success. Oakie hinted that he must have a thousand or more relatives.

Well, Jack can take a back seat—far back. Anna May Wong is the world champion relative-haver, as far as the movies are concerned. In the United States alone, Anna May estimates that she has ten thousand uncles, aunts, cousins and general kin. She is a member of the Wong tong, and the Wongs are more plentiful than beans at a Boston picnic.

Janet comes home! The Gaynor girl has had a vacation abroad, and above, waves “hello” to us on her return.

November 2nd, this department termed the separation of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, “the most tragically important marital rift in Hollywood.” The parting of Mary and Doug was by way of being a world calamity.

We also cling tenaciously to our declaration that this quarrel would eventually be patched, and that Mary and Doug would reconcile. Our statements to this effect were most generally hoisted down.

We still cling to the thought, for months, the Fairbankses have been carrying on secret trans-Atlantic telephone conversations. As this is written Doug and Mary have met and talked in Hollywood. Though up to this writing neither would speak for publication, a statement was expected momentarily.

Most of Hollywood is hoping the “King and Queen” of the movies will return together; in fact, some of the biggest stars and most important producers are striving to bring it about. And remember, if they do re-unite, Screenland will feel privileged to join the “I told you so” boasters.


Romance and Rue-Mance Dept.

The wedding of Marian Nixon and William Seiter was first predicted in this department several months ago. If you read the item, you'll remember that Dan Cupid first arrowed the hearts of Marian and Bill ten years ago, when they were in love at Universal, where both were under contract. But Bill wed Laura La Plante, and Miss Nixon took unto herself another.

Eventually, both were divorced. Marian, in fact, was married and divorced a second time. A few months ago, when they again met at R-K-O studio, where Seiter directed Miss Nixon in a picture, the old flame flared anew—and now they are Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter.

And they do be saying that Virginia, Jane and George Raft may one day face the altar together, after all. Reports pro and con have sounded and resounded for the past several months, with more guesses against marriage than for it. At last reports, Virginia has admitted that she may wed Raft—and he hasn’t denied.

A slender ruder has, due to personal, momentary coolness, the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone romance is on again, once more—so much so, in fact, that the gossips have quit saying that Joan will steal Franchot from Joan.

Could it be possible that the Jean Parker-Frank Lucas childhood romance is in danger of fading? For years, Jean would look at no other. When gossips tried to make something of her friendship with Tom Brown, Joan stopped seeing Brown, although they were good friends, in order to silence the rumors. But of late little Miss Parker has been seeing a member of her studio publicity department as often in the evening as during business hours—and she’s not quieting that to silence the gossip. So what?

Joseph Schenck, one of the most prominent names on picture producers, admitted from Europe that he is engaged to marry Merle Oberon, whom he'll remember in “The Private Life of Henry VIII.” But despite Schenck's admission of an engagement, (he calls it a "trial engagement"), there are those who declare it is all a publicity stunt, and they point out that Miss Oberon
allowed to see Miss Sten, I was warranted the disappointment.

"She is so gorgeous on the screen," Mr. Goldwyn's right-hand man said to me, "that you wouldn't expect her to look so beautiful in reality. I don't mean to say," the executive hastened to add, "that Miss Sten is not lovely, because she is. Oh, very lovely. But I don't want you to visit her in anticipation of the physically perfect creature you saw in 'Nana' and 'We Live Again."

He need not have warned me. Anna Sten, in person, is dazzlingly beautiful. More important, she is femininity beautiful. None of the gaunt, tragic aloofness of Greta Garbo. Instead, Miss Sten possesses a warm, charming femininity that makes her—well, adorable. Perhaps that word is bromidic, but it is surely fitting.

She belongs in the category of "simple livers." Perhaps that is due to her Swedish blood. Although she was born in Kiev, Russia, and her father was a Russian dancer and traveling troubadour, her mother was Swedish. Anna inherits her mother's natural liking for simplicity. She dresses plainly, (but fashionably), she leads an ordinary sort of daily life, she chooses for amusement the most wholesome entertainment, such as picture shows, early morning walks through her gardens, playtime hours with her step-child and the family dogs, and putting around among the flowers of her own garden.

Like others in Hollywood who belong in this same "category of simple livers"—(and how few they are in numbers—Irène Dumé, Norma Shearer, Margaret Sullavan, Barbara Stanwyck, and perhaps enough more to make a dozen)—Miss Sten is rarely seen at night clubs, first nights and premieres, gay Mayfair parties, or other such festive events.

Her principal interests in life are her career and her marriage. I naively thought that her career before the marriage, not because she subjects her home life utterly to her work, but because Miss Sten said to me:

"My career is my life. When I was born, it was born. When it dies, I want to die! I will never retire; I will always find something to do, on the screen or stage. I will work until—death!"

"I give everything that's in me to my work. For that reason, perhaps, I am fortunate in that I must make only two pictures a year. If I made more, I would soon wreck my health."

For this reason, I dared the completion of a picture. Just as I am elated when I learn about to start a new production, so am I saddened by the cameraman's cry, "It's in the bag." (Author's note: "It's in the bag" is studio slang, indicating that the final scene of a picture has been taken and is, from a technical point of view, all right.) I give myself so devotedly to work, I want you to imagine how much, when I complete the final scene and walk away, it is like bidding goodbye to someone I love dearly.

"Because I do give my whole heart to my work, it would kill me to be forced into a picture that I disliked. I get so close to a story, it becomes a part of me. I couldn't force myself to act if I hated the story. It would be like having to eat a distasteful food every day for weeks and months, my stomac would revolt against the food; my nerves would revolt against a poor story."

As her words must indicate, Miss Sten is a seriously-inclined woman. Yet she likes to laugh, and she does laugh attractively. It is a full, wholesome laugh; it lights up her entire face. Unlike so many laughs, it lingers on her lips. Perhaps it is the more wholesome because Miss Sten has full, lovely lips, and strong, beautiful teeth. Her teeth and lips look healthy, just as Anna herself looks healthy. This appearance of good health is enhanced by a lack of make-up. She never uses cosmetics to beautify herself; not even lip rouge. She doesn't need them.

Even when she is before the camera, Miss Sten's only make-up is a light powder, to eliminate "perspiration shine" that is so fatal to good photography. She also uses a very slight tint of lipstick. She does not use grease-paint, eye-shadow and other make-up common to other actresses. Her skin is of such fine texture that make-up is unnecessary.

I talked with Miss Sten twice before I wrote this story. Once in her studio dressing-room and again at her home. Each time she was dressed in the most simple comfortable attire. At the studio she wore a pair of loose-fitting trousers and a soft, clashing blouse. On some women, such garb might cause their wearer to lose her femininity; on Anna, the very clothes themselves assume her gender. Perhaps it is because her figure is so decidedly feminine. Or perhaps because the blouse had no sleeves, and Miss Sten's arms are round and soft; no women with such arms could be anything but entirely feminine.

On the occasion of our second meeting at her home, she was clad in brightly-colored lounging-pajamas—the kind that social etiquette now decrees quite proper for informal wear when a lady entertains at home.

Miss Sten seems to be just a little bit out of place in the new home she has built at Santa Monica beach, near Hollywood (if it is possible for so charming a person to seem out of place anywhere). The house is extremely modern—and somehow, she is old-fashioned. But let me tell you about her beach home.

Sitting on the face of a sloping hill that runs into the sea, this house—that Sten-built is constructed in the most modern manner, of steel, stucco and glass. Indeed, it might be said that Anna lives in a "glass house," because the entire front, upstairs and down, is made up of window after window, with narrow separating panels of steel to hold the large, glass panes in place.

Inside, the architect has incorporated many unusual features. All doors slide open and shut, for instance. The living-room and dining-room may be made into one great hall by the complete opening of such sliding doors, and two other lower floor rooms may also become a part of this hall by a similar process.

The bedrooms are on the second floor, and each bedroom is a suite to itself, with a private bath and a spacious dressing-room. There are three such luxurious layouts in the house.

Although the house is only a few yards from the sea, there is a swimming pool. Of course, this is not an unusual feature, because other stars with beach homes also have swimming pools. Norma Shearer can stand on her veranda, for example, and toss rocks into the ocean—but in tossing, she must throw the stones over her own swimming pool. Marion Davies' vast beach estate has a private pool that is only slightly less expansive than the ocean.

Miss Sten's landscaping, done after the terrace style so popular in Russia, is being done entirely by herself. More than that, she may be found, on those days...
Miss Sten told me something of her childhood. Her early life was made miserable by the great war and the suffering that befell Russian people of the lower classes. She was a peasant girl, and often during her childhood there was far from enough food, and not nearly enough clothes to shield her young body from Russia's icy winter cold.

After the end of the war, her father returned, and he was able to provide more food and clothes. He was even able to send his daughter, now grown into a lanky girl with yellow, thick hair, to dancing school. She showed great promise, too, but suddenly her whole life seemed doomed when she fell from a tree limb and injured her body. For nine months she was unable to leave her bed, due to paralysis that set in after the fall. Only her own faith that she would get well, and her own never-ending efforts to regain control of the paralyzed nerves and muscles, cured the girl.

After her recovery, she managed to secure work in minor parts with a stock company in Kiev. She loved her work, but she was forced to give it up when her father died and she had to get a steady job. This job was as art editor of "The Truth In Kiev," a local newspaper. She used few spare hours, before and after the daily office routine, to continue her study of the stage. There was one period when she did little studying, however; that was when she held two jobs simultaneously. Her mother had become very ill, and needed special foods and medicines. To get the money for these, Miss Sten took a second job at a restaurant.

All of these hardships befell Miss Sten before she was fifteen years of age. She was just fifteen when, through a friend who had seen her work and believed in her talent, Anna won a job with Inkhinoff, one of Russia's most famous actors-directors. After three years under his guidance, she joined the troupe and was an acquaintance of pictures in Hollywood. She was happier because she knew that in Hollywood she could make finer pictures. The mere name of Hollywood, she says, held no real thrill for her.

Anna Sten, the woman, has some glorious plans. They include children—at least two. They include constant marriage to the same man—Dr. Eugene Frenke. They include a continuation of the same simple style of living that her little family now enjoys. Laughingly, Anna told on its way to the beach for an outing. Miss Sten also mentioned her first trip to New York after her marriage. She slipped into the metropolis, and registered at a prominent hotel under her married name. Meanwhile, her picture opened with a noisy bang. Anna Sten was hailed as a great, new star, and of course the reporters and writers of both Hollywood and New York searched for her. All this while, Miss Sten remained hidden in the hotel, so frightened by all the hubbub that she dared not come out into the open. She eventually returned to Hollywood without the Sloan, Sullivans, Winchells and other Broadway columnists ever learning her whereabouts.

Anna Sten, the actress, also has brilliant plans. She wants to star in pictures that will be remembered. She cares little for the financial remuneration that her career brings—the business details she leaves to her husband. She reveres Bernhardt and Duse, because their work will live through the years. She believes that some day there will be a Bernhardt and Duse of the screen, and they will be much greater, because while the careers of those two great stage actresses can only be remembered, the work of a screen actress is recorded on film and can be kept always. Miss Sten would like to become that great screen Bernhardt or Duse.

To look at Miss Sten is to feel certain that she will do all that she has set forth to accomplish. Her large, blue-gray eyes that are so beautiful are also able to grow intense and determined. The full, red lips that look so softly crushable can tighten into a straight, grim line. The soft, luxuriously curved body that is so distinctly feminine appears to harbor considerable reserve strength.

There are men in life who look as if they are bound to succeed, and who generally do. That same promise of success hovers about Miss Sten. She has already accomplished much, but she will accomplish very much more. She will go on and on because she will conquer obstacles. Conquer them, just as she overcame a lifelong fear before she could accomplish a screen success for "We Live Again."

There was a sequence in this picture which demanded that Miss Sten be perched on a tree-limb, high in the air. Now ever since her childhood fall that caused paralysis and nine months in bed, Miss Sten has held a horror for high places. So when an early glance at the script revealed to her that she had to perch on that tree-limb, she went to the director to have the sequence eliminated. This the director agreed to do, but beforehand, he pointed out to her that the scene would lose much of its dramatic flavor if taken elsewhere than in the tree. "Then leave it in," Miss Sten said.

"Whereupon, she went home and practiced sitting on tree-limbs!," and tried limbs close to the ground at first. Gradually, she climbed to higher limbs. Two weeks passed before she conquered her fear of high places, but at the end of that time, she was not afraid to perch on a tree-limb, far above the ground, for the important scene in "We Live Again."

That fear of high places was just as great a mania to Miss Sten as is plunging into deep, underground caves for some people, or being in close, stifled rooms for others. Conquering this fear within a period of two weeks, simply because it meant that one small scene of a motion picture would be slightly better than if she refused to seat herself on the high tree-limb, indicates the determination that is destined to carry Anna Sten, actress and woman, on to greater ultimate success— as the actress, and as the woman.
A New Katherine “The Great”?  

Continued from page 32

In addition to looking dramatic, Katherine DeMille has a distinctly tragic background. When she was only seven she lost both her mother and her father, the latter a casualty of the World War. Circumstances forced her into the Los Angeles Orphanage, where Cecil DeMille adopted her when she was eight years old.

As DeMille’s daughter one might suppose that her entry into pictures would be nothing short of a triumphal march. On the contrary her father’s prominence as one of the biggest directors in the industry made her all the more determined to win her spurs sheerly on her own merit. So sincere was she about this that she adopted the name of Kay Marsh for professional purposes. No one knew that she was Cecil DeMille’s daughter. And as Kay Marsh she obtained extra jobs at almost all of the major studios.

“Ever since I played charades and silly things like that as a child, I adored acting,” she said enthusiastically, as we headed toward Beverly Hills. “When I went to school in Santa Barbara I worked on all the amateur plays, Milne, Barrie, the usual Little Theatre stuff. I always had in mind acting as a profession.”

“When you went into pictures didn’t the DeMille influence help you at all?” I asked.

“He didn’t even know I was doing picture work,” she replied. “The extra jobs were all under the name of Kay Marsh, on the QT. Later on I did some work with him as script girl on ‘Four Frightened People’ that was a wonderful experience. And of course he allowed me to watch him cut different pictures. He gave me invaluable aid in letting me wander round at will behind the scenes while he was making pictures. But the actual jobs I picked up on my own.”

When “Viva Villa” was announced, Katherine learned that her type was required for the peon’s wife and, more important, that the picture was to be made in Mexico. That sounded like a swell location, so she went to Metro to be tested. They didn’t sign her for the peon’s wife, but liked her well enough to give her the second important woman’s role.

“The family was away at Catalina when I sneaked the test. When they gave me the offer I was so delighted I rushed father the news. I thought he was pleased but he didn’t let me know until he saw how the picture turned out.”

Following her triumphal début in the Mexican story Paramount cast her for “The Trumpet Blows.” Katherine clicked definitely, whereupon Paramount signed her on contract.

The car she was trying out was the gift of her proud father, reward for the Paramount contract.

“This bus hasn’t enough power, I’m afraid,” she mused as we rolled along Wilshire Boulevard toward the ocean, “I like to go fast.” She also likes to dance to the symphonic strains of Lombardo or the rhythm of Ellington. She prefers Gary Cooper to George Raft and swimming to tennis.

She rides horseback as well as a man, limits her parties to eight people, and indicates dislike by touching the tip of her nose. She says that she expects to remain single for eight years, but I give her three.

Girls as attractive as Katherine don’t go round unnoticed very long.

Working in “The Belle of the Nineties,” Mae West’s much revamped epic, gave Katherine her most complete course of training to date. She belonged to that fairly devout cult that thinks Miss West a combination of Madame de Stael, George Sand and Eva Tanguay, with a dash of Aimee McPherson and Elinor Glyn thrown in. She told me that she had learned much about acting from Mae, more about showmanship, and most about life, as it is lived in Hollywood.

“Miss West is a brilliant woman,” said Katherine. “She has a really amazing sense of the dramatic. If a scene lacks something, I’ve seen her sit down in the middle of a sequence and rewrite it. And that gives it what it was needed. She does write a lot of her own stuff because I’ve seen her do it. I think she’s an amazing person. Really swell.”

“That showmanship that she specializes in shouldn’t be held as a measure of her real personality. You have to be a showman in show business, you know. Her swan bed and diamonds and hipped walk are her trademarks, but they aren’t Mae West herself. Look at my father. When he had a man follow him all over the set with a chair so that he could sit without warning, he did it as a publicity gag. It hit every newspaper in the country. When he received people in a Gothic domed office, with atmosphere laid on a foot thick, he did it for effect. He’s really a very shrewd man, a very clever man. He’s no artificial poseur. He’s a business man. And when he puts an elaborate bathroom scene in a picture he knows it will cause twice as much commotion as anybody else’s bathroom scene would cause. So he does it, that’s showmanship.”

He has not undertaken to coach his daughter or advise her, but she has learned a lot from watching him. She is naturally endowed to be an important figure on the screen. Her wide set eyes, high forehead, and slightly provocative mouth make her a striking beauty. Then there is her figure.

She has been reared in the lap of luxury but she is not spoiled. Although pictures are her chief interest, sculpture is also a hobby. She dreads becoming Hollywood-minded, incapable of thinking about or discussing anything except pictures.

We stopped at a wayside tavern for a drink. “I’m on tomato juice,” she said. “Diet!”

She looks very like a Manhattan débutante. She handles herself surely without being self-conscious; she is noticeable without being affected.

Many a girl might have had the same wonderful opportunity Katherine DeMille had, only to miff it. Many a girl would have lacked the smartness and perseverance to sit at the feet of Cecil DeMille and learn all there was to learn about show business. And one girl in ten thousand would have bucked the picture game without resorting to the influence of her father’s name.

As Kay Marsh this girl made good in a modest way. As Katherine DeMille you will see her name in lights before another winter comes. And that is a prophecy.

Here’s proof that a girl of today can be equally charming in the hoop skirts and curls of a past generation! Above, Maureen O’Sullivan in the English garden setting shown in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street.”
a tremendous job it is; what a vast territory it covers, this search for scenarios, then you will probably understand why producers are more to be pitied than censors. There are nine major film companies, as you may know. They produce about 349 feature pictures a year. Their resources are the books published by 450 book publishers all over the world, plays, immemorable short stories, original ideas by staff writers, and stories written around catchy titles in hardback or paperback. Many, in fact, of a motion picture producer notices a striking name or trade-mark, on her tour through the shopping district of Los Angeles; or, for more writers are racking their brains, far into the night, in an attempt to evolve a logical scenario around it.

Film companies may pay for a play for an enormous sum only to find, much to their regret, that they had utilized the same idea three years previous. They are a silent race; just such a boner occurred only this season, when a company bought an uproarious stage comedy, for $45,000. They subsequently found one of their actors appeared in a silent film with practically the identical plot. Then, two, they may pay a large sum for a best-seller, forgetting in the tenacious excitement of bidding with other companies that the novel may have a strong and censorable sex theme.

It is impossible for story supervisors and producers to read every book that is published or to see every play that is produced. Plays, as they are called in the industry, are employed by all companies for this purpose. They see the plays before they open; either at try-outs or at rehearsals. They read books in manuscript form, long before publication. So many books are published, though, that the "spies" hire assistants, who are paid anywhere from five dollars to fifteen a reading, to read stories and screen the prospective pictures.

New York City, alone, there are one hundred of these agents. They contact authors, publishers, and producers. They have the advance tips on the forthcoming "naturals." "Naturals" are books that need only the reading of a short synopsis, to indicate that they have poten film possibilities.

Today, many stage ventures are sponsored, not only with the intention of making money at the box-office, but with the hope that some may like it and buy it for the movies. Many failures are thus avoided. The hits are, of course, sold for fabulous prices. "The Play's the Thing" was not bought by Paramount to feature Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purchased "The Shining Hour" for $450,000 with the intention of starring the one and only Garbo, in this drama of English country life.

"The race is so vast, that some film companies have toyed with the idea of backing playing themselves. Others prefer to bid off, figuring they would lose a lot of money anyway if their stage shows showed no appeal.

So keen is the competition, that in many cases these companies will buy books before they know what they're about, so avidly do they that another company will beat them to the post. This happened a year ago, with a book entitled "Only Yesterday." Hollywood's most famous story of the Metro-Warners, and Universal bid for it, with the latter company winning out. Imagine Universal's dismay when they discovered upon reading the book, that it was a novel, and columns are avidly combed by from 1920 to 1932. There was a love interest or interest-raising sequence in the entire book. However, the title had possibilities and a good character to write around. Fortunately they wrote a good one. It elevated Margaret Sullivan to sudden stardom and it was a real success. Nevertheless, some uninvitingly captioned it: "Adapted from the novel of the same name." The theme of the original work had long since been forgotten.

Over-seas producers of successful plays sometimes rate their properties so high that they scare off potential film buyers. This happened with "Another La Jolla," an over-night hit. It was produced in the early Summer, and even torrential rains could not keep audiences away from it. However, film production started but for this haphazard, semi-human comedy, the stage producer promptly demanded $100,000. He never got it. Months later, he came down to $50,000, and Metro bought it at the bargain price. The night after the opening, Arthur Beckhard, the producer, could easily have sold it for $65,000. Busy Bragg, a story of song and dance, was purchased by Hollywood hawks for any kind of clue, on matter how fragmentary. Smart and exclusive literary teas are attended. A personal interest is taken in every young writer, who has displayed a flair for bigger things. Famous writers like Sinclair Lewis—his latest novel "Work of Art" has been bought by Fox for Will Rogers—Fan nie Hurst, Edna Ferber, and Louis Brom box are sought after, and dated and feted no end, by these enterprising and alert cinema Sherlock-Holmes.

Perhaps the most amusing story concerns H. M. Warner and his smart and staring daughter, Lu. They bought, for $500, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," by John Galsworthy, for Miss Lu. They read the play, recognized it wide appeal, and subsequently backed it with her own money. Not a word of the reached her producing parent. The play was "Men in White," a robust hit, now many months of stage age. No sooner had the financiers of the opening night, then Hollywood's scouts were swarming backstage, eager to be the first to bid. A Warner man was there, but he did not know who had played angel to the show. The business-like Doris, however, forgot family affiliations, and sold the play to the next bidder hidden, which wise choice was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When Harry Warner heard that his daughter had actually "sold him out" he was not pleased. "A real chip off the old block," he told astonished assistants.

Now can you stand a complicated me-tangle? Complications are as common in this search as are temperamental stars. Those energetic publishers who have sold "Bring 'Em Back Alive," "Wild Cargo," "Little Li'l Mow-Wop?" "The Longest War" to the film companies, once published a book called "Phantom Fame." This story dealt with the life of Harry Reichenbach, famous film publicist. The book was a failure and quickly faded into oblivion. Yet a slavish from Radio Pictures, and for it in Lee Tracy. Radio bought it, but then strangely enough decided to scrap the story and keep only the title, and through production, it is decided the title wasn't so hot after all, and that they wouldn't use it. Then a bright young fellow, professionally named "Phantom," who had been a great success in use of that title had cost them $10,000. So they held a conference, as is their wont, (they hold conferences at the drop of a hat), and decided to save the story and forget the title. This they did, and they released this merry mix-up under the title of "The Half-Naked Truth."

The search is endless. The public, (this means you and you and you), always demands new stories and unusual angles. Cycles come and go. Courts Pictures had their vogue. War pictures at one time were being released in rapid succession. Production men were burning the wires to and from Hollywood, and the film buying representatives dug up more war scenarios. Perhaps a scout in far-off Budapest will unleash a naughtly farce which needs only the deft touch of a Lubitsch or a Capra to make it sure-fire box-office, and start a cavalcade of bonzer operas. Radio Pictures might film another memorable masterpiece like "Cimarron," which netted Edna Ferber, the authors, $100,000, the highest price ever paid. Maybe another of these readers, like Helen Grace Car lisle, became so disgusted with the score of hackneyed novels she had just waded through, will take pen in hand and write one herself. Miss Carlisle wrote the eminently successful novel, "Mother's Cry." Her latest best seller, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," will probably be bought for Claudia Colbert or Anna Sten. Ultimately, even more famous authors may be signed to write scenarios at astronomical salaries. It may meet a fate similar to that of Louis Bromfield, who wrote such best-sellers as "The Green Bay Tree," "The Farmer Takes a Wife." He was offered $50,000 for a story on golf, swim, and laze about as long as he cared, but not to bother about writing anything. When Bromfield asked, he was told that the money was only enough to import him to the coast, he was greeted with this priceless retort: "Oh, we just want to use the famous name of Brom field!"
"My pet peeve," says Bette Davis, "is having anything but LUX used for my personal things."

"I wonder if there's anybody who doesn't use Lux for nice things," says Bette Davis. "It's so marvelously kind to colors—I'd trust it with anything safe in water alone. And lingerie stays grand looking for ages when it's Luxed after every wearing.

"I just hate to have my things get faded and dowdy looking, so I'm awfully particular about having them Luxed. I've often known cake-soap rubbing and ordinary soaps—the kind that have harmful alkali—to fade colors and weaken the silk fibres. Knowing that Lux has no harmful alkali, I just insist on it for all my washable things."

Are YOU caring for your nice things the Hollywood way? Then you know how Lux keeps them dainty—free from the least hint of perspiration odor...makes them last longer, too.

Hollywood Says—Don't trust to Luck

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"Lux is a real dollars and cents matter here," says N'Was McKenzie (left) wardrobe director of Warner Brothers-First National. "It keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—even flannels and draperies. They look swell! It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."

Trust to LUX

BETTE DAVIS, that talented young star, is now appearing in Warner Brothers-First National production, "Housewife."
Not the Type? Of Course Not!

Continued from page 33

role of the plain, homely philosopher of the Cabbage Patch. A role she picked herself, by the way. Wise "Mrs. Wiggs."

For five years Pauline Lord has consistently refused to come to Hollywood. She has never before appeared in a motion picture. It is whispered that Miss Lord hasn't forgone that when she was starring in "Anna Christie" on the stage, Holly-

wood picture producers selected Greta Garbo to create the screen character. Miss Lord has never been quoted, but you wouldn't be human if she hadn't felt disappointed on the subject. Certainly the Eugenie O'Neil heroine helped make Garbo fans.

After the Paramount company had con-

sidered many of our foremost screen ac-
tresses for the role of the immortal Mrs.

Wiggs, some bright mind suggested Pauline Lord. The moguls looked at a test. With the acuity which always characterizes mind-changing in Hollywood, they lured the actress to the screen by permitting her to write her own ticket.

And here we three sat on rickety chairs in a ramshackle shack on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in the midst of the "Cabbage Patch."

In the main room, which boasted but one door and three windows with broken panes, the pitifully few pieces of rickety furniture, beds, tables and chairs, appeared to have been salvaged from a junk shop. From the walls which were pasted here and there with odds and ends of magazine pictures, Theodore Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Proclamation was wed with an awful crayon portrait of Mrs. Wiggs for prominence. Out in the yard I could see the amazing figure of Cuby, the sway-backed horse. He was asleep, standing. For a laugh, director Taurog shouted: "No fish today." Cuby awoke with a start and ambled a few feet. Cuby once worked as a saddle horse. An alley cat and a mongrel dog completed the picture of animal life in the Patch.

Suddenly three dirty little faces peaked around the door which led to the lean-to, opposite where we sat in front of the cameras. Three little girls, hair in braids, legs bare and dresses in rags, climbed in. Ada, Aus-

trofa, and Enidina Wiggs.

"We're ready, Maw," they chortled, "we're ready, Mr. Taurog." The frail figure of Mrs. Wiggs was lured from her chair and fluttered across the set.

"Lunt's sales, children, I'm a comin'," Jest hold your horses. Where's them boys? Billy, Jimmy—leave Cuby alone and come in on the picture:

Two equally dirty, ragged little boys were tearing in. Jimmy to assume his in-
valid's position on a cot and Billy to join his geography-named sisters. Mrs. Wiggs picked up a hymn book from a table, located the page and the scene began. "Maybe we ain't got no Thanksgiving dinner, but we can be thankful we got a horse still standin' up, an' the best way to be thankful is to rejoice in it, an' the best way to rejoice is to sing, so we'll sing 'Beulah land.'"

With childish treble the Wiggs' kids joined the soft tremulous voice of their Maw:

"Oh Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land—as on the shining shore I stand—across the sea where mansions are prepared for me—"

Between "shots" I turned to Norman Taurog:

"I never would have believed it," I said. "She's not the type, but she is marvelous." He regarded me incredulously.

"Type?" he retorted. "Really fine ac-

On true! of course not! Of course not! And if you please, please go back and have another look at the ad! It is not the type! Of course not!}

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Why Can't Gloria Progress?
Continued from page 23

"I've shown no great genius in acting," Perhaps not, but come to think of it, what opportunities have motion picture producers given her to act? Her screen career has been a succession of milk-toast parts. From her first role to her latest, she has been presented as a somewhat sugar-coated ornament which any pretty girl could portray.

I knew her work on the stage, before pictures snugged her and apparently sidetracked her career toward obscurity. On the stage she exhibited the rarest talent of any young actress to reach Hollywood in ages. As Anna, in "Carl and Anna," I saw her hold audiences spellbound. She has several times appeared, gratis, at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in such exacting plays as "The Seagull," "The High Road," and others. Her every performance has called forth stampedes of applause from audiences and exultant raves from the play-critics. She is known to the stage as an actress of rare power and charm.

Gloria Stuart, then, is not lacking in talent. All these things I mulled over in my mind as Gloria talked. I was brought out of my musings by a sudden snap in Miss Stuart's voice.

"I'll show 'em!" she was saying. "Some- day, somehow, I'll get a chance. I'll get a real story, real direction, and a real chance to act. Then I'll show 'em. But meanwhile—"

Back to my musings. My mind roved in fancy to a broadcasting studio, not many weeks ago. Gloria had taken part in a national program, and she had given an extremely fine performance. In fact, one of the principal officials of the broadcasting company told me that hers was one of the few "near perfect" performances ever given at his microphones.

"Her inflection, tonal qualities, and "mike presence" almost demand that she be asked," this official said. "She has one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard, and she knows how to use it."

Gloria Stuart, then, is not lacking in voice. Now I'm right back where I started, when Gloria's first words set me musing about Hollywood success. I mean, I'm now at my own original question, "What is the secret of success on the screen?"

Frankly, your guess is as good as mine. Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, and too many others to name, are perched up there on the tip-top rung of the "success ladder." I don't intend to insinuate for a moment that they don't belong there. I do ques- tion why Gloria Stuart isn't sitting beside them. Item by item, inventories of their individual screen assets will not prove them particularly superior to Gloria. In fact, despite my great admiration for all of those ladies above-named, I seriously doubt if any one of them could hold her own, on a dramatic stage, with Miss Stuart. Yet there they are, up there. And here is Gloria, down here!

Miss Stuart's voice once again echoed through my thoughts. "I think I should go away!" she said. "I've talked of going to China, and people have laughed at me, and called it a publicity trick. But it isn't a trick. I really believe I ought to get away from Hollywood. I might try a play in London."

Certainly London wants her! Producers there have been cabling Gloria, ever since
The Laughtons Step Into Success

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Continued from page 26

He used to play Henry VIII. It's a temptation to taxicab here, of course, and grow stinging rich. But I'm fighting it as I should the plague.

Laughton lives with his wife in Beverly Hills. He has a valet-secretary and his wife has a maid. They share a car, not a great car, and live simply. They go out as little as possible.

When Laughton was doing Xero in "The Sign of the Cross" he asked Cecil DeMille why he centered his activity upon Biblical subjects and holy backgrounds. "Well," said the celluloid czar, "I feel sometimes that I am in God, and that God is in me." "How cozy," said Mr. Laughton. He was not easy to talk to at first, because he is bored with and suspicious of the press. Ever since he was awarded the Academy prize reporters have dogged his footsteps, misquoted him at length, and annoyed him generally. Without asking questions I swung him round to the subject of the Old Vic Theatre.

"I wanted to do Shakespeare," he said thoughtfully, as he lighted a fresh cigarette, "and Old Vic is the ideal place. It is a religion there, a fetish. They prepare their productions months in advance, rehearse interminably, devote their waking hours to the theatre.

"People said I'd never do it, and I wanted to show them I would. It was work, mind you. A different role every week for six months. But it was tremendous sport.

"In my practical New World way I wondered how he could pass up Hollywood fortunes for Old Vic at twenty pounds a week. American producers were clamoring for his signature on fairly fabulous contracts.

"He eyed me shrewdly before replying. He debated in his mind whether he would explain; then he proceeded to tell me why he gave up cinema wealth for Shakespeare and Molieres.

"If I left Paramount when my contract was up, and turned my back on Hollywood because I wanted very much to do Shakespearean roles on the stage. Personality is all an actor has. He should lose his personality and incidentally my self-respect if I didn't do Shakespeare when I felt that I was the thing to do. An actor should have artistic whims, God knows, in order to grow. And if he doesn't follow those whims he ceases to grow. As soon as this sad thing occurs you must go down the downgrade, repeating himself, dying up spiritually, stagnating you might say, in the make-up of his last role. Not a repetition of the one before and the one before that.

"If I left Paramount when my contract was up, and turned my back on Hollywood because I wanted very much to do Shakespearean roles on the stage. Personality is all an actor has. He should lose his personality and incidentally my self-respect if I didn't do Shakespeare when I felt that I was the thing to do. An actor should have artistic whims, God knows, in order to grow. And if he doesn't follow those whims he ceases to grow. As soon as this sad thing occurs you must go down the downgrade, repeating himself, dying up spiritually, stagnating you might say, in the make-up of his last role. Not a repetition of the one before and the one before that.
“So I felt Shakespearean repertory would help me. And I played it. Now I’m glad to be doing pictures again under such highly stimulating, happy auspices. When I get the itch to play on the stage again, nothing will stop me.”

Hollywood was not the first money mart upon which the Laughton back was turned. Three years ago when his star was in the ascendancy in London, following his triumphs on the stage in “The Man with Red Hair” and “Fatal Albhi” he was offered contracts by three different film companies within three months. He rejected them flatly and finally because they called for five-year options that would have bound him to the screen for that time. He wasn’t ready to leave the stage. It had much more to teach him.

So Laughton stayed in London and achieved two more tremendous successes in Crane Wilbur’s “On the Spot,” in which he played an American gangster, and “Payment Deferred,” that clinical study in fear, which went on to a success d’estime in New York. Following this he repeated his performance of “Perpet,” the detective in “Fatal Albhi,” and then went to the Paramount plantation for a quartette of pictures, to be made in the course of two years. This gave him the leisure he wanted to do with as he chose. And he chose to act at Old Vic.

It’s a rather inspiring story of an artist wedded to his art, being faithful to his ambition, rare enough in these cash register days. But after meeting Charles Laughton, and listening to him talk, it’s a story that isn’t hard to believe.

The Laughtons
By Maude Cheatham
Continued from page 27

career. Her devotion to both is so closely interwoven that they never clash. Rather, they stimulate each other, for the Laughton romance has ever had the stage and screen as its background.

“Mr. Cheatham and I have been married six years,” she said, in answer to my question, “We first met when we began rehearsals for a stage play, ‘Mr. Proctor,’ in London. I had never even seen him before, though of course I knew about him and once, we just missed being in a play together. But Charles had seen me six times, so he boldly reminded me, when I was in a popular repertory run.”

“We don’t use the trite phrase of ‘love at first sight,’ but I presume that is what it was, for we both realized at that initial rehearsal that our plans to forego love, romance, and marriage and dedicate our lives to the drama, were beginning to totter! It was the first serious love for us both and hit us hard. However, it was not until a whole year later that we gave in and were married. Charles was appearing in ‘Pickwick Papers’ at the time and secured a six weeks holiday, so we went to Italy and Switzerland for a honeymoon, all very romantic, you see!”

She insists they have no rules for a successful marriage; that they happily accept what has come to them and serenely adjust their lives to a blending of ultra-modern and old-fashioned principles. She believes they have attained a victorious marriage because they are truly in love and because they are completely congenial. They never bore each other but find their greatest pleasure in being together, sharing every interest. They are both romantic, demure, active, responsive. They work and play in perfect accord and have the same ambitions, and the same lifting humor.

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Recently, when Charles had a few free days between scenes in Norma Shearer's picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in which he plays the elder Barrett, they jumped into their car and went gypsying all over Yosemite Park and had a grand time prowling around by themselves.

Unlike many professional couples, the Laughtons like to appear together on the stage and screen and they are looking forward with keen delight to the next Shearer film, "Marie Antoinette," in which Charles will have the role of Louis XV, with Elsa portraying that of Princesse de Lamballe.

"This friend, the Princess, played a prominent part in the stormy and tragic life of Marie Antoinette," she enthusiastically explained, "and while she was false at one period, there is much sympathy in the character."

Looking over some rare French prints of de Lamballe, we found a striking resemblance to the Lancashire face. Framed in dark curls there is the same narrow contour, the same bright, dancing eyes that catch and hold you, the same pertly pointed little chin.

Elsa is very magnetic. She has an exciting quality that immediately stirs your imagination—she could never play a character that was passive or vague or sordid. Royal dames are her forte like "Aline de Cleves and Princesse de Lamballe."

She is striking in looks, too. There is no one on the screen like her and she will hold her own as a very distinctive and unusual type.

While Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough, Elsa is a true Londoner. Her family were highly conservative but luckily for her she says her mother had advanced ideas about rearing her daughter and permitted her to take dancing lessons. And she took them. She threw herself into mastering the intricate steps with the energy of a steam engine. Along came Isadora Duncan, the wife of "Aline de Cleves and Princesse de Lamballe."

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Colonel safely aboard, he turned indignantly to Coop, "Well, all my grief," he spat, "you've got to be a comic and can I swim?"

"I wasn't trying to be witty," Gary ex-postulated after Coop had left. "If I'd wanted to be funny I'd have said, 'Come up and see me sometime.'"

One of the highlights of my life and one of the nicest things that has ever happened to me, occurred on the occasion of my first birthday in Hollywood. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were the two friends I made out here. Here they found out it was my birthday I don't know. But Sue arranged a surprise party for me at the then-fashionable Monmartre. She had rounded up everyone in town who had shown me the slightest attention since my arrival—many of them people I didn't even know. Jimmy Fidler took me up there on the pretext of having made dates for us with a couple of girls from home who would meet us there because their parents didn't approve of him.

I'll never forget my feelings as Sue, looking like a picture, met us, and Nick and me to that tune. And whatever life may hold in store for me, no thrill can ever equal that I got later when the waiter came bearing a big birthday cake with sixteen—or was it sixty?—candles and all the lights in the place went out except those on the cake, while the orchestra played "Happy Birthday to you." Incidentally, that was the night I first met Bing Crosby. He was singing there at the time, as one of The Three Rhythm Boys.

And speaking of Bing brings to mind almost as many memories as does Mr. Arlen. But what a colorful picture of The Groaner, as he is affectionately called by his friends, that age cannot wither nor custom stale.

A year or so ago he and Dixie suddenly
decided to have a party that very night. The decision made, Bing went blithely out to play golf, leaving Dixie to worry over the refreshments and guests. She wanted some crawfish to serve and I volunteered to get them for her. There wasn't time enough to go home and change my clothes so I asked for some old duds of Bing's. Attired in them, I went gaily forth to secure the prominent little crawfish.

About six or seven I sauntered triumphantly up the Crosby walk, swinging a three gallon—pail—armful. Bing spied me through the window and stepped out to meet me, carding at the top of his lungs. "Home with the Sealy Spooks."

Suddenly, as I drew closer, his jaw fell and his voice quavered, although I saw he kept bravely on with his song. Dixie had thoughtfully provided me with a brand new pair of $30 trousers and a $28 pair of shoes to go fishing in. Bing has never looked a crawfish in the face from that day to this.

There's a blinding little of Bing I can't erase from my mind. My singing voice is not one of my greatest assets. In fact, it is so bad Dixie has forbidden me to sing at all in her presence—even on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

We spent a very pleasant evening together and met on several occasions shortly after that. Then suddenly I was definitely—and distinctly snubbed by Kay on a number of occasions.

In compiling my "Medals and Birds" for "Screenland" the following fall I awarded a bird to Kay for going Hollywood quicker than anyone who had reached here in a long time.

The day after the magazine made its appearance on the news stands Miss Francis called me on the phone. "This is a pleasant surprise," I burbled, although I had a sinking feeling that Kay was up to no good.

"Is it?" she asked—rather grimly, I thought. "Tell me," she went on. "What do you mean by 'going Hollywood'?

The picture by that name had not yet been made so I couldn't refer her to that. And then I had a burst of inspiration.

"Whenever a person develops any unpleasant traits after she's become successful, she's gone Hollywood," I explained.

"How have I gone Hollywood?" she asked.

"Well, you snubbed me several times and as far as I'm concerned that's a very unpleasant trait," I replied.

"Why couldn't that just as well be called 'going Hollywood'?" was the next query.

"It could—if it happened there," I answered, "but it happened in Hollywood."

"I didn't intend to snub you," Kay apologized.

"I liked you, too," I offered. "Very much. It was quite a shock to me to find you weren't as nice as I'd thought. Oh, well, let's forget it and start over."

And we did.

---

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2 cups granulated sugar 3 squares unsweetened chocolate

1 cup water 1 cup Eagle Brand

2 cup buttermilk (optional) Sweetened Condensed Milk

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nuts and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

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To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

Confessions of a Celebrity Shooter

Continued from page 25

Garbo and I, racing hysterically down the Boulevard and holding our sides, I reached my car first and grabbed for the door. It stuck. I pulled and pulled and cursed a little. I could see Greta's chauffeur pulling out to aid her in her escape. The door still stuck—I turned around just as her horse ran up behind me. I gave the horse up and stood there looking after her, my feet planted far apart, and my hat on the back of my head. Suddenly, the most famous movie face in the world looked back at me through the rear view window—and winked! If I could have caught that wink on Garbo's face I could have retired for life on what the picture would have earned me.

On the other hand, Garbo's sister-exotic, Dietrich, is pretty swell about her husband. There's a funny one for you to figure out. Because we can't. Dietrich will pose with von Sternberg or Rouben in all the magazines. But she just can't try to pose with her sister Sieber if she's looking. It can't be because she doesn't want to call attention to her marriage as she frequently does her daughter, Maria. Personally, I like Dietrich a lot, and one evening when I ran into her with von Sternberg in a Hollywood cafe, she very kindly invited me to sit down and have a glass of beer with them. I thought it was a good time to ask her why she'd held a paper in front of her face when I tried to snap her picture the other afternoon when she was with Sieber. "Did I do that?" she asked with that round-eyed expression she has made famous on the screen. And that's all she'd say on the subject. Yet she's serious about it, because she turned me down a couple of days later when she was with her husband German! This is No. 1. Mystery among the cameramen in Hollywood!

Maybe I'm wrong about this, but I've never thought that Garbo was on the level about her reluctance to pose for the pretty birdie when we've caught her at the tennis matches and other places in Hollywood. Katherine makes quite a to-do about brushing us aside and holding a paper in front of her face, but then she never makes it really easy for us to get her. I think she likes to see pictures of herself in print, frowning, or dodging cameramen, or otherwise conducting herself as hard-to-get.

Thinking back over the long list of Hollywood temperaments I can recall only two who rate as personal pets with me. We'll get to them in a moment, but first I'd like to pass out a few well deserved bouquets for stellar patience and courtesy.

I've always found Charlie Chaplin a most gracious person, not only willing to pose, but actually helpful about it. Recently I took a picture of Charlie with Miss Goddard at the home of a Los Angeles drama critic. I said: "May I capture this picture? Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin?" Charlie Chaplin? Charlie Chaplin? he asked and replied: "Only on your own risk!"

Constance and Joan Bennett will both pose graciously if they are being approached, and I know in advance that you are taking a picture. Cameramen have difficulty with Connie only when she thinks they are going to use the picture. It does not occur to her that a publicity picture would embarrass a group of her guests. It is definitely understood that no photographer can take pictures at any party given by Connie at her home.

Ann Harding has actually let us ruin meals for her in public eating places when we have set up our camera contraptions and lights about her table; and Gary Cooper and his wife, Sarita, not only permitted us to take pictures, but are as interested as kids in seeing them later on. Sometimes Gary will ask me to "kill" a picture that is badly posed but only if I had him ask me to destroy one because it was unlustrous. This Cooper boy doesn't seem to know what personal vanity is!

Jean Harlow and Jean Crawford, the news cameramen's delight. Only once has Jean ever refused me a picture, and that was the night, just recently, when her latest film was previewed. The minute the picture was over, Jean, with her mother and William Powell, made a bee-line for her waiting car. We tried to get her to pose with Mr. Powell, but she only shook her head, and I noticed there were tears in her eyes. Later on I learned that Jean was very disappointed, even rankled, with the way she was of Jean Harlow. She actually let me photograph her on one occasion when her hair was rolled up on kid curlers! Jean has often told me she thinks it makes players seem more human to be photographed just as you happen to catch them, and not as starched over the previous afternoon. Says I: Hurrah for Jean!

Joan Crawford is another angel of my race. She abhors publicity. The only time I ever saw Joan and Franchot Tone seemingly on the "outs" was when Franchot became a little temperamental, apparently, about posing the night of an exhibitors' dinner. Joan had been all set to pose for us when Franchot suddenly gave us the go-by, and, taking those photos, virtually pushed her toward the door without stopping. Joan's expression was very surprised indeed, and if her public is interested in how little she missed, maybe she gave Franchot a small piece of her mind on that occasion.

Lupe Velez is the photographer's standby. She can always be depended upon, anytime, any place, with, or without Johnny Weissmuller, and for this, we thank you, Lupe. And now to get to those two pet peeves! They are both male stars, none other than Charles Laughton and Adolphe Menjou, respectively.

A fellow cameraman tells me Charles Laughton is really a swell fellow when you catch him in the right mood. Personally, I have had only one encounter with Mr. Laughton and I hope it will be the last. It happened this way:

The preview of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was just over, and we were to have a 1 o'clock of the theatre all set up to take pictures of the many celebrities who attended this event. I was there, Sally Eilers and her husband, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Billie Dove and many others were "posing" as they called it, and tut-fratulently, March and Maureen O'Sullivan. I happened to spy Charles Laughton on the verge of skipping out of that spot up; "Will you pose for a picture, Mr. Laughton?" He was talking to a member of the M-G-M publicity department, but he turned and said:

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Lovely lashes

The parents of small children. Bars were
built over nursery windows, guards were
hired, and we camermen were begged
not to take pictures of the children so
that their faces would be easily recognized
by kidnappers.

At that time no picture had ever been
taken of the famous Thalberg heir.
It was considered a great scoop to get one.
After months and months of hard work,
and many patient hours of waiting, I
finally took a picture of little Irving, Jr.
It was a marvelous picture. The little
fellow was smiling straight into the cam-
era in a big close-up. Any sympa-
thetic magazine producer would have
paid me a big price for that picture.
But I did not print it because of Miss
Shearer's personal plea to me not to.
She was afraid waging as she begged me not
to release the print. "Maybe it is because
I am so nervous over the Lindberg tragedy," she
explained. "I am going through my month or so I
may not feel this way. But I honestly be-
lieve you will help me to protect the
safety of my child if you will not print
this picture. Later on when things are
not so terrible I promise you shall take a
picture of my little boy!" She then very
generously offered so much for the picture
from me, that I assured her that wasn't
necessary, for who could have resisted
that plea? Of course, Miss Shearer is
completely over that phase now and
frequently poses with Irving, Jr.

Speaking of stars in general I have
noticed one particular and telling charac-
teristic. The more successful they are
the more they like to pretend that they
do not want to be photographed;
and even to the nice ones it sometimes ap-
ppears to be a slight nuisance.

So I set them beginning to give their
favor and studio contracts and you can hardly keep
them away from the front of your camera.
I can recall a very famous male star of
yesterday. In his hey-day he was a hard-
to-get guy. He was always busy and
never wanted to take the time to stop
and pose as the years rolled off his
and his fan following slipped away from him
he began to be a regular camera-hog.

Just the other night a group of cameramen were
taking pictures in front of the Hollywood
café when we saw this man approaching.
Commercially he isn't worth a cent to us.
We never get pictures away much
but sell them. "I'm not wasting any
plates on him," one of the boys said.
But, somehow or other, when the poor old
guy marched up with an expectant look
on his face, posing as proudly as though he
was doing us a big favor, we didn't
have the heart to turn him down. One
of the cameramen had a "flash bulb" and we
photographed him with unloaded cameras!
It seemed to make him happy.
I think that is the most indicative, and the
saddest story I have to tell of Holly-
wood, because it is Hollywood!

**New Fashions in Faces**
(Continued from page 39)

That's what one very prominent beauty
does. Slips her lashes into Kurlash,
presses the handles, and counts to a hun-
dred. (Maybe you can do it in fifty.)
Her lashes curl up so enchantingly that
she's even been written up for her lovely
eyes. Kurlash costs $1, and if your drug
or department store doesn't have it,
we'll send it direct.

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thing to be admired is you. What you
are, your own most charming, winsome
self, should speak out and above any
make-up you may wear. We hear a lot today about how silly
women are to imagine that any special
cream or soap can give a face like Dolores',
or any other beauty on or off the screen.
They say, if a girl is born homely she is
going to remain homely no matter what
she does about it.

Now we say that there is no cosmetic
you can use which will make your face
over into the delicate, the enchanting,
the magnetic thing you would like it to be.
But we do know that it can be done,
and we mean real beauty, the kind that is more
than skin-deep, is to an amazing degree
a matter of care, thought, and perfect
grooming.

Let me be personal a moment and tell
you a story. I have a friend who is one of the homeliest women living. She
was homely when she was a little girl. She
will always be homely if you are thinking
of beauty of feature. But she presents
about the most attractive appearance of
anyone I know. Men are wild about her. I
have never known a man who wasn't
pride to take her out. She looks so
perfectly turned out, so exquisitely
made-up.

From the time she was a little girl her
heart ached because of her homeliness.
She resolved to do all she could to make
up for it. As a result she studied herself.
She knew just what clothes she could
wear and how to care for them. She cared
for her skin, her nails, her hair, with
meticulous attention. In some ways she
was almost fanatical about it. But she
got results. Today no one thinks of her
as homely. She is always referred to as
one of the most attractive women.

She probably is not completely
because she had a very beautiful sister, who
when they were both young, got all the
attention. The sister was so pretty, as a
matter of fact, that it is not surprising
she had the idea nature could not be
improved upon. As a result she let herself
go. She was careless in personal
appearance. Her clothes were always a little
bit hussy, as is likely to be a fault with
so many pretty girls. Her face and hair
were never quite perfectly groomed. She
sometimes forgot to take care of her nails.
Today her sister, the ugly duckling, is
immeasurably the better looking of the two.

I mention this as an example of what
intelligent care will do. I have seen the
same thing again and again. So the rest
of us. We don't have to be born beautiful. We can make ourselves
lovely by the right kind of effort!
And with more hours in the
day there is more time for beauty. The
hours from five to seven in the evening
have taken on a new significance, and
I am at a loss to put in the rest of them.

It means happiness and contentment. Are
you getting your share?
Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 8

don't keep us waiting so long again.
Harold—folks might pass out before the
medicines arrives!

Marie Zirulavsky,
Box 18,
New Buffalo, Mich.

FILM IMPROVES ON NOVEL—
NEWS!

May I express admiration of the manner
in which the novel "Of Human Bondage"
has been softened for the screen? Much
that is sordid has been omitted, and the re-
sult is an appealing picture. Leslie
Howard's gentle portrayal of Philip re-
veals anew the delicacy and refinement of
his art.

A. K. Holbrook,
4 Walnut St.,
Boston, Mass.

TRIBUTE TO SARAH PADDEN!

Too little appreciation is shown for the
real back-bone of pictures: the character
actors and actresses!

I wish to pay tribute to one of the finest
and most versatile—Sarah Padden. Her
stolid mountain woman in "Spitfire," and
her laughing Portuguese mother in "He
Was Her Man," are masterpieces!

Phyllis-Marie Arthur,
Louisville, N. Y.

HEAR! HEAR!

I'm for the movies! I think they're fun.
True, there are some pictures I could do
without, but when we can see such troupers
as Shirley Temple, Helen Hayes, Ram
Chatterton, Carl Holbrook, Ronald Colman
and Clark Gable; and pictures like "Baby
Take a Bow," and "Cavalcade," etc., we
shouldn't complain!

Jane Craig Barrett,
1600 Pandora Ave.,
West Los Angeles, Calif.

IDEAL AMERICAN WOMAN!

Thanks, Hollywood, for Irene Dunne.
She and her portrayals are sincere and real
—adjectives the world thought were not
meant to describe the actresses of Holly-
wood, I'd be proud to point out Irene
Dunne to any European as an example of
the ideal American Woman.

Eve Setter,
201 South St.,
Utica, N. Y.

BETTE'S ACHIEVEMENT!

A grand salute to Bette Davis for playing
the part she did in "Of Human Bond-
age." Not many actresses would take such
an unfavorable role and play it so well that
you actually despised the character on the
screen but could not help but admire the
person who played it!

C. H. Gender,
122 South 6th St.,
Olean, N. Y.

Are you using 25-watt lamps in "60-watt sockets"?

Your friends around a bridge table
... the house guest who likes to read
in bed... and must shave, or apply
make-up in the morning... each can
be made comfortable or uncomfortable
by the size of the lamp bulbs you use.

If you want to protect the eyes of both
your guests and your family, follow
these five simple rules. Don't risk eye-
sight when good light costs so little.

1. Bridge: Old fashioned bridge lamps do
not provide adequate light for cards. Ideal
for bridge is the new indirect lamp with a 2-
filament bulb that uses either 100, 200, or a
total of 300 watts.

2. Reading Lamps: Use one 100-watt Edison
MAZDA lamp, or two 60's, or three 40's—
depending upon the number of sockets.

3. Wall Brackets: 15 to 25 watts for decorat-
ive lighting. 60 watts on each side of the
bathroom or dressing table mirror. For kitch-
en, 40 to 60 watts.

4. All bulbs should be shaded to prevent
glare. Shades should be light-colored inside
and open at the top to throw light to the ceil-
ing.

5. Look for the mark on every lamp
bulb you buy. It is your assurance of good
light at low cost.

Check the lights in your home today, noting
all lamps that are under-size. Then get an
assortment of Edison MAZDA lamps from
your dealer. Keep spare lamps on hand.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET, "The New Story
of Seeing." Tells many important facts about
light and eyesight. General Electric Co., Dept.
166, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Also in face powder, dusting powder and talc—in attractive, newly designed packages.

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DR. JEANNE S. WALTER
390 Fifth Avenue
New York

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

eat the pickles and dare to keep on breathing?
But at small intimate dinners to which such good friends as the Harold Bell Wrights come, holiday food at Miss Robson's house isn't turkey-and-cranberry sauce.
"My beefsteak is one thing everyone demands," she said, looking up from the Christmas tree. "Not because of the steak but because of the gravy. I broil the steak as usual, and save the drippings. Then I put the steak on a nice hot dish in the oven and leave the door open so it won't burn.
"Into the drippings, I put a lump of butter, 1/2 teaspoonful of cornstarch and a little cream. 3 mashed tomatoes and 3 mashed bananas, and stir all together; pour this over the beefsteak and it puffs up like souffle.
"I invented this recipe because once I forgot to fry my bananas, so I said: 'Here goes, I'll stick 'em in the sauce.' I always used tomatoes in my gravy and putting in the bananas makes all the difference."

With beefsteak, Yorkshire pudding is an inevitable dish at Miss Robson's house. It's an old English pudding eaten with the meat course and this is how you make it:
To serve 6 people:
3 scant tablespoonful flour
4 eggs
1 pint milk
1/2 teaspoonful salt
Mix flour in a small quantity of milk until smooth, then add the rest of the milk and the eggs, well beaten; put 2 tablespoonfuls of the hot beef drippings into your pan, pour the mixture in and bake in oven for 20 minutes.
"I know something you'll like," observed Miss Robson, suddenly. She rose, opened a heavy oak door at the end of the hall, slipped through and reappeared, beckoning me. Mysteriously, we entered the sunny kitchen, beyond another hall. On the white bread board, near the door, were dozens of paper-thin yellow cookies, crinkly and brown all around the edges.
"I won't say anything, twirling, as all stars should learn to twinkle. "Talking about food is hungry work. Not that there's anything new about those cookies. Come out and see something unusual. I don't know how many we have—never counted them—but we're due for some more any minute. Look, here is the love note thathung one? He's the prospective father and the green one is the mother, so what will the children be?" Turquoise?"

The birds live in huge cages in the patio. Love-birds in the larger house with wooden box nests hung on its sides, a spotty merry-go-round in the underpanted part; finches in the smaller house, all singing lustily.

Enough to make them sing, for the patio is garnished with flowers, gay with colored umbrella painted tables and chairs, single cages of yellow canaries, trilling, too.
"See this?" Miss Robson showed me a tall bush against a wall, laden with pure white flowers some six inches long. "We call these angels' trumpets; at night the perfume is sweeter than the blossoming cren. Miss Harner took a slip from that bush and grew another one just like it for Maude's garden."

We went through the door into "Maude's garden," a tiny patio leading to the cook's own small Spanish apartment, which forms one wall of the patio court yard.

"We use our patio for the holiday parties. Oh, I've just thought of the most delicious dessert for you! I invented it myself and people tell me they don't know whether they are eating ice cream or not—and it's rice pudding, my dear!""First I wash the rice as usual in cold water, put it into a pan and cover it at least one inch above the rice with cold milk; put in sugar to taste and maybe raisins, if you like them, but I make it without raisins. Put it in a slow oven, and when the milk forms a scum across the top and gets brown, I take it out and skim that off and fill it up with more cold milk; when the scum forms a second time, skim it again and refill with cold milk; the third time the scum forms and browns, take it out, slip it in the ice box, and put it into the icebox. You'll hardly know it from ice cream!"

Artist and Business Man

Continued from page 22

salary, however they came off second best. With the realization of all this I began to wonder if I might not have underrated his business sense. But something happened about that time that convinced me even a clock that doesn't strike twice a day and I just knew his session with the Paramount big boys had been "one of those things"—a lucky accident.

This other thing of which I speak was a conversation we had last year. We had been gabbing about nothing in particular when I asked him what he had eaten in this long and rather serious arguments with the studio over salary.
"No," said Freddie slowly. "The front office admits I've certainly had twice what they're paying me but they say they can't afford to give it to me. I feel I owe it to them to stick. When they signed me up I wasn't worth anything like the $1,000 a week they gave me, so if I'm getting less now than I should, things are about even as I look at it."

That speech bore out my previously formed opinion of his business sagacity. A smart man, if he'd got more than he was worth at the beginning, would have set it down to a piece of rare good luck—but it wouldn't have stopped him from demanding his just share later on.

Suddenly my ideas of Freddie's business acumen received a severe jolt. His Paramount contract was finished. He turned down their offers and set out to get himself some real dough.
"Poor Freddie," I thought. "A lamb among the wolves. That guy will be lucky if he isn't paying for the privilege of making pictures inside a year."

But the next thing I knew, Freddie had signed his new contract with Twentieth Century. In the rather forlorn hope of ascertain-

Continued from page 13
But there I ran into another snag. Freddie, ordinarily, is the life of any crowd in which he happens to find himself. But you go to interview him and—no matter how well you know him—he undergoes some sort of metamorphosis that defies you to get a good story out of him. I told him what I wanted.

"Sure," he agreed enthusiastically, "A sort of Jekyll and Hyde. On the screen I'm crazy. Off the screen I'm bugghouse. And yet I keep my own books, make my own investments, do most of the bargaining for my contracts and all that."

"If you don't mind my betting in," said Florence Eldredge, his charming wife, "here's what I think. Every story I've ever read about Freddie has either been borrowed or he's dealt with in a double-meaning way. If I were a woman on the outside, reading these magazines, I'd gather the impression from Freddie's interviews that he is the dullest of the dull."

"That's it," Freddie exclaimed. "Here's how it is: In spite of my scatter-brained performances on the screen and my hair-brained antics off, I really lead a well-ordered and carefully planned existence. When we occasionally have an evening to ourselves, I usually sit down with a pencil and paper, figure out what I have to do along the lines of picture details, settle that and then figure out my income—how much we can spend and how much should be invested—and in what."

You see," Florence put in, "Freddie has—an unconsciously, perhaps—created an illusion that he is scatter-brained. He isn't. I think the secret of his business success—if any—is his cautiousness.

"When he was a little boy, his father was president of a company in Racine that went into bankruptcy. The other stockholders and executives of the company took advantage of their position to clean the slate. But Freddie's father set about paying the creditors dollar for dollar. Every Sunday they used to have a conference. They'd go over the creditors who had been paid during the week and decide whom they could pay the following week and how much. That went on, as you may imagine, for months. The children always sat in on those conferences and it developed a sense of responsibility in them and a regard for business that Freddie, at least, has never shaken off."

"If you catch that," Freddie observed. "It taught me what a neddle you can find yourself in if you haven't enough money. Here's how I look at things now: This acting business I'm in is a tremendous gamble. There's one chance in a million of succeeding in it and landing in the big money. Well, that's enough of a gamble for any man to take. So I don't gamble with my investments.

"We put a certain amount into a trust fund every week. Out of what's left, we live. Our one extravagance, if you can call it that, is our home, Florence and I both like a nice home, so in building this new one we haven't tried to stint ourselves by cutting down here and saving there. We've had everything put in that we want.

"We don't gamble. If we play bridge, a quarter of a cent is tops. Usually we play for a tenth or a twentieth. We don't care about the night spots. We've been to the Colony Club once in our lives. Some of the other places we haven't even seen. Florence cares nothing for jewelry. Several times I've ordered pieces from Cartiers but she always sends them back and says she would rather have a silver platter or something like that. Neither of us gives a damn about clothes so that item doesn't amount to much.

"We don't like to keep a lot of cash on hand so when anything is left over, above

---

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If you really want whiter, more attractively-looking teeth, **Pepsodent** , may lead dental authorities. Film is dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harvests stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unmoved invites dental disorders. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth. Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be ineffective in removing film. There is now a dentifrice you can **Pepsodent** —a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is **Pepsodent** —the special film-removing tooth paste.

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what we deposit in the trust fund, we invest it ourselves. But the investments we make are never a gamble. We own a few sub-salaries—socks, outright—nothing speculative. I don’t play the market because I feel I have to devote the major portion of my time to the screen and if I watch the market closely I certainly can’t afford to dabble in it. We make building loans in a company of which my father is the head and he occasionally lends money to me on mortgages. He can watch those so I don’t have to.

“We adopted a baby last year and said we would adopt another every year for three years. We’ve just used the second and we’ll take two more later.”

The baby, of course, have to provide for so they’ve been buying money into an annuity for them. We don’t want to leave them rich because we think that would spoil them and stifle their originality. We want to be assured of, say, $30 a week, we’ll know they’ll never want. If the girls want to marry poor men they can do it knowing they’ll never starve and even that they can help out a little if their husbands want to study something. If the boys want to go into some line of work that will take years to establish themselves in, they can do it and know they’ll be able to live while they’re working and waiting for breaks.

“Now, as to ourselves: Although, as I told you, we started putting money into a trust fund, we decided we might as well enjoy life while we’re young. We wanted to build a house so we’ve discontinued the trust fund for a time and are putting our money into the house. As soon as the house is all paid for, we’ll resume with the trust fund.

“T’ll be all the result of very careful planning. After we’ve decided on our investments and other finances, there is no sense going around with a face like an owl’s and a tongue like a judge’s. We just relax and have fun.”

“Dorothy Dare, whom Hollywood has recruited from Broadway. Note Dorothy’s gloves."

Accordingly, she stormed the front office and talked the executives into the unheard of idea of furnishing these clothes. Other players, now, are following Gloria’s example of insisting that since personal appearances are part of their work they should be outfitted.

Recalling that parties were the means of his dissipating a near-fortune in days gone by, Slim Summerville, with a yearly income of one hundred thousand dollars, lives quietly at Laguna, about sixty miles from Hollywood, in a small beach house. When he is working in a picture, he covers the distance in a fast roadster. Between pictures, he lounges on the beach, his only entertaining being the company of a few intimate friends.

Though an extremely busy wife and mother, not to mention one of the screen’s outstanding actresses, Norma Shearer still finds time to interest herself in how her house is run, and holds expenditures down to a reasonable figure. Of course, in such a large household, economies are difficult, but in comparison to other homes where such wealth exists her expenses are extremely low. One way of accomplishing this is to entertain modestly.

Unlike many stars, William Powell motors everywhere in a convertible Ford coupe, which he has driven for some time.
He has, however, a larger car, but that reposes most of the time in the garage, being used only on state occasions. For years, he has lived very conservatively, and freely admits he is preparing for a rainy day. By that token, it would seem that that day then has arrived, for he is building a large home, into which he will move in the near future.

Genevieve Tobin, too, runs only a small car. She declares it seemed foolish to spend much money on gasoline, when the smaller car, using a minimum of gas, suffices as well.

Because it gives her something permanent to show for her earnings, Loretta Young has put part of her money into a home. Last year Loretta, who found herself until she found a bargain in real estate fairly palpitating to be snapped up, before she decided to build. Without some such evidence of money saved, she believes these earnings just slip away from one and there's not much to display as a result. Which, after all, is sensible, isn't it?

To help make the payments on a small house, and keep a mother and family of younger brothers and sisters, Richard Crowell has initiated a series of economies. He no longer patronizes expensive restaurants. He has halted his practice of buying one new book each week, unless he is able to pick up a great bargain. If he feels in the mood for travel, he takes short excursions rather than lengthy trips. And even though he needs things for his home, he refuses to make a single purchase until the cash in full is in hand. He buys nothing on credit.

Instead of keeping up an expensive appearance or Beverly Hills mansion, Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, have invested in a ranch. The small amount required to keep this place running smoothly is their only expenditure, since neither cares for parties or going out. The rest of their money is invested safely in bonds. In addition to acting, Ann writes music and Leslie writes stories, and the returns they receive for these side-endeavors are put away with whatever is left over to keep household expenses.

Many of the stars and players have curtailed all expensive living. Louise Fazenda, with a number of other Malibu residents, left her beach home practically unopened this past year. Zasu Pitts sold her large house and moved into a small, unassuming bungalow. Robert Young reduced his rent considerably by taking a house without servant quarters and employing a cook who comes at noon and leaves after dinner. Mary Brian is another who has solved her servant problem thusly. The salary of this servant, too, is exactly one-half of that of one who remains twenty-four hours a day.

June Knight, in common with numerous theatrical people, is superstitious. She always has steadfastly refused to wear any dress again in which she had experienced hard luck. Becoming practical-minded, she dyes the dress, now, and eventually will probably break herself of the superstition.

Helen Vinson, despite her air of sophistication, loves to knit and personally fancies all the knitted articles she needs, while Dorothy Burgess, the batting gal of the screen, through her knowledge of art—she studied under the direction of George Bellows, in New York—has made all the smart declarations in her apartment.

How would we become imbued by the economy wave. Everyone is out to save as much as possible, even though many earn more money now than they made during their days of reckless spending.

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\[ \text{Special FREE offer! To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2011, Atlanta, Ga.} \]
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Y OUR lips tell tales about you. For one thing, they tell how clever you are in the art of applying make-up. If you select the right lipstick, and put it on properly, the rest of your face becomes more alive, vivid, and interesting on the instant.

The lips of the movie stars are their most valuable stock in trade. They must be flattering-ly made up. They have to have color that lasts. That is why we are told, so many of them use this Max Factor lipstick. It lasts on smoothly, has just the right amount of bright clear color, and lasts, it properly applied, for a number of hours.

Here is the most successful way to apply lipstick. Be sure your lips are dry. Smooth the color on the upper lip, being sure to follow the actual line of the mouth. Blend it inward so that the color seems only a continuation of the red inside. Draw a light line of color over your lower lip and blend it very softly into the skin. Then complete your make-up putting the powder on your face and dusting a little lightly over your lips. The film of powder sets the lipstick color. If it dims the color, touch your lips up again very slightly. You will find that putting on this way, your lipstick will last hours longer than ever before.

Max Factor's lipstick comes in four gay shades: Flame, Vermilion, Carnation, and Crimson. If you have any difficulty in selecting the right one for yourself, ask one of the Max Factor girls in a store in your city. She will be able to give you real help.

A pretty hand depends nine-tenths on care, and some say nine-tenths of that care should be put on the nails. Now don't ask us what percent that is! We wouldn't know. But we do know that we have found a marvelous polish which will do a hundred percent job of grooming your nails. We know how many different shades you want to have at your fingertips, this polish, Peggy Sage, is sure to satisfy you. It comes in twenty-four shades, from the one called platinum, one called fire-engine red, one amethyst, one black, one extra pale, and nineteen others. Take your choice, young woman!

But don't imagine that when you have fixed your finger-nails that you have exhausted the delightful possibilities of these brilliant polishes. By no means! With the new extra sheer hose and those fascinatingippers, (nothing to them, my dear), that everyone is wearing after five o'clock these days, toe-nails are being done with a vengeance. If you haven't yet found out, really gleaning now, it is to do your toes, try it out tonight and see if they don't look delightful. Watch your little sister, however—she'll be quick to follow suit. This polish is precious!

Exaltation, the new perfume just over from Paris.

VELY POLISH - 14 lb. C. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
Radio Parade
Continued from page 38

"When the house closed," he recalled, "I decided to do an act myself, played the fiddle."

The comedy work came later, by degrees, until now Benny admits that he can only just about play the fiddle, so long has he neglected it for studio work.

He agrees with you when you remark that it seems all the leading comedians become good showmen as a result of long association with the theatre rather than through suddenly developing a comedy line and then taking it into the theatre—Will Rogers began as a "dumb" show—throwing a lariat; Joe Cook did a jugglimg act—played it at the Waukegan theatre while Benny was playing fiddle in the pit.

But our present viewpoint is beginning to yawning again; let's go before we have to lift him to the dian and spread a coverlet over his snoozing form. We've gotten all the answers we wanted any way. So so-long, Mr. Benny, pleasant dreams!

Either Dick Powell, or the sponsor of his new radio series—or was it Columbia Broadcasting System—decided to comb the entire country, and parts of Canada, for the girl who is to play the lead in the show opposite the singing movie star.

At any rate, the country (20,000 of them), the sponsors of the contest aver), competed in radio trials for the honor—and the remuneration of $500 per week—of playing opposite Dick Powell in the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcasts.

All this simmered down to a finals contest in New York, when twelve girls, winners in the zones into which the country was partitioned, assembled in an audition room and sang and read lines under the designation of a number.

After listening to all twenty finalists, the judges named their winner. She proved to be Rowene Williams, blonde, plumpish, 26-year old entrant from the Chicago zone.

So to Hollywood does Miss Williams to make her debut as a network performer. The star she plays lead to started on the road to fame singing "Shuffle Off to Buf falo." Rowene started toward singing fame by shuffling off from Buffalo—that's where she was born, but her parents took her to Minneapolis. Notable is the fact that Miss Williams never studied music anywhere, but right in Minneapolis, and became a member of the Minneapolis Civic Opera Company, with which she sang for three years.

This summer Rowene went to Chicago, seeking stage and radio work. She arrived there just in time to hear about the contest.

picture will be a success—hope it will show me to advantage, I mean, for I think the picture is certain to register. There is a line cast, the script was good—though, frankly, hard I seen the script before I went out there I'd never have gone, because it didn't seem to me that it gave me enough to do. We built it up after I arrived at the studio, and I'm just hoping now!"

Hollywood, Benny says, has improved considerably since he last was there—that is, in the organization and technique of making talksies. You may recall he was the Master of Ceremonies in "Hollywood Revue of 1929," which was the daddy of the screen musical revues. After that Benny did two other pictures and then returned to vaudeville.

About two and a half years ago he went on the air, and pioneered in bringing everybody—orchestra leader, singers, and others on the program into the "play" of the comedy. He claims no honors as inventor for that, though the idea is now generally popular with radio companies. Benny says he "used to bring in all the people in my vaudeville acts, and did the same when I started radio, the audience likes that style."

Like many of the outstanding comedians, Jack Benny is far more practical than he is theoretical about how to make people laugh. He began as a violinist in the orchestra of a vaudeville theatre in Waukegan, Illinois.

and flowers, marvelous for strained eyes, or puffiness; and eye-astringent, which keeps the skin firm and helps prevent little lines from doing their worst.

The kit itself is a dear! It is shining silver, edged with blue. Whether or not the clear silvery shine is meant to indicate that it will make your eyes sparkle, we wouldn't know. But we are sure that the contents properly used will have exactly this effect. The four preparations are packed snugly, convenient and ready for instant use.

Miss Quinlan also has some eye-exercises which do wonders for tired eyes, and add life and sparkle in addition to keeping the skin smooth. We will be glad to send them to you, if you like. Keep your eyes bright and beautiful, and they will bring you luck!

As an eye-bath, to clean them and soothe tiredness or irritation; then eye cream, one of the best we know to keep those delicate round-the-eye tissues soft and firm; and eye pads, sweet-smelling little sachets of crushed herbs

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THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constitution has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constitution this simple, drugless way!
— the reward of Beautiful Hair!

Clever Girl! One does not have to look farther than her lovely hair to understand her popularity with men. Her marvellous bonnet adds sparkle and vivacity to her eyes and accent her other good features. Her secret? Perhaps you have already guessed it if you haven't, just one Golden Glint Shampoo-and Rinse will show you the way. Try it tonight...you’ll be delighted! 25¢ at your dealers.

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Shampoo and Rinse

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FACE LIFTING BAND

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showgirl, now a comedy comer in the movies. She has been in Hollywood for several years, but only recently has she commenced a really important motion picture career. Genevieve is five feet, five inches in height, she weighs 118 pounds, and she has blue eyes and red-brown hair. She is "Anchors Aweigh." "Springtime for Henry" and "The World Gone Mad."

Next we come to a group of charming ladies—Barbara Reed, Patricia Goron, Allyn Moore, and Billie Seward. Barbara is the "baby" of the Columbia lot. She is 1931—he is 19 years old. Her name. The other. Their Allyn Moore is another. bottle. The paroxysms. Radio. Former, but. Address five. Five "Treasure" borrowing. Five Robert Sabin, actress. *

"Breathe, my youngest daughter." Ama-Gon, how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over. It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my eyes! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purges.

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

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If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

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Men Avoided Me

I WAS TOO FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shuddering their shoulders. It was heartbreakingly sad, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over. It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my eyes! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purges.

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...said Theodora. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Send in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 839-J, 350 Bingham Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Dr. H. B. Stoten, a graduate of the Univ.

ersity of Vienna, using this revolutionary method makes the greatest changes in the looks and life of the face. His method is so quickly and safely practised that thousands of youthful faces are lifted to the beauty of the days gone by. He makes the same change in older faces. It's a fact that his method is making a fortune. He has been given permission to appear in several stage plays in order to gain experience

Julie is slender—five feet and four inches tall; 110 pounds. Her eyes are blue and her hair is brown. She is a fine musician, an artist, and a fountain of inspiration. She tells of the charming singing voice. Now more than ever, she is the心目中的 star of tomorrow. She is Ann Shirley. You'll recognize her more readily by the name she used as a child actress, Dawn O'Day. Studio officials changed her name recently because there are several other Dawn O'Days in the theatrical world. Dawn—or, Ann is sixteen years of age. Her hair is brown, her voice is sweet, soft, and she and her mother have experienced many hardships since then. Dawn is a brown-eyed, brown-haired minx with hazel eyes, just five feet and one inch.

Hazel Forbes, another of Radio's promising lights, is an extremely wealthy woman. Once a Folies girl, she married a businessman. He died and left Hazel a fortune estimated at one to three million dollars—take your pick! Hazel is not satisfied to remain a widow, so she is after a career. Her first picture roles are in "Down To Their Last Yacht" and "Bache-Loir Bait.

Miss Forbes is a statuesque beauty. She is five feet and six inches tall, and weighs 123 pounds. She has blue eyes and blonde hair. She is also the possession of one of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood. Last and latest of Radio's newcomers is John Beal, who has recently earned a succ-
The New Sophisticate of the Screen

Continued from page 19

Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert and Connie Bennett and dozens of others have that cute little trick of getting dressings over the hips—simply to draw attention to their million dollar figures. But no accentuations of hips for Myrna. Until lately, no one paid any attention to Myrna dressed on the screen. Ruth Chatterton and Joan Crawford went in for heavy accents, so when the voice has not one single harsh or false note, it's just a normal voice.

With the birth of Hollywood going into hysterics over the Body Beautiful, and making the lives of hostesses miserable with their everlasting diets and green salads, Myrna quite nondramatically picks up a pound here and there without so much as a sigh, much less a shriek, cats as she darned pleasures, and exercises only when the spirit moves her.

Myrna has never carried a gardenia, married a Marquis, attended a premiere, worn her fingernails long red and brown, thrown a clatter at the director, owned a loud automobile, worn dark-colored glasses, made an "entrance," or told the publicity department she was tired of giving enough publicity. Myrna has never been to New York, nor to Europe—dear me, she hasn't even sniffed at the Riviera—she's never been to one place of Montana and California; but when it comes to sophistication, the screen on the screen I will match her any c-c against Lilian Hall-Davis, Madeleine Carroll, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Miriam Hopkins. Oh, you can throw in Kay Francis, too. We'll still beat her.

But there was a moment more times by Hollywood than Massa Maxie smacked down Carnera, and has been tossed about from one studio to another somewhat in the manner of a football. Every time she would have a chance to play a nice American girl with good manners, along would come the curse of the Manchus again. Imagine Myrna's horror in a local theatre one night when she heard a woman back of her telling another woman that Myrna was a tramp and lived next door to her laundress.

But with it all Myrna Loy today represents the new sophisticate of the screen. She is what every actor and actress, from Johnnie, to Mary, to Marjorie, to Charley, to Madge, to Marlene, is striving for. Here is a woman who can play a chipper, a heavy, a tramp, a nurse, no chi chi. Ask a high-school boy what a sophisticate is and he will answer that it is a person who is being honest. The point is, when she went in for honesty in a big way, and flaming youth took possession of the screen, Clara Bow and Alice White and Colleen Moore were all very frank about Life and Love and Sex and Legs, and the flappers thought it was all just dandy. Shriek everything you know—that was being sophisticated, then suddenly there weren't any flappers but another "younger generation" who were equally honest and natural about everything, but who found out that Life and Love and Sex and Legs were far more exciting if they were subtle. And so, in the words of a writer, "She is a subtle successor of Clara Bow. She's still in her life, up to the minute sophisticated.

Mr. Van Dyke, the director of "The Thin Man" and many other successes too, is the president of our "We Want More Loy" club. Van Dyke thinks Myrna is the Best. "A not particularly business woman," he told me one day, "The Thin Man" set last week. "If I went in to see Thalberg tomorrow and suggested that he let Myrna Loy play a Chinese rôle in 'The Good Earth' or 'Lime house Nights' he'd say I was crazy—plumb nuts—and order a straight jacket for me. But only three years ago the minute a producer read a script that called for a Chinese menace he sent for Myrna Loy.

"Myrna," Van continued, "is a normal, sound woman. She's a lovely actress, but she doesn't act. It just isn't in her nature to act. She just goes around being herself. And if she ever starts trying to act I'll spank her. Myrna isn't what you might call a party girl but she very often comes to my parties, swims in my pool, and has a grand time. She never gets loud, and never makes herself conspicuous, and I have never seen her give vent to a display of fireworks on my sets or anywhere. She never goes out of her way in this respect, but in this way you don't know how much, or how little, she really knows.

Which all goes to prove that Myrna is a very snappy girl.

As I said in the beginning—can you remember way back there?—when I first started to say that we had both better turned my head to look at Myrna Loy, I was too busy turning it to look at Marlene Dietrich. But when I found out that I could do a story about Myrna last week, I lost no time in making arrangements to see her. Myrna was working in the newest Frank Capra picture, "Broadway Bill"—which is something right now in Hollywood with every actor and actress doing nip-ups and pretzel-twirls to get a crack at a Frank Capra picture production. And Myrna was on a ranch doing a stable sequence. And it was 116 on the ranch, and smelled like horses, and it was dirty, and there were flies. But she who love my comfort and my Christmas Night lost no time in lying myself out to see Myrna.

When I first met Myrna "in the flesh" she was sitting in her make-shift dressing room, bare-legged. The perspiration flowing down her face and back.

"The new sophisticate of the screen," I said, and Myrna smiled. In that heat she wasn't going to put on any act for me. "I'm afraid of the jokers on you," she said, "You've probably come straight from 'The Thin Man.' In 'Broadway Bill' I wear dungarees almost throughout the entire picture. I'm a noble girl and I like horses.

And so it is that the series of articles, and if you began reading these stories five months ago, you have now been introduced to the majority of Hollywood's young startles. Two or three or more years hence, many of these young players will have reached screen stardom. Watch for that, and you may find the satisfaction of saying, "I knew you when!"

Kansas City Woman LOST 50 lbs.

• Why suffer the humiliation of fat when others find it so easy to lose active weight? Mrs. Jennie Schaefer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I reduced 50 lbs. with REDUCE-OIDS. Every other method failed but REDUCE-OIDS succeeded. After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than for years, and I felt better in every way."

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• Trust a Graduate Nurse to know how to lose fat safely, without weakening baths, harmful exercises or starving diets. Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1246 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "My own experience in reducing with REDUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others. Unsolicited letters tell of weight reductions in varying amounts, as much as 10 lbs. and more, and they report feeling better while and after taking REDUCE-OIDS."

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Here's a paper to hit the flies with. How long do you think we can live in this heat? I may say I managed to live exactly half an hour—but I don’t know how I managed. When I rose to go, a red dress of Myrna’s, which I had been leaning against, was all over the back of my white one. I don’t think the stain will come out. I have something to write reminding Myrna and—But in all that heat, and all that smell, and all that décolleté, Myrna still had her glamour. And glamour at 116 in the shade is really something to get excited about. I was all for getting Myrna excited over it, too, but Myrna said she was too busy mopping perspiration and swatting flies, and wouldn’t do anything for some time when it was cool and there were burning logs in the fireplace and we could talk. Myrna is a support girl. I never give an interview today she can put off until tomorrow! 

She Had to Come Back

Continued from page 31

the transition from silents to talkies with flying colors. Probably the most accurate guess is that her beginning in slapstick comedies was less impressive to the studios than the Broadway backgrounds of the New York stage imports. At any rate she was really in the same grade you would expect to be slowing down. She was called for less and less parts.

“For nine months I heard nothing from Mr. Levee. And then he was arranged for me to do a bit in Wonder Bar.” A bit for Fazenda, who still was receiving voluminous fan mail, and it was identified by countless film-lovers as an integral figure in the Hollywood panorama! It is almost unbelievable, but the script provided only four lines for her.

An experienced trouper needs just a fighting chance. I recollect, when, after Louise had started slipping, she refused to compete for a fine part in order that another actress, to whom the job was more imperative, would get it. That incident will never be publicized. However, Louise developed a debt of gratitude to Ruth Donnelly and she is anxious publicly to thank for her kind deed.

“You will remember,” says Louise, “that Ruth Donnelly and I worked together throughout our scenes in Wonder Bar.’ I’d never met her before, but as we walked onto the set on the first day, she turned to me and said, ‘Look here. My character is the one that has stand-out possibilities. I am under contract and you aren’t. You need a break, so we’ll switch parts.’

They did and this will be the first time anyone else besides the scenarist knows they did! Louise’s natural wit makes her an expert at ad-libbing. It didn’t take the director long to see that he could add much to the pictures if she was cluttered up with glamorous stars, but he recognized that her individual comedy touches would be a great asset. None of her parts was written for her! They started the cameras running and Louise said whatever popped into her mind as apropos. This spontaneous humor had even gales of laughter during production.

There isn’t an ounce of conceit in Louise. I was at her home most of the day preceding the Hollywood Radio Program of ‘Wonder Bar.’ She assured me, and she believed her words, that it was merely another bit and wouldn’t make a material thing. That.
evening she went, deconsolate, to the open-
ing, it was the first time she'd seen herself
on the screen in seven years! And she
took the shoe. Next day, three
students were excellent roles, M-G-M’s
contract was most enticing, so she chose them.

Her new employers, aware of what she
did that slim opportunity and of what
she can do with a real chance, asked for
the time to prepare the story in which she is
expected to be filmed with Leo Car-
rillo. While waiting for the special script,
they loaned her to Fox for the comedy
role in "Caravan" and over a week later
she was off on a vacation jaunt to
Europe with her husband.

The most unusual aspect of Louise’s sit-
tuation is that she never
has capitalized on her husband’s possible
influence.

When she and Hal Wallis married six
years ago, they agreed that they would
share mutual interests and their private
life, but that each was to go on working
independently. While Louise is industry
a housewife, she has stood on her own feet
since she was sixteen and wants always to
do so.

At the time of her marriage she was
clicking steadily. Hal Wallis was pub-
licity head at a major studio. Now he is
in active charge of his own independent
motion picture company. But never once has Louise
let her career and his business duties overl-

When jobs began to slow down three
years ago, she was offered alluring stage engagements. A Broadway producer
wanted to star her in one of the highest
standard musicals of the time. Easily she
could have proved that she was equal to any
established stage name.” She declined,
not because of her husband but because of
her health. Personal appearance tours
were the vogue; she was offered $3,500 a
week to tour the East. She headed for
three weeks and, homesick, quit and
re-
turned to Hollywood and Hal.

“Every time I hit a low spot I learn that
it was for the best,” she stated to me
the other day in reviewing her life.

What- ever hurt was caused by the slump in her
career was more than balanced by the joy
which she took in her marriage. For a
year she forgot about acting and
devoted herself to this long-dreamed-of
personal role in the family. But Arlis, a blue-eyed
youngster, is sixteen months
old and the apple of his proud parents’
eyes.

So, as Louise contends, Fate seems to
rule her life. Disappointments eventually
begin to evolve into something more wonderful
than she ever anticipated.

Her being pictures at all is a pertinent
illustration of how her life has been charted
counter to her expectations. Born on
the bank of the Ohio, on her grandmother’s
farm near Lafayette, Indiana, she was
brought to Los Angeles by her parents, as
a baby. She is the only child.

Coming from conservative non-theatrical
stock, her parents found Los Angeles no
bed of roses. They ran a little general
store and Louise worked in all her spare

"I used to drive the delivery wagon,” she
reminiscences gleefully. "I was a liked
horse who couldn’t see where he was head-
ing on one side, so I invariably had to go
around two blocks to get around one!"

The Wallises have indelibly
the complexity of her character. Her four
grandparents were each of a different na-
tionality, French, Spanish, Portuguese
and Italian! They drank, "and yet most
people presume I’m Irish or Swedish.”

Her father was born in Mexico.

He spoke eight languages fluently and
was a brilliant man who never had oppor-
tunities. He died a year ago, his old age
made happy by Louise’s thoughtfulness.

She saw that he travelled all over the
world. Her mother, a white-haired, patri-
monial, and learned woman, lives in the con-
fortable Los Angeles home Louise has long
maintained for her.

“She taught the in a mind and I was
slated to be a school-ma’am.” She graduated from
high school at sixteen, with high
marks. Stanford was her goal. But those days girls didn’t work their way
through Stanford. When she discovered this, Louise determined to earn enough in
Los Angeles to finance her college course.

She had it set that she would major
in chemistry and English.

A woman residing in the same building as
Fazenda is contracted that Louise come along
with her and seek a job as an extra. The
chance to make some money was all
Louise wished; it was as good an idea as
any rich with money, that—a new
world opened to her.

Her raise was gradual; success didn’t
come as a snap. Lacking the hammy
beauty particularly necessary then, she
found herself thrust into comedies. No one
at first, including herself, suspected that
she would arrive international fame.

Frequently she is asked how she gets
her marvelous characterizations. The answer
is simple: she is on a comedic wave with
success having been established, and the
ability, heightening it with her own in-
terpretation. She observes women and
men with a funny look, living on some mysterious stick in
her mind and she has an inexhaustible
supply of them.

And now I reach the crux of my story.
How is she the most interesting woman in
Hollywood? Because, she more than any
other film actress, is a complete person-
ality.

You have never seen the real Louise
Fazenda on the screen, and you never will.
The camera catches only her comical side.
She is certain, as you’ve glimpsed,
her jollity you have felt that there is a
lot more to her. There certainly is. She is
“most interesting” because she has lived
the full life, tackling every phase courage-
ously. The result is that she has emerged
enriched by experience, a woman of in-
finite charm.

Whatever your problem, Louise can match
it and advise you from her own ex-
periences. She is at every stage of life, practically
at any situation, at one time or
other, Fate has forced her to face nearly
every exigency.

You see her done up in fantastic cos-
tumes and make-up; personally, of course,
she is genuinely attractive. She invariably
wears wigs in pictures; her own hair has
been worn long and in loose
waves. She has particularly beautiful
teeth and a smile that would warm
the heart of any man. Her eyes are gray and
mirror her mood of the moment.

The strength of her hands reveals that hers
has been a life of activity and that she
never hesitated when there has been some-
one to help.

“I have changed in that I no longer plan
my movements in advance. I never do or
take any good to, anyway! I think we all
really have about the same amount of joys
and joy, wherever we are and at whatever
time. My home and baby and this new
screen opportunity will keep me busy, and
I’m immensely grateful that I have them!”

Zasu Pitts interception in her chief
ambition is to do a picture with Louise, and
the desire is reciprocated. Until then,
we shall be waiting eagerly for your co-
nect of a dainty feature to Louise. M-G-M’s
calling it “The Winning Ticket” and we hope it’s just that. Meanwhile, we
Fazenda-fans say: How did you know
what it means—that we like you more than
can tell, and that we wish peace, and
health, and happiness to you!

Compare Your Figure
WITH
Lovely Lilian Bond's
Height, 5'4" Weight, 116 lbs. Bust 34" Waist 25"*

Start To-Day
and REDUCE!

Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beau-
iful movie stars. You can now safely
banish excess fat — enjoy better health and
feel years younger — just take a half teaspoonful of
Kruschen salts in a glass of hot water first thing in
the morning.

Kruschen is not just one pill, as some people ignor-
antly believe — rather it’s a superb blend of six
powerful rate healthful salts based on an average analysis of
over 22 European Spas which supercharge normal
waters physicians for years have prescribed for
weight patients. Kruschen, being a single Master-treatment — it can’t
possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks
costs only a few cents at any druggist.

Kruschen
SALTS
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT"

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"Suiten or Cry"...NEVER FADES OR RUNS

PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes

Available only in Chicago drug stores. Write for sam-

ple, 25c. If you learn "Suiten or Cry," we will send you the

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Weeks or months. Evening courses, 1 year, 6, 12, 18 months.

Course endorsed by physicians, pharmacists, nurses. 12, 18, 24 months.

Will change of residence of graduates, 1 year, 2 years, 3 years. Graduates have started 50
of hospitals and nursing schools. 12, 18,-24 months. CME, 35-100-150.

Included. Comm. type approved. Illustrated. 35-50-50-100. Easy action presented. Write for full

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T. W. HOBSON, Director

Dept. 1131, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, III.

Please send free booklet and 2 sample lesson pages.

Name ___________________________ City __________ State ____________ Age ________
Ladies in waiting! Kathleen Howard, Diana Wynyard, and Mrs. Pat Campbell make a fuss over "Moonbeam," Mrs. Campbell's pet, as they await a call to the set.

Practice makes perfect! Fred Astaire, Erik Rhodes, Director Mark Sandrich, and Alice Brady seem to enjoy rehearsing a number for the film in which Fred will star.

He's had a busy day! Baby LeRoy is that tired he yawns even though Shirley Temple does out-West Mae!

(Continued from page 67)

Lew Ayres has a very down-to-earth way of enjoying the simpler things of life. Instead of attending Hollywood parties and social events, he may usually be found at a bowling alley, or at a ping-pong court.

The other night he visited a ping-pong court, and finding no one else to play with, he challenged a fifteen-year-old kid. Now Lew is one of Hollywood's best players, but this youngster won every game.

As Lew paid for rent of table, paddles and balls, the cashier smilingly informed him that his boy-opponent was the "champion of Los Angeles."

Wonder if Constance Bennett knows about this? Connie employs as her chauffeur a husky, ebony-colored negro who is a popular figure in Los Angeles' darktown section.

One day Irene Dunne was talking to her own chauffeur, and in the conversation it came out that Miss Bennett's driver is known to his associates by the nickname "the Marquis."

Of course, you all know that Connie's husband is the Marquis De La Falaise.

A FINE big movie close-up to Robert Woolsey, for befriending three baby mocking-birds. The feathered fledglings dwelt in a nest in a tree just outside of Woolsey's studio dressing-room. While making up one day, Bob noticed that no mammal bird came to feed the babes. He secured a ladder, and investigated. Then for two weeks he became a "stand-in" for the missing mamma bird, feeding the youngsters until they were able to go out and make their own way.

Tells all! Anne Shirley leaves after her first interview since being signed to play "Anne of Green Gables."

The Crosby twins, Dennis Michael and Phillip Lang, are squawling lustily, and give every evidence of joining up with the other Crosby baby, Gary Evan, to form a trio, years hence.

One of the twins, Phillip Lang, was named by Bing in memory of Eddie Lang. Eddie, fans of Crosby will recall, was not only the Crooner's best friend, but for several years he was guitar-accompanist every time Crosby sang for stage or radio.
First Cover Girl Contest in This Issue!
Myrna Loy Offers Prizes—See Page 22
They are enthusiastic about its business-like action... its quick results

At least one million men, rich and poor, hard-boiled and easy-going, spenders and penny pinchers, vote this tooth paste Number One among them all. Most of their wives agree with them.

Take the matter of attacking tartar and removing discolorations from the teeth. There Listerine Tooth Paste has the punch of a pugilist—quick, unerring, effective!

Consider the quick way it cleans—gets off debris as easily as a big leaguer swats a "homer."

See how it makes teeth shine!—like the bright work of a Cup Defender.

Note the wonderful feeling of mouth freshness it leaves after using—like a Listerine mouth rinse after heavy smoking.

Quick and thorough cleansing is due to modern ingredients—critically chosen because of their complete safety in action. They have the gift of sweeping debris out of hard-to-reach crevices, yet they cannot harm the most delicate enamel.

Give these same ingredients credit for the flashing lustre this tooth paste imparts to teeth.

That wonderful feeling of freshness in the mouth is due to some of the essential oils of Listerine itself.

Why not try a tube of this thrift dentifrice? Make it prove itself by its results. Make it show you how much better your teeth can look and your mouth can feel. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The stain combating, film removing dentifrice— in 2 sizes 25¢ and 40¢
This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who enthralis love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Laurels for Lederer! The fascinating Francis personifies charm in "The Pursuit of Happiness"

A NEW idol has come to dwell amongst us! Francis Lederer, the false-alarm star of an Eskimo misadventure, at last conquers in his second Hollywood production, as an irresistible young Hessian soldier transplanted to Revolutionary America, where he hears about "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness" and proceeds to enjoy all three, even to the good old native custom of "bundling." Lederer is completely and consistently ingratiating in his whole-souled characterization, and beyond a doubt at one bound takes his place as one of the really important Hollywood personalities. Not since Chevalier first enchanted us with his European gaiety have we had such a heart-warming occasion for tossing our editorial hat in the air in tribute to a blithe spirit, bringing a freshness and a romantic joyousness to our hungry screens.

Lederer salutes us and we salute him right back, for his triumph in "The Pursuit of Happiness," in which his gaiety persuades Joan Bennett to unbend and give a charming performance.
For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy (from the book by Thorne Smith) fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL
The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

THE PROFESSOR APPROVES!
I am an old fogey college professor. I feel foolish writing a fan letter, but I must applaud the good diction and pronunciation in talkies. As nearly everybody attends movies there is bound to be an improvement in the speech of the people. I heartily endorse movies as an educational and an entertainment institution.

Dr. Oliver G. Larson, 315 Esplanade, Redondo Beach, Calif.

SHIRLEY ENLISTS THE ARMY!
Of all the good movies and talented players that we see at our Post Theatre, no one player has ever won a place in our hearts so easily or quickly as Shirley Temple. So give Uncle Sam’s soldier movie-fans more pictures starring little, blue-eyed Shirley.


SKETCHED IN SONG
Musically speaking:
Evelyn Venable: BRAHMS’S LULLABY.
Myrna Loy: SONG OF INDIAN.
Dolores Del Rio: HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY.
Sylvia Sidney: POOR BUTTERFLY.
Ann Harding: MOONLIGHT SONATA.
Lupe Velez: SEVENE SERENADE.
Joan Crawford: SONG OF THE FLAME.
Mrs. Howard Cooksey: CAROLINA PINES HOTEL.
Raleigh, N. C.

A CHALLENGE TO DE MILLE!
Cecil DeMille was in town recently telling folks about his ideals. Well, Mr. DeMille, here’s a challenge to your genius. Take “Parsifal” and give it to us with all the mystic beauty Wagner dreamed into it! Are you big enough? Are you game?

Theresa Ficha
2850 Eads Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Tell Hollywood and the stars what YOU think in this forum of fan opinion and ideas!

The Salutes carry on to victory in this month’s meeting in this forum of the fans! And there’s the proof that Hollywood’s pudding is prepared to the taste of the majority, as pictures, bigger and better, come along in this dawn of a new season.

The commentators this month come forward with pertinent discussion on topics close to the core of the movie art, and we hear from all sections—a college professor endorses the films as a teacher of good grammar; a housewife tells the fact that she’s in the movies at last a school girl tells Hollywood just what the producers’ better efforts mean to the Little Women of America; the Army itself sends up a salute to Shirley Temple, and fans everywhere say their say about personalities of the screen.

If you enjoy interesting ideas about pictures, by all means read every letter this month. And if you are not now regularly sending in your own ideas about films or stars, authors or directors, start immediately—remember that price of five dollars for each of the eight best letters each month.

Send your letter to the Salutes and Snubs Dept., SCREENLAND, 43 West 45th St., New York City. Restrict your comment to fifty words, please.

Claudette Colbert whose colors are flying high and gayly in the gala of your approval for her increasingly brilliant performances.

larger city than that in which I had spent my childhood. Hence the inexpressible “lost” feeling.

My gratitude a thousand-fold to those who helped me banish “dat ‘ole debil”—The Blues. The whole movie industry deserves my everlasting salute!

Ruth Caldwell, University Hospital, Parnassus and Third Aves., San Francisco, Calif.

NEWS! FAN GETS IN MOVIES!
Hurrah! I’m in the movies! Opened my evening paper and there it was—“Housewife.” Needless to say I stacked the dishes and rushed to the theatre. Ann Dvorak and George Brent give good performances. Being a “Housewife” is not such a bad job after all!

Mrs. Betty Toles, 514 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

NEW PEN PORTRAITS
1. Leslie Howard: Masculine charm personified. Age-less romance—past, present, future.
2. Robert Montgomery: Little Lord Fauntleroy gets into the Duchess’ prize jam rot.
3. Helen Hayes: Poria directs the Junior Leaguers.

(Continued on page 92)
Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-pounding background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—it's fast fun and lavish production!

**Picture of the Month**

*We Salute*

**Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler**
America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!

Heaps new honors on **Dick Powell—Ruby Keeler**—**Pat O'Brien**; on **Frank Borzage** for his best production; on Bobby Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.
Inside the Stars' Homes

3. Fay Wray

By Betty Boone

When Fay Wray was a school-girl living in Hollywood, she used to roller-skate past a lovely house set well back from the street and sheltered by great eucalyptus trees. Florence Vidor, one of Fay's favorite screen actresses, lived in the house then but Fay never thought of it as the Vidor home. It was always "my house."

Which proves that dreams do come true, for today it really is Fay's, although she and her husband, John Monk Saunders, have partially remodeled it.

Fay herself, in a red-dotted white silk dress, its Ascot tie bordered with little red jockey-figures, was coming downstairs when her secretary admitted me. She waved the heavenly blue garment she was carrying.

"Look, aren't these adorable? They're pajamas made exactly like a man's. When I was in New York, my husband happened to see some in the shop where they make his, so he had them make me half a dozen in different colors. He thought I'd be pleased—and I was!"

She put them with a small pile of

Want to meet the stars as their best friends know them? Screenland affords you the privilege of visiting your film favorites really at home, sharing their secrets of home furnishings, their pet recipes.
things being packed for a week-end at the beach and we descended the two steps from the hall to the long living room. There's an Oriental rug on the floor, larger than any I've ever seen, its soft tones repeated here and there in different pieces of furniture. It's a lovely room with a great fireplace at one end, but the chief thing that strikes you about the Saunders' home is that it has a happy, lived-in look. There isn't that feeling, so common in some starry dwellings, that the decorator has just departed and heaven help anyone with dusty shoes.

You can even sit on the fireside bench with the grospoint seat without injuring the hostess, although the grospoint was done with her own needle during the filming of "The Affairs of Cellinet."

"So we are going to talk about salads!" Fay's heavy-lidded blue eyes deepened in concenation. "The favorite. Saunders' salad is a green salad made with chicory, watercress, and whatever green vegetables are in season, served with a dressing mixed at the table. I always mix it myself—lemon, olive oil, salt, pepper and paprika, mixed very carefully with a wooden fork and spoon. You have to do it very lightly, just lifting the vegetables and blending it. I have a lovely old Spanish crock that I use when there are several people to be served. In winter, though, my very favorite salad is French endive with dressing.

Fay serves with these salads, bread cut extra thin, spread with cheese, rolled and toasted, or cheese biscuits or cheese straws. The recipe for cheese straws, which she says of her guests like, is:

- ½ cupful grated cheese
- ¾ cupful flour
- ¼ cupful shortening (scant)
- ½ teaspoonful salt
- 1 egg
- few grains cayenne pepper

Grate the cheese. Rub flour and shortening together with the hands. Add the cheese, salt and pepper. Beat the egg light and add to the mixture. Roll to about ½ inch thick, cut in strips. Lay on flat pan and bake to a light brown.

OR: Take a piece of the mixture about the size of a walnut and roll to a ball between the hands, using enough flour to prevent sticking. Bake on a flat pan to a light brown.

"When I give a buffet supper, we serve in the play-room as well as the dining room. It's the famous room that was built to accommodate a ping-pong table." She opened the glass doors from the living-room into the play-room, as she spoke, and revealed the table, a superlatively affair that looked as if it had been made for a queen. "It was much too good to stand outdoors, as you can see, so we had to change the old brick terrace into this room. A sun-room, really, with tiled floor and glass walls overlooking a lovely back garden where more eucalyptus trees and bushes gleamed.

"For a buffet supper I serve three salads," went on Fay. "Last time I had tomato aspic ring, a fresh fruit salad, and a sea food salad. I serve the fresh fruit in a hollowed-out pineapple, all kinds of fresh fruit in season. Some people like whipped cream dressing for this. Here's one we often use:

- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, separated
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard

(Continued on page 89)

**TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**

**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 and UPLIFT Brasiere. Test them 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, they will cost you nothing! Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!**

- The massage-like action of these famous PERFOLASTIC Reducing Garments 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 gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated to permit the Skin to Breathe!

- And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolaastic is a delightfully soft, satined 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 and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days...then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

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City _______ State _______
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card.
Radio Parade

What some of your air favorites say and think about themselves and their work!

By Tom Kennedy

Radio's 1934 season is off to the most auspicious start the ether impresarios thus far have contrived for entertainment of America's masses. Through September and early October there came back to the microphones such stars as Bing Crosby, Ed Wynn, Block and Sully, and Roxy, and many others.

The radio showmen have been busy in their air castles trying to plot new forms of entertainment that will be more distinctly "radio" and less imitative of the stage and screen. The testing out of their ideas should add zest to the present season. One of the ideas being toyed with is a romantic narrative with original music score written by a leading composer, to be presented in the form of a serial, or continued play, in which radio's most prominent stars will appear.

Can you imagine the din of derisive hoots which would greet a Hollywood announcement that some producer had signed a famous radio tenor—James Melton, for example—to appear on the screen in the rôle of a rancher, or a young farmer who gets his start in life as a hog caller?

Well, go ahead and imagine it! But don't start preparing brickbats to heave at the head of our imaginary producer—because if Melton signs for pictures (and they have been after him these past couple of years), that's the type of character he would prefer to do a juvenile rôle in films.

"I've had lots of experience calling hogs," Melton added in replying to my question about the prospects of the pictures getting him.

"I want to do some pictures, sure," he continued.

"But music is my career and heretofore the picture people offered me term contracts, which would mean that I would have to give up my other work, radio and concert. So now we are working on a plan to make it a 'picture to picture' arrangement."

It's quite possible the picture negotiations will have been concluded before this appears in print.

"I would not be interested in doing a show," he added, "for the reason that it would mean six days a week of playing the same part, singing the same songs. That would be marking time so far as I am concerned. I want to continue concert and radio, and go on with my preparations to do opera."

From which you gather that James Melton is pretty ambitious. And you are quite right. Moreover, you realize as he talks about his ambition, that Melton has the determination, resolution and concentration to drive his talents to the peak of their potentialities. You see that in the set of the jaw; the fixity of the deep-set, black eyes; the carriage of the broad shoulders of this chap who stands six feet three inches and weighs more than a hundred and ninety pounds.

With the tremendous popular following Melton has built up during his years of singing over the radio; the vocal equipment he is developing ever since he left the Revelers Quartette (a work which kept his voice "small" and improperly placed for the more dramatic forms), and his fine appearance for heroic roles, Melton has much more to offer opera than he brought to Broadway when he crashed it as an unknown six years ago. You've heard, of course, how, refused an interview by a secretary, Jimmy burst into song in (Continued on page 93)
"Oh, MY aunt!" breathed Roger. "What heavenly perfume!"

Then he went on, muttering to himself.

"‘Per’ means through, ‘fume’ means smoke. ‘Through smoke!’ Gets in your eyes, my eyes, everybody's eyes."

"What ARE you talking about?"

Only the inarticulate came from my sainted brother.

Per-fume? Perfume!

A light dawned. Roger is in love with a bewitching blonde who goes trailing clouds of indefinable, intoxicating fragrance. He is completely under her spell and has just found out what is the matter.

I've always known that boy was smart. Most men can't tell what ails them.

Perfume has a way with the big strong sex, an ancient, sweet way, which has not changed, for all my intensive research, personal and literary, can discover, in the last five thousand years. If you wish to be enchanting and make your conquests, you will want its help.

So, ladies, choose your weapon. Shall it be one of the light, sweet odors that captivate by their very illusiveness? Or shall it be the heavier, serious scents that cast a spell as inescapable as the fact that, sometime or other, whether you like it or whether you don't, you are going to fall in love?

But before I try to help you choose a perfume to express your personality, I am going to pretend you have perfume on the shelf at home, and tell you how to make the most of it.

Study our picture of Betty Furness. Notice that cunning eye, that shining hair. Those are the places perfume should be applied, for in those places it belongs!

Betty looks, by the way, like the picture of a perfume herself. Flowerlike, gracious, gay. If I were a perfume and were out to have my picture taken, I am sure I should want to look exactly like that!

Now, the perfume artists complain that not one girl in ten knows how to use perfume. They insist it is put on clothes where it grows stale and is never its true self. They object that too much is used. Often one perfume is applied on top of another. This, they explain, causes the nose to suffer just as the ear would if two different songs were played at once on the same piano. They shudder at the results.

We have stoutly maintained that no SCREENLAND reader ever does anything of the sort. But just to make sure:

Spray the perfume on with an atomizer if you have one. Beg, borrow, or steal one if you haven't. Spray it on the skin, not on clothing. On the skin, it blends in with that imperceptible skin odor which each one of us has, and becomes a real part of us, different for each wearer. On clothing it grows stale and a second application the next day only makes matters worse. Spray it behind the ears and into the hair, and on the wrists. Then stop. If you have sprayed it sparingly, you have just enough.

If you do not have an atomizer, touch the bottle stopper to the ear lobe, and when putting it on the hair, use the palm of the hand to brush it well in. This also applies to furs.

The only clothing on which perfume should be put are nighties and lingerie. Use (Continued on page 94)
A FREE GIFT from the Editor to YOU!

The Supply Is Limited
Send Your Reply TODAY!

Dear Reader:

I'm feeling friendly!
And why not? You and I have been friends for
long time. You know me. Now I want to know
a lot about you! What you do, what you like; so
I can keep a mental portrait of you always on hand.
Because by knowing you I can give you a magazine
filled with exactly what you want.

Suppose you do something for me! If you will
answer all the questions at the bottom of this page,
I'll send you a gift—an Armand "New Experience"
six-piece make-up set; a complete set with cleanser,
cream, powder, powder puff and rouge—a set I
think you'll like.

It will take but a minute of your time to answer
the questions. And besides getting the set abso-
lutely free for your trouble, you'll be helping me
to give you in SCREENLAND just the sort of fea-
tures you will most enjoy.

Please fill in the answers, sign your name and
address, and mail to me today, right now, as soon
as possible. And mutual friend Maurice Chevalier would say:

"Further in the words of Maurice: Thank you
... thank you very much!"

Cordially yours,

Delight Evans

Please print or type your answers plainly.

CLIP HERE.

Fill this out and win a gift!

Age (Please check) Under 18.... 18 to 25.... 26 to
35.... over 35....

Married?.... Occupation?....

How long have you been a SCREENLAND reader?....

How many are in your family?....

How many of them read SCREENLAND?....

How many are men?.... Women?.... Children?....

Do you or your family own your home?....

Have you a telephone?.... Do you live in a house?....

Do you live in an apartment?....

Is your laundry done at home?....

How many automobiles in your family?....

Do you buy at an independent drug store?....

Do you buy at an independent grocery store?....

Do you buy at a department store?....

Do you buy at chain stores?.... Name them....

What is your favorite hobby?....

Do you go to the movies?.... How often?....

What other screen magazines do you buy?....

Do you read Good Housekeeping?.... Saturday
Evening Post?.... Ladies' Home Journal?....
Cosmopolitan?.... McCall's.... True Story?....

What is your family income? (Multiply weekly income by 52)$....

Will the lady readers answer the following ques-
tions:

What do you spend each year for: (Of course just answer
these questions in approximate amounts and mention as many
brands as you can remember!) Shoes? $.... What make?....

Hosiery? $.... What brands?....

Cosmetics? $.... What brands?....

Groceries? $.... What brands?....

Bottled beer? $.... What brand?....

Your Name....

In order to win the set you must answer all questions.

THIS OFFER ENDS NOV. 22, 1934. ALL REPLIES MUST BE POSTMARKED NOT LATER THAN THAT DATE.

Send the Make-Up Set to this address:

Delight Evans, Editor, SCREENLAND
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Dear Ann Harding:

I demand an explanation!

When you chose to "go Garbo" and refuse interviews, that was your business. When readers wrote to me asking why I didn't have Harding interviews any more, I could only accept philosophically the sad news that "Annie doesn't live here any more." And that was that. I felt that it would hurt you more than it did me, because I can give my readers authentic stories about Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer and Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert and Bing Crosby and Helen Hayes and Jean Harlow and Ruby Keeler, to name a few box-office stars. You, on the other hand, are presenting Ann Harding, by herself. You have only one star to give to your public. I have millions of 'em, bless them!

I repeat, denying yourself to reporters is your business. But it becomes my business and all my readers' business, when on the one hand you refuse to give interviews and on the other hand condemn wholesale the stories appearing in screen magazines. It doesn't make sense—and you've always been noted for good sense.

In an article signed by you appearing in a publication called "The Screen Guilds' Magazine," issued by the Screen Writers' Guild and the Screen Actors' Guild in Los Angeles, California, the following paragraph appears: "Fan magazines and actors draw their incomes from the same source. Both would profit by cooperating on a constructive policy for the benefit of the industry as a whole, instead of chasing each other around in this vicious circle. Mutual antagonism is burning brightly—the mags bristling with pins to stick into us—the actors locking themselves behind gates of reticence for sheer self-preservation. How silly, when we could really be of help to each other."

Exactly! "How silly"—I agree. How extremely silly, Ann Harding, to suggest a cooperative constructive policy and then to refuse to cooperate! Never having had personal experience with this "vicious circle" and "mutual antagonism" you talk about, I cannot sympathize with your point of view. Particularly when such celebrated stars as Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, Norma Shearer, Bing Crosby, Janet Gaynor, Al Jolson and many others cooperate with me in Screenland's constructive policy of giving motion picture fans interesting and authoritative stories. If the above-mentioned stars do it, I should think it would be not only gracious, but good showmanship for you to cooperate also! Why not join the distinguished company?

I am sure that you, Miss Harding, of all stars, must loathe cheap praise and fawning flattery. You can have nothing to fear from any reporter. Surely you are much too intelligent to pretend that your audiences are interested only in your "art"—if that were so, you would not be among the foremost film personalities of the day. You have profited, as have other stars, from the consistent publicity given you in Screenland. But you alone refuse to cooperate. You have chosen not to see an accredited, clever, accurate reporter who tried to get an interview with you for this magazine. Is it sporting to refuse to give decent, constructive interviews—and then to condemn screen magazines for failing to publish them?

In the names of my readers who have taken the trouble to write to me to ask why I do not give them an Ann Harding story, I ask you, in all sincerity, for your explanation! You may deny me the right to ask. You may deny my reporter the right to interview you on the grounds that you may fear that you may, (to quote again from the article signed by you), "come out of the presses as a rubber stamp." But, Ann Harding, you have no right to hold out on the public that pays to see your pictures. What are you going to do about it?

Delight Evans
YOU used to see those movies about gangster-leaders. They always reigned in offices at the end of long corridors, and to reach them, one had to parade past a dozen or more ugly mugs who looked as if they'd kill their own mothers, if they didn't get the right number of ma's pancakes for breakfast.

Well, that's what a fellow thinks about when he sees Janet Gaynor. A date with that gal is like a personal engagement with King George—a regular Royal Guard is stationed around her house.

Take the last time Janet and I went to a preview, for example. Understand, I'm not boasting about taking Gaynor to a preview, because she loves 'em, and she'll go with any good friend who happens to have an inside tip that there is a preview. Since I get lots of those inside tips—well, quite often we go previewing together.

I sped out Sunset boulevard, and turned down the little hill at the bottom of which lives La—or should I say La-la?—Gaynor. Now the gate to her estate is usually closed, but on this night it was open, so in I went.

A shout pursued me, caught up with me, and caused me to halt with considerable scraping of tires and muttering of curses. A big fellow with a cap drawn down over his eyes approached, his hand in his coat pocket in a suspiciously menacing manner. Fearful thoughts raced through my mind:

Was I being held up?

Was the house being robbed, and had I interrupted the gentlemen at their task?

Or, horrible idea, was Janet Gaynor being kidnapped, and had I arrived at a climatic moment? If so, what would happen to me, and what had already happened to Janet?

I began to wish I had never left home in the first place. Never, I thought at that instant, had the idea of my own fireside seemed so inviting.

I was contemplating that idea wildly when the chap with the cap drew alongside.

"What do you want?" he demanded. I couldn't see his eyes in the darkness, but I knew they were cold and hard.

"I date a Gaynor with a—I Gay a have with Miss date—er, I have a date with Miss Gaynor," I stuttered.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. What is your name, please?"

I answered that as nearly as I could remember, (and you've no idea how difficult it is to remember things under such circumstances), my name was Fidler.

Whereupon the fellow turned to face the house, a hundred feet further along the drive.

"Mr. Fidler," he said loudly.

From the darkness, another masculine voice echoed:

"Mr. Fidler!"

Of course, this was nice publicity, being shouted about Hollywood in such fashion, but I wasn't exactly in the mood for publicity.

There was a pause of a minute or so, during which the man beside my car managed a gruff apology for this routine. It was necessary, in order to arrive at the house, to be announced, he said. He added that Miss Gaynor had arrived only a moment before, and that accounted for the gate being open. The explanation at least caused my heart to return to its normal beat—I felt that I
Gaynor stories are hard to get—that's why you don't read more of them. But here, never before told, is the grandest feature we've ever presented about little Janet, the most elusive star in all Hollywood. It's intimate, it's news, and it's true!

By

James M. Fidler

completely surrounded by her guards, who pro-
time Jimmy Fidler presented himself to keep a
huskies who patrol the Gaynor grounds.

wasn't about to be murdered in cold blood, or cold water, if you are one of those who insist that columnists have ice-water instead of blood in their veins.

Again from the darkness that other voice: "Okay!" The man who had stopped me stepped on the running board. "Go ahead, Mr. Fidler," he invited. I moved forward to the side entrance. There I met the owner of the other voice—a heavyweight who was equally as ominous as the first fellow.

Stepping into Miss Gaynor's living room was a little bit like being removed from the cold ocean, just as you were going down for the third time, and deposited beside a glowing fire.

"What," I asked, "is the idea of calling out the national militia?"

"Oh, haven't I told you about the guards?" Janet answered. "I've received a lot of threatening notes, and mother and I decided that we need protection.

"This is a manless house, you know," she said, with a smile that made me want to change that condition immediately. "Just mother and I, and Lillian Myhre. (Miss Myhre is Miss Gaynor's friend and traveling companion. She lives in the Gaynor household part of the time.) Of course, we figured that the threatening notes were from fanatics, because as a rule, kidnappers don't signal that they're coming.

"Nevertheless, they caused us to think. We thought what easy prey we were—just three women, unguarded. The more we thought, the wilder grew our imaginations. So the other day we employed guards. One man during the day, two guards at night. One of them patrols the

grounds, and the other remains somewhere near the house."

When the time came to go to the preview, we went in Janet's limousine! And if the two house guards thought they were tough, they must have felt like sissies when the chauffeur was around. A giant of a fellow, with shoulders like Max Baer, and a chin that kept me in mind of Durante’s nose, he loomed like a small mountain in the front seat.

"He'd scare away kidnappers, all right," I inquired.

"You should see him shoot a revolver," Janet laughed. "He has medals for pistol marksmanship. I forget what it is he does, but I believe he knocks spots out of cards at fifty feet, or something."

I noticed—and have since learned that it's one of the tricks of an alert chauffeur who (Continued on page 75)

She's little, she's young, she's appealing, she's oh, so feminine. But Janet Gaynor is also one of the world's most famous and successful women, and so must be guarded against intrusion in her private life. Don't miss this unusual feature about her.
“Life Begins” for Bill!

Renaissance of an elegant actor, described by the suave and subtle Powell himself

When a movie man passes the forty-year milestone and finds himself at the height of his success, heart-free and wealthy—where does he go from there?

This is the story today with William Powell. He’s had a “renaissance”—his own way of describing it—in films. He’s ready to fall in love again, (being an elegant rolling stone who’s picked up plenty of savoir faire, he’s most attractive to women). Financially, he’s sitting more than pretty.

So, now that his career has perked up and Carole Lombard is just a sweet memory to him, what next for the bland Mr. Powell, our super-suave-and-subtle Bill? “Life begins!” he says exultantly.

No reflection on his dear, departed Carole, if you please. He adored her and is sincerely sorry they didn’t click in double harness. They meet in friendly fashion when the necessity for consulting arises.

I went out to have luncheon with him and I recommend him highly to any Hollywood gal. He’s as discreet as he is dapper. A woman could trust Bill Powell; he isn’t the kind who kisses and tells. In fact, he is distinctly averse to discussing his private life.

To be exact, I didn’t probe into his personal business. He is too intelligent to fall for a tell-your-dear-public-all trap. Therefore I refrained from annoying him. But I gather that he is fancy free and playing the field.

With that superb aplomb which only he has, he sends orchids to this fair damsel and dines with that divine creature, and apparently is taking none of them seriously at the moment. His recent attentions have centered on Jean Harlow and Muriel Evans. (Aside to Carole: Bill’s preference for blondes, who are young and actresses, is a compliment to you. Baby, take a bow!)

If his poise needed any testing, it was given the chance to prove itself when I arrived. The butler led me out to the sunny greensward beside the swimming pool and requested that I wait for the master. Mr. Powell materialized presently, as calm as the proverbial cucumber.

“It seems,” he remarked blandly, “that we’ve had a bit of a flood. Nothing to fret about. We merely noted six feet of water in our basement. Oh, heaven knows how long it’s been filling up. I probably never would have heard about it until the house started floating if a friend hadn’t tried to play the organ.

“This is Lita Gray Chaplin’s home I’ve been renting, and there’s a massive pipe organ in the parlor. I never fooled with it, but when my pal couldn’t get a peal from it, I sent the butler downstairs to poke around at the machinery and see what he could see. Just before you came, he dashed back white-faced and aghast to inform me that there was water, water everywhere in our dim, nether recesses!”

Such a catastrophe would have perturbed most hosts; Bill Powell didn’t flinch. Luncheon was smartly served to us by two men-servants, no less, alongside the pool. (I noticed a flyswatter and a can of Fitch beside the Turkish-towelled sun chair. (Continued on page 76)
Cohan Changes His Mind!

George takes another flyer in pictures, and "Gambling" right with him is Wynne Gibson

By Tom Kennedy

A "toast to our future" well might be the theme of the scene above, in which George M. Cohan does a dramatic moment from "Gambling" with Wynne Gibson. Are both gambling on the future? Tell us!

For a man to change his mind, (legend to the contrary notwithstanding), is hardly news. But when George M. Cohan changed his mind, the none too placid tides prevailing in the cinema sea churned and tossed in new excitement.

Just two years, almost to the day, when Mr. Cohan turned his back on Hollywood after delivering a "dressing down" of picture executives that still has many ears burning, he put his signature to a contract to do the leading role in a picture version of one of his own plays. Before breaths could be caught, the cameras were grinding, and America's No. 1 Actor, as many critics pronounced Mr. Cohan to be after his performance in "Ah, Wilderness," was answering eight o'clock studio calls at the plant Paramount built and later abandoned in Astoria, L. I.

His reasons? No different than the reasons any ordinary mortal would give for doing something previously tabooed for life! "This is different," Mr. Cohan declared. Just what is "different" does not appear immediately on the surface—he did not write the adaptation, though of course "Gambling" is his own play; he is being directed, not directing himself. So what? Probably more than anything else is the fact that the producer, Harold B. Franklin, is an old friend of Cohan—they've known each other since "way back, in show business.

But enough of that! When the effect is of happy consequence, why get into a lather about the causes?

"Gambling" may, or may not, turn out to be a corking good picture. Whichever way it goes, "Gambling" still will serve an important purpose. It brings back, and probably has served to interest him further in films, George M. Cohan, unquestionably one of the most gifted men of the modern theatre. It gives new emphasis to film production in the East. This latter may be important to all us movie fans—provided those who hold such views are correct in their contention that concentration of production, in Hollywood or any other one place, is not conducive to development of the art on its broadest possible lines.

For another thing, "Gambling" brought back to her home town one of the screen's most provocative feminine stars. Now it may as well be confessed here that this latter angle is the one, of all the angles of "Gambling," which most intrigued your correspondent!

It's no longer news for a Hollywood star to come East to do a film. But Wynne Gibson in this particular connection is entirely different. To begin with, the blonde, green-eyed lady who is one of the very few to reach the top flight of fan popularity doing parts that are chiefly of the heavy, unsympathetic type, is a product—child and actress—of New York.

It's just four years since Wynne Gibson, soubrette who enlivened many a comedy and musical show with her sprightly comedy, went through the portals of a motion picture studio—the same studio (Continued on page 91)
Just two little words that cost the movie studios a million dollars a year

By
Sydney Valentine

In the center of the vast dimness that is Sound Stage No. 4, there is one circle of brilliant light. Inside that bright space, Bette Davis faces Paul Muni, her eyes blazing, her features twisting, her body tense with fury.

"I made you rich," she screams, "I put those swell clothes on your back. Now you think you're a gentleman. Nobody can make you that. You're riff-raff and so am I. You belong with me and you'll stay with me. Get that! I killed a man to—"

Suddenly, visibly, all the anger and tenseness fade from Bette's features.

"Shucks!" she says. "I'm sorry! I skipped a line."

"Cut," orders the director. "Once more. It was good—up to there."

The lights in the middle of the big stage suddenly dim. Muni hums himself a tune. Bette fans her pretty face with her handkerchief. It will take three minutes for the cameras to reload. Until then production of the picture "Bordertown" cannot proceed.

On another stage, in a similar splotch of light, Barbara Stanwyck and Warren William smile into each other's eyes, just before a door marked "Justice of the Peace."

William speaks first. "Scared?" he asks.

Al Jolson is noted for never telling a story the same way twice, so he gets mad at himself and everybody else when told he must repeat his lines letter perfect in each "take" but he does it finally.

Ruby Keeler keeps her fingers crossed against "blowing up" in her lines in the midst of a movie scene. When Ruby misses her cue she gasps in wide-eyed surprise and always says, "Oh, I missed it! I'm so sorry!"
"I don't know," begins Barbara in her low, soft voice. "It's a little like taking a step in the dark—thinking it's a step—"

Her teeth catch her lower lip and, instead of going into the embrace that seemed so inevitable, she stamps one well-shod foot and says: "I'm sorry!"

"Cut," calls the director. "Once more. Just as you were."

Again the lights dim and each player turns to the business of repairing make-up. It will take three minutes for the cameras to reload. All progress on the picture "Concealment" is halted accordingly. For the second time within ten minutes and for the millionth time in the past six years, the two most expensive words in Hollywood's vocabulary have been recorded on film.

They are the words, "I'm sorry," and although the audiences seldom hear them, they cost the studios a million dollars a year in lost time, lost material, and wasted energy.

"I'm sorry" is almost invariably the first thing players say when they realize they have missed a line of their dialogue. From that first "I'm sorry" on, each player has his or her own method of showing chagrin, annoyance, or displeasure, but they all start out the same way. It is a kind of general apology—to the director, the other players, the sound recorders, and the studio which must pay for the mistake. Even a highly temperamental star says "I'm sorry" before indulging in further pyrotechnics over a dropped line, a missed cue, or a mistaken bit of business. Most of them are patient with themselves and their fellow players through several failures. Some of them "blow up" after the first mistake.

No two of them react exactly alike. When Kay Francis spoils the same scene as many as three times, which is not often, she is certain to burst into tears. This adds to the delay because it makes it necessary to repair her make-up, but it generally relieves her tension to such an extent that she sails through the rest of the day without missing a line.

When Joe E. Brown muffs a line he goes blithely on, ad-libbing speeches from other productions, circus spiels, and triple-tongue nonsense until the director stops him. It is an old stage habit and, if left alone, Joe would eventually get back into the (Continued on page 95)
First Cover Girl Contest! Myrna Loy Offers Prizes To You!

For the best descriptive slogan of Myrna Loy, the star offers the following prizes:

Grand First Prize: Original life-size pastel Portrait in lovely color of Myrna Loy by Charles Sheldon, noted portrait painter and creator of SCREENLAND's beautiful covers, including the present cover on this issue of Miss Loy.

Second Prize: $100.00 in Cash.

Third Prize: Portable Remington Typewriter.

Fourth Prize: Max Factor Beauty Kit.

Additional Ten Prizes of personally autographed new photographs of Myrna Loy, inscribed to the recipients.

Here's a contest everyone will enjoy, because everyone admires our Cover Girl, Myrna Loy; and everyone, man or girl, will have a grand time competing for one of the exciting prizes. The basis of competition is simple: write a descriptive slogan of Myrna Loy in not more than eight words. Sample slogan: "The new sophisticate of the screen." Send in as many slogans as you wish. Slogans may be bright and breezy, or dramatic and daring; they will be judged solely on their individual merits of cleverness, originality, and suitability to Myrna Loy. You have admired Miss Loy in "The Thin Man" and many other marvellous motion pictures. Now you have an opportunity to describe her as you see her. Read all the rules carefully. Then write your slogan.

The girl on the Cover, Myrna Loy, sponsors this new idea in contests. She offers the prizes listed at the right for the best, meaning the most unusual and suitable, slogans describing her. Please read all the rules carefully. You will enjoy this contest, first in our series of Cover Girl Contests.

Myrna, right, poses with the Max Factor Beauty Kit which she is offering as one of the prizes in her contest. It's a smart and practical kit de luxe, filled with the famous Factor beauty aids of powder, rouge, lipstick, creams, and eye make-up—complete, compact. Grand for weekend trips; decorative for a dressing-table; everything a girl needs to help her achieve a lovely make-up.
The exquisite life-size original portrait head, in soft pastels, of Myrna Loy by Charles Sheldon, distinguished portrait artist, which is the Grand Prize in our first Cover Girl Contest. The photograph above fails, of course, to do justice to the beauty of the original. Mr. Sheldon, inspired by Myrna’s unusual appeal, fairly surpasses himself in this fine original portrait, which will be sent, appropriately framed, to the winner of the Grand First Prize in the contest. This portrait has never before been exhibited or published. It shares the effectiveness of our cover but has an added interest in being an absolute original which anyone would be proud to possess.

RULES OF SCREENLAND’s COVER GIRL CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a descriptive slogan not exceeding eight words in length about Myrna Loy. Send in as many slogans as you wish. Each person, however, may win only one prize.
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND or their families, or the star’s.
4. This contest will close at midnight on December 1, 1934.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your descriptive slogan and mail to Myrna Loy’ Cover Girl Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Cover Girl Contest sponsored by Myrna Loy, with my slogan (or slogans) enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Enter the Myrna Loy Slogan Contest! Of course you can write a clever descriptive slogan of Myrna. Sample slogan: “The new sophisticate of the screen.” See the rules.
How Hollywood Came to the University

By
Margaret B. Ringnalda

JUST fifteen minutes' drive along winding Sunset Boulevard will bring one from Hollywood to the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. Some have learned how short that distance is, so that in Westwood Village Bebe Daniels and Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher have opened a dress shop; parties of film celebrities make the Spanish inns their dining and dancing places; just lately, Zeppo Marx has sponsored a beautiful little theatre to be a clearing house for plays and a meeting-place for actors and authors. The brilliant young architect, Allen G. Siple, who designed it, has also moved from Beverly Hills to the village at the foot of the university stairs. But I am not selling real estate near my university, after all! This is the story of how, even with Hollywood at our doorstep, we did not recognize her when she walked right in the door.

I'm afraid our trouble was that of most of the world. We expected some tag, saying, "Hollywood," and this girl was merely young, and blithe, and sure of herself. I was in Kerkhoff Hall, the Student Union Building, when the secretary of the English Department brought her to me. At the time I did not notice so much the things that the newspapers print of her, the usual panegyrics upon beauty, as the vivid quality, the zest for living that would mark her in any group of college students.

This is Miss Goddard," said our secretary. "She wants a course in English. She may enter next semester."

And, do you know, I had no idea who Miss Goddard might be! English teachers are apt to neglect the gossip columns of the newspapers. Rather I thought—well, this delightful person in the expensive gray suit is being rushed by the "best sorority" on the campus and wants to be sure that she makes the required grades. Then she sat down at my table and told me how she had been educated in a convent and wished to go on being educated.
You know all about personality! Now hear about Hollywood brains! When you've read this absolutely fresh slant on screen-dom you'll respect the intelligence of any movie idol—particularly Chaplin's star, Paulette Goddard in a few months' time, Mr. Chaplin was to begin work on the picture in which she is to play opposite him, and, consequently, any regular program of classes was out of the question. Nor could she receive credit for work outside. Universities are institutions of rules which sometimes exclude the likeliest candidates. But what did this girl care? If she could not attend classes, she would have the courses brought to her. The fact that she could not receive credit made no difference—she was that rarest of students, the type that wanted to know for the sake of knowing. So it came about that we studied writing and English literature.

"What do the students have to do in order to pass this course?" she would say.

"They have to write a long, usually dull term paper, with extensive library refer- (Continued on page 77)

particularly in English literature and writing.

"I write little poems and things now," she explained with a deprecatory gesture, "I'd like to learn all about it."

My mind veered around to conclude that she was not being rushed by the "best sorority." but was making, by her appearance, a very good living writing for magazines. I felt I should tell her I had been writing for some ten years, never selling a manuscript, and that if I undertook to teach her, I could be quite sure she would never sell another story!

We arranged a meeting; she shook hands with the firmness that I have since found to be a part of her joyous, friendly acceptance of the world. One of the students with me commented as Miss Goddard's very straight young back disappeared at the turn of the stairs, "Whew, what poise for a youngster!"

The other said, "I didn't get her name, but isn't she beautiful?"

I considered. "Why, so she is."

You see, the sum total of Paulette Goddard is so much more striking than beauty that one takes her physical make-up as an incidental, but happy, conclusion. However, you may see for yourself the delicate planes of her face, sensitive lips, and shadowed grey eyes. (The lashes are real—even teachers note those things!) But beauty is in abundance on our campus; it takes more than a lovely face to undermine our skepticism and make us long to drop a few years, to accomplish the things that we dreamed of doing before we became school-teachers. It is the boy or girl who embodies for us suddenly, youth and ambition, who makes us sigh a little. Paulette is such a one.

Much to her regret and mine, it was impossible for her to enter the university as she had planned, because,
Helen shows you her new “Dolly Madison” coiffure, modern version of the one worn by the great American beauty. Left and below, two views of this trim hair-do, designed especially for formal evening wear by Denis Phillips, head hairdresser at Fox Film Studio. See opposite page.

Simplicity can be glamorous! See Helen’s frock at left, of chocolate brown wool faille with “old gold” chain at neck and belt. Hat, handbag, and gloves are brown.

Edited by

Helen Twelvetrees

“Give us Glamor advice that we can use every day in the week!” you ask. Here you are! Charming Helen Twelvetrees appreciates your problems and offers a solution in these clothes and coiffure suggestions—practical, but oh, so smart!

Helen illustrates three important fashion points: your muff must be huge, your hat should boast a feather, your sleeves should have interest. Her coat of beige wool has simple lines, with cardigan front trimmed with stone marten and the generous muff repeating the fur motif. Helen’s hat of brown felt has pheasant feather banding.
Glamor School

Below, "The Dolly Madison" coiffure showing new use for hair clip. How to do it? Well, wave your hair in the usual manner; curl back to nape of neck; then comb out all your locks and brush upward toward crown of head, catch into a twist, then curl the ends—or pin on a cluster of curls.

Gown for a good evening! Luscious jade-green bagheera velvet with a provocative flounce lined with chartreuse taffeta—what an effect! Glamorous enough for a star, conservative enough for the Girl Next Door.

Left, and two views below: one of the most wearable suits ever designed in Hollywood. Lovely Miss Twelvetrees models for you a four-piece ensemble with two coats, long and short. As you can see, the skirt is plain wool; the vest and three-quarter coat are checked. Whether worn with the jacket or the longer coat, the result is casual smartness. See the checked gloves?

All pictures posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Helen Twelvetrees and photographed by Max Munn Autrey and Otto Dyer. Costumes created especially for Miss Twelvetrees by William Lambert of Fox Film Studio.
You Don't
Know
Norma
Shearer

Until You've
Read This
Intimate Story!

By Elizabeth Wilson

"M
ISS SHEARER," the
press agent told me in
the most dulcet press-
agenting tones," is a
genuinely devoted wife and
mother." My spirits fell and
landed in Miss Shearer's petunia
bed with a dull phump. I sud-
denly felt awfully depressed.
Like a hangover, or a rejection
slip. But here we were in Santa
Monica right at the very gates of
Thalbergs-by-the-Sea so there
was no turning back now. As an
interviewer for the magazines
who collects bits of glamorous
personalities and pullman towels
a devoted wife and mother was
about the last thing I wanted to
see that foggy autumn afternoon.
Particularly a genuine one.
Ever since I had seen "A Free
Soul" and had watched Norma,
slithering something terrific in a

Gay or grand—which girl is the
real Shearer? Let Elizabeth Wilson present her to you as she
actually is, in one of the best
interviews we have printed.
Re-discover this great star! She has always defied analysis but this time we’ve caught up with her. Shearer will really surprise you here

white satin gown, hunge at Clark Gable—a hunge that brought out all the knock-drown, drag-out in my nature and sent me screaming into the night for gangsters in dinner jackets—I had decided that Shearer with her exchanting sexiness and beautiful hair was the most ex- citing actress on the screen. I never missed a Shearer picture. I bought a white satin evening gown. And now, after all these months and months, I was destined to meet my glamor gal, only to learn that she was a genuinely devoted wife and mother. Mentally I chalked up another Bitter Disappointment, and resigned myself to an hour of Mr. Thalberg’s cold and Junior’s spinach purée.

I was left brooding there about thirty minutes or so when suddenly there appeared in the Thalberg living-room an apparition, a very beautiful apparition in a heavenly mink coat, hair awry, and bless my soul, bare feet—with bits of sand clinging to the tootsie wootsies. It was Norma Shearer.

"I’m so sorry I kept you waiting," she said, giving me a handshake so cordial that immediately I felt that for years Miss Shearer had been waiting for this very mo- ment. "You see I’ve been worrying today about Marie Antoinette, and when I start worrying I start walking, and I suppose I have been walking out there on the beach for hours. Let’s have tea right away. Oh—Oh—" she walked over to a desk in the corner, "I have the picture ready for you, it’s right here!"

"The picture?" I gasped, "What picture?"

"Why, the picture of little Irving and myself taken in Germany. Don’t you remember you had Helen Hayes call me and ask for the picture? Well, here it is. You are Miss So-and-So, aren’t you?"

I admitted that I was one of the old So-and-Sos of the South, ma’am, and fell weakly into a gay chintz chair. It had been more than a year ago, why, weeks before Helen Hayes left for Broadway and "Mary of Scotland," that I had had her call Shearer about the pic- ture. Imagine Norma remembering it all that time!

Well, an hour later when I left I had reached several very definite conclusions regarding Miss Norma Shearer. First of all, she might be a genuinely devoted wife and mother to her studio press-agents, but to me she seemed a little bit mad. Also, in a place like Holly- wood where a movie star forgets the name of her best friend overnight, I was agast at finding a really vivid, keen memory—in fact, I might say that Norma Shearer suffers from elephantiasis of the memory, which is the only time I’ve found that disease in a movie star. And she has the prettiest ears I have ever seen.

During the next few months I kept running into Norma at the studio, at a preview of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and here and there at parties and places, and with her help I (Continued on page 79)
This Year of Grace!

"Moore and better pictures!" is the new screen slogan. Read all about Grace Moore, the singing star of the season.

By Gwen Davies

SPRING was in the air: the same spring that had crept across the Big Smokies of the Cumberland Mountains for centuries. But Grace Moore—then a little girl of eight—didn’t realize that spring was not a new sensation. She couldn’t understand grown-ups who said it gave them "spring fever" and made them feel lazy. But then Grace never could understand grown-ups. The warm day filled her with a delightful sensation. She felt as though she were flying. It was her favorite game, flying. And to stimulate the thrill and in lieu of wings, she be-took herself to the gate of the stable yard and swung back and forth.

Saturday afternoon was always interesting in Jellico, Tennessee. The country folk drove or rode into town to do their shopping. Grace knew most of these people, and liked them. There were the Italians who had planted vineyards on the mountain slopes, people with dark eyes and soft Latin names. Also the coal miners and their (Continued on page 85)
Do You Want Your Child to be a Star?

By Maude Lathem

Speaking as an actress and mother, Joan Bennett tells why she believes every girl has a right to develop her talent

When Joan Bennett announced, somewhat vehemently, a few years ago that her child would never be a picture actress, she meant just that. She still means it—as a child. She feels strongly on this. She doesn't believe it is possible for any child to play in pictures regularly and not become too precocious to appreciate and understand the simple joys of childhood.

But as grown young ladies, equipped to enter any profession they choose, Joan will not be displeased if her little daughters—two of them now!—decide to become actresses. This is a relief to us, for to feel that the generation of Bennetts would eventually disappear from pictures is a loss we don't care to contemplate.

"Of course," Joan says, "every mother goes through that period of feeling she never wants her child to endure any of the hardships her mother did. She yearns to make everything easy for her child just as long as possible. Particularly is this true if the child is a girl. The mother even says to herself, 'I am going to see to it that my child is provided for, so she can enjoy life. She shall not have to work for it as I have.' I went through it.

"But eventually most mothers mature beyond this point. As they themselves get a better understanding of life, they know that no real happiness can come to any girl without real effort on her part.

"One of the most important decisions that Gene (her husband, Gene Markey) and I have made was that both our girls should have some kind of careers. Not necessarily professional, but we intend to see that they are equipped to earn their living in some manner. You've often heard it said, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' We have even reached the place that we are glad we have lived through this period of depression (we are optimists enough to believe we are almost through), as we now know how easily great fortunes may be swept away in the (Continued on page 74)
CAROLE LOMBARD is that rarest of mortals, a completely happy woman. She is perfectly satisfied with her lot and without regret for any moment of her life. “If I had my life to live over again I would not change one second of it nor alter a single thing I have done!” she told me with an eloquent flutter of hands and eyes. Poised and posed, she is a far better actress than I had ever realized. She manages to combine forthright frankness and brash theatricalism with such artfulness that one is almost convinced of her artlessness.

Even her apartment high in the Waldorf Towers was an appropriate setting for her blonde beauty (of somewhat greater weight than it appears on the screen). The living-room was spacious, with deep-piled carpets lulling footfalls, silken drapes drawn against the chill dampness of a September rain, tall clusters of gladioli and bowls in which gardenias floated diffused an atmosphere of lush opulence.

Into this scene strolled Miss Lombard, clad only in a robe of white fur that swirled about feet encased in matching slippers. In dramatic contrast to the picture she presented, her manner was almost brusquely natural. “I’m so disappointed over having to return to Hollywood next week,” she began in greeting. “When I came to New York I expected to remain for at least a month’s vacation. I was so upset over Russ’s death that I wanted a complete change of scene,” she volunteered, much to my surprise.

For before her arrival a foresighted Paramount publicity man had cautioned me that Miss Lombard was so broken up over her bereavement that under no circumstances should I bring up the subject of Mr. Columbo’s tragic demise. So I had checked my interest at the door and was on my best behavior. Therefore, my surprise when Miss Lombard staunchly bared her wound, of her own volition.

“We had been going together for eight months, you know,” she went on. “And the very week-end he was killed he had planned to join his mother and me at my mountain cabin. “I had been working so hard that I needed a few days’ rest, so invited his mother, who was not well, to go away with me. Just before (Continued on page 72)
Will He Rival Chaplin?

While Charlie thinks about a new picture, meet Jimmy Savo, now making his first film comedy

By Leonard Hall

Out in California a little white-haired gentleman named Charles Spencer Chaplin (remember?) is getting ready to start another movie.

Between dreams of Miss Paulette Goddard, the greatest pantomime artist of his time is preparing his first picture since "City Lights." This will go on for months, for The Great Man has a way of shooting a scene and then getting out his violin and fiddling while his public burns.

But while Chaplin and his genius go into their slow waltz, you are about to be introduced to another master of pantomime, which is the foundation of the motion picture art—another mighty little man who can make you laugh and blubber at the same time.

Shake hands, folks, with Jimmy Savo! Fans—Savo. Savo—fans.

Jimmy is now being whipped and cajoled through his first feature film by the irrepressible Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. They are chasing him up the hills and down the dales of New York State, to the huge delight of both the gentry and peasantry right across the Hudson River from the manor house of Squire Franklin D. Roosevelt.

And who, you ask, is this Jimmy Savo?

This Jimmy Savo, I answer, is five feet four of wistful wop. A little Italian born in New York's own Bronx. One of those inspired souls who have raised the business of face-making from a bad boy's trick to a full and perfect expression of the myriad moods of man.

For ten years American theatre-goers have known this Savo and revelled in his work. Thou, I'm wagering, will go to the movies and do likewise!

His film début at this time is of big importance and interest. For over twenty years Mr. Chaplin, the Little Grey Genius, has ruled the pantomimic world alone. He now has a formidable rival in the movie world. I make no comparisons. I say that Savo is good, too, and leave the rest to you.

Ah, this Hecht and this MacArthur! They're no nineties!

In pantomime, the eyes have it. Watch Savo's. They are big, and brown, and very sad, like those of a spaniel who has just been booted in the ribs for no reason. He wears a long, raggy coat that hammers down his height, and a tired felt hat that some large man has sat upon.

Jimmy's no copy-cat—but, like Chaplin, he is the little, puzzled little man who is forever being kicked in the trousers by Life. He can look wistful in forty-two languages and dialects.

The producers got Savo-conscious one night at the Casino de Paree. Jimmy was appearing at that gaudiest, loudest of Broadway's night spots when Hecht and MacArthur saw him. Savo was pantomiming the famous old American folk song, "River Stay Away From My Door." But he wasn't just singing at the river. Oh, dear, no!

The raging Mississippi was threatening poor little Jimmy and his door, right there on that night-club stage! He begged it to stay away—he ordered it—he tried to push it away with his feeble little hands.

Thanks to the little man's genius, the watcher could see that mean old river thundering through Jimmy's door and wetting him all over, though the only thing pouring in the Casino that night was Scotch and soda!

In no time at all Hecht and MacArthur were waving a movie contract at him. He'll work that sort of magic on you, too, when he hits the screen, and it will knock your spectacles off!

Having caught their star, the boys cooked a gay, sad story for him. They call it—imagine!—"Little Clown, Laugh!" Jimmy's a little (Continued on page 88)

You may have seen Jimmy Savo on the stage. Now you'll be seeing this great little clown on the screen in "Little Clown, Laugh," the second Hecht-MacArthur production. Watch for him!
THEY LOVE THEY LAUGH THEY SING THEY QUARREL

...but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with Gloria
SWANSON

and

JOHN DOUGLASS
BOLES • MONTGOMERY

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May

A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.
HELLO
TO MY DEAR
SCREENLAND FRIENDS
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

THEY'RE keeping Shirley Temple so busy at the studio that she hasn't had time to answer all your requests for her personally autographed portrait; so she asked us to give you this one with her best love! SCREENLAND is honored to be selected to present Shirley's very first picture "with writing on it!"
Time out for a little make-up, says Margaret Lindsay, as she pauses in her trek over snowdrifts. Where Margaret goes, glamor goes, and even Jack Frost is glad of that!

Torrid Zones in
a Frosty World!

And here's Bette Davis, out for adventure on skis, and so alluringly eager for the sport. Bette's newest screen assignment is a rôle as leading lady opposite Paul Muni.
Men of Action!

Lyle Talbot, left, prefers a pipe when he wants to reflect on his course of action in his latest film.

Charles Butterworth requires long-distance matches to light up, but he knows the short cuts to laughs!

Pat O’Brien, left, protests he won’t smoke—but that’s a pose for his hard-boiled rôle in “Flirtation Walk.”

Brian Aherne, below, woos Lady Nicotine between love scenes opposite Ann Harding or Helen Hayes.
Watch their Smoke!

Thomas Meighan gets a light from Jackie Cooper—two grand trouper who play in "Peck's Bad Boy."

Ricardo Cortez, right, seems very much "in character" as he lights up—which is what Ric does to every rôle.

Richard Cromwell, below, enjoys puffing and playing his new part, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Gary Cooper, right, goes military, so prepare for action when you see him as "a Bengal Lancer."
Women in White

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, looking particularly provocative, makes a grand entrance in her new picture, "Imitation of Life," from Fannie Hurst’s novel. Warren William is the lucky leading man.
LOVELY Elissa Landi has at last a rôle worthy of her intelligent talents. She appears as a temperamental opera singer in "Enter Madame," from the stage play, opposite handsome Cary Grant.

—and in Love!
JEAN PARKER and RUSSELL HARDIE

Two charming young persons who will appeal to you in "Sequoia," fresh and wholesome story of romance in the great outdoors.

ALICE FAYE and JAMES DUNN

"365 Nights in Hollywood" co-stars these two vibrant players. That's a dramatic scene below, but there's also good comedy.

NEW TEAMS MAKE NEWS!
Scrambled stars! Just to make the movies more exciting for us, producers are co-starring some smart new combinations. Like 'em?

GRETA GARBO and GEORGE BRENT

Most exciting new team of all! In "The Painted Veil" you see the great Garbo with the handsome Irishman. See Greta's new sparkle?

HELEN HAYES and BRIAN AHERNE

You've seen her with Gary Cooper. You've liked him with Dietrich and Harding. Now you get them together in "What Every Woman Knows."
Menace Orientale!

George Raft, Anna May Wong and Jean Parker in a “Limehouse Nights” entertainment

It’s smooth, suave drama with George in a drastically different rôle. Above, Jean Parker as the heroine in a tense moment. Left, just before Mr. Raft and Miss Wong go into their dance, the new “Limehouse Apache.”
Together again! Mary Brian, now blonde, and Jack Oakie are reunited in "College Rhythm," right.

Below, Joe Penner, without his duck but completely surrounded by darlings Mary Brian, Lyda Roberti, and Helen Mack.

Fun à la Americaine!

Football is in Season, and Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, and company do a picture about it.
ANN SOTHERN glorifies good old crinoline days in her lovely costume for a number with George Murphy in Eddie Cantor's fifth annual screen musical comedy, "Kid Millions."
THE exotic beauty of Dolores Del Rio is enhanced by her very modern Cellophane background. Del Rio posed for this portrait just before leaving for her Mexican vacation.
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—remember their "Carioca?"—introduce a new fox trot in "The Gay Divorcee," and here they show you how it's done. Follow the six positions of the dance in the poses here—first three positions above, left to right; fourth position lower left; at right is fifth, and lower right, the final position.

Step Out With Fred and Ginger!

Start with both doing side step, gradually turning into second position, beginning a one-two-three-four turning right step, reverse and assume position three; in position four a regular two-step, traveling in circle for eight counts; separate and go into position five, in which both do a rocking step, the finale.
One of the most romantic characters in all fiction comes to life on the screen in the suave person of Leslie Howard. As “The Scarlet Pimpernel” in London Films’ production of the same name, Mr. Howard has his most colorful costume part since the memorable “Berkeley Square.”

The glowing British beauty, Merle Oberon, is Mr. Howard’s heroine in his British-made motion picture. Miss Oberon will be coming to Hollywood very soon. You know, of course, that Leslie Howard jumps from Hollywood to London and from American to English roles with ease.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Claire Trevor in "Elinor Norton"
From Usherette to Millionaire’s Wife!

The story of a Cinderella who made her dreams come true

By Whitney Williams

CINDERELLA come to life—that’s Raquel Torres!

From theatre usherette to millionaire’s bride: not from rags to riches, exactly, because Raquel was never reduced quite to those circumstances—but her rise from a working girl forced to support herself and her sister to the position she occupies now as wife of Stephen Ames, wealthy New York broker and former member of the Stock Exchange, with three seats to his credit, marks another telling example of how true even today the Cinderella theme still holds good. Not only in fairy tales does life take on the aspect of unbelievably good fortune.

Years ago, as Raquel directed gay patrons to their seats in Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, in Hollywood, she never dreamed that some day she would occupy a social position and command a fortune greater than some of those world-famous stars who accorded her scant attention. As she walked up and down the aisles of the mammoth, bizarre palace of entertainment, she may have hoped, (what girl wouldn’t), that it might be her lot to know great wealth and fame; but how was she to know that ere very many years had elapsed a millionaire would have wooed and won her! The thought would have frightened her then, for she had not been out of the convent many months.

As history repeats itself, so does Cinderella enter our consciousness on occasion, and the little usherette now is the wife of a millionaire. More fortunate now, perhaps, than the majority of girls, she knew pain and sorrow and suffering before the blue bird of happiness cloaked her in robes of contentment, peace and security; but even yet there remains the problem of preparing herself to take her place as wife of a wealthy man.

One cannot marry into the upper strata without assuming certain grave responsibilities, and Raquel realizes this full well. The world of society makes specific demands, not to be avoided or side-stepped, and to rightfully seat herself beside her husband and to adjust herself to her new life Raquel must study to perfect her bearing as no college student ever had to study.

By this (Continued on page 73)
The Saga of a Jester

Jack Oakie decided he would rather grin than be governor—now the world grins with him!

By Harry W. Mayo

Jack Oakie when he was four-year-old Lewis De Laine Offield, prankish son of a prominent Sedalia family. Little Lewis Offield was a "regular" then to the other kids in his block and, as Jack Oakie, he's a "regular" now to every movie fan in his home town. In brief, Sedalia is Oakie conscious.

When Lewis De Laine was ushered into this world on November 12, 1902, he inherited the sense of humor that made his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, one of Sedalia's most popular matrons. At the same time, the perseverance of his father, the late J. M. Offield, was passed down to the heir apparent of the Offield manse. Jack's prankish inclinations were evidenced early in life. At four he nearly upset a dinner party at a neighboring house by stealthily carrying away the silverware. The hostess worried through the affair on borrowed eating utensils. She (Continued on page 71)
Seeing Stars with a Young Old-Timer

Alan Hale opens his treasure chest of reminiscence about the celebrities of yesterday and today

By Martin Somers

ALAN HALE, fresh from a shower, his cheeks pink with health, his step free and springy as that of a mile runner, breezed into the library of his Hollywood home. He was wearing one of his numerous sweaters, (he has some two dozen of all shades), white flannel trousers, and sport shoes with thick crêpe soles. His chest rounded out beneath its blue covering and his belted waist-line needed no apology. He appeared entirely too young to have known so many somebodies when they were nobodies, and so many somebodies that have disappeared among the nobodies of Hollywood.


“Not for an actor,” he remarked. “At least not as a rule. But there are exceptions.” He stopped to consider, elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his fingertips touching. “George Arliss started doing his finest work when he was on the shady side of forty; then there is Otis Skinner; and the lamented Marie Dressler—what a woman!” Hale stopped in contemplation of the beloved comedienne.

“With ‘Little Man, What Now?’ as a springboard, you’re making a pretty fair leap into middle age yourself,” I ventured.

“But life, picture life, I mean, started about a quarter of a century ago for me,” he replied. “Do you remember the original Biograph studio in a fine old mansion on Fourteenth Street, New York?”

(Continued on page 82)
SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

The Pursuit of Happiness — Paramount

Lightest, gayest, most charming cinema in a long time! My favorite movie of the month because it has an authentic comic idea which is freshly, joyously, and smoothly performed. Of course, Francis Lederer's irresistible performance may be largely responsible for my whole-hearted endorsement; and why not? He is so spontaneously spirited, plays with such rare gusto, that the most hardened reviewer must realize that here is a grand new personality to applaud—and I am by no means a hardened reviewer. Well, you may call me a push-over any time for a personality like Lederer's. He's an inspiring fellow with his refusal to bow to stuffy acting conventions, just as, in his character of Max, the young Hessian who gladly accepts General Washington's invitation to desert to the side of the Colonies in the Revolution, he awakens a New England village to the joys of life, love, and the pursuit of happiness. Yes, this is the "bundling comedy" you've heard about, but it is so delightfully enacted that there's no offense meant or taken. Joan Bennett is the quaint and charming heroine, with Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles assisting. At last Lederer comes into his own in this film.

Judge Priest — Fox

Like Will Rogers? Enjoy Irving Cobb's Judge Priest stories? Here, here—order in the court! I never suspected Mr. Rogers and Mr. Cobb of being as popular as all that. But I might have known that the combination possesses box-office potentialities, and I suppose the picture will attract large audiences, with Aunt Mary and Uncle Ed going to see one of their favorite fiction characters brought to life by one of their favorite actors, and the young folks trailing along for a glimpse of Tom Brown or Anita Louise or Rochelle Hudson. I'm afraid that "Judge Priest" is too slow-moving to cause any stampedes among cinema customers, but it will entertain, mildly and pleasantly, those who hold their breaths waiting for Will's next gem of wisdom; and south of the Mason-Dixon line it is very likely to be the season's most popular picture. The South in the 1890's is the scene of the tale, with Mr. Rogers as a lovable judge of the circuit court whose tolerance untangles human problems and smooths the path of young love for Tom Brown and the very pretty Miss Louise. Henry B. Walthall, David Landau, and Stepin Fetchit are worthy support for the droll star. Recommended for Rogers addicts.

The Scarlet Empress — Paramount

Josef von Sternberg, supreme stylist of the screen, presents his most lavish and fantastic production for your enjoyment—if you like his style. I happen to like it. It's overpowering, unreal, bizarre; but it is so opulently eye-filling, so gorgeous in its pageantry, so exquisitely photographed, that I wouldn't miss it if I were you. Pan it if you please, but see it. Re-ha-ha of history, still the story, to my mind, more nearly realizes Catherine the Great than the delicate portrayal of Elizabeth Bergner in the Korda production. Marlene Dietrich, never so beautiful, is a convincing Catherine to me, making the transition from gauche girlhood to disillusioned womanhood with exquisite understanding. The Dietrich close-ups, in candlelight and through veils, large as life and twice as lovely, are amazing, whether you like them or not. John Lodge, despite his Garbo wig, manages to be eminently satisfying as Catherine's head man. More of Mr. Lodge, please. The grotesque images which abound amused me mightily, and I do not agree with most critics that they dwarf the characters. Let Mr. von Sternberg have his little jokes. His highly developed sense of beauty and satire more than atones.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
High Spots:

Most Charming: "The Pursuit of Happiness"
Most Gorgeous: "The Scarlet Empress"
Most Human: "Happiness Ahead"
Most Dramatic: "The Count of Monte Cristo"

Best Performances:

Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness"
Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
Josephine Hutchinson in "Happiness Ahead"
John Halliday in "Happiness Ahead"
Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead"
John Lodge in "The Scarlet Empress"

The Count of Monte Cristo
United Artists

Belle of the Nineties
Paramount

Here's Mae West again—a trifle more subdued, just a little plaintive perhaps, as though instead of "She Done Him Wrong" somehow "They Done Me Wrong" were her new title. But—still Mae West, boys and girls, and especially boys. Still more than able to hold her own in battles of wit whether in St. Louis or New Orleans of the 90's, still seasoning her cynicisms with her inimitably witty humor; and still, ever, and always the one and only Mae West, and I'm glad. "Belle of the Nineties" presents La West, as usual, as the toast of gamblers and prizefighters, with an aristocrat added to her list for luck. Diamonds, diamonds everywhere, but nary a dishonorable intention. Songs—lacking the spice of her first screen songs, but still sung as throatily and insinuatingly as only Mae can sing them. Melodrama, with a crooked promoter thwarted by the courage, the honesty, and the heart-of-gold of Ruby Carter, otherwise Miss West; with the society man jilted and his diamonds returned; and the final clinch with the prizefighter in full view of a justice of the peace and Mae's faithful audience. Of course not for children, but fun for not-too-exacting adults. Mae is still America's sense of humor—hurrah!

Happiness Ahead
Warners

Noteworthy for several reasons: for offering the likeable Dick Powell in an almost "straight" rôle, in which he acquits himself nobly; for presenting Josephine Hutchinson from the stage to screen audiences, and right welcome, too; and for a grand performance, one of the best of the season, by John Halliday, who has the difficult assignment of the wealthy father of our heroine, and who plays it so well that a good many gals in the audience are going to rise up and cry, "Daddy!" Mervyn LeRoy, the demon diminutive director, has taken a very slight story and made it a most human comedy-drama about people you like a lot. Miss Hutchinson plays a poor little rich girl in search of the realities which she fails to find in her pampered existence. If you've failed so far to find your pot of gold, cheer—up—it would only make you miserable anyway, as "Happiness Ahead" comforting aims to prove. Love comes to little Miss Park Avenue in the arms of young Mr. Powell; and in spite of maternal objections there's a sunny ending, aided by that perfectly charming Papa Halliday. You will, I think, find Miss Hutchinson most appealing, she has nice manners instead of mannerisms, and a lovely, lovely voice.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

for December 1934
Here's Important News If You Would Have a Hollywood Figure!

Frances Drake, one of the prettiest and cleverest of the younger screen actresses, graciously aids Mr. Davies in presenting to you his exercises to help you achieve a Hollywood figure. See article for details of this exercise.

FROM the letters you write me, I gather that the majority of girls and women who follow these articles are concerned mainly with the desire to develop a bust or with the problem of what to do about a too-well-developed one. So we will devote this month's issue to ways to correct the lines of the bust.

A girl with a bad figure is bound to be self-conscious. It wasn't so bad a few years ago when dresses were all built straight up and down and the only things to worry about were the size of the legs and the shape of the ankles. But today clothes are revealing. You can't camouflage defects as you used to do.

Bad figures are less common than they once were, because being beautiful is considered a duty and great attention is paid to looking well. All authorities recognize that physical imperfections react upon the mind of their owners. Naturally, the woman who knows she does not look attractive tries to shirk into a room hoping she won't be noticed; just as naturally, the woman who is assured by her mirror that she presents a good appearance is rewarded by approving glances.

"I suppose there's nothing I can do about my figure—it's hopeless!" is a repeated wail in letters that come to me.

Nonsense! Of course there's something you can do about your figure!

We'll take the over-developed bust problem first:

It may be that your breasts are large because you are too fat all over. In that case, careful dieting will help you. Reduce and your trouble may be over. Try eating simple foods, with plenty of fruit and vegetables, and cut out desserts.

Correct posture will overcome at least part of your difficulty. Improving posture never fails to cut down measurements for the over-developed. But please remember that you must make correct posture a habit. You can't hold yourself well for two hours and then relax into a slump. You must stick to it.

Trying to reduce heavy busts with massage is a dangerous proposition and won't in the end do much good. The best thing to do is to firm the tissues with cold water, ice or astringents. Cold showers will tighten up flabby tissues. One of Paramount's lovely young players is afflicted with an over-size bust and is using the cold-shower treatments. Ice-packs applied briefly after exercise will also harden tissues.

For reducing the bust, you may also follow your exercise period by alternate hot and cold sponging for
Hollywood beauties don't just happen! They work hard for loveliness. James Davies, physical culturist, helps them—and he is here to help YOU!

Right, Jim Davies tells Frances Drake how to raise the arms and how to keep the spine against the wall. Entirely new exercises are given by Mr. Davies in this article of our series. The small figures at the left and right above show Miss Drake demonstrating the rod exercises described in the accompanying article.

several minutes. Dry well. Then sponge with toilet alcohol or other good astringent.
Some of you ask if it is right to wear a brassiere when doing the stationary running recommended in an earlier article. By all means do this, as it will help protect the breasts during the exercises, but be careful about coming down too hard on the floor, as this might injure the delicate tissues. The idea is to spring lightly, not stamp about like a rock-crusher.
Don't attempt to make your breasts look firm by wearing a tight brassiere. That only makes the muscles weak and flabby. A tight brassiere stops circulation and should never be worn.
There are exercises that will train the muscles that support the breasts and so raise them. Before you do these, however, be sure to remove whatever superfluous fat is weighing the breasts down, for the muscles shouldn't be asked to raise unnecessary weight.
If you are, as some of you complain, "three times the size you should be for your height," consult your physician at once. A thyroid trouble may be causing this abnormality.
You can't hope to take only the special breast exercises and be made perfect. You must learn to achieve correct posture. The muscles of the whole body must be trained into alignment before anything permanent can be done about any special set of muscles.
First, for the posture exercises, lie flat on the floor using an exercise mat. Raise the knees slightly, and touch the shoulders with the tip of the fingers. Press the small of the back against the mat, stretch the arms beyond the head and down once more to the shoulders.
Lie face down on the mat, hands under the chest. Lift the body off the floor by pressing hands against the mat as you do this. Pull up the chest and contract the back muscles.
Do the other lying down exercises recommended in previous articles on your exercise mat and try to be conscious of the mat.
The muscles of the breast are chiefly developed by special exercises of the arms, as these muscles extend across the chest and sustain the breasts.
Try exercising before a mirror. One exercise that is very easy to do and excellent for poor posture and droopy breasts, can be done sitting in a (Continued on page 80)
Newest, gayest, smartest seasonal fashion news from the home of beauty, charm and true chic—HOLLYWOOD!

Loads of lovely leopard on a lovely little girl! Right, luscious Frances Drake has selected the new three-quarter length swagger coat for her very own. Don't you like the high tailored collar? And see those sleeves. Study this coat for high sports-fashion news in fur!

Elizabeth Allan has been called the "most American" of the British beauties in Hollywood. Perhaps this means that Miss Allan has a flair for casual clothes—ease combined with true chic. At any rate, her summer ermine, left, stresses slim lines and smart collar.

How to be piquant, practical, and fairly formal at one and the same time! Elizabeth Allan, left, illustrates the trick in her coat of black kid caracul and white ermine. The high collar is too, too flattering, and the full sleeves are caught in at the wrists to defy wintry blasts.

Elizabeth Allan, left, illustrates the trick in her coat of black kid caracul and white ermine. The high collar is too, too flattering, and the full sleeves are caught in at the wrists to defy wintry blasts.
And now the exquisite Oriental actress, Anna May Wong, poses for us in something very ravishing in reversible evening capes. Anna May's is made of ermine, three-quarter length, and she carries it off with just the right air of subtle elegance.

The metal influence has a strangle hold on the season's fashions, and we're glad, because it glorifies a girl! Anna May Wong lends her unique allure to the dinner gown pictured at the right. The neckline is interesting, as is Anna May's necklace.

Our MerKO is so gay and popular she can afford to grace a gown with that "Poor Butterfly" sleeve influence! Her dinner gown, shown above, is very new, with dazzling clips at the neck and belt.

SCR EENLAND'S SPECIAL GLAMOR GUIDE
Hat hints from Hollywood heroines!

Miss Robin Hood, alias Una Merkel! A long quill is pulled through slits in the crown of Una's fur felt hat, left.

Pan-cake beret acquires new piquancy when worn by Anna May Wong, above. Brown felt fashions it and matches the Wong eyes.

Left, Cecilia Parker, who plays Greta Garbo's sister in "The Painted Veil," shows her new costume jewelry; old-gold flowers with black bead centers.

If you're young and pert, as Jean Parker is, perhaps you'll like Jean's severe black felt hat, pictured at left, with a black grosgrain ribbon band its only trimming.

Topped by a pan-cake beret, Jean Parker's tunic dress with fringe-edged scarf and skirt of brown wool combined with brown and green checks presents a perfect ensemble for the college girl who's aware of charm as well as the classics!

Veils are very much in the fashion picture. Una Merkel, above, wears an "all-around" veil with her black cut-velvet turban.

The bird on Una's hat, left, is fashioned from black feathers and perches far back on the crown of her fire-engine red felt.
Right, Ann Sothern is wearing a modernized tricorn with a dashing eye veil and a green-feathered bird.

Anna May Wong, above, selects a cobwebby veil to complete her off-face turban.

Return of the tricorn! Jean Parker's, right, is trimmed with metal and ribbon.

Huge wooden beads and half silver discs unite to create the interesting new bracelet worn by Cecilia Parker, right. Do you think Cecilia resembles the great Garbo?

Sylvia Sidney, right, models for you her favorite new suit, of navy blue and white flocked woolen, with sleeves of black seal-skin which also lines and trims the three-quarter coat. Shoes, hat, and handbag are of navy kid, and a lacy white blouse adds a soft feminine touch.

Authentic fashions take on added interest when posed by popular Hollywood stars

Miss Merkel is noted in Hollywood for her good taste in hats. At left she wears a black velvet dream with tiny ostrich plumes.
"Midsummer Night's Dream" at Hollywood Bowl, and here are Charles Chaplin and his leading lady, Paulette Goddard, occupying a box at the event. Beasts the Champ! Max Baer and Gary Cooper matched arm reaches. "Coop" won by an inch in a smiling finish.

Joan Blondell has completed the building of a nursery addition to her mountain-top home. A special feature of the new suite is a burglar-alarm similar to those installed in banks. The doors and windows of the nursery are so constructed that once they are set, their slightest movement arouses an alarm bell loud enough to be heard on the next mountain-top, three miles away. Simultaneously, the entire estate is flooded with light from a series of powerful searchlights.

News-beats and gossip about the film stars

By Weston East

Elissa Landi has had several court battles with her agents. According to her charges, Elissa landed, (not a pun), all the jobs herself—but had to pay the agents full commissions. A few days after she started work on "Enter Madame," Miss Landi encountered her agent on the lot. "Hello," she greeted him. "Are you here to see about getting me a role in 'Enter Madame'?"

Andy Devine sneers at the "yes men." He says: "There are too many men giving the best "yeahs" of their life to the movie business!"

Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Frenke, are snapped together for the first time at a Hollywood party given by Director Rouben Mamoulian.

High tides and amazingly huge waves that scared silly the beach-dwellers at Malibu and Santa Monica, caused much damage at the seaside homes of several stars. Edmund Lowe, Constance Bennett and others lost outdoor furniture worth thousands of dollars. Near-tragedies occurred when Ted Healy and Raquel Torres, working feverishly in their respective backyards to save their belongings, were almost washed out to sea.

Hollywood night life booms! A new, very swank club opened with a blaze of light and many screen luminaries, and none more luminous than Helen Hayes, Clark Gable and Norma Shearer, whom you see above, participants in the fun.
Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna attended the dinner given in tribute to Max Reinhardt, whose spectacular presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream" drew all Hollywood to the famous foreign producer's pageant at the Bowl.

When Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller applied for passports for their visit to Europe, they had no idea that Uncle Sam's employees would not accept a check. So between them, they didn't have the two dollars in cash necessary for the fees. They did manage to raise $1.95—and a nearby newspaper man loaned Johnny a nickle.

"The height of inaccuracies," Herbert Mundin murmured one doll (until then) day, "was the fellow who took a secluded seat in a restaurant, announcing that he wanted to dine in silence—and then ordered celery!"

Did you know that the finest dentists in the world are in and around Hollywood? Probably not, for why should you know such a fact? Still, it is true.

The reason is that there is a constant call for new teeth, straightening of teeth, re-modeling, and other intricate dental services. Not the least important of these is the replacement of teeth for youthful actors and actresses—youngsters at the age when their baby teeth are falling out.

Film companies were once held up for days at a time when such minor tragedies occurred. Now dentists make duplicates of every tooth in the boys' and girls' heads. These duplicates can replace lost teeth on a moment's notice.

What, another Davis Cup? Is Fred Perry, who wins Davis Cup matches for England, and tennis tournaments everywhere, trying to talk Bette out of her cup of water in the little scene above, snapped at the new Hollywood night club?

Dixie Lee, (Mrs. Bing Crosby), takes her first-born, Gary, to Louella Parsons' riddle party.

Funnyer things have happened—but not much funnier. Loretta Young built a new swimming-pool. For weeks, during excavating and concreting and tiling, Loretta was excited as a child at Christmas. She could hardly wait for the day when she could put water in the new pool.

Well, that day arrived, and Loretta invited friends—and then was she embarrassed! For believe it or not, in the excitement, Loretta completely forgot that she didn't know how to swim, so she could only wade around in the shallow water at her own swimming-pool party.

When Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks met recently! At a directors' meeting of the United Artists company you see them, above, with Joseph M. Schenck, Charles Chaplin, Darryl Zanuck and Samuel Goldwyn. Everybody looks happy.
A PHILADELPHIA mother has named her baby Myrna Loy Goldberg... According to reports from London, Doris Duke, who is said to have left America 'because Hollywood people bored her to distraction.'... Ann Shirley, who changed her name from Dawn O'Day, liked the new one so well she adopted it legally... Hollywood has a new kind of movie theatre, a drive-in place where people may sit in their cars and watch pictures... Mary Brian's suggested changes in the house Dick Powell is building have already cost Powell about $2500... People who say Franchot Tone won't look at girls, (except Joan Crawford), when he poses for pictures with them must not have seen the stills from "The Girl from Missouri." Shirley Temple receives about 600 fan-letters weekly—but she can't read... Joe E. Brown ran away from home and joined a circus when he was a boy, so he approved when his own son, Don, (18 years old), recently did the same thing.

On the dotted line! Miriam Hopkins signs a long-term contract to star for Samuel Goldwyn, right. Eddie Cantor looks on in evident approval.

Tennis fans at the recent tournament in Los Angeles: Warner Baxter, Elizabeth Allan, and Ronald Colman, at right. Ronnie's next is "Clive of India."

A NOOTHER near-outburst on the part of the fiery, (but oh, so nice about it usually), Ginger Rogers had her studio on needles and pins just before the start of her new picture. The Rogers last announced herself tired of song-and-dance pictures, and she went straight to the head man with her demand for a dramatic role. She was rewarded with the lead opposite Francis Leterer in "Romance In Manhattan."

But when Ginger went to the studio for wardrobe fittings, the first outfit she was given for a try-on was a chorus-girl's costume. She blew up, refused to don it, and again rushed into the head-man's office, this time for an explanation. The episode ended happily; the chorus-girl costume was only for a brief flash in the picture.

JEAN HARLOW thought she had established a home for orphans when she returned from the studio one day and found her hill-top swimming pool brimming with children. There were about a score of the kids plunging, diving and playing in the water.

The explanation is amusing: It seems that a neighbor-boy asked permission to swim some day when Jean wasn't using the pool. Of course, Miss Harlow gave her consent—she would. She also added: "Bring your little friends, if you wish." The youngster took her at her word. He invited not only his friends but his friends' friends. In true Harlow fashion, Jean ordered the cook to prepare ice cream, cakes, and lemonade.

EMBARRASSING, yet funny, was that situation at a Hollywood benefit when Ruth Roland, presenting the various celebrities present, made the faux pas of introducing Adrienne Ames as Loretta Young. Later, when she presented Toby Wing, Miss Roland called her "Jackie Coogan's fiancé."

Of course, Miss Roland was reading from a script that had been given her to read, nevertheless, it was all too amusing—especially Toby's loud guffaw when she was mentioned as Coogan's fiancée.

ONE of SCREENLAND's big monthly close-ups goes to Audrey Ferriss, for personal courage and determination.

A few years ago, Audrey was in the movies. Talkies forced her out, because she lacked training. To earn money for room and board, Miss Ferriss obtained a stenographic position in the offices of the Los Angeles District Attorney.

While she was a stenographer, Audrey kept up her study of elocution and dramatics. Recently she was given a screen-and-voice test. Her studies had worked such fine results that she won a new movie contract with M-G-M.

HAS Gary Evan, Bing's eighteen-month-old son, a sense of humor, or is he giving his father a ribbing? Bing would like to know the answer.

Crosby took his wife and little Gary Evan to the tot's first circus when the "big tent" was in Hollywood. Young Crosby watched the parade of animals with staring eyes, until the elephants came along.

Whereupon Gary Evan pointed a chubby fat at the biggest elephant, and cried: "Daddy!"

Penelope plays, and enjoys it, at the recent baby party in Hollywood. Penelope's daddy is Fredric March.
JOE PENNER, the movie actor—well, he is one at the moment—has parents who, typical of many nummies and papas, worry over their son. For this reason, he rarely tells them of his mishaps, hoping thus to spare their nerves. So it happened that they read in recent newspapers about Penner’s sprained ankle. Subsequently, Joe received a letter from his father. It read, in part:

“Dear Son: You should be ashamed, spraining your ankle, and then not telling your mother. You know she likes to worry about you. Now your ankle is well, but in order to catch up on her worrying, mother must spend the next ten days or so fretting about what might have been.

“However, one good thing has come of this incident. That is, your mother and I can now worry lest something will happen to you and you won’t tell us. In order to prevent such worry-without-cause, let me caution you to immediately inform us when anything happens to you.”

Besieged by autograph hounds, at the Reinhardt pageant in Hollywood Bowl, William Powell and Jean Harlow were smilingly good-natured about it all.

Four generations! May Robson with her son, grandson, and great-grandson at the baby’s christening, which Miss Robson journeyed East to attend.

T HE tragic death of Russ Columbo, by accidental shooting, adds one more name to the appalling list of famous motion picture stars who have died during the past few months. This list includes Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody, Dorothy Dell, Karl Dane, Alec B. Francis, director George Hill.

Funeral services for Columbo were attended by more than three thousand friends and fans. Women, most of them in tears, predominated. Carole Lombard and Sally Blane were also present, and perhaps the most beautiful floral offering was Carole’s huge blanket of gardenias, bearing the one word—Rustie. One of the pall-bearers was Bing Crosby, rumored by gossips to be Columbo’s enemy. Actually, the two were good friends.

THE eyes of autograph-seekers grouped outside the Fox studios popped almost from their heads when, almost in procession, cars bearing Greta Garbo, Mae West, Charles Laughton, Wallace Beery and Lupé Velez passed through the gates.

In fact, the autograph-hunters were so dazed that they forgot to ask for signatures—which was just as well, because those “stars” were not the real thing; they were all impersonators, hired for a picture.

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN is filmdom’s richest colonist. Mary Pickford is second, and Douglas Fairbanks, third. These facts are gleaned from Los Angeles County tax reports. Chaplin’s property is assessed at $3,279,290; “Our Mary” owns about $1,950,770 worth of estate; Doug’s mite is $1,065,530. Harold Lloyd’s wealth is assessed at $804,345. Richard Barthelmess pays taxes on $499,340, Constance Bennett on $190,025, and Joan Crawford is rated at $65,965.

Will Rogers is the richest land-owner. Harold Lloyd’s furniture is worth most. And far down in the report, as if the tax assessor might possess a sense of humor, Greta Garbo’s ancient automobile is assessed at $80.

YOU may be closer to your favorite movie star than you suspect; in fact, when you motor tonight, your idol may ride with you. All waste film, cut from pictures or left over when productions are completed, is sold to a salvage company in Hollywood. This cast-off film is melted, and the various elements are separated. One element, celluloid, is used to make automobile paint. Even at this moment, Clara Bow may be on your fender, and that may be Clark Gable’s nose you scartched when your hood dropped!
SOME letters from fans are entirely too exacting. A recent letter marked "PRIVATE-IMPORANT-RUSH" was delivered to Joan Crawford, because it looked like the sort of missive that should be delivered directly to the addressee. Joan opened the envelope—and found another, across the face of which was written: Please! I said Personal. Miss Crawford opened that envelope, and found still another, marked with: "To be opened only by Joan Crawford."

Joan says her hands trembled as she opened the third envelope, because she thought it must be of great importance. Instead, it was only a request for an autographed picture!

Fans who resort to such tactics only spoil their own cause. A few such "Wolf! Wolf!" letters, and Miss Crawford's secretary will refuse to pass along any unopened mail to her employer. It stands to reason that stars haven't time to open all letters, and only the most important requests should be sent with so many such urgent pleas that such letters be opened only by the addressee.

THE latest fad to sweep into Hollywood (and how fads do sweep that town!) is badminton. Years ago, Douglas Fairbanks tried to popularize the game, but failed. Now it has caught on feverishly.

Jack Oakie refuses to exert himself to the extent of playing strenuous badminton. When Dick Arlen invited Oakie to play, the comedian sniffed:

"Badminton?" he said. "That's nothing but shrivelled-up tennis!"

Conchita Montenegro supplies the love interest in a new war romance in which Warner Baxter plays an aviator.

Carole Lombard and Roger Pryor form one of the new romantic teams. Right, you see them in a scene together.

Fans wanted Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle in another musical, and here they are in "Here is My Heart."

THE current cycle of personalities on the screen is constantly reflected in the show-windows of stores along Hollywood Boulevard. When Clara Bow was the rage, shops exhibited photographs of "flaming girls" wearing hats, clothes, and other articles to be purchased inside. The Sue Carol era, the Marlene Dietrich period, and other star-cycles were thus temporarily commemorated.

Right at this moment, the boulevard windows are featuring baby portraits. Banks, stores, drug-stores—all have displays of children, ranging from a few months to ten or twelve years of age.

Of course, it's the Shirley Temple influenza. Since Shirley made good, hundreds of fond mothers are striving to get their daughters before the eyes of producers.
FEW people realize that television is about to become a common, everyday factor in modern life. A French inventor has perfected a device which is the most advanced step in television. It is a traveling car, fitted with cameras, sound equipment, film developing tanks, and (most important) television projecting outfits.

One day last week, during an experimental test, this traveling studio photographed a motor accident with sound, developed it, and radioed the entire sequence to a theatre screen five miles away. The entire process, from the moment the camera started grinding until the scene was shown in the theatre, required seventy-five seconds!

CHARLES FARRELL has been successful in acquiring movie-star tenants for his realty holdings. Bette Davis is now living in Charlie's Beverly home. Bette formerly lived in Mr. and Mrs. Farrell's Toluca Lake home—she must have found him a good landlord. George Brent now lives in Charlie's Toluca house, and neighbors say that Greta Garbo has dined there with Brent on several occasions.

MARY BRIAN has a sub-well "boy-friend-holding insurance" idea. She goes out with so many chaps, that before she has a date with one, she repeats his name over and over again. Thus she avoids the tragic mishaps of calling Dick, John or Bob or Gene, or vice versa. If you are popular, girls, and if you often make this same mistake, try Mary's system!

WHO said "a prophet is without honor in his own home town"? Dick Powell has disproved that adage, once and for all.

When Powell returned recently to Pittsburgh to make personal appearances in the theatre where he first won notice as an orchestra leader, police reserves were necessary to save him from the clamoring crowds. Several thousand people stormed the theatre, practically clawing each other to get seats for the opening performance. Those who failed to get inside went around to the stage entrance, and they made a rush for Powell the minute he appeared, thus necessitating the police guard.

In a letter to Hollywood friends, Dick estimated that "he had signed three thousand autographs on my first day in Pittsburgh."
When young fellows get together, there's likely to be hot competition for the older stars, especially if the boys are Baby LeRoy, right, David Holt, seated, and Billy Lee, left, above. All are currently working at the same studio.

BEHIND THE SCENES:

FOX executives refused to permit Alice Faye to play opposite Rudy Vallee in his newest picture. The reason, they stated, was that they didn't want to depend upon romance for publicity for Faye. What those same officials may not know is that the studio's own publicity department is responsible for some of the stories linking the Vallee name and Alice.

Reports that Jayne Shadduck, stage and screen actress, has reconciled with her husband, writer Jack Kirkland, are as wrong as a Socialist with millions. Their separation is permanent.

George Brent may fly to South America, according to well-laid plans, and during his absence Ruth Chatterton will file those long-delayed divorce proceedings.

The reason Janet Gaynor hurried home from Europe weeks before she intended is that gossips are as obnoxious "over there" as over here. Couple of them saw Gaynor and Charles Farrell at luncheon, and right away tried to make something of it.

CHARLES LAUGHTON went to a Los Angeles hospital with a slight ailment, which confined him there for a few weeks. On his return to the studio, he told about the day he said to a nurse: "Will you please get me a glass of water, interna?"

The white-clad girl smiled, and replied: "Nurse, to you."

Figure it out for yourself.

In Dutch! Alice Faye looks charming at that in her costume for a comedy scene in "365 Nights in Hollywood."

BING CROSBY might have won a bet had he not been double-crossed. The bet was that he could get into Paramount studio without being spotted by the autograph-hunters who maintain a constant guard at the gate.

Bing donned a set of false whiskers, dark glasses, and a handsome mustachio. Thus disguised, he managed to get past the crowd of signature-chasers. That is, he almost got by. But the fellow with whom he wagered suddenly screamed: "Hey, Crosby!" and through force of habit, Bing stopped and bellowed: "What?" Of course, everybody recognized the voice—and the Crooner lost his bet.

Evelyn Laye, English beauty and stage star, is welcomed in Hollywood—where she will star in a musical film opposite Novarro—by Frank Lawion, whose next part is David Copperfield, and Director Dudley Murphy, who will direct Miss Laye and Novarro as co-starring team.
THE stars often do for fun what they refuse to do for money—BIG money! Both Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris have been offered vera, vera large sums to make personal appearances in Los Angeles theatres. They've refused all such offers. But during a matinee performance of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey circus in Hollywood, the opening parade was graced by the presence of two strangers—yep, Bob and Chester! Dressed as Ar- bian girls, they rode horses around the arena and, believe it or not, they weren't recognized. Two Arabian girls in that same parade were Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Chester Morris.

Thea Gallagher has gone into the café business; her roadside restaurant is doing so well that she contemplates opening a string of eateries. Neighbors kicked about Bing Crosby's singing until they learned that it actually was Bing—then they applauded. Mary Astor has a strange pastime; it is watching her husband, a doctor, perform operations. Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert have one custom in common—after each picture, they climb into their automobiles and leave Hollywood for destinations unknown. Robert Woolsey, who always smokes a cigar before the camera, has the butt of the first cigar he smoked on the stage; it is his good-luck piece. The height of something: Pat Paterson, wife of Charles Boyer, is taking French lessons so when she joins her husband in France, she can converse with her mother-in-law.

"Skeets" Gallagher tells it proudly on his little son. It seems that the boy came racing home one day to tell his mother that he overheard two men plotting to kill his father.

"One of them said that he'll shoot 'Skeets' when he gets a chance," young Gallagher cried.

Of course, Mrs. G. investigated. She found that "the two men" were Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. They had been discussing skeet shooting, a popular Hollywood pastime.

In flounces! Evelyn Venable as a belle of 1910 retains her eye appeal in her "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" costume.

There'll be romance as well as "Music in the Air" when Gloria Swanson returns to the screen. Above, is a sample of what we mean—one of the scenes in which Douglas Montgomery and John Boles become dramatically involved. Like Gloria's costume? We do!

See what Hollywood missed? Had Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes had a formal wedding instead of eloping, the bride would have looked as you see Heather at the right. But they're happy, as you see in the picture above.
Robert G. Although I'm not a mind reader or a palmist I'd say, off-hand, you have a newly developed case of admiration for Anna Sten. She is under contract to Samuel Goldwyn at United Artists Studios, 1941 N. Highland Ave, Hollywood, Calif. You might drop her a line and tell her the things you have written me about the "fascinating, gorgeous, and bewitching" Being. Her most recent picture is "We Live Again" from the Tolstoy novel, "Resurrection." Co-starring with her is Fredric March. Anna was a waitress at 12, a newspaper reporter at 15. "Nana" was her first American picture.

Mary Al. As I write this, Greta Garbo's next picture is still in production. Appearing with her in this new vehicle, "The Painted Veil," will be Herbert Marshall, George Brent, Jean Hersholt and Warner Oland. Herbert Marshall is just now one of the most popular and sought-after leading men in pictures. Some of his films have been "Trouble in Paradise," "The Solitary Man," "I Was a Spy," with Madeleine Carroll and Conrad Veidt, and "Kipite" with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Ralph Forbes.

Marge. As long as you read my answers to everybody you now have an opportunity to read one to Marge—and I hope you like it. Dolores Del Rio was born on August 3, 1905. She has beautiful brown eyes, jet black hair, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and was married to Cedric Gibbons on August 7, 1930. Her voice was first heard in "Evangeline." Her other early films were "Resurrection" and "Loves of Carmen" in 1927; in 1928 she made "Gateway of the Moon," and "The Trail of '98," "No Other Woman," "Red Dance," "Revenge," and in 1929, "Evangeline." Her latest is "Madame Du Barry," for Warners.

Edith M. I love to settle arguments, so I'm at your service. The principals in the cast of "Smart Money," starring Edward G. Robinson, were Evelyn Knapp, James Cagney, Ralph Harolde, Margaret Livingston, Noel Francis and Gladys Lloyd, who was Mary Robinson in real life. Patricia Angel was born on February 9, 1909, in Oxford, England. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. She was married in August, 1934, to Ralph Forbes, the former husband of Ruth Chatterton. Heather's latest releases are "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger and Nancy Carroll, and "Romance in the Rain" with Roger Pryor.

Mayone M. C. It's a refreshing sight to see our old friend William Farnum among those present in several new pictures. He plays with Colleen Moore in "The Scarlet Letter" as Gov. Bellingham, and appears in "Are We Civilized?" with Anita Louise, and in "Happy Landing." Constance Bennett was Carlo, a Russian spy, in "After Tonight." Playing opposite her was Gilbert Roland. The little blonde who played the part of 'Said Henleven, in "Servants' Entrance" is Astrid Allwyn. She is Swedish, as you have guessed, and has ashblonde hair, brown eyes, in 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall, and weighs 117 pounds.

Edith Pongy. Don't tell me that is your real name—all right then, mine is Memory Buttercup! Warner Baxter was Allessandro and Roland Drew was the brother Felip in "Ramona" with Dolores Del Rio. Picture was released in 1929. The picture public have been demanding more and more of Warner Baxter. There is proof a star does not have to be single to be popular. He has been married to Wilfred Bryce since 1917. Some Baxter releases have been "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Stand Up and Cheer," "Penthouse," "Grand Canary," "Mervyn S. You didn't expect to see your name in print so soon, did you? Demonstrating the fact one never knows how soon one may become famous, or something to that effect. No, Gene Raymond did not play in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" with Irene Dunne, but Phillips Holmes was Leonard St. John, 'Madame's son. Phillips appears in "Caravan," a Fox production of great splendor. He rates a place along with Charles Boyer, the European star, Loretta Young, Jean Parker, Louise Fazenda and Aubrey Smith in "Caravan."

A Manners Fan. Of course you mean David. You are not only the fan in the world who is "cur-say"—about David. I mean, He was born Raul Aklom in Hainett, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, and has brown eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are astronomy, and he also likes to play tennis. He created quite a stir with his role in "Journey's End" both on the stage and screen. He supported Elissa Landi in "The Warrior's Husband." "Mother's Cry" was released in January, 1930, with Dorothy Peterson, Helen Chandler, Evlyn Knapp, David Manners, and Edward Woods.

Mary L. You are not alone in wanting Diana Wyndam to appear in the best stories her producers can buy—pictures like "Cavalcade" and "Reunion in Vienna." Her latest release is "One More River," from the novel by John Galsworthy. Frank Lawton, the English actor we girls have been raving about, plays with her, also Cohn Clive.

Maxine. So you are all agog about Hollywood's new muse, Hugh Williams. Hugh was born in England, at Bexhill-on-the-Sea, Sussex. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has black hair and hazel eyes. He has been on the London stage, made pictures there, and finally Fox signed him, and we hope he likes us as well as we like him. If you read the October issue of Screenland, you'll get James Fidler's slant on new girls and new boys and the low-down on Hugh Williams and other new faces on the screen. You'll see within the coming, M-G-M's production of "David Copperfield" and Fox's release of "Elinor Norton" with Hugh in the parts, so look out for it.

Hope C. N. It is interesting to watch a star's climb to fame on the screen and we have a lot of them to watch, haven't we? Edward Robinson was well known on the stage before doing picture work. Here are a few of his films "Dark Hazard" with Genevieve Tobin and Glenda Farrell; "Little Giant" with Mary Astor and Helen Vinson; "The Hatchet Man" with Loretta Young; "I Loved a Woman" with Kay Francis and Genevieve Tobin; "Silver Dollar" with Pepe Danielle and Althea MacMahon and his latest, "The Man With Two Faces," with Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez. "The Woman Spy," was the first title of "After Tonight" starring Constance Bennett. Here is the entire cast, including La Bennett—Gilbert Roland, Edward Ellis, Sam Godfrey, Lucien Prival, Mischa Auer, Ben Hendricks, Leonid Sneffoff and Evelyn Carter Carlington.
Mickey, you can't fool me — where's Minnie? Ginger Rogers was christened Virginia but that name didn't stick long when the red-haired youngster began to grow up, so Ginger she is to this day. She was born in Independence, Mo., on July 16, 1911, Joan Blondell was born in New York City on August 30, 1909. James Cagney was born in New York City on July 17, 1904.

Harlow Fan. You want Jean Harlow to have heavier eyebrows for you think she would be more attractive that way? Why don't you take up the matter with Jean herself personally? She may fall in Venice with your ideas. I wouldn't count too much on that, though, for the luscious Jean has her own ideas about her make-up, and why not? Jean's latest release is "The Girl From Missouri" with Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, and Patsy Kelly.

Charles G. In the picture, "Hell Below," Jimmy Durante was Pompous, Ship's Cook. If you say Jimmy fought a financial battle for his role, it might be true, but in the picture, he evidently did. The fight must have been a "knock-out." James Cagney was a popular New York stage actor before the movie got going. One of his best-known stage successes was "Grand Larceny," with Joan Blondell playing opposite and almost adapting the role of "Blonde Crazy" with Joan playing the same role. James is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has red hair.

The Saga of a Jester

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remembered that no one had been in the room "but that little Offield boy," and surely he couldn't have carried it away. Nevertheless, "that little Offield boy," walked into the house two days later, serenely lifted a pillow from the sofa, revealed the missing silverware. His eyes sparkled and his freckled face beamed in a childish grin as he looked up proudly at the erstwhile hostess. The same girl who kept him from getting spanked that day was to stand him in good stead in the years to come.

Jack learned the fine points of stage expression in his childhood. His mother— and incidentally, she always had been "Ev" or "Mom" to Son Jack—conducted the Offield School of Expression at Sedalia for many years and later was on the faculty of a similar institution in New York City.

When Jack was four years old, the family left Sedalia for Muskogee, Okla. Jack attended school there for a while, mingling with Indian children of many tribes. Here, too, the famous joker burst out in a manner that earned him a reputation of doubtful merit with the hostesses of the neighborhood. Jack joined a party given by one of his classmates. Less than a half-hour after singing a childlike ditty in that angelic expression that only he could assume, Jack conducted several other boys to a big, new bathtub that had just been installed in the house. He must have felt an urge to display his aquatic abilities, for the hostess found him swimming merrily around in the tub. The water had overflowed to the floor. Again, Jack's likable grin saved him from chastisement.

There was the time that Jack's mother consented to a party in celebration of his tenth birthday anniversary. Jack was granted the privilege of inviting his own guests. Apparently he did a good job, for 250 boys of all description showed up for the affair!

On Sundays, the incurable joker dropped his charming temporarily to attend church. Even then, however, he could hardly contain himself. In his serious moments he sang in the choir, and the director often praised his high soprano voice.

When Jack was fourteen, his father died and Mrs. Offield offered a position on the faculty of the Sedalia School for Boys in New York City. She accepted and took her children, Jack and Alice Evelyn, (Sally to the family), to the city. Jack entered the high school, an institution conducted by the Jesuit fathers. Again, his soprano voice attracted attention and he became a member of the All Angels' choir.

For four years he sang in the organization.

Jack graduated from the high school with honors, and became a board-marker and telephone-order-clerk for a Wall Street brokerage firm. As usual, his inbred congeniality made him a favorite with his co-workers and employers. He got along then— even as he does now.

Perhaps the turning point in his career was the factor that contributed most to his designation of Wall Street for Broadway, came when his boss asked him to do a stunt in a Junior League frolic. Jack accepted, and went over big. Other invitations arrived, and soon he was in demand at most of the charity functions.

Then came an offer for a small part on the stage, and with a slight jump from Mrs. Offield. Like all mothers, she had ambitions for her son. She wanted him to be governor of New York state. His personality would have made him an ideal politician. "If you'll only listen to me," she often told him, "I know you how can become governor of New York." Jack didn't listen. The nearest he got to that exalted position was the time he occupied the chief executive's chair at the Albany managers. Then he wrote Mrs. Offield: "Dear Mother—I'm doing the best I can. I'm sitting in the governor's chair."

Jack turned down a chance for a financial career. His boss had offered to lend Mrs. Offield $80,000 to buy her son a seat on the stock exchange. But Jack was persistent in his desire to go on the stage. He had performed in many amateur theatrics. These appearances had instilled in him that strange something that arouses the veils of troupers, and Jack couldn't resist.

So he turned down his boss' offer and took the stage part. How he went into vaudeville and with Lila Lee and with Jean Harlow and with Patsy Kelly and with Evelyn, Miss McConnell— and incidentally, she originated from an Ozarks town—was an exponent of fast-talking comedy. Jack made a perfect partner.

It was then that Jack adopted the famous name of Oakie—synonym for the world over for unrestrained laughter. Because he had moved to New York from Oklahoma, Jack was known as "Oakie" to his associates. Then chanced with the far-famed expression of "OK!" led to his adoption of his screen cognomen.

How Jack broke into the movies has never been clear, even to Jack himself! He wrote his mother one day that he was going on a boat ride to California. The next time he heard from him, he was playing a part in Clara Bow's "The Fleet's In." You know the rest.

In the breezy hush that makes him the premier Hollywood gladiator, Jack attributes his screen entrée to the fact that he "blew his own trumpet." And one must admit his proficiency that there is:

"I got in by bluffing my way through," he says. "I touted my own horn and they heard me. That's all there was to it."

Much has been written of the loves of Jack Oakie. Plain fact or publicity, his adventures in amour have made news in photograph and print for many months. But—would you care to hear fact—Jack's best girl is his mother. Of course you remember Jack's mother in "Too Much Hardware," that part was, of course, Mrs. Offield herself. Those mother-and-son scenes you saw are typical of the affection between the two.

At twenty-two, Jack still bubbles with the boyish enthusiasm that put him over in his stage and early screen days. His perpetual good humor is well known. He is noted on the set for the democratic attitude with which he regards lesser studio employees.
he knows how to plan his own meals, to order the right wines; he calls the florist every week and orders flowers for the rooms—those are the things that make a home and for which the wife is usually responsible.

"I am glad of the experience of having been married to Bill and would not change it for the world. I am glad of everything that has ever happened to me—for it is through the past that I have attained my present happiness."

"Today, I have everything! Work that I like, loyal friends, money enough to assure my independence always, and the whole world before me!" she sighed exultantly.

"I want to remain in pictures for a few years more—I am just approaching the—" which training, by the way, she considers invaluable. However, an automobile accident in which she was badly injured ended her association with the Sennett Studios, for she was unable to work for nearly a year.

When she returned to the screen, it was to the Pathé Company, and with an "E" in her first name, for luck. Her time with Pathé she considers a huge public party, as work came second to pleasure on the lot, and playing practical jokes on each other than in learning their lines.

Hollywood still roars over the recollections of Miss Lombard's most prominent work, of which John Loder was the victim. When that Englishman arrived on the Coast, he achieved distinction because of the frequency with which he sprayed his throat with a well-known antiseptic. His co-workers were amused.

Then, Miss Lombard had a brilliant idea—and she persuaded a "prop" man to fill Mr. Loder's atomizer with a mixture of onion juice and vinegar. Imagine Mr. Loder's embarrassment!

But all good times must end eventually, and about three years ago Miss Lombard migrated from the happy-go-lucky Pathé lot to that of Paramount, hard work, and success.

"My career is the most important thing in the world to me," she explained in thirty-two tones. "When I warned in pictures I made up my mind to reach the top and that I would let nothing deter me—nothing! I have kept my promise to myself!"

Something in her words and manner was reminiscent of another girl I had known. I groped about for a moment, then realized that Miss Lombard was in looks a shadow of Lilian Tashman.

"Many persons have noted the resemblance," she admitted, "Even Lil herself and I used to talk about it. She was a great person—and now that she is gone, it is amazing to see how many of her characteristics have been transferred to Ed. It is as if she lives again in him!" Miss Lombard's eyes seemed to grow a deeper blue until they matched the enormous sapphire, gift of Mr. Powell when Carole was his wife, which adorned her right hand.

I have never seen such a stone—literally it was the size of a baluster with a circumference, and an inch high! It was her only ornament, and added to the quality of her natural artistry.

She was really lovely-looking, with her pale fair hair brushed from her brow, her skin smooth and devoid of make-up, her lips a vivid scarlet—lovely and young—very young to have conducted her life and career with such financial and emotional success.

"I inherit my business sense, that's all," she admitted. "My grandmother used to manage an estate back in Indiana (no, I'll never go back there), and my mother has always been financially independent. I've always been easy for me to discuss salary and contracts and such things.

"As to achieving happiness, I simply believe in taking every opportunity that presents itself, in every situation. I believe in being a great actress, there are a lot of other ways to get the break."

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Mrs. Nathalie Bucknall, head of the M-G-M research department checks the costume Elizabeth Allan will wear in "David Copperfield," and you get a slight idea as to the job it is to get authentic production detail.

and still remain friends with Bill. And if we should not see each other for years at a time, we would still feel close to each other and would always understand each other.

"I don't care whom he goes with; in fact, he tells me all about the girls he takes out and asks me what I think of them. And the funny part of that is that while I don't resent them, they all resent me! When I meet them any place they lose their composture and giggle and talk nervously."

"But don't you think any other woman who likes Bill Powell has a right to be jealous of you? This very bond that you admit exists between you may prevent his ever caring deeply for someone else—but you don't want to be married to him yourself. Isn't that a little like a dog in the manger?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No, I really wouldn't mind if Bill married again—though I don't think he should. For he is not meant for marriage. He has lived alone so long that he doesn't need a woman around him always—that is why we are divorced today, and are so happy about it."

"Bill can run his own home perfectly—peak of my success now. I want to enjoy the short period allotted any of us at the top, then I want to retire and watch youngsters have their chance. I love to see youth succeed—I've been through so much struggle myself and I know the pleasure of being 'riving.' I want to see others have the same joy."

This, then, is the remarkable philosophy of the little girl from Fort Wayne, Indiana, who came to Hollywood as plain Jane Peters and remained to become the beautiful Carole Lombard, one of the screen's most potent stars.

It was when Jane was quite small that the Peters family moved to the cinema capital and she received her early schooling in the streets of the studios. Later attending Hollywood High School from which she frequently "played hooky" in order to call upon casting directors with pleas that she be given a chance in pictures. At last her "break" came—when she was fifteen, as Carol Lombard she was given her first part, a lead opposite Edmund Lowe in a film made at the old Fox Studio.

Other roles followed and she remained on that lot for a year, then going to Mack Sennett for several years' training in comedy.
From Usherette to Millionaire's Wife

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explanation of what she has to face, you
must not, however, judge that Raquel has
never enjoyed advantages of any kind. She
is not a little barbarian, without the slight-
est knowledge of formality and the laws of
etiquette. Nor is she one devoid of all
sense of propriety, to whom money is a
god, wealth to be snatched up wherever
it may be found. Rather, she is a fully reared young woman of breeding,
whom Fate decreed must earn her own liv-
ing at seventeen.

Half-German, quarter-French and quar-
ter-Spanish, Raquel was born Wilhelmina Ostermann in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mex-
ico. Her father was a mining engineer. At
the age of a year and a half, the mother died and Wilhelmina, or Raquel, as we'll
call her henceforth, was brought up by a
Mexican nurse.

When she was seven, the Ostermann family moved to Los Angeles and Raquel
went to live at the Sacred Heart Convent,
to be educated and acquire a knowledge of
the duties expected of a good wife. Neither
Raquel nor the good sisters who taught her,
however, were to guess how well she
had to prepare herself in later life to be
the wife of a rich man. She remained hap-
pily cloistered at the convent until she was sixteen.

Living in the midst of the studios, Raquel
naturally was eager to gain access to them
and work as an extra. But her father,
then in the real estate business, refused her
pleas for a career, even forbidding her to
think of acting as "Atmosphere" in any of
the film plants.

Her father suffered a stroke and was
taken, seriously ill, to the hospital. The
possibility of his recovery seemed doubtful
indeed. Raquel, then, decided that the
time had arrived for her to think of finding
work, to support her sister, Renée, and her-
sell. Accordingly, she secured a job as
usherette at the Chinese Theatre, where she
could see at first-hand her favorites of the
screen, as well as earn needed money.

Several months at the Chinese convinced
her she could make no headway as a
cinema usher, so she appealed to her
father's business partner to aid her. He
promised to introduce her to Al Christie,
the comedy producer, whom he knew.

On the drive to the studio, her friend
suggested she change her name, since her
own was not suitable for an actress. The
sound of Wilhelmina Ostermann scarcely
intrigued the imagination. He thought
Toro would make a nice cognomen, but
Raquel indignantly declared everyone knew
that meant "bull."

"You introduce me as a popular dancer
from Mexico City and I will have a new
name ready when you introduce me," the
little dark-eyed señorita said.

The realtor extolled the ability of the
newcomer to the producer and when the
later asked her name, she answered
quickly, "Raquel Torres." In those mo-
ments did she forever cast aside Wilhelmina
Ostermann for the more colorful Raquel
Torres.

For three months, she appeared as a
bathing beauty and played small parts in
Christie Comedies with Bobby Vernon and
Billy Dooley. Her father, meanwhile, was
sinking, rapidly getting worse, and the
strands of the family exchequer were badly
strained. Most of Raquel's salary went to
pay the father's hospital and doctor bills,
and little remained for herself and Renée.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at this time,
started searching for a girl to play the
native lead in "White Shadows in the
South Seas." Two hundred and fifty girls
were tested and rejected. The studio, in
desperation, asked the Mexican consulate
in Los Angeles to help them in their
quest. Not long before, Raquel had won a
beauty contest sponsored by the Mexican
dailies published in Los Angeles. The
result was that the consul's office telephoned
Raquel and suggested she try out for the
role.

Looking back, Raquel is vastly amused
by what happened. "Christie was planning
on making me a leading lady," she
explains, a dark smile lighting up her beau-
tiful face. "So when I went out to the
studio for an interview and met Hunt
Stromberg, the producer, I felt very inde-
pendent and announced I wouldn't make
the test unless Mr. Stromberg himself di-
rected it. It's customary, you know, for a
director or assistant director to make such
tests, but I insisted on having Mr. Strom-
berg. He laughingly agreed, and several
days later the studio phoned me I had
been selected for the part of the native girl
in the picture."

What should have been a joyous time for
Raquel turned out to be a sad experience.

Her father died the day before the "White
Shadows" company sailed for Tahiti and
the South Seas, and his funeral services
had to be deferred many months until the
little actress returned to Hollywood. As
a result of her splendid performance, Metro
gave her a long-term contract. Then, and
only then, was she able to indulge in ex-
penditures other than the bare necessities
of life—the first time since her father had
gone to the hospital nearly a year before.

Raquel met Stephen Ames while the lat-
ter was visiting in California. They were
introduced at a party, and to her he con-
fided many of his then domestic woes.
(They were drawn to one another from
the start.) They didn't meet a second time
until a year later in New York, when
Raquel was appearing on the stage.

Meanwhile, Ames had been divorced.

When the dusky, starry-eyed actress
went to London for personal appearances
and to make a picture—"The Red Wagon,"
soon to be shown in this country—Ames
literally burned up the cables and trans-At-
lantic telephone in daily communication.

He begged her to return immediately, to

A pedestal for Lili Damita seems entirely warranted, don't you think?
Above is the bewitching Continental star, who will be seen again on the
screen in an English production of "Brewster's Millions."
Do You Want to Raise Your Child to be a Star?

Continued from page 31

by Raquel eluded from her oft-repeated as-

She goes to a voice teacher three times a week, and Ames helps her with a lesson two hours every day. By reading aloud, constant observation, diligent study and continuous repetition she hopes to be able to speak perfect English within a few months. But it is and will be a struggle. The study of French occupies attention, too, as well as daily lessons in singing and voice culture. She is curving a certain shrillness, and in its stead her voice is now well-modulated and unusually soft.

She is a fascinating accent, but she is attempting to rid herself of it entirely. To do this, she likely to develop their muscles, when what they need is utter femininity and perfect health. All of this, you see, would be a part of their training for any kind of work.

These remarks of Joan's brought forcibly to my mind how each of the Bennett girls, Constance, Barbara, and Joan, possesses in a marked degree this "utter femininity." These children of Joan cannot escape great charm, methinks. Joan and her sisters have always been remarkably irresistible to men and Gene Markey possesses much more charm than is allotted to the average man. His intelligence and grace made him much sought-after even before he came to Hollywood.

Both of Joan's parents, Adrienne Morrison and Richard Bennett, in addition to their acknowledged histrionic ability, are exceptionally charming and attractive to be selected for a coming article on this subject of charm but it is obviously so important a factor in the essential requisites for success on screen or stage that it cannot be left out of the natural endowments that Joan's children undoubtedly have, should they decide on a screen or stage career.

Joan says, "I want them to be, first of all, understanding individuals. I shall never attempt to influence them in the line of their profession. If they have found so much satisfaction and happiness in my screen work, I shall not be unhappy if my girls decide to adopt it also. They will be prepared, if possible, for whatever they want to do. Certainly if they want to be nurses or doctors instead of actresses, I shall not stand in their way. But they will enter any work with their eyes open.

"We shall begin them from there. I shall with the help of their father point out to them nearly as I can, what they will get from each vocation. As I see it, the overwhelming compensations for work in pictures will surely be convincing to them just as they have been to me in that direction.

"I shall never minimize the amount of work they will have to do—probably more than they would be required in any other line of endeavor. I shall explain that many times there will be no rest for months; they will work sometimes both day and night. They may have to work from Monday night and start another on Tuesday morning. They may have to give their evenings and Sundays to the publicity department, the hairdresser, or the dramatic teacher. Not much of their time will be long to them.

"I will tell them also that life will have a rest that is never-ending. Never will there be a dull day. Every morning they will awaken with eagerness for what they hold, knowing that no two days will be alike.

"I shall tell them first that so far as money is concerned, there is no other occupation in the world that will yield such a large income. No women in America have earned as much as motion picture stars. Most women are fairly well-paid out, but none have earned more. I use the word earn advisedly. They are not just paid large sums. They earn them for themselves.

"I think one of the most attractive features about this life is that actresses never grow old. A body will not become old, but the mind accepts the limitations of age. An actress never does, so old age is de-

Virginia Weidler, prominent member of the Legion of Youth which now is storming the heights for screen honors. Virginia scored as Europa, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
fered. They are compelled to keep a mental elasticity equal to youth. And I won't ever want to see my little girls grow old, no matter how inevitable it seems. I am doing all this talking about their future. Do you know we are almost seven years old, and I won't see our babies grow up? There are times when we wish we could keep them just as they are.

"But, wait a minute!" Joan interrupted herself. "There is one thing I had better straighten out now, I am saying a lot about leaving them to their own chance when they are grown, but I don't want you to get the impression that I have that attitude toward them while they are children. That seems a little hard to me. The people who are holding responsible positions in the State to-day were not allowed to do as they pleased and grow up. They were disciplined, and learned things they disliked as well as things they liked, and their foundation is right. If our children are not taught likewise, they will be soft—a generation of weaklings, unable to fill any useful place in society.

"Getting back to the advantages of a professional life," she said, "as picture stars they would contact the finest minds of the country. They get an outlook on life, not only the alert, broad-minded picture players can supply. And they will have great opportunities to travel, as one picture may be laid in Spain and perhaps the next in Canada. They naturally absorb the knowledge of many peoples and countries.

"This profession also means that they will acquire charm, if they do not already possess it. Most actresses have an ease of manner and an attraction that makes them sociable everywhere."

"You think I am not naming many disadvantages to this profession?" she asked, "as a matter of fact I had a hard time thinking of the disadvantages that I named! You see, I love it and the people with whom I associate."

"You know I believe in them and admire them or I would not be willing for my little girls to take it up also."

"I think the Hollywood actresses are the most fortunate people in the world. If they spent fortunes securing college degrees, and years of study, and traveled to prepare them for a profession, they would not be rewarded as generously as they are now. Fame, prestige, and wealth, and the loveliest spot in the world in which to live.

"No conquering hero ever received greater acclaim than do the stars when they make public appearances. Magazines, newspapers, and the radio are all eager for news of the minutest details concerning picture players. Their clothes, their homes, their cars, their very habits are publicized and avidly copied. And they work with the most interesting people in the world—clever people whom all other men and women of the world crave to meet.

"You probably are about to gather that I would like my daughters to become actresses! Better come back ten years from now, Maude, and I may be able to tell you more about it!"

"And she rushed into the house to give Melinda her bottle."
"Life Begins" for Bill Powell

Continued from page 18

Note the technic! W. C. Fields at a favorite pastime, and as famous at baking as eating 'em, too.

Evidently there are pests even in paradise!

There is a decided lift to Mr. Powell these days. He isn't the sort of star who says, "Oh, well, I'm drawing down a big pay-check, so why worry?" He has an acute sense of responsibility to himself; he takes pride in giving a genuinely fine performance. A year ago, a series of mediocre pictures had him lower than low:

"I was miserable when I was assigned stories that couldn't possibly turn out well," he recounted. "It was stated, when my vehicles were excessively poor, that I'd had my choice on stories. The same charge was levelled at Ruth Chatterton. Bool! We were simply allowed to choose one out of every three proffered plots; was a case of picking the best "lemon"?

He argued himself blue in the face, endeavoring to protect the star name he had diligently developed. At nights he went over the lines and scenes for the next day, attempting to strengthen them by rewriting. When he left the studio where he had been so discontented, he vowed never to tie himself to another long-term deal. But two pictures at M-G-M on a free-lance arrangement so impressed him that he retracted and signed with this organization.

He is very modest about his renewed vogue.

"I attribute it to the dearness of mature, romantic men. Don't misunderstand me: I'm as astonished as any one else to find myself a hero! I classify myself as a 'done-over hero.' I've had romance thrust on me because talkies are in an odd spot. Most of the leading feminine stars of today are thirty or more; they require romantic foils older than themselves. Hence the studios are utilizing old character actors like me!"

The modest Mr. Powell is perfectly content with Hollywood and acting. "I have only prayers of thanks for what's happened to me here. Once I dreamt of retiring when I earned a certain sum. Well, I've changed my mind. Four years ago I tried being a Riviera playboy; I lounged around Europe in the society manner and I never was so utterly bored! It was chiefly him lark and trouble to discover that the heat was gone you yearned to be burned anew.

"One is never positive how long he'll last since talkies came in. Folks used to applaud their favorites in anything; now real entertainment is demanded and too many lessons are fatal for a star. But I intend to continue acting until I'm too aged to wend my way across a sound stage!"

Glimping the wide, wide world sold him completely on Southern California as headquarters. He has built a beautiful new place in the exclusive section of Beverly Hills, and moves into it shortly. It's the symbol of the new phase he's entering. America's leading American with William Haines' interiors, it has all the trimmings. A sixty-foot swimming pool dominates the gardens.

I know that Bill Powell would rather sit than swim. When I asked him why he had constructed the largest private pool in Beverly, he revealed that one of the main things in his future is to be fatherhood!

He has a nine-year-old son, who has been little mentioned. "I've not tried to keep Bill, Jr. a secret; I've merely thought that publicizing him would be bad for him. Ballyhoo is apt to make him conceited. As it is, he's attending the local grade school and growing up a regular boy."

(When Powell was acting on the New York stage he fell in love with his leading lady. Their marriage was dissolved before he came to Hollywood.)

"Junior lives in North Hollywood with his mother. I meet him occasionally. He spends his weekdays with me. I take him to track meets and all the sporting events; we ride together. He has a big playground at his home and we go to the pool and swings and everything kids enjoy."

And you have guessed yet why the extra-length pool?

"It's for Junior's benefit. I've had racing lanes marked in it, and an intercollegiate diving board installed. Junior entered two swimming meets at the Hollywood Athletic Club and I want him to have every opportunity to be healthy and husky."


Bill Powell as a father! You never fancied this urbane gentleman in this light, did you?"

"I believe in encouraging a leaning in a child," he asserts, pride exuding as he talks of Junior. "My boy is quite a lot like me. He'll never be good in anything scientific or mathematical; he's inclined artistically, and displays particular aptitude for the piano. His mother takes him to hear all the finest pianists who come to Los Angeles; he copies their style and even composes. I tell him that if he learns to play the piano, he can hold his own at tennis and cards, that he will possess the door-openers to social good times.

"Personally, how I wish I'd been compelled to practice on the piano! Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Warner Exercise and I are always searching for an accompanist. We get a kick out of singing, but we're a quartet in constant search of a pianist. Each of us regrets we weren't far-seeing little tikes!"

Bill Powell was an only child. His parents married young, where he was born, to Kansas City. His father was an accountant, of middle-class means, and Bill was slated to be a lawyer. "Because when I was a baby I stood up in my high-chair and bellowed authoritatively! My parents assumed I was fit for the bar and accepted the decision. That is, until I was eighteen and suddenly sensed that law and I had nothing in common!" Sent to the University of Kansas, Bill looked it over hastily and slipped back to his home with what was considered a revolutionary idea. He wanted to be an actor.

"That was absolutely fantastic to a Missouri family," he recalls. But he wasn't to be sidetracked. He proceeded to get a job in a telephone office, resolved to earn his tuition at New York's most famous dramatic school.

"Tuition for the two-year course was $1400. I earned $60 a month at the 'phone company. It was my plan to save $50 a month at this rate I'd have enough for the first year in fourteen months. I didn't have to pay for room or board at home, and my mother put up my lunch daily. I took it to work in a paper bag!"

Unfortunately, he fell in love with a girl who resided in a suburb of Kansas City. Visiting her was death on his savings.

"After I'd been working a couple of months I found I was getting farther and farther from the school at a fast pace. Finally, I resolved to appeal to a rich old aunt in Pennsylvania.

"I composed a masterful letter. Actually it was twenty-three pages long! I discussed upon my finances for an acting career; I begged her to loan me the money to go to New York and the dramatic school. I assured her that if she failed to succor me that she'd be in remorse even beyond the grave! She had added a number of relatives with rather disappointing results, but the very zest of my epistle overwhelmed her. I boldly asked for $1400; she sent half that amount."

"Flash-back to Bill Powell, deserting Kansas City for Hollywood. He studied like mad for a year, then was out in the cold, cruel world trying, literally, to become an actor."

"I landed a part at $15 a week. It didn't last long. The winter of 1912 is indelible in his mind. "I was so unsuccessful as an actor that I walked around in a sad state. An artist was a pal of mine. We existed in an attic apartment with the minimum of accessories. We touched the depths when we went hungry for two days, the electricity was disconnected, and the roof leaked unmercifully!"

David Holt goes west for a character to impersonate just to prove that he can look the part in any role.
enches, and they must take examinations.

"Then I'll do those things," she answered.

And she does them. What is more, she does them so much better than the average college student, that, as my acquaintance with her increased, the thought of her delighted me at every new comment upon old material. I began to realize that as we rate intelligence in a university, this girl was well within the upper twenty per cent. I actually felt cheated that she could not go to college—not that she needed it, particularly. But I was more interested in the excellence of her judgment than in the fact that it needed her. Think of the jaded, weary professors who were missing the liveliness of her remarks and the reviving effect of her inebriant youth; think of the young and vital ones who would have found an appreciative audience in her—not to mention the pleasure of working with their notes through looking at her!

If you have gone through the mill of English literature, you will remember how you strove, with tears in your eyes, from the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon period through the Middle Ages, and greeted with thanksgiving some gleam of light in the Renaissance. Panzette had no such difficulties. Beauvoir, (you know, he comes first in the text-book), she translated calmly to a modern chest-thumper.

"He thought he was above it, and he was good. He was always thumping his chest and saying, 'I can do it.' (This with appropriate gestures.) "All of his men pecked through the keyhole—if they had keyholes in those days—but they wouldn't come in to help him—oh, no!

But for that beautiful, melancholy lyric of our ancestors, 'The Wanderer,' she had nothing but reverence, reading the lines with the combination of intelligence and high esthetic sense which makes me shift all the necessary reading to her—for my own pleasure.

'I'd like to have this book," she decided. Always now, when we find an author that she likes, she must have the book for her library. It is a fast-growing one, containing not only the books which she finds for herself but the autographed copies of modern writers who have met her and found her as vivid and appreciative as I do.

"I was reading Spengler's 'Decline of the West' yesterday, she will remark. 'He covers a tremendous amount of material with his beautiful style.' Then suddenly she contrasts an earlier author. 'He's not a bit like Macaulay though; I can't read Macaulay. (I secretly sympathize with her.)' I have just received Will Durant's new book. He has style, too," she will add. Then we talk of all the modern authors who have contributed signed copies to this library she is accumulating.

One of the most gratifying things about Paulette Goddard is the fact that precedent does not dictate her favorites among books. A sample of Malory's 'Le Mort d'Arthur' sent her post-haste for a copy. Stories of Tristan and Isolde, of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot found an echo immediately in her. And why not? She is, after all, sister to these women, Isolde of the dark hair, Elaine, the lovely, and the grey-eyed
Guinevere. The romance of "Aucassin and Nicolette" delighted her also; again, I could see her kindship with the maiden Nicolette, 'bright of brow.' Had she lived in those earlier, simpler days of the worship of beauty, she, too, would have been a legend. Yet perhaps, even in our complicated day, which she understands better than do many students of political science and economics, she may be a new kind of moving picture legend. I hope so, because of her rare sense of values. Of course, I am chiefly delighted with that sense when it is applied to literature, when it renders to Geoffrey Chaucer the deep cluck that is his due, a sound that should stir his dust pleasurably in the grave; when it gives reverence to the sonnets of Shakespeare, and glorious youth to the rolling lines of Marlowe. However, that same sense of values regulates her personal life and her outlook upon the world.

Now all of this talk of Paulette Goddard's mind may seem irrelevant to the beauty-hunter who has not yet learned that the rarest type of beauty, and the most permanent, is that combined with the highest intelligence. He may also doubt my word and demand concrete evidence. Well, I too, wanted concrete evidence of my pupil's superiority; and, consequently, I conceived the idea of a battery of intelligence tests such as are sometimes given to freshmen entering the university. These tests, you understand, are highly perfected. They are intended to judge a student's thinking powers, and they are limited to that province. In our grammar schools such tests segregate students into super-bright, average, and sub-normal. In case you distrust such ratings, I can tell you that their predictions have been found to be eighty-five per cent correct! That is a terrifying accuracy for mere tests. Of course, we do not claim that they can judge character: persistence, integrity, or coarseness that often make successes of men who have little native endowment. These tests are indices of native intelligence; they will tell the parent or the teacher whether a child has a "genius intelligence quotient," is merely average, or below average, but the lack of fulfillment of all that his natural ability would prophecy depends upon many other qualities and circumstances.

For those unfamiliar with intelligence tests, let me explain that an "intelligence quotient," or I.Q., is taken from the mental age of a child divided by his physical age; that is to say, if he is ten and retests like a child of sixteen, his score will be very high, in the genius class; if he is sixteen, and answers on the ten-year level, the less said the better! Of course, the tests are most valid during the grammar school early high school. When a student is of college age, he is usually given a score in a percentile grouping with other students' scores rather than an intelligence quotient.

Paulette Goddard is young enough so that her rating can be of significance. I shall not tell you her age. It is sufficient to say that she first appeared in movies where a score can still be given with meaning. I brought the tests and told her to put away her knitting. (When she recites, she knits, makes all of her own sets, until she has so many that she will never in the world be able to use them all!) She gladly abandoned her knitting and calculated: I held the stop-watch and glanced from it now and then to her excited face as she moved her lips over difficult answers and raced through the simpler ones, for these tests are really something like hurdle races. At all events, I expected results, and I got them. Paulette made a score of sixty-two out of a possible hundred. That is a remarkably large number of correct answers. It is above eighty per cent of mental tests registered in college today and is above ninety per cent of the general public.

A score of forty-two is the average for non-college people, while fifty-two is the average of college students. Since, although you may doubt me, it is seldom that a student arrives as far as college with an I.Q. lower than one hundred and twenty, you may see that, had Paulette been tested during her grammar school days, she would have been rated perilously close to genius. Really, she had not the advantage of the child who has been taking such tests in the grades, who knows the general processes and is set to react in a certain way. She was meeting this cold, impersonal judgment for the first time in her life, knowing that she might be sadly disillusioned about herself—but, this time, there was no disillusionment, but rather the highest encouragement.

Perhaps these findings do not seem, at first glance, to be important. The fact that Paulette is young, beautiful, and of the upper twenty per cent of college students in intelligence may be comforting to the teacher but of little value elsewhere, you will say. Personally, I feel that the intelligence score of Paulette Goddard is of far more importance to her art, or profession, than it is her beauty. Whatever she may or may not become, she is a person for whom we should have been glad in any walk of American life, with her mind that turns klieg lights on everything she encounters, and the remarkable discrimination that makes it possible for her to reject and approve on her own responsibility. Fortunately, she will be in a position where her accomplishments and personality will reach a far greater number of people than does the Phi Beta Kappa. Whether she will fulfill the prophecy of genius and become one of our great actresses depends upon many factors besides intelligence. But this should be the primary one. Place it with her persistence, charm, and joy of living; remember that even if all the actresses in Hollywood have these things, her mental equipment would be rare even in a highly selected group, and you have the possibilities of this girl who is soon to be seen in Mr. Chaplin's picture. I would not say of her merely, as did the New York critic. "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships," but, this face and mind may launch new ships in the motion picture stream, and as more and more like her follow the art, the story of how Hollywood came to the university may well be how the world went to Hollywood, even more blithely than it sometimes goes now!

James Cagney's gifts for artistic expression are not restricted to histrionics, as you see above. Caricaturing is another Cagney gift. Note the sketch he is completing of Phil Regan. Jim and Phil are fellow-actors at the same studio, where Cagney stars in comedy and Regan as a singing juvenile.
sort of made a catalogue of the Shearer personality. She has a passion for exquisite nighties with lots of fron-fron, and for new shoes which she adores "breaking in," and for expensive perfumes and flowers. When she was a kid and her mother would give her a quarter for a movie and a chocolate ice cream soda little Norma would invariably stop at the florist's on the corner and buy herself a lovely fragrant rose. She likes to stand on her head, (much to the delight of Irving, Junior, who thinks his mother is better than the man on the flying trapeze any day), and she likes to make resolutions, nice upright, moral resolutions—but she never keeps them. She adores going under an anesthetic because it gives her such a delicious feeling of floating on clouds, and she simply dotes on lying in a bathful full of warm water and sometimes stays in the tub for hours and hours.

Every morning she makes out a schedule of her appointments for the day, and she really means very conscientiously to keep each and every one of them at the hour designated—and then she jumps into that tub of warm soapy water, and all her good intentions are forgotten. The whole day gets confused and Norma is just keeping her luncheon date when the guests are arriving for tea. I asked Norma once if this little trick of always being late didn't bring on major difficulties when she and Mr. Thalberg were "sparkling." "Heavens, no," Norma replied with a giggle. "Mr. Thalberg would phone that he was com-

ing to take me out to dinner at seven, but invariably he would arrive at the studio with his conferences, and he would appear in my living-room looking most dejected and fully expected to go into a dramatic tirade with tears and gestures because I had had to wait two hours for him. But you see my day had become all the more grand as usual. I didn't gotten home myself more than a bare twenty minutes before he arrived. There was never any ranting around, just a look in our eyes—we were both always late."

Norma has several very quaint superstitions. For instance, she always takes the same road to and from t studio. She has the same make-up box she has carried for years, and the same dressing-room on the Metro lot she has always had. (The dressing-room superstition is the one most often met up with in Hollywood). I have never heard of any star, except Claudette Colbert, who was willing to change her dressing-room after she had become famous. Norma believes in certain pieces of apparel being lucky. If she wears a new dress and has it in, or something grand happens to her while she is wearing it, she will call it her good-luck dress, and if you're one of her close friends you are destined to see that dress again and again. But if she has bad luck in a brand new and expensive Fox model back go to the clothes closet and she'll probably never wear it again. She thinks red clothes are bad luck for her and consequently she's red, blue and white, she believes, are her lucky colors. Friday is her lucky day—and she offers up a little prayer to the gods of the Metro studio that her pictures will be previewed on Friday.

Sophisticated in a delightful way, Norma is still just as sentimental as a rose pressed in a memory-book. She has kept everything that Irving Thalberg ever gave her, even the most trifling of his remembrances. And naturally she has kept everything of her little boy's from his first baby shoes on. One of her hobbies is to keep her old stills and she has a perfect set of them in every picture she has ever played in. She doesn't at all mind recalling her first days in pictures when she was rather a chubby country-nursery-lending young girl—those are her favorite stills.

Norma has a habit of washing her hands a hundred times a day. Even when she is on the set in the midst of a dramatic scene her maid will bring a bowl of warm water and soap every quarter of an hour. She just can't bear to think that there might be some dirt on her hands. (I can't explain this hand-washing complex unless Norma's mother attended a performance of "Macbeth" before Norma was born and was much impressed by Lady Macbeth's "Out, out, damned spot. Out, I say!") But Norma's passionate love for warm water and soap is certainly reflected in her daily life, for no one has ever seen her that she didn't radiate cleanliness. Her face always looks as if it had just been freshly scrubbed. But—th, th, th—Norma bites her nails, won't go to sleep so long as she is thinking, and is a terrific liar. She very frankly admits that at sometime or another she has lied to everyone in her life—except her husband.

But even if she does bite her nails, and tell lies, and stand on her head, I am fully convinced that Norma is the most glamorous bit of femininity in Hollywood. Possibly because she is a little bit mad. Possibly because she is so utterly and divinely unconscious of herself, of her beauty and her charm. Unlike most of the exotic stars, Norma Shearer's glamour is the vital kind, and not the languid kind of a Garbo, a Dietrich, a Crawford or a Bennett. Her excessive vitality is a dominant trait. She just can't be rational about it.

Helen Hayes likes to tell of the weekend she spent with the Thalbergs on somebody's luxurious yacht. Everyone was quite content to rest on deck and gaze dreamily at the sea for hours—but not Miss Shearer. She disappeared for a couple of hours and when Helen found her below deck late in the afternoon she was busily stretching a clothes line. "I've washed the entire Thalberg laundry," Norma announced happily. "Thirty-seven pieces in all. Now I think I'm going to clean out that basement."

I talked with Helen Hayes on the "What Every Woman Knows" set recently, and as usual the conversation eventually turned to Norma Shearer. She is one of Helen's best friends, and Helen insists that the trip the Thalbergs and the MacArthurs took together to Europe was the maddest, merriest vacation she's ever had. "Norma is so utterly unaware of the people around her," Helen said. "I think her glamour lies in that complete lack of self-consciousness. For instance, one day on the Conte de Savoia Norma and Irving, Junior, and Mr. Thalberg and I were walking around the boat and found ourselves at the swimming pool. The people in the pool all recognized Norma, but she was simply oblivious to their stares. Little Irving wanted to go for a swim, and he wanted to go at once, so Norma, polo coat, beret, sport shoes and everything, jumped into the pool with him and proceeded to paddle around on her stomach in the shallow water. Some of the swimmers were quite horrified. Mr. Thalberg and I pretended that we didn't know that awful woman.

Norma is an extremely glamorous person—and you should have seen the men on the boat flop over backwards every time she entered a room—but with all this poise and glamour she has an endearing lack of surety in herself. I love her for this. For instance, one night in New York we were getting ready for a formal dinner party

"Not so hot," says Mary Livingstone, as Jack Benny shows off a new hat he brought from Hollywood.  

Now it's fingerprints as well as signatures the autograph hounds want. And Jean Harlow, above, obliges.
Here's Important News If You Would Have a Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 57

Fanchot Tone goes collegiate—to say nothing of going for the most attractive girl—in his new picture in which Margaret Lindsay is Tone’s love interest. Above, a scene which seems to indicate it's a good idea to team Fanchot and Margaret.

chair. Sit straight in the chair with the back pressed against the back of the chair. Draw the abdomen up hard and press down with the elbows, holding the position until aware of the muscle stretch. This can be practised anywhere and eventually becomes a habit, resulting in stronger breast muscles, reduced abdomen and slenderness to waist. Do not expect immediate results. Anything worth while takes time.

Another excellent exercise is crossing the hands in front of the chest and violently throwing the arms out to the side and back again. This should be done in moderation at first, gradually increasing the strokes up to thirty. Ten strokes are enough at first. Or you can vary it with these exercises: 1. Cross hands in front of chest. In one motion, hurl arms to the sides and up above your head. Stand erect while you do this, steadying the body with the abdominal muscles. 2. Make your hands into fists and stretch them straight out in front of you; press them hard together and draw them in toward the chest. Watch yourself in the mirror as you do these exercises; the breasts should be raised almost an inch. For girls who wish to develop their busts, there are a variety of exercises. Since many of them require that the arms be raised above the head, I put in a word of warning for those who have even a slight heart affection. Rest your arms only to the horizontal plane until your doctor advises you that it is safe to do more vigorous movements.

There is an exercise with a rod that is graceful as well as beneficial. If you do this to the radio or a good record, you can get full out of it as well as benefit.

Stand with feet wide apart, holding the rod in both hands, well toward the ends. Bend forward, swinging rod down. Straighten and swing rod up above the head. Swing arms backward, lowering rod behind you. Raise right arm, lower left; then raise left arm and lower right. Bring rod back above head, and swing down to first position again. Repeat.

This is an old army routine, but it exercises all the chest muscles.

Stand with feet well apart, as before. Raise the arms sideways over the head, inhaling through the nose; lower the arms to first position while exhaling through the month. This will expand the chest and exercise the pectoral muscles.

Feet still apart, raise arms forward and upward with palms facing up, inhaling deeply through the nose, as before. Exhale through the mouth as you bring the arms down, but when you reach the horizontal plane, turn the palms downward.

Now sit against the wall, making your arms touch the wall all the way down. Raise arms, palms upward, inhaling deeply; then slowly lower them, as you exhale. The arms should be slightly more than the width of the shoulders apart.

1. Stand erect, with head thrown back, feet together, elbows raised on a line with the chest. The arms are bent, the hands in front of the chest, palm downward, thumbs touching the chest. Inhale deeply while you open the arms firmly, describing the half-circle with the hands until the arms are in a perfect line with the shoulders, outstretched. At the same time throw the weight of the body forward, rising on toes, the lungs being fully inflated; the upper trunk muscles are used. In that position pause a second or two, then relax, falling back on heels. Exhale naturally, and bring the arms back to the starting line. Repeat ten to twenty times. This exercise should be taken regularly night and morning.

2. Fold arms over the chest, raise elbows to shoulder level, clench fists. Now pull the arms apart out straight at the sides, keeping the chest muscles tense all the time. Repeat motion, and repeat.

3. Stand erect, feet together, chin in, chest elevated, arms hanging relaxed at sides, palms out. Raise right arm over head and swing it backwards in a wide circle, straightening the arm on the downward pull with palm facing front. Repeat the movement with each arm alternately, and with rhythm, wind-mill fashion. This can be done to music with good effect.

Several correspondents write asking if they are too old to have any hope of acquiring a decent figure. Their ages, as given, vary from 29 to 42. One woman, who is 34, gives her weight as 133 pounds; her measurements: hips 36½, waist 26, bust 33. She thinks herself too flat-chested. Some of those who write do not give any measurements, others give none, so we will take these for discussion.

Many of our Hollywood stars' measurements run rather like these. Their hips are usually between 34 and 36, and waist measurement is about ten inches less. Movie stars don't weigh 133 pounds; I grant you, but I have no way of knowing how much this correspondent's bones weigh. If the weight is in muscle and bone, she needs no concern. If it is in fat, it can be reduced. As for the bust measurement, one inch is all you need and that shouldn't be hard to develop, if you go about it seriously.

In following a course of exercises, please stick to the routines published in the various articles in Screenland. I am repeating these routines for the perfect development of the entire body, so don't deviate all your

when Norma was taken with a sort of stage-fright. 'I can't go to the party,' she said. 'I haven't a thing to wear. I can't face those people without a new gown.' Of course if the famous Norma Shearer appeared at the party in an old sackcloth she would still be the belle of the ball, but I couldn't convince her of that. So, although she had seven trunks full of clothes, and although it was six o'clock and the dinner was at eight, there was nothing to do about it but put in an emergency call for Harrie Caranice and have her send up her most devastating new models at once. As soon as Norma, like any other woman, had a new dress she regained her lost confidence and went to the party and had a grand time.

'And there was the morning in Cannes when Norma came into my room, looking mournfully deserted, 'I hate my face,' she announced, 'I want to look entirely different. I'm going to Antoine's and have him cut off my hair, or bleach it, or something.' I nearly fell out of bed. Here was Norma Shearer, famous motion picture star, envied by the women of the world who would give their dearest possessions to look like her—here she was hating her face and her hair and wanting to look like somebody else. Fortunately for her public Antoine assured Norma that her hair was already perfection itself and definitely need not try anything.

Well, you can have your languid ladies of the screen if you want them but me—now—I'm the kind of a gal that likes a little mortality in her face, a little softness of surety, and a big dash of madness. So I choose Norma Shearer to play Elizabeth Browning, Marie Antoinette, and all the famous Victorines or I'll be happy to see her Marie Antoinette—at least six times happier, I should say, than I am now.
exercise time to perfecting one set of muscles.

Playing tennis is good exercise, but remember that it develops just one side of the body. Have you ever noticed that a wrestler's neck is always short and squatly because certain other muscles are underdeveloped? A lumberjack is always top-heavy.

Be careful in swimming to swim correctly. Use either the Australian crawl or the body stroke for exercising. The breast stroke accomplishes simultaneously everything you want. You form the habit of keeping the chest expanded and raised, of keeping the back contracted and flat.

Girls who need bust development are often underweight and of a nervous disposition. Remember, girls of this type, that you must have sufficient rest. Don't let anything interfere with eight or more hours' sleep everyday. Nothing will pull you down so quickly as loss of sleep. Don't let yourself worry just before you go to bed. It's hard to stop fretting after you get into bed if you've worked yourself up. That little line that is supposed to have been a favorite with Abraham Lincoln: "This, too, shall pass away," is a good thing to repeat to yourself when you are faced with some distressing situation. And don't forget that what looks black in the evening will look brighter tomorrow morning, as a rule.

Have a comfortable bed in a well ventilated room, and learn to relax. Don't rush during the day. That harried feeling can be offset by deciding what it is possible to do and then not attempting to do more. Get up in time to do your morning exercises without haste; to eat your breakfast calmly, without eying the clock between mouthfuls and working up nervous indigestion. Do the things that must be done, but don't exhaust yourself worrying because you can't do more.

Plenty of fresh air is essential to the thin, nervous girl. Try walking short distances instead of getting on a bus or taking out the car. When you walk, hold your head up, breathe deeply and evenly, and walk with a swing from the hips. Enjoy your walk.

Here is another fine exercise for developing the chest and bust: Stand erect about three feet away from the corner of a room. Place the palms of the hands against the two walls at shoulder level and about one foot away from the juncture of the walls at the corner. Lean forward, keeping your body straight from the shoulders to the ankles, until your chest is on a level with your hands. Push back and repeat ten times.

Round shoulders and shallow breathing go hand in hand, as I believe I told you before. Most people are not conscious of the fact that they do not breathe deeply, but if you have a narrow flat chest and stooped shoulders you can be fairly sure that that is what is wrong. The exercise given above will do a lot for this condition.

Here is the bad news about bust development or reduction: It will take you about a year to get real results, so you must be patient. I know that a year is a long time to wait for results, but I can't help it. It will be very much worth your while to give the time.

Standing by the "stand-in." Jane Clark, Verree Teasdale's stand-in, does many favors for the stars. Now they reciprocate, as Verree plays hairdresser and Lionel Atwill manicurist, on the set for a new picture.

James Davies' Answers to Letters

Barbara Marie Sorinski, Paterson, New Jersey. Do not attempt to massage your abdomen. Unless you are very skillful you will injure yourself. Don't worry, exercise regularly taken over several months will help. Two weeks is too short a time to expect results. I am devoting an entire article shortly to reducing the hips. Try rolling on the floor with arms crossed on chest night and morning, for hip reducing. For abdomen, try lying on floor and raising legs, one at a time and then together. Let them droop slowly, doing it slowly gives the necessary pull.

Mary Lou Breuer, Colorado, Texas. Relaxing music causes dropped organs. Regular exercise to strengthen and build up muscles will gradually pull the dropped organs back into place. Do the abdomen flattening exercise recommended above.

Mrs. L. Miller, Emeryville, California. You say you eat one meal a day and yet complain of overweight. I would advise you to split up the meal. Evidently your digestion cannot take care of a heavy meal and the food distends the stomach and causes you to take on fat. Try eating three smaller meals a day. Take fruit juice after each meal to help digestion.

Mrs. B. Salmon, New York City. In place of shellish, try small piece of broiled chicken. From your letter I should judge that you had best consult a physician about your condition before adopting a diet or attempting to exercise. Do not pinch fatty tissues. If you do you will break the tiny blood vessels on surface of skin. Use the cupping method of massage given in my articles. This will accomplish the result you seek and do no harm.

Edna Ward and all the others who ask for building-up exercises and diets will be fully and extensively answered later in an article.

Cleon Lee, Clayton, Wisconsin. Your weight should be ten or fifteen pounds less than it is. Because you are only 16, I do not recommend diet, but you should go in for the exercises recommended in my article in the October issue.

Alice Miller, Trenton, New Jersey. You are ten pounds too heavy. Try the above exercises for hips and waist and look out for the article soon to come.

Elda Tant, Swererville, Pennsylvania. Your correct weight is 127 pounds. But you are still growing, so don't fret too much if you are a bit over or under weight. At your age, it is well to go in for good outdoor exercises.

Annie Vogna, Boston, Massachusetts. You will catch up to your height presently. Fifteen isn't very old. My article in the November issue dealt with legs.

Nello Carea, Ardmore, Pennsylvania. You are twenty pounds overweight. I believe you will find the bust reduction exercises given in this month's article just what you have been hoping for. Write again if your particular problems do not seem to be taken care of. First, though, give the exercises a fair trial.
Seeing Stars with a Young Old-Timer  

Continued from page 53

York? The building is still there, and I am just sentimental enough to wish that it might be preserved as a motion picture shrine; it was the training school for so much genius, with David Wark Griffith as headmaster, and that was long before 'The Birth of a Nation' came to give him world-wide fame. The Gish sisters, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall and many others climbed the fine old winding stairway to sit at the feet of the master. We were a very fortunate generation given to hero-worship, and D. W., who aimed at sat- torial perfection was, of course, our hero. Many of us followed his leadership in the cut of the coat and the colorful combinations of neckwear and shirts, a silent tribute which the director accepted complimentarily.

In a July hot spell, Griffith appeared at the studio with his head shaved. This was a bit too much for even the most imaginative of Dice and glummers, with the exception of Raoul Walsh, who turned up the next day with his head bare. Raoul did not know until later that the director had dispensed with his hair as part of a scalp treatment and had no intention of setting a hot-weather style.

Hale selected a briar pipe from a pipe rack beside the mantelpiece, filled it, and lounged in a wicker chair. He jumped from the early Griffith era to the discovery of Valentino by June Mathis when 'The Four Horsemen' was being cast.

"There was one side of Valentino," he continued, "of which little has been said. Had Rudy not been an actor and a dancer, he might have become an expert mechanic. I recall one day, when I was standing at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard, my attention was attracted by a frightful din. A moment later I beheld a strange contraption approaching under its own motive power. It was a quaint monstrosity, a cross between a motorcycle sidecar and a racing automobile. As it passed, I recognized, whose driver, whose white teeth glistened in a face smeared with dirt and oil, 'Rudy waved at me and shouted 'Isn't it beautiful'? I made it myself.'

"He never, lost his taste for mechanics, even when he was living in his luxurious penthouse on Whitley Heights. Once I found him stretched on his back beneath a car of expensive make. He was wearing the dirti- est overalls imaginable. He poked his head from under the car and proudly as- serted that he was making a real automo- bile out of it. Like a little boy, he wanted to see the wheels go 'round. He enjoyed taking things apart, just for the pleasure of putting them together again.

"The screen missed Rudy for his ro- mance and glamour. Those who knew him well missed him for his youth, gaiety, and spontaneous laughter. Qualities that never deserted him in his hour of stress, or when he was the idol of the world. He loved everyone and everything."

In the course of his reminiscing, Hale passed from Valentino to Darryl Zanuck, the spectacular young producer.

"When I first knew Darryl, a jovial youngster, it never occurred to any of us that in a few short years he would develop into a Hollywood power. His most con- spicuous characteristics were a driving energy and a taste for practical jokes. We vaguely understood that he wished to be- come a writer. Then one day he pub- lished a book of short stories, and not long after that an excited young man informed us that one of the stories had been pur- chased for a picture. From that time on, Darryl Zanuck was really off to the races!"

"Myrna Loy was brought to me by Natacha Rambova as an extra girl to play in Valentino's 'The Hooded Falcon,' which I was scheduled to direct. She was red- headed, freckled-faced, with no outstand- ing commendable feature other than an innate charm and grace of movement. Then, as now, she was reserved. But when she received her first picture opportunity, everyone about the studio, from 'grips' to directors, fell in love with her, a sincere tribute to a truly sweet personality.

"About the same time Natacha intro- duced a shy sensitive youth named Adrian. She insisted that he had a genius for costume designing. Her enthusiasm was so contagious that I spent weeks in persuad- ing DeMille to give him a job. He made good from the first, and today stands supreme."

Binnie Barnes, above, Eng- lish actress who has com- pleted her first Hollywood film, displays a satin gown.

"I recall Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., when his dad used to worry about his falling out of the car. He was a chubby chap and something of a Beau Brummel. If I am not mistaken, he wore a derby hat at the age of four years. At the age of twelve, when he made his first picture for Para- mount, he was almost uncomfortably well educated. At fifteen, still precocious, he appeared to be undecided whether to pat- tern himself after John Barrymore or Jack Gilbert. But all the while, he was develop- ing a personality of his own, that has given him well-merited distinction.

We posted our little price-reporter in the Cocktail Hour at the famous Bellevue-Stratford, rendezvous of elite Philadelphia, and she caught smart, sophisticated women as they swept in and out. She offered them a soft, creamy, clinging powder in plain, un- lettered boxes and kept a record of the price they thought would be right for such a dainty product. Most said—"at least $1.75 a box" and some guessed as high as $5. Yet this was Armand Bouquet Powder, sold every- where at 50c! You certainly want to try a 50c powder that smooths on, stays on and glorifies the complexion like a $5 brand.

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“The story of Josef von Sternberg is a familiar one, but there is one little-known incident in von Sternberg’s career. It illustrates the man’s amazing resourcefulness. He was working in what used to be known as Poverty Row, a group of producers with more ambition than cash. Von Sternberg had come to the end of his bankroll and was unable to pay the full force of actors. Did this stop him? Not much! He took what remained of his cast, made them up to resemble the missing members, and got away with it; yet they say that the camera never lies.”

Hale refilled his pipe, handed me a cigarette and continued to reminisce,

“When I first met Jack Oakle, he was much the same as he is today, only not so fat, either in body or purse. I never knew anyone more eager for action. We were on location at Santa Cruz when he came to California fresh from a New York musical comedy. He had been given a small part and was like a restive race horse, rarin’ to go. Most of the company, (for it was a lean season), hoped for rain, which would mean an additional day’s pay, but Jack almost literally prayed for sunshine, in order that he might see himself on the screen that much sooner.

“Speaking of enthusiasm, I think that word sums up Jack Gilbert’s outstanding characteristic. He has a simply amazing capacity for enthusiasm, whether it be in work, play, or romance. He arrived in Hollywood, a slender, intense youth. His nervous energy brought something electric into the room whenever he entered. I think the same quality was communicated from the screen and accounted for his hold over audiences.

“I remember Adolphe Menjou when he aimed to be the best-dressed man in New York and harbored a like ambition in Hollywood. I recall how he would enter the Armstrong-Carleton Cafe, (a favorite hangout of those days), immaculate in his best sweater and ‘trous.’ For hours he would entertain the assembled guests with his impressions of well-known people, given in Yiddish dialect. Before he came to Hollywood, I knew Adolphe in New York as a pearl salesman, although I never knew him to sell any pearls. His great asset always has been, and I suppose always will be, an infectious charm that is a natural part of himself.”

“George Duryea, or Tom Keene as he is known now, first came here from the theatre, a shy young personality with the reputation of being a fine stage actor. His first big role was that of the god-like boy to the godless girl, Lina Basquette, in the DeMille production. I can’t help but wish he’d never turned cowboy.”

“I knew Carole Lombard when she was Jane Peters, and received her first lead opposite Eddie Lowe at Fox. She didn’t think anything more of herself in that picture than they thought of her. But after she decided really to get down to business and go to work with her mind, instead of just her face, she really went to town.

“Lionel Barrymore and I became buddies about the time he lost over a hundred pounds in weight. Conservatively, I should say he was about Paul Whitehead’s size before the latter went on a diet. Lionel, strangely enough, had always wanted to be a prizefighter, but the nearest he got to it was cuffing about with me and sketching pugilists in motion during his leisure. As a fighter, he was the hardest hitting man of his weight I ever boxed with. On one occasion we were sparring about the sets playfully, when I forgot about the loss of weight, and knocked him across the room into a water-bottle.

“I remember Bill Wellman when he used to comb his hair—and that is remembering! I think Bill was supposed to have followed in the footsteps of his forebears—which would have made him a Boston broker, but he chose a more exciting life and came to Hollywood to become one of the industry’s greatest directors. You always said, and to his face, that I would be very pleased if he would invite me to one of his weddings sometime.

“Personally, I think Jean Hersholt’s ambition has always been to be the Danish consul—but then, he hasn’t done so badly as an actor! I knew Jean first when he played my son in ‘The Four Horsemen.’ All of these personalities have worked like the devil for that well-known break. They deserve everything they have achieved, and more. I like to know in seeing them now that they have, with rare exceptions, retained their perspective. Fame came to them, and they accepted it. They had learned to live without success, and greatest of all, they have learned how to live with it.”

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They’re all young and happy, especially happy, is the Robert Young family pictured above in the patio of their new Beverly Hills home. Robert Young, daughter Carol Ann Young, and Mrs. Robert Young.
families. They hadn't pretty names, but the little girl liked them too, and there was something amusing about such cognomems as "Zekery" and "Solinsky."

As she swung back and forth, she waved once in a while to friends as they "tied up" their mules and assorted vehicles to board fences and pickets along the street and wended their way into the various stores and markets of the small but beautiful and quiet aristocratic town. Strange that a place could be so quiet! Inactivity irked her. Gracie wished that her small sisters and brothers would finish their afternoon naps. Or that her mother hadn't forbade her going wading in the icy streams that were really melted snow from the mountains surrounding the town, but which looked warm and inviting to a child on the first, soft, spring day.

Then came inspiration—and to think was to act. The small Grace Moore giggled as she made one last wide swing on her gate and let go, dropping in the soft turf where the frost had left it moist and almost boggy after the thaw.

A half hour later the town was in an uproar. Miners' mules and farmers' mags, braying donkeys and the few sleek horses of the country gentility were racing through the streets. Startled owners left their bargaining and rushed pell-mell after them. The little girl with blond hair did not return to her gate! Loosing all the animals "hitched" along the street had brought startling results—far greater than she had ever anticipated. However, the day was no longer dull, even for grown-ups with spring fever. That incident of Grace Moore's childhood is remembered to this day, and Jellico still chuckles over the kid who refused to be bored.

That Life is meant to be lived fully, vividly, and with a purpose is Grace Moore's simple credo. For her there are no halfway measures. Some say the mountains of her native village inspired her rise to the heights; some that it was early religious fervor. Whatever the reason, the impulse for achieving is in her.

In Jellico, Tennessee, her family was known as "rich." When she was born her father, R. L. Moore, was already a bank president, and owner of cotton mills and coal mines. The Moore family owned the first Cadillac car ever driven in that section of the country, and Grace, when a mere slit of a girl, took it out on dangerous mountain roads when she went to visit poor families and carry baskets of food from her mother's kitchen to the old and ill.

Religion was the warp and woof of her early environment. In school she studied of the world outside. Beyond her mountains there were big cities and vast countries with people, many people. She loved people and when missionaries came to the First Baptist Church of Jellico and told of foreign places, it is natural that her earliest ambition was to become a missionary. Nor was this an idle desire. Grace Moore had attended Sunday school when a mere infant of three. She could quote her Bible texts gibbily, and as she grew into girlhood she worked and planned carefully against the time when she could take her place in the ranks of those who battle for souls. As she grew older she became a Sunday school teacher and presided at meetings of the Baptist Young People's Union. And how she sang! She led the children's choir at morning services and was soloist at night.

In her own way she felt that anyone who had not learned of a God who marks even the sparrow's fall had been singularly de-
prived of all that made life worth living. She longed ardently to tell them just that. And Grace Moore has exactly this simple faith even now.

Her inspiration comes from the Southern Baptist Convention as "King's teacher," is one of her treasured possessions. That, and a certain price for the cake baked in Campbell County, Tennessee!

Of recent years the radio has done much to bring grand opera within reach of music lovers, especially those living in the more remote places. However, even today, the average country village child has only a vague idea of opera as it is given in the Metropolitan, her city's rival opera houses.

So Grace Moore in Jellico, Tennessee, knew about opera only from books. She studied the singing from the town's best music teacher. She read the "Etude" and—she wrote long, long letters to Mary Garden! She loved to sing, and believed that she was naturally beautiful. Her voice would be of inestimable value to her as a missionary, she practised assiduously. When she sang, the sensation of hearing her caused every hair on the singer's neck to stand on end. It was a true "sensational" voice. That's why we've been able to secure an interview with Grace Moore. 

Ward-Belmont is one of the most exclusive finishing schools of the country. Grace Moore, as did many other daughters of wealthy families, especially those south of the Mason-Dixon line, there to be made a pupil. Early in her freshman year, Grace was electrified by the announcement that her heroine, Mary Garden, was to sing in Nashville, and the student body would attend. To this day she has never been able to remember much about the concert, for her entire life changed from the moment she heard the great diva's voice. Emotionally she was swept entirely out of herself. It was—she thought—"like dying!" She felt that her spirit had been rounded by her classmates, yet oblivious to anything but an overwhelming desire to sing, to sing with all her heart and soul. To sing like Mary Garden had sung—so that people wept, and laughed and prayed and loved, as she willed it, through her gift of song!

There was scarcely less consternation in the town of Jellico, Tennessee, the day that Grace Moore, aged eight, loosened all the horses and miles in the streets of the town, in that there was when her first letter arrived announcing her intention to study for grand opera. To her people the stage by any name was in the town, and the problems she had for young people in that profession were considered gravely dangerous. In the end, however, her ambition was compromised, and so the eldest of the five Moore children left Ward-Belmont for Wilson Green Music School in Chevy Chase, near Washington, D.C.

To the girl with the new-found ambition, this was making progress slowly. She who longed to sing must find her wings, and after her second recital in George Gershwin's "Carmen"—she launched herself into concert work, making her debut with Giovanni Pirelli. The New York critics praised the young singer's voice but were amused at her over-zealousness in appearing in joint concert with such a famous person as Martinelli.

But the die was cast. With parental disapproval ringing in her ears, Grace Moore and a classmate ran away from school. In New York she was to make her living at Greenwich Village on what they earned. Grace Moore sang every night for her supper at the Black Cat restaurant, and so determined was she to devote her life to becoming a prima donna that when her father came to take her back home, she refused to accompany him.

Her overwhelming ambition entailed work and sacrifice. Grace Moore was willing to pay the price. Hers is not a Cinderella story by any means and in retrospect it would seem that she had accomplished the impossible. For example, her soft, southern voice so much softened by early operatic training—she had already been activated by those who haven't it naturally, nearly wrecked her career. Too young to differentiate between good teachers of voice and bad, she was affected strongly because, she tells us, "I could sing things like Lindsy Lou and people loved them, it's a real shame I even did programs. When other pupils were learning voice placement, I was singing in public." So and after a few months of forcing herself to be true, Grace Moore merely made a show of singing—Western operas, and eventually she went towards voice placement, the doctor finally said. Eagerly she grasped at the straw. She would go with crossing voice placement, the doctor Gracely how difficult, how painful, how terrible.

"ABSOLUTE SILENCE FOR SIX MONTHS." That was her prescription. Not a word, not a whisper must escape her lips for one hundred and eighty days! Toward the end of the last one was in the Chicago River, with one faithful old attendant who cooked her food and watched over her, she checked off the longest moments she has ever lived. They totaled 259,200.

Never one to brood, Grace Moore returned to New York more eager for life than ever before. Her harrowing experience was forgotten in the glory of song. Like a lark on the wing, she sang. The tones had gained in depth, in richness of color, and the timbre of new, high clear notes that seemed to touch the sky. Perhaps the greatest result of her long silence, however, was her ability to reach the public. Her voice, she was content to go slowly, and her first engagement was as understudy to Julia Smith in "King" in Thanksgiving night in 1922, because Max Sanderson was indisposed. Grace Moore had her first opportunity to sing again in public, her first really big part came later in "Up in the Clouds" which ran for seven months at the Lyric in New York.

In 1923 she had saved sufficient money to put down her first deposit on a prima donna had never wanted. While there she met Irving Berlin, who re- quired the leading part in his "Music Box Revue." A brilliant success, she played in the same "Revue" in 1924 and 1925 and then, asked for and received an audition at the Metropolitan Grand Opera. She was given an enthusiastic reception, but wishing to remain a little longer on the stage, she asked in midweek of requesting the postponement of an engagement at the Metropolitan for another year. Finally, they allowed her to do one, she went for her second audition Miss Moore doesn't know. Perhaps she was fatigued after a long season; perhaps a slight cold. At any rate, was told that her voice was not quite up to standard. Disappointed but still confident, she
vowed she would return in two years to make her début in the famous opera house. To lend authority to her boast, she made a $100 bet with her friend, Otto Kahn.

In Italy, Grace Moore sought out her early inspiration, Mary Garden. The diva gave her much valuable advice. Finally, with some diffidence Grace inquired whether or not Miss Garden recalled having received letters years before from a little girl in Jellico, Tennessee. "She told me she had spent hours trying to figure out answers to the hundreds of questions that child had written her, asking how to learn the parts," Grace Moore laughed. Apparently, even as a child, Gracie wrote letters that were unique; and to her joy, Mary Garden proved to be the kind of person who takes such youthful queries seriously. Under the expert advice of her new-found friend, and constant study with Marafioti, who was then in Europe, Miss Moore's voice gathered greater brilliancy.

Gatti-Cazazza heard her in Milan. He complimented her highly but insisted that she was not yet ready for New York. However, her will prevailed. On February 7, 1928, exactly two weeks before the "time limit set by her wager, Grace Moore made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House in "La Bohème."

A "Grace Moore Special" train from Tennessee carried family and friends to her première. The Governor of Tennessee, on whose staff Grace Moore's father was a colonel, lent official prestige to the excursion. Otto Kahn acclaimed her the greatest reception since Rosa Ponselle's appearance and the papers called it triumph. But Grace Moore admits now that she "should have waited a little longer. I wanted to fly too soon." For three seasons she was with the Metropolitan, singing "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Manon," and "Pagliacci," "Tales of Hoffman," and "La Bohème." After the second winter, she toured Europe. Her Paris début at the Opera Comique in "Louise" was a sensational success. Before the end of the first act, the composer Charpentier had sprung from his box and, grasping the baton, personally conducted the remainder of the opera in honor of the brilliant American.

Concert tours throughout the United States; another European tour; the greatest romance of her life, followed by a happy marriage to the handsome Spanish actor, Valentín Paredes, in Cannes; and Grace Moore seemed to stand on the very pinnacle of her glorious career. A triumph on the stage in "The DuBarry"; another round of concerts and a trip to California, this time to make her Pacific Coast début in "I Pagliacci" with Lawrence Tibbett in the title role. But still another laurel waited to be won.

Motion pictures for years had little or nothing to do with grand opera. Then came an invention that set the world on fire. The screen of early days took on new life. The moving shadows spoke! Grace Moore was one of the first opera singers to experiment with talking pictures. She and Lawrence Tibbett pioneered. To the prima donna, the cinema was not just another field to conquer. Here at last was the means of bringing the full glamor of grand opera, not only to her beloved home folk of the South, but to all opera lovers everywhere.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

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To a Lady in Green

You were beautiful last night at the theatre. I sat across the aisle from you... an adroit but unknown admirer.

I liked the mode of your laughter... the flash of your eye. I liked your beautiful hair, your

Russian buffoon who runs a one-horse circus. His troops shuttered by the revolution, he hires a fleering noble family who claim to be actors, and maybe they are. Naturally, he falls in love—hopelessly—with the beautiful, gracious, and adventures grave and gay he and his horse wander off into the good old sunset.

It's all pantomime for little Savo. He has a hundred of lines, but his eyes, his pathetic little body, and his flustering hands tell the story.

Having star and story, the Hetch-Mac Arthur troops moved quietly upstage, like a bishop. They turned a whole county first to a surge. Twelve rural inn signs were commandeered to house the troops. A nearby orphanage was calmly absorbed, and 600 fatherless and motherless kids had the time of their lives racing up and down hill for the camera. They got a quarter a day a piece, plus a noble box lunch, but they would cheerfully have been movie actors for nothing at all.

And what a company surrounds the silent little man! There's Nikita Belaieff as a Russian general. Famous as boss of the "Claque Souris" he's been coming to America since 1921 and his English gets worse each year. He sounds like a bunch of firecrackers. You'll bowl at his big moon face. There is the honored vet, Ceci Lofts, and the beautiful Whitney Bourne of "Crime Without Passion," and Editha Armstrong as the princess with whom Savo falls dumbly but desperately in love.

And the wrestlers—oh, the bone-crunchers! As huge Russian military men the producers signed Sander Szabo and Hans Steinkoe, well known professional burpers, each 225 pounds of lard and giristle.

And as to Savo. I saw him at work on the set—a tiny, browbeaten sparrow set up on by huge and cruel men who meant him no good. Beyond the camera lines were fifty directors, actors, technicians and general losers, and Jimmy held 'em like a vice.

I talked to him. Naturally, he's happy at this big movie shot, but he takes it in stride. He's been in show business too long to dither about anything. And I'll get him a new foot.

Here's for your dope book, you fans. He got his fun, when a lad, on the w.k. side-walks of New Yawk. Up and down he saw a street juggler, and ambition bit him on the ankle. He would juggle, too, and he did. Remember that another Great Man, one W. C. Fields, got his start juggling cigar boxes. And that still another, one Joe Cook, juggled Indian clubs before he juggled the possibilities of millions. Maybe we should all juggle.

Anyhow, Savo did, and passed through "amateur nights" to the usual wandering life of vaudeville. In 1924 he got his first break, and for a year or two he jangled as a pantomime artist. Soon he discarded juggling altogether. Broadway has known and loved the drool of the clown. When the call came, he was ready to be offered to the biggest audience of all—us film fans.

Jimmy's a married man, and his wife and son live on a ranch at Van Nuys, California—a walnut farm, of course. (It would be a mat farm!) And it's odd to note that this man's work is the sort that Europeans adore, has never been outside the United States.

Well, consider yourselves properly introduced to this great little man, Mr. Jimmy Savo. Of course, like the hippopotamus, he must really be seen to be fully appreciable.

A master of the comedy of pathos—the pathos of comedy. His big brown spaniel's orbs can pour tears over his heart, your best adoration for the little princess—and the next minute sparkle devilishly as he sets a booby-trap for one of the huge rascals he's wise to.

Savo's comedy is of the real royal line. His work is not concerned with the struggle of man against man, nor even with a man against a Nubian lion, but it is of Man against Fate—that inscrutable, irresistible Something that pushes men around in this world.

It's Chaplin's trick, and Savo's trick, and the trick of all great artists of Dumb-Show. Any great artist in any field, in fact.

You're going to see the names of Chaplin and Savo coupled a lot in the next few months. You're going to see and hear a lot of odiferous comparisons made. There'll be the misguided talk of a "new Chaplin," probably—which is like talking of a new Tez Mahal or a new Garbo. It's unavoidable.

I want no part of this. I'm content to squeeze in early in the game with the news that a great new comedian is headed your way. And I'll get you in on this new as new as you can.

Here's for your dope book, you fans. He got his fun, when a lad, on the w.k. side-walks of New Yawk. Up and down he saw a street juggler, and ambition bit him on the ankle. He would juggle, too, and he did. Remember that another Great Man, one W. C. Fields, got his start juggling cigar boxes. And that still another, one Joe Cook, juggled Indian clubs before he jogged the possibilities of millions. Maybe we should all juggle.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

Home from their first European trip, George Burns and Gracie Allen come back to help the laughter boom via radio and the pictures.

Mix together in a double-boiler the flour, salt, sugar and mustard. Add lemon juice and pineapple juice and stir over boiling water until a creamy consistency is reached, then add the butter and the egg yolks well beaten, remove from the fire and beat until cool, then add the egg whites beaten stiff and the whipped cream. This is our favorite tomato aspic recipe. We serve it, of course, in a ring, with the dressing in the center.

1 can tomatoes
1 green pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
1 bunch celery
1/2 box gelatine
pinch cayenne pepper

Put tomatoes through sieve and place on stove. Add celery and peppers cut fine, also sugar, salt and cayenne. Add gelatine, dissolved in a little cold water. Let simmer three minutes. Pour into mold.

"We like crabmeat at our house, but sometimes we serve shrimp or lobster. Here's one that combines them all:

1 cup diced crabmeat
1 cup diced shrimp
3/4 cup diced celery
1 tablespoon onion juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup diced lobster meat
1/2 cup diced white tuna

Mix thoroughly and chill. When ready to serve, add a mayonnaise or boiled dressing that has a good mustard tang. Serve on cups of crisp lettuce and garnish with stuffed green olives.

"The first salad I remember noticing at all was a macaroni salad. It was served at a picnic when I was little and I was quite thrilled over it. You take macaroni, cooked and drained, chill it, and chop cheese, pickles, celery and pimentos into it. Then add mayonnaise. You can get macaroni shaped like the Shell oil sign that makes a very pretty dish.

"Another salad that men are sure to like is an apple salad. You candy the apples in red cinnamon candies, cooking them slowly so they don't fall apart; then you chill them, fill the centers where the cores used to be with nuts, and use a Roquefort cheese dressing.

"Speaking of men, there's a dish not strictly in the salad class that seems to appeal to men for luncheons in chilly weather. We call it "Biscuits for Men," and this is how you do it:

2 teaspoons shortening
4 teaspoons baking powder
milk to make a soft dough
1 teaspoon cold water
broiled bacon
2 cups flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg
chopped celery with mayonnaise

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together four times. Rub in shortening, with your fingers and then stir in the milk. Roll on a floured board about 1/2 inch thick and cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter. Bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven. To make a rich brown glaze, put the yolk of an egg in a teacup—add 1 teaspoon cold water and mix together. Brush over the top of the biscuit before putting in the oven. Have ready some chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise and for each biscuit 3 slices of broiled bacon. Split the biscuits while hot and butter lightly. Put a lettuce leaf on half and cover it with the chopped celery; then the 3 strips of bacon and cover it with the other half. Serve while hot.

The Saunders' dining-room, where formal luncheons are served, has a studio window that looks out on the back garden, with a view of the tennis courts beyond. There's another window half way up the flight of stairs from the hall through which you can look down on the dining-room. From this level, the dining-room looks like a stage set, but there's no feeling of unreality there.

"Why salads should remind me of my bathtub is one of the mysteries of life," laughed Fay, as we stood at the stairway window. "The new bathroom was a birthday present to me from my husband. Want to see it?"

"Who wouldn't?" "Of course I would," I replied.

Beyond Fay's beautiful bedroom, with the very wide, silken-covered bed, are sunny dressing-rooms. One where Fay's wardrobe hangs is equipped with a small frigidaire. For what? Why, for her skin lotion! Another dressing-room opens onto the heralded gift-room. It's a place of mirrors, wherein the bath, a rosy affair mounted on a dias, is reflected over and over.

It's a lovely setting for Fay. Some of the rest of us, to whom even one mirror is almost more than we can bear at our worst moments, might find it discouraging. But the very real beauty of Fay Wray can take it!

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Make your daily bath not only a luxurious delight to the senses, but also a giver of that beautiful of which modern clothes and manners demand.

Just add to your hot bath a spoonful of this.

It makes the water fragrant as a flower garden. And, most important, it makes the water stiff; as a consequence, impurities that lie deep in the pores are dissolved—and they stay dissolved. The best evidence of this is that no "lump" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used.

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Cohan Changes His Mind  
Continued from page 19

the manuscript as produced on the stage. It didn't take long to realize that Wynne Gibson was even more surprising, and as rebellions of the idea, as Broadway when the movie producers continued to cast a girl, who had won prominence as a stage soubrette, in the heavier types of roles.

"I refused, unavailingly, to play the first part offered me in Hollywood because it was a heavy part. But after doing that, I found myself out of all parts for eight months," Wynne Gibson wrote.

"Then I was to find out again, what I had discovered first when I was a girl in school—that whenever I put my foot down and vowed I would not do a certain thing, that very thing dogged me, haunted me and finally led me doing precisely what I declared I would not do! Curiously enough, whenever I fought too violently for my own way, I got hurt. Now, without sacrificing my own principle, or rather to prevent that, I think twice before I resolve 'not to do' what others advise."

The old question arises "is Hollywood right or wrong?" in insisting on Wynne Gibson playing the heavy type of role? No actress can be blamed for rebelling against that particular kind of 'tying.' When first the movie studios urged her to accept the parts they were offering, they argued that she had the opportunity to become the outstanding interpreter of heavy feminine roles. Were they right? Could Wynne Gibson have been, today, an even more prominent screen identity, had she been given the sophisticated style of comedic parts for which she has the desire, and undoubtedly, equipment, to portray?

But from all that, I don't draw the conclusion that Wynne Gibson is just another discontented screen star! To do so would be to draw a wholly inaccurate impression of the glamorous lady you have seen in a variety of impressive, skillful and extraordinarily sincere screen performances. Wynne is not at grips, much less bitter, with the convention, but draws the parts she has drawn from the picture producers. It remains for you, as you talk with her, to draw the conclusion, on evidence that is unimpeachable, that she would like to have the opportunity to do some smart comedy, roles with the 'meatiness' of a heavy, relieved, made-done real and sympathetic by rounding out of character, rather than the run of the mill 'hard-boiled' ladies of melodrama.

So far as her part in "Gambling" is concerned, Wynne Gibson, like George M. Cohan, also is "gambling" to a certain degree.

It's all in the lap of the gods whether this will mean a step toward those goals of artistic ambition both have in mind. Cohan probably would not find in pictures the interest to engage his talents at writing and directing. Wynne Gibson no doubt is looking out toward a future which will demand the utmost of her historic gifts.

Both are giving the picture everything they have under the conditions set by their immediate parts in "Gambling." So far as an onlooker at the studio can tell, that is the conclusion of this observer. About the set Cohan is the dapper, pleasant, averse of all Broadway knows of him as and loves him for; Wynne Gibson takes an intense, a personal interest in everything that goes on before the cameras.

To have "Gambling" turn out a bang-up success for both means a great deal to the fans, for Cohan, and Wynne Gibson, can do a lot to make our film fare more interesting now and in the future. So here's hoping!

LOSE FAT

Mary Jo Matthews, actress who broke a mirror, "for luck" before a screen test—and now she has a film contract.

where "Gambling" is being produced—to play in a picture, to seem metamorphosed into a dramatic actress engaged chiefly in portraying a whole pageant of variations of the "Madame X" type of lady in whose character, and suffering, is mirrored the more sombre aspects of life, conventional and otherwise.

Far more than any urge to do a picture in her home town, was the offer to play with George M. Cohan—who, as long as he lives, will stand for everything representing the genius to attract with a name background. Wynne Gibson is no different than others who had their training on the stage. So Wynne came back—secretly, I think, expecting a big "kick."

"Here I am, a New York girl," waited Wynne, "and the only thing that has given me a kick is when I walked into the same dressing-room which was my first as a movie actress!" That dressing-room, when first I went into it, had but lately been vacated by Gloria Swanson. I'll never forget what a thrill that was! After touring with stage shows, it seemed the very last word in luxury, the very Paradise of an actress. I hate to go 'bleh' on you, and on my own home town, but that dressing-room, now, after four years of Hollywood, seems so ridiculously elaborate and fussy! Not a thing had been changed in the room, but how different it seemed.

For the rest, New York no longer had the "home town" appeal for Wynne—probably because there were no immediate relatives to come back to. The Gibson family no longer resides in Hollywood. We would do well, however, to make allowance for the immediate effects on the lady's enthusiasm, before the conclusion is reached that Little Old New York is just another town to come back to after four years in Hollywood.

Among these brakes on the cheerful, hi-ho spirits of any human, list a cold, centering in a tooth and kicking up all the frightful pain of a toothache; the weariness which comes with reading play manuscripts in the hope of finding something good for a return to the stage, but the disappointment, and boredom, of discovering only mediocrity; the worries naturally inherent in doing a new part under a new director with a script changed considerably from the original play, and altering the character familiarized by the player on the basis of

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SURE-FIRE ENTERTAINMENT!
Here's an idea! When you are feeding bored with so-called men, go see a picture starring Edward G. Robinson, when blue, see Zasu Pitts, and her old standby, Slim Summerville. But if you just want to see a good show, Norma Shearer won't fail you ever!

Mrs. Bill A. Moore, 2022 Gaudeloupe St., Laredo, Tex.

INSPIRATION TO COURAGE!
George Breakston's brilliant performance in "No Greater Glory" gave me the confidence and courage that I needed to solve a problem that was confronting me.

I am deeply grateful to Columbia Pictures for producing such an inspirational film. It is one of the finest of the year.

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

WOULD CUPID'S FACE BE RED?
I would like to see Buster Keaton, Lee Tracy, and Roscoe Arbuckle all falling for the same girl. On the screen, of course. Some rim, eh, boss?

P.S.—If it ever happens send my deepest sympathy to the girl!

Joseph Greengenger, 1598 Chestnut Ave., Trenton, N. J.

ERIN GOES COLBERT!
Till lately I haven't paid much attention to Claudette Colbert, but since seeing her in "It Happened One Night" I am so struck with her ability as a grand comedienne and very finished actress, as well as a very charming one that, I must register this "rave" for Claudette.

Mary Campbell, Bel Air Lodge, Mountjoy, Onough, N. Ireland.

GUNGA-BRENT!
You may have your Rafis and Dixes, Gables, Barrymores and Mixes, Cantors, Coopers, Tracys, Cagnys, etc., whom you think are Heaven-sent. You may dream of Tunes and Cooks, Colmans, Arlens, Boles and Brok-but the one I choose is sweetly tender, handsome, kind George Brent! Elsa M. Clark, 12 Shore Drive, North Weymouth, Mass.

SALUTATIONS DIRECTOR CROMWELL!
For first-rate entertainment I unhesitatingly recommend any picture directed by John Cromwell! Now because his direction is clever and smooth, devoid of spectacular or colossal sequences, and he has the gift of unfolding a story in a way the audience cannot fail to appreciate; yet one cannot anticipate his intentions.

Albert Krimmer, 2 Nelson Road, Liverpool, 21, England.

ANTI-DOTE FOR TYPING!
How about a change in characterization such as—Janet Gaynor in "Cleopatra," Mae West in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," John Barrymore in "The Circus Clown," Charles Ruggles in "Frankenstein," Boy! What acting would that be!

Viola Gramer, Kennedy Rd., Morristown, N. J.

CO-ED CHEERS CROMWELL!
How's your chance of our fair co-eds seeing another picture such as "This Day and Age," starring Richard Cromwell? That boy's got what it takes to make an actor great! Give us more of him! Can't you help us, SCREENLAND! Please do! E. Grossman, 3525 S. St., Riverside, Calif.

JACKIE-SHIRLEY VEHICLE!
Why not Jackie Cooper and Shirley Temple in "Michael O'Halloran," by Gene Stratton Porter? It has a sweet love story, pathetic, tenderness, beauty, humor, and is tailored to the talents of these young artists.

Margaret M. Mullin, 2109 N-W Irving, Portland, Ore.

HAILS QUEEN MYRNA!
Three cheers for Myrna Loy! This wonderful, brilliantly talented and versatile actress is a sure Queen of the Screen, and we want more of her over here.

What have you done with the Gish Girls, Uncle Sam? Sweet Dorothy and winsome, appealing Lilian. Let them have a comeback!


Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 8

5. Pert Kelton: Fan dancer visits the old home town in Iowa.

Ida Kaech, New Glarus, Wis.

WHAT LITTLE WOMEN THINK!
We young people have favorites, too! Most of our read lots and when famous books such as "Little Women" are filmed, so we, as well as grown-ups, can enjoy them, you can imagine how wonderful it is to us. The stories really mean something to us. More please, Mr. Producer!

Joyce Fear, 814 Hickory St., Compton, Calif.

"JOANIE" WELCOME BACK!
A gardenia to Joan Crawford for looking so beautiful in "Claimed." Her make-up was much improved and her clothes simply grand. It was like seeing our old "Joanie" again, and I'm thankful. Joan may be thankful, too, when she knows that she is gathering stray fans back to the fold.

Elizabeth Wemmlund, 5942 W. Wells St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Radio Parade
Continued from page 12

Roxy's outer office, and forthwith was signed for the Roxy Gang by the then Bishop of the Cathedral of the Motion Picture, as the old Roxy theater was prominently labeled.

James Melton is a prime example of what radio means to the ambitions vocal talent of this country. Without radio he might still be just another good voice waiting and hoping, for the audience, which after all, is the only real judge of the performers, vocal or instrumental, that music patrons with

Melton is as typically American in ten-

perament and tastes as is his background. Born in 1904 at Montrie, Ga., he spent his youth in the South, and became interested seriously in music while at college, where he played football, sang in the glee club, and tooted a saxophone in a college band to earn money for singing lessons. His hobby now is sailing, which he indulges in his own craft in Long Island Sound. He is a pretty good cook and specializes in several dishes, mainly southern, which guests of the Meltons roundly applaud.

He's a hard-working fellow. The musical arrangements you hear his accompanying orchestra play for his air shows in which Melton co-stars with Fred Allen, are made by Jimmy himself. He continues his study of languages—speaks French, Italian and Spanish; has memorized two operatic roles—Des Grieux in "Mignon," and Alfredo in "Traviata," and is now working on Pinkerton in "Butterfly," under the tutelage of a prominent operatic coach and voice teacher. He doesn't get surprised if you read, because this season is out, that another American tenor is to do those roles with an important operatic organization.

The center of show business may be shifting westward to Hollywood from Broadway, but Broadway is still home—their own, the native land of their profession—for stage people steeped in a tradition which, for all we know, may be passing.

Typical of show people who became part of the theatre when mere youngsters and at a time when Broadway ruled the theatrical world, are Jesse and Eve Sully, whom radio fans, and soon movie-goers, as well as the devotees of that vanishing amusement known as vaudeville, call that "funny team—Block and Sally."

I visited Jesse and Eve at their hotel "just off Broadway," the day after their return from Hollywood, where Sam Goldwyn lured them to play in Eddie Cantor's picture "Kid Millions.

You never saw any two people gladder to have "home" in the person of Eve Sully. It's true they were coming back to start their new radio series, in which they get top billing on a weekly commercial. But it was Broadway they were glad to see again.

Nevertheless, Hollywood had made its impression. "If you could spend your days in Hollywood and evenings on Broadway, what a life that would be!" They admitted to being knocked slightly gagga by the liveliness with which the picture studios put on spectacles. "Why," said Jesse, still incredulous as though he had seen it in a dream, "the finale of the picture must have cost two hundred thousand to stage."

"And the things they'll do for you!" exclaimed Eve. "I was to do a fall into a swimming pool, and they asked me if I wanted the water warm, and what temperature I said, 'just tepid.' Well next day when it was time to do the scene they asked me to test the temperature—the water was almost boiling hot, and they cooled it to ' tepid' by dumping huge caches of ice in the pool."

Characteristic of the great majority of stage people, Jesse and Eve are intensely loyal to friends of the profession. "The Cantors were so wonderful to us, Jim Cagney was wonderful—And so the supporting stars, would fly back and forth across the room like a shuttlecock. Mr. and Mrs. Block, like a pair of youngsters trying to tell it all at once, told not only how wonderful the Cantors and the Cagneys are, but how wonderful the Cantors and the Cagneys--and others were to them, but how wonderful the Cantors, Eddie, his wife and five daughters, and the Cagneys are as people, artists, husbands, actors, and everything else that an admirable person can be admirably."

They do owe their noise in radio, as well as in pictures, to Edgar Allan Poe.

He put Block and Sally on his radio program. Sam Goldwyn, who, even as you and I, lends an ear to the loud-speaker, wired Cantor to engage the team to do a specialty in "Kid Millions." The second time on Cantor's program, Goldwyn's agent informed Jesse and Eve they were asked to play all through the picture, and the third broadcast brought negotiations for Block and Sully to sign up to an option for future pictures. Jesse Block and Eve Sully met, and teamed up, after both had been on the vaudeville stage for several years. Eve was about thirteen when an act featuring Blossom MacDonald—sister of Jeanette—an eccentric dancer, arrived in Atlantic City.

They needed a girl to do some dancing—high kicks. Jesse could kick and she offered the job, but her mother agreed only when Blossom and her mother Mrs. MacDonald promised they would look out for the girl.

Jesse was another one of the Gus Edwards child stars—there must be a million of 'em! I met Eve," said Jesse, "after my act had broken up because my original partner married a broker and quit the stage.

Hollywood's new English stage star soon to be in an American film. Above, Carol Coombe, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Coombe of Australia.

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My advice is to let your nose be your guide. Test and sniff and try. But never try more than two on one shopping tour as your nose will tire and refuse to aid you.

If a perfume repels you at once and the chances are very great that it is no soulmate of yours. Instinctively you know. Another perfume you like at first sniff, like at first sight is not likely to blend early and my suggestion is, don't.

Edward G. Robinson studies his lines carefully and seldom fails to deliver them perfect. When he does he is often rewarded by hearing his character say, "I can't believe her error." Dolores Del Rio is more careful than the average player in the memorizing of her lines. Because of her slight accent, she rehearse them over and over until she knows them letter perfect, long before she is called upon to read them before the camera. When she misses, as she does occasionally, she stands still in position and repeats the lines over several times. Her sincere, "I'm sorry," is enough to melt the heart of the most direct and cold.

The mild-minded Leslie Howard has recently developed a habit of emphasizing his impatience with himself when he slips on a speech, by "I'm sorry." He neither shows nor restrained whatever he holds in his hands, high into the air. During the making of one sequence in "British Agent" he had to learn the entire sequence of his character's lines. That he learned was incredible, but that which he was carrying, into the stage rafters several times, during the filming of one particularly difficult scene with Kay Francis, was truly remarkable.

After that the property man on the set always had a duplicate hat on hand for Howard, so that when he threw one away, there should be repeated without waiting for the return of that particular head piece. Actors like Pat O'Brien and Lee Tracy, who generally speak their lines in quick time, naturally stumble more often than do more deliberate actors. Mechanics of speech make this natural, and directors count on a certain percentage of slips while they read their lines. Pat swings his arms angrily when his tongue gets twisted, and sometimes kicks the furniture. Before he does this, however, he manages to say, "I'm sorry." Ruby Keeler gasps in wide-eyed surprise when she finds she has mis-counted and almost says: "Oh, I missed it. I'm so sorry."

Little has been told outside of the sound stages of Mr. Jolson's devotion to preparing lines exactly as he takes in lines, his own or those of his fellow players, but it is well-known that he ad-libs involuntarily and he is one of the few stars of Hollywood who is permitted to deviate from the written script almost as he pleases.

If Paul Muni fails to correct his error on the second "take" he walks off the set and disappears for several minutes into the seclusion of his dressing-room. When the third try fails, he generally insists that the scene be skipped for the rest of the day.

Real lines and deliver the right cue to the next speaker. Sometimes the comedian finishes a long and wholly foolish speech before anyone realizes he is out of hand and must begin again.

Many players swear when they fumble their lines. One of the most dignified of the imported English actresses always swears in French, "Dem me!" when she misses a line. The mild profession will do the microphone no damage, but the snap of the lines, and the sudden start of the line, sometimes gives the sound mixer, in his secluded booth, the impression that the lady has committed herself to a series of her own error.

"Oh, cue the WEEK!" he says. "The first few minutes of a play are a man's obligation. The audience can't aid a play."

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I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears. But I look Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives! Now I'm slimmer—feel fine.

... if the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they are "seemed to go fat." Do you know why?

Physicians will tell women that abnormal obesity is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies. Marmola provides one such element in a perfectly natural way. Day by day it assists the body to function in the reduction of excess fat. As they get rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more alert, more energetic. The excess fat simply slips away, saving all the trim and slender figure underneath.

Since 1907, more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? And it is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent! Marmola is on sale by all dealers.

but the words must match perfectly with the mouth movement and facial expression as the finished picture cuts from the "close-up" to the "long-shot" and back again. For this reason the lines of every important speech in a picture must be learned letter perfect and must always be delivered that way.

All picture budgets allow for a certain amount of wasted film footage to provide for this. "I'm sorry," which comes at the end of any cutting-room floor. Awkward speeches are eliminated from scripts as far as possible before scenes are made, but it is humanly impossible to avoid some lapses of memory and some slips of the tongue.

Faces are not the only things found on the cutting-room floor in Hollywood. Words are there too, hundreds, thousands, millions of words; long words and short words, misplaced words and mispronounced words, unnecessary words and swear words.

If one were to bring them all back to life through a projector one short sentence would be heard a hundred times more often than any other—the苦恼est words in Hollywood's vocabulary: "I'm sorry!"

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 69

HOLLYWOOD always was, is, and probably always will be a "show town." Even studio publicity men of new movies are sometimes attended by novelty and glamor.

When "Judge Priest" was given its initial preview, studio executives notified the invited guests by means of a regular court subpoena. This summons was such a close imitation of the real thing that the court's stenographers, (who were actually dodging court attachments at the time), hastily threw them away without discovering that the entire matter was a publicity stunt.

I S THE laugh on Bing Crosby, or Richard Arlen? These two are the greatest of friendly rivals, so when Crosby snagged a 188-pound shark, Arlen determined to do likewise.

With time off between pictures, Dick went forth in search of a bigger shark, and for seven days he fished. Unfortunately for his pride, he got nary a nibble. Making it worse, his joke was spoiled. The joke was that he intended to catch a shark bigger than Bing's, and then send it to the Crooner with this note: "We are using them this size for bait!"

T F YOU live in any of the cities mentioned in the paragraphs below, perhaps you are one of the "secret fans" concerned. If so, will you write and tell the respective stars to whom I write, for this is not for the "smallest" who write, but for the "largest" who write.

A girl in Dallas, Texas, has telephoned to her friend, Harlow monthly for more than two years. She pays the tolls for her three minute chat, but has "never heard a man speak anything more than her first name, Beryl.

A boy or man, who gives his name only as "Boo," has written a mimeographed magnolia from Memphis, Tennessee, to Irene Dunne, every day for the past two months.

The stars would like to know whom to thank.
Hollywood is still speculating, at this writing, about the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks future. Apparently some believe they will reconcile, others that they will not. The former half is in the affirmative, because Doug and Mary have been indulging in some very pleasant conferences—and something of the sort occurred in the name of a Russian. Angela and Ralph Forbes surprised Hollywood with their runaway marriage. The elopers had a novel experience when their automobile broke down, but undaunted, they hitch-hiked their way to Yuma, Arizona, where the knot was tied. Gloria Stuart and her new husband, Agnew Thomas, the one-time playmate of Mex-ico, have moved into a spacious new home in Holmby Hills.

The so-called Jean-Dick Powell romance continues to be a puzzler. Although Dick kissed Mary goodbye at the station when he left on his personal appearance tour, (and there were scores watching their oscillatory playlet), Mary and Gene Ray- mond are nite-living several times weekly. Sue Carol, who recently eloped with Nick Stuart, asked for no alimony, and property settlement was made out of court. Most people think Sue will now wed Ken Murray, the one-time Frederick with the face wrong; Sue and Ken have called an end to their romance, and it’s a newcomer, Howard Wilson, who’s basking in the Carol smiles.

Barbara Weeks and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams have been inseparable for two years and the announcement of their engagement was not unexpected.

Some exciting new goings-on include Ann Harding and Brian Ahern, who’ve been romantically involved. Patricia Roc has swung her fancy to Fred Keating, a stage actor making good in Hollywood. Katha- rine Houghton, who recently denied any idea of resuming matrimonial relations with her recently-divorced husband.

May there is more than rumor to those Joan Crawford-Francot-Tone ice reports: Joan’s been seen here and there with Phil Regan. Ruth Channing and director Hamilton McCormack have an- nounced intentions. If Evelyn Venable hasn’t already gone and done it secretly, she may wed cameraman Hal Mohr any old day.

Joseph Schenck reiterates his engagement to Mary Pickford. (Please remember her in “Henry the Eighth?”)—but there are those who say it’s just publicity. The wise ones point out that Mabel Normand, heading lady Douglas Fairbanks picture, which Schenck’s company will release in this country, Gail Patrick and Robert Cobl are seen about. Irene Hervey and Nick Stuart are making life happy for two people—each other.

APARENTLY, some people believe the stars have nothing better to do than to write letters. Every morning a mail that pours into Hollywood contains at least a few requests for stars tochristen this or that person, animal, or thing.

Ma West’s dispensation was sought by a riverboat captain, who wanted to name his tugboat, “The Mae West.” Claudette Colvin was invited to name two calves born to a cow, which a mid-West farmer lad already named “Claudette Colbert.”

There are sixteen babies, (to date of this writing), reported after Joan Crawford. Jean Harlow was begged by the owner of a pure white horse, (its color reminded her of movie time), to pose for a picture with the steed, which already bore the name, “Jean Harlow.”

Two of the strangest mementos in Hollywood are the hospital trophies of Colleen Moore and C. Henry Gordon. Both were in hospital here (at different times). Colleen, with a dislocated neck, and Gordon, with a broken kneecap. In both cases, the injured members were bound in plaster-of-paris casts.

Miss Moore and Gordon decided it would be great fun to have hospital visitors autograph the garlands and before they left their respective hospital casts, each had collected such an astonishing group of autographs that to throw them away would have been a little short of sacrilege. Consequently, two fine Hollywood homes feature the most amazing mantle ornaments—plaster-of-paris casts!

A WUSSING story is told at the ex- pense of director Frank Tuttle, whose wife is Russian. To please her, he is studying her language, and occasionally he attempts to talk with his wife in her own tongue.

Guests were at their table one evening when Tuttle searched his Russian vocabu- lary and addressed the garage for milk. He was a spoon that is, he thought he was asked for a spoon. Imagine his surprise when his wife left the dining-room, to return a few minutes later with a horse.

I a western star were a western star and no matter what his name, it wouldn’t be so bad! But how we are hearing from the fans (and we deserve the chiding, we’ll admit) about the garbage in the caption to a picture of Gloria Stuart and Buck Jones, in the last issue. We said Buck was Hoot Gibson. Now we face the consolation that at least when we confuse things we involve only the best people. Personally, we think Buck and Hoot are totally differ- ent in everything, save that they are both real stars and regular fellows.

Of LATE, Hollywood has been undergoing one of those periodical telephone number-changing spasms. It seems as if every telephone call brings an operator to report a “number change.”

Stuart Ervin, waiting for his car to be returned from a garage, became impatient. “Call this garage,” he told the operator, “and tell the studio gateman, ‘You’ll have to look into the telephone book to find out what the new number has been changed from.’
TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews

on Pages 54-55

Chained
M-G-M

The
Dude
Ranger
Fox

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Stuart Irwin and Otto Kruger, engagingly involved in a very effective romantic drama, pointed with nice comedy elements. Joan is the girl who feels obligated to marry the older man who has given up everything for her, but eventually his almost too-good-to-be-true self-sacrifice enables her to find happiness with Clark Gable. It is Joan's most effective vehicle for some time, and certain to please.

Amazing photography, etching gorgeous screen visions of the Painted Desert and the Arizona Canyon, makes this film rather spine-tingling. An Easterner (George O'Brien) goes west to take over a ranch, and runs into cattle thieves. For a while suspicion points at the father of the girl he loves (Irene Hervey, and very good she is too.) It all ends happily. O'Brien fans will enjoy this immensely. Plenty of action.

This picture proves how sadly Russ Columbo will be missed from the screen. His acting showed marked improvement. This story tells the experiences of three vaudeville players who go to Hollywood, where their adventures provide some nice comedy, thrilling romance, and excellent songs and dances. The three pals are Columbo, June Knight, and Roger Pryor, and all perform well. Henry Armetta also stands out.

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Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-es and Gentlemen!
...Beech-Nut presents...

a mouth-watering performance
...that will give the most jaded
appetite a new thrill! Here's
a glorious galaxy of flavors
in gum, fruit drops, and mints.
Follow the crowd and join
the big parade. Step right up
and say... "Beech-Nut!"
Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, New York
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MISS ANNE GOULD, New York
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MISS EVELYN WATTS, New York

"Keeping on the go is easy now" says MISS MIMI RICHARDSON

Luncheons, teas, dinners, dances — through crowded days a debutante must be gay, vivacious, at her best all the time.

"I can dance all night long and never feel tired if I smoke a Camel now and then," says Miss Mimi Richardson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Courtlandt Richardson of New York, who was voted the most popular debutante of the season.

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way to relieve fatigue that I know. It always gives me a 'lift.' And I love their taste. They seem to be milder and smoother than other cigarettes, for, even if I smoke more than usual, Camels never upset my nerves."

Smoking a Camel does release your latent energy in a natural, harmless manner. Fatigue vanishes, your spirits rise — and you can safely enjoy this "lift" as often as you want because Camels never affect healthy nerves.

Camels are Milder!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Margaret Sullavan Offers Prizes in Cover Girl Contest

Bing Crosby's Human Side Revealed
The Natives of Spitzbergen
Perspire on Ice...yet Seldom Catch Cold

U"P from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at $450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that it will not harm the most delicate tissues. At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

For Colds and Sore Throat...LISTERINE...The Safe Antiseptic
WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, afraid to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of “pink tooth brush” have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from “pink tooth brush.” Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale “tinge of pink” appears.

DON’T NEGLECT “PINK TOOTH BRUSH”
And, neglected, that “tinge of pink” is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent’s disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The zibratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile will be the magic thing it should be!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O 15
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State _______________________

“Pink Tooth Brush”
Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.
Two Big Contests in the Next Issue!

Watch for our next issue! You'll be given the unique opportunity to compete in two contests, both offering tempting prizes. The February issue of SCREENLAND, on sale December 21st, presents the chance for you to capitalize on your cleverness and ingenuity, without any involved and complicated work; both contests will be simple and straightforward, with no difficult effort for the contestants; but with ample opportunity to exercise your brains and originality.

You will enjoy entering these two contests, with the inspiration of prizes well worth your consideration. May we suggest that you place your order with your newsdealer now to reserve your copy of the February SCREENLAND.

January, 1935

THIS MONTH

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES. A. Bette Davis

AN OPEN LETTER TO SPENCER TRACY

GOING TO PREVIEWS

THIS BELONGS TO YOU—THIS BELONGS TO ME.

HOLLYWOOD CAN'T TAME OR TYPE THIS MAN. Paul Muni

HOLLYWOOD GAMBED $3,600,000 ON THIS GIRL Ann Sothern

THE MERRY MACDONALD HANGS UP HER HAT

MARGARITTA SULLAVAN GIFT CONTEST

STREAMLINING THE STARS

MARION DAVIES' VACATION

CHARM UNDER CONTRACT

AT HOME WITH MIRIAM HOPKINS

BING CROSBY'S HIDDEN SIDE REVEALED

HER'S YOUTH

JEAN AS I KNOW HER

7 YEARS IN A GILDED CAGE

TALENTS REVEALED IN YOUR CHILD'S HANDS

NOT THE CAPTAINS OF THEIR SOULS

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST VERSATILE DIRECTOR

DYING FOR A LIVING

SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL

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Printed in the U. S. A.
ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story ... they live again!

M E T R O - G o l d w y n - M A Y E R

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Salutes and Snubs

“Talkies” produced by the fans for their own theatre of opinion

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

Let it never be said that the picture-goers who read SCREENLAND lack the courage of their convictions, or that with them there is there any scarcity of ideas for constructive suggestion as to what makes good pictures and great screen personalities.

Here in these letters is abundant proof that the fans know what they like, and are capable of offering advice that might be taken to heart with profit by casting directors and story editors of even the smallest of the Hollywood show shops.

Many fine pictures, and some great stars get Salutes that de them proud. For example, read what Mrs. B. R. Gills has to say about the inspiration to the effect produced by "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and Miss Deod Kirk's suggestion for the ideal role for Mary Pickford—read all the letters, for in every one you'll find an interesting idea or a stimulating thought.

Now how about YOUR letter, setting forth your own ideas, and registering your Salute or Snub? Remember, a good idea goes for nothing if you fail to give expression to it. So write down your ideas, send them to this department and have your comment on pictures spread on the record. Incidentally, and very importantly, your letter may win a prize. Letters should be restricted to fifty words each, and mailed to Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

UNDER BEAUTY'S SPELL

I'm still under the spell of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." My faded, wall paper, frayed denim curtains have an air of perked-outness; everything seems gayer!

Please, can't we have more pictures of such ethereal beauty and fine old romance? The world changes but love and romance never!

Mrs. B. R. Gills,
235 Hool St.,
Lynchburg, Va.

BABY TAKE AN ENCORE!

A dash of honey and spice and all things that are nice, that's Shirley Temple, the biggest little star on the screen today! A dainty elf whose angelic face creeps into your heart to stay. With every mother-in-lawly sighing—"Ah, if she were only mine!"

Fanny Kelly,
1318 W. Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

LO SPEAKS UP!

Lo! the Poor Indian, the Vanishing American! We, the redskins, wall paper, and frayed denim curtains, should have a break in a big feature. Let the public hear what an Indian has to say as a hero, in a real true Indian story, based on some of our lives rather than material written by some writer who does not know us.

Art Wakolee,
Indian Reservation,
Irving, N. Y.

CELLULOID AND CULTURE

When I hear somebody say "There's nothing to do in this town but go to the movies," I wonder what some small towns I know would be like without pictures. Movies, presenting life in many localities, give small-towners a background which can support them in contacts with more widely traveled people.

Lucretia Money,
McComb, Miss.

PROFESSOR PICKFORD!

Mary Pickford belongs with children, and I wish she could appear in the role of a modern school teacher. There is plenty of "dramatic content" and "comedy relief" in a schoolroom—and picturesque romance for the teacher, too! (Yes, I'm one of 'em.)

Dee Kirke,
211 5 St.,
Bakersfield, Calif.

TRULY RURAL

Several pictures have gone rural lately. With their influence—they were so thoroughly enjoyable—I am wondering if the near future will not find us all back to the

(Continued on page 89)
Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!
As the title indicates this harks back to the lavender and old lace days, with Irene Dunne beautiful in the quaint costumes, and John Boles again as the man whom fate tricks into marrying the wrong woman. Both suffer along denying their love its fulfillment. That element makes it seem repetitious for both Miss Dunne and Mr. Boles. But the sentiment is effective just the same. And the acting notably good.

A lavish and beautiful production frames this dull story about an Hungarian princess who marries a gypsy to fulfill provisions of a will, and be free of an arranged wedding, only to find the chap they had picked for her is the man she loves. Loretta Young is the lady of rank—beautiful and charming she is. Jean Parker as the gypsy girl steals the show. Charles Boyer is grand as the gypsy, and Phillips Holmes good as the hero.

Worth going out of your way to see if only for the reason you can make the acquaintance of Nova Pilbeam, English girl of extraordinary promise. It is the story, entirely from the child’s standpoint, of what suffering there is for the girl when her parents separate. It is very British, so far as speech goes, but there are moments of very moving appeal to the heart, to which every adult will respond. Very moving drama.

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres return as a romantic team and again provide the appeal the Gaynor fans crave. This is an improbable but interesting story in which an heiress chooses to be a kitchen slavey. Of course, this eventually proves the road to real romance. There are some flashes of good humor and some comedy. But chiefly this is a vehicle for the presence on the screen of justly popular favorites, especially Janet.

Well, here’s Mrs. Wiggs, and all the Wiggs children, Miss Haas, and Stubbins and with them the broadly appealing pathos and boisterous comedy naturally attendant upon the mere presence of W. C. Fields. Really, what more could you ask from an evening at the movies? Pauline Lord makes an auspicious debut; ZaSu Pitts, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, George Breakston, all the cast are fine. By all means see it.

A gorgeously caparisoned parade of historical characters led by the Du Barry who rose from the Paris gutters to rule France through her sway over the sensual Louis XV. The treatment is light, the aim is for amusement and robust guffaws at the silly intrigue which permeated the court of "The Grand Monarch." Dolores Del Rio is beautiful, while Reginald Owen steals the show as Louis. A rich but flavorless dish.

A grand offering, full of melodrama, comedy, and fast-moving action. The plot concerns a feud between truck drivers carrying dairy products, and the farmers. Jimmy Cagney, truck driver, is in jail for fighting, but gets out long enough to take his gal to a dance. The girl is kidnapped and a farmer murdered. Again Cagney escapes jail, and solves everything. Cagney is splendid, and so are Patricia Ellis and Allen Jenkins.

Want some laughs? Then here’s the way to get them—see this revamping of many and many a predecessor dealing with the girls and boys who want to make good in the movies. The story? It’s not much, but Alice Faye and Jimmy Dunn put plenty of personal magnetism into their parts, the former as a budding actress, the latter as a director who makes good again. And Mitchell and Durant are rough and funny.

Pictorially magnificent and with a compelling characterization by Conrad Veidt as Jew Suss, historical character of the eighteenth century who rose to power in the Duchy of Wurttemberg by pandering to the dissolute tastes of the Duke, only to have his one great possession, his daughter, become a victim of the Duke’s lust. Wonderfully acted, grandly staged, but somber and heavy. Has strength but not appeal.

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THE PICTURE
OF THE
MONTH

For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in "SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63 — on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY

Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat... but where's his shot-gun?

We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—too sweet not to mention.

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.

And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Lois Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!
Inside the Stars’ Homes

4. Bette Davis

You’re invited to Sunday night supper at Bette Davis’ house! So come along, meet the Bette her best friends know, and share her favorite recipes

By Betty Boone

Informality is the keynote at Bette Davis’.

She lives in an English house on a palm-tree-lined street in Beverly Hills, a homelike place; a flag-stoned walk leads across the trim green lawn to the wide front door, and there’s another green garden beyond the French doors of the living room.

Two steps down from the hall takes you into this living room, which has all the essentials for informal comfort—a big fireplace, with andirons, roomy chesterfields and inviting chairs, with books in open bookcases, books on end-tables, books within easy reach of any hand; a baby grand piano, standing open, with sheet music scattered over its top.

Bette and her sister Bobby, whose real name is Barbara, dressed alike in smart riding outfits of dark brown wool with white silk shirts, were lounging, one in a lettuce green chair, the other on a cream-colored chesterfield, each with her nose in a book when I arrived. Tibby, a dignified Scottie, lay at Bette’s feet, while Wogs, the white Sealyham, had curled himself on Bobby’s lap and was being used to prop up her book.

“Hello! Have a cigarette?” said Bette, lighting one herself, “and listen to my sister trying to convince me that Leonardo da Vinci didn’t have a frustrated life.”

“Even if he wasn’t recognized during his lifetime, he had the fun of doing the things, of knowing himself that they were good—” argued Bobby, making room for me beside her.

“Let’s not have a family quarrel over it,” broke in Bette. “Just the same he had a horrible life and no one knew he was famous until he was dead, so what good did it do him? . . . No answers, Bobby, we’re here to talk about Sunday night suppers! Let’s deal in tangibles.
"We wouldn't think of serving a Sunday night supper without Boston baked beans," Bette continued, tucking her legs up under her. "I remember them as far back as I can remember anything. Every New England child—and we are New England children all of us, my husband, too—is brought up on beans for Saturday night supper and Sunday morning breakfast, but we move them over to Sunday now because Hollywood is seldom free on Saturday night.

"I suppose the origin of the Saturday night bean-test lay in the fact that a heavy meal was always eaten in the middle of the day on Sunday, in order to give the maids Sunday afternoon, and therefore a hearty dinner on Saturday night would bring the two meals too close together, Bobby and I used to look forward to Saturday night because that was the only night we could eat with the family.

"I serve, besides the beans, Boston brown bread, mustard pickles, apple sauce and gingerbread. Whoever is coming 'as is' from golf, tennis, or whatever they have been doing, and I usually wear tailored dinner pajamas, Ham—(her husband)—work's at night at the Colony Club, so he's the only one dressed as a rule. We sit down at six so that Ham can get to work on time."

"Show her the scenery for the event, Bette," smiled Bobby, dragging herself out of her book again. "I always think the table looks like a Maxfield Parrish illustration—"

I agreed with the comparison when I saw it. The table cloth was a stunning combination of black, white, and red. Yellow candles stood in silver candlesticks; the beans came on in a beautiful jade green crock.

Lillian Jackson, Bette's cook, is responsible for all food except the beans, which are prepared by Bruce, the colored butler, who used maple syrup instead of molasses. "Gives them a nutty flavor," according to Bette.

"You soak the beans over-night," Bruce explained, when called in to give details, "The amount depends on how many you're serving, but two cups will make a lot. Then you boil them until they are soft but not mushy, and then you put them in the crock with salt pork cut in chunks, some on the bottom of the crock and some on top. Add real maple syrup, about a cup and brown sugar to taste. A little English mustard, pepper and salt and one large onion cut in eight sections.

Lillian confided privately that when she fixed beans she used molasses, chopped her onion fine, added spicy tomato sauce and a couple of bay leaves.

An excellent recipe for Boston brown bread is:

Soft 1 cupful of Graham flour with 1 cupful of rye meal, 3/4 teaspoonful of soda and a scant teaspoonful of salt; add to this, 3/4 cupful of molasses and 1/4 cupful of milk; mix well, fill buttered mold three-quarters full with this mixture, cover and steam for three hours.

Lillian's apple sauce is foamy and soft as velvet. It is made with tart green apples, and Lillian prefers a sieve to a colander in straining it, because it's softer that way. "Apple-sauce and gingerbread is older than apple pie and cheese," commented Bette.

"Lillian has taken prizes for her gingerbread, so she won't tell how she makes it, but she told you could have a recipe that's almost a good one."

Angel Ginger Bread

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1/4 cup shortening (measure after melted)

(Continued on page 88)
Here's a great new star, Fred Astaire! He's Head Man of the Movie Month!

Wonderful dancing feet, gay humor, smooth sophistication—something new!

He waited until he had captured all the crowned and uncrowned heads of Europe and the smartest audiences of Manhattan and London before trying to win your applause in pictures. An amazingly modest young man, this Fred Astaire, for the world's greatest modern dancer! You met him first, but much too briefly, in "Flying Down to Rio." Now, in "The Gay Divorcee" he has his great chance, not only as a dancer but as a personality; and with one graceful leap he lands among the really important stars of the screen. Astaire is an Original, and we suggest that you step right out to see his very entertaining picture. You'll come back blithely dancing "The Continental."
Ask Me!
By Miss Vee Dee

Helen S. W. Much as I'd like to establish a relationship between you and the popular Jerry Boles of the screen, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. This appealing screen personality was born in Greenville, Texas, on October 28, 1900. He graduated from the University of Texas as a physician. His musical training was gained for the most part in New York City, where he taught French and music in the city high schools to pay for his real musical advancement. His first screen appearance was with Gloria Swanson in "The Loves of Summer." His big chance came in "The Desert Song," his pleasing personality and singing voice carrying him to immediate success.

Michael. I'm sorry, too, that we do not see and hear more from that sterling actor, Conrad Veidt. He is busy doing important things on the stage in the European capitals. Conrad was born in Berlin, Germany. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. He was educated in Berlin and received his stage training on the stages all over England. His wife is a non-professional. One of his later releases was made in England: "I Was a Spy" with Madeleine Carroll and Herbert Marshall. Remember Anthony Bushell? He was in the cast. Tony has been making pictures and stage appearances in England since leaving Hollywood.

Dorothy L. If Joan Crawford is bow-legged, I haven't noticed it here. No—Joan is growing handsomer with each new picture, her work is improving, and her admirers are screaming for another picture. John Boles and Bebe Daniels had the leading roles in the musical picture, "Rio Rita." Many of the popular screen stars have flocked to Hollywood for the New York stage; among them Walter Huston, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Wyatt, Alan Dinehart, Lila Lee, Irene Purrell and Dennis King. Our very own Buddy Rogers lately has been devoting himself to radio and personal appearances with his own orchestra. Of course, you probably heard Buddy and his band on those recent Sunday Night broadcasts. Buddy has signed to make a picture in England, and will leave for London, according to present plans, in the near future.

Jas. J. F. Edmund Lowe's admirers are legion, both foreign and domestic! They never miss a picture in which Edmund appears and go away asking for more. He studied law at Santa Clara University, graduating as the youngest B.A. in the history of the institution. Some time later he made a record for himself as the youngest member of the Santa Clara faculty. He turned to the stage, however, and was a member of the Los Angeles stock company for three years. In motion pictures he has never played anything but leads. His screen debut was made opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Flaming France" released in 1918. In 1925 he married Lillian Tashman. His 1925 releases were "The Kiss Barrier," "Marriage in Transit," "Ports of Call," "Greater Than a Crown," "The Fool." 1926 pictures were "Soul Mates," "Palace of Pleasure," "Siberia," "Black Paradise," "What Price Glory." Releases of 1927 were "One Increasing Purpose," "Is Zat So?" "Publicity Madness" and "The Wizard.

Orlean. One of the best things I do is to settle arguments. The palm of victory goes to your friend. Don't you remember "King of the Jungle" and Buster Crabbe as the "lion man?"

Linda P. Don't come to blows over it, for it was John Barrymore who played in "Bill of Divorcement." I am wondering whether you win or lose!

Constance H. Just a couple of questions about your favorite? All right, here goes. Constance Bennett is really and truly named Constance Bennett; she is the daughter of Richard Bennett, the actor. Her entire name is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. I suppose she reads as much of her fan mail as any other very hard-working and busy picture star. Her hair is a lovely golden color and it is "natural." I should have to be a mind-reader to answer your other question! At least you have the answers which you especially wished.


Ruth M. I'll ask the "picture department" to have a large portrait of Victor Jory right away just to please you! Well, now, see's you want to know several answers. Yes, he is married and has one child, a girl named after her mother, Jean Jory. His height is 6 feet 1/2 inches; weight 182 pounds; has black hair and brown eyes. Played football and baseball at college, and likes golf and tennis now. He has written several popular songs and a play which was produced in New York not so long ago. Anything else?

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion
This Simple, Pleasant Way

Why be ashamed of a blotchy, mousy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and see what this remarkable corrective food will do for you!
WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson? Sally's complexion is rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils. Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.

SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that "Ivory-baby" look. You, too, can win that baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with IVORY SOAP • • 99 $0.00 PER $0.

"AH SAYS TO MAHSELF," says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful," grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

"C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON, help me out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOL"
DEAR SPENCER TRACY:

Snap out of it, will you?

I know; I hate people who don’t mind their own business as much as you do. But your business belongs to us, because you’re a screen star; and because you have a million or so ardent admirers among motion picture audiences. As for me, I have been very much for you, as you know, ever since you made your first pictures. In fact, I was such a loyal little pal that even when your films weren’t up to standard I would go just to watch you act, and always gave you credit for rising above your material. Now there’s another thing! If you were just a personality—just a handsome fellow who stared into the camera and autographed fans’ albums—I wouldn’t give a hoot what you did. But you’re an ACTOR—and a very fine actor. You have had Broadway background of the most important sort. You are not just Spencer Tracy strolling through a screen story. You are a different, and highly interesting character in every new picture. Your sincerity showed; your technique proved itself. You have been, in short, a credit to your profession of acting—a profession in which too many men, and women, too, are personalities rather than performers.

And now—well, I won’t rub it in. But why must you disappoint us? I’ve read and heard that you’re letting your private troubles affect your work. If you kept your worries to yourself, or “sublimated” and let us in on ’em by way of bigger and better characterizations, I’d never say a word. I’d cheer. But if you hold up production, and fail to give your best to your job, then it’s time for your friends—and believe me, I’m one of them—to protest. So I do.

You can tell me to go to—ahem!—to Hepburn. (Oh, yes, Hepburn! Seems to me I remember her. She was the girl who put her hand in front of her face when the news photographers aimed at her.) I won’t care. All I want is to see the old Spencer Tracy on the screen again—the guy who could tear a part to pieces; who never compromised with the second-rate; who made women watching him say: “Now there’s a real man in the movies!” Bring back that Tracy, will you?

After all, most of the people who pay to get in to see your pictures, and sit there in the darkness watching you act, have troubles of their own. (And what troubles, some of them!) They like you because you’ve always played understandable and sympathetic characters, in whom they could believe. You came closer to the hearts of the men and women in your audiences than perhaps any other screen actor; there’s a ruggedness, a simplicity, an earthiness about you that holds us. So think it over, please. I don’t want to add to your burdens, but these people do depend on you. And did you ever hear of that old saying, “The show must go on”?

DEIGHT EVANS

Spencer Tracy, to whom the Open Letter this month is addressed, is one of the screen’s finest actors. How will he answer this letter?

Delight Evans
What happens when you "catch" a preview with the star of the picture? Comedy or tragedy—and always excitement!

Norma Shearer comes to see herself as others see her—inwardly a-tremble, outwardly calm.

Below, Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes arrive to see some other star's preview—so they smile! But Helen wept when she previewed "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

SOME people devote their lives to flagpole sitting, and some people devote their lives to reading "Anthony Adverse," but my life is devoted to catching previews. (A preview is always "caught"—like a volley ball or an errant wife.) A preview is essentially a Hollywood institution. And inasmuch as there are seven major studios in and around Hollywood, not to mention dozens of itsy bitsy ones—(oh, there I go doing my Janet Gaynor imitation again!)—er—independsents, scarcely a night passes that there isn't a preview. The preview is always called for eight-thirty and Hollywood hostesses always have dinner at eight, so for years now I have never gotten beyond the meat course. I know from nothing about Hollywood desserts. In fact, I don't even know what the second vegetable is. For nights and nights I subsist upon a dry martini, a plate of canapes, and two sips of consomme which invariably burn my tongue. As sure as Fate, the minute I sink my teeth in a poulet or a slug of roast lamb somebody shouts "preview" and away I go helter-skelter with a stalk of celery in my hand. But it's fun, and I wouldn't miss the excitement for anything.

I have often gone to their previews with Claudette
Preludes!

pictures open in all their glory. But first and there’s the real fun!

Colbert, Jean Harlow, Una Merkel, Paul Lukas, Tallulah Bankhead, Madge Evans, Carole Lombard, Dick Cromwell, Connie Bennett, Norman Foster, Nancy Carroll and Joan Blondell—and the Editor of SCREENLAND has suggested that I tell you some of the funny and tragic things that have happened. Of course there is a great advantage to going to a preview with the star of the picture, for you get bowed to by the theatre manager and the head usher, and get to sit in reserved seats in the middle of the theatre.

Why is a preview so important? Well, my dear, it’s like this. For six weeks, or six months if it is a Von Sternberg production, poor Miss Movie Star has been working away under hot lights day and night on a little opus which will do one of three things for her: establish her as a star, maintain her as a star, or kill her as a star. She has seen rushes in the projection room every evening, some of which are good, some of which are not so good. She has heard the publicity department say that it is “colossal” and she has heard the office boy say that it “stinks,” but she has absolutely no way of telling whether she has a hit or a flop until the preview in a local theatre. Usually there is an (Continued on page 80)
A LOT of people have always refused stardom. You probably know neither Lewis Stone nor Adolphe Menjou ever wanted it. They always begged to be allowed to continue in featured roles, rather than be made stars. This once seemed rather silly to me. I wondered how any man could turn down an opportunity to earn thousands of dollars a week, to say nothing of all the prestige that goes with it.

But it’s this prestige that causes irritating misunderstandings which involve the star.

It was this that Stone and Menjou were refusing, not the work that goes with stardom. They were equal to that. When the other fellow is the recipient of all the honors, it looks so different from what it does when you are the proud (?) possessor of this prestige. Now, don’t get me wrong! I’m not for a minute intimating that I am not glad I have reached a place where I don’t have to sit up nights worrying about how the monthly bills will be paid; glad that I am not conscious of gnawing pangs of hunger from having gone without food for days; glad that I have a comfortable home to return to at the end of the day, so I don’t need to wonder if I will have a place to sleep; glad that I own a car, so I can be miles away from my work in a few hours, without thinking about whether I feel like walking twenty miles.

I am deeply grateful for all these physical comforts. You see, I have experienced all the inconvenience that comes to one without income or work, so I couldn’t fail to be grateful for the fact that I have permanent work and a steady income.

But, just in this connection, I would like to remind you that we do work!

No matter how pleasant the impression you get from the finished picture, it represents work, hard work, not only on the part of the director, cameraman, author, electrician, prop man and many others, but work on the part of the actor.

My feeling, therefore, is that we earn our salaries by our work in pictures, and we shouldn’t have to continue working every minute we are away from the studio.
This Belongs to ME!

All my life away from the studio: My hopes, my ambitions, my inhibitions, my shortcomings, my habits, my hates, my loves, my possessions, my disappointments

As told to Maude Latham

Daring to tell the truth, in his own words Clark explains himself!

Don't raise your eyes at that remark and say you didn't know we worked away from the studio! No one will dispute the fact that it is the hardest kind of work to be forever appearing something that you are not. That is what is expected of us. We are never supposed to let down. Of course, there are a few people who play themselves on the screen; but they are in the minority. Lucky persons, they never have to put any act when they appear in public. For myself, I'm anything but the gay Lothario that I sometimes play in pictures. I'm a plain man, with simple tastes, who doesn't care for clothes or formal parties.

But the thing you wanted me to talk about today is just what part of our lives belongs to the public, eh? And what part of it belongs to us?

Well, perhaps only Garbo and Leslie Howard will agree with me when I say that only that part of us which is necessary for the making of good pictures belongs to the public. Now, don't get excited. I'm not going to pull a Garbo on you. I'm not going into retirement and refuse to see interviewers, refuse to pose for pictures, refuse to make public appearances, refuse to answer my fan mail, or any other of a dozen things of this sort. I shall probably go right on doing them as long as my position on the screen seems important enough for these things to be desired of me. But you asked me to tell you what I think about it. This is what I am attempting to do.

To elaborate a little what I said about that part of us that belongs to the public: I mean by that, that it is imperative that we keep ourselves in good physical condition, so we can do our best work; that we shall keep our mental outlook as clear as possible, so that we shall approach our work with proper perspective. We should keep ourselves free from entanglements which would cause unfavorable comments and embarrass our producers. If we have built up a following on the screen, and have led our friends to expect a certain quality performance, we should not let them down, as it were. We owe a courteous, friendly consideration to (Continued on page 91)
Hollywood Can't Tame or Type This MAN!

Read Paul Muni's declaration of independence

By S. R. Mook

A FEW months ago in talking to Kay Francis, she mentioned the vitiating effect Hollywood has on people—how it saps their ambition. To illustrate her point, she commented on the fact that both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson have a clause in their contracts that permits them to do stage plays. Muni went back to New York and did "Counselor-at-Law" after making "Scarface." Since then—nothing. And Robinson has never returned to the stage since he first came here.

Meeting Muni recently that was the first thing that popped into my mind. He didn't strike me as having succumbed to the semi-tropical climate of Hollywood. He seemed full of pep and energy. Yet there is his long absence from his beloved stage. I wondered about it. A bad habit of mine—wondering about people.

"How come?" I inquired.

Mr. Muni bristled for a moment and then smiled. "You know when people mention that to me it always riles me! Yet, in a way, I'm glad you asked me that. Maybe we can settle the question once and for all.

"In the first place, I don't consider it anybody's business what I do! If I want to have a clause inserted in my contract that permits me to do stage plays and then not avail myself of the privilege, I don't consider it anyone's affair but my own. However, since everyone seems to be making it his affair I'll try to explain.

"In the first place, good (Continued on page 94)"
Hollywood gambled 3,000,000 on this GIRL!

Read why Ann Sothern must succeed

By Richard English

HOLLYWOOD has gambled three million dollars on a girl who, three years ago, lost a picture contract as a stock player! Two years ago was but a small part player in musicals! One year ago was totally forgotten by Hollywood! Today is the newest star of the silver screen! And gambled is the right word! For Ann Sothern, as Harriette Lake, was just another small-part player three years ago; an unsung ingénue in musical comedies two years ago, and one of Hollywood's prettier forgotten faces only last year. Yet in six pictures made in the past twelve months, hard-headed producers in three major studios backed up their opinion of Ann's ability to the tune of more than three million dollars in cold, hard cash! And to make it the more impressive, Sam Goldwyn, who rejected her as a chorus girl several years ago when she sought employment in an Eddie Cantor picture, gave her the feminine lead opposite Eddie in a new picture on which the production cost has almost reached the staggering sum of a million and a half dollars!

Executives entrusted Ann with leading roles in some of the most expensive productions of 1934. Despite the drawing power of great stars, pictures are made, and broken, by the supporting cast. One moment of false histrionics, a split-second-flash on the screen, can destroy all the glamor and illusion that a fortune in star talent created. Leading ladies playing (Continued on page 85)
The Merry MacDonald Hangs Up Her Hat!

By Mary Sharon

After years of hotel and apartment-house living, Jeanette MacDonald has succumbed to the lure of home. She is going to take root and live in the manner of other people, so far as it is possible for a talking picture star of rank and prominence.

She wants all the things that go with a home. A garden to dig in. Wide rooms to lounge in. An attic, where she can prowl through trunks and boxes of "stored-away" things, on rainy days. A basement where she can pile magazines and "junk." Guest-rooms to keep ready for unexpected visitors. A playroom where she can let her friends enjoy themselves to their liking. Dogs, cats, canaries or whatever pets claim her fancy and affection. Friendly, back-fence neighbors.

These are some of the things that Jeanette wants to have, now that she is living in a home again. What she really wants is "to belong." She wants to feel that she is a part of

"It's grand to have a house of your own again," says Jeanette as she tells you why she revels in her new home after years of hotel living.

Since reaching the heights as a song-bird and actress, Jeanette MacDonald has been féted and acclaimed in the capitals of Europe as well as her native America, but now she wants to be back in the home life she knew before starting her career before the footlights and cameras.
The Merry Widow, right, who decides there's no place like home, planned her own dressing room for her own house, and above you see the result. The color scheme is peach and silver.

The warp and woof of the community in which she lives, it is the little things in life that make us feel we're really living.

Jeanette has known all of the other side of it. For years, she has been fêted, wined, dined and acclaimed. On her last trip to Paris, she was paid homage by the entire French nation. Upon her return, she was handed the prize rôle of the year—the name part in "The Merry Widow."

It was at the beginning of this production that she first realized her hunger for a home of her own. So she took a long lease on a beautiful stucco house on Rexford Drive in Beverly Hills and furnished it to her taste.

I visited with her the other afternoon. She was hurrying to get all of her affairs straightened out so that she could go to New York for a short vacation, before beginning her new musical, "Naughty Marietta."

She turned everything over to her secretary when I arrived, and, (Continued on page 79)

Above, the living room, a beautiful and livable place done in green, gold and coral, in which Jeanette spends those waking hours at home when she is not digging in the garden. Yes, she grows her own flowers now.

Right, a view of Jeanette's bedroom. Antique gray, peach and flesh are the dominating colors, the bed and chairs covered with peach satin brocade, with chair frames of antiqued ivory.

The game room, of which Jeanette is especially proud, and where guests enjoy backgammon, ping-pong, bridge, or a talkie, projected from a balcony at one end of the room. Another reason why the star "loves home."
Margaret Sullavan's Gifts to You!

Prize Contest sponsored by Our Cover Girl!

Margaret Sullavan has brought you gifts of charm, loveliness, and fine acting in her screen performances; and now, with a grand gesture, she personally co-operates with SCREENLAND to be a genuine "Good Fairy." Miss Sullavan offers prizes of value, dignity, and beauty; and all she asks of you is to compete in the contest by submitting slogans describing her. Margaret asks you please to read all the rules carefully, to fill out the coupon on the opposite page, and to write the very best descriptive slogan you can.

Here are Prizes!

Margaret Sullavan, beloved Universal Pictures star, whom you loved in "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man, What Now?" and who is now making her third starring film, "A Good Fairy," offers exciting prizes to the winners of her slogan contest. Please don't be so dazzled by the prizes that you forget to read all our rules very carefully—that's important! You'll find the rules on the opposite page, as well as the coupon to fill out to send in with your slogan, or slogans—send as many as you wish; make them bright; they will be judged solely on their individual merits of originality, cleverness, and suitability to the star, Miss Sullavan. Now for prizes!

First Prize: Charming evening gown with full-length wrap of velvet. See the photographs of this prize as worn on opposite page by Miss Jane Wyatt, graciously assisting Margaret Sullavan in her contest.

Second Prize: $100.00 in Cash.


Fourth Prize: Fitted travelling case. Pictured on this page. Completely equipped with fittings of handsome modern design in separate case.

Ten Additional Prizes of personally autographed new photographs of Margaret Sullavan, inscribed to the recipients.

The fourth prize in our Cover Girl Contest, sponsored by Margaret Sullavan, is shown at the left: a handsome fitted travelling case, exactly as pictured. The very complete fittings, in separate case, are of modern design, in excellent taste. Whoever wins this travelling case is sure to be pleased!
MARGARET SULLAVAN, working hard making her new film, "The Good Fairy," in Universal City, California, asked her fellow-star, Jane Wyatt, featured on the New York stage right now, to pinch-hit for her and pose in the first-prize evening gown and wrap! Jane obliged—and so we present two-star talent in our Margaret Sullavan Cover Girl Contest, second in our contest series.

Just look at the complete list of prizes on the opposite page!

RULES OF SCREENLAND'S COVER GIRL CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a descriptive slogan not exceeding eight words in length about Margaret Sullavan. Send in as many slogans as you wish. Each person, however, may win only one prize.
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND or their families, or the star's.
4. This contest will close at midnight on December 15, 1934.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your descriptive slogan and mail to Margaret Sullavan Cover Girl Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Cover Girl Contest sponsored by Margaret Sullavan, with my slogan (or slogans) enclosed.

NAME ..................................................

STREET ADDRESS ..................................

CITY ..................................................

STATE ..............................................

YOU can write a clever descriptive slogan of Margaret Sullavan! Sample slogan: "Personification of Springtime; realization of Romance."

Read all the rules. Enter this contest!
Streamlining the

Now you can have the personal, leading costume creators! Here is presenting monthly the priceless

BODY by Fisher. Gowns by Orry-Kelly.

It isn’t absolutely necessary to be a Fisher-maid—but to be glamorous, my dear, you would do well to have your 1935 streamlining done by Hollywood’s de luxe designer who is turning out the most advanced models in chic and good taste. Of course it’s Orry-Kelly, one of the most important men on the Warner—or any other—lot, whose floating power among women is reaching into every city, town, village and hamlet.

It gets pretty tiresome to have to be satisfied with a copy of a copy of a copy that, somewhere along the line, got completely detached from its “originator.” Tiresome—and rather foolish, too, because Orry-Kelly suggests that the cinema styles he creates be adapted, with all practicability, to your own use, and graciously offers to translate his ideas. So the next time you see Verree Teasdale, Ruby Keeler, or Dolores Del Rio in a perfectly penetrating costume that you just know would send the boys into some lively knee action,
authentic advice of Hollywood's the first article in our new series ideas of the world's supreme stylists

Orry-Kelly's Eight Steps to Streamlining:
1. I gain the confidence of my subject.
2. I design a "sample" creation.
3. I never force an issue.
4. I discount beauty—entirely!
5. I find intelligence, a well-proportioned figure, and style-sense equally valuable.
6. I ban an audience during fittings.
7. I substitute richness for glitter.
8. I avoid fads.

By Helen Harrison

you can go home and try it out on your own chassis. It's a chance not to be missed!

To that purpose he has formulated his certain-to-be-famous "eight steps to streamlining"—simple, but revealing.

And now, wouldn't it be thrilling to crash the studio gates and have Orry-Kelly show you, step-by-step, the secret of his genius, explaining his methods in his own words? Let's go!

"More than any other one thing," says Orry-Kelly, "it is vital that a designer gain the confidence of his subject before launching himself on the task of originating a new wardrobe. My own method is to suggest to the player that I design one 'sample' dress for a certain occasion—a formal tea, an ocean voyage, an elaborate dinner—whatever is agreeable to both of us. This has invariably been successful in gaining the faith, and above all, the confidence of the star.

"But I think it extremely unwise to 'force' an issue. When a star insists upon revising a design I bow to her preferences. Usually she is very gracious in admitting the error of her persistence when the dress is completed—and I am then able to revise the costume before it is seen on the screen. Thus the point is (Continued on page 90)
Marion

Presenting a new and refreshing slant on the screen's Golden Girl—an exclusive interview granted in Europe

By Henry Albert Phillips

Noted journalist now in Europe on special assignment

ALTHOUGH I had come to Nauheim especially to see Marion Davies, very formally, I came across her delightfully and most informally on my way up to her Grand Hotel. I was walking through the Kleingasse—or Very Little Street, it would be, translated. Kleingasse is one of those precious narrow alleyways that wander aimlessly off of Hauptstrasse following some cow-path of the Middle Ages, when they built up rows of pot-bellied houses that now because of the weight of centuries stagger drunkenly and threaten to topple over on one's head. Now Kleingasse is that kind of a street, with creaking signs and house-doors like barricades and everything musty and old about it—excepting Marion Davies!

I had been luxuriating in the antiquity and taken on the mood of a long by-gone age, and could scarcely believe my eyes at the sight of this blonde starry-eyed vision and the very Last Word of modern Hollywood. In
Davies' Vacation

the midst of all this crumbling age and these heavy, sedate, over-sized burgers' housewives, Marion Davies radiated youth and slenderness, vivacity and beauty.

In the first place, Marion wore baby-blue (that matched her eyes), flannel slacks, a bluish short-sleeved jumper that was also very slackish, socks and sandals, which with her crown of golden yellow hair, brightened that ancient German street. Miss Davies was quite oblivious to all this, and she wouldn't have given a damn if she had been aware of it. She was occupied in keeping Gandhi—her tiny, waddling 2-by-4 dachshund—out of mischief. For Gandhi had become rowdy American, barking at German cats and market-women, although he was still as German as a sausage in appearance.

Miss Davies and I started to walk back to her hotel, when it began to rain and we had to climb into a passing hack driven by a quaint coachman wearing a very sauer-krauty Weber-And-Fieldsian flat derby with a white band around it. A tarpaulin covering like a tent was let down through which we could peep out at passing Nauheim—its old gables, windows with flowers streaming out of them, the fountain of smelly waters with imaginary invalids going about sucking the waters from glass tubes.

Miss Davies and I had our interview in the great parlor, that might have been in an Atlantic City hotel for all its depressing modern grandeur—the "Grand Hotel" of the films to the life. Miss Davies curled up on an overstuffed sofa with Gandhi snuggled round her like a sausage.

As Hollywood's most famous hostess, Marion Davies entertained George Bernard Shaw, right, and SCREENLAND was the only magazine to tell you all about Shaw's visit. Now we give you an exclusive story about Marion's trip abroad.

On that first glimpse of blue slacks startlingly enlivening, I was afraid that I wasn't going to like Marion Davies abroad. But it took less than five minutes of Miss Davies' charming, ingenuous personality to make me change my mind. She was the same Marion who won the hearts of practically everyone she came in contact with in Filmland, with all the charm that has made her the most loved hostess in the whole of Hollywood. She snuggled on the sofa, oblivious to the pompous and chilling atmosphere, completely comfortable.

Gandhi sprang up and barked sharply at two women who went staring past us. "Oh, isn't he a love!" smiled Marion. "He doesn't look much like the real Gandhi, does he? He likes his sausage and beer too much." (Continued on page 78)
Charm under Contract
— John Boles!

Explaining the success of an actor who never hits headlines but has been causing box-office lines with every new picture.

By Leonard Hall

He has never walked into the Brown Derby on his hands.
He has had one wife and two children (actually their own) for—well, a lot of years.
He has never sued anyone, or been sued, or had a brawl in a night spot, or gotten into a jam with an extra on the make, or done anything else that rates "publicity" in a picture paper.
He wouldn't know a "morality clause" if one approached him riding a duck and leading an elephant.
And I'm not talking about my pastor. I'm speaking of Mr. John Boles, who has proved to a skeptical world that normality pays off in cash on Saturday nights—even in Hollywood, better known as Daffyland!
Do I describe a sissy, or a dullard?
I do not. I hymn a nice, charming, sensible bird who has built a very successful business of making faces and sounds for the movies, and who happens to be, by nature, a gent and a scholar.
He's a unique dodo, this handsome Boles. In the first place, he has been in Hollywood nearly eight years, and every minute under contract, first to Universal and now to Fox. This means that he has known exactly where to go every week for the jolly old pay-check.
The fact is, he dotes on a contract. He's not one of these screaming divas, so common today, who shriek that long-term contracts stifle their God-given genius. Texas Johnny goes along doing his stuff—cleverly ducking the worst scripts, and happy to knock out six or seven features a year, praying that a couple will be hits. He made seven during the past season.
As I sat across a hotel room in Manhattan from Brother Boles, a few days since, I decided that decency, peace, and normality were certainly a fine dish of berries—in his case, at least.
I have been witnessing Texas Johnny for over ten years, now—ever since the days when he was a struggling young singer in musical comedies, with a young wife, a still younger baby, a fine voice and quite a lot of hope.
Even then the kid looked too nice for rowdy-dowdy show business. I always had a feeling that some baby-faced chiseler of the chorus (Continued on page 75)

"Such a nice young man" say ladies of every age about John Boles, further described by Star Reporter Leonard Hall as "a charming, sensible bird who happens to be by nature a gent and a scholar!" Above, with Loretta Young in "The White Parade."
At Home with Miriam Hopkins!

By Laura Benham

SCREENLAND is the first to take you to visit Miriam in her new home, where you'll catch this hard-to-know girl off-guard!

Miriam Hopkins is one of the stars who don't encourage "intimate" stories. But she invited SCREENLAND's interviewer to be the first to explore her wonderful new home, of which you see the exterior view above. When the star is "settled" we'll show you the interior.

Miriam Hopkins has found her "Castle in Spain" at 13 Sutton Place, Manhattan.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has found her "Castle in Spain" at 13 Sutton Place, Manhattan. She is the first motion picture star to buy a house and establish a permanent home in New York City. And SCREENLAND is the first visitor she entertained in her new abode, which is indeed a lovely and fitting setting for Miriam's fragile, sophisticated blonde beauty and ingratiating charm.

In fact, so soon after she moved in did we accept her invitation—tendered over luncheon in the famous "Twenty-one" a few days previously—to go through her new residence that all of the curtains weren't up and several of the carpets weren't down when we arrived. Some of the chairs were just being moved into place, a few had not yet been delivered and boxes of books and lamps and china appeared every few moments, to be unpacked amid the thrilled "ohs" and "ahs" of Miss Hopkins and myself, the muted "Mah goodness, ain't they grand?" of her ebony maid, and the joyous gurgles of young Michael, the adopted son and heir of the ménage, who was an interested though uncomprehending observer of the whole proceedings.

"I'm sorry to be in such a mess," Miriam apologized in greeting, extending a firm but dirty small hand, a smudge of soot across her pert nose.

"I expected to be all settled, with everything in place, and to trail in wearing my best morning gown—quite the chatelaine of the manor, you know. But just look at me!" she grinned ruefully and pointed to her pretty but slightly soiled blue pajamas, with a rent in one sleeve.

"I've been up since eight o'clock helping unpack things—I'm too impatient to wait for people to do things for me, I must take a hand myself.

"Do you want to start at the beginning and go all through?" she added breathlessly, with the air of a small child who asks if you'd like to see everything that Santa Claus brought him for Christmas.

There was but one answer to her question, of course, so we went down to the front door, which opens off the aristocratic quiet of exclusive Sutton Place, one of New York's choice residential sections, and found ourselves in an entrance-hall, cream as to walls with a rose-covered bench and two delicate lyre- (Continued on page 77)
Here's The Crooner as few know him, “exposed” for the first time

By James M. Fidler

Bing Crosby’s Hidden Side Revealed

THE People—meaning Mankind in general—commonly think of Bing Crosby as a radio crooner and motion picture star. To them, that is sufficient.

Crosby’s acquaintances regard him a little less casually as a radio crooner and motion picture star, and as a chap who likes to swim, play golf, and fish, and who has established a record among young screen actors by papa-ing three babies within a scant two years. They consider him quite a man.

Bing’s intimates look upon him even more affectionately as a radio crooner and motion picture star; as a chap who likes to swim, play golf, and fish, and who has thrice been a father in two years, and as an indolent, good natured fellow with an abhorrence for work that sometimes approaches the point of phobia at the start of a picture. These intimates know he prefers to loaf in soft chairs and beds, except for the hours devoted to swimming, golfing, and fishing.

There is another and deeper side to Crosby; a facet that rarely reaches public disclosure. For want of more expressive words, it may be described as “down-to-earthness.” Especially may he be accurately described as a man who never forgets old friends.

I believe the closest personal friend Bing ever had was the late Eddie Lang, who played guitar accompaniments for the Crooner’s stage and radio appearances. Bing has had many friends before and after Eddie, among them Dick Arlen, Andy Devine, Dick Mook, this writer, and others. We play golf with (Continued on page 96)
Follow the Youth movement in movies! Meet Nova Pilbeam, England's leading child star, and check up on Jackie Cooper

By Tom Kennedy

ONE of Manhattan's better-known men about town, confiding to friends that he felt he was getting on in years, was asked what made him realize that. "Because," he complained, his voice betraying just a suspicion of smoldering self-pity, "all the cops are beginning to look young to me."

"Getting on," indeed! Why, if the youth movement in the movies gets any closer to the cradle, those in their upper 'teens will be old-timers, and their seniors will be entering the first stages of immortality.

Now in this no facetiousness is meant or implied. It's one thing to see these youngsters on the screen romping away with scene after scene as veteran stars strive furiously to hold their place in the sun of theatrical supremacy; and quite another to meet up, face to face, with them and realize how confidently they carry on immature shoulders the responsibilities that film producers and the public have placed upon them.

During the very month whose events are reported in this particular issue of your journal of tidings about cinema affairs, in the New York sector alone a large number of established adult stars were thrown into the publicity shade by two youngsters—a veteran of nine, with years of sustained popularity and screen achievement to his credit; and the current most widely publicized foreign actress, a girl now on her way to the ripe old age of fifteen years!

The boy whose appearance in New York was the signal for a fanfare of newspaper copy, pictures in the papers, and milling crowds of juveniles and adults, was Jackie Cooper.

The new English star in our midst was Nova Pilbeam, the girl who shot to instant screen prominence in her first picture.

Jackie's trip to New York was strictly business—he was on a personal appearance tour of some of the deluxe picture theatres.

(Continued on page 92)
Jean as I Know Her

Only her stand-in and close friend for twelve years could reveal the personal details that make this the most intimate story ever printed about Harlow.

By Barbara Brown

as told to Mary Sharon

Marino feel good you are sitting there lying about it. If you don’t like anything, stand up and say so. Don’t pretend to something you don’t feel or mean.”

She was “mad” all the way through and threw down her napkin and left the table. So did I. We had a regular quarrel about it. Finally, we made up and went back and had our dinner. I didn’t eat any corn, either!

That is how Jean is, though. She will not curry favors of anybody; and if she believes a thing is right, nothing on earth could make her change her opinion.

My mother and Mrs. Bello became friends when I was about ten years old and Jean and I were together continually for several years. Then her mother took her back to Kansas City to live with her grand-parents and I didn’t see her again until after she was married to “Chuck” McGrew.

Jean was only sixteen but she seemed years older to me because she was the mistress of a Beverly Hills mansion, with a retinue of servants, a town car, and everything, while I was still going to high school. She could go every place, too, while I couldn’t go any place. Jean and Chuck would go out in the evening to the Cocoanut Grove or some of the other smart dining and dancing places, while I had to go home and go to bed. I was only a year younger than Jean, but I felt awfully small on account of the difference in (Continued on page 70)
FROM Mae to You! Miss West’s personal selection of her latest portrait sitting, with her personal autograph—latest in SCREENLAND’s series of authentic autographed star portraits, with not a rubber-stamp among them!

I don’t often get personal, but this is personally from me to you with all that goes with it—

Which is plenty!

Mae West
It's a triumph to induce a golden grin from Garbo! Perhaps this indicates that Greta has decided to accept that new contract and remain with us.
Russell Ball

Another moody star consents to smile for SCREENLAND! Brian Aherne, now on a vacation in England, returns to Hollywood roles soon.
The prettiest close-up of the month! Claudette Colbert shares honors with Baby Jane, herself runner-upper for Shirley Temple's honors. "Imitation of Life"? It's the real thing itself!

Reunion! Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding met, screenically speaking, for the first time in "When Ladies Meet." Now they are together again in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," and don't believe Bob's expression that he isn't pleased. He's overjoyed to play opposite Miss Harding again, and if you don't believe it see the rest of the scenes from the picture at your neighborhood theatre!

Above, Baxter, box-office king, in a new rôle, that of an intrepid aviator in "Hell in the Heavens." Heavens, what a title! But with Warner as hero we're sure everything will be all right.

Two "veterans" come back in a Zane Grey romance called "Code of the West." You'll recognize Evelyn Brent, charming as ever, but would you know Jackie Coogan without Toby Wing?
"From the New Films"

"The Mighty Barnum" won't be all Beery, even though the big boy is the star. Pretty Rochelle Hudson and clever Adolphe Menjou, shown above, will contribute their charm and talents to the picture.

"Spring 3100." No, we're not calling a number, but telling you the name of the new picture with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy. If, that title turns out to be a wrong number, excuse it, please—that's Hollywood. Glad to see Nancy in her old blithe spirits; and we like George, too, having met him first with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions."

The mighty Beery as "The Mighty Barnum," his latest characterization. Costume plays are here again, and Wallace Beery, because he is such an important actor, is appearing in them, from "The Bowery" to "Treasure Island"—and now this new role of the colorful American impresario who introduced Jenny Lind and the Siamese Twins to America, and who said—now let's see, what was it Barnum said?
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl"
Don't be envious! Those two doggies Norma Shearer hugs, deserve good things. And you can't say they are not appreciative, look at their expressions in those adoring eyes. Can you identify which "Flush" played on the screen with Norma?

Love Norma? Then Love Her Perfect Pets!

Here's the glamorous Shearer with two "Flushes"—the one you saw with Norma in "Barretts of Wimpole Street," and the other "Flush," who played 602 performances on the stage with Katherine Cornell.
The Kings Are

Bill Powell's Beverly Hills Mansion realizes his idea of gracious living

Happiness ahead for Bill Powell as he surveys the progress made in the building of his self-planned home.

An exterior view of the house that Bill Powell is building, right, with Bill himself in the foreground.

And right here we couldn't resist the temptation of showing you, left, how lovely Myrna Loy looks as she plays opposite Bill Powell in their second—and by command of the fans—co-starring picture.

On the terrace level where the luxurious Powell swimming pool will be located, above, Bill looks out over the Beverly Hills terrain from the secluded spot where he is building a home according to his own tastes.

The main entrance, left, meets with the evident approval of the fastidious Bill Powell, whom you see in the center foreground, just as many a guest will find him when they drive up to visit.
in Their Castles!

Here's the Toluca Lake retreat where George Brent relaxes and entertains

George Brent and an important member of the Brent menage—Whiskey, his prize bulldog, pose for us, above.

A view of the Brent home, left, with the Master in comfortable slacks and sweater and his pal Whiskey nearby.

When cool night breezes come up off Toluca Lake, there's nothing like a bit of a glow in the fireplace, and there's George at the right standing before his own, in his commodious living-room.

Above, where George Brent plays the perfect host, the living-room of the Toluca Lake home with the star seated at the piano. One could—and George probably does—do a heap o' livin' in that room. Don't you think so?

Right, the master's bedroom, with George seen in the pleasant surroundings where all the worries about scripts, and re-takes, and pressure of strenuous studio labors are forgotten—we hope.
RAMON NOVARRO promises that it won't be long before he returns to the screen in a new musical romance, so get ready! In his new portrait here, Ramon seems keen for the event, and that combined with the fact that he'll have the beautiful Evelyn Laye as leading lady, indicates all will be swell!
JUST one look and you know why Evelyn Laye was cast to fill the requirements of the singing rôle opposite Novarro. Also, in this characteristic pose the English beauty reveals the fascinatingly glamorous qualities with which she imbued her famous stage performance in the Noel Coward play, "Bitter Sweet."
HERE'S Gloria Stuart, all ready and eager for the big opportunity some forthcoming screen rôle will surely afford her to display the gleaming Stuart personality and acting skill.
PRESENTING, in a striking portrait study, the appealing Josephine Hutchinson, whose personal triumph in her first screen rôle has won her the applause and promise of future stardom.

Lustrous Lady!

Elmer Fryer
"Sweet Adeline! My Adeline!"

Can this be love? You bet it is, and you can see the love-light in Nydia Westman's beaming eyes as her woman's intuition tells her that Ned Sparks means he's happy even if he does wear that bad news expression on his expressively blank countenance. A sample of the comedy and humor that helped to make the play a Broadway success.
Let's hark back to the good old days when whoopee was just a buggy ride at the head of a torchlight parade.

Irene Dunne and her new leading man, Donald Woods, above, as you will see them in their first picture together and which affords plenty of romance.

Louis Calhern is the gallant, and Irene Dunne the vision in frills shown in the picture above, which tells its own story about the sweet-scented romance which will serve as a vehicle for the vocal attainments, histrionics and charm of the star.

When love bloomed under the gas-light and the tall millinery! Right, Winifred Shaw and Hugh Herbert lend their comedy talents to the auspicious occasion. Hugh can be funny even without a hat like that — so you can imagine!
Loretta Leads the Parade

OF PROMISING younger stars—and also "The White Parade," her big new picture. The story about her on the page opposite is the best interview, we believe, she has ever given.
7 Years in a Gilded Cage!

And still Loretta Young is willing to sacrifice even love for major stardom

By Ben Maddox

I WANT you to come behind the scenes with me and look at Loretta Young's extraordinary life as IT HAS REALLY BEEN!

She has never before accurately revealed it. Today she is famous—and heartbroken for the third time. Now she is a woman who has been through much, and she is only twenty-one!

No other girl has ever had quite the same hectic experiences. Hers has been the life the average girl dreams of having. At fourteen a miraculous bit of luck favored her. With bewildering, Aladdin-like rapidity she became a leading lady in pictures. And the seven most impressionable years of her life have been spent as a Hollywood celebrity.

She escaped the commonplace and, a perpetual vision of charm, has tasted of Excitement, Fame, Fine Possessions, and—Love.

She quit the sheltered walls of a convent, in which she had been a day pupil ever since she had been old enough to go to school, to substitute for an older sister in a sequence of a Colleen Moore film. So instantly noticeable was her appeal that she was never allowed to return to a classroom. Within a rapid few months she was assigned to leading roles. And that was the beginning of Loretta's fantastic "dream" existence.

As a movie heroine she stepped, at fourteen, into maturity. She smiled and wept, enacted ardent love scenes and went through the mill of adult emotion for the cameras. Big-shot directors, delighted with the native fire they detected, put her through the gamut of drama. She has been trained and groomed and molded into an excellent actress and from the very first she has had that intangible warmth which has distinguished her from the crowd.

Off the screen her life has been equally enviable. At fourteen when the average girl is starting to high school, Loretta had a tutor and, instead of cramming algebra and kindred dry lessons, she was instructed in the things which had a direct bearing on her profession. She made personal appearances at glittery premieres in lieu of attending proms.

What girl hasn't longed for such a life? To be vibrantly (Continued on page 72)

Life began at fourteen for Loretta. At twenty-one she says, "I'm not sorry I had no 'student prince' days!" as she looks back across the crowded years and reveals here for the first time what Hollywood celebrity has really meant to her.
Talents Revealed

Here's what palmistry finds about character in the hands of Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy. Study your child's and see how they compare from the very beginning, as well as their faults and health tendencies, and with this knowledge as a basis, their success can be actually built.

I am going to tell you here of the findings of palmistry concerning the talents of Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy, and indicate briefly how authentic palmistry can be utilized in determining the best plan of training for these children. Look at your children's hands and see how they compare.

I walked into a very comfortable and home-like room in one of the buildings on the Paramount lot to keep my appointment with Baby LeRoy. His mother and his manager were waiting for me; the baby was hiding behind a chair. Someone called "Baby LeRoy, where are you, where are you?" and the child's merry laughter answered. We could see his blond hair and his bright excited eyes as he clung with his little fists to the back of the chair, but we looked under the desk and into the bookcase and up to the ceiling before we caught the delighted child with exclamations of "Oh, here you are,

Much speculation goes on as to "what will become of our talented children." Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy are two of the interesting youngsters most in the spotlight at the present time. We wonder, will Shirley Temple give us another Mary Pickford, an Ann Harding, or perhaps a Mae West? Will Baby LeRoy develop into someone like Clark Gable, Fredric March, or even Eddie Cantor? On the other hand—do we become enchanted by the baby charm and brightness these two youngsters exhibit, and will they be forgotten fifteen years from now?

It is not generally realized how early a child's hands from a palmistic standpoint, will show character and talents. With correct analysis of children's hands, much can be done in the way of understanding their abilities

Shirley Temple was an interested subject when Julienne, famous palmist, read the lines of her hand, and you'll be interested in what the palmist says about it too!

Shirley Temple's hand-prints, above, reveal two arresting things, says Julienne. One is that the second finger is unusually dominant—a sign of thought, curiosity and philosophic trend of mind. The second, the prominence of the Mount right below the thumb, a sign of personality on any hand. Note also the length of Shirley's fingers in proportion to the length of her palms. This gives the celebrated child star her extraordinary love of detail in connection with her talents—and accounts for her physical attractiveness.

Shirley Temple tried to interest him in her "lesson work," but Baby LeRoy had eyes only for Shirley.

Note the thumb of Shirley Temple's hand, below, and you'll see how short and rather stubby this thumb is. This gives the impression of being the kind of child who doesn't always listen to her mother or father, but prefers to go her own way. That's a very common trait in hand-prints.
Your Child's Hands!

By Julienne
Palmist who reads the most famous hands in Hollywood

"Handmindedness" is indicated in the prints above of Baby LeRoy. Are your child's hands like his in any detail? The fingers are strongly and squarely built, and have little cushions at the tips, the latter indicating ability to excel in using the hands, in either technical or artistic work. Note the difference in the life lines in Baby LeRoy's and Shirley's hands. Shirley's describes a semi-circle around the base of the thumb, while Baby's life-line goes directly across the hand. Read the accompanying article for diagnosis of these palms.

we thought we would never find you!"

His manager, Miss Rachel Havworth Smith, a slender, attractive woman, took him in her arms and directed his attention to me as I prepared to read his hands. He sat quietly in her lap—(about what other male film star could this be written?)—and submitted to being handprinted with remarkably little trouble, even becoming interested in the process as it neared its close. When the time came for me to read his hands, Baby LeRoy could see no more reason to keep holding them out, palms upward, than any other infant would, yet it was enough for Miss Smith to hold out her hands to me to get the baby to smile and do likewise. The whole affair getting beyond his comprehension, he remained big-eyed and thoughtful throughout his reading.

Looking at his hands I saw very clear evidence of his character and his vocational abilities. Are your child's hands like his in any detail? His fingers are strongly and squarely built, and have little cushions at the tips which indicate "handmindedness." In other words, Baby LeRoy will excel in using his hands, and will easily learn such varying manual feats as playing musical instruments, doing mechanical and also artistic work. This combination of technical and artistic skill, together with indications in other parts of his hands which suit him for medical work, shows that he could easily become a successful surgeon. His mother was delighted when I mentioned surgery. "That is what I have always hoped for him," she confessed.

The question then arises as to whether the talent shown by Baby LeRoy's fingers will take him from screen work to surgery, or even to another occupation which combines something of the technical. His early start on a dramatic career may well prevent this, since he has a love of glamorous living, natural to those of his type. (Continued on page 76)
SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures
By Delight Evans

What Every Woman Knows M-G-M

This is every woman's picture! But men are going to like it in spite of themselves. They won't be able to resist Helen Hayes as Maggie Shand for more than half a reel. Sir James M. Barrie's play might have been written especially for Miss Hayes; it wasn't, but she makes it her very own with the finest performance she has so far given the screen. Of course, every woman knows that she loves a motion picture in which the humdrum of everyday is transmuted into romance by the magic of Hollywood. Here is such a picture. It's the simple story of a smart girl who took a promising man in hand, and, although he never guessed it until it was almost too late, managed his career and his home with brilliant understanding—and finally made him like it. Brian Aherne as John Shand will win every woman in the audience as surely as he won Maggie and—oh, yes—Lady Sybil. You see, in spite of its gentle feminism "What Every Woman Knows" is far from dull, with a Lady Sybil in it. If you miss "What Every Woman Knows" you'll be walking right away from the most refreshing entertainment Hollywood has to offer, with Miss Hayes and Mr. Aherne at their finest, and an excellent cast.

Lady By Choice Columbia

All right, you picked "Lady for a Day" as your screen sweetheart, and you couldn't forget her no matter how many other movie women came into your life. Now, at last, she has a rival, for Columbia comes through with that practically unheard of rarity, a follow-up film with the same star that is better than the original! May Robson in "Lady by Choice" eclipses her own "Lady for a Day"—and is that an achievement! In no sense a sequel, the brand-new Robson triumph takes up the adventures of a Broadway "lady," Miss Robson, who once picked the wrong path to follow and is going downhill as fast as possible when she is "adopted" as a mother by a fan-dancer. Ah, you're interested—I thought so! For once a celluloid reformation is more amusing than a cinema degradation, and May Robson, as she takes in hand the gorgeous Carole Lombard and proceeds to manage and "mother" her, is a character you'll love. There is real heart-appeal in the trials and tribulations of the lovely Lombard as she is pursued by crooked managers and a rich young man and a very just judge. It's Carole's best performance by far. Roger Pryor and Walter Connolly are excellent. A sparkling show for everybody!

 Kid Millions United Artists

The funniest film Eddie Cantor has ever made! And the cleverest—for the boy with the banjo eyes has been so smart as to surround himself with priceless talent, including the mellow-voiced Ethel Merman, the super-silly Ethel Sully, the beautiful Ann Sothern, the hatchet-faced Warren Hymer, and assorted beauties in black, in white, and in natural color. "Kid Millions" is a large and lavish and richly satisfying show. It has speed, dash, amusing musical numbers, never too long, in which the girls are revealed as girls instead of disguised as flowers or chandeliers; and has just enough Cantor for a change, rather than too much, thereby winning back a whole army of Eddie enthusiasts who were beginning to feel a slight satiety. This time the exuberant comic is presented as the innocent heir to $77,000,000, of which Miss Merman, Mr. Hymer, and quite a few others hope to get at least $76,999,999; and Eddie has narrow escapes from death and worse. High spots are Ethel Merman's opening song, which she puts over with unparalleled zest; the Mandel number—"by the entire company;" and the "Ice-Cream" finale, in lovely color and spirit. It's grand entertainment for the family.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Our Daily Bread
United Artists

You serious cinema addicts who gaze in awe at the arty movies—they had better not look this! It has, to my mind, as much “art” as anything the Soviets have sent us, with the extra inducement of purely American sympathy and understanding. “Our Daily Bread” is a powerful and moving cinema exhibit, with few concessions to commercialism, and I believe it will warm your heart. Highly idealistic, some people are calling it; but surely its sincerity cannot be questioned, nor its deeply dignified presentation of the problem of unemployment. Briefly, the story concerns an average young man and his devoted wife, who turn in despair from the city to the land in their struggle for existence. The young man becomes the leader of a splendid co-operative group of people beaten down by the depression, who, toil courageously in the community spirit to wrest a living from the soil. Their fight against the drought provides the thrilling climax, which will have you cheering. Tom Keene and Karen Morley head the very able cast. Vidor has given us a picture transcending mere entertainment, although it is that, too. “Our Daily Bread” reflects America today, and deserves to live. See it.

The Merry Widow
M-G-M

If you were thinking that The Merry Widow was just a voice in the past, you’ll be obliged to change your mind when you meet her again as presented by Ernst Lubitsch, enhanced by a magnificent setting, wearing lovelier gowns, by Adrian this time, and assuredly winning her best beau in the person of Maurice Chevalier. Now that The Merry Widow has turned into the young, the beautiful, and the sweet-voiced Jeanette MacDonald, you’re going to love her. Same songs, but sung with a new verve; same story, of the charming and wealthy widow who wants to be sure she is adored for herself and not for her money; same dancing Danilo, but with a difference as played by Chevalier, who will captivate you all over again in his best role since “The Love Parade.” Lubitsch is in his most sprightly mood, molding scenes and situations that will set you to chuckling at their sly implications, but always preserving the gay good taste that invariably distinguishes the great director’s pictures. Besides the gorgeous Jeanette and the irresistible Maurice you will enjoy Edward Horton, Una Merkel, and George Barbier, flawless in their parts. “The Merry Widow” will charm you. It is superlative.

The Gay Divorcee
RKO-Radio

In a month of superlative movies, this picture stands out for smoothness, for speed, and for the sort of sophistication that Hollywood sometimes has trouble in attaining. I think we may be grateful to the star, Fred Astaire, for preserving just the right esprit, savoir faire, and general bonhomie—wheee—that make “The Gay Divorcee” unique among musical romances. Yes, this is Astaire Month as far as I’m concerned, and I’m very much concerned in the rise of a personality as ingratiating as Fred’s. He has starred for record runs of this play on the stage, so that he brings to the faithful film version the most superb insouciance I’ve ever seen—see how his elegance affects me? As the irresistible suitor to pretty Ginger Rogers, Astaire dances, carols, and clowns his way through the picture, which is replete with hilarious complications involving divorce co-respondents, added aunts, Eddie Horton, never better, and the funniest butler ever screened. “Night and Day” and “The Continental” are marvellous numbers, with Astaire for grace and Ginger for the Hollywood touch of beauty. Don’t miss “The Gay Divorcee” please! See our Honor Page—further persuasion!

Peck’s Bad Boy
Fox

Here’s a picture to amuse young and old alike! When I say it’s the family picture of the month I don’t want to imply that it isn’t fun for all, because it is—not only grandpappy but Junior will like it, and as for the girls—well, if they aren’t won by Thomas Meighan as The Boy’s nice father they will not be able to resist Jackie Cooper, the kid himself. It’s Jackie’s movie holiday, and he makes the most of it. One of the finest actors of any age on stage or screen, he has a role here that is probably his best, as the devoted son of Meighan whose life is rudely interrupted by the arrival in the peaceful household of an interfering aunt and a perfectly deadly cousin, played by Jackie Searl. Jackie’s heart breaks in a million bits when the officious relatives let him know that he is not the real son of his beloved dad, but only adopted. How this boy will wring your heart right here! But the most touching scene of all is that in which Meighan tells Jackie that he couldn’t be dearer to him if he were indeed his own flesh and blood—if you’ve mastered your emotions so far, you’ll have to go all to pieces then! It’s a triumph for Jackie. And it’s a heart-warming come-back for your old friend, Thomas Meighan.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Kings have their troubles. And kings' fools, too. Rich men, poor men, beggars, and thieves have their difficulties. Nobody is immune; nobody lives a perfect existence.

Audiences who attend motion picture theatres have their share of worldly woes; they go to the movies momentarily to forget their troubles. And practically every member of every audience, gazing screenward, sighs for the peaceful life which they believe is enjoyed by the stars whose shadowed selves cavort before their eyes. Let's eaves-drop on a young couple sitting in the back row of the Gem Theater in Anytown, Somestate:

"Look at her, Hank; isn't she grand? Greta Garbo, I mean. What a life those stars live! I read somewhere that Garbo makes a million dollars a year!"

"Yes—pretty soft for the film stars. Must be sorta like Heaven, out in Hollywood."

Presto! Now we're in Hollywood! Imaginative travel
“Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods that be  
For my unconquerable soul.

“It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.”  

William Ernest Henley

But what screen star can truthfully say, “I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul?”

is much speedier than mechanical transportation. A second ago we were in a theatre in Anytown; now we’re in Hollywood. While we are here, let’s look into this so-called “nothing to worry about” existence of the actors and actresses.

Hey! What is all that groaning and moaning noise? Greta Garbo, you say. And you also say that she wants to leave Hollywood and go to her estate in Sweden, there to live the remainder of her life in solitude.

Why does she want to do that? Oh, because she is really a hermit at heart, eh? Then it’s no pose—her dread of crowds, her running away from small children who seek autographs, her entering and leaving the studio through a private, hidden gate. She really is a recluse.

Well, why doesn’t she go and live on her estate in Sweden? Nobody’s holding her. Ahhh, so that is why she doesn’t go! It costs much money to maintain an estate. So Garbo remains in Hollywood to accumulate the money to support herself in the grand hermitess style to which she would like to become accustomed.

I encountered Joan Crawford one recent day staring dismally into a store window decorated with chocolate candies. The display was most intriguing; my own mouth watered at sight of the inviting picture of bonbons, chocolate fruits and nuts, and other goodies.

“Hungry for some?” I asked.

“I could eat that window full!” Joan answered. “I’m dying for the taste of a chocolate caramel!”

“Well, I had no idea you were on the verge of bankruptcy,” I said, “but inasmuch as you are standing there like a Christmas urchin with his nose pressed against a toy-store window, I don’t see how I can refrain from buying you a box.”

She turned a suddenly alarmed face.

“Don’t you dare!” she cried. “One taste of candy, and I would give way to temptation (Continued on page 74)
Hollywood’s Most Versatile Director

You’ll realize why Hollywood gave W. S. Van Dyke that title when you read this unusual story

By Whitney Williams

From Equatorial Africa to the Arctic, W. S. Van Dyke has traveled in search of the drama he has brought to the screen. Right, you see him directing a scene for "Eskimo."

Left, W. S. Van Dyke and Raquel Torres in Tahiti, where he filmed "White Shadows of the South Seas."

Lower left, making the film in which Van Dyke gave new evidence of versatility—"The Thin Man."

TWO men stood conversing in low tones, at a Hollywood party. The hostess approached, heading a number of newcomers, and with a note of pride in her voice, announced impressively to her little brood, “May I have the honor of presenting His Majesty, the Sultan of Jahore—and Col. W. S. Van Dyke.”

“Oh,” chorused three of the ladies, while several more peered intently at the tall, rangy figure, “The Thin Man. We just loved it, Colonel Van Dyke!”

The director of that production, while the Sultan looked on in amusement, flushed a dull maroon. In all his adventurous life this moment was his most embarrassing. Not because his work had found praise, or because he was the center of attraction—an old story, these, for him—but because, in the presence of this visiting monarch, he had been singled out by the group on which to lavish their attentions, while the ruler whose word in his particular corner of Asia is law was completely ignored.

This little anecdote may give you an insight into the true character of Col. W. S. Van Dyke, who considers his achievements on the screen, and safaris into the unknown, in the light of every-day toil. Self-effacing in regard to the pictures he makes and the results scored, you can readily understand his uncomfortable feelings as he listened to the remarks directed to him—while beside him passed unnoticed one of the best-known figures of the Orient, to whom a state reception would be extended in any court in the world.

A man of accomplishment, who has been everywhere and seen everything in all climes, whose list of honors (accorded him all over the world) can scarcely be printed in fine type on a single sheet of paper, Van Dyke is known in Hollywood as the most versatile director in motion pictures.

With his fine hand at the directorial helm, small chance exists that the production will fail to score a bull’s-eye at the box-office. Melodrama, adventure (Continued on page 71)
George Raft loves life but "death" carried him to fame in "Scarface." The best Raft story you've ever read!

By Maude Cheatham

CRASHED the movies by dying!

George Raft leaned back in his chair and looked at me with his inscrutable eyes. "That's really very funny because living is so sweet to me. I had been in several pictures but hadn't clicked so you'd notice it. Then, I was given that rôle with Paul Muni in 'Scarface.' That death scene—that's what put me across. If I hadn't played that part there is no telling where I'd be today. Not in pictures, that's a cinch.

"To this minute I don't know how I did it. It wasn't acting because I didn't know much about acting. But before we went into the scene I slipped off by myself and thought over my narrow escapes, visualizing my reactions when I thought I was facing death; and it became the real thing to me. Muni was a swell guy; he helped me a lot by keeping me in the mood. It was his suggestion that I hit the door as I went down and that was a good point.

"Afraid of death? Who, me? Not a bit! But understand, I'm not getting into its path. I'll side-step it as long as I can, but I'm a fatalist in believing that when our time comes there isn't much we can do about it.

"Getting mixed up with the Grim Reaper didn't stop with 'Scarface.' I've checked out in several films. In fact, I seldom win the girl and hear wedding bells, for I usually croak and the other fellow gets her. Now, dying has become just another day's work with me. I expect when my own time comes I'll still think it's a scene to be put across and want to go right on rehearsing until the director says O.K."

As George talked I watched him. Dapper in (Continued on page 73)
Want to be sophisticated and still stay pretty? Be glamor-guided by Joan Bennett, often called the prettiest girl in Hollywood, who knows the secret of smartness without sacrifice of adorable feminine appeal.

Hollywood's most delicate blonde beauty is at her best in the afternoon dress shown above, of brown and gold-shot velvet, with a revere that falls becomingly from shoulder to waist. Joan's sables add the note of elegance.

It's a "suit winter" for Miss Bennett! Left, she shows you her three-piece suit of brushed wool, rust-colored, belted Hussar-fashion. But speaking of suits, here's Joan's pet! Right, see the striped velvet blouse in red and black, enlivening the black velvet of skirt and coat?
A close-up of Joan's favorite afternoon hat, almost a "gob" effect, in waffle-design velvet.

Joan Bennett in her favorite new evening gown, below, shows what Webster meant when he defined "pretty" as "pleasing by delicacy or grace; elegant without grandeur." Color, absinthe-green; fabric, ninette crepe; cape, glycerined ostrich, also in absinthe-green. Effect: marvelous!

Wine-red velvet for a beautiful blonde! Left, Joan's "second-best" evening gown, with the front of the bodice unusually fashioned into a bow, which forms a wide shoulder effect.

If you're the "cuddly" type, yet long to wear a hostess gown, note Joan's charming compromise, right, fashioned to give height and dignity. Sleeves are shirred at shoulders and fastened tightly at wrists for a full, bell effect.

Pert yet pretty—that's Joan Bennett's charm secret. The hat above, brown felt with feathers, illustrates.
That Hollywood Figure

How to attain it! James Davies gives you valuable exercises to perfect precious contours

Toby Wing has one of the most exquisite figures in all Hollywood. True, Toby was blessed with beauty to begin with; but she keeps lithe and lovely with exercise. Here Toby shows you how daily Jim Davies' "upside down" exercise can be performed.

This month I'm addressing myself chiefly to the advanced class of girls who are seeking better figures.

We are going into a series of extremely difficult exercises. Those of you who have been following my course for the past seven months—following it faithfully so that you are able to go through the routines with ease and despatch—will be able to tackle the new ones I am about to outline.

I would say to beginners—don't attempt these until you have mastered simpler routines and your body is in good physical trim. I mean this warning and you must heed it; these arduous exercises might do harm to your inner organs if undertaken otherwise.

I know you are impatient, but I am right about this. Remember, even those of you who are ready for the new exercises, you must go at them slowly and carefully at first. Don't overdo. Go easy. But don't give up because it hurts. It's going to hurt at first, of course it is. Every exercise hurts in the beginning because your muscles are naturally lazy and they don't want to work unless you make them, so they put in their protest, hoping to discourage you. If you are weak, you'll give in to them. But don't be weak! Stick with us and acquire the perfect body. Use your will power!

I'm calling these new exercises the "Upside-Down Sit-Ups." The first three given are especially for the abdomen. So many of you write me complaining of "football stomachs," or "protuberances in front that are driving us crazy," of being unable to wear nice clothes because of bulges below the waistline. There is the way to eliminate the offending bulges about the middle.

Put one end of a six-foot board against the wall, so elevated that the surface of the board is on a decided slant. You may be able to slant a six-foot table so that you can do these exercises. But what we want is something resembling an old-fashioned cellar door—the kind you used to slide down at Grandma's when you were a kid.

If you can't do better, you can approximate the idea by wedging a chair firmly against a wall, with a high cushion below the seat (cushion on the floor and your seat, not the chair's).

Lie down on the board with your feet elevated as far as the top of the board permits. If you are using a chair, put your feet up on the chair and the cushion under your hips, your head, of course, resting on the floor.

1. Lie flat on back with arms stretched up over the head. Sit up and touch the toes with the hands—both hands together.

2. Lie flat on back with hands clasped underneath your head. Come up as far as you can go, and back again.

3. Lie flat on back as in 1, arms over head; using just the right hand sit up and touch right foot, with that hand. Again, using left hand, touch left foot. Then, touch right foot with left hand, and left foot with right hand.

You think this sounds simple, but try it.

Still using your slanted board, or substitute:

1. Lying flat as before, grasp edges of board with both hands and lift both legs over the head, touching
"The upside-down sit-up!" There's a name for you—and a fine exercise, too, which Mr. Davies suggests to help you attain a grand figure. The three pictures on this page show James Davies and Miss Toby Wing illustrating. For details read the accompanying article.

Write to James Davies for advice about your own personal problems of diet and weight. Mr. Davies' valuable articles are to be found only in SCREENLAND, and only in this magazine he will answer your questions. He's too busy to answer you by mail, but will select representative letters for attention every month—this month's answers will be found on Page 82. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

the floor with the toes. Back to the original position.

2. Lying flat on board as before, grasp edges of board with both hands, swing legs over head, touching floor to left, then to right, and back to position.

The following are exercises for reducing the hips that can be used in addition to those I have given you in previous articles:

1. Tie a rope to something steady—the stove, steel banisters, a heavy door-knob. Lie down on the floor with your head toward the rope, stretch the arms back and grasp rope with both hands, high enough so that you can lift your shoulders from the floor with its aid. Raise shoulders and feet from the floor and roll on hips, keeping steady with the aid of the rope. First roll three to rest and five and rest. Then do it regularly every day.

I wish I could give each one of you a massage and routine of exercises and start you on the road to a perfect figure, but I feel sure that if you will consistently follow the clear instructions contained in these articles, your figure will show results in a reasonable time.

With the girls here at the studio, six weeks is plenty of time to show positive results. After two months I usually cut out all massage, or at the most give one a week, and let them rely on exercise.

For the past six weeks, I have been working on two girls in the studio. Let me give you a comparison of their measurements:

When they came to me: (Continued on page 81)

Non-Fattening Daily Menus

For Breakfast: Fruit and Cereal, 1 Orange or apple or ½ Grapefruit or Prunes. Small dish of Whole Wheat Cereal with thin milk and no sugar. Or Shredded Wheat with thin milk and no sugar.

MONDAY
Lunchbox: Poached egg on toast, beef salad and baked apple.
Dinner: 1 Lamb chop, carrots and peas, stewed rhubarb, 1 slice brown bread (no butter).

TUESDAY
Lunchbox: Sliced oysters, tomato salad, sliced pineapple
Dinner: Lean beefsteak, asparagus on toast, peaches

WEDNESDAY
Lunchbox: Tuna fish salad, spinach, apple sauce.
Dinner: Veal stew with carrots, boiled onions, beans, gelatin dessert.

THURSDAY
Lunchbox: Sweetbreads, apple and raisin salad, string beans.
Dinner: Mushroom omelet, salad with tomato gelatin containing shredded lamb or veal, peas, carrots, berries.

FRIDAY
Lunchbox: Tongue and lettuce sandwich with brown bread, sliced peas.
Dinner: Baked fish, 1 medium-sized potato, boiled cabbage, sliced orange.

SATURDAY
Lunchbox: Scrambled egg on toast, lettuce and tomato salad, sliced peach.
Dinner: Roast meat (lean), cauliflower, or brussels sprouts, baked apple.

SUNDAY
Lunchbox: 1 glass buttermilk, cottage cheese, 1 slice brown bread and butter, baked apple or stewed prunes.
Dinner: 3 ounces soup and 2 soda crackers, boiled chicken, spinach, sliced tomato and lettuce salad, stewed or baked fruit.
Merry Christmas Everybody!

Baby LeRoy fits in a Christmas wreath like a plum in a pudding. What do you suppose Santa will bring him?

Here is just the thing for that important extra gift, Max Factor's lipstick and compact. It wins smiles of delight and approval wherever it appears.

You'll take three? I knew you would! A hat box manicure kit is something to give and give and give. Dorothy Gray makes this one in red, in black, and in a lovely blue.

The beauty and fragrance of a water lily have been captured in a perfume. By Helena Rubinstein, of course. And it's enchanting! The shining black bottle is a joy to behold.

There's happiness ahead for the girl who finds this in her stocking. Lentheric's evening bag will set her eyes shining. Perfume, lipstick, compact mirror and purse are included.

This smart perfume, Bourjois' Evening in Paris, travels with its own atomizer. A sweet trick that, and no pun intended! It gives both an exciting fragrance and desirable convenience.

Going places? Then "The Traveler," new beauty kit from Daggett and Ramsdell, will be a necessary companion. It has everything: rouge, lipstick, creams and lotions.
Same to You Old Man!

Here are some of the presents Santa will bring YOU, maybe. Leaving SCREENLAND open to this page has proven helpful to hundreds of girls. Santa just loves to take a hint!

An orchid to you! Let him know that the orchid package of Mello-Glo facial-tone powder and perfume will make you the happiest girl! A gift any man is proud to present.

You think you'll take one of these, do you? That shows your faultless taste. An evening bag from Elizabeth Arden is something to gladden your heart—my heart—anybody's heart!

What man wouldn't be pleased with this set of tie clasp and collar pin from Hickok! And after he has lifted them out he finds he has a grand ash tray in addition.

A present with a sweet future ahead! Coty's new perfume of glamor, A Suma, brings the tropics into your life. And not only that, it brings romance and excitement with it.

Which will you have, beauty or a smoke? A little of both, please! This trick Hudnut vanity solves the problem. Powder, rouge, and cigarettes all in one case.

A beauty set that is a beauty! Yardley makes a number of them and this one you'll choose on the spot. Give beauty for Christmas and you're sure to give pleasure as well.
Trouble-makers! That’s what Joan Crawford calls them, and she called so loudly that she made herself heard.

Joan’s anger was aroused when she learned that she and her new director had supposedly quarrelled because Joan wanted her phonograph on the set, and W. S. Van Dyke refused to allow it. “He did no such thing,” Joan said. “He never even mentioned not wanting any phonograph around. Furthermore, if he had told me he preferred that I not have it, I would have obeyed his wishes.”

Another rumored near-war is averted!

Jimmy Cagney’s new yacht practically pays its own upkeep. Shortly after Cagney bought the boat, he was sent to San Diego on location. He used the yacht to travel in, and charged it to the studio. Furthermore, Cagney headquartered on the boat throughout his San Diego stay—and the studio paid him regular hotel rates!

One of Screenland’s big close-ups goes to Katharine Hepburn this month, because:

When a group of set-workers and electricians engaged on Kitty’s picture were talking of “chipping in” to buy a small radio, she overheard them. A few minutes later, Miss Hepburn’s maid presented the “gang” with the star’s check for the amount needed.

Don’t duck! Dorothy Dare wouldn’t think of throwing that snowball at you. It’s just a pose—nice, too, saying “compliments of the season!”

Going places! Yep, professionally and physically, Brian Aherne is on the move. Above, arriving in New York enroute to a London visit.

Cupid’s report: All’s riot on the Western front.

Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr have quarrelled, after many months of cooing. It may be adjusted, of course.

June Knight and Paul Ames had a sad parting when she left for London, and Dan Cupid hears that he may follow her abroad.

The triangle that has for its respective corners Joan Harlow, William Powell, and Carole Lombard, (note that the man is
While in Europe Kay Francis denied she would marry Chevalier, and here she is back and not married. So there—for the rumor committee.

between the two ladies), continues to intrigue Hollywood. Bill is seen very often with both ladies, (separately, of course), but nothing serious seems about to take place. Making this triangle the more interesting is the fact that Carole and Jean waste no love on each other. Powell banked Miss Lombard's dressing-room with flowers on her birthday—but that same evening he presented Miss Harlow with an orchid corsage THAT LARGE!

The height of nervousness has been discovered, much to George Raft's chagrin. This great discovery took place at a Hollywood beer garden, where Raft was present with some friends. A fan of the gentler sex approached George to ask for an autograph. In her excitement, she brought her mug of beer with her to Raft's table. While George was signing her autograph book, the girl became so excited that she bumped her elbow against the actor's shoulder. The bump caused her to spill her full glass of beer over Raft's head.

By the time you read this, Andy Devine's baby will have been born. Here's hoping it is a boy, because just a few hours before this item was written, Andy said, "It had better be a boy, because we've got the name all picked out. If it's a girl, she'll have to go nameless."

Here is a novelty indeed—a star who is never allowed to see motion pictures. This unlucky person is Shirley Temple. The reason Shirley isn't permitted to see pictures is that her parents and managers fear it would spoil her naturalness on the screen. Particular care is exercised never to let Little Miss Temple see herself on the screen, for fear she would become conscious of her acting.

An author meets an inveterate book worm. Above, Hugh Walpole, British novelist, and Jean Hersholt were congenial companions in a harmonious environment when they chatted and looked over rare volumes in the screen actor's library.

Trust Jean Parker to get into the spirit of the thing—a screen role, or a season, what difference? Jean, you can ski in our yard any day!
Ricardo Cortez and Al Jolson are still "at war." When "Rick" was asked if he would like to take part in "Café de Parée" with Jolson, he merely lifted an eyebrow with an expression of utter scorn. He won't, he says, be in the picture.

And then when Jolson heard of the episode, he strangely repeated Cortez's words: "He won't," said Al, meaning by the designation he—Cortez, "be in the picture!"

Florence Rice, actress and daughter of Grantland Rice, the sports authority, has a tennis racket given to her by Fred Perry, British and American champion. . . . Joel McCrea is transforming his 1000-acre ranch into a spot typical of Early California. . . . Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's divorced husband, crosses the continent twice annually to visit their little daughter. . . . Ginger Rogers has turned writer, a la Jean Harlow, Elissa Landi, et al; Ginger has written a play called "Three To Go". . . . Bing Crosby sent out 6500 fan photographs in thirty days—an all-time high. . . . Joan Crawford has had her jewelry copied, and she wears the replicas; too many hold-ups is her reason. . . . Edmund Lowe gifted all of the Lilian Tashman's (Mrs. Lowe) clothes to the Assistance League of Hollywood.

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London lassies cheer the Tarzan team! Johnny Weissmuller and his Lupe wave to greeters in England, where Miss Velez will do a picture.

Meet David! Freddie Bartholomew, aged ten, who won the coveted role of Copperfield as a youth, in the film version of Dickens' novel.

Janet Gaynor made a leisurely, two-week automobile tour on her return to Hollywood from her Wisconsin vacation. . . . Dick Powell lost ten pounds on his personal appearance tour. . . . Joel McCrea swims a mile and a half every day at Malibu, summer and winter. . . . A magazine salesman waited in the lobby of Mae West's apartment for two weeks to sell Mae a subscription, then got cold feet when she appeared and didn't talk to her. . . . Dick Arlen says: "I heard a radio singer announce that a certain song haunted him; it should be murdered it!" . . . Stuart Erwin, ping-pong fanatic, invented a folding table which he takes on location.

Steffi Duna, Hungarian actress and reported engaged to Francis Lederer, is taking out naturalization papers. But Lederer is not doing the same. If he and Steffi wed, she again becomes a European citizen, despite her American papers.

Anna Sten is seeing America, while on a tour for the purpose of letting America see her. Above, the vibrant Russian star takes a look at Boulder Dam, and hears the staggering statistics about its construction from B. B. Gaha, engineer.
Looking behind the dials to see the stars you like to hear on the air

Night after night large numbers of radio's "great unseen audience" have a way of becoming decidedly visible. Indeed, they can be observed, "in the flesh," by radio stars who work before microphones in capacious studios accommodating all the way from fifty to fifteen hundred spectators.

Just how many people attend these broadcasts, or what percentage finds any real amusement in the experience, I wouldn't know. But as far as concerns radio itself, and the entertainment it is designed to afford, it's a question if the fans gain anything more than satisfaction of mere curiosity over the mechanics of the business by looking on at performances that are contrived solely to be listened to.

Far be it from this corner to insinuate that radio fans should deliberately shun an opportunity to see a broadcast. But at the same time no tears will be shed in this quarter over the alleged plight of some enthusiast who is just curious to see a broadcast but can't because there is no important studio in that neck of the woods. It just doesn't seem that future enjoyment of programs can be enhanced for the fan merely by having the curiosity over the mechanics satisfied.

If you would like to know, along about here, what brought this up, blame Phil Baker. You can do that with an easy conscience for two reasons. In the first place Baker brought this to mind in a talk I had with him during one of his rehearsals and later at a broadcast at which I was a spectator; and in the second place Baker must be used to abuse by this time—what with his stooge "Beetle" around all the time!

"To anybody with my background, that is the stage." Phil said, "working without an audience in the studio would be pretty tough, especially for a comedian. But there's a fly in the ointment. The radio audience naturally wants to know how the wheels go round, and they are not out to be entertained like the audience that goes into a theatre, settles back in the chairs and is ready to be amused.

"Why, I have seen somebody, right at the top of some comedy gag, look around toward the back of the studio to see what was going on in the control-room. Boy, what a feeling that gives you when your gag is being delivered and others in the audience follow the gaze of the first person who suddenly decides to look around!"

If that isn't enough to slay any comedian, send him into a panic, you will have to think up something to top it—I can't, and I doubt if Baker or any other stage comedian can.

Later, at his Friday night broadcast, I did not see anybody do exactly that. But I did see that Phil Baker was working under a tension until the actual show started, and even then, while (Continued on page 80)
Jean As I Know Her

Continued from page 34

our privileges. Jean would go places and then, next day, tell me all about her good times. She was just like an older sister to me. Later, when "Chuck" and Jean were divorced, she began working in pictures. She told me it was just for fun, but I believed from the very first that some day she would be a star.

"Chuck" never told her that when I had finished school I would be her secretary, but she never took her work seriously, until after she joined the M-G-M and her fan mail began to pour in. Before this, her work had been only something to occupy her time. After "Hell's Angels," she woke up to what was coming.

She used to bring her letters over and I would help her answer them. They came in by the hundreds and it was a real job. My father had become ill about this time and our finances began to dwindle, but mother would not hear of me taking up any kind of work. Finally, Jean won her over to the idea of working for her. She loaned me the money to take a business course at the Hollywood Secretarial School and evenings, when she wasn't busy, she would come over to the house and give me dictation to help me get up speed. She put me on salary right away and let me work Saturdays and afternoons. Then, when she signed her M-G-M contract, she had them give me a contract as her hand-in. I continued as her secretary, too.

Now, when we are not "on call" at the studio, we are together shopping or playing. Jean is very fond of swimming, and we spend a lot of time in the pool at her home in Beverly Hills.

To the question most often asked me, whether she is as beautiful off-screen as on-screen, my answer is, that she is more beautiful off screen, because she uses very little make-up. Somehow, there is a rouge and eyeshadow which she uses for the screen make her appear much older than she really is.

She doesn't care a thing about clothes. She is much happier wearing an old suit than when she has on an expensive gown. She wears black almost entirely for street and white for evening. She has a beautiful ermine coat, which she treats with no more care than she does her suede jackets.

The only time she has ever seemed to realize its value was one night when we attended a scavenger party given by Carmelita Geraghty in Jean's honor. Jean had never been to a scavenger party before and she was quite excited when she found on her slip of requirements that she had to go to the estate of an oil millionaire in Beverly Hills and get a towel from the master's bathroom. Jean didn't know the way so Carmelita offered to go along as a guide.

It was about 7:30 o'clock when we started out. Jean was driving her own car and we had to go up a lonely road. She noticed that a car seemed to be following us. She mentioned carelessly that a high man would probably feel it was her lucky night if he stopped us and found such expensive wraps. Jean's ermine coat is long enough to look like her mink coat. I knew that Jean was uneasy or she would not have made the remark, and the car did keep a good distance behind us all the way. Finally, we arrived at the mansion and Jean rang the doorbell. The butler came to the door and answered in French. Jean tried to make him understand but failed. She motioned and gesticulated until he invited us inside. We had an awful time then, because all of us tried to understand what she wanted. A woman and a man came in and greeted us in French. It looked hopeless, but somehow Jean managed to get the woman to take her to the bathroom and, when she returned, she had the towel.

When we got back to the party, we learned that it had all been a "put-up" job. The man had talked with the mansion's film writer from Paramount, who had engineered the whole thing for Jean's benefit. He came to the party shortly after we returned, and was introduced to us.

The car that had been following us was a police car. Someone at the party remembered what a lonesome road led to the place, and they called the Beverly Hills police and asked for protection for us. So everything turned out all right.

Jean came in on the other end of a scavenger hunt a few nights later. A girl with a southern accent, who said she was visiting in Los Angeles, came to the house one night and asked Jean to loan her a slip. Jean let her have an exquisite one she had bought just that afternoon. She told the girl that she wanted to wear it to the studio next day. The girl promised to return it in the morning.

I told Jean, after we left, that I bet that was the last time she would see of her slip, for she had not even asked the girl for her name and address; but "Chuck" was in the habit of saying it back, all right," she assured me. Sure enough, bright and early next morning a messenger boy delivered it, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and with this note:

"Are you the girl who took my slip? It's one of a kind, so I want it back."

In spite of the horrible things that have been said and written about her, Jean has managed to retain her faith in human nature. She has been hurt many times, and in many different ways, but it has always

Jean is beautiful, yet looking at her and saying she is Jean to around the house I always call them Big Jean and Little Jean. Sometimes we go to Arrowhead Hot Springs between pictures. Mother and Mrs. Belso go with us, but they play bridge together and leave us to find our own amusements. We play tennis, and hike. I remember once, we went around and tasted the waters from the various springs, just to be doing something. We must have drunk a gallon, or so, before we were through. Jean got a big "kick" out of it. She is like a kid in many ways.

She doesn't care for position or fame or any of the things that most actors and actresses try so hard to get and keep.

I remember the night she was going to the premiere of "

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Hollywood's Most Versatile Director

Continued from page 38

ty, comedy, drama and ultra-smartness are all one to this man who can head an expedition into the icy wastes of the Arctic, the steaming jungles of the tropics, or turn out so bright and highly sophisticated a piece as a play written and directed to his order. This is Van Dyke, who with the least, touches the more humorous side of life with a brilliance that adds still more to the director's fame.

Particularly adept in fashioning outdoor drama and melodrama—as witness "White Shadows of the South Seas," "The Pagan," "Trader Horn," "Tarzan the Ape Man," to mention but a few of the most outstanding—Van Dyke suddenly has veered from film to film, in order to create one of the most diverting order. World traveller, explorer, a born leader and organizer and diplomat, who knows the seamy side of the more political events of the day, he is peculiarly equipped to undertake the production of such stories. Thoroughly a cosmopolitan, at home in any stunts (with the solitary exception, as noted at the beginning), he can draw upon his own experience and resources in faithfully pattern- ing life on the screen. Humorous, at times even humorous, he plays all his characters and ramifications of story in prominent relief.

"Let Van Dyke do it!" is now more or less the slogan at the studio where he is under contract. In the past, the executives depended upon him to such an extent that a long location trip, with its accompanying hazards, was not to be considered, if Van Dyke would not undertake it. He is known as a man who will take chances—but in carefully analyzing his methods it immediately becomes clear that chance does not enter his scheme of things. The plans of the season now are awarded to him.

Van Dyke has travelled so extensively on arduous location jaunts to the ends of the earth, that anything in the way of a "hamburgers with his wishes" hearted approval—providing, of course, that the story will make a picture to the director's taste. That, perhaps, may account somewhat for the rousing spirit that instilled the trio of pictures which audiences this season have hailed from one end of the country to the other.

Possibly, too, his years of globe-girdling now are bearing fruit in these very delightful dramas, so different in quality and tone from the earlier ones. Certainly, nothing could be more delightfully charming and exciting, with its undertone of menace, than the several-times-used feature "The Thin Man." (Forgive me if I seem to dwell on this production, but it offers such great strides in motion picture-making that I am using it as a criterion of Van Dyke's superior technique.)

As one lounges in the director's den—and I'll vouch that nowhere in Hollywood can you find a more unusual or interesting room—he unconsciously finds himself drawn to this man whose career has been marked with brilliance and high adventure. Horns, skins, savage equipment, curiosities bedeck his home, a large, comfortable, man's dwelling several miles distant from the studio, comprising a portion of the enormous collection he has made during his more than fifty thousand miles' journeying about the world on location trips. They bear mute testimony to his prowess as a hunter and explorer, to his taking his place as a right- ful descendant of a long line of adventurers. Well over six feet in height and hard as nails, he is the very epitome of how the adventurous director should appear. His eye is clear and his tone commanding. His rank of Colonel was conferred by the Gov- ernor of Kentucky, after he had witnessed "Trader Horn." (The award was made before the rank was passed out in whole-number quantities.) He belongs to the Interna- tional Adventurers Club and the Explorers Club of New York. Various countries have honored him for his attainments as an accomplished director and traveller. Framed official documents bear evidence of his mem- bership in several geographic societies. In Japanese script is an honorary life member- ship in that kingdom's Red Cross.

From extended sojourns, he knows Equa- torial Africa, the South Seas, the Arctic, as well as other parts of the earth he has visited. "Trader Horn," as you doubtless know, was filmed in the Belgian Congo. Two voyages to Tahiti were made to photo- graph "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "The Pagan" in their actual locale. With a large company, he allowed his ship to be frozen in the Arctic ice an entire winter, in the vicinity of Cape Bar- row, northernmost tip of Alaska, for "Eskimo."

With such a record of achievement in the distant places of the globe, you naturally would assume that he would be fairly itching to be on the go again, to look forward to further assignments in foreign fields. The lure of the lot, however, has not Van Dyke. Not this chap who would rather fight than eat, who has engaged, after the fashion of his ancestors, in more combats than you have bones in your body. Van, as his friends call him, fights for what he gets. Any wonder that he's so successful far out of the Anglo-Saxon world and that the studio places implicit reliance in him, whether the picture is made thousands of miles away from home or on the lot?

Van Dyke, paradoxically, is a home lover. "I'd be completely satisfied if I never leave Hollywood again," he asserts, positively. "Those trips are tough. Dozens of times I would no sooner get settled in my house than the studio would tell me to pack up."

It begins to look now, however, as though I can see a bit of my friends, take advantage of the comfort I have been try- ing vainly to enjoy for years. I never plan very far ahead, but I honestly believe the studio will keep me busy for a while, at least, with the type of picture I have been directing recently.

"Most people think only of the interest- ing, the romantic side of travelling. In their search for pleasure and excitement they have no cares to worry them, beyond looking out for themselves.

"When I go on an extended location trip, it's not in the nature of a pleasure excursion but as the head of a company numbering anywhere from thirty-six people upward. Aside from the results expected, I'm responsible for every one of them, for their every act, their safe return, and if you've ever led such a crew you know what that means. Believe me, the happiest mo- ment of these months away from Holly- wood is the minute I step off the train and deliver every man Jack home safely."

Equally at home in a yacht on a ballroom floor, or rough clothing in the jungle country, Van Dyke makes the most of his opportunities. That spirit that elevated John Honeyman, a direct ancestor, to George Washington's most trusted and able spy, during the American Revolution, like- wise courses through his blood. The studio insisted he make pictures half-way round the world—he always returned with the goods, an epic. Averse to making such films, he nevertheless proved himself the outstanding exponent of such undertakings.

Now that the studio finally has listened to his pleas to remain at home, his new pictures are as delightfully intriguing as his outdoor dramas were stimulating to the imagination. In all truth, he has established himself definitely Hollywood's most versa- tile director.

A Zipper—the form-fitting cocktail costume, as well as the gadget on the 'muff'—is this ensemble of Gloria Swanson and fashion which we present above. The costume is the creation of Rene Hubert, Fox Studio's chief stylist.
beautiful, exquisitely gowned for every occasion, thrown with handsome admirers, busy carving out a profitable career! — Ecstatic love came along for Loretta, too.

At seventeen there was an airplane engagement, protestations of everlasting affection. At eighteen disillusionment and divorce. Twice since men who mattered—and who have been denied her by cruel tricks of fate. Meanwhile, one picture after another, a steady grind of work. Each season a better performer, more maternal comforts.

What has it all amounted to? Is she happy? Has it been as thrilling as it seems? Becoming sophisticated so young—is it an advantage or a mistake? What has she gained and what has she lost for this movie glory?

I went to Loretta’s home to find out explicitly. She has a lovely Colonial place, perched on a bluff overlooking the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. Her garden is small, but perfect—a lounging swing on the green grass, a honeysuckle shaded sharing honors with full-bloomed roses as silhouettes against the hedge. Inside the tall Colonial portals the rooms are elegant but distinctly lived-in. Loretta, her freckles frankly showing, her smile generous, and her eyes aglow with that sincerity she always exudes, greeted me with a friendly handshake. Across an orchid-centered luncheon table she strove honestly to sum it all up.

"I'll begin," she said thoughtfully, "it's been seven years in a glass cage! A very big, spectacular cage. Happy? Is anyone ever completely so? I'm terrified moody, either I'm bursting with joy or I'm too disappointed in people and things to be fit company. I can hardly blame that on the picture business, but I wonder if I wouldn't have been happier away from this steady turmoil.

But that’s the trouble with all of us! We want to be somewhere else when we should be attempting to find happiness within ourselves.

"I'll try to explain as truthfully as I can what all this has meant to me. To begin with—yes, it is as exciting as it is business of being a glamour girl, but you imagine it. Definitely so. I suppose this is because I am young and susceptible to enthusiasm and progress as a Romantist. And because, try as I can, I never can figure out sure rules for this picture game.

"It isn't a happy business for a girl. But then no woman or man so ambitious is ever complacent and content. There is innumerable and more to be achieved.

"If I had to do it again, would I choose the same path? I doubt it. But I could enjoy an everyday routine. Certainly I'd have to work at something and this is a fascinating time."

"You remark about becoming sophisticated so young. To me there are different brands of sophistication. I hold no brief for becoming the sedated person—at any age. But if you are referring to the common sense variety I think every girl should acquire it as soon as possible. Personally, the people who interest me most are those who obviously lean on their eyes.

"Often I receive sympathy for having 'sacrificed' an average social life. It would come to a girl in her teens. You see, I had responsibilities thrust upon me at fourteen. I didn't miss high school or college because I was literally too busy to miss them. Now looking back, I'm not sorry that I had no 'student prince' days. College seems all right for the girl who wants a social life, but otherwise, facing what I've observed, it seems rather useless to me.

"It is my theory that you don't live until you are on your own, making your own decisions and choosing what you wish to do. If you select wisely the happiness is doubled because you have earned it for yourself. Women lose much more frequently—well, your suffering makes the next bright spot brighter.

"Frankly," declared Loretta when I wondered aloud some more about her in comparison to the average, non-professional girl her age, "I seldom encounter girls of my own age, outside of pictures. Not that I don't want to, but I haven't the time. And when I do meet them I'm at a loss what to say to them. I feel so much more mature and the topics such trivial.

"Recently I was in the beauty shop over there where many of the college girls go. I was intrigued by the conversation of two girls who were sitting under hair-driers. I gathered that grief, the most abject sort of grief to them, was a broken date! Please don't interpret this as an attempt to be superior. I'm endeavoring to size up my life as it seems to me. I just don't know the sensations of the girl who merely grows up, goes to school, has a vacation, and then marries and settles down to a quiet life. I suppose those girls are happy."

Interrupted. "A lot of them would give anything to have their shoes. But don't digress, Loretta! Go on and outline the advantages and drawbacks of having lived for seven years in a glass cage. "The chief advantage is financial," she responded. "Before I went into pictures I was not what you'd call well off from a money standpoint. I like nice things and Hollywood has enabled me to buy them. I have this home, security for the future, and the power to help my friends."

"The glamour which surrounds a position in the Hollywood scheme means little to me, however. It's fun to be recognized and admired when you know that you know how hard it is to build up that glamour. I must spend hours on my face, my hair, my figure, my wardrobe, to have it appear at my best. This glamour doesn't evolve from thin air. Knowing the 'framework,' I am not awed by the glamour of Hollywood as a whole.

"As an example of the way Loretta has labored to improve herself, I recall that day I heard that she wore bands to make her teeth straighter. While she was acting she could wear them just at night. But the rest of the time she wore them continuously—for five years she didn't have a date. When I reminded her of that task, she grinned, "Well, I'm human and how could I look nervously of an evening with hands on my teeth?"

She continued, "It's also an advantage to be associated with brilliant people and Hollywood is full of people that stimulate you and forestall boredom. A career, too, is a superb antidote for personal musings. There's invariably something about a career to worry over, for no matter what she didn't have a date."

"And now for the drawbacks. What strikes me as the main one, and what has hurt me most since I've been in Hollywood is the superficial which trails movie fame. Because I'm an actress, I'm supposed to be a nut! All of us are suspected of being Bohemian. I appreciate intelligence and helpful criticism, but I loathe the lies which are circulated. Why do people repeat the most absurd rumors? As an instance, the other day Georgiana, my nine-year-old sister, was my daughter! Who instigates such things and why?"

"It's easy to advise me not to be annoyed by gossip. I can't be indifferent for the most important thing in life to me is to be able to die with a clear conscience. I know I should only be concerned in keeping my ideals intact, but I'm vain enough to want everyone to think well of me.

Personally, my greatest satisfaction so far is the knowledge that I've achieved a degree of success. There is a unique thrill in demonstrating that you can deliver in the profession you go into. I'm nowhere completely satisfied. I shan't be until I can enter a theatre and be pleased by my own performance."

"Pictures make me furious when I'm tired and yearn for a genuine vacation. For years I've dreamt of a trip to Europe, I've planned to go a half-dozen times. I'm dying to see France, Italy, Spain. Why, I've been to New York only twice. Once for personal appearances which kept me in a theatre, and the second time I had only ten days there. Frequently I wait around for weeks for a new picture to start, or for retakes—when I might have been away having a glimpse of the world outside Hollywood.

"I've concluded, from living in this mad-
strom, that the rule of life is: you can't have everything! For every successful hour there has to be one of struggle. For the peaks—the depths of disappointment. Life for me has resolved itself into a question of choice."

We had finished lunch and gone out into the garden. In her analysis Loretta had failed to mention one thing which wouldn't do at all, for love is an integral part of Hollywood success. And Loretta hasn't escaped its entanglements. I asked her how her simile of the glass—caged up with love.

Resting in the swing, she did a bit of confessing on the subject closest to everyone's heart. "I dread to think that I'll never have a fine husband and a fine family. I want them. I want them while I am young, too!"

"You're mused, "right now I have chosen to put love in the background and concentrate on career for a couple of years longer. As to marriage in Hollywood—I don't know what the answer is. I tried it once and fiddled. However, it may have been just the individuals. I'll tell you flat I've always taken love lightly."

All of us who adore Loretta in Hollywood have been sorry that she has been unfortunate in love. Here is a handsome Grant Withers, for whom she waivingly left her family and her religion. He was too happy-go-lucky. There was the man who should have been even to share her name with the public. That was not to be. But—"Why talk about it?" said Loretta.

"I guess," she continued, "that I've acted in so many film romances that emotionally I'm very old for my age. Strangely, it's the opposite. I'm becoming more and more naive—emotionally." In a low tone she added, "The more you know of love the more you want to idealize and trust!"

We talked for a few minutes of the progress of her career before I departed. Ready to give her acting her undivided attention, she was not too satisfied with her status. "I was fortunate in getting on the screen before stage experience was required to impress the studios," she admitted. "But two things disturb me now; the desire of some casting directors to put me in 'hot' roles and the fact that I've been so slow in making the final step to major stardom."

During the summer absence of Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century czar to whom Loretta is under contract, she was asked to portray a role originally written for Jean Harlow. "I have sense enough to realize I can't play a part tailored for Jean," Loretta explained to me. She had to put up a fight to elude it.

"My other complaint is this: I've been on the fringe of stardom for seven whole years. If I'm really good, why don't they give me really appropriate stories?"

Zanuck asserts that her years of leading ladyhood have not been wasted, that they have served as preparation for the excellent vehicles he is going to assign her. After all, she's only twenty-one! If he doesn't give you the proper break, Loretta, I'll flood him with letters of burning indignation! Those seven years of yours in a glass cage have pushed you into a "dream life"—but you've been dreaming with your eyes wide open!

"Dying" for a Living

Continued from page 59

white flannels, he is essentially a man's man; yet underneath his masculinity there is a gentleness and a gleam of fine sentiment.

He's so thoroughly likeable, so friendly, with an innate gallantry, charming manners, a soft voice, and an engaging boyish enthusiasm. There's a tinge of oddness in his personality, a peculiar detachment that piques the interest. I think he has built a hedge around his emotions. Perhaps experience has taught him not to take anything too seriously, not to care too much. After all, emotions do hamper one's freedom. Raft loses his freedom more than anything in all the world. He says he has had a few near-fatal moments when he felt Death's fingers on his sleeve, adding with a grim: "But I never dreamed these were forming my college course to help build my career."

His blues into real danger came when he was just a kid and made an indelible impression. He lived on Forty-first Street between Ninth and Tenth avenues in a tenement. In the same block was a row of tenements. One day the neighborhood gang of boys scraped with a pretty girl. They got even with her they smashed every window in the apartment where she lived.

While George was merely an innocent bystander, the policesingled out this dark-eyed lad and, pressing a gun against his heart, demanded to know the name. "Believe it or not," said Raft, "that patrolman was so nervous that his hand shook, and I was certain my end had come. I let out a screech and all of the big boys gave the gun an upward smash and it went off.

"I ran. And how I ran! I was afraid to stay in the neighborhood for fear they'd find me, so I crawled through several cellars until I found a stairway that led to a roof—and there I spent the night. It was during those hours that some in my miraculous way I lost all fear of death. How? Why? I don't know. I only know that all my childish fear was gone and it has never come back."

"My mind peep into the Beyond was when I was nine. A bunch of us boys were playing at building docks in the Hudson River and I fell in. They pulled me out just as I was going down the last time. It was a close shave—I was all but gone. Yet to this day I have never learned to swim."

"I didn't play much as a kid. I was always out to make a dollar and used to sell newspapers at the baseball park after school to earn enough money to buy an ice cream soda, a bag of candy, and go to a movie. That was my idea of a swell time.

"Another escape was while I was dancing in Louisiana. A friend and I rented an automobile to spend Sunday at a nearby resort. When we started home that night he wanted to see a movie. I said no. I had a left-engine car, I didn't know the road, and it was pitch-dark. When we came to a narrow bridge with a sharp turn I was so confused that I backed the car and we hung within a few perilous inches over the steep cliff."

"How I managed to reach the road again I'll never know, but we decided to wait until daylight before venturing on.

"Once, coming home from Europe, we plunged into a terrific fog and in the middle of the night the signal was given for everyone to put on life-savers. As I stood at the door, looking down into the lashing black waters there didn't seem a chance that I'd ever see the sunshine again.

"Then, the first time I ever went up in an airplane we struck a death-dealing storm and even the pilot didn't think we would ever land. I was in a night-club once when it was rained and bullets raged all around me.

"While dancing in Richmond, Virginia, I slipped and stumbled over the footlights into the orchestra pit. I was badly hurt. They told me even if I lived I would never walk or dance again. So, you see, my college course in the art of dying has been pretty thorough!"

Besides "Scarface," there were several other times during his meteoric career that George has met death on the screen, and each time he has made it apparently real through the power of his imagination. His thoughts are visual, expressed by his lithe body, the result of his training as a dancer. "You'll recall I went crazy and then died in 'If I Had a Million.' He checked off his experiences. "I jumped through a window to my death in 'All of Me'—and I was keyed up to the scene the day we made that! In 'Bolero,' I kept thinking of Maurice, the great dancer, whose life story it was. It seemed so tragic that he had to go when life meant so much to him and he was in my thoughts continually during the death scene.

"To top it all, in my last picture, 'Lime-house Blues,' I died again, shot by a cop, this time, while saving the girl. But—I never bring the lovers together before I pass out."

George says he likes these tense scenes but wants to work them out by himself: wants time to touch the lower mood and not be bothered with a lot of useless dialogue.

"One doesn't spout a lot of words at such supreme moments," he quietly explained.

Raft is very direct. He's modest and frank. He hasn't lost his head in the least with all his sudden fame and adulation.
'I'll appear in the镜 for my comedies.'

Gloria Stuart (Mrs. Arthur Sheekman) poses in a full ensemble selected for her trousseau. It's black wool.

July, he told me," which means I'll spend my time between here and the studio. When I'm working I eat out everywhere else so I decided I might as well have a horse that pleases me. I entertain very little—an occasional dinner followed by contract, and pictures form my social amusements.

Said George further, "I get a kick out of being able to do and have the things I want. If I can send my mother to the White Mountains for the summer, if I can step in and buy a radio, a hat, or a pair of shoes that strike my fancy—all this means happiness.

"I've always loved clothes. I get that from my mother. Even as a child I had to take care of my few things and was taught orderliness. When I took off a suit it was carefully brushed and hung up and I never left the house without my mother calling, 'Have you wiped off your shoes?' And,

grinned George, "to this day I keep a shoebox to use just before I leave my room. It's second nature now.

"I look like my mother, too. She's from the same father and she was blond. He died four years ago. We were great pals. He would have liked seeing me on the screen; it would have amused him.

"Maybe his going is another reason I don't fear death. But I'm in no hurry to face it, for life is full of promises for me right now.

"I wouldn't talk of romance, of the report that when and if his marital affairs are straightened out he and the lovely Virginia may marry."

He said, "I'm not planning ahead. What's the use? I'll wait until I catch up with the future to decide what I'll do." And he flashed one of his rare, very rare smiles.
Charm Under Contract

Continued from page 30

would get her hooks into him, upset his equilibrium, and send him bowling down the lane, with the scat of his pants on his nose.

But it didn't happen. And today he is just as good-looking as he was then. His figure is just as lithe, his eyes just as clear, and his personality just as natural and unperjured. I decided, as I gazed upon him, that it might be a crafty idea to look into this nationality business. If it was for Johnny, it might operate for me and my insane pals.

For he is a handsome dog, this Boles. And there is a something back from the paddock, on good-looking movie actors. We young girls, alas, will go for almost any nice pair of shoulders and well-assorted features. But keep an eye on the dear old ladies! They're the acid test in this racket—and Johnny passes at the head of his class,amma cum laude and boy-hen.

Dear old ladies—as well as their granddaughters—go for Mr. Boles like tigresses! "Such a nice young man!" they think, smoothing out the wrinkles in their black taffetas, and almost simpering. I know one in New York—a full-fledged grandma, and proud of it, whose dearest trinket is a large silver-frame photo of Mr. Boles, complete with autograph. It stands on her dressing table, and she cherishes it not because of a single crush on Mr. Boles, of course, but just because he's one of the "nicest, sweetest boys" she's ever known.

My guess is that the movie laddie-buck who can knock over the young ones and captivate their grannies is the boy who holds all the aces. Of this quality group, I feel that Johnny is tops.

It seems I had cornered our hero at a very interesting moment. He had just finished work with Gloria Swanson in the Fox production of "Music In The Air," a high-grade musical comedy which was a Broadway delight a couple of years back. You probably remember that it was the indestructible Swanson who yanked John off the New York stage and kidnapped him to Hollywood. That was for her first independent produced picture, "The Loves of Sunya." Though the film was picked to open the famous Roxy Theatre in New York, it was a sad lopogo, and cost poor Swanson a flock of potatoes. But it set Boles for life and he has adorned Holly- wood ever since.

Naturally, his eyes light up when he talks of Swanson, his foster-mama in the movies.

I asked him how Gloria was doing. "She looks fine," said John. "And of course the picture is right up her alley. I think people will like it. A great girl. Gloria is full of talent, and a wonderful sense of humor."

Well, thought I, she's certainly needed it! Swanson has made more mistakes than any two women in pictures, and has made four more come-backs than the late Sarah Bernhardt. Sometimes the Divine Sarah used to meet herself coming back! But Gloria's gay and gallant, too, and won't say Uncle.

She's washed up offener than a busy surgeon—then all of a sudden she is again, looking swell and acting away to beat the band. Remember "The Trespasser"? Maybe "Music in the Air" is the same sort of dish for her. Let's hope so.

But we digress, or ramble. Let us return to Mr. Boles, whom we left sitting in the Hotel Plaza smoking his pipe. Is that a perfect touch, or is it? Isn't Trespasser Johnny the type? You know what the dear old ladies say. They adore a man who smokes a pipe! He's the kind that is nice to women and horses and dogs and even kiddies, my dears. Well—that goes for Boles, I guess.

Johnny himself has enjoyed a come-back or two. You may remember that just before the screenies roared in, Boles was smothered under a soggy mass of program pictures. The skids, it seemed, were greased for him.

Came the microphone, like the United States Marines, and snapped his peanuts out of the fire. His fine voice was turned loose in one of the earlier operettas, "The Desert Song," and he was off, buckety, buckety, on a bigger and better screen career. Since that happy day, a screen musical is hardly legal without Boles trilling around in it somewhere.

He's had a good break in drummer, too. He rode to glory with Margaret (Maggie) Sullavan (Sullivan) in "Anchors Aweigh" and turned in what I consider by far the finest job of his life.

Another tip-off on the niceness and normality of Johnny is the matter of the helper, or spouse.

It was a college romance, with Boles no doubt carrying her books from chem lab to dorm, or something. This was at Texas U., which recently staggered the solar system by shellacking Notre Dame at football.

They up and married, and from that day to this they have eaten out of the same dinner pail. I'm not fool enough to say that Johnny has never been flustered momentarily by some film cute, but the answer is that here they are. This handsome and sensible red-haired girl has gone through the whole business, the bad with the good, the lean with the fat—and there were tough spots in the old days, believe me. She's been a swell wife to him. (If I'm wrong, John, correct me!)

Only the other day, just because he sort of likes the woman, he bought her a square-cut diamond that would choke a parrot. And she wears it on her engagement finger—and makes it sparkle when she thinks no one is watching, just like any young hetroed girl sporting her first hunk of ice.

As for his business—which is acting—Johnny is a staunch Conservative, a Tory of the studios. He craves stability and hates change. Remember that a trooper never quite outlives the haunting fear of joblessness, of poverty that's a hold-over from the thin days on Broadway. I mean a real trooper—not one of these come-easy-go-easy studio mushrooms.

That's why John Boles has made it a real business, and works at it hard, and that's why he loves the regular weekly pay-check—a lot of cyphers on it, every week.

Nice natural manners—nice natural good looks. Always himself—and this is a nasty suspicious old cynic talking. Maybe you gather that I like this guy. Well, you get right.

I may be getting old and crabbed, but I'm definitely sour on the Hollywood skyrackets, all flash and noise. I'm fed to the back teeth with the dizzy boys and girls whose dippy didoes fill the gloss sheet.

For my old age, in this crazy business to which I've devoted the better years of my comical life, give me a boy like Texas Johnny Boles—well-mannered, quiet, able, busy. The mama, the babies, the little dove-cote among the trees.

So that makes me an old fogey! So all right! So Johnny Boles and I will smoke our briars on the front porch while you gay youngsters twitter and prattle down the boulevard. So me and Johnny won't care—will we, Johnny?

A greeting from some famous Hollywood wives! Mrs. Allen Jenkins, Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Mrs. Frank McHugh, all seasonal smiles; and all telling their husbands' fans a Merry Xmas.
Talents Revealed in Your Child

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and aptitudes, springing from his handihood-
edness, must wait to be proved during the next few years, Miss Smith is able to corroborate my opinion that Baby LeRoy's memory is just average. "I've discovered this in training him," she declared.

"This is a normal and usual thing with children whose talents are for action rather than theory. They are too concentrated on action to pay much attention to words, but can learn quickly from anything concrete. For instance, such children should be given toys such as painting and crayon sets, books with pictures to be copied and taken out, rather than verbal words. They should be provided with the opportunity to use their hands in building, putting together and taking apart various things, and otherwise developing their natural abilities. They will then remember, understand, and gain new knowledge with rapidity and ease. These children will readily enjoy sports and outdoor life, and should be introduced to them at a very early age."

After I had talked these things to the little group consisting of the baby's mother, Miss Smith, and pretty Ida Lupino, Miss Smith let the child out of her arms so that he might scampers about— but no longer restless, he sat down on the floor instead, and continued to hold out his hands very seriously. I looked at them again and observed that he had more lines in his right hand than in his left. Since the opposite is true of the normally right-handed child, I turned to Miss Smith and remarked, "The baby is left-handed. Of course you know that he must never be forced to use his right hand against his will.""

"Yes, I know it," she replied. "We have always let Baby LeRoy use his left hand for everything, and we realize that a forced use of the right hand would result only in nervousness, and perhaps even illness."

It is to be hoped that those mothers of left-handed children who are not aware of the consequences of this should not be made to feel that their children should be forced to become right-handed. (This information is brought to our attention by Jane Montague.)

Let us now look at the hands of Shirley Temple, whose photo has been hailed all over the United States as a genuine actress.

I found the five-year-old actress at Paramount, on an outdoor scene of a film titled "Forever," which was being filmed, and Shirley wore her bathing suit. When the cameraman stopped shooting for a while, Shirley ran to her mother, who sat near and began to talk vivaciously.

"Well, here is Shirley, Miss Julienne," said her mother. "Shirley, this is Miss Julienne, who is going to look at your hands."

My handprinting set was tied with a thin red ribbon which I had removed at the moment. I gave her hand and said, "How do you do, that is a very pretty ribbon!" She co-operated with immediate understanding of the task as I hand-

printed her, and then came the call of "Shirley, come back on the set." The shooting started again.

Shirley was a little disconsolate, and many children playing were quiet. The little scene went from its start to its finish quickly—the tension ended, and the noise and excitement arose again. Shirley came back to us and held out her little hands for me to read while her mother listened interestedly.

There are many things about Shirley's hands. One is the fact that the second finger of the hand, called Saturn, is unusually prominent. It is always the tallest finger, but an Saturnian finger is mounted a bit higher on the palm than the others, and is quite long. Its dominance is a sign of thought, curiosity, and a philo-

sophic trend of mind. This dominance of the finger and the Mount of Saturn can lead us to expect that Shirley's active mind will take a very serious and cerebral nature. She will be very likely to concern herself with the problems interesting to the people whom we call the intellectuals. However, the usually dominating part of her hand is that Mount right below the thumb which bulges higher than all other Mounts in every hand and indicates strength, both physical and mental. Shirley is already familiar with the qualities this mount gives her. It is responsible for Shirley's physical attractiveness and her personal appeal, and everything about her which is friendly, healthy, and childlike. The Mount of Venus is the mount of warm personal appeal, and everything about her which is friendly, healthy, and childlike. The Mount of Venus healthy and high, is a sign of personality on any hand. It makes Shirley irresistible. It makes her likeable, her virtue is magnetism, and success at anything requiring contact with people. It gives her those qualities which in our adult life make up attractive personality. This combination of Saturn and Venus gives us some of our greatest comedians as well as some very fine and versatile actresses.

All of Shirley's fingers are longer than is usually the case with a child's hands. This gives Shirley a love of touch, of connection with others, and her physical vitality makes intensity and conscientiousness easily possible to her. The flexibility of her hands in general adds the ability to dance.

In connection with the influence of the Saturnian mount and finger, I mentioned to Shirley's mother that Shirley has a bit of shyness in her nature, and that it might show a bit more in the future than it does now. Her mother smiled. "Shirley has been shy in the past," she commented, "and since she has been connected with film work I have been hoping she doesn't outgrow it too much. I think she seems to have lost that." The two children sat together, and the sympathy and enthusiasm of Shirley's hands, and the palmist's advice can only be of complete naturalness and to let the mind take its own course. With a younger in whom Saturn and Venus are combined, the mind gives only half a chance; it finds much that is interesting as water seeks its own level. The bizarre, the artistic, the problematical will all make so nature pattern and development that it could be affected by the planet Saturn. These processes are so active and advanced, and if your child is like little Shirley, it would be well to remember that she.

While there are not many things which Shirley will fail to be enthusiastically inter-

essed in, not so long from now, she has natural dignity and reserve, so that she
At Home with Miriam Hopkins

Continued from page 31

backed chairs (real antiques), posed graciously in a step of deeper rose. Toward the left rose the stairs to the upper regions, white rungs beneath a mahogany banister, while to the right was the door to the kitchen, which latter was a spotlessly immaculate cube of green-and-ivory. Toward the back of the hall a door opened into the dining-room which could also be entered from the kitchen, of course.

Her dining-room is one of the most interesting in the house, Miriam assured me. "These walls are of solid pine wood," she explained. "They were brought over from a country-house in England, where they were carved, paneled, and installed during the seventeenth century. Of course they've been especially treated with chemicals to preserve this smooth, rich-grained wood."

"The stone in the mantle was brought over from an old abbey, and it has been rebuilt exactly as it was in the beginning."

The room was indeed lovely—there was about it the peaceful charm and distinction of antiquity, while the well-preserved condition of the panelled doors, modern science and artistry—and sanitation!

The floor was covered in deep, rich crimson, the furniture, consisting of table, buffet, and six chairs, was of heavy, hand-carved walnut, and toward the back of the room, casement windows opened upon a flagstone terrace and lawn on which the beds were smoothly laid out for next year's blossoming. Below, the startling vista of the East River spread in a slowly-moving panorama of nostalgic beauty.

"This will be grand for tea-parties next summer," Miriam enthused as she pointed to the spot where dahlias and zinnias are destined to bloom. "I think I'll get some gaily colored parasols and place them over white wicker tables and chairs. Wouldn't they be marvelous?" Her blue eyes sparkled happily.

From the dining-room we returned to the hall and ascended the stairs to the music-room, done in rose and ivory and dominated by a huge grand piano directly under the skylight two more floors above. The floor was a soft luster of rose carpet, two mahogany chairs occupied places against the walls, and there was a small easel beside a divan upholstered in ivory satin.

Back of the music-room is the living-room, with one end entirely of windows that look out over the river. White draperies blinded were raised to permit the early morning sunlight to flood the room, and Miriam went over to tiptoe the English chintz which hung in draperies to the floor. "This was brought over from a shop in Bond Street, London, that has the loveliest cretonnes and chintzes in the world. I thought the red and white flowers against the black ground would strike just the right note of contrast next to these blue walls, don't you?"

There was a fireplace at one end of the room, with a mirror above it, and a huge chintz-covered divan ran almost the entire length of the wall opposite, flanked by identical mahogany tables bearing twin lamps of white. A rare old desk of rosewood, hand-carved and boasting several secret drawers, and two chairs upholstered in rust color comprised the rest of the furniture—and the floor is to be carpeted in blue the exact turquoise of the walls, when the carpeting finally arrives.

Next, we crossed the music-room again to enter the more formal drawing-room, which is on the front of the house facing the street. Miriam touched the walls of this room with tender hands. "This fluted wall was found in an old French castle—it was painted in the eighteenth century and when it was taken from those walls for me, it had been mounted on squares of linen in order to preserve it. See how many blocks of linen there are?" she pointed to the almost invisible places where the paper was patched. "The only other paper like it is in the Boston Museum," she added with pardonable pride, and walked over to the amber and blue-striped draperies which hung from molding to floor, framing the long windows.

"These drapes were brought over from a castle in Spain," Miriam stroked the flimsy curtains which hung at the triple windows overlooking the river. "And my bed-spread, which is being made by the mountaineers of Kentucky, will be of gray quilted silk. See the way it will hang to the floor as this bed has no foot-board? And this is my bath," she led me into a room with a long, narrow room with panels of mirrors from floor to waist-height, the rest of the walls being covered with gaily printed silks which she assured me had been water-proofed. This same silk was used for the shower-curtains, and concealed lighting poured from the glass ceiling and from panels of glass at each side of the combination wash-basin and dressing-table. White towels with yellow monograms in modern design hung from the towel-racks, and a soft yellow and white bath-mat was a colorful accent against the black tiles of the floor.

Above Miriam's room is Michael's nursery, an adorable child's room with walls of var-colored panels in pastel shades and ivory satin.

After I had looked around to my heart's content, Miriam led the way down to the living-room again, where we sat before the fire to talk.

"How did you happen to buy a home in New York instead of in California?" was my initial question. While Miriam had been amused and surprised at one and the same time.

"Why shouldn't I have my permanent bachelors?" she countered. "I've considered New York my home ever since I left Georgia where I was born and reared. No matter how many months I may spend working some place else, in Hollywood or London or Paris, I still will always feel that this is my home.

"I like going to the Coast during the summer—but I'll always come back to New York. I love the winter here, and I'm so happy that I'll be able to be here most of
this winter," she looked into the fire mus-
ingly and drew a breath.

"I've just signed two new picture con-
tracts, you know. The first is with Samuel
Goldwyn for it's for two years without op-
tions. From that contract alone I'll earn
enough to take care of myself for all the
rest of my life, if I never worked another
day. Goldwyn is going to concentrate all
his efforts on me from now until the end
of my contract, which also allows me to
make pictures for other studios.

"That's how I have been able to sign
with Radio to do 'Becky Sharp' sometime
in December. That will mean that I have
to go to the Coast for about a month, from
some time in December until sometime in
January, spending Christmas out there.

"So I'll return to New York and re-
main until spring, when I am scheduled to
start my first Goldwyn picture, 'Barbary
Coast,' and maybe a Dark Angel, too.

"Those will take most of the summer and
I'll come back here again next fall."

It was easy to understand why Miss
Hopkins has earned the reputation for be-
ing one of the best business women in
pictures. She has come a long way, has
the little Southern girl who aspired to be
a dancer and came to New York from
Bainbridge, Georgia, to study that art.

A broken ankle, forcing her to drop out
of the dancing troupe that was sailing for
appearances abroad, resulted in her advent
on the dramatic stage. Stardom on Broad-
way and in pictures inevitably followed;
and now, at an early age, she has a con-
tract that insures her financial future for
all the rest of her life!

She looks so helpless, too, to have di-
rected her career with such foresight and
forcefulness, and she has a quality of deter-
nination rarely found in daughters of the
Old South. She is both amiable and ad-
amant and there are those who love to
work with her, while others insist that she
is "difficult" and "hard to handle." I
asked her about the latter, and she thought
that question over for a moment before
replying.

"I just don't see how anyone can say I'm
hard to get along with," she demurred.

The best proof to the contrary that I can
offer is that Lubitsch has used me in three
pictures, other directors have all requested
me again, studios have all offered me
renumerative contracts. If I were hard
to work with, they wouldn't do that, would
they?"

Before I had time to agree with her,
the phone rang and it was one of her decora-
tors, asking her about some of the fur-
iture for the maid's room. Much as I hated to
leave her perfect jewel of a home I reali-
zed it was time to go.

"Do come see me again when all the
furniture is in exactly the right place." were Miriam's parting words, as I let my-
self out into the autumn sunlight which
shone on exclusive Sutton Place with a
little more brightness because the home of
Miriam Hopkins is there now.

Marion Davies' Vacation
Continued from page 29

I suppose I ought to drink the 'cure' waters
here. Ever taste them? I've tried it once
or twice.

"It's a really a hard life sometimes—this
doing nothing all day, after doing your bit
in Hollywood. Believe me, that's hard
work! To hear me say it, you'd think that
we were the only people who ever did any
hard work. I think that everybody says
that his or hers is the hardest work in the
world. What I'm trying to tell the world
is, how to play. I don't think that most
people know how to play. They make hard
work out of it. I've always worked hard
—but I love my vacations, too. Oh, I want
to see the whole world! I want particularly
to see Scandinavia—the Midnight Sun must
be wonderful!"

"Well, the whole idea is, that once I
get away from it, I can look back almost
with pleasure to the strenuous days and
long, long hours, working on a picture back
home. And when I get back to work, I
can also look both forward and backward
on these things that I have seen and done."

Miss Davies was chatting so casually
and carefree—the way she does practically
everything in life—that an onlooker might
fancy that she was just babbling, whereas
she was delivering a philosophy of living
that not only screen stars, but anyone else
engaged in concentrated art work might
derive no end of profit from.

"I had a thrilling experience in Spain,
when I left Madrid in an airplane and got
captured in a storm and had to stay up 7
and a half hours before finding a happy land-
ing place. Experiences like that are worth
having—if you can live through them. I
visited Morocco and England, too, before
coming here to Germany. I love England!
Of course, I went to Italy. Italy is one of
my favorite countries and Venice my favor-
ite city. The Lido was having the gayest
season ever and the place was full of
Americans. My friend Barbara Hutton—
Princess Mistrali, you know—and I had a
grand time! I'm crazy about Venice. Only
I wish they could keep it as it used to be
when there were only the black gondolas
polished by the singing and guitar-
playing gondoliers, and not all those motor-
boat gondolas that have taken all the ro-
mance out of it.

But that place, Baden-Baden, is really
different. There's plenty to do, but nobody
really does anything. I've played a little
tennis. But when I begin to go about the
town, I find myself chasing myself around
in circles. Oh, yes, I couldn't keep away
Celebrating the return of a star! Marion Davies was welcomed home from
her vacation abroad with a party featuring Tyrolean atmosphere. Above are
Gloria Swanson, Marion, Constance Bennett, and Jean Harlow.
from the movies altogether. I saw Che-
valier the other night in a piece called 'Carnival in Liche.' For a couple of hours I
thought I was back home again—until I
came outside and found myself in Ger-
manty.

Marion Davies' personality is not only
engaging, but disarming, disconcerting. I
think she could stroll nonchalantly into
almost any room, pick up the blue slacks
and they would raise their guns with a
frown to free—and Marion would turn
towards them blandly, simply, maybe light a cigarette and smile. The next
moment the would-be combatants are all
smiling and saying, "Willing, Com-
rade." Marion's power has a way that is
tall her own of getting anywhere and any-
thing she wants, giving pleasure to all
concerned, and no harm to none. I don't
now of any finer compliment I could pay her.

"Yes, there's something in this traveling
in foreign countries that gets you, and
gives you back something that Hollywood
takes out of you," continued Miss Davies.

"I want to go places and see things. Places
like Constantinople, Egypt, Greece—"

"In blue slacks?" I ventured.

But Marion Davies didn't return my
whimsy. "Why not?" she asked, her large
blue eyes challenging me seriously. "What
have blue slacks got to do with it? A little
thing like that isn't going to change them.
And it certainly doesn't bother me. I don't
take after the others you much a few years
in pictures. No place seems strange after
being 'on location' half your life. I'm so
like to go around this way," she contin-
ued, putting her two feet up and hugging
her ankles with her folded hands. "There'd
be no fun in it if I had to dress for every
occasion from morning to night. Where
would the vacation be? Whether it is being
done or not, I relax completely—
read, sleep, play tennis, take the baths,
motor, get maniqueured—and get a big kick
out of everything! That's my idea of a rest
cure.

"Of course, you can get fed up with this
sort of thing, just the same as you can
with too much work," continued Miss Dav-
ies, on our way upstairs to her suite to
get some snap-shots for me, Gandhi back-
ing himself in and out of the elevator and
all the way down to his suite.

"If I'll probably watch a picture in London
on my way home; I want to see what's doing
in the theatre there. Then a few days in
New York—always watching something
wonderful to put in the movies. I'm not
so keen about 'Movie Queen,' that
they talk about for my next picture. I
wouldn't consider it. My focus is on
Queen of Scots' is my idea of what I
should like to do next, but it is not a
certain. Nothing seems a certainty in the
movies at the moment; big changes are
going on in all future programs for pictures.
But that's not for me to get a headache
over. My job is my part in the picture,
and I think I do give them an honest day's
work when it comes to that."

But Marion Davies sitting on the "desk"
of the Grand Hotel—after she had invaded
the sanctity of the inner shrine behind it
to find herself paper and pencil—surround-
ed by the smoothest bunch consisting of
hotel manager, reception clerk, room clerk,
bell hops in all Europe—who could snub
Gandhis and coals and vomit upon their
infringe upon their inalienable rights—but
who stood in awe, in wonder, and in
admiring esteem before this American Movie
Queen?—it is perhaps only the jolly,
jolly and likable. And that is Marion Dav-
ies, of Hollywood, on her vacation in
Europe.

The Merry MacDonald Hangs Up Her Hat

Warren William in a scene for a picture with Helen Bren-
holme, one of the important new actresses.

Continued from page 23

throwing herself into a big, roomy chair
by the fireplace, ordered tea and cakes for
us. Then, she relaxed. It was the first
time I have ever seen Jeanette in a resting
mood. Always, she is vibrantly alive. Bean-
ette! In this thing!

She had just returned from the studio
when I visited with her, where she had been
looking up at the French versions of her
"Merry Widow" songs, for she was due to
make phonograph records that evening be-
fore leaving for New York. However, for a
few hours, she sat in the big, easy chair and
talked about the little things that have
suddenly begun to seem important to her.

"I never knew that it would be so nice
as this when I first decided to take a
house," she confessed. "I can't tell you how
good it is to have a home again."

When she told me about her last home,
back in Philadelphia where she lived as
a child, with her parents and two older
siblings.

It was a large brown, brick house, one
of four in a row. It was in a suburb when
her father first bought it, but gradually the
city spread out and Elkins Park was occu-
pied. Sand-piles in the back yard. Roses
in the garden. Pets all over the place.
She drew a homey picture of her life in
the big house where she was born and spent
her first nine years. There were everything
that children need to keep them happy and
occupied. Sand-piles in the back yard. Roses
in the garden. Pets all over the place.
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that children need to keep them happy and
occupied. Sand-piles in the back yard. Roses
in the garden. Pets all over the place.
Radio Parade
Continued from page 69

Baker's invention of his "Beele," which he calls unmercifully, whose sarcastic quips, not to say insults, are bouncing out from nowhere, but who is never seen, is one of the more ingenious inventions of radio. "How did you hit on that idea?" I asked, as we sat in the rear of the studio while Leon Belasco rehearsed a number, and Mabel Albertson, Harry McNaughton, Martha Mears and other members of his supporting company studied their scripts up there near the platform. "I always had a stooge to pester me in the theatre," he said. "When I decided to do this radio work I wanted to get over some idea that would fit the new medium. 'Beele' thinks my jokes are terrible, he thinks I'm lousy, to say it plainly. Well, that's the idea I wanted. You know there must be lots of people out there who think some of the jokes are pretty bad; that's a big audience the radio performer works for. Well, 'Beele' in a certain sense expresses their thoughts, at the same time working along the line which I have done for years in the theatre."

"Beele" is a precious Baker possession. You'll never see him, no matter if you do go to a broadcast, even if you slip into a rehearsal. Because "Beele" is never around where you can see him. No, sir. Beele's voice booms from unseen spaces. It's just like the microphone talked back at Baker.

Belasco, up there on the conductor's dais, was bringing his swell band up to the final flourishes of a lively number. At its conclusion, Baker, giving me the wink, yelled, "That's terrible, Leon." Leon came down the aisle on the run. "What's the matter with it?"

You played that number before on one of your programs," said Phil. "I never did!" yelled Leon. Things were reaching a fine bowdler-do when Baker grinned, and Leon realized he had taken him for another prank. "He's a soft touch for a ribbing," Baker said, when quiet was restored. "I think I could make him one of the outstanding personalities of the medium as a leader. And Leon likes to work in the show. As a matter of fact, Leon broods if we don't write him into the script."

But it seems that when Phil Baker returns to broadcast from Chicago, he will have another band. Leon must stick to New York—or rather he can't go to Chicago with Baker's troupe.

Phil reported his European vacation was "swell." He took the rest after about seventy-five weekly broadcasts. "That's a long time to work without a let-up," he added. "If you've been listening—have you, hub?—perhaps you also feel that the Baker programs are better than they were before. Maybe it just seems that way after the long absence; or maybe, as is more likely, Phil has had a chance to take a breather and work up some more of his comedy."

It took Mary Pickford just two broadcasts to land right in the top flight of radio stars. Indeed, with a better vehicle than was afforded by her first microphone version, "The Church Mouse," "America's Sweetheart" might have turned the amazing trick in just one broadcast.

Having seen Mary do such amazing things by sheer power of that extraordinary force known as personality, we should not, we suppose, be surprised. But Miss Pickford nevertheless has accomplished what many and many a star of stage and screen has failed to attain. The speaking voice is not one that even a most devoted Pickford fan would pronounce beautiful, yet in the reading of her lines and in that very voice is something of the magnetism which is so distinctive, individual that it becomes an identity just as tangible as the stylized comedy of, say Ed Wynn, the vocal quality of a Tillett, or the two-piano arrangements of a Firestone. And speaking of identity by voice quality, it was hearing the sound—not the words spoken, because on this occasion there was a room-full of conversation drowning out the radio—of a familiar voice which only told me that Paul Gulick had added radio broadcasting to his duties as publicity chief for Universal. I had missed the announcement, but I knew it was true. Then I speculated on something other than Hollywood I'm sure I would have known him as I moved closer to the receiver and heard a very interesting, well-informed word-picture of Mary Pickford coming over the WOR waves.

If you have not heard any of Mr. Gulick's talks about the picture stars, and unfortunately for the present not all of you can, because the broadcast covers only a restricted area in the city, you are losing an excellent supplement to your magazine reading about the picture people. Paul knows his subject and has been associated with it since 1914. Oddly enough, it was his voice as well as his intimate knowledge of the stars which induced him to take the broadcasting program. So for the first time since he left college, Mr. Gulick is making profitable use of the voice which enabled him to pay his way to a university degree by singing...
by lying over a piano bench, body parallel with the floor. These arm movements are splendid for chest development; the kick, if done with vigor, will reduce the hips. If more convenient, the arm and leg strokes may be done separately.

The flutter kick, which consists of a narrow alternate thrashing of the legs, may be done lying face down over the edge of the bed.

Here's another splendid exercise for controlling that hipline:

Sit on the floor, legs extended before you, arms out at sides in a line with your shoulders. Swing your body to the right until the left hand touches the right toes, right hand to the rear; then swing left until your right hand touches the left toes, left hand to the rear.

Follow your exercises with the cupping massage given you in earlier articles.

Of course, the finest way to remodel your figure is to remember correct posture, not once in a while, when you are doing your exercises, or when you are trying on a new dress, but all the time. Work at it until you are conscious of it, then it will get to be a habit.

If you have that regrettable stomach bulge, try this while you are teaching your abdomen to pull itself in.

Stand up; clasp hands over the abdomen and contract the muscles of the abdomen; then bend from the hips six to ten times, keeping the muscles well contracted throughout the bending. Then take three deep breaths.

Many people ask me what is the greatest fault in the young girl figure of today. I believe it is this terrible slop the girls are affecting. Or perhaps they're not putting it on—it may be due to carelessness. When I go down Hollywood Boulevard and look at the girls standing waiting for street cars or boy friends, and see the way they hold themselves it is enough to turn your hair gray!

Some stand with the weight on one leg and that hip thrown out while the other leg drags. Others have their abdomens thrust out. Still others hump their shoulders and stick their necks out as they scan passersby.

What do you do? Watch yourself! If you catch yourself doing any of these things, stop it at once. Hold your abdomen in and stand as tall as you can. Feel free.
Following in his father's footsteps, Creighton Chaney, son of the illustrious Lon Chaney, is shown above in a scene with Mary Carlisle for a new film for which they supply some added love interest.

I know one actress who taught herself posture and poise by saying to herself mentally as she walked down the street, "I'm 6 in. taller than I am today!" and feeling like one. She said she fell naturally into the correct posture.

Some girls remember correct posture when they stand in front of a mirror sometimes. But when they sit, they sprawl any old fashion. It's just as important to hold that stomach in when you're occupying a chair as when you are strolling down the avenue in your best bib and tucker. As a matter of fact it's more important.

Try pretending you are queen of beauty at Mardi Gras in New Orleans, or presiding as hostess of a very important dinner party, and sit up straightly. You can play this game on the bus or street car, at the movies or in school, but do it often enough so that you can hold the position more than a minute at a time. A good idea is to sit back in your chair with your spine straight and your feet flat on the floor. Let your shoulders fall naturally.

People ask me if there is any age limit to the exercises I give. I don't recommend the very strenuous ones given at the first of this article to older women, but there is no reason why women up to eighty years of age shouldn't be able to do the simpler ones, if their doctors agree.

My mother-in-law, who lives in Tacoma, Washington, is in Hollywood visiting me at present. She tells me that her neighbor, a woman of 62, has joined her in following the exercises I have given in SCREENLAND, and that both of them have been most grateful. They say they are determined to be as youthful as the next one.

The neighbor remarked that she had more chins than she could use, so she has begun to reduce them by lying on her back in bed each morning, hanging her head out over the side of the bed, and doing a circular movement with it. She recommends this to all interested.

Several girls whose height ranges from 4 ft. 10 in. to around 5 ft. want to know if there is any way to put on inches.

A. To those of you who are under twenty, I'd say don't worry, you are still growing and no doubt your inches will increase if you eat nutritious food and take plenty of exercise. To those over that age, swinging by the legs on a parallel bar will stretch the spine. Be sure that you are supple and used to exercise, that you have control of your muscles, before you go in for this, and if possible do it at your local gymnasium under supervision.

Mrs. V. P., Richmond, California: Q. Would appreciate it very much if you would tell me something to do to develop my thighs. Up above my knees my legs have a space where they don't meet.

A. Perhaps your knees are too fat and that is why your thighs are too far apart; all thighs have some space between them, you know. Self massage will do something for you, and so will regular "bends." Hands on hips, feet together, bend knees, go down as far as you can, then rise and stretch upward on tiptoe. Repeat.

Miss Grace A., Omaha: Q. Please give me a diet which will increase my weight to 135 pounds—one which could be easily followed in restaurants. Also, will you please give me what you consider the best all-around exercise for one who does not go in for sports of any kind—one which can be taken in a hotel room.

A. Drink plenty of milk and cream in addition to the meals you have been taking. Combine this with light exercise. Each article in the series I have been writing for SCREENLAND contains at least one good all-around exercise. Deep breathing will help you, too.

E. R., Aberdeen, Washington: Q. I plan on taking bicycling inside, and plan on buying a contrivance to insert the bicycle inside of it, and then mount and ride. Would this be as effective as bicycling outside? Also, please tell me or forward an address where you can buy a pair of rubber bathing trunks, as described on Page 60 of November SCREENLAND.

A. It's better to bicycle outdoors, but if that's impossible, indoor bicycling is better than none. You can get a rubber bathing suit from any sporting goods store.

Miss Cecil F., Parsons, Kansas: Q. From the waist on up, am too thin in comparison with the rest of my body. Think my arms could stand some additional flesh, and am entirely flat-chested. What do you suggest? Also, what exercises are advisable for keeping the weight the same through the hips?

A. Best thing to do is get a good mas- seur to give you very light workout with warm olive oil. The hip-roll exercise is finest for keeping hips slim.

Those of you who write asking about stomach and hip exercises, will find an article devoted to that next month.

Some of you seem to feel that you have "fallen stomachs." Consult your doctors, if you really believe this; but the exercises given for firming the muscles of the abdomen will bring the organs back into place if they have dropped and there is no other complication. You can't do the exercises a week and then look for results. You must keep on!

Ruth R., Chicago, Illinois: Q. I am 14 years of age, my height is 5 ft. 5 in., and my weight 141 lbs. I realize I am quite stout once started dieting but became very hungry. Would you be so kind as to advise me what to do?

A. You say you weigh 141 pounds. Your correct weight should be 120. Do not diet, as you are too young; but go in for a strenuous course of exercise. The bicycle exercise is good for you as it tears off the fat as quickly as anything. Also the hip-roll—see article in this issue—and bending exercises described in an article to Mrs. V. P. Next month there will be an article devoted to your trouble.

Miss Mildred V., D., Long Island: Q. Every day after school we exercise strenuously for a period of two hours. Nevertheless I am getting flabby. During the summer my arms became flabby and my legs are terrible! Please tell me what to eat or what to do so I can get thinner. My body is what bothers me. I am too big for a 16-year-old girl. I wouldn't care so much if I was big, but I want to be well-proportioned.

A. You are too young to be worrying. You will slim down. Your measurements correspond very well with those of some movie stars, but you need a course of all-around exercise. Follow the advice given in article on bust reduction and development, December SCREENLAND, Page 56.

Ruth W., Tulsa, Oklahoma: Q. I am sending my measurements. How much do they lack being correct and where do I need the most? I am 23 years old, weigh 93 lbs., height 4 ft. 10 1/2 in., bust 30 in, waist 23 1/4, hips 26, neck 12 1/2 and ankles 7 1/4. Your bust measurement is the only thing that seems too great. Follow the exercises in this issue. Also see above for gain in height.

Mrs. J. S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.: Q. I am 5 ft. 4 in. in stocking feet, weigh about 132, bust 30, waist 27 1/2, hips 38, thigh 22, knee 14 (I don't have any flesh on my knees but large bone), calf 12 1/4 and ankle 8 in. Which ones need reduction the most? Your measurements seem very near those of Miss America, except that your thighs and waist are larger. Try waist reduction exercise and "bends" recommended above.
If you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives him a romantic feeling...

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly relieves chapping and gives velvety texture! This is because Hinds is much more than a "jelly." It is the *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after you've "washed things out," also at bedtime! See how *quickly* Hinds gives you silken-smooth hands!

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing $2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.
Very Important
IN A LAXATIVE
FOR WOMEN
IT MUST BE Gentle

Strong, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women... they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. Madam, you must avoid them!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

LILIAN HARVEY has said farewell to her tonsils... Carole Lombard wears a dress made of cellophane velvet in "Rendezvous!"... the material is drapy, like velvet, and shiny, like cellophane. Contrary to belief, Russ Columbo left his mother well provided for—an insurance policy that will pay her $5000-a-year for life... While Raimu Chatterton dined at one table in a Hollywood cafe, ex-husband Ralph Forbes, now married to Heather Angel, and ex-husband George Brent sat at another... Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson's husband, raced all the way from Europe to see Pat when she threatened to walk out of her picture contract in order to go see him... Branchot Tone's embarrassment was that evident when he asked Charlie Chaplin for an autograph, and Chaplin, not recognizing Tone, refused.

Is the historic feud between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri about to resume? That's what Hollywood is wondering. In fact, Hollywood is hoping, because excitement has been scarce of late. A few years ago, when Swanson and Negri were Paramount stars, they were said to be bitter enemies. Gloria, according to one story, once refused to set foot on the lot while Negri was there, and to make good her threat, was conveyed to her dressing-room daily in a wheel-chair! Now, according to last minute reports, Miss Negri is to make a picture for a studio where Miss Swanson is under contract. Will the old battle be renewed?

These prize-fight champs who go into the movies are careful of their reputations. If ring battles are to be fought for film scenes, the champs demand that they not be the losers.

Jack Dempsey started this several years ago, when he refused to be knocked out in a rough-and-tumble movie scene. When Primo Carnera and Max Baer battled for "The Prizefighter and the Lady," the screen battle was a draw. Maxie Rosenbloom turned down a fine screen role because the part demanded that he be knocked out. Lee Ramage, who took the Rosenbloom part, did so only after the producers agreed that he should lose the fight on a technicality.

Recognize him as a real daddy? Righto, it's Guy Kibbee himself in a new portrait with his daughter.

The only photograph on W. C. Fields' dressing-room wall is a portrait of Bill and Baby LeRoy... When Elissa Landi learned that her picture was being given a sneak preview in San Francisco, she chartered a plane and flew 500 miles to see it... There's always much ado because Garbo loses weight during picture production; Cecilia Parker, who played in the new Garbo opus, lost a pound more than Greta did... Fay Wray has applied for her citizenship papers (she is a Canadian)... The plane that took Mary Boland, Kathryn DeMille, and Roscoe Karns to Mexico City, was forced down twice by bad weather.

Isn't Dick Powell's dog going to be the swell-head, when they move into Dick's new house? Reason: Powell had a doghouse built in replica, (smaller, of course), of the main house. It's an exact miniature, right down to doors and windows.

(Continued on page 98)
Hollywood Gambled $3,000,000 on This Girl
Continued from page 21

opposite more famous males are the crucial point of any picture, be it super-colossal-epic or super-stump-flop! So Ann Sothern, who in the past year has been a leading lady, a co-star, and a star in her own right, can take herself a great big bow for being the gal on whom Hollywood has lavished more money in its history, barring no one to make a star!

Anna Sten's début reputedly cost more than a million dollars but she made but one picture last year. Jean Parker, too, is a brand-new star, but her prominence was achieved in established stars' vehicles or in none too costly program pictures. Jean Muir and Alice Faye have had remarkable success on a silver-plated basis. But it was Ann Sothern whom Hollywood placed on the gold standard in this past year of grace, 1934. In compiling the fortunes expended on creating new stars I learned that six pictures ranging in cost from $175,000 to $1,300,000 were on the Sothern credit list.

Starting in a small way she was first co-starred with Edmund Lowe in "Let's Fall in Love," a musical comedy that marked her début and the temporary exit of $700,000 from the studio exchequer. Not to be outdone, Paramount risked $450,000 on Lanny Ross' cinema bow in "Melody in Spring" and borrowed the flaxen-haired Ann as his co-star, a timely boost that showed that other studios too saw gold in them that gray eyes. Returning to Columbia, Sothern preferred stock hit an all-time low of $173,000 with the making of "Hell Cat." Showing a slight upward trend, Sothern then recuperated at a paltry $300,000 in "The Party's Over," sharing honors with Stuart Erwin. "Blind Date" reached its preview with $190,000 marked against it. Then Sam Goldwyn decided the best was none too good for Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions," costing $1,300,000, and Ann Sothern reached the pinnacle of little girls on whom Hollywood has gambled fortunes. Just remember that Garbo's "Painted Veil" and "Queen Christina" cost less than two million dollars so another lady of Scandinavian descent, Ann Sothern, took her place as the costliest player of the past year.

Taking two aspirins and again totalling the figures with the same result, I determined to see what manner of maid this golden Sothern might be. Subsequently I hied myself to the Spanish domicile in Beverly Hills that houses Ann. Unlatching the gate to the patio, I was met consecutively by one dour and dubious Scottie, a frollicsome and fickle terrier, a colored maid, Ann's publicity woman, a glass of lemonade and a young lady in very smart white crepe tailored pajamas who, I learned, was Miss Sothern, née Harrietie Lake.

Seated on a divan in the living-room I munched a cookie as I gazed at the young lady on whom pictures had gambled a little more than $25,000 for each sixteen ounces of the one hundred and twelve pounds that enhance the Sothern chassis. Her heart-shaped face, large eyes and delicate mouth

TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

YOU acclaimed "LADY FOR A DAY"! You revelled in "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"!
You were delighted by "ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"!

The charm and happiness of all are excelled in this great romantic comedy from the same producers!

W A R N E R B A X T E R L O Y
"Broadway Bill"

A Columbia Picture

A FRANK CAPRA Production

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown
reminded me more of a Nell Brinkley girl than one whose father had danced on Broadway. But Ann was destined for the theatre from the day she made her earthy debut in Valley City, North Dakota, with the weather at forty degrees below zero. Her mother was Annette Yde, the concert singer, and Ann has never seen her birthplace again as her mother shipped over in Valley City during a concert tour.

Although Ann managed to complete her schooling and climax it with the two years that she was the campus belle at the University of Washington, she was never farther than a hop, skip, and jump from the theatre. Ann explained, "I first came to Hollywood to visit Mother who was giving voice lessons to actors who had recently become talkie-cones. "Everybody's Welcome" and the road company lead in "Of Thee I Sing" in which Lois Moran was starred on the New York stage. That tour brought her to the west coast and producers began to make discreet queries as to whether she'd like to be in pictures. Tarrying not, Ann returned to New York and was about to do a new play when she was given the role of the circus concession attendant which has become a screen star in "I'm Fall In Love."

"How does it feel to make a come-back in Hollywood at the ripe old age of twenty-five?" inquire.

Ann laughed, "Naturally it feels grand!"

I'm very glad now that I didn't make good the first time that I was here as the success might have gone to my head! But after you've been one of the great unknowns you don't lose your sense of proportion when you do come back. I haven't gone Hollywood simply because I know too much about it!

Ann was a bit dismayed as to her screen future when her first film evoked only about fifty fan letters, forwarded to her home by the studio. But you can imagine what it was like when the studio casually informed her that, in request to letters, it had already sent out five thousand pictures of little Soberina, indicative of the popularity of the girl who, at that time, had but one picture released!

"I made six pictures all I went nowhere; it was a vacation. I haven't been out of California, haven't had a rest all this year! But I thought it best to make as many pictures as quickly as possible to establish myself on the screen. I did feel that I'm really improving as an actress.

"I've been handicapped by the manner in which I present my personality. I know I have a little face and it seems that it makes men want to protect me! But I certainly don't need to be shielded from the cruel world. The more people that see a girl that has to be protected, I want to sophisticated roles, and I know I can do them better than those of naive qualities."

She wrinkled her nose a bit ruefully, "I'm definitely not a sweet girl type, and I'm glad I'm not! The public tires of them, forever seeing them in similar roles—so no ingenue parts for Ann!"

Despite her rumoured affection for Roger Pryor, Ann has no intention of marrying for at least another year. Herree, she feels that an actress making a re-entry into pictures must concentrate first of all on a career. In her year in Hollywood Ann has not once "gone steady" with any man and in her five years in the profession has never been engaged or even within hearing distance of a wedding bell. That should be an all-time record for such a heart-accelerating type of youthful lusciousness.

Ann cuddled the Scottie that was regaled her with a devoted expression.

"My dogs and my maid are the only companions that I have right now, but I'm expecting a very soon all and I hope that we'll have some time together. The Cantor picture kept me terrifically busy, and while the part wasn't awfully important of it I was delighted to get it because it'll be the best break I've had yet."

"The Girl Friend," a lavish musical extravaganza, is to mark the end of her first year in pictures. Three studios bet a fortune on Ann—Annie to her friends—to place her in the enviable position she gained risk Hollywood ever gambled on—and won!

In the meantime the star who has to go through this ordeal—this trial by public begins to break into a cool sweat early in the afternoon. Mr. Star usually takes unto himself a couple of neat brandies. Miss Star, with a queer sinking sensation at the pit of her stomach, rushes down to Jim's beauty shop for a wave and a manicure, and then over to Alagin's for a hat—to give her confidence. Her soul is wracked in anguish by two major worries: either the fans will tear her to pieces in their mail for autographs, or else they won't even recognize her, and of course in that case it will just be her luck to have Mr. Mayer follow her into the theatre and she has no fan following. You can't win.

The most ardent preview-catchers are Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. It matters not whose picture it is, Norma in a perky little hat is usually right there in the reserved section with Mr. Thalberg. May Robson, Claudette Colbert, and Madge Evans are runner-upers for the second highest score in pictures. But with the exception of these stars most of the others appear only at their own previews. The night "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" had its first preview out in Huntington Park the film broke Charlie Shearer's big dramatic scene with Charles Laughton. Thalberg got out of his seat and nervously paced back and forth, and all the audience could hear was the whir and whistle, but Norma sat as cool as a cucumber, mentally suffering the agonies of the damned, but outwardly showing nothing of the inner calm. None of this dashing out of side doors and down back alleys for Norma—at the end of the preview she drove quite calmly through the lobby to her car at the curb, and she will autograph just as long as her fans ask her to. I have heard it said that the make really excited except one night after the third preview of "The Barretts." It seems that she had become very fond of "Flush's" owner had said that he would sell the dog to her very cheaply when the picture was finished. But after the first
previews, where "Flush" fairly stole the picture, the owner informed Norma that the dog would cost her several thousand dollars. "The nerve of him," Norma said, her eyes flashing, "what does he think he's got—another Shirley Temple?"

I have often gone to previews with Una Merkel, one of my favorites, who always takes her husband, Ronald Burle, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arno Merkel, along for good solid support during one of life's trying moments. Una is terrified superstitions and as soon as she sits down in the preview section she crosses her fingers and clasps her hand, which is sort of a ritual that is supposed to take care of the angels in heaven and the devils in hell at the same time. But just so heaven will be sure to get the best of it, with her hands clasped she offers up a little prayer, "Oh, God, please let them laugh in the right place." Then the picture begins and Ron- nie takes hold of both of her hands to keep her from hitting her finger nails off. The night of the preview of "The Cat's Paw" we sat in the first row of the preview section right behind the people who paid to see the picture. The woman in front of us would shriek with laughter, quite loudly, every time Una came on the screen, and would nudge the man next to her, presum- ably her husband, and say, "Isn't she cute? Doesn't she talk cute? Oh, I think she's cute!" This went on for reel after reel, with the woman laughing louder and louder. Finally the poor man turned to her and said quite wearily, "I don't think she's as funny as all that."

The preview of Mae West's latest pic- ture, "The Belle of the Nineties," was quite a gala occasion, with the carriage trade turning out in regal splendor. Mae arrived all done up in a large hat and sum- mer furs and was accompanied by Wests en masse: sister Beverly, her father, her brother, and of course the faithful Jim Timoney. Outwardly she was quite calm, but deep inside Mae was just a little bit sickish, because there was a censorship campaign on and a church drive for purity, and Mae wasn't exactly sure whether the public would approve La Belle or not. But they did, and they made the rafters ring. How different this last preview from her first. When "Night After Night" was previewed Mae received two preview passes from the studio and with Timoney drove down-town to the theatre—but she just couldn't gather up the nerve to go in and see herself on the screen. Never had she experienced such devastating stage fright. Weakly she pushed Timoney toward the theatre and climbed back into her car and rode around town until the preview was over. Timoney's face was beaming. "L—I—I'm all right?" Mae asked nervously. "All right! Hell, you're perfect." Timoney assured her, while Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Cohen dashed out with new contracts for her to sign. Mae has had only one embar- rassing experience at a preview and that was the time she wanted to sneak in on a preview of "I'm No Angel" and sit with the public to get their reaction. So she upted to the box-office and put down fifty cents for a ticket. "Hey, you," said the cashier dropping the money on the marble, "this is a pious. Naur—I guess it ain't." And then the ticket collector recognized her and gave her the theatre.

ZaSu Pitts has been to only one of her previews during her entire career as one of Hollywood's leading comedians. She just can't bear to look at herself on the screen and she doesn't think she's the least bit funny. But she felt just a little en- couraged about "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," so with her husband, Mr. Ed- ward Woodall, she snuck into the Fox Westwood on the preview night and hid herself away in a dark corner of the bal- cony. ZaSu, and I know you agree with me, was simply grand as the spinsterish Miss Hazzy and gave a perfect performance, but she decided she was awful and snuck out of the theatre before the picture was half over. Dat old dubb! Inferiority Com- plex he she's done got Miss ZaSu, ma'am.

A funny thing happened the night that Madge Evans and I dashed over to Glen- dale recently to see the preview of "What Every Woman Knows," in which picture Madge plays the haughty Lady Sybil. There was the usual number of fans with autograph books standing at the entrance and immediately several of them stuck out their books for Madge to sign, which she did. "Who is she?" one of the girls on the sidewalk whispered quite audibly. "It's Marge E-Van," replied the girl looking closely at her book which Madge had just signed. So, of course, since that night I have never been able to call her anything but Marge E-Van. Madge is very critical of herself in pictures but never has any time really to enjoy her misery, for at dinner before the preview, at the Brown Derby after the preview, and during the preview itself she is subjected to the most terrific kidding and ribbing by her mother, by Tom Gellery, and by—ah—myself. Madge is a swell sport and takes it all beautifully and has never shown the least irritation no matter how nasty the wise- cracks. After every preview she always says, "Well, mother, I guess we can plan to return to New York next month."

Joan Crawford never misses her pre-
views and is always escorted by Franchot Tone and several assorted young men. After the preview of "Chained" she was mobbed by her ardent fans and had to be lifted up by her young men and carried to her car. Connie Bennett belongs to the Don Juan club of previewing too. After the "Green Hat"—that is, of course—they finally decided to call it—Gilbert Roland tossed Miss Bennett right over the heads of her clambering public.

Marlene Dietrich is another star who never misses one of her previews and always goes with Von Sternberg. Sometimes she'll pose for pictures, and sometimes she won't, depending upon the mood she's in. Marlene isn't very fond of autographing. Jean Blondell, unlike most of the movie stars, does not take her family to a preview with her. She says she wants good, honest criticism about her acting, and her family will tell her if she's gone bad when she isn't. So Jean usually tries to take her sister Gloria's boy friend and a business man, and insists upon her chauffeur and cook going if possible. Her husband, George Baries, just won't go to pictures, even if it is a Blondell hit.

Jean Harlow suffers more at a preview than any star I have ever been with. From the minute the picture starts and she sees herself on the screen she suffers tortures, presses her nails into her palms until they nearly bleed, and tears up everything she can get her hands on. Sort of a cold perspiration breaks out all over her, all the matter how warm and enthusiastic the audience reaction is so nervous that her entire system is upset for a week following each preview. I remember shaking her hand after the preview of 'Red Dust' and it was so clammy that I thought for a second that I had a corpse with me. But with all this suffering Jean wouldn't miss a preview for anything, because she thinks it a marvelous place to learn about pictures and people and acting. William Powell accompanied Jean and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maruo Bello, to her last preview, "The Girl from Missouri," which all goes to prove that Mr. Powell is kinda sweet on Jean, for Bill hates previews and swarms of people, and rarely shows up at his own.

The first preview I went to with Claudette Colbert—in which she played stooge to Mr. George M. Cohan and Mr. Jimmy Durante—she had to rush home and take aspirin. She decided she was through in pictures, and had better go back to the New York stage as quickly as possible. But the last preview I went to with her was something else again—the immortal "It Happened One Night." Claudette was feeling low the evening of the preview and was quite sure that the picture wasn't any good and she hadn't wanted to make it anyway, and it was too far to ride over to Pasadena. But when she saw Norman Foster and her mother and me get in the car she decided to join us and all the way over to Pasadena mourned about her fate. "If I could only have a smash hit picture sometimes," she groused. "Everybody else has one, but I have to keep on making these so-so pictures that never get me anywhere." Well, she got herself a smash hit that night, and was Claudette surprised?

To the Japanese Garden, at the Ritz in New York, went our clever young "cosmetic inquirer" with her bagful of pink, sweet-scented powder-samples. She interviewed in the dressing-room... just asked each attractive young luncheon-guest one question... "What would you pay for this new powder?... try it and tell me." Sixteen replied with the "$2 a box" and ten said "at least $1.50." Thirteen mentioned how well it adhered... and not one would believe that this soft, fine, becoming powder sold everywhere at 50c! Try it yourself, forgetting price, and see what it does for the tone and transparency of your skin. Send the coupon below.

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50c

ARMAND, Des Moines, IA.: Send me a free sample of Armand Bouquet Powder. Enclose a 2c stamp to help cover postage.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

1 egg
1 3/4 cups flour
1 teaspoonful baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger

Mix. Add 1/2 cup boiling water.

Bake 30 minutes.

"Did I tell you we serve coffee? We use hot milk with it instead of cream, although there's no law against cream. The hot milk is a French idea and we like it very much," observed Bette.

"Talking of New England dishes, I must mention codfish balls. Not that I'd serve them at a Sunday night supper, but I adore them! Let Lillian tell you how she fixes them."

Lillian was willing to part with this secret, so here it is:

You cook a potato until it is well-done. Mash it and mix it with flaked codfish, which you have parboiled until it has lost its salty taste. Even if you've soaked your fish all night, it's well to boil it, Lillian believes. Wash it and. 1 0 egg to bind the fish flakes and potato and a few drops of onion juice to add to the flavor. Drop in the egg, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat until it's a golden brown. Serve with garnish of parsley.

"Because we're informal, I always have cigarettes on the table," said Bette. "Naturally in Gramling a day there were none to be seen there at Saturday night banquets, since women didn't smoke, but today even in New England. Informality is the reason Bette gives for her custom of announcing supper herself. "I don't know many people in Hollywood," she observed, rubbing Tibby's black ear, "I have about ten friends in town and we're all crazy. Bruce tells me things are ready and I pay on the good.

"We aren't a bridge-playing crowd. We like to get together and talk or play games or sing around the piano. That fashion of entertainment is coming back, you know. Then we like to get up acts and try them on each other.

Vacation's over! Dolores Del Rio, her mother, and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, on their return to Hollywood.

"Did you ever try that game Charlie Chaplin invented? I think he calls it 'Unselfconscious.' Each member of the party in turn tries to enter the room, cross it, and make an exit, while the rest stare at him. So, in the meantime, striving to seem unselfconscious. I don't know whether the
inventor ever managed to do it or not, but none of us has succeeded so far."

Bobby, who had been telephoning about the horses the girls were to ride, came back to ask if Bette had remembered that all New Englanders eat pumpkin pie.

"Bette doesn’t care for pie—it makes you fat or something—but Ham does," she added.

So here’s the way pumpkin pie is made by those who know how:

"For the shell, sift 1 cup of sifted flour with 1/4 teaspoonful salt, chop into with a pastry knife 1/2 cupful of shortening; beat well mixed, work in slowly ice water to make a stiff paste, about 4 tablespoons. Place in ice-box until chilled. Roll out floured dough and just fit in medium sized pie tin. Crinkle the edge and fill with pumpkin mixture.

"Mix mixture, beat 2 eggs, beat into them 2 cups of steamed and mashed pumpkin, 1 cup sifted brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoonful cloves, 1/2 teaspoonful ginger, 1/2 teaspoonful allspice, 1/2 teaspoonful nutmeg. 1/2 teaspoonful salt and 1 1/2 cups of milk.

"Pour into pastry-lined tin, set in moderate oven for ten minutes, reduce heat and bake slowly for 25 minutes. Cool and serve with slice of American cheese.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 6

farm. Pictures can make even cabbages romantic!

M. A. Cullum, 4600 Mill Creek, Kansas City, Mo.

APPETIZER FOR LITERATURE

Instead of lessening interest in good literature, the movies create an added thrill for it. After seeing the screen play of "One More River," a friend of mine went out and purchased Galsworthy’s book of that name. The same sort of thing happened when "The Fountain" was screened.

Edith E. Nominth, 45 R Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

EXPENSIVE, BUT WORTH IT!

Complaint against Grace Moore! I’m spending all my spare change, seeing her picture in its entirety. The lovely golden voice ever heard, is holding “One Night of Love,” over for a fifth week. Meaning I’ll have to see it again. Yes, Grace Moore keeps me broke—but I love it!

Tona Swan, 1134 Geneva Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

MAUREEN MARCHES ON!

Some years ago I was amused to read that Maureen O’Sullivan hoped to get the Academy award one day. But after seeing her as the charmingly rebellious Henrietta of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" it does not seem so improbable. Good luck to the Irish lass!

M. J. Smith, 81 East Boulevard, Rochester, N. Y.

LAUGHTON RATES THE RAVES!

I’ve always held that foreign actors and actresses, though possibly less capable than our own, were ballyhooed and praised too much. I’d admit, though, that I think Charles Laughton the most versatile actor in Hollywood. He needs no ballyhoo, and deserves all the praise he receives.

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1008 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.
Clark Gable Explains Himself
Continued from page 19

that sound terrible to you? To begin with, I have never recovered from my astonishment at the interest people from all over the world have in professional people. This is not just true of America. It is true in almost every country of the globe.

Undoubtedly, if the public never read anything about us, from the time we finished one picture until another was ready for release, they might not be so eager to see the new picture; so we should be, and I am, grateful that they write to know about our soap, our stationery, our books; but in the face of all this, I do want to live my life just as Tom Jones or Bill Smith in Oshkosh might do. Unless I do something that is so flagrantly immoral that decent people are offended, I don't think my personal habits concern anyone but me.

Now, don't misunderstand me! I haven't the slightest idea of doing anything that could make the public ashamed of me; but what I am trying to get over to you is that I conduct myself in the manner I do not, because some public demands or expects it of me, but because I choose to do so myself. If this were not true, I think it might weaken one's moral fiber. If such a thought governed me, when the time comes that I no longer mean anything to the public—and such time comes to all professional people—I might feel, "Oh, to blankety-blank with it all, now I can do as I choose." And it is possible it might appear to me at that moment that freedom might mean breaking all the laws of rhyme and reason. No, so far as possible I mean to live my own life now. I hope it pleases anyone who is interested; but I must continue to cultivate the habit of self-respect, no matter what anybody thinks about it.

Self-respect means that I am honest with myself. I am not acting when I am not acting before the camera. The work I am paid for, and I will play any part I am called upon to play, if it is within my ability. When I am through, I want to drop into any mood I desire. If I feel like swearing, I shall probably swear. I don't often have the impulse, but it is an outlet at times. If I want to go to the skating rink with my boy or somebody else's boy and act like I am fourteen, I think that is my privilege.
There are times when I don’t feel more than fourteen. On the other hand, if I feel about ninety, and sit in moody silence, I think I merit that privilege, nor do I think the man at the service station who does and says what he pleases when his work is over.

For the moment, I am considering the times that we make public appearances and expect to receive attention. Does that sound conceited? I don’t mean it that way. I make when we are urged to make personal appearances, we hope, down in our hearts, that we are important enough to the public that a fuss will be made of us. If this doesn’t happen, it means that our drawing power has diminished and producers may value us accordingly, so don’t let anybody fool you when they say they do not like this attitude. We are not stupid enough not to want it, no matter how embarrassing or inconvenient it may be.

I resent having every writer meet me question me about how many women I have loved. A bank president is not any better bookkeeper, nor any worse, for having been engaged three times or for never having been engaged. We are all pretty good at being more in an actor’s life? Any man who reaches maturity and has never imagined himself in love is a funny sort of man. On the other hand, a man of any age who boasts of his conquests is about as descriptive a human being as one can find.

If I refuse to discuss any part of my past, and later someone discovers that I once went to Sunday School with Lucy Cotton or to some other office or other, they say: “Oh, he’s ashamed of his past.” Now, I am not ashamed of anything I ever did, but I am not going to make any fuss of myself by boring people with reading it. If we say that women will always interest us, they feel we are fickle and unependable. If we say we love our wife and all other places we are of the past and completely forgotten, they feel we are a little selfish and they look around for some other player who can make love to between women at once. You see, we have our Scylla and Charybdis, too, and we are caught if we do or if we don’t.

One of the things I am particular about telling the truth. I was taught it by my father. My father always said anyone who would he would steal. Now, I am asked to write articles, and in all words, I feel if I answer them at all, I must answer them truthfully. If I don’t answer, they get the information elsewhere. I can imagine that it makes me feel I will answer all time—no matter whom I offend. The space is so limited, a writer never explains all we say and invariably we are misunderstood. So, I still prefer the method of Mande Adams. Her public liked the illusion and wanted to remain ignorant of her own facts. I would like to do some really great characterizations and be remembered by those, rather than the color of sox I wear. Do you think I can?

**Here’s to Youth**

**Continued from page 33**

The lad whose habit it is to amaze his colleagues as well as his fans by making each succeeding screen performance more remarkable than its predecessor, was just about finishing his breakfast shortly after noon of the October day when I saw him at his hotel. Jackie, as a matter of fact, plenty of pep, and be giving you a handshake and a greeting that for beaming vigor would shame the highest-pressure salesman you ever met.

On this particular day Jackie was pretty much taken up with a new pair of roller-skates—“stream-lined.” He was itching to give them a real try-out. At the time he was doing an engagement at Loew’s Theatre in Jersey City. There is a big, broad, concrete space, but Jack couldn’t skate—the crowds pressed so closely about him when he tried that the only way he could get any action out of the “stream-liners,” was to blow right through masses of young humanity—and Jackie wouldn’t do that.

“I don’t mind the work,” he assured me. “But after a while I wish they would let me get in a little play.” New York is a big town and there’s plenty in the town that Jackie would like to take in.

“I am making out better this time than when we came to New York about two years ago,” he added. “I’ve been to see the Statue of Liberty, went right up to the crown. That’s as high as you can climb inside the statue.

“When we came here before, nobody was supposed to know about it. Coming East on the train mother kept telling me about all the places we would see. Well, we arrived in New York at nine and were completely taken about visiting people in offices and such places, and we got to the hotel at nine that night. There was fun for sure. However, the personal appearance tour involved tours shows a day, demanding that Jackie leave his hotel at noon and remain at a theatre until near midnight, he assured me he enjoyed doing the stage appearances. “It’s easy, easier than pictures,” he said.

“I like working with George Jessel.” Jessel appeared with him at the Paramount in New York and also in Jersey City. “We kid each other, and it’s fun.”

Jackie sat astride a chair, his forearms folded over his back and cradling his chin. He seemed to be aiming at me a precarious angle. It was a stimulating visit, the more so because of little intimacies of real life that crept into the conversation at unexpected intervals. This was “allowance day,” and Jackie reminded his mother she owed him the sum of one hundred. Mr. Bigelow had told him a lot of people would take that.

“Oh,” he said. “A chisel, eh! Why, I worked on that radio like the Dickens last night, got it working for that, wasn’t it?” Mrs. Bigelow reminded her son. Jackie leaned forward and started to keep from grinning. “I don’t know.”

“Mrs. Bigelow admitted defeat with a burst of laughter, allowed the accuracy, and Justice,
of Jackie's brief, and said the dollar was due and would be paid.

Guns and shooting are Jackie's most absorbing hobby. He had told me he had a lot of fun during the filming of "Treasure Island." I understood why, later on—when he got to talking about shooting. It developed that Jackie had a memorable time on the boat, on which the company spent a month making "Treasure Island." "At meal-times," he said, "I would sit on deck at the rear of the boat and with a 22 caliber revolver would fire away at the paper pie-plates tossed overboard. I sat there and took pot-shots at them as the plates floated by."

He had some trophies of his New York visit of which he was mighty proud—what boy wouldn't be delighted with a real New York City detective's badge? Jackie had one, given him by a chief inspector. He has a sense of reality that had me seeing in imagination a stretch of shore land fronting on a bay or other open water. The other side, a high sandy beach, was interrupted wth shots of "pull" and detonations barking from shotguns, as fragments of clay scooted out over the beach and and reconstruction in a blast of flying lead pellets.

Jackie Coogan met Nova Pilbeam while both were in our town. Jackie gallantly visited the hospital where the little British star and her mother, and the newscast cameras recorded their mutual greetings. Little Miss Pilbeam, whom you will see in "Little Friends," is a true girl of a girl, very fair, with light brown hair and grey-blue eyes, who takes her acting very seriously. That is to say, that it work itself has a tremendous hold, while the drum-beating set up in the interests of publicity surrounding her visit was a phise of her new career to be accepted politely but without any natural taste or relish thereof. Or so at least it seemed to your reporter when this very articulate, intelligent and highly-strung girl was interviewed in her tower suite.

"I am small for my age," Nova volunteered during a part of the conversation, "but still I don't understand why so many people group me as a child actress along with Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper. I greatly admire those two, and I'm sure if you compare them is flattering. But really a girl fifteen is not a child; many girls that age have played your type of roles on the stage as well as in pictures!"

No doubt you have noticed there are no children under Nova's age appearing in English pictures. "That's a reason for that," Nova explained. "In England the law prohibits children under twelve appearing on the professional stage, and under fourteen in films.

Nova has been on the stage, professionally, in several plays since she was twelve. She is of the theatre to the degree that her father, Arnold Pilbeam, is an actor—a prominent one in England. He played the star part in the production there of "The Beggar's Opera," and for several years before the death of Sir Nigel Playfair was the latter's manager. Sir Nigel operated the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, where many notable plays had their first presentation—John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," for example.

When she was five years old Nova was invited to play a part in an amateur Christmas play. To that event traces her first interest in the theatre. "I liked it so much, though at first I thought little of it," said Nova.

At seven she won, in competition with adults, a scholarship in elocution at a London dramatic school. Today she seems—well, a little old for her years—mentally, that is, but not emotionally. She seems more anxious to get back home and to school than to be participating in the dizzy round of events planned for her by her press-agents in New York, and much more desirous of emphasis for a reply, Nova resorted to that fascinatingly youthful gesturing of shaking the head and blinking the eyes—a device so frequently employed by little women and little men when they talk down to, as they look up at, their taller and older interrogators. "I have grown up a lot much," she said with what seemed just a trace of apology, as though this frank admission might be a bit impolitic. Perhaps I would go once a more grave that was all. I did enjoy working in the picture, very much, and I hope my work will be well received in America. When the stage, picture acting seems strange; particularly you notice the lack of audience response, the applause. I want to go on acting in pictures, but I also want to appear on the stage."

Close-up of a formal gown created for June Knight, who poses for you above. The fab-rick is a dotted satin.

was equally proud of a pistol-shot honor insignia given him by some fellow-in-arms who ranks as a top-shot among the New York cops.

The interview ended on a fittingly spectacular and pictorial note. I had asked him precisely what was the difference between "sket"—shooting and the trap-shoot ing with which we grandpappys are more likely to be familiar.

Jackie laid out the whole picture. "There is an enclosure over there, you stand back here. Set about in a semi-circle are stakes or posts. You take your position at one post, the gun is not held in firing position. By the count, one—two—fire!"

All this with sweeping gestures and animation. As he counted "one—two" the imaginary gun came to a position across the body like "present arms" in the army drill routine; at "two" it was brought against the shoulder, the head dropped, right eye sighting along the barrel. I thought it a darn good show. Somehow the youngster had put into his description...
Nova, who reads a great deal, said that "perhaps" the authors she most enjoys are Dickens and the Brontës. She is not especially interested in seeing Hollywood, and had no particular reason to go to America when she arrived. Without the first-class treatment in America, she might have been reluctant to return. In America, however, she was determined to go back to see the present-day events at home in America.

She would like, "only" not the type she is interested in, to add a little more to life. She does not want to be "Wuthering Heights," she also wants to do, someday, Barrie's play, "Mary Rose.

All this too much, in a costume vicar, with the fluency and facility of speech which is an important part of the engaging charm of this magnetically alert young girl. Nova dresses very smartly; one of her favorite miniature ivory carvings, (she proudly displayed a very commendable example, a tiny white mouse, which she produced from her muff in the dead of winter) rides horses and riding—hopes someday she can have a stable of her own.

These youngsters! No way are they faking it, then and no way whether because of their acting experience or those native qualities which in the first place brought them into prominence, they are distinctly above the crowd in their off-stage lives as well.

Hollywood Can't Tame or Type This Man

Continued from page 20

plays don't grow on trees. I am constantly in communication with writers, directors, producers—anyone who has a finger in the production of plays. I do not know what I am to the hundreds—literally—looking for one. My entire family are reading manuscripts daily. So far we have found nothing suitable. Anyway, you are preparing to be a star in Hollywood. If you don't come in for the show, we may have to do it ourselves."

"Before I made such a hit in pictures you didn't have such trouble finding plays," I objected. You were working very well at the moment by Hollywood standards.

"Before I made such a hit, as you put it," he retorted. "I was prepared to take chances with a play that I am not prepared to take now. I can't afford to. And the plays I was in were not always so hot. Just before I did 'Fugitive' I was in two flops."

"Oh, really." I shut up my sorrowful words to that effect. "Well, you find me one!"

"What kind do you want?"

"A good play," he answered triumphantly. "That's a thought." I flipped. "It's very definite and I've never heard an actor make such a specification before."

"I have in mind a costume drama, but outside of that there's no limit. I try to keep away from old plays because I always think they date and are fast-nailed, no matter how much you go into modernizing them. But, whether it's a drama, a comedy, or what not, doesn't matter—so long as it's growing and new."

"I don't know," I replied, still unconvinced. "Spencer Tracy has often commented on the matter to me and you have the ideal contracts in the idea that you're required to do only two pictures a year and can do stage plays in the interim. You don't void yourselves of the opportunity."

"I haven't an ideal contract!" he replied heatedly. "I thought when I signed it I would have one, but it is a contract designed to serve a certain purpose fail utterly. It's true I have to do only two pictures a year, but the pay during the bond is the same the whole year. They are supposed to be made between June 1st and the end of September. This one 'I Have an Ideal Contract.' I started eight weeks behind schedule. Instead of finishing it at the end of July, we've finished it at the end of September. Now, they're getting us our money and the only thing left is the cost of being through with the second by the end of the September, it will be the end of December before I'm finished. How do you do this year? What producer would risk anywhere from $35,000 to $50,000 on the production of a play when he knows that at best he can get no more than a five months run out of it, because my 'ideal contract' stipulates I'll be back here the first of June again. If I could go on and play in it as long as people came to the boxoffice, it would be different. If it happened to be a hit it wouldn't matter when the run started, because I could go on and on. Of course when they started the first picture late I could have demanded my pound of flesh and said, 'You have only three services from Jan. 1, 1933 to Dec. 31, 1933. You haven't a script ready; it isn't my fault.' But the studio people have been very nice to me so it's up to me to be nice to them.

But the result of all this is I'll be looking for five months after I leave here. It's true I could make another picture over this year—because the studio is constantly after me to do more—but I don't want to. There's one point to illustrate why my contract is not ideal. Here's another. If I get a part that I want, and if I sign another one for more than one picture at a time I will have a clause inserted, stipulating that before we start work the completed script is to be delivered to me and that it is to be shot that way, with no changes. Also, I will specify that I go to have a set of rehearsals before we ever start shooting."

We sat in silence for a few minutes while I digested all this and Mr. Muni got on his subject of free lunch.

Then, "Why is it you object to visitors on your set? You've played in the theatre long enough to be used to working before an audience. I don't see how they can disappoint you."

Mr. Muni glared for an instant or two and then relaxed. "That's something else I'm glad you've brought up. Rules are made out here for a certain purpose, but people in Hollywood have to have something to talk about so they distort the real reason until it is obscured or lost and the impression remains that I am high-hat or temperamental or reserved visitors—under certain conditions. When I was working on 'Fugitive' I had a particularly difficult scene to do. I had just been handed the lines and we were going to run through it a few times. I am naturally nervous and self-conscious. I can't jump into a role of that kind until I have time to work into the role. I have to time my way into a scene and during that time I give far from a finished performance. Well, I had to get up and there were fifty visitors on my set. Fifty, by actual count, and all of them gazing at me! If an actor is to have any business outside his office draw it has to be because the public thinks he is good. While I'm rehearsing I am not good. I'm experimenting. Now, if I go to lunch and rehearse then those visitors they would have thought me awkward, incompetent, and a lot of other..."
uncomplimentary things. They would have gone home and told their friends they saw Muni and he's not so hot. They would probably have added that my performances are the least exciting in most photography. I refused to make a spectacle of myself and declined to work until they had left the lot.

"On the stage I would have had four weeks of rehearsals and I would have been as good in the part as it is possible for me to be in only three days. When people come to see a play, they are seeing me at my best. I wouldn't permit anyone to watch me rehearsing a play, either."

"Well," I put in, "I've seen Helen Hayes kidding on the set, get a cue and jump right into a scene which called for hysterics, finish the scene, wipe her eyes and come off and take up her kidding again. And I've seen other actors do the same thing."

"Some actors can do that," he admitted. "I can't. My mental processes are slow and they're not that elastic. Even in the theatre, when I've been in a play for months, I still have to go off by myself between scenes and plot with my thumb in my hands, building myself into the mood before I can go on and play it."

"I know tricks, of course. I can dip into the bag with the best of them. But I don't like to use them. I don't feel that tricks make for a natural performance. Some of them are effective—but not as effective as really feeling the part and playing it as a person would really live it. That's why I want time to study a part and try out different readings. Some of them are awkward and I realize at the time I'm awkward doing it. No one who takes any pride in his work wants to show it until it's finished. You wouldn't show one of your articles before you'd polished it up, would you? Well, I don't want outsiders to see my performances until they're as good as I can make them.

"If I ever have that clause that gives me a completed script and a week's rehearsals before I start shooting, they can bring all the visitors on the set they like. I'll welcome them because it will be stimulating. I'll feel as though I'm playing to an audience.

"As a matter of fact, I have never seen myself on the screen that I haven't cringed. I don't like anything I have ever done in pictures—or, at least, I'm not satisfied with anything I've ever done. And that goes for 'Scarface' and 'Fugitive,' too! I see my pictures once to see what they look like—and once is enough."

"I prefer the stage to the screen but I'm not crazy about being an actor at all. I'd much rather be a painter and enjoy myself. I have a catholic taste in amusements. I can enjoy Katherine Cornell, the roundness of Fannie Brice, and the humor of Willie and Eugene Howard. I don't care what kind of play it is so long as it's good."

"Don't you ever lose patience when you're in the audience and see an actor misplaying a part? Doesn't that upset you?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he conceded. "But then, you so often see an actor giving a great performance and it buoys me up. When I see a good play well done, it makes me want to do one, too. But after I rehearsed it and brought it to lie, I don't care particularly about seeing how long a run I can get out of it."

Muni paused in his speech and devoted himself to the hallibut while again I stared. He talks glibly, fluently—and intelligently. His ideas are mature and he doesn't say things just to be talking. You have the impression, despite his shyness, that everything has been carefully thought out. With all this there is a boyish quality about him. Something ageless. I commented on it.

He nodded. "That's why I have played character parts almost exclusively. When I was twenty-four I could never play a juvenile of twenty-four because I always looked eighteen. If I played character parts, I could, with make-up, look any age."

"He also gives the impression—to me, at least—of morbidity. That was why I was totally unprepared when Archie Mayo, who directed him in his new picture, started kidding him about having jumped into his pool the day before with his clothes on. I must have shown surprise as vividly as I felt it."

Muni laughed. "Some people were out at the house for a swim and I said I didn't feel like changing into a bathing suit. Someone suggested I go in as I was, so I did." He smiled ruefully. "It's costing me $8 to get new swimming trunks. I shan't bother the cost of getting my clothes cleaned and pressed.

"That was the topping—for me. Muni jumping into a pool, fully dressed! You expect a thing like that of Max Baer."

"Say! Come to think of it, they're not very different at all. They both speak their minds!"
Bing Crosby's Hidden Side Revealed

Continued from page 32

him, fish with him, swim with him, and in other ways we while away pleasant hours in his company. Yet I am positive not one of us is nearly as close to Bing as was Eddie Lang.

When Eddie died in an Eastern city, Crosby immediately invited his widow, Kitty Lang, to come to Hollywood. He did this because of the great love-bond between Kitty and Eddie, and he believed it would benefit her to get her away from old surroundings which held poignant memories.

Kitty arrived in Hollywood and was at once taken into the Crosby home as a guest. After what she deemed a polite stay, she announced her intention of leaving. Bing wouldn't hear of it. He insisted that she had nowhere near worn out her welcome, and he refused to make a check for the money to purchase a railway ticket. Kitty was a stranger to Hollywood, so she couldn't cash such a check anywhere.

After several weeks and weeks that helped the widow to forget her great sorrow—Mrs. Lang had to return East to clear up the details of her husband's estate. Then Crosby did cash her check, but because he believed she was not too wonderfully supplied with money, he never deposited that check in his own bank. Instead, he tore it to shreds.

Further evidence of Bing's fondness for Eddie, and of his intention never to forget his old friend, is the fact that one of the Crosby twins bears the middle name, Lang.

Bing never travels East that he doesn't visit the grave where Lang's body rests. I am sincerely of the belief that fifty years hence, if Crosby is still alive and if he visits the Atlantic coast many times yearly, he will never fail to kneel every time at the grave of his departed, dear friend.

Recent newspapers made much ado with stories that Crosby had gone to the financial aid of Mack Sennett, the comedy-picture producer. According to the press, Bing financed Sennett's trip to England, where Mack is now producing a new series of pictures. The stories were so true that Bing is said to have given $50,000 to Sennett.

Immediate denials were made by both Crosby and by Sennett's local aides. Nevertheless, an orchid must have been tugged Bing's way because, although he did not actually help Sennett (the help was not needed), he made the offer of financial assistance when he believed that Mack was in need.

Bing's offer was made in gratitude to Sennett. A few years ago, when the Crooner had no more money than a canary has feet, the producer gave Crosby an opportunity to star in two-ree comedies, one of those comedies, "I Surrender, Dear," was indirectly responsible for other pictures which in turn led to Crosby's present top-running position on the film ladder of fame.

About six years ago, three young men formed a trio, and within a short time they won considerable attention. Paul White- man contracted them as an added feature for his orchestral presentations, and he gave them the seductive title, "The Three Rhythm Boys." In time their fame spread from coast to coast.

Eventually the trio broke up. Since then, the years have dealt more kindly with Crosby than with the remaining two. In fact, I have heard nothing of one of the trio in years, and the slight fame of the
second fades in comparison with Crosby's return.

This second trio-member, Harry Barris, recently opened a night club in Hollywood.

Now, opening a club in the film city is one thing; keeping that club something else entirely. Night clubs spring up like mushrooms in Hollywood, and they often die out as quickly.

But consider this: Crosby had been offered fifteen hundred dollars a night to make similar appearances at the Chicago World's Fair—and he rejected the offer. In stone-cold truth, Bing really gave his old friend, Barris, the same services that a Chicago night club valued at fifteen hundred dollars a week.

Incidentally, following that very successful opening night, Barris' club has enjoyed a flourishing business.

Now a man of crooner-appearing obviously has reached the ears of every beggar and hand-out bum in California. A few weeks ago they began to congregate by the score near Bing's Paramount concert. They parked their automobile when he went to the studio. Matters reached a point where Bing had to go away, he was going too average an average man's weekly salary, every day.

He might still be doing it if his business manager hadn't intervened. As the beginning of the week and more acute the b. m. went to studio executives and argued them into breaking a rigid rule against beggars and other freeloaders being driven onto the lot. The b. m. fixed it so that Crosby now drives right into the studio and to his dressing-room door.

Everett Crosby, Bing's brother and manager, told me that after publication of stories that Bing had helped Sennett out of financial trouble, hundreds of begging letters began to arrive at the studio.

Such letters go unanswered, Everett says, for several reasons, of which these are most important.

Nine begging letters out of every ten are from professional alms-seekers, and then enough to make the one bona fide letter from the nine fakes.

To respond to the pleas of all who write begging letters would cost Bing several thousand dollars weekly—more than he earns.

Letters soliciting alms are never delivered to Crosby, but are side-tracked by secretaries.

The reason Bing's managers know his soft-heartedness; they know he would soon go broke trying to respond to them all.

So persons who are contemplating begging-letters to Crosby are herewith advised against such a futile act. Your letters will only get as far as your own secretaries.

Those secretaries are placed there by Bing's managers to protect Bing against his own good nature.

And if your letters asking for help are not answered, do not blame Bing. It's a tough job. Next time if you received your letters personally, he really answered.

Just outside the automobile gate of the Paramount studio, a tiny girl—never too cute to beg—pouts her flowers to those stars who are not too preoccupied to stop and buy.

She never passes up. In all the months she has been there, whenever the Crooner is working or is at the studio for any purpose, he pauses to smile at the, and to purchase a bouquet of violets. Sometimes he keeps the flowers; other times he returns them to his tiny friend so she may sell them.

One evening Bing left the studio in a great rush, his mind weighted with the problem of a new contract. He raced through the studio gate and headed for home. Not until he had traveled halfway to his Tolucia Lake house did he remember the little flower girl.

Now, he tells me, he has tossed aside his neglect, promising himself that he would remember her double the next time. Most people would have done that. Not Bing. He turned his car around, returned to the studio, and made his regular purchase of violets.

In October, the California climate turned chilly this year, and winds from the Pacific ocean swept through Hollywood around corners of Paramount buildings. The little flower girl1 trouble in scant clothes for the first few days, but one morning she appeared in a nice, warm overcoat. Little was ever said about the matter, but Bing Crosby's money bought the coat.

A chap by the name of Leo Lynn is Crosby's studio stand-in. Prior to the start of his engagement, Lynn had his appendix removed. The picture's starting date was moved up two weeks, and Leo Lynn, acting his job, got out of his bed to report. But Bing wouldn't hear of him working so soon after the operation. He gave Leo three weeks' pay and told him to take things easy.

There was a young golf professional (his name is better omitted) who encountered a series of misfortunes. His wife and child were sickly and ill, and the golfer lost most of his money when a local business entered bankruptcy.

This professional had a fine opportunity to take part in a tournament far from Los Angeles, and he believed that if he could get there, he might be able to win at least some of the big money prizes. How to get to the tournament was his problem, because he was flat broke.

Bing heard the story in a roundabout way, and he conceived a plan by which to help. He was certain that the "pro," who is a gentlemanly sort of fellow, would not accept a gift of money. So Crosby's idea was to invite him to play. The Crooner arranged a small bet for the first hole—and lost. He doubled that bet on the second hole—and lost. Skillfully arranging the wagers, Crosby managed to lose enough money to pay the professional golfer's expenses.

Today they are happily fixed. He won that first tournament, and has won many since. He worships Crosby; in fact, I believe he understands just what Bing did for him.

Dick Arlen told me that he and Bing and their respective wives went to the Coconut Grove one recent night. It was the first time Bing had been there since the days when he sang from the Grove orchestra platform. But Crosby remembered most of the people; he called most of them by their first names.

"Most of them seemed to recall the Crooner's bathrobe days, (that his intimate apply to Bing) as the guy who used to sing at the Grove," Arlen said. "They didn't regard him as a movie star at all."

Arlen also said: "Crosby is one of the few fellows I know who will not listen to gossip. He is a close-mouthed, good and real friend.

"He is always remembering people he used to go to school with in nice friendly ways, such as helping them get jobs, and really sent to the trouble and lending them helping hands.

But he never plays 'big shot.' He never tries to impress his Friends who 'knew him when' by posing as a movie star.

He's just a good skeptic. When he does anything nice, he forgets about it because he thinks it's the thing to do."
Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 84

HERE'S information that Believe-it-or-not Ripley would seize upon avidly: Bing Crosby doesn't know one musical note from another!

Furthermore, the Crooner seldom sings a song exactly the same twice. This works a hardship on studio cutting-rooms, because it is often the practice to have voice artists sing their songs on the set for lip movement, then again in a sound-proof booth for sound. Movement and sound are then joined. This is rarely possible with Bing, because only by accident does he twice sing a number the same.

THERE is one little habit practiced by Hollywood stars that has fooled scores of check forgers. Few stars ever write autographs the same way they sign checks. Lew Ayres, for instance, uses entirely different signatures on checks and autographs. As a consequence, two forgers have been apprehended as they were attempting to cash checks that bore Ayres' name. Unfortunately for the forgers, they copied his autographing signature, which fact bank-tellers recognized at once.

IT'S more fun! I mean, Robert Montgomery's new "Un-Intelligence Test." Bob introduced it at a house party and now everybody is playing it.

The game, (if such it may be called), is a burlesque of popular "Intelligence Tests" conducted by newspapers. Here is the way Bob plays it: Compile a list of absurd or personal questions. These are typed in advance, and all party guests receive copies. The answers are read aloud, and are generally very funny.

Here are the kind of questions to ask:

Do you sit on the floor to pull on your stockings or are you?

Do you make faces when your bridge partner leads wrong?

Do you think you sing better in your bath than out?

Of course, the idea is for everybody to make the answers as ridiculous as possible. Try it some time.

BEBE DANIELS, who already operates a dress-shop in Los Angeles, has opened another in Palm Springs. This is the second of a contemplated string of stores to be opened in western cities, Bebe says. And now that Thelma Todd is establishing a chain of cafés in southern California, it looks as if the stars are going into business in a big way.

EXTREMELY amusing was the incident of the young eastern business man, visiting in Hollywood, who saw and joined a group of persons surrounding an ornate automobile. On inquiry, he learned that the machine belonged to Charlie Chaplin.

Not knowing the way of such things, the visitor stepped up to the Japanese chauffeur, gave him a quarter, and asked the Oriental to send him a picture of Chaplin. A few days later the young man received a large envelope. But the chauffeur had evidently misunderstood, for inside was a picture of a grinning Jay, autographed: "Togo." It was the chauffeur!

FAN appeal is as powerful as sex appeal thousands upon thousands of letters piled into Fox studio, and so Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are making another picture together—"One More Spring." . . . Dorothy Wilson parted with her appendix, and was up and around within ten days. . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence will bring their London stage hit, "Moonlight and Silver," to New York soon. . . . How's this for a record: H. Norman Olden, Englishman living in London, has seen more than 2100 pictures since January 1, 1927. . . . Anna Sten's personal appearance trip was for two purposes: To introduce her to the public, and, more important, to quell stories comparing her with Garbo. . . . Maxine Doyle, who was for three years mistress of ceremonies at the Earl Theatre in Washington, D. C., returned there recently, now a screen success, and packed 'em in with personal appearances. . . . Three players with the same euphonic name take part in "David Copperfield." They are Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Laughon (Charlie's wife), and Frank Lawton.

NEVER a month without a new story based on the eccentricities of Greta Garbo. This month's story is one without words—that is, no words from Garbo. A film company was shooting scenes at the home of Neil Hamilton, and a number of neighbors dropped in to watch. In the audience were Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a few more. Everybody was jostling in fine fettle.

Ablitely Garbo arrived, clad in slacks and wearing dark glasses. Without a word to anybody present, she booked and watched proceedings. No one dared speak to her, and the merriment died to whispers. Presently Garbo walked away, wonder if Greta doesn't get a great kick—perhaps an inner laugh—from her antics?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT returned to her dressing-room one day from a set and found a male visitor. The man was seated on the barber chair which is a feature of Claudette's room—a chair in which Claudette reposes for facials or when she is being made up.

"I beg your pardon," Miss Colbert said to her uninvited guest, "but is there something I can do for you?"

"If you're the barber," answered the man, "I want a shave."

The thing was on the level, too, with the man. He was a strong fellow on the lot, and when he asked Gary Cooper the whereabouts of the barber-shop, Gary, with a perfectly solemn countenance, directed him to Claudette's dressing-room!
BEAUTIFUL SCREEN STARS KNOW

... that sparkling eyes and round, tempting lips demand good facial circulation. Try one of their secrets — start up your circulation by enjoying DOUBLE MINT GUM. The beauty result is immediate. Buy a package. You'll like it.
Here's the way I write Chesterfield —

They finish.

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PRIZES from RUBY KEELER IN BIG NEW CONTEST!
Man and Wife in Hollywood by Beth Brown
Mickey Mouse Feature
All women welcome the cleanliness and brilliance this tooth paste affords

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven’t tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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NAPOLEON'S MASTER
with the troops . . . . with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!
Wellington, the Iron Duke, who out-maneuvered Napoleon on the battlefields and in the ballrooms of France!
Thrillingly portrayed by the electrifying genius of George Arliss!

GEORGE ARLISS
in
The IRON DUKE

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JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .

GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS
NEXT ISSUE—ALL-STAR!

Greta Garbo—By Henry Albert Phillips!

Merle Oberon—By Leonard Hall!

Many Stars—By Beth Brown!

Elizabeth Bergner—By Hettie Grimstead!

George Arliss—By Tom Kennedy!

Dick Powell—By James M. Fidler!

All these stars, and star-writers, will appear, exclusively and sumptuously presented in the inimitable SCREENLAND manner, in the March issue on sale January 25.

February, 1935

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Printed in the U. S. A.
Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

Pronounced "SEE-QUO-YAH"

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN
Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Salutes and Snubs

Read what others say!
Write what you think!

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

WHOM THE GOBS APPLAUD!

After living for twelve years under a white hat, I say with confidence: We American bluejackets are not movie fans, we are addicts! Yet Shirley Temple and Mickey Mouse are the only stars whose appearance on the screen is greeted by our applause. To Garbo and Hephorn, we say "phooey!"

Allen M. Hewlett,
14th Division,
U.S.S. Saratoga,
Long Beach, Calif.

MEDALS FOR SPEECH!

As a telephone operator, I can appreciate really good voices. My two favorites among the men on the screen are: Leslie Howard, for his carefully modulated voice; and Fredric March for his clear "American" manner of speech.

Ida M. Pearson,
1403 Green St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

HOPE YOU GET YOUR WISH!

I come to ask a boon of thee, Mr. Producer! Since I belong to the class of working men, I'd like to see a "down to earth" story in which the poor working boy does not go to work in an imported car and sit behind a mahogany desk when he gets there.

J. B. Jack,
Lock Box 461,
Pennsboro, West Va.

MAGNIFICENT BLAH?

How absurd and foolish are Cecil B. DeMille's attempts at great magnificence! They are so much inartistic bla-bla. Nothing is left to the imagination. Every scene is smothered under a clutter of countless detail. His so-called realism is applied to the wrong thing and in the wrong place.

Sam Clements,
135 Corby Hall,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Fredric March is Top Man by mandate of fan Salutes this month.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, ANN!

Having subscribed to SCREENLAND primarily to hear more about Ann Harding, I do hope she answers Delight Evans' "open letter" with a similarly "open" one. Producers, please intersperse those martyr roles Ann portrays with more roles like Joan in "Double Harness." That was perfect entertainment!

Mrs. M. D. A.,
517 College St.,
Chatauqua, Tex.

IS THE ACTING THE THING?

Delight Evans' letter to Ann Harding poses a question. Are we interested foremost in the "art" of stars—the characters they portray, the manner in which they portray them? Or do we concern ourselves with the personalities of the players instead? I believe the acting, not the actors, is paramount.

Coursin Black,
P. O. Box 33,
Chatauqua, N. Y.

ULTIMATUM!

A "Snub" to Ann Harding for her hauteur and high-batisfied press.

(Continued on page 79)
The Picture of the Month

PAUL MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

—a hellcat with murder on her conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things that will burn themselves into your memory of a drama which combines the best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and "Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.
To lovely Evelyn Laye, blonde British beauty whose voice and acting enhance the appeal of "Evensong," an English picture you'll want to see.

"Evensong" is the very human story of a talented girl who becomes a great opera singer. Evelyn Laye, shown below in a scene from the picture with Emlyn Williams, popular British actor, plays the leading part with fine understanding and sympathy; and her own charming singing voice is admirably suited to her prima donna rôle.

"Evensong" is Evelyn Laye's farewell, for a while, to the English screens. Miss Laye has been signed to a Hollywood contract, and will be one of the pet "adopted artists" of our own cinema capital. But her "goodbye" to Great Britain is a picture that will keep her celluloid memory green over there—our English cousins will not soon forget her screen image after watching her reveal the emotions of a temperamental singer in youth and in old age as she does so splendidly in "Evensong." Farewell—and Hail, Evelyn Laye!
Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrait of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings." Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.
Lovely Dolores Del Rio greets you with Latin hospitality in a modernistic setting. Truly a thrilling experience, this latest SCREENLAND star visit! Del Rio reveals favorite dishes of her famous guests in her own charming way. Exclusive!

Inside the Stars' Homes

BECAUSE he liked the groups of huge and ancient cedar trees on land in a canyon near the sea, Cedric Gibbons bought it and built a modernistic house there for Mrs. Gibbons, more widely known as Dolores Del Rio.

It's an unusual and beautiful house of glass and chromium, copper and cement-colored composition block, with a blue tiled swimming pool and red doors to dressing-rooms and summer-house. The cedars tower over house and pool and tennis courts, as picturesque as though they had been designed by their artist owner.

The door to the house is of dull chromium steel, with an outline of vermillion and a tiny cylindrical peep-hole large enough for one eye to reconnoiter through it. The eye that looked out at me was dark and flashing, unmistakable with its long lashes and "half-moon" shape that laughter gives to the eyes of Dolores.

"My speak-easy!" she bubbled, and came to greet me.

"I tell you," she cried, her pretty hands rushing into enthusiastic gesture, as we crossed the foyer, "I have been thinking of what SCREENLAND would like and what the women who entertain would like, and I have made out a luncheon menu of unusual dishes that would be nice to serve when a small company is expected. So my cook has prepared the dishes and you and I will try them together!"

The only color about her was in the shining plaids of the metal scarf at the throat of her black dress, but she seemed more vivid and radiant than another girl would be in silver and scarlet.

The butler who had previously pushed the electric button so that I could open the gates of the Gibbons' garden, announced luncheon and we proceeded to the dining room, our reflections moving also across the great mirrors that repeat the glass and metal and rose-beige finish of the entrance hall.

The long table in the dining room is made of a special glass that gleams like metal, and through it the greeny-blue of the supports makes a modernistic pattern. Chairs of the same greeny-blue are upholstered in the
yellow-white velvet of the window draperies.

"The first course I chose is avocado soup," Dolores informed me, as glass and silver plates were set before us. "My mother taught me to serve it when I was at home in Mexico, and it was always my favorite. It is a Mexican dish, but very few people know about it.

"It is very easy to make, which is nice for the cook, though I think real cooks do not care if a dish is a trouble to do, if only it is delicious! I know I love good food and I love to cook, too. Whenever I go out, if I have something good, I try to find out how it was made and when I come home I tell my cook about it and then we have it here.

For this soup, you take four cups of the best cream, seasoned to taste. Then you mash a ripe avocado, and just before you are ready to serve the soup, you add the avocado, stir it in and serve with crotons.

You may take my word for it that the result is something to dream about.

"Latin hospitality!" My hostess echoed my question. "I tell you—Latin hospitality is very much like that of your own Southern states. We love having guests and we like to make you feel at home and pleased that your guests do feel welcome and wanted. Latin hospitality is not like everybody to wish they did not have to go home.

"The only trouble with that sort of hospitality is that the hosts are so eager to have you enjoy your dinner or whatever meal it is, that you are likely to feel hurt if you don't eat everything. You perhaps are not hungry, or maybe you don't feel so well that day and would like to eat lightly, or your doctor has told you not to take rich food, or even you do not care for that dish, but you soon see that you must eat or your table will mortally offend your host.

"Like to see my guests enjoy themselves and I like to serve delicious things. I always work out the menus for this house with my cook every morning, that is my pleasure. No, I am afraid I never consider my guests' diets!"

Blini replaced the soup. Blini are really crepes (very thin French pancakes), spread with caviar, rolled and smothered in sour cream.

"I had blini for the first time years ago when I was in Paris, at a little Russian café," Dolores told me. "It is a Russian dish, not a Mexican one, but I adore it and eat it every day. Often I make a whole meal of blini, and so I want to tell you about it. Everyone likes it who comes here. Jack Gilbert is one—if he is coming. He always asks if I am going to have blini?"

Here is the recipe for this delicacy. You can increase the quantities if you wish to serve more people:

Crepes

1/2 cup flour
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
1 egg

Mix your dry ingredients, add milk, stir until perfectly smooth. Add egg, beat thoroughly and cook in greased pan.

Spread each crepe with caviar, roll and cover with sour cream.

A cupful of sour cream is beaten up with the juice of lemon and a teaspoon of sugar, and this dressing is added just before the dish is served.

"Gary Cooper is also very fond of blini," remembered Dolores, as we disposed of the luxurious rolls. "Gary is my best cook and he always has two helpings of everything! I am Latin enough to adore that! I feel so

(Continued on page 86)
Mervyn LeRoy resents being called "genius," but he goes on making hits

Master of the Hit Formula!

ONE NIGHT, a little over a quarter of a century ago, a youngster, just turned seven, was sleeping the sleep of the very young. Suddenly his boy dreams were disrupted by an unearthly din, a screeching of wooden boards and iron hinges. The world, his world, was tottering. Pandemonium broke loose. It was the beginning of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

The air was filled with a deafening crash, a rising clamor of terror-laden voices, and down, down, down went Mervyn LeRoy and his little bed to the trembling earth below. Three whole floors below! The end of all material things? Not for Mervyn. Not by many amazing experiences yet to come!

Upon finding himself suddenly wide awake, unharmed, mentally and geographically down to earth, his first fearless thoughts were of his bicycle. The one his father, then owner of a department store, had given him not long before. With the ground doing queer things under his feet, he made straight for the shed where his bicycle stood. An ever-widening glare of light crimsoned the sky. The shed, when he arrived there, was ablaze with flames. Men shouted and danced like demented wraiths in the livid glow. The city was on fire!

Mervyn forgot about his bike. There were other, bigger things to do. He must help put out that fire!

That was twenty-six years ago. Mervyn is now thirty-two, and though he has never again been called upon to stamp out the flames of a city on fire, he has been going about in a hectic (Continued on page 70)
An Open Letter to G. G.

"Kid" Garbo,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios,
Culver City, Cal.

Dear "Chocolate":
How're you, kid?
Giving in?
Always thought you would, sooner or later. Of course, it's "later," all right; but maybe it won't be long now before you're answering fan letters and posing for bathing suit pictures again.

You know, you've never fooled me even a little bit. Perhaps because I am one of the few living persons who has ever really met you. I won't forget that meeting, either; I liked you, liked your frank and friendly greeting, your shyness, your genuine modesty; liked your good manners when you crossed the room to get me your special brand of cigarette; enjoyed your democratic difference to the other screen celebrities of the period. Yes, that was a long, long time ago. 'Way back in the Jack Gilbert era. Nevertheless, in your later motion pictures I'd catch brief, tantalizing glimpses of the girl I had met, beneath all the gloomy "Queen Christina" grandeur, chiefly when you'd grin. That grin, in fact, kept alive my interest and my enthusiasm in the Garbo Legend. And now—now is Director "Woody" Van Dyke smashing that legend to bits?

I hope so. Because somewhere under the layers and layers of Duse-Bernhardt business there must be a real Garbo who could thrill the world once more; who could go on to really great things on screen and stage. And if Director Van Dyke has found you out with his disarming honesty which places all troupers, stars or support, on the same genial footing, then I'll toss another hat in the air—and I've already tossed away too many hats over "The Thin Man." No, Greta—I'm afraid you won't be able to fool any of us any more, if it's true, and how I hope it is, that you liked Mr. Van Dyke's directorial methods which included calling you "Honey" and "Kid"—to which latter you're rumored to have returned, "Just call me 'Chocolate.'"

It took Director Van Dyke to tear away the painted veil from the musty Garbo statue. Next, he'll probably topple the statue right off its pedestal if he has a chance. And whether you actually enjoy, at this late date, being treated as just another human being, as Van Dyke invariably treats anybody working on the set, instead of The Woman in the Glass Cage, you're a good enough business girl to like to make "hit" pictures. And a hit, Kid Chocolate, is what you need.

Delight Evans
Manners for Meeting Movie Stars

How to act and what to say when presented to cinema celebrities. Don't miss this original and exclusive feature!

By Dorothy Manners
(No pun intended!)

AFTER this, just call me Emily Post Manners.

I, who recently forgot Norma Shearer's name during an introduction and once said to Corinne Griffith: “Goodbye, I'm so glad to have met you—hope I soon you again see!” am herewith compiling an essay on the etiquette of meeting movie stars, and how to go about it. Well, why not? Trial by error is almost as good a teacher as experience, proving that my Rules For Getting Off On The Right Foot with Connie Bennett, Joan Crawford, Ronald Colman et al may be followed with impunity by the most timid star greeter.

Of course, the first rule for meeting a movie star is to get to Hollywood or New York. On second thought, a lot of good that will do unless you're a relative of Louis B. Mayer's or one of the Warner boys.

Elissa Landi, at left, is a lot more fun to meet than you'd imagine!

Clark Gable really likes all kinds of people and enjoys talking to them.

Connie Bennett disarms you when you meet her. It's even safe to tell her you didn't like her latest film, if she feels the same way about it! Effusiveness bothers Miss Bennett.
If you just can’t manage to be a relative to someone who matters or have a friend who has a friend who is on social footing with the elite, the only other approach is the fan-album-in-hand-I’ve-always-admired-your-work-so-much system at the Vendome or one of the various Brown Derby Gate-crashing is absolutely frowned upon, and ringing home door-bells or calling up over the telephone is a direct cut to ostracization. In fact, it is downright “pest-y” and will rate you nothing but a door in the face or a receiver in the ear from even the most approachable celeb.

The second rule is to pick your star—in other words, there’s nothing like meeting someone who will be met, and surprisingly enough there are plenty of them. If I were you I’d skip Greta Garbo or Katharine Hepburn for my first encounter with a star in the flesh because Greta is still her frightened-faun self, and so is Kathie Hepburn, by gun!

Off-hand I can think of no one better to start with than Joan Crawford, for if Joan is not the most cordial star in Hollywood to meet, she’s so close to it you can skip the difference. Joan not only smiles and bows to the crowds that line-up after previews and before dinners, she actually shakes hands and calls “Hello” right back!

But there’s one little trick of standing out from the crowd so far as Joan is concerned—something that will set you apart from the other meeters and greeters—and that is, a sincere handclasp and a remark that is personal to her, and could not apply to any other ermine-coated celebrity present. Then, indeed, you have Joan’s undivided attention! If you can prove that you have been writing her letters for years and years and have always adored her on the screen and that she has been something of an inspiration in your life, you need not worry that you’ll bore her. Tears have actually welled in Joan’s eyes following an effusive tribute from a stranger. She is so touched she usually murmers “God bless you”—and you rate ace-high with her ever after. Ten-to-one she’ll get your address, write you a nice letter and send an autographed picture.

On the other hand, I wouldn’t try “inspiration” on Connie Bennett. Effusiveness bothers Connie and gets in her sleck (Continued on page 95)
No More Nonsense!

Two great events have recently taken place in the life of our little carrot-topped girl friend, Ginger Rogers.

One, of course, is her marriage to Mr. Lew Ayres, the eminent juvenile actor who tooted a saxophone in a jazz band before the lightning of Hollywood fame struck him.

The second, perhaps, is even more important. In fact, I think that the peppery one has just won the greatest artistic battle of her brief but florid screen career.

The minx has flatly refused to twinkle for the camera clad only in the armor of righteousness and her little pink undies—and has gotten away with it! This thrilling episode marks a turning point in Ginger’s classic career. No longer is she the pliable little song and dance cutie—she is now a woman and an actress, like Garbo, Helen Hayes and ZaSu Pitts. You never catch an artist like La Pitts scooting around a scene in her step-ins!

No longer will Ginger’s director coo: “Now, Ginger, a weentsy close-up of you brooding before the fire in your pink ‘uns’—and make it stick. The Rogers has Dared for Decency—and Won!

For several years, as you know, no Ginger Rogers picture was considered kosher unless the sorrel-topped child, garbed only in her prettiest lacy doo-dads, was playfully pursued by the leading man through several hundred feet of raw stock. Now, this may have been very uplifting for us boys, but I can understand the young lady getting fed to the back teeth with such childish antics. Was she an actress, she reasoned, or was she just a brassiere demonstrator?

Having decided, in jig time, (Continued on page 85)
George Brent's Future

By

Mabel Smith

As told to Franc Dillon

EVERY week dozens of people ask me questions, not only about their own personal problems, but about those of the motion picture stars. On account of his recent successful pictures and particularly due to the fact that he was chosen to play the lover in "The Painted Veil" with Greta Garbo, I have been kept busy answering questions about George Brent.

"Will he marry Miss Garbo? Why didn't his romance with Ruth Chatterton last? Why wasn't he the big hit Warner Brothers expected him to be? Why is it that he is now in demand for important pictures at every studio in Hollywood, when only two years ago he was hanging around Hollywood unwanted? Will this sudden enthusiasm for him last? Will he fulfill the promise made in 'Desirable' and others of his recent pictures and become one of the most popular stars?"

Are you out of breath? Those are but a few of the questions asked me every day by friends and fans of George Brent. What influence, they ask me, have the stars on his career? Of course the skeptics will say the stars have nothing to do with it, but we'll pay no attention to the skeptics because the stars are seldom very good to them, anyway.

George Brent was born on the 15th of March, which makes him a Pisces. Pisces is the sign of the Zodiac which rules the period from February 20th to March 20th, and is often called the birth sign of poets, artists and dreamers. Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Michelangelo, to mention a few, were born under this sign.

Every sign has a ruling (Continued on page 72)

Editor's Note: Mabel Smith is Hollywood's pet astrologer. For years she has advised the stars in their business and personal affairs. In the article on this page she explains, according to his horoscope, what the future holds for George Brent.
Man and Wife

When a star in Hollywood gets a divorce—that's two columns on the front page of any newspaper. When a star in Hollywood gets married—that's half a column on page two. But when a star in Hollywood stays married—you don't even hear about it!

Yet the Hollywood marriage is much more interesting than the Hollywood divorce.

It's one step ahead of the week-end marriage. It's two steps ahead of trial marriage. It's strides ahead of marriage in Soviet Russia. Hollywood, maligned as the hot-bed of divorce, is actually the successful exponent of the most modern note in matrimony—the professional marriage.

Show folk are a strange people with a language of their own. Like the royal houses of Europe, they prefer to intermarry. The list is long and imposing: Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. George Burns and Gracie Allen. Charles Laughton and Elsa Laughton. You could start now and finish next Wednesday singling out their names.

And to your surprise, you find yourself attending silver and gold wedding anniversary dinners. C. B. DeMille has been married to Mrs. C. B. DeMille for 32 years. George Arliss computed his wedded bliss in decades. Eddie Cantor just celebrated 20 years of happiness with Ida. On the 26th of August, the Gleasons were married 27 years. Ralph Morgan has had the one wife for 24 years. And so the list of longly-weds goes.

Yet the professional marriage is no lark. You are not only married to each other. You are married to your work. You are married to each other's work.

From Mrs. DeMille I got a most astute answer to the most question: "What is love?"

"It's pretty hard to define love," she said. "All I know is that it's bigger than personality!"

There, in a nutshell, you have the secret of happy married life. Give Hollywood credit for finding it!

Where else but in Hollywood are man and wife as tolerant of each other as George Arliss and Mrs. Arliss? When Arliss's rehearsing his players, Mrs. Arliss is just another puppet in the show. Yet at home, exactly as you saw him pictured in "Disraeli," he never fails to bring her the morning's flower.

Gene Markey, the writer, is married to Joan Bennett, the actress. In "The Pursuit of Happiness," Lederer, the leading man, made love to Joan. Gene saw them together. He heard Lederer speak his love for Joan. It was Gene who had written those love scenes! It was all in the day's work.

Burns and Allen eat breakfast together. Together, they face that camera. George makes a sap out of Grace and Grace takes it like a sport. It's all in the day's work.

In Hollywood, marriage is a success because all the partners play their parts no matter if the script calls...
in Hollywood!

for an unsympathetic role, or simulated love for another.

For a long time, the curious searched for the hidden meaning behind Marlene Dietrich's devotion to Josef von Sternberg. Yet there was a time in Germany when the glamorous Dietrich was only a bit player, and Rudolph Sieber, her husband, was the great director. One night, at the theatre, von Sternberg happened to be in the audience. He was frantically searching for a leading lady to play in his picture "The Blue Angel." He saw Dietrich, hurried back-stage, offered her a contract.

Sieber understood that here was an opportunity of a lifetime. He not only insisted that Dietrich accept but he kept Maria, the baby, with him so that Dietrich would be free to go to America to follow her career. Now the three are in America together—and inseparable. Von Sternberg has made Sieber assistant director on Dietrich's pictures.

Where but in Hollywood would you find a triangle with a happy ending?

Yes, where but in Hollywood could you find two writers happily married to each other? Say Harlan Thompson is in heat on a play. He goes to work at midnight, works all night, and sleeps all day. Does Marian Spitzer, the famous author-wife, retire to her bedroom to weep? No. She knows he has a script on his mind. Harlan's in labor pains.

With his feet propped up on the desk at Paramount where he's employed as both writer and director, he confided that: "We know what the other is going through when in the throes of creation. Work comes first."

They each drive their own car, lunch together if convenient, and feel no hesitancy to call up at the last minute to say they won't be home to dinner. Their home life is made to conform to them rather than making them conform to home life. And where but in Hollywood would you find a marriage like that?

The biggest battle the Ken Maynards ever had was fought the day after they were married. They were spending their honeymoon up in Arrowhead. The only reason they couldn't separate was because she had no money with which to get down from the mountain and he was in the middle of a picture being shot there at Arrowhead. Now both of them confess that they've forgotten what the battle was all about.

The marriage survived. They accumulated their first $500. Neither of them had ever before owned a bankbook. They did not know what to do with the money. So Mrs. Maynard carried it about in her stocking. A man on the set finally noticed the bulge. He asked a question. He listened to a naive answer. He said "Come with me!" And he led the way to a more substantial bank.

For a long time, the Maynards lived in a humble flat and kept one house-boy. They (Continued on page 94)
Madge Talks About Una

Here's the gay, intimate, and sparkling story of two unique actresses, who have made five pictures together and are still speaking!

WHEN I told Madge Evans that I had received an assignment to do a story on her and Una Merkel for Screenland—and I told her in my most annoying you-should-be-grateful-dear-child manner—Madge merely flicked a strip of pimento from her cottage cheese in the most unconcerned fashion and casually remarked, "But, Liza, I don't like the stories you write about your friends. They're always stupid."

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, had there been any feathers on the Fox lot except those in Peggy Fears' hairdress, and I made a funny, stuttering noise in my tea-cup that would have upset Emily Post considerably. There was a pregnant pause, and Madge burst into peals of laughter. "Liza," she screamed, "you do the most marvelous 'slow burn' I have ever seen. You should see your face. Remember your high blood pressure. Come, now, don't be mad. I think you're a grand writer—why, I read you more avidly than I do Fannie Hurst or Mary Roberts Rinehart, and I am that pleased that you are going to do a story on me. You know I didn't mean a thing I said, so snap out of it and have a tart, a nice tantalizing strawberry tart with whipped cream."

Now just between you and me, and I want you to keep it confidential, I've suspected for a long time that Madge puts a lot of truth into her little jests. Anyway, she certainly had found my heel of Achilles that day, for I have been aware for lo, these many years that when I try to write about my friends in the picture colony I either get sappy or cynical, and definitely stupid. But no one has ever dared tell me so before. And I'll let no ex-child star, and one who has been called "Primrose Madge" in her day, get away with that. Quite coldly, and hoping fiendishly that "this will burn her up" I said apropos of nothing at all, "I read in an interview that Mr. Temple gave the press that after four years he expects to send Shirley to Europe and finishing school, at the end of which time she will come back to Hollywood with such a bang that she will make Madge Evans, former child star, look like an extra."

"Indeed," said Madge with a cute giggle. "You can tell Mr. Temple that it doesn't take a trip abroad and a finishing school to make Madge Evans look like an extra. Many a director and cutter has accomplished that."

Madge is mean like that; she just won't "burn." Well, that was as near a feud as I ever got with Madge Evans, so I decided to make the most of it. I decided to be very dignified and hurt about the whole thing and let Una and Madge write about each other, rather than write about them myself. Of course Madge and Una

The rather shy Madge Evans, like all sensitive souls, has a brightly shining and smartly cracking defense mechanism, which fools most people but can't fool Una!
refused to consider it a feud at all and said I was only being lazy. (I still suspect that Madge puts a lot of truth into her jests.) But with a laconic "Write!" I stuck a pencil and paper in her hand and wandered on down to the other end of the dressing-room corridor, almost to Garbo's private runway, where Una was going over her lines with Charlie Butterworth. "Write," I said, "write why you like Madge Evans—that is, of course, if you do."

So having distributed pencils and paper like a parlor guessing-game I sat myself complacently down and contemplated the removal of the Marion Davies bungalow which seemed to call for more drilling than a skyscraper. The base driller reminded me rather uncomfortably of the dentist and I began to work up quite a hate for Marion Davies whom I have always liked. But that awful drilling—well, I decided in fifteen minutes I could stand it no longer, and if those girls couldn't write down why they liked each other in a quarter of an hour it was just too bad for the cause of intimate literature.

In case, my readers, you have been in the South of France for the last two years, you cads, and don't know your Hollywood, I guess I had better take the trouble to tell you that Madge and Una have accomplished the unaccomplishable. They have been in five pictures together in that short time and still speak to each other. Furthermore, they are the best of friends. And their friendship is based on good old fundamental friendship bases, and not on "name," "importance," and "publicity"—as is the Hollywood manner. They are both unselfishly and keenly interested in the success and happiness of the other, and never has anyone seen one spark of jealousy. Friendship in Hollywood is such an elusive thing, here today and gone tomorrow, depending mostly upon the convenience and publicity values in it, that when I find two girls who really like each other for being each other, who are loyal to a fault, then I get mist in the eyes and remember my hay fever. They are two grand gals, Merkel and Evans, and don't let me hear you say different.

When the fifteen minutes were up I dashed into Madge's dressing-room, only to discover that she had left for the set, and on her dressing-table was my slip of paper with "sense of humor ... playmate ... home ... comfortable ... happy ... excellent actress ... friendly ... thoughtful" written on it. So, Una, in case you want to know, that's why Madge likes you.

With Una I had more luck, for she had an hour to spare before she had to return to her set, and there's nothing Una likes to talk about more than Madge Evans. "I started writing it down," (Continued on page 97)
Ruby Keeler Invites You to Enter Her Contest!

Here is something really new in contests! SCREENLAND, cooperating with this charming star, presents imposing prizes in a competition that is entertainingly different.
We’re listing the prizes here. Now turn the page to read what you must do to enter the Ruby Keeler contest.

Prizes!

**FIRST PRIZE:**
$150.00 in cash.

**SECOND PRIZE:**
Fur Coat. *Studio Styles, pictured.*

**THIRD PRIZE:**

**FOURTH PRIZE:**
$50.00 in cash.

**FIFTH PRIZE:**
20 pairs of silk stockings.
*In Screenlite Shades, by Mojud Clari-phant.*

**SIXTH PRIZE:**
15 pairs of silk stockings, same.

**SEVENTH PRIZE:**
10 pairs of silk stockings, same.

**TEN ADDITIONAL PRIZES**
of $5.00 each.

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**RULES OF THIS CONTEST:**

1. Fill out the coupon, as explained elsewhere. Retain this coupon as the first step in this contest. The March issue of *SCREENLAND*, on sale January 25, 1935, will contain the second step. Then you mail the coupon, with your answer to the second step, thus completing the contest.

2. This contest will close at midnight, February 25, 1935.

3. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

4. When you have completed both steps in this contest, mail your entries to Ruby Keeler Contest, *SCREENLAND* Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
A motion picture "set" in action! The artist has drawn for you the big scene at the Warner Brothers Studio where "Go Into Your Dance" is in work. Lights! Camera! The thrill of creating a great new musical comedy movie! And everywhere the earnest intensity of men and women who know their jobs, and who do them well; all vitally interested in the success of "the new picture!"

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE of


YOU'RE Hollywood-wise, or you wouldn't be reading this! You follow the films and their players. You pride yourself on being "in the know" about things cinematic. Now you have your chance to test your knowledge and your skill! At last a contest offers you the opportunity to exercise your interest in and enthusiasm about motion pictures. You've read articles about how a screenplay is made, from the scenario through the casting to the actual production. You have enjoyed stories dealing with the producers, the directors, the writers, the stars and technicians of the great film studios. All right—you're with us! Ruby Keeler's contest is designed for you! Use your wits; your keen interest in Hollywood and its hard-working picture-makers.

The object of the first step of the contest, is for you to name correctly each of the twelve persons indicated in the drawing of a set for the Warner Bros.' picture, "Go Into Your Dance" at the top of these pages. Write on the coupon printed on opposite page, alongside the number corresponding with the number of the person in the drawing, the name and duty of that person. Details of position in the drawing indicate the duties of each of the twelve persons engaged in producing the scene shown in the drawing. Select the name for each person numbered in the drawing from the names appearing under the photographs of twelve important production figures which also appear on these pages. In naming the persons, use your skill, your interest in Hollywood and its workers by establishing their identity to correspond with the number of each person in the drawing.

The photographs of the twelve people who participate in our drawing of a typical studio scene are not numbered. The persons in the drawing are; and each of these twelve persons fulfills a separate and distinct and important function in the production of a picture. It is up to you to fill out the coupon on the opposite page by writing in, after each number, the name and duty of each person indicated in the drawing by his or her number. The drawing is clear, there is no mystery about it—if you know your Hollywood this contest is enjoyably easy! Next month we announce the second step in this contest. All you have to do this month is presented clearly on these two pages. Read the details, then go to it!
You will find in the above drawing: a producer, a director, a star, a co-star, a featured player, a script girl, a chief property man, a cameraman, a chief electrician, a fashion designer, a make-up man, and a wardrobe mistress—all shown performing their respective duties on the set. You will enjoy studying this drawing and working on the contest—it’s new and different. Try it and see!

**HOW MOVIES ARE MADE!**

Al Jolson, star.
Albert C. Wilson, chief property man.
N’Wass McKenzie, wardrobe mistress.
Percy Westmore, make-up man.
Maude Allen, script girl.
Frank Murphy, chief electrician.

1. I have fulfilled the above requirements in SCREENLAND’s Ruby Keeler Contest.
2. Name
3. Street Address
4. City
5. State
Hollywood's most spectacular stylist tells you how to use his famous fashion ideas in your own clothes! Second in Screenland's series of exclusive articles bringing you the priceless advice of the supreme screen designers; an importantly interesting series no woman can afford to miss.

Extra! Extra!!! Scoop by Hollywood's spectacular stylist!

Extra!!! Adrian tells ALL!

Headline news, of course; headlines that blaze across three thousand miles affecting woman's sixth sense—her clothes taste—and leaving man a prey to her gifts, graces and glamor!

How often you have marvelled at the sumptuous beauty of costuming in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions; have secretly sighed for just one Norma Shearer creation or a Joan Crawford silhouette, sleek and suave. Then perhaps you noticed the label, "Adrian," among the names which fashioned the animated story, and wondered whether it were man or myth?

Let us find Gilbert Adrian. Follow me across sets, through endless serpentine halls, and into a room where fashions are conceived and edited with all the dispatch and finality of a city editor's desk.

This activity takes place against a background which offers pleasing contrast. The windows are white-shuttered, curtained in glazed chintz, and the color ensemble is carried out in cool, crisp shades of green, with white. There are numberless tables, with vases holding bouquets of feathery flowers, and one wall completely lined with mirrors reflects, from day to day, characteristic posturings of the great Garbo, the patrician Shearer, the dynamic Crawford or Harlow, glistening and white as the walls themselves. We come face-to-face with a slender young man—he is now but thirty-two—Adrian, himself!

There is so much to ask, so much we want to know—and where to begin?

"Let us begin from the beginning," this man who
FASHIONS!  
By Helen Harrison

★★★★★  Adrian's Five-Star Plan  ★★★★★
★ 1. Turn your news sense into clothes sense!
★ 2. The "news" must be fit for prints, velvets, lamés, etc.
★ 3. Then the clothes must tell their own story!
★ 4. Exaggeration in clothes is often necessary to dramatize a rôle or a mood.
★ 5. Clothes news should be always authentic. The observer must never be misled!

Garbo, styled by Adrian!

knows the feminine mind intuitively, will suggest. His five-star fashion formula, of course!

"The first important factor in dressing a woman is to know her mind. The woman who is intelligent, and in addition has a flair for clothes, is infinitely smarter than her lovelier sister. (Continued on page 82)

Crawford, enhanced by Adrian!
Bringing Up Daddy!

Join Eddie Cantor’s family circle for this intimate visit

By Maude Cheatham

It’s a great family, the Eddie Cantors!

Admitting he is top favorite in the amusement world—stage, radio, screen—I’m convinced after spending an afternoon in the Cantor home in Beverly Hills that Eddie’s best rôle is that of Daddy to a brood of daughters. There are five of them. Beginning with Marjorie, who is 19, there are Natalie, 17, Edna, 14, Marilyn, 10, and Janet Hope, 7. All are pretty, with flashing dark eyes and olive complexions, and all are sweet, unspoiled, and very girlish.

There was a lot of excitement, for the Cantor family was leaving the next day for New York, Eddie having completed his latest picture, “Kid Millions.”

Throughout the hubbub of ringing phones and door bells, a stream of messenger boys, and friends dropping in to say goodbye, Marjorie, Marilyn, and I sat on a big sofa in the living-room with Eddie snatching a moment now and then to join us.

Marjorie, watching little Janet and a cocker spaniel, Jolie, a new gift from Al Jolson, racing madly up and down the stairs, through the living-room and out into the sunny patio beyond, calmly turned to me saying, “There weren’t enough of us, only eleven in our party leaving tomorrow, so we add a dog! But he’s so adorable that we couldn’t leave him.”

“We’re used to traveling and love it. Daddy keeps us entertained every minute for his fun is so spontaneous and never seems to fail him. We’ve crossed the continent so often that even the Indians at Albuquerque know us.

“We always trail along with Daddy wherever he is playing and we’ve never missed being together at Christmas time. We have several little routines—one is that we always have dinner together no matter where we are and we never make any other engagements. When Daddy is too busy to come home, like matinée days or being detained at the studio, we all meet him and have dinner at some nearby place. Another is celebrating every anniversary, making them big events. There are our birthdays and a lot of other little occasions that mean much to us, so every month holds some special festivity for the Cantor family.

“Daddy,” Marjorie sang out, as Eddie dashed in between phone calls, “are you glad we are all girls?”

“Now, now, that’s a fine question,” he exploded. “You know I am. What would (Continued on page 78)
Jean Muir's job happens to be acting, but she works just as hard at it as any business girl—and likes it.

"The first thing I heard when I came to Hollywood," says Jean Muir, "is that to get ahead you had to go out with the right people, and play studio politics. I didn't believe that then, and I believe it less than ever now.

"Because I happen to have proved to my own satisfaction that the way to make good in pictures is to work harder than you ever dreamed you could work, and to learn, and learn, and learn!"

There are plenty who smile politely at Jean's naive viewpoint, and casually explain how so and so never could seem to get just the right part until she went to such and such a cocktail party.

Perhaps they are right. But Jean is right, too—for she happens to have proved her case, by traveling from a lineless bit in "The Bureau of Missing Persons" to stardom in "Desirable" in about eighteen months time.

Jean was nobody, yet, when she came on the Warner Brothers' lot; she didn't know the right people and she never played the social game. And as for wielding the well-known feminine charms to sort of soften up the way—well, you should have seen Jean rolling in the grass with her Scottie her first day on the lot—and noticed her long stride, her loose, careless clothing, her utter frankness and willingness to give an argument.

How she went up to the head office and made them re-write the first speaking part she ever had because she didn't think it was handled right and how she has driven directors half crazy by demanding why they did this and that, and offering criticisms and suggestions to the holiest of the holy—that's all history now.

Directors counted the proverbial ten about five times out of six before answering her, department heads shied at her approach and technicians would walk a mile to avoid her questions.

Lots of people on the lot didn't like Jean. She was altogether too disturbing. She always wanted to know the thing you had forgotten, or had never learned. She was continually asking the "why" concerning divine privileges and recognized practices. Jean just couldn't seem to do anything without knowing exactly how-come—and generally without a frankly expressed why and wherefore? All of which is to prove that if Jean didn't get ahead because of relatives, pull, knowing the right people or charm, she certainly did not through diplomacy. Jean said what she thought, and (Continued on page 80).
Are They Heroines

See the screen beauties through the eyes of those who know them best—or worst!

AND that's just one more point on which Hollywood differs vastly from the rest of the world!

Take New York City, for instance. Smartly groomed ladies may be faithful to one beauty salon for years. Yet their brief and business-like addresses to the operators they demand each time are usually delivered in the same icy, directorial tones with which they address the servant or servants in their apartments, penthouses or Fifth Avenue mansions.

Take any small town. The feminine gender in these hamlets is just as dependent upon the artistry of the beauty operator at the local "shoppe" as the debonair miss of Manhattan. But aside from the interchange of juicy bits of local "dirt" these smaller town belles never get too terribly tête à tête with the girl who makes them seem just what they seem with the aid of an iron or deft finger work.

In Hollywood things are different. Quite different, in fact. The g'amarous, the mighty, the worshipped and unapproachable sirens of the silver screen are really buddies with their hairdressers because they not only depend on them but they trust them with a childlike confidence that is awe-inspiring. When a million dollar baby is born to a screen star the first person to cast reverent eyes on this sterling silver offspring is the gal who sets the shimmering locks of mother's hair and anoints her grace-ful finger-tips with tints of royal hue.

There's the case of Norma Shearer. For the past eight years, more or less, a pleasant, trustworthy individual named Helen Hyde has taken care of Norma's brown tresses. Through each film rôle Helen was the guardian of those rippling waves. Night after night, when the cameras
the friendly advisor, the willing confidante, the constant sharer of each and every Shearer question. And how thrilling for Helen Hyde this friendship, this constant contact with one of the screen's greatest and most adored has been—and is today! For, as in every walk of life, Helen has had her problems, too. And Norma Shearer has never been too busy, too concerned with her own greater problems to share Helen's perplexities and to help her solve them.

Look at Joan Crawford. Joan, who has perfected so steadily, so successfully, and so ultimately the camera angles of each and every feature. Could she have done this—with the need of experiment after experiment to find and to prove just what coiffure, just what make-up, just how much wave was best for her particular type—without the loving care and advice of “Syb,” who gave up a portion of every single evening to send her weary way to Joan's Brentwood residence despite the fact that she had worked hard all day in the famous salon of Jim's beauty parlor in Hollywood? And when Joan was in New York, doing Broadway and Park Avenue at the height of the social and theatrical season, didn't she publicly bemoan the fact that “Syb” was not along? Would a woman from anywhere but Hollywood ever stop to wish she had brought her hairdresser along on such a pleasure jaunt? Certainly not. Probably she wouldn't even remember her name. But the great Crawford would; she might even wire “Syb” to take the very next plane and join her so that she might really feel like her usual exotic self.

Over at Columbia studio, in a tiny room on the dressing-room floor, a girl named Helen Hunt holds court. In this (Continued on page 92)
**DO YOU KNOW?**

Try this new game that is amusing some of your favorite stars

By

James Marion

Do you know that Shirley Temple weighs exactly her height—forty-three inches, forty-three pounds? And now read the story for many more interesting, strange, funny, or incredible facts about your film idols. You'll be more Hollywood-wise when you have finished this unusual feature.

**DO YOU SUFFER FROM HOST-DELIRIUMS?**

Do icy chills chase up and down your spine when you are about to entertain a party of guests and don't know what to do to amuse them? If so, then you do suffer from *host-deliriums.* Hollywood, the city of half-work-half-play, is everlastingly seeking novel ways to entertain at home. The stars have played "Vegetable, Animal, or Mineral?" until they have raked the subject dry. They have indulged in "Coffee Pot," "Murder," "Fitting Movie Titles to Movie Stars;" spelling contests, guessing games, and every other conceivable form of parlor amusement.

Now, Hollywood has through necessity invented a new diversion. The stars call it a "Do You Know?" game. To play it, guests arrange their chairs in a circle, and then everybody relates something odd about another person present. For example, if among the guests at a party are Jean Harlow, William Powell, Mary Brian and Dick Powell, Jean may tell something about Mary, Dick may reveal something about Jean, Bill may tell on Dick, and Mary may tell something about Bill.

The prime idea of the game is to reveal something not generally known, either out of the past or of the present. As a rule, the facts thus uncovered are amusing, odd, and sometimes almost unbelievable.

To my knowledge, "Do You Know?" was first played at the Beverly Hills home of director W. S. Van Dyke. If you know your Hollywood, you need not be told that Woody's parties are among the most popular in Hollywood, and few stars do not eventually appear at his home.

On the day Van Dyke introduced the game, an early autumn swimming party was in progress. Beautiful feminine figures; supple, masculine muscles were on every side. It was a colorful affair, and it became acutely intimate when "Do You Know?" was started.

Despite my own fifteen years in Hollywood, and my own widespread knowledge of the lives of the stars, I soon learned many things I had never known before; odd little things out of pasts of stars about whom I had thought I knew all.

For example, I learned that Mae West once played the saccharine *Lovey Mary* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She played "Little Lord Fauntleroy" too, and when you recall that Mary Pickford portrayed the same rôle, and when you compare (Continued on page 74)
"If we all danced we'd all have fun," says Fred Astaire, and proving his point is his own personality which you'll meet here.

Sing With Your Feet!

By Dell Hogarth

WHEN we're still we're either asleep or dead."
Clippety clap, tap tap, clippety clippety clap—
dancing feet that tottered under a little tow-headed kid in Omaha and saluted, with respectful jubilation, their Majesties the King and Queen of England. Above the feet two slender legs, a lissome body, the elfin face of Fred Astaire. Shyly, he returns a smile of two continents.

"Everybody should dance," he is saying. "Not just ballroom stuff but individual creative effort. It's the oldest of the arts, the most gratifying. The body is the first medium to express what is in our hearts and minds. Movement gives joy and health. It's only natural that it should tend toward grace and rhythm. What person is so old and decrepit that he doesn't somehow keep time with music?"

Fred has a lot to say about dancing. It's his first love and his last.

"Some day it will have a renaissance—maybe soon. In old times everyone danced: folk dances, religious dances, tribal dances; celebrations of victory, ceremonies for the spring, summer, fall. In every manner and shape people would express a mood or perform a ritual through the rhythmic use of their bodies. If street dancing became popular once more we wouldn't think so much about the depression. We'd all have more fun!"

His own personality seems to prove the point. He exudes happiness. Not the feverish kind that people pretend to have in these hectic days, but the whole-hearted joy of being alive. His impish grin shows it. He's a sprite. Kipling would say he "looks like a lance at rest." He sits in a chair with one leg thrown lightly over the other. He walks with a jaunty swing. Ears are pointed like a satyr's, brown eyes dart eagerly here and there, his speech is staccato but seems to glide. Little things amuse him. Little things make him content.

From the time he was eight years old, Fred and his sister have been dancing on the stage—partners. Their path to fame and fortune led to the pinnacle of acclaim, a command performance before English royalty.

"Thrilled? Of course we were thrilled. An undercurrent of excitement ran (Continued on page 89)
You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in Bright Eyes
with
JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL
Directed by
DAVID BUTLER
BEAUTIFUL star makes a handsome gesture! Jean Harlow selected this portrait for her personal autograph to every SCREENLAND reader—and we're delighted to pass it along to you. Have you ever seen a more beautiful portrait of the glorious Jean?
Leading men—not a leading man—is the new idea in the casting of Joan Crawford's next picture, and the plan has been carried out to perfection with Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable to make up a dazzling triangle you'll see in "Forsaking All Others."
AND here's Claudette Colbert with the new motion picture actor, Fred MacMurray, left, and good-looking Ray Milland, chosen in preference to more prominent screen players for the romantic interest in the new Colbert comedy-drama.
The Affable Arlen!

HERE, in close-up, is the Dick Arlen personality expressed in a typical grin. A sort of confident Arlen assurance that Dick is going to give you the kind of personable impersonation you like when you see him in "Helldorado."
WARNER laughed at danger as an aviator in a romance with a war background, and now he's smiling because it again becomes his happy lot to play opposite Janet Gaynor in his next picture which is to bear the title, "One More Spring."

The Bland Baxter!
Let Youth Be Served!

Two of the younger young set! Billy Lee and Lois Kent, above, both under contract on the same lot with Baby LeRoy.

And above, of course you know it's Shirley Temple, the girl who started the youth boom, seen with her favorite leading man, Jimmy Dunn.

Right, Virginia, of the Reid sisters, now also sisters in reel, as well as in real life, and both very happy about it.

Young, blonde, and so fetching! Left, Mary Carlisle and her pet. Mary is our personal pick for sure-fire pep in any screen scene.
Our prettiest bow to youth, for bringing to the screen the zest and verve of its fine exuberance! Here are some of youth's representatives.

The newest star of the young group! Anne Shirley with O. P. Heggie in a scene from the film version of "Anne of Green Gables." In which Anne really stars.

Left, Marjorie Reid, who visited her actress sister on the lot and was signed to become an actress herself.

Right, the newest youthful team—Betty Furness and Robert Young. Watch them! Bob and Betty—it even sounds like a team.

Cora Sue Collins, above, now very much in the limelight as a screen actress, looking for more pictures to steal!
Hail the New Team!

The crowd of picture fans will roar "happy landings" when Myrna Loy and Cary Grant come to the screen as a new romantic team. Above we give you an idea of what thrills you can expect when you see them together in "Wings in the Dark." Very promising indeed.
SOMEONE wisely decided that it has been too long since Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond—remember them in "Ladies of the Big House"?—appeared together, so here we have them again as hero and heroine of a new romantic drama.
Glorifying the Supporting Cast!

Edward Arnold, above, the busiest actor in Hollywood, lends his splendid talents this time to a sympathetic role, in "Wednesday's Child."

Henry Stephenson's appearance in a picture is always a guarantee of good performance! His next is with Novarro and Evelyn Laye.

Mary Astor, above, beauty and good actress—and ever so appealingly sincere.

Walter Connolly, directly above, is about to leap right into star billing. Grand actor! Left above, the newcomer George Murphy, one of our promising young leads.

Sheila Mannors, left, is the pretty and talented girl in many films, lately Tim McCoy's leading lady.

Otto Kruger, right, is one of the most impressive actors in pictures, even though he is a member of the supporting cast. You can count on Kruger!

Raymond Walburn, left, recent recruit from the New York stage, is going places in pictures, notably in "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Broadway Bill."
Here are the Unstarred Stars!

Directly above, Phillip Reed, "tall, dark, and handsome," who stands out in any film cast. Right above, Charles Bickford. He returns in the cast of "Wicked Woman."

Florine McKinney, right, gets her first real chance to step out of the ranks in "Night Life of the Gods."

Sally Blane, not just "Loretta Young's sister," but actually star dust herself.

Helen Mack, above, is usually better than the roles they give her to play. Her charm and ability hold audience interest in any picture.

Victor Jory, left, reaps the reward of good acting. A new contract and fine parts in "White Lies" and "Mills of the Gods."

Producers, in Billie Seward you have a potential bet! Seems to us she has everything—even to a flash of the old Clara Bow dash. Give her a chance!

Fred Keating, popular Manhattan stage actor and night-club star, clicked in his first film. Now watch Fred. He has the smile and the voice that win!
ANN celebrates her call to a new display of versatility as leading lady for Rudy Vallee with some appropriately agile steps, and also proves that the Dvorak beauty blooms anew, in the portrait above.

Dvorak Dances!
HERE'S the soft-voiced Vallee registering smiles of approval that his new leading lady is the brunette Ann Dvorak. Aside from acting, singing, playing a sax and leading the orchestra, Rudy won't have much to do in his newest screen adventure.

Rudy Grins!

His time is your time, and soon Rudy will be proving that he wants it to be a good time for everybody when he steps out on the screen as a romantic hero who supplies his own sweet music.
Maude Adams was the beloved Babbie of the stage. Now Hepburn recreates the part for motion pictures. Right, an appealing glimpse of Katherine with John Beal, who plays the title rôle of The Little Minister.

Sir James Barrie's plays make marvelous movies! Here is Katherine Hepburn in "The Little Minister." Above, a stirring scene from the picturization.

Quaint, charming, sometimes humorous, often highly dramatic—"The Little Minister" should be a fine picture! Above, Hepburn as Babbie in a scene with John Beal, and David Torrence as Dr. McQueen.
“David Copperfield” Lives Again!

Noted novelist and adapter, Hugh Walpole, also plays a role: the Vicar of Blunderstone.

Basil Rathbone, below, as Edward Murdstone, the stern stepfather of Copperfield.

In the screen version of Charles Dickens’ great novel, Frank Lawton and Maureen O’Sullivan, above, enact David and Dora. Left, above, Elizabeth Allen as David’s young mother; Mr. Lawton, again, in the title role, upper right.

W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber—cheers! Can you wait to see him?

Freddie Bartholomew, with Fields in circle, plays the boy David.

Elsa Lanchester, as Clickett, slavey of the Micawbers.

Roland Young, right, seen as Uriah Heep, the dirty villain.

Edna May Oliver, above, appears as Aunt Betsey Trotwood.

Lionel Barrymore, left, plays Dan Peggotty, the fisherman.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From Robert Flaherty's pictorial masterpiece "Man of Aran."
A Mouse in a Million!

Read all about Mickey and the man who made him famous, Walt Disney, in this special story

By James M. Fidler

HUNDREDS of letters weekly bring a single startling message to the Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood. It is:

Thousands of children throughout the world have become so fond of mice, thanks to Mickey Mouse, that they nightly steal into their mothers' pantries, or their fathers' cellars, and spring the traps that have been set to catch the most infamous of household pests!

"We love Mickey Mouse," is the universal declaration of youngsters, "and we know Mickey won't like us if we let his little playmates be caught and killed!"

But while the mouse situation in private homes grows acutely worse, the mouse situation on the screen grows constantly better. Mickey has captured the niche in the hearts of children that was once occupied by Bill Hart and Mary Pickford.

Do not get the mistaken idea that the tremendous fan mail that reaches Walt Disney, creator and producer of the Mickey Mouse cartoon comedies, is entirely from children. At least fifty per cent of the letters come from adults.

One man wrote that Disney should pay the costs of an appendix operation, because, so the man stated, his case was seriously aggravated by over-laughter caused by a Mickey Mouse comedy!

A woman wrote to say she had discovered her long-lost brother when, during a visit to Pittsburgh, she had attended a movie theatre and there had heard her brother's unmistakable guffaw during the showing of one of Mickey's absurd adventures. Until then, sister and brother had not seen each other in fifteen years.

A woman who had suffered with hiccoughs for more than two days was almost miraculously cured, after physicians had failed, when she attended a theatre and laughed uproariously at Mickey's cacklings. Her doctor told her that the physical exhaustion caused by her laughter had so completely relaxed her nerves that the hiccoughing stopped of its own accord.

I could go on for pages, citing paragraphs from amazing letters that have arrived in Disney's hands. Thirty per cent of the writers treat Mickey as if he were a human being. To this (Continued on page 76)
And still more prizes! Who wouldn't be proud to own an original Mickey Mouse drawing? Here's your opportunity! See the amusing drawing above? It's one of the prizes!

**Mickey's A Radio Star!**

MICKEY MOUSE on the air! Yes, your Mickey and ours, like most of the other screen celebrities, is in demand as a radio star! He's the leading man of the "Hall of Fame" program sponsored by the Hinds Honey and Almond Cream people at 10:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, Sunday, December 23rd. Of course you'd be listenin'! Well, that gave us an idea. Why not a Mickey Mouse contest to appeal to all the Mickey admirers? We asked Walt Disney, Mickey's boss; and he said "Of course! Mickey and Minnie and all the company will be right with you!" So here you are—the Mickey Mouse Contest. You'll like it.

Above, an array of wonderful prizes! Left, large Mickey Mouse doll, very handsome! Next, smaller, but still good size Minnie Mouse doll. Then, the Musical Pig, which really plays a tune.

Not only one, but three original Mickey Mouse drawings are offered among the prizes in our Mickey Mouse contest! Above and left, we reproduce these original drawings.

**Listen to "Hall of Fame" Program**

MICKEY MOUSE, beloved hero of the famous Walt Disney screen cartoons, is also the hero of our contest to appeal to young and old alike! See the array of worth-while prizes offered in this contest—and you and all your family, children and grown-ups, will want to enter. Nothing difficult; just write a letter telling "Why I Like Mickey Mouse" in not more than 50 words. The best—meaning the most sparkling, original, and clever letters will be awarded the prizes listed on the opposite page. Please read all the rules carefully; fill out the coupon and enclose it with your letter. That's all there is to it. Now have a good time!
Contest!

Fun for the family! Prizes worth competing for! If you like Mickey Mouse and his pals—and who doesn’t?—you’ll enjoy this contest!

PRIZES
in the
MICKEY MOUSE CONTEST!

FIRST PRIZE: $100.00 in cash.
SECOND PRIZE: Mickey Mouse Doll (39 ins. tall).
THIRD PRIZE: Pig Doll (32 inches tall).
(3) FOURTH PRIZES: Original Mickey Mouse Drawing (suitably framed) with Walt Disney signature.
FIFTH PRIZE: Mickey Mouse Doll (18 ins. tall).
SIXTH PRIZE: Minnie Mouse Doll (19 ins. tall).
SEVENTH PRIZE: Musical Pig (plays a tune).
(3) EIGHTH PRIZES: Mickey Mouse Wrist Watch.
(3) NINTH PRIZES: Big Bad Wolf Pocket Watch.
(50) TENTH PRIZES: Set of Hinds Products.
(10) ELEVENTH PRIZES: Mickey Mouse Waddle Book.

75 Prizes in All! For 75 Winners!

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject, "Why I Like Mickey Mouse."
3. This contest will close at midnight, January 24, 1935.
4. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
5. Enclose coupon with your letter and mail to Mickey Mouse Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Mickey Mouse Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name ____________________________
Street Address ____________________
City _____________________________
State ____________________________

Come on! Enter this contest! Every member of the family will be entertained!
Most touching picture of the month! You should have heard the women sob when I saw it at the Music Hall at Radio City—maybe you did; at any rate, you heard them sob wherever you caught the drama, and sobs are the same in Rockefeller Center as on Main Street. Anna Sten reverses the usual stellar order of things and becomes actually better in her second than she was in her first film. She is truly magnificent as the long-suffering Tolstoy heroine, the vital, warm, earthy farm girl who falls in love with a dashing prince, who rides away—only to meet again later after the prince has become a man of the world and the poor little peasant has touched the depths. Some of the crusading spirit of the great novel has been preserved, and certainly Mamoulian has directed with fine understanding an devotion to detail. Pictorially, "We Live Again" tops even the high Samuel Goldwyn standard. It secures Sten's stardom; it reinforces Fredric March's reputation as our most sensitive and versatile actor; and it provides a rich, splendid, and thoroughly satisfying experience. Anna Sten is that miracle, a beauty who is more concerned with characterization than with close-ups.

Evelyn Prentice M-G-M

If you had never met "The Thin Man" you would hail "Evelyn Prentice" as a new, fresh, and exciting event. But don't blame Evelyn if she does not burst upon you as a thrilling novelty. The super sophistication of her predecessor took the edge off. The new co-starring vehicle of William Powell and Myrna Loy is excellent entertainment, even though it attempts to follow in the footsteps of their first audacious classic. You will enjoy, I believe, the latest adventures of Bill and Myrna—a modern married couple, again involved in swift and sometimes sinister affairs, and this time augmented by a Tiny Tot who is a throwback to those screen kiddies of yesteryear who always lisp "Papa..love Mamma" in time to avert domestic disaster. There's excitement aplenty in "Evelyn Prentice" what with the complications of a lawyer husband too busy to come home to dinner, a philandering poet who has the misfortune to be murdered, and the trial scene—and a good, suspenseful trial scene it is, too, with Miss Loy approaching poignant perfection, Mr. Powell at his brilliant best, and Isabel Jewell as the heart-rending "other woman." You'll welcome Una Merkoff, gay and sparkling.

Evensong Gaumont-British

Comparison with Grace Moore's picture, "One Night of Love," is inevitable, so suppose we get it out of the way right now. Like La Moore's triumph, "Evensong" is the screen record of the career of a prima donna. Both heroines are beautiful, with lovely voices. Romance rears its head in both cinematics—not once, but often. And just as Grace Moore is the particular pride and joy of these United States, so is Evelyn Laye the pet of England. Now it is up to you to see "Evensong" and decide for yourself just who is really "the queen of song." If you must! Miss Laye is decidedly a pictorial and vocal treat as Maggie McNeil, the Irish girl who becomes Irela, the great opera singer. Leaving youthful love behind her, she embarks upon her operatic career with the aid of Kiener, the impresario, who coaches her to triumph. A handsome Archduke pursues her with diamonds and affection—but there the story takes a new turn. The lovers part; and Irela goes on alone, still singing until age and weariness catch up with her, and a young rival breaks her heart. The supporting cast is excellent, with outstanding performances by Emlyn Williams, Carl Esmond, and particularly Fritz Kortner.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Month’s Best Performances:

Evelyn Laye in “Evensong”
Anna Sten in “We Live Again”
Joe Penner in “College Rhythm”
Frankie Thomas in “Wednesday’s Child”
Anne Shirley in “Anne of Green Gables”
Fredric March in “We Live Again”
Loretta Young in “The White Parade”
Ross Alexander in “Flirtation Walk”
Frank Morgan in “There’s Always Tomorrow”
Binnie Barnes in “There’s Always Tomorrow”

Flirtation Walk
Warner’s

Fooled you this time! Here’s a big musical that doesn’t glorify the Busby Berkeley girls, but the West Point cadets! And if you want to know how that is done, see the picture. I’d see it anyway, if I were you. It’s a great family show. It’s clean, it’s cute, it’s wholesome, and it’s always pleasant to watch. The master stroke that makes “Flirtation Walk” different from other musicals—besides that revolutionary step that gives the cadets all the glory—is having Frank Borzage direct. Yes, Frank “Seventh Heaven” Borzage, no less. Meaning that the intimate scenes of this production are imbued with as much charm and sincerity as any super-drama; meaning that the co-stars, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, are presented with more depth and sympathy than ever before; and their romance takes on reality. Of course you get a dash of girls, more than a spoonful of song, and considerable comedy. But you get, also, all the beauty and speed and spirit of West Point itself; this picture will make most small boys want to go there—and their mothers and their sisters and their aunts will wish there were more Dick Powells around—or more Ross Alexanders. He’s a pet!

College Rhythm
Paramount

Here’s one for laughs! Check your complexes and your critical faculties and prepare to enjoy yourself with this perfectly crazy picture. A troupe of the wildest and most talented performers ever assembled threw dull care and discretion right at the director’s head and made hem-hem, nonny-no and bang-a. (Aside to Director Taurog: of course I know you made them behave that way. But all the more credit to you if they look spontaneous.) Plot? Well, maybe Joe Penner’s duck knows; I don’t. What does it matter? Paramount has turned out still another radiantlly insane comedy; that’s all, and it’s more than enough. Lanny Ross is the sanest member of the cast, and even Mr. Ross unbends to the extent of turning in a hundred percent better performance than in his first movie. Jack Oakie is general assistant, with Joe Penner clowning around, and Lydia Roberti looking delicious and dancing and singing delightfully. There’s a football game to end all gridiron scraps; and there are hit tunes, and—oh, yes—there are dance numbers for those in the audience who still demand ’em. Beauty abounds in the persons of Mary Brian and Helen Mack. Everything considered, see it!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
One More Lawton!

"THIS season's stage star is next season's movie star" is almost a rule in modern theatricals. But one man's meat may be another's spinach. Movie audiences have often been known to yawn in the face of the stage's favorite personality.

Last season New York's matinée idolators found themselves a new type to sigh over—a young man who oozes charm, freshness and intelligence. This innovation in heroes is Frank Lawton, (f. o. b. London), who appeared in the Broadway play, "The Wind and the Rain," was recalled to Hollywood to appear in "One More River," and promptly proved therein that there were more movie rivers for him to cross—notably that coveted assignment of the rôle of the grown-up David in M-G-M's ambitious production of "David Copperfield." One of the real acting plums of the year.

This is Frank, no relation to Charles, but also a fine English actor and gentleman

By

Cecille Lyon Shawn

Frank Lawton is
1. Not tall.
2. Not broad-shouldered.
3. Not a smoothie.

Or not what you girls usually demand in a hero. He looks like somebody's kid brother, except that he's wearing a dinner jacket, and his hair's slicked. A whisky-and-soda, which he downed during this interview, looked incongruous in his hand. He swears, though, that he's 29, and has been on the stage for eleven years.

Now he is on his third trip to Hollywood. Three years ago he made "Cavalcade," then returned to London to appear in British plays and movies. Of acting in America he says: "It's a great experience playing here. It's entirely different—and I can't explain exactly why—from playing in England. One wouldn't expect to play the same rôle two ways, but—take my part in 'The Wind and the Rain,' for example—I played it much quicker here than I would have in London. Another thing, I have much more confidence here." Then he added quickly, "Although I lose it every now and again!"

He continued: "Maybe the speed of America has something to do with playing a rôle faster. You know, there's a general impression here that English actors who come to America talk very fast. Actually, we don't, but we're terrified to leave a gap!"

The son of actor-parents, Lawton, as a youngster, determined to go on the stage. His father, also Frank Lawton, was an American, who went to London during the Gay Nineties in the musical comedy, "Belle of New York." There he remained and married Daisy May Collier of the London stage.

Finishing Langley Hall (high school), in 1923, young Lawton persuaded André Charlot to give him a part in a revue. Several musical shows followed, in which Lawton did virtually nothing but stand around. Finally, he was given a chance to do a sketch.

"It was a very funny scene, and I had some good lines," he said. (Continued on page 90)
\textbf{Now It's My Turn!}

Goaded by gossip, Bette Davis tells "the story to end stories" about her young husband

\textit{By Mark Dowling}

"I have seen a boy named Nelson take it on the chin for the past two years. There have been rumors that we are on the verge of a divorce. Hints that I am supporting him. Whispers that I even pay for the clothes he wears. Not only does he still love me, but most of the time he can laugh at the remarks people make. I think that's one of the sweetest things in the world!"

These vivid sentences are part of the notes Bette Davis gave me to help in writing this story, notes she had dashed off at high speed over a gossip item printed about her husband in a Sunday newspaper. I had read the item myself, and knowing how Bette and Harmon Nelson have strived to keep their finances absolutely separate, in their difficult situation where the wife earns a salary much greater than the husband, I had suspected her reaction.

(The item stated that Bette had taken her husband to a department store and bought him a complete outfit of a suit, hat, and shoes, with a necktie thrown in. Emphasis was laid on the alleged fact that the star herself paid the bill. Final insult of all, it was titled simply 'And He Loved It'!)

"I've kept quiet about this long enough," Bette told me over the phone. "I thought people would realize how fine and independent my husband is—how absolutely untrue these 'gigolo' rumors are. I believed if I kept silent Hollywood would forget about us and let us alone. But now I've let everyone else have their say—I want to tell my friends my side of it. Come over and get the story!"

She met me wearing a pair of bright blue lounging pajamas which set off the pale brilliance of her hair, her great dark eyes, and the flaming scarlet of her provocative mouth. She looked modern and dangerous as tomorrow's airplane. She talked wittily, suddenly, with no respect for the sacred cows of the movie town. She laughed with frank abandon when amused. She even—(are you listenin', Mr. Hays?)—livened her conversation with colorful words not permitted in Sunday school. And she had such a foundation of breeding, culture, and intelligence that she did all these things, which less self-assured stars dare not attempt, and remained quite definitely A Lady. A lady with fire in her eyes and rage flaming in her heart.

"I wish I could laugh these things off as my husband does," she told me. "But I can't help burning!"

"Ham," as she nicknames her husband, was out playing golf, so we sat in the living-room of their charming house. It's a long friendly room with a fireplace and French doors looking out onto a terrace. Two dogs, a Scotty and a Sealyham, raced up and down the rugs as we talked. Flowers and a half-filled bowl betrayed her occupation before I had arrived. (Continued on page 71)
Sophistication with a subtle hint of Springtime! Ann Sothern shares with you her secret of how to be smoothly spectacular!

Lovely Ann, right, shows you her new gloves of shimmering satin, set off by quaint high curled coiffure, shining jet bracelets and necklace.

Left, gown for a goddess! Black, off-the-shoulders, with Empire train. Don’t miss the two gardenias worn on each sleeve! Right, hostess gown of striped velvet in brilliant red, blue, yellow, green, and white.

Gorgeous Girl looks ahead to Spring in this gray street suit, above, with its perky cape with krimmer collar. Ann’s hat of wool has a wide bow.
Glamor School

Hollywood Beauty's new and original ideas in clothes and contours, chapeaux and coiffures, brought to you only by SCREENLAND

Girls, you may not wear your hearts on your sleeves, but put your money in purse-shaped hats and you'll be smart! Left, Ann Sothern illustrates.

A dream within a dream: Ann in her negligée, left, of magenta colored chiffon, with its underdress of gold lame. Right, Ann's evening gown which whispers Spring with its turquoise-blue moire grace.

Going Russian? Well, Ann will join you with her tall turban, pictured above; but she softens the severity with her sumptuous silver-fox scarf.
Miss Garbo's eyes owe so much of that glamorous charm to their curling lashes. They are real, too, all her own, though they may look like one of those things too good to be true, an intangible, enchanting beauty that defies analysis.

W E THINK there are no eyes in the world as lovely as Greta Garbo's. There is something about Garbo's eyes that baffles explanation. It is a spiritual quality. You can no more analyze it than you can analyze the beauty of the changing colors of the sea. Her eyes seem to be looking far off at strange, enchanting things not visible to the rest of us. But then, true beauty is like that. It is intangible.

Of course true beauty is an intangible thing. But there are certain details about lovely eyes that you can note and copy. Long, luxurious lashes, for instance. Notice those in the picture. How they curl back over the lids and cast long shadows upon the cheek. Yes, they are real and they are Garbo! As much a part of her as the finely chiselled mouth and wide spaces between eye and brow. And you can encourage yours to be like them.

Everybody has grown eye-conscious. It is not a new fixation. Fascinating ladies from the early days, when Cleo was sweeping a wicked eyelash, and Helen looked up at Paris from under languorous lids, have known the advantage of eye-action. They may talk all they please about "flattery a-foot" but we are right here to tell you that flattery a-eyelash is a lot more fatal. It will turn any man's head. They even say that you can get anything you want if your eyelashes curl just the right way. They must be exaggerating because we tried it and we couldn't. But of course perhaps ours did not curl the right way!

Making up your eyes will make you brave and saucy. It will give you that beautiful feeling that you are the loveliest girl in the world. And who wouldn't give her favorite fortune for that? It used to be considered very ultra. Today eye make-up is a matter of course. And so cleverly are most eyes accented that you can only tell their make-up by the fact that they are especially beautiful. Eyes that look "made-up" are dreadful. Eyes that are skilfully accented will double any girl's popularity.

So here we are with ideas guaranteed to keep you in a social whirl. We are going to reveal the secrets of one of the younger stars who is an expert at "making eyes," and who happens to be our friend.

People who meet this glamorous starlet for the first time or who see her on the screen, rave about her eyes. Yet she has a pretty mouth, a smile that flashes, tumbled brown curls and as exquisite a figure as ever wrecked havoc on a stag line at a débutante's ball.

If she had any faults you forgot them. If her nose wasn't classic and her chin was too round, you never noticed. But you could not forget her eyes. They were something to write songs about.

Now the strange part of all this is that her eyes are not really extraordinary, when you come to analyze them. Yours and Sally's and mine are all just as exciting. It is the use she makes of them.

In the first place, she curls her lashes. They are not long, but she makes them look so, by brushing them up and by rubbing vaseline or some one of the special eyelash creams on them. When she wants to be very fetching, she curls them with a little device which a lot of girls are learning to add to their regular beauty equipment. It sets a glorious curl. (Continued on page 92)

By Josephine Felts

With their long sweeping lashes, smooth, arched brows, these are the loveliest eyes in the world! You can encourage yours to be like them!
Another side to some Hollywood reports of fireworks when radio and pictures get together

By Tom Kennedy

According to reports out of Hollywood, Lanny Ross stalked out of the cinema center in a good old-fashioned huff—the kind of a huff that would do credit to the most temperamental star that Hollywood itself could produce.

That's interesting, if true, we thought. Especially since the Hollywood version betrayed a hint of indignation that any but a Hollywood-made star could work up such a good huff—huffing in the grand manner so far has been the exclusive mark of the Hollywood aristocracy. So we thought we would find out about it.

Sure enough, Lanny did quit Hollywood in a huff—he admitted it quite frankly in the rehearsal room where he was preparing one of his "Log Cabin" programs. "I got a laugh out of it, too," added Lanny, "but not till I got back here and somebody asked me what kind of a 'huff' mine was—a six-cylinder or a twelve-cylinder 'huff'!" And with that last crack bango went another prospective yarn with plenty of hot angles about impending law suits, claims and counter charges, retorts and recriminations.

Nevertheless there had been a war, but no scars of battle, no casualties, up to the time of going to press.

Now we'll give you just one guess as to what started the fireworks between radio's most romantic young singer and the film biggies with whom he signed for a period of five years—four more to go! Right! You can't miss if you guess that the big fight started in a studio story conference, no matter who the star or what the studio.

Lest there be any further misunderstanding of this particular feud, bear in mind that no serious difficulties arose until after "College Rhythm" had been completed. "We got along fine with the 'College Rhythm' company and I liked working under Director Norman Taurog," Lanny said.

Things started when time came for discussion of Lanny's next picture. It seems he had put his OK on a story, with music, titled "Mississippi," and then it was decided to make "Mississippi" a starring vehicle for Bing Crosby, which left Lanny out in the open for another story, and there were ructions when the subject of substitutions came up.

Maybe you'll be wondering why young Mr. Ross decided to ask for his release from a contract that assures him lucrative movie work for the next five years. Well, there are many reasons, according to young Mr. Ross, and all good and convincing, too, though it's hard to get any part of show business (and that means radio as well as pictures and the stage) to believe that a person wants to do something from a conviction and in accordance with a plan or a philosophy, and not solely for purely financial considerations.

"It's hard work doing both radio and pictures," said Lanny. "I don't mind working hard, but with this new program of mine I have something I have wanted for a long while. I want to devote a lot to it, want it to be the greatest possible success. And (Continued on page 84)
WHEN Marion Davies switched from the M-G-M to the Warner Brothers Studios, a major job of house-moving was involved. For not only did Marion transfer herself and her personal belongings, but she ordered her bungalow dressing-room moved. The building was cut in half, and at considerable expense the two portions were rolled twenty miles, through city and country streets alike. When the halves reached their destination, they were rejoined, and lo, there stood Miss Davies' M-G-M bungalow on the Warner lot.

CAROLE LOMBARD and William Powell, since their divorce, have the same trouble with their dog that some separated couples have with a child. They've compromised; Powell gets the dog on Sundays and holidays, and Carole keeps him the balance of the time.

The holidays may mean furs and ice-carnivals to you, but in California it's bathing-suits and the beach. Cecilia Parker, above, shows you as she sends her New Year's greetings.

WELL, guess what the studio janitor discovered when he cleared Greta Garbo's old dressing-room, after she had moved into sumptuous new quarters. Funny papers! Piles and piles of comic sheets! Not all comic sheets, but just the torn-out sections of one particular serial, "Pop Eye." She has even named her dog Wimpy, after a character in Pop Eye's strip. And of course, you knew her two cats were named Olive Oil and Castor Oil?

HERE is something I'll bet you didn't know about Isabel Jewell. She was so smart in school that she received "A" in everything, from her first year in high school to her final year in college.

HERE is a standing offer, open to all comers: Ned Sparks will pay the sum of one thousand dollars to any man, woman or child who will make him laugh. Of course, there is a catch. Any person attempting to evoke a grin from the "dead pan" comedian and failing, must contribute ten dollars to Ned's favorite charity. The odds are one hundred to one, but to date there have been few takers.

MOTHERS with children, beware; never give your young ones magnets, if you want them to eat spinach!

Shirley Temple's parents taught their child to eat spinach "because it had iron in it and would make her strong." Then they gave her a toy magnet. When it didn't pull the spinach, Shirley refused to swallow the "iron" story—and now she will NOT eat spinach.
Introducing Norman Scott Barnes! He is the star of his very first picture posed with his proud and famous parents, Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes.

THE big social and matrimonial event of the season was the wedding of Virginia Katherine (Ginger) Rogers and Lewis Frederick Ayre (Lew Ayres). It took place at the historic Little Church of the Flowers, and most of Hollywood's important people were present. Janet Gaynor, in pastel yellow and brown, and Mary Brian, in delft-blue, were bridesmaids. Phyllis Frazer, in blue-green, was maid of honor. Ben Alexander was best man.

The bride wore a gown of pale green Chantilly lace, and she never looked more beautiful. And by the way, Ginger is now sending small squares of the gown material to fans who write to her; it is a nice souvenir.

The wedding featured the short ceremony, with the word "obey" deleted. Walter Woolf sang, Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes, and the wedding march from "Ludendorf" was another musical feature. Following the marriage, wedding guests, about forty in number, met some two hundred other guests at the reception. The bridal bouquet was caught by Lois Wilson, who also departed with the first slice of the wedding cake. Incidentally, the bridal bouquet was comprised of white orchids and gardenias—well worth catching indeed.

Following the reception, bride and groom hastened to Palm Springs for a brief honeymoon. They have taken a home in Beverly Hills.

NOTHING like keeping work in the family, these days. The Doyles think so, at any rate. So when Adalyn Doyle, who used to be Katharine Hepburn's stand-in, graduated to a contract as a regular actress, she called in her sister, Patsy, and persuaded Miss Hepburn that Patsy would make an even better stand-in.

WELL, the first screen collaboration of Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler as actress and director lived up to its title of "The Good Fairy" insofar as a new Hollywood romance was concerned, and Yuma, Arizona's "marrying justice," Judge Earl A. Freeman, added another to the imposing list of screen celebrities he has pronounced man and wife, when Margaret became Mrs. William Wyler.

The event was pleasant news to the Hollywoodites who know the newly-married couple. Wyler, 32, born in France, related to the Laemmle dynasty of the Universal lot where he directs, has been in Hollywood since 1920, became a full-fledged director after a short apprenticeship as an assistant. Lately he has been coming rapidly to the fore, with such fine productions as "Glamour" and "Counsellor at Law."

Here's Screenland's very best wishes to you, William and Margaret!
A celebrity and a scholar! Even when the little Temple takes to learning her Three R’s, she is the smilingly infectious girl who has won the hearts of millions. Above, Shirley with her teacher, Lillian Barkley, during school period at the studio.

JOAN CRAWFORD has a standing order at a book-shop for all new books. Those she likes, she sends to her friends. . . . Mary Brian has been reported engaged fourteen times, but she has never been seen with an engagement ring on her finger. . . . Funny item in a Los Angeles newspaper: “Ain Shirley is getting to be a grown-up girl; she went to a party unescorted for the first time. And Trent Durkin took her.” Unescorted? . . . Somebody points out that on the day Ginger Rogers announced her engagement to Lew Ayres, her picture titled “The Gay Divorcee” was released . . . Bing Crosby attended his alma mater for a football game. He gave the boys the “pep talk” between halves—and the opponents ran up a triple score.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks returned to Hollywood from “dead old London” he brought along something new for men: Doug’s innovation is a wardrobe of dress suits of varying colors. He owns a plum-colored, a brown, a gray, and a dark blue dress suit, all made of velvet.

SUCH fun! Margaret Sullivan stepped into her automobile at the studio, adjusted the gears, trod on the gas pedal—and the car didn’t move. Investigation revealed that somebody had jacked up the rear wheels, so that they merely spun in air.

Margaret isn’t the gal to die easily. She did a bit of quiet sleuthing and eventually learned who had perpetrated the joke. So when she invited him to have an ice cream cone, and he unsuspectingly accepted, was it her fault that the inside of the cone was filled with pure salt?

CRUDE as it may sound, Marlene Dietrich “rolls her own”—and I don’t mean stockings. For her new picture, Miss Dietrich learned to roll cigarettes. At first, “rolling her own” was merely fun for the fastidious German actress, but apparently she grew to like her “home-made” cigarettes, because now she smokes them as often as she does the ready-made kind.

NOW that W. C. “Flip” Fields has purchased a ranch, he is announcing the most preposterous plans for his horticultural future. Here are some of his prospective “gardening ideas”:

Square peas that will not roll off knives. Orange trees watered with gin, instead of aqua pura, the resulting fruit “juice” to be a ready-made cocktail.

A “hairless” onion; when eaten, it will produce no embarrassing public burps. Fields also hopes to achieve an onion that will have a violet aroma.

Blue-eyed peas for people who dislike black eyes.

A SCREENLAND close-up goes this month to Joe Morrison, because: when he was a beginner on the New York stage and barely made enough money on which to live, a comedian of the show took Joe’s part, and helped him to get a salary rise. Recently Morrison ran across the comedian, out of work. Joe kept after his director until his old friend was given a picture-job.

AS THIS is written, Russ Columbo’s mother is still unaware of her son’s death. Her own serious illness is the reason the sad news is kept from her. She thinks her boy is on a location trip to Europe. Meanwhile, she daily receives a bouquet of flowers, with a card attached, reading: “Love from Carole and Russ.” Miss Lombard sends them.

AN anonymous friend sent Donald Cook a present in the form of a set of kitchen utensils. Cook, who lives up to his last name, was so pleased that he asked a local newspaper to publish that if the sender would identify himself, he would be treated to one of Donald’s home-cooked meals. Cook received twenty-eight letters from would-be diners!

THINK you could recognize these fearsome fellows above if we didn’t tell you who they are? Well, that’s Franchot Tone, left, and Gary Cooper, right, in disguise as Afghan tribesmen for the parts they play in “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.”

See Screenland at the theater this month!
ACCORDING to Alice White, she employs the world's shrewdest cook. Miss White is certain of this because of a recent incident. She had noticed that the cook, a short and very stocky negro girl, had been preparing only the richest and heaviest of foods. Alice instructed her maid to learn the reason for such a menu. Presently the maid returned with the answer: "The cook told me that if you just weighed ten or fifteen pounds more, Miss White, she could wear all your old clothes." With thoughts of the young fortune she has spent in body massage being wasted, Alice now plans her own bill-of-fare.

A NEW high in novel star-autographs was achieved by a young couple who were enroute to be married when they saw Fay Wray. Momentarily forgetful of their own joys, they hurried up to Miss Wray and requested an autograph. They had a pen, but no card or paper, so Fay fashioned the only available thing—their wedding license.

The famous humorist and actor enacts a celebrated character of fiction. Here's Will Rogers as "The County Chairman," his new screen role, in a scene with Gay Seabrook, Kent Taylor, and Robert McWade. Real Rogers flavor is evident.

It takes good acting for two such nice people as Carole Lombard and Chester Morris to glare at each other as they do in this scene.

ROMANCE AND RUE-MANCE DEPT.: 

THE Jean Harlow-William Powell-Carole Lombard triangle is upsetting Dan Cupid. Jean dines with Bill nights, and Carole lunches with Bill days. While Powell helps Carole redecorate her home, Jean supervises the selection of furniture for Bill's new house. Further complicating matters, when Carole made a picture at Jean's home studio, a daily visitor on the set was Miss Harlow's mother. What do you make of all this, Watson? Of course, now that Jean has signified her intention of divorcing Hal Rosson, Cupid wagers a future wedding between the blonde charmer and William Powell.
The James Blakely-Mary Carlisle romance is another problem. They profess marriage intent, but meanwhile Mary receives daily gifts of roses from Edgar Allen Wooll.

At last Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, bless 'em, have gone and done it. Everybody's wishing these two grand kids the best of luck. Sari Maritza and Sam Katz, the movie executive, climaxed their long engagement by eloping to Yuma. (Why do they call them elopements, when they aren't run-away marriages at all?) Kathrynn Crawford is now Mrs. James Edgar. He's that very rich Detroit business man.

Gloria Swanson was actually nervous when she got her divorce from Michael Farmer. But rehearsal makes perfect, (this was La Swanson's fourth divorce), and proceedings went off without a hitch.

Kathleen Burke, (Panther Woman Burke, they call her), has divorced her husband, after slightly more than one year of wedded bliss; Helen Chandler is reported getting a divorce from husband Cyril Hume. Londoners say this new separation between the Leslie Howards will be permanent.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has sent word to his Hollywood agent—(Junior is still in London)—to deny any rumors connecting his name in romance with that of Gertrude Lawrence.

The re-union of the Charles Farrells, (Virginia Valli), on his return from England would seem to falsify "family trouble" rumors about these two.

Cecilia and Linda Parker, sisters, are coming with Vic and Kraie Orsatti, brothers. Sally Blane and Pat de Cico are very much inclined. Lyle Talbot seems more serious about Peggy Waters than those other girls with whom he has been mentioned. Wedding bells appear to be definite for Nancy Carroll and millionaire Van Smith.

MAE WEST merits one of Screenland's big close-ups this month, because when Mae heard that the Motion Picture Relief Fund was low, thus endangering the very existence of many indigent actors, she voluntarily sent her personal check for one thousand dollars. So Mae, here's our very special close-up to you.

And how do you like Ronald Colman in the silks and finery of an eighteenth century gentleman? We thought you'd like it, so we show you this scene of Ronnie and Loretta Young as his alluring leading lady in "Clive of India."
Rugged individualism backed up by sharp-shooting! Above, Richard Dix in a scene for "West of the Pecos."

A MOST amusing sight is to see Carole Lombard's dachshund when he visits her dressing-room.

The room is practically lined, sides and ceiling, with mirrors. The "little doggie" hasn't had experience with mirrors before, and when he gazes around the room and sees what he believes to be scores of other dachshunds, he goes into a frenzy.

TROUBLES continue to assail Dick Powell's first house-building experience. As construction was nearing completion, Powell made a discovery: his property was located a quarter-mile from the nearest gas main, and to get gas in his home, he would have had to pay for the piping for that distance—a fabulous amount. So again his plans were changed. Everything in Dick's new home is operated by electricity. And is this funny: Although his house adjoins a golf course, the Lakeside Club would not permit him to cut a gate through the fence, so Dick has to go around the lake, nearly two miles, to reach the club house.

THERE was considerable ado in Hollywood when Rudy Vallee failed to go to the depot to greet Alice Faye on her return from the East. Everybody had been so sure he would be on hand.

What most people don't know is that Alice was supposed to have arrived a week previous to her actual coming. She failed to notify Rudy of her change of plans.

WASHINGTON, D.C. — A pretty little doggie was the source of much merriment in Carole Lombard's dressing room. The star's studio is lined with mirrors from ceiling to floor, and when the dachshund entered the room, he seemed to see a whole flock of himself in the mirrors. Fitzpatrick

Joan Crawford's new automobile license plate is just a flack of seven... Greta Garbo, after clinging to her ancient dressing-room for years, has moved into gorgeous new quarters... Gloria Swanson strained the arches of her feet and has been ordered to wear low-heel shoes for several months... Carol Ann, Wallace Beery's adopted daughter, aged three and one-half years, has actually piloted Wally's airplane—but of course with Papa Beery at hand to guard against accidents... Thirty-one chorus girls dyed their hair for roles in "Rod Heads On Parade," because flaming tresses were a definite requisite... Alice Faye changed from one expensive apartment to another, because the first refused to admit her dog. 

EVER hear of a screen star being spanked? On first thought, that seems ridiculous, doesn't it? This star happens to be Shirley Temple, and if you think her $1,000-a-week movie contract exempts her from parental applications of the open palm, you're quite mistaken. Little Miss Temple has her disobedient moments, and when they occur, little Miss Temple receives her just deserts in the same embarrassing place where other children suffer.

Climaxing a battle of wits! Here's one of the tense scenes in the film version of "Father Brown, Detective." Paul Lukas as Flambeau, Robert Loraine as Inspector Valentine, and Walter Connolly as Father Brown.
Carole Lombard has no corner on luscious curves! Help yourself to a Hollywood Figure with James Davies’ advice

M ANY of you write that I am neglecting the underweights and giving all my attention to the girls who need to reduce. So this month I’ll devote myself to the girls who should put on poundage.

It’s all very well to be slender—though in 1935 it isn’t fashionable to have the picket-fence type of figure—but it is certainly not at all well to be skinny.

Americans, on the whole, are inclined to be energetic, high-strung, nervous and easily exhausted. It’s the “go-getter” temperament. If care is not taken to provide proper food and rest for this type of person, they grow haggard, cadaverous, stringy-looking and easily fall prey to infectious disease.

Because food is so important for underweights, I’ll discuss it at some length.

Why are you skinny? Because you are not taking enough food, or not assimilating what food you eat; because you are not getting enough sleep; because you are wasting energy or worrying.

Of course inability to gain weight may be due to some long-continued minor ailment, such as a septic condition of mouth, nose or throat which is causing you to absorb toxic poisons. You must consult your doctor if there is a chance of some such condition being at the root of your lack of curves.

The most important thing for a too-thin person to cultivate is an even temperament. Don’t let yourself be excited by trifles. Make up your mind that nothing will be improved by your getting wound up over it. Deliberately control yourself when you feel your pulse racing, your heart beating too fast, your temperature going up.

Try deep breathing at such times. That is the secret of mental control. Breathing exercises increase the efficiency of the body’s functions, steady the nerves, and help give you poise.

The habit of deep and rhythmic breathing is of great importance. This will do you more good than any other thing you can do. Take breathing exercises for ten minutes night and morning. Whenever you think of it during the day, straighten up and take a few deep, even breaths.

There are three kinds of breathing: abdominal breathing, breathing that expands the chest walls outward, and breathing in which the chest is raised upward at each breath. The last type is the nervous, emotional breathing and should be avoided.

Try to attain the breathing that begins by slowly expanding the lower lungs. (ab-

(Cont. on p. 68)
Hollywood Figure
Continued from page 67

2 cups sour milk
1/2 cup bran
2 cups cornmeal
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. sugar
1/2 lb. bacon, sliced
Combine the beaten eggs, melted shortening and milk. Add bran and corn meal. Sift remaining dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Pour into greased pan and sprinkle bacon over the top. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for about 25 minutes, then slip under broiler for two minutes to brown the crust and crisp the bacon.

Other bran muffin recipes that may appeal to you are:

Apple Bran Muffins
2 tablespoons shortening
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg (well beaten)
1 cup sour milk
1 cup bran
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
3/4 teaspoon salt

Cream the sugar and shortening, add egg and sour milk. Add bran and let soak until most of the moisture has been taken up. Sift flour with baking powder, soda and salt and add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins 3/4 full, place a small slice of apple, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar, on top of the muffin batter before baking. Bake in a moderate oven (400° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

Ry-crisp and shredded wheat are both excellent foods for body-building. Use lots of butter with the one and plenty of cream with the other.

Whole-wheat cakes with maple syrup, or whole wheat waffles with honey; eggs, either soft-boiled, scrambled or poached, are all good breakfast dishes.

If you have eaten a good, nourishing meal to begin the day, you may eat a light luncheon, but thin girls will do well to eat a well-balanced meal with at least one hot dish. If you can possibly arrange to do so, a rest of ten minutes before sitting down to noon and evening meal will help you to put on weight.

Be sure you have either raw fruit or salad in some form on your midday menu. Olive oil and lemon dressing is recommended for your salad.

Here are some sample luncheons:
1. Tuna and chopped lettuce salad, with dressing
   Ry-crisp. Hot artichoke with butter.
   Dates and almonds.
   Pineapple juice to follow the meal.
2. Egg and spinach
   Baked potato and butter.
   Orange juice.
3. Apple and celery salad, with dressing
   Small baked potato. Ry-crisp with butter.
   Walnuts and raisins
4. Vegetable soup with whole wheat crackers.
   Baked potato. Asparagus. Lettuce, Custard.
5. Omelette. Whole wheat toast.
   Grapefruit.
   Celery.
6. Cottage cheese, pineapple, lettuce, with dressing
   Whole wheat bread and butter.
   Almonds.
   Hot cocoa.

If you use spaghetti or macaroni as your starchy food, be sure you get the whole

“Here's How!” say Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher, as they quaff the
new beverage called: “Here's How!” It originated in the Hawaiian Islands,
where it is called “Ka-Ko.” Here's how it's made: Fill a tall glass one-third
full of pineapple juice (unsweetened), add one-quarter glass of whiskey,
(or what do you like), juice at half a lime or lemon, cracked ice and then
All with seltzer water.
wheat variety, and include in the same meal a raw salad or fresh fruit.

If you need building up, it is better to take four meals a day than to eat too much at one meal. You will find a cup of hot ovaltine with ry-crisp an excellent before-bedtime snack. The warm drink will help you to sleep.

Don't stuff yourself with the idea that because you're thin you must eat all you can hold. You must eat the right food.

Here are some sample dinner menus: You can make up your own from them if you do not care for, or can't get, the items included.

1. Tomato juice.
   Baked fish, baked potato.
   Celery and ripe olives.
   Baked apple with rich cream.

2. Vegetable plate.
   Grape fruit and avocado salad.
   Prune whip.

3. Lamb chops.
   Baked potato. Spinach.
   Celery and apple salad.
   Nuts.

4. Roast lean meat.
   Baked potato with butter.
   Vegetables.
   Cranberries.
   Fruit cup.

5. Roast chicken.
   Dressing.
   Two vegetables.
   Salad.
   Custard.

6. Thick soup.
   Vegetable plate—lots of them.
   Salad with dressing.
   Cheese, dates and nuts.

Don't forget to drink at least eight glasses of water every day. Plenty of fresh air is vitally necessary for those who have the condition. Try walking instead of jumping into the car to go short distances. But don't walk along with your head stick-

out ahead of your body, your arms jerking, stretching the seams of your dress with every step. Walk well with your head up. Imagine there is a book or a bucket of water on your head and that it will fall off unless you hold your head up. Walk with a swing from the hip, breathing deeply and evenly.

Be sure there is plenty of air in the room where you sleep.

It is well for underweight girls to take regular exercises, but these should be taken more slowly than overweight would take them.

If you have time for brief rest in the daytime, do the spread-eagle exercise recommended in the first of this series.

In case you have forgotten this exercise, I repeat it. Take a lake-warm shower, put on a light, loose robe, and lie down on the bed without a pillow. Spread-eagle your arms and legs, close your eyes, and tip your head back and count to 50 very slowly, without moving your body.

Take a warm, soothing bath at night and a tepid sponge in the morning if you are of the nervous type. Cold baths and showers are not for you.

"It's too much trouble to make breakfast.
I'm always in a rush," girls tell me, "besides I never know what to eat.

Get up a little earlier so that you can start the day right and don't omit a breakfast of nourishing food. It will fuel your body engine so that you can work well and efficiently.

Here is an excellent relaxing exercise, recommended for girls who are tense and who can't seem to let down.

Stand erect. Relax the muscles of the neck, allowing the head to fall forward.

Relax the spine slowly until the trunk swings forward from the hips. With loins extended, swing the trunk freely in all directions, first to the right, then to the left, then forward and backward, allowing the hands and arms to hang loosely from the shoulder.

Then rise slowly to an upright position extending lower back, upper back, finally head and neck, assume a posture of ease and balance, exhale when lowering body, inhale while rising.

When you get over the "feeling tired" stage, go in for swimming or skating.

Don't try cold water swimming if you're the nervous type, though.

Don't forget that fresh air, sunshine, mild exercise and plenty of nourishing food will give you that enviable figure.

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James Davies' Answers to Letters

F. B. Pitts, Ohio: You weigh about 8 lbs. too much.

The following exercises are recommended for reducing waist and hips:

1. Lie flat on floor, hands clasped behind head, feet under low-runged chair. Sit up without raising feet. Do this 6 times every morning.

2. Lie flat on floor, arms crossed on chest; roll 3 times to right, 3 times back to position. Do 6 times every morning.

3. Lie flat on floor; raise right leg as high as you can, then lower slowly; repeat with left leg; then both legs together. Do each 10 times.

These exercises are good for all those who asked for hip and waist tips.

M. L. K., Philadelphia, Pa., whose baby is two years old, can use these to advantage in recovering her figure. Use of these will build a natural corset of muscle.

Mrs. Archie J.: You are about 10 lbs. overweight. Above exercises recommended.

Miss L. H., W. W.: Bust reduction dealt with in December issue. Waist line reduction, see above.

Elizabeth May: You are from 10 to 15 lbs. overweight, apparently mainly in hips. See above exercises.

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Write to James Davies for advice about your problems of weight and diet, for special exercises designed to correct some fault of over-weight or under-weight, etc. Mr. Davies is too busy to answer by mail, but will select representative letters for attention every month. Send your letter to: James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 4th St., New York, N. Y.

Maryland L.: Exercises to fill out legs: Hands on hips, feet together. Rise on toes, then bend knees, holding body erect; then upward stretch and lower heels to floor. Especially for calves: Put book on floor. Place toes on book, heels on floor. Balance up and down. Do these to music.

Say you are in good condition; then exercises 10 or 12 minutes a day to keep so. No, do not stick to one group of exercises; vary them, and work out a routine that you take in every part of the body. Doing a few exercises each day and completing the routine in a week.

M. A. C., Seattle, Washington: Varieties veins belong in your physician's realm. They may be the result of over-exercise, too much running and insufficient sports. Women often have them for other causes. Reducing creams are not efficacious.

The use of a bicycle will correct fallen arches. It is the favorite recreation. Since you can't afford a bicycle, try a small rolling pin, place foot on it and roll back and forth. You can do this as you sew or read. Of course, first remove your shoe.

The exercise on the book, given above, is also good for fallen arches.
Master of the Hit Formula

Continued from page 12

world, accomplishing things in a big way. You saw this sort of effect achieved in his "Goldiggers of 1933"; you watched the sordid, impressive realization of "A Fugitive From A Chain-Gang"; you felt unmindful of yourself while watching "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln"; you roared with mirth over the uproarious vulgarisms of "Tugboat Annie"; you thrilled to the power of the new "World Changes." You have, then, come in contact with the workings of one of the most dynamic, incisive minds known to the world of the cinema, the genius of Mervyn LeRoy. Here, indeed, is The King Of The Lot!

It was several years ago that I met Mervyn for the first time, on the set of "Tonight Or Never," starring Gloria Swanson. If you want to experience a strange sensation, you want to sit in one of those immense barn-like rooms on a motion picture lot, face a woman like Gloria, sophisticated to the tips of her tiny toes, regal rather, an experienced and accomplished actress, and have her smile up at a blue-eyed slip of a boy in a camel's-shear coat and say, "May I present Mr. LeRoy? My director, you know, "Call it what you like, the irony of Fate or whatever, but in those few words of Gloria's lies a story. Ten years ago Mervyn was playing the part, a small one of Gloria's brother in one of her silent pictures. Today—well, you catch a certain ring of deep respect and admiration in the young woman's voice when she says, "My director, you know."

Since that day, I have come to know Mervyn LeRoy well. He is the real sort of person. One can find, in a half-hour's conversation with him, more vividly interesting material, relative to the battle of success, in a pinchfield than could be found in the diaries of the most celebrated stars. Mervyn has lived the game of the theatre from the ground up. He knows what it takes to talk. Yet he never talks just to hear his head roar. He has bigger things to do.

"Tempo," he says, "tempo and speech. These are the most vitally important things in the making of a good picture. Let a scene drag for so much as a fraction of a moment and you can be sure it will be a flop. The action, the dialogue—they must live!"

"The director, you see, sits where the audience sits. He must be that audience. If, during the filming of a picture, there comes a scene wherein I feel myself slumping in my chair, like this, " (the actress is most convincing), "then, were I to leave that scene unchanged, I would rest assured that the world, when it saw it, would slump too. But if the scene is good, the tempo up to the mark and my audience I feel to be sitting upright and interested—then we've hit the scene stands. What I strive to achieve, however, is to get my audience dangling on the very edge of their seats, avid for more. If I ever do that—well, that's the potboiler!"

Later on, speaking, without the slightest essence of ego (of which this young man shows the most surprising lack), about his various box-office records, Mervyn knocked on wood.

"I feel, in making such a picture as "Fugitive" that I haven't done a good job yet, but I've never been satisfied yet. I've not done my best. I've better things to do. I don't like people calling me 'the boy-genius' or 'the boy-wonder.' It's silly. I mean that. There's no such thing any more as genius. It's only human effort. Why, I've been in this game for twenty years. I guess I'd box, like they use to mix mortar in. Painted it black and filled it with water. Then I loaded around with all kinds of lights, strung up over the box, trying to get that lovely moonlight reflected on rippling waves. I must have used up plenty of film, but I got it, finally. And next day, when the boss saw it, I was promoted to second cameraman"

Once, when Mervyn was a comedy constructor (gag-man), on a Warner Brothers' lot, He put out some mighty grand work in the way of comedy. Jealousy among several of the higher-ups broke out. He didn't know about it until the following day when he received word from Jack Warner that he was fired.

"Right then," Mervyn says, "was when I decided I'd had enough of grand out for becoming a director. Well, here I am."

Yes, here he is; and yet now, at the pinnacle of his career, he can say in that simple, naive way of his, "I get such a kick out of it all! Life's a swell thing, isn't it? See those pictures in there, the numbers in the photo-box? I can't tell you what it does to me, just reading over and over again the pictures those grand people have written about a 'real name.' Real friends, those. And friends count, believe me!"

You will find amongst Mervyn's collection of autographed portraits such tributes as this: "To my dear Svengali. From Aline MacMahon." (It was Mervyn, you know, who discovered Aline, gave her her first break in "Five-Star Final," and did the same, as gave us one of the finest character actresses on the screen today.)

Another of Mervyn's proteges has written this: "I owe all my success to you. Glenra Farrell."

These are but two of Mervyn's prize possessions. They are a part of him. "Because," he says, "I know each word to be sincere, and sincerity—well, it's hard to find."

As to whom he considers the screen's greatest actors, Mervyn says, and without the slightest hesitation, "Paul Muni. There's no actor for you. There's an artist! He's a star to me. He fires it! Consequently every move he makes is faultless, real!"

Others he mentioned were Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler and May Robson. An indisputable selection, surely.

In comparing Mervyn with several successful men, I should say that, in my opinion, he is a Noel Coward in his directorial field. A prolific, versatile past-master in his line, who can turn from one type of story to another with the same remarkable perspicacity and skill with which Mr. Coward turns out his "Cavalcade" and "Design For Living."

This thirty-two year old director has gone far since the days of "playing movie" in his old back yard, and he's not stopped yet. He wants the world, What? Of course. He wants to become a producer. That's the next step. Well, he'll make it. But as he gets a good start, he wants to present himself to the very high values he values most in life—the respect and sincere encouragement of true and trusted friends. He wants the respect and pretty little person who not so long ago changed her name from Doris Wariner to Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy. For Mervyn's success is not made up of vast end of things—he fell in love with the boss' daughter and she fell in love with him—and now they're two of the most blissful "young mar rids" in Hollywood."
It was an un-Hollywood scene, but to say that Bette is un-starlike sounds hackneyed and dull. Vital, frank, and completely lacking in pose or pretence, she knows the simplest things so well, and gets them down right.

"This is not to be a story about me," she said. "Since 'Of Human Bondage' there have been plenty of those. This is about my husband, Harmon Nelson. He deserves one. He has stood up so well under this fire of gossip and slander. They call him 'Ham,' and I don't know if there's another man living who could have taken it as he did. Yet he has never mentioned these things to me, and his attitude has been to laugh it off. Thank God he's kept that attitude!"

She had a few sheets ofote paper in her hand, and explained, "I was so furious this morning that I jotted down a few things, I'll read them to you." After a moment, she stopped, rather shamefaced. "It sounds silly. I didn't think of expressing myself well, or of grammar. I just dashed off what was in my mind."

I looked the paper over. I stopped her, horror-stricken. Here was a document telling the inside story of a Holly-

wood marriage, more personal and intimate than any the last interview could have been. The very value was contained in the fact that Bette hadn't stopped to think and to censor—she'd simply struck off what was in her heart. Reluctantly she gave it to me as a basis for this story. The follow-

ing declarations are the facts.

"I have always believed that Hollywood marriages were talked about too much, and Nelson and I decided we would try very hard to keep ours a thing for ourselves alone. We were never more successful with most people, but what has been the result? Things said and written so erroneous and heart-rending to both of us that I am going to try to give you an idea of the man that married me.

"As you know, we were graduates of the school in the East. We went on through college. I started earning my living in the theatre at the age of twenty, six years ago. When he graduated from college I had a head start in the world of four years. I was also in Hollywood where salaries for girls of my age are amazingly bare.

"He came out to visit me and persuaded me to marry him even though as I knew and he suspected were against us as far as the world—in this case Hollywood—was concerned. I had been here two years and seen many boys who married actresses unable to stand the gaff of either one saying 'Just a gigolo.' Frankly, at that time I was afraid for him.

"To avoid the slightest suspicion of dependence on my income, the struggling young musician suggested an arrangement under which he would pay for his own living expenses, and half his household bills. Bette's salary would cover her expenses as a star—beautiful gowns, a maid, and her own car.

"Things as far as we were concerned," Bette continued, "were very right. Ham went east for radio work and stayed six months. During that time he read daily of our not too distant divorce—of the men I was madly in love with—and read articles saying I was supporting him. When he wasn't even out here with me and was doing very well himself in New York!

"At the end of six months we decided that a marriage apart was deadly. I was so lonely life meant nothing. And he was the same. So giving up a very good start in his profession of music he came out here to be with me, come what may. And you must admit that was a very generous thing for him to do. I felt so, anyway. He also knew he was landing in a town where mo-

tion pictures are the only profession of any importance—not a pleasant outlook!

"I was working hard on 'Bondage' and away from the house day and night. He tried to find something to do—nothing. More dirt in the papers—more people laughing at us, saying we were on the brink of divorce. Then he got a job as orchestra leader in a local night club, and day-times he is studying at a secretarial school, so he can get a position as a producer's sec-

retary and work up in the executive end of the picture business. He always wanted to be a musician but doesn't see much future in that. He has been offered the secretary job at a different studio than where I'm under contract, incidentally—and I did not have anything to do with it!"

"Isn't it awful, the way you have to explain yourself out here in Hollywood? But the gossip still refuses to understand. Just the other day there was printed a note about Ham's car, saying he gave me $20 to buy him one and naturally expected that I would add to it. *He did not expect me to add to it—* and I saw the whole day touring the second-hand automobile places until I found a Model T Ford roadster for $19.50."

"This car, which is christened Ham's Foxy, by Bette and her friends, is the sub-
ject of an amusing anecdote. A fan came to visit the star, and Bette took her to the studio in this machine, her own was being repaired. The fan bounced and rattled along for a few blocks, her face growing grimmer and grimmer. At last she exclaimed, 'I'll never believe another word I read about those high movie salaries!'

"This is the sort of infectious anecdote the young Harmon Nelsons are always telling about themselves. Bette says, 'If the gossip could only meet Ham, they would see him and the type to be a gigolo. He has too much pride.'"

"He has also, we discovered when he re-

turned from golf, too lively a sense of hu-

mor. Gigolos are handsome, smooth, facile. 'Ham' Nelson is decidedly not handsome: but there is character and breeding in his face, and he is the typical young college graduate, easy-going, likable, and complete-

ly lacking in any attempt at social poise. Sprawled in any easy-chair, he looked rather nervous on learning that he'd been the subject of our discussion.

"The fact that newspapers have featured stories of his wife's earnings of approxi-

mately $1,000 a week and his own salary of about $100 a week has made him sensi-
tive to the curiosity of reporters. But their arrangement of living in complete economic independence of each other, while Bette is a glittering movie star with costly gowns, a big black Packard, and necessary enter-

taining, makes Hollywood's most unusual marital agreement.

"Each contributes to the family budget, and a business manager sees to it that each pays a fair percentage of every bille. Bette pays for all the things necessary to her as a star—clothes, car, maid, and so forth. Harmon buys his own clothes, his car, and other expenses.

"But another anecdote will tell you the sort of man Nelson is even more clearly than Bette's own description, and should convince the gossip of his economic inde-

pendence even more than a recital of the details of their "percentage" agreement.

"Very much the devoted wife, Bette no-
ticed 'Ham' struggling to pull a splinter from his finger, and sent for a maid to bring a sterilized needle. It was brought, rather grandly, on a small needle-sized tray. This pump was a little too much for young Mr. Nelson, who can be imagined taking Bette down a peg if she ever tries to play the Personage, the Movie Star, around their home. Finished with the needle, he rang the bell for the maid, and when she appeared, said with perfect solen-

mity: "I'm through now. Bring back the needle-tray and I'll hand you the needle!"

"Gigolo? Not in a thousand years! As Bette says, he is the sort of fellow who would maintain his independence if she had one hundred millions, and he had two cents!"
George Brent's Future
Continued from page 17

Planet and the Planet which rules Pisces is Neptune. And what has that to do with it? Everything! For Neptune is the Planet which rules the moving picture industry. Neptune is the Planet of pretense, of camouflage, of make-believe, of acting. It is the Planet of shadow, and therefore rules moving pictures more than any other. So one has ever reached stardom in the motion picture world unless Neptune was well placed in his or her chart.

Mr. Brent's ruling Planet is Neptune and he has Neptune well placed in his chart. In addition to this good influence, the Planet Venus rules the Mid-Heaven and the Fifth House, and in the chart this, according to astrology, indicates success on the stage or the screen, particularly the screen; and that Mr. Brent would excel in his hero-type roles.

The position of Saturn and Uranus indicated many changes in the dramatic career of Mr. Brent. The aspects to the Fifth House, which has much to do with the drama, point to great success in that line of endeavor. Certainly he can play varied roles successfully, and due to the fact that the Moon is in a strong degree, indicating an aptitude for originality, he should be allowed to create his own characters and play a variety of roles for complete success.

In June, 1933, I cast Mr. Brent's chart for him. He has given me permission to use a few paragraphs from it here, showing just how my predictions made at that time have worked out:

"The latter part of September, 1933, you will have trouble with your employers, which will come to a close in January of 1934. Your chart indicates that you will lose your case in court at that time, but in reality you will win by losing, for the studio will give you better roles in better pictures. 1934 is the beginning of your rapid rise to stardom."

You also stated that you will appear in some very good pictures, playing the leading male roles, away from the position in which you are now marooned. I have predicted that you will be transferred from one studio while you are working at another pictures for which negotiations were begun during that period, which will be very much to your credit.

Subsequent events proved that my predictions were correct. Mr. Brent's troubles with his employers ended in a lawsuit early in March. He lost the suit but really, he won it, for he returned to work under favorable conditions and with the renewed faith of his employers. He was given better roles, which held through to June, 1934, and then there was a decided change for the better for you in your work."

"You also stated that you will appear in some very good pictures, playing leading male roles, away from the position in which you are now marooned. I have predicted that you will be transferred from one studio while you are working at another pictures for which negotiations were begun during that period, which will be very much to your credit."

On May 14th, he moved to a house on Tolu Lake. He had absolutely no idea of making this move at the time I cast his chart. It happened that the Charles Farrell house on the lake was for rent and an agent secured it for Mr. Brent.

"Due to the position of the Planets Uranus and Mars," his chart continued, "you will have a narrow escape from an accident at the beginning of the summer. This will probably be an airplane accident."

Newspapers recorded the story of the accident, which occurred as I predicted it. Brent was rushing out of the studio to meet his instructor for a flying lesson. He was stopped and asked to return to the set for retakes. Impatiently, he said he couldn't; he had to get to the airport in twenty minutes. Nevertheless he did return to the set and finished the scenes. He then hurried to the airport and was told that his pilot had given him up and taken another passenger. A few minutes later, word arrived that both the pilot and the passenger had been killed in a crash!

"Following closely after this accident you will be involved but victorious in a lawsuit brought about by an automobile accident in which you will be indirectly connected. It would be advisable for you to carry heavy liability insurance. Again you are fortunate, for there seems to be no harm come to you physically."

On June 3, 1934, Mr. Brent's chauffeur took Mr. Brent's car without his knowledge or permission and collided with another car, in which three people were riding. One woman was killed and other people injured in the accident. A court action was filed against Mr. Brent.

"Uncanny," you say. Well, perhaps it is, but I see these predictions work out day after day and I could not, if I would, prevent myself from having the utmost faith in the influence the stars exert on our lives. But I know you are anxious to hear what I have learned from the stars about Mr. Brent's personality, his characteristics, and particularly his romantic future.

His horoscope didn't promise him unearned success. It shows, rather, that he had many serious problems to face; many difficulties to overcome.

"How does it happen," you may ask, "that Brent, a Pisces person, is an actor?"

This is a question that cannot be asked, too, for very few people born under this sign choose the theatrical profession. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has one, but who, like Mr. Brent, has contributed forces active at the time of their birth which have helped them become successful actors. The contributing factors in Brent's chart are the Planets Neptune and Venus which, as I told you in a previous paragraph, are the Planets that rule the acting profession.

If a young lady were to ask me what qualities she should have in order to attract Mr. Brent in a romantic way, I would study first her physical attractions, for his ideal girl would appeal to him first through the eye. Secondly, and more importantly, however, she would appeal to his mind. A woman must have a keen intellect to hold George Brent's attention for long. She soon tires of women unless they are intelligent enough of interest. She would have to be amusing and sometimes a little indifferent. She would have to give him plenty of freedom because the more freedom she began to posion the more he would find some method of escape no matter how high a wall of love she had built around him. He has a very independent nature. He has always wanted to stand alone.

On the day of his marriage to Ruth Chatterton there were several adverse aspects in both their charts. In Brent's chart the Moon was afflicted to Jupiter from the Seventh House, (of marriage), influencing his Fourth House, which has to do with home conditions. The Moon in Miss Chatterton's chart was afflicting Neptune, which is Brent's ruling Planet. These conditions made their marriage could not last longer than March, 1934; that the separation at that time would be final. Due to the position of the Moon, this marriage brought him unhappiness rather than happiness. These conditions prevented him from doing his best work, which accounts for the fact that he did not at once fulfill the promise made in his first picture.

Nothing will retard his progress now except a hasty marriage, and that would retard him only temporarily. He was not married when he made "The Rich Are Always With Us," his first Warner picture which predicted so much. And although his recent pictures have brought him personal success in a degree, it is only the beginning. There is still so much that he cannot attain in the field of acting, particularly in motion pictures.

"The aspects from the Moon to Neptune and the Moon to Venus and the aspects of the Eleventh House which rules friendship, in your progressed chart for 1934, indicate that a woman who follows your profession will be of light character and crosses your path in the early summer. The meeting with this woman is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. However, the ship which borders on romance," I wrote in his chart more than a year ago.
THRILLING WORDS... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

Soft, lovely skin is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and keep it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive cosmetic skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a woman who thinks she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of cosmetic skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, active lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect your skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!
So let us look at Miss Garbo's chart and see what it has to tell us. The aspects from the Moon to Venus and from the Moon to Neptune indicates that this would be one of the best periods in her life in which to decide on a husband, for when Miss Garbo marries, she marries for love alone.

Is it a coincidence that George Brent should have come into her life at this time, or is it the planets that brought them together? Most certainly both their charts indicate that this is a very auspicious time for romance. And George Brent would understand her better than anyone she has ever known.

The Moon afflicting Jupiter from the Seventh House, ruling marriage and partnership, and influencing the Fourth and Fifth Houses in his chart, signifies that much caution must be exercised in choosing his next marriage partner. In order to avoid unhappiness. He could find much happiness and married life could mean a great deal to him provided he did not rush into it. A long courtship rather than a short one resulting in a hasty marriage, would bring him more lasting happiness. He must be especially tactful as well as judicious in the selection of his next wife, particularly if he contemplates marriage in 1935.

He is the type of man who lives his life and gets plenty of enjoyment out of it and he can do just that successfully. He has been disappointed several times in his search for his ideal woman, but he is truly a great lover of women. Those who have been romantically associated with him will never be able entirely to forget him. Women of all ages see in him their ideal man. He is inclined to want a duplicate of himself. He has been the romantic character in the next woman he marries, which I strongly advise against.

To some extent George Brent combines many of the qualities that Bent seeks. He appreciates and understands her rectitude, her shyness. Most certainly he is not one who would force his affections upon her.

It is the most natural thing in the world that these two people should be drawn to each other, because of the position of the planets in their charts at this time.

The fact that she is reluctant to enter the matrimonial state and Brent so recently stepped out of his matrimonial obligations influences their association. Each one can give the other complete relaxation. I doubt if there is anyone who has touched Miss Garbo's life closely who has made or ever will make the lasting impression on her that George Brent has.

Will they marry? If Mr. Brent had been free to marry at the time Miss Garbo last appeared, he would have swept her off her feet in a whirlwind courtship that surely would have ended at the altar. But he was not free to marry at that time. He is still not free to marry, and many things can happen before his divorce from Ruth Clatterton is final next October. The charts of both indicate that this forced delay will prevent their romance from ending in marriage.

The fact that they met under such good aspects promises them an enduring friendship. Mr. Brent will continue to be her protector and best friend; the one in whom she can most completely confide. She promises him her greatest love of his life will come to him in 1936.

As the astrological predictions worked out for Mr. Brent last year, they certainly will fulfill their promises for his future. Barring accidents, 1935, 1936, 1937, and 1938 will be outstanding years for his picture career and nothing can hold him back for any great length of time.

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**To the Lovely Lady**

**IN THIS PICTURE**

**LADY, you're lovely!**

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood. And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June... and every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way! Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is EX-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while EX-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. EX-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . EX-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

**When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX**

**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of EX-Lax.

Name.

Address.

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**Do You Know—?**

Continued from page 32
Nothing helped my dry skin until... says Miss E. L. of Pittsburgh, Pa.

OH MY POOR FACE!

"I have a very tender but dry skin and many of the creams on the market, even the expensive ones, only irritated it more."

"Now I find that by using Junis Cream to cleanse during the day and to lubricate at night I can keep my skin in good condition."

"Up until now I had been using several different creams for different purposes. Today Junis does the work of all other creams I had been buying."

YOU use a cleansing cream to remove dirt. You should remove dirt from the pores, for otherwise this dirt may lead to blackheads, enlarged pores, rough skin.

You massage your cream deep into the skin. Then you wipe it off. But all of the cream does not wipe away... part stays in the pores. And because part does remain, it is vitally important that what cream contains. So we made a face cream that does more than remove dirt and make-up. It is truly revolutionary!

You see, scientists have at last discovered what happens to skin as you grow older. They have found that all your skin contains a certain natural substance which acts to lubricate the skin... keep it soft and radiant alive. As skin grows older, this precious substance decreases.

We searched the world for this natural substance and found it at great expense that it could be obtained in pure form. Then we found a way to put this rare element into a new face cream! We named the new cream Junis Facial Cream. And we called the rare, natural substance Sebisol. No other cream contains Sebisol. When applied externally, this natural substance again softens and lubricates the skin.

Results astonished women. Women of twenty were delighted to feel the freshness and smoothness it gave to their skin. Older women, especially, rejoiced to see ugly blemishes begin to disappear. In their place came a lustrous, glowing, healthy skin that "over 40" women had never hoped to see again.

We invite you to use Junis Cream regularly as an all-purpose cosmetic. Then watch results. You need no other cream. For Junis cleans perfectly, gently. In addition, it contains Sebisol... to soften, lubricate, beautify. See what this new kind of cream can do for your skin. Junis Cream is on sale at all toilet goods counters.

JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSDENT PRODUCT
A Mouse in a Million

continued from page 51

How confused those fans would be were it possible for them to stroll through the Walt Disney studios! "There they would find, not one Mickey Mouse rollicking through ridiculously comic antics, but thousands and thousands of Mickey Mouses, and not two of them exactly alike."

It is necessary to draw from twelve to sixteen thousand separate caricatures to complete one of his comedies. The Walt Disney studios turn out twenty-six Mickey Mouse pictures annually. The first was produced in 1928, more than six years ago. Multiply the number of caricatures necessary for each picture by the number of pictures produced annually by the number of years Mickey has been a star, and you will arrive at a figure above one million. "More than one million drawings of the mouse-hero have been necessary in the production of all Mickey Mouse comedies to date. Truly, Mickey is a mouse in a million!"

But let me tell you how the mouse comedies are made:

To begin with, the Walt Disney studios have a scenario department. Stories are outlined exactly as they are for Jean Har- low or Clark Gable. When a suitable story has been agreed upon, the plot is turned over to the "gag department." Harold Lloyd, Edgar Kennedy, the Marx Brothers—none have more efficient "gagsters" than Disney employs. It is of course the duty of this department to inject funny situations into the original scenario.

The final script, complete with gags, is written in two parts. One part goes to the artists' department, or "animators." The second goes to the sound department. Photography and sound cannot be done simultaneously for the reason, as I have already explained, that the photography is done one frame at a time. Therefore, it is necessary first to complete the photography, and later to synchronize the sound to fit the actions of the characters, a difficult matter.

Actual production is a slow, tedious process. Approximately two weeks are required in which to complete a picture that is projected in about seven minutes. Strangely, the most laborious work is not the multitudinous drawings of Mickey, but the cameraman's duties. He photographs the cartoon comedies one frame at a time—twelve to sixteen thousand separate, slight turns of the camera crank.

Each drawing of Mickey, as seen on a screen, really consists of two drawings, one of Mickey himself; the other of the setting in which the mouse appears. Suppose, for example, the scene shows Mickey dancing on a table in a cabaret. The drawing of the cabaret and its furnishings is done on white cardboard. The series of drawings of Mickey, showing various positions of his dance, are done on transparent celluloid.

Thus to photograph Mickey Mouse dancing in the cabaret, the cameraman has only to place the transparent celluloid drawings, one at a time, on top of the cardboard sketch of the cabaret. The effect is that Mickey is actually in the cabaret.

Motion in animated cartoons is really an optical illusion. It is attained by drawing out the action pose by pose. Sixteen such poses are necessary for each foot of motion picture film. Actually, there is no motion, for of course each pose is only a black and white drawing. But when a series of still photographs, each depicting a slightly advanced pose toward an ultimate active move, are shown in rapid-succession, the illusion of motion is attained.

Here is a little trade secret that I reveal for the first time: Many drawings of Mickey Mouse are celluloid drawings; others are painted in files. For example, one file is that of Mickey running from left to right across the screen. Tonight you may see a cartoon comedy in which the mouse runs from left to right: across a room. Next week you may see another picture in which he will run from left to right across a tennis court. Actually only the settings may be changed, and by "settings" I mean the cardboard drawings that are placed behind the celluloid series of drawings showing Mickey in the act of running.

There are two ways of synchronizing sound for cartoon comedies. The most common is to have the various sound technicians watch the cartoon on a screen, and to fit noises, voices and music to the action.

The more accurate method is the use of a second script, called "sound script." This method injects sound by the "time process." At a certain exact second of the sound script, the proper voice or sound or music is recorded. The timing is done in this way: There are sixteen separate drawings to each foot of film, so a metronome is set to beat sixteen strokes per minute. An exact number of seconds required to project one foot of film. Thus, when the sound script indicates that on the tenth drawing of the 48th foot in the picture, Mickey is to speak the words, "Hello, Minnie." Minnie, you know, is Mickey's sweetheart), the voice director is to utter those lines exactly when to speak it—on the tenth beat of the metronome during the 48th foot of the film.

"The Voice of Mickey Mouse" is that of Walt Disney himself. The weird voices of others of Mickey's cartoon pals are dubbed by specialists. Remember the operatic hero in a recent comedy? A woman who practiced for years did the "singing," which sounded like a combination of a human voice and a dummy. "Dubber's" entire job is to bark for Mickey's dog.

Incidental sounds are seldom what they seem on the screen. Wind is obtained by swinging a cat-o'-nine-tails near a microphone. Thunder is no more than a sheet of tin that is made to move by a fan. An airplane is simulated by an electric fan. Sounds of a running horse are made by a man striking his bare chest with cupped hands; try it and hear for yourself.

Disney told me something of the history of cartoon comedies: "The first record of an animated picture was in 1908, but this was not a real picture. It was simply a brief episode titled 'Humorous Phases of Funny Faces,' and it was merely a novelty produced by J. Stuart Blackton for Vitagraph. It consisted only of such incidents as a man blowing smoke from his mouth, a woman rolling her eyes, and a dog jumping through a hoop."

"The first complete animated cartoon was "Little Nemo," which was also produced by Blackton for Vitagraph. Windsor McKay, the famous newspaper cartoonist, made the drawings.

"This was followed by the most famous animated picture of its day, 'An Artist's Dream,' drawn by J. R. Bray. The reel depicted Bray going to sleep at his drawing board. During his sleep, his cartoon-characters came to life.

"Then followed the most popular cartoon series of that era, Bray's series entitled 'Colonel Heeza Liar.' The first was 'Colonel Heeza Liar in Africa,' which was released in December of 1913. The series continued
for five years.”

Disney started his own cartoon career in 1921. At that time he drew the “Laugh-O-Gram” series in Kansas City. He experienced such success with these pictures that in 1923 he and his brother, Roy, now business manager of the Walt Disney Studios, went to Hollywood. There they produced the Alice Cartoons, a combination of real-life characters and animated drawings.

Disney introduced his rodent character in 1928, when he created “Plane Crazy” and “Steamboat Willie,” the initial two of the now overwhelmingly popular Mickey Mouse comedies. About two years later, Mickey had become a popular figure on the screen. Today theaters showing these comedies are assured plentiful audiences. Disney possesses photographs (which he will reveal only after persuasion, and with a touch of embarrassment), of theater marquees on which Mickey is billed in huge letters above Greta Garbo in smaller letters of a Kansas City theater marquee on which appears: “MICKEY MOUSE. ALSO JOAN CRAWFORD AND CLARK GABLE.”

Now Mickey is about to take a new step. Starting with this month, the mouse actor is making his appearance in color! Mr. Mouse has graduated from the ordinary black and white films.

Of course, this is an experiment. Disney frankly admits that his experiment is daring. The public may not like Mickey in his new array of brilliant colors. For that reason, only a few of the cartoon comedies starring the mouse actor will be produced this new way. Then Disney will await the public response. If that response is favorable, Mickey will keep his “coat of colors.” If not, Mickey will be returned to his old black and white formula.

Mickey’s most recent outstanding achievement has been with the news that, after looking over the entire field for film attractions, the directors of the popular radio feature, “Hall of Fame,” selected Mickey Mouse to be the star of their Xmas Holiday show broadcast on December 23.

There is little wonder that Mickey is so popular now. He is actually a cartoon version of the screen’s greatest comedian, Charles Spencer Chaplin.

Chaplin is Disney’s idol and ideal. Walt goes to see Charlie’s pictures time and again, and laments that Chaplin doesn’t make them more often. Disney thinks they are the most human as well as the funniest,documents the screen has ever known.

Disney blushingly admits that in Mickey, he attempts to emulate the wistfulness and the charm of Chaplin. If you will pause a second to think, you’ll doubtless agree that the same theoretical process is apparent in the stories of both Chaplin and Mickey. Neither star relies wholly on comedy for audience appeal. Both Disney and Chaplin toss heavy drama whole-heartedly into their pictures. Mickey seeking to save Minnie from the clutches of a super-villain is as full of pathos as any scene depicting Chaplin hurrying to the aid of his screen sweetheart. Mickey is no more helpless facing his gigantic enemies, than is the slight figure of Chaplin when Charlie faces the towering heavies of his own comedies.

There is little that is new that may be written about the man, Disney. His modesty, earnestness, and sincerity have been glorified in hundreds of stories. His business ability speaks for itself.

Perhaps the most human and charming description of the man may be contained in these few words: Although he has been welcomed by crowned heads of Europe, and his pictures have earned millions of dollars, Walt Disney still continues to dub the screen voice of Mickey—the mouse in a million!

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**For tonight’s BIG MOMENT.**

*Keep MIRROR FRESH*

**WITH MARVELOUS FACE POWDER!**

When your big moment comes, will you grab for your powder puff, long for a mirror—he fussed and nose-conscious—and spoil it?

Or, will your complexion be mirror fresh—as soft and lovely as it was when you left your mirror? It will—if you’re wearing Marvelous!

Marvelous Face Powder is a Richard Hudnut product—made with a brand-new ingredient never discovered for powder before. It makes the powder cling longer than any you ever tried.

Don’t take our word for it—take our samples! They cost you nothing (a mere 6¢ for postage and packing). In four shades—clip the coupon.

Or don’t wait for the postman. The name is MARVELOUS. The maker is Richard Hudnut. The price—for the full-size box—is only 55¢. Drop in at the nearest drug or department store!

---

**New Discovery**

**BY RICHARD HUDNUT**

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 TO 6 HOURS

**BY ACTUAL TEST**

**MARVELOUS Face Powder 55c**

Mail this coupon to:

**RICHARD HUDNUT, 5th Avenue, New York City.**

I want to try Marvelous. Send me the four trial boxes and Make Up Guide. Here’s 6¢ for packing and postage.

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

**CITY—STATE**

(Am now using———powder.)
I do with a bunch of boys hanging around?" Then, with a grin, he added, "My daughters have such a big heart in bringing up their father. Parents don't bear their children these days, it's the other way around. The children bring up the parents. And how do we love? They're always a little ahead of us and we have to step lively to keep in the procession. Funny, how their tastes and desires influence us and how quickly we fall in with their ideas, and profit by their suggestions.

But that's the way it should be, for children must learn independence, how to look out for themselves. Modern life is too complex for us grown-ups and we're going to have to depend upon these young people to rescue us.

"I believe that every girl should learn to work so she can take care of herself. Marjorie is my secretary, and a competent one. Natalie is taking up bookkeeping and stenography, and Edna is preparing to be a pianist. I want them to learn the value of money, none of us ever had the happy medium between being too thrifty and being a spendthrift—to get all the pleasure out of life from the few cents tomorrow. Marjorie took up the story when Canton was again called away. "I'm the only one they really accepted," she said. "Being the eldest, they didn't care if it was a boy or a girl, but with every other baby they expected a boy. Daddy was never home when we children were small, so mother would send a wire. 'Hope you won't be disappointed but it's another girl!" They named the third daughter Edna, for they were too discouraged about an Eddie, Junior; and when the fifth girl arrived they tackéd on Hope for the second name.

"Yes, and Janet doesn't like it," spoke up Marilyn, adding with anxious, proprietorship, "Maybe she doesn't think we wanted her."

"I began traveling when I was two weeks old," Marjorie went on, "for mother took me to Chicago where Daddy was playing. We always joined Daddy after each baby and they used to carry us around in suitcases. Having a family didn't tie mother down and she and father have never been separated. We know they have always been sweethearts and Daddy used to carry her books to school when they were children."

"And send her valentines," chirped Marilyn.

"Separations aren't good for married people," grimmed Eddie, recovering his balance after a perilous contact with Janet and the barking Jolie. "Stay together if you want to be happy. It's our motto and it has worked out beautifully. We're all chums, pals, the seven of us, and have our best times when we are all together."

"Give us a break," said Janie, "and give us a break."

"Or wanted to go on the stage or the screen," it was the 10-year-old Marilyn answering my question. "We can't even play the clarinet and cornet and there's nothing artistic about us." She sighed dramatically.

"But we all love to see plays and pictures and the other terribly fancy about Jimmy Cagney, we think he is too divine. All except Janet, she's a Bing Crosby fan."

"When we came to Hollywood this year we hoped we could meet Mr. Cagney and one night just as we were sitting down to dinner he called. He seemed so good-natured we told him to come to the door when the bell rang thinking it was a messenger boy and when she saw it was our idol, our Jimmy, she almost fainted! She tried to speak and then ran upstairs."

Can you think of anyone with such manners?

"He came into the dining-room and we girls 'most passed out we were so excited, for he is even nicer than we had thought. He didn't want to embarrass us by saying anything, so I sparrowed around in my chair until I could watch him in the mirror. Daddy teased him and asked what he did to make all those rabbis Cagney fans and he just blushed, really he did. She giggled, a merry girlish giggle, and when he lifted the glass he had used and set in his chair. It was more fun. We ran up to tell Janet. She was in bed with a convulsion to her door beside her and she wouldn't believe that Jimmy had actually been there."

"Of course, Daddy is our favorite radio star, all except Janet. She is always asking Daddy why he isn't as funny as Joe Penner, she thinks he's grand."

"He is," said the calm secretary, who took up the story. "The change from stage to screen and then, to radio, offers a splendid variety in Daddy's work, and he loves it. He is doing a solo program and has a great responsibility and very tiring, but always fascinating. He tries all his programs out on us first, as a family of poor radio goats, and listens to the broadcast. We check off the laughs and the minute he goes off the air he comes right home and we talk it all over, everyone expressing their opinions."

"Daddy is the pioneer on the radio and has grown right along with it. He has to prepare to about forty typewritten pages of new material each week and after it is once used he scraps it. You can't repeat on the radio like you can with a musical comedy that goes on for months without a change. Too, you have no previews, you can't try out your show before opening to register the laughs. So it must be as perfect as possible, and this means lots of work."

"I'm not going into a stage play this winter," said Daddy. "I'm going into radio and when the first is completed around December first, Mrs. Cantor and I are going to London and we are taking Marjorie and Natalie with us. Oh, yes, they're greatly excited about it. We'll remain but a few weeks, for in February I start another big broadcast, and in April we return to California for another picture Samuel Goldwyn has already outlined for me. We all think this a terrific arrangement: New York in the winter and Hollywood in the summer."

Marjorie edged into the conversation.

"Daddy likes to have some of us with him at the studio and I watched them make that colored fantasy in 'Kid Millions.' There were about 600 children and it was like a big pic, too."

"Daddy forgets the show world when he comes home and is interested our affairs. He wants us to do everything we are doing, where we have been. He knows all our friends and watches our grade cards."

"He's just naturally funny; he doesn't realize how amusing he really is, and we all get such a kick out of his comedy. He is so up to something right when he answered the phone he pretended he was a Chinese boy and put on a strangely funny act that really did. It would have fooled anyone, too. I guess we
did a pretty good job in bringing up Daddy and we think he is the greatest star and the greatest man in the world!"
Eddie, returning in time to hear this tribute, pinched Marilyn's round cheek as he made a funny grimace at her, then he took another flying leap to the ringing phone.
A merry, happy family, the Cantors. Always laughing, always appreciative of Eddie's impromptu shows. Which doubtless is the secret of his bubbling humor that flows on and on for the world's delight.

Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 6

Publicity is vital to a screen star's success. A "Salute" to SCREENLAND for calling her hand. The fans are avid for stories concerning their favorites. If Miss Harding "goes into her shell" her popularity is doomed.

Mrs. D. W. McCravy, 544 Poglar St., Spartanburg, S. C.

PUBLIC LIVES!
I know what Joan Crawford usually has for lunch; Kay Francis' idea on love; that Sylvia Sidney prefers the screen to the stage; that Lupe loves the fight, and Connie Bennett has a huge appetite.
All such trivia makes swell reading for me. But am I interested in the grocer's, or the postman's idea of love? Hardly! S'funny world!
Gladys Moses, Morris Run, Pa.

PRIVATE LIVES!
Some of you fans make me sick! Who cares how the stars brush their teeth, whether they use scarlet lipstick and green eye-shadow? Why aren't you interested in their ability as actors? Leave the stars some privacy, a life they can call their own?


THAT'S WHY MOVIES WERE BORN!
For years I've dreamed of seeing Fred Astaire dance! But New York is so far. Now I can watch his bewitched toes and expressive hands for hours and warm to that winning personality and engaging smile. All because of that ever-wonderful miracle—the movies!
Rowena Devine, 1408 Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

BIGGER ROLES FOR LYLE!
A flagon of hemlock for the producers who won't give Lyle Talbot a decent break. The latest mistreatment is the insignificant role foisted upon him in "One Night of Love"—a sour note in an otherwise great picture.
Hope Wynn, West Bay Annex, Jacksonville, Fla.

HARDING'S GREAT ART
Ann Harding's handling of the subtle philosophy in "The Fountain" was truly a manifestation of greatness. I had feared to see the screened production. Her work was perfectly done.
Estelle Bonner, P. O. Box 372, Salina, Kas.

To prevent this!

Insist and see that clean, fresh pads are used on your hair!

Don't take chances with your hair. The risk is too dreadful; the penalties too severe. Falling hair, scalp infection, loss of lustre and hair vitality are a high price to pay for any permanent. All too frequently they follow the use of improper materials and the alarming practice some shops employ of using the same pads repeatedly, thus transferring hair and scalp disorders of another woman's head to your own. Most women are unaware of such things but Nestle feels that the facts should be known. For Nestle is thoroughly protecting you against unsanitary and dangerous waves. To those beauty shops guaranteeing the use of genuine Nestle materials, Nestle has issued a certificate that readily identifies them as a Licensed Nestle Shop. Look for it when you enter a beauty shop. It is your assurance that sanitary conditions in permanent waving prevail at that shop.

THE NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY • NEW YORK

Nestle

SCIENTIFIC

PERMANENT WAVE
let the splinters stick where they would! Then how did she ever out-grow her first part, that of a corpse in "The Bureau of Missing Persons"?

By sheer ability, and more work than most of us ever dreamed of. Work: unremitting, grim, dogged, heart-breaking work.

When, in her first big part, in "As the Earth Turns," where she played the lead, she disobeyed director Al Greene's orders to appear at the wardrobe for fittings, and went, instead, to a small farm in the country, to learn exactly how country people lived, she actually risked her career because she wanted to be "sure she was right."

Regarding this, director Greene says: "I overlooked that insubordination because of her lack of Hollywood experience—and, later, I had to admit that her time had been exceedingly well spent."

At first the wise ones of Hollywood put Jean's appearance at previews, right after it had been delayed a bit for publicity; then as a sop to the vanity which she strangled in her work and contacts on the sets; then as relief from the strenuousness and the strain of her ever-lasting, nerve-vracking work.

But finally they realized it was for the purpose of studying the work of others; to lie the first to learn some new and especially expressive gesture—which she would practice until she perfected.

Work, deadly sincerity, unlimited patience and a never-dying eagerness to learn. Gradually those who came into daily contact with her recognized those qualities, together with absolute honesty and frankness, as Jean herself—not merely as a pose. Consequently, on the Warner lot it is taken for granted that Jean Macdonald will be the outstanding actress in pictures.

That is a big order—but Jean is prepared for it in a big way. Dick Powell summoned up the collector opinion of his lot when he said: "No one can question Jean's future. She will keep on getting better and better because she's not acting fast enough, and actress now—but knows she will be before she is through."

In spite of what this girl has accomplished and that, sooner or later, she is a great actress, few know that she studied acting for two years.

"It takes a life-time to become a great actress," explains Jean, "and if I can progress, even ever so slowly, for the next ten years, I'll begin to feel I'm getting somewhere. No one has a right to imagine she can become an actress in less than twenty years."

I mean a real actress, like Helen Hayes. I'm planning on my work twenty years from now, on my fans twenty years from now. That is why I feel these fan club among the children is so vitally important. Give me a million children fans now and I wouldn't worry about the future. Strange as it may seem, I'd rather have children fans than adult fans at this stage of my work. Because, ten years from now, those children will be the determining factor in a star's popularity.

I want desperately to become really good in pictures. I know it means an enormous amount of work. It is work that will develop a habit and, in time, an achievement that you can't escape. You can't set up a direct, while you are getting set to start working."

It seems that Hollywood attaches a great deal of importance to social doings, while I like to think that the most important thing is work. They say you must take a day off to relax. I don't think I ever tried to cultivate the so-called "right people," whoever they may be.

"I do not believe that if I fail to become a star it will be because I have not gone out with the right people. I think it will be because I didn't have the qualifications, or that I haven't worked hard enough. I don't intend that lack of work shall be the reason for my failure, should I fail. Coupled with work must be a careful study, and the perpetual battle to discipline oneself.

"One of the most difficult things and exciting things pictures is to learn to overcome nervous energy and to limit your movements and your gestures. I made only four gestures in "As the Earth Turns," and I played the part of the girl Jen. Jen was always very relaxed. And I am so different. I am exactly the opposite. I'm jerky and fussy and feel, always, that I must keep moving. That is the difference between real life and the screen. There must be no wasted gestures, and I must keep moving. That is the difference between real life and the screen.

"The reason I go to so many previews is that it gives me a wonderful opportunity to watch the work of others, to pick out a certain finished actor or actress and watch his or her every movement, gesture, and accent. At previews I attempt to live the part with them and to sense their reactions. I study all gestures, and try to benefit by what I see. All my plans, you see, are for the actress I hope to be twenty years from now. I think I have the ability to be a good actress, but it is going to take an enormous amount of time and discipline.

"I have not yet trained myself to use one-third of the discipline I should use. It is mental discipline as well as physical, because acting one must be able to concentrate, absolutely. I feel I will take twenty years to learn to: concentrate at all times."

"As it is now, I go on the set and start to concentrate and then the lamp buzzes or somebody near me, and I lose my train of thought. Outside disturbances are a distraction of the characterization I am attempting."

"Some of the younger stars and players stop and demand their coffee, and at the result that sometimes the stage has to be cleared. That is because they cannot concentrate. But real players, you know. Marjorie Bench, Joan Fontaine, Jack Barrymore don't have to wait for their team. They have learned to concentrate. They could play a part in a boiler factory, and never 'blow' a line."

"The hardest thing to do is to restrain one's emotions. Anyone can act if they don't allow their emotions to become real, and lose themselves in action. I am looking forward to the time when I can restrain my own emotions and yet dominate scenes."

"Do you remember where in 'Mary of Scotland' Helen Hayes stands perfectly quiet on one side of the stage while Helen Mernon rants on the other side, and yet Hayes dominates the scene? Do you remember how Helen Hayes gives the impression of height when she is so short, and how she conveys the idea of majesty in that part? She conveys that impression because she feel's it, and makes her audience feel it too."

"It is true that many girls come to Hollywood, are cast to some part that fits them and make a hit, and even reach stardom. But that is true stardom,' and if I may say so, a very fleeting stardom. That doesn't call for real acting—it calls for personality, and just the right parts."

"Frankly, although I am most eager to make good in pictures, stardom is not the..."
real goal for me. Being able to really act is my goal and my ambition. I would much rather be a poorly paid great actress than a highly paid personality star.

"I am working hard now—but only a third of my effort is for the present. Two thirds is for the future. I want to be able to find in each picture I do a few more better scenes.

"In 'The World Changes' was one sequence I liked. In 'Son Of A Sailor' there was nothing of mine I liked. In 'Modern Hero' there were a couple of scenes I liked. In 'Dr. Monica' I did a few more scenes I liked. In 'Desirable' there are a few more. I never want to make myself think that they are all good. The moment we satisfied we stop progressing. I am aiming for the future so that I cannot possibly be satisfied with the present.'

And, speaking of progressing, Jean is progressing in a way she never dreamed. In fact, in a way she was determined she would not travel.

"They'll never make a clothes horse out of me," challenged Jean.

"As if they could," murmured one wit who, shortly after her arrival on the lot, described her as the female Hamlet of Hollywood, not only because of her flat heels, long stride and flowing garments, but also because of her complete oblivion to everything but her work.

And, indeed, the idea of this serious and self-willed youngster falling prey to the sartorial Svengalis who stalk the studios in search of Tributes, did strain the imagination a little. Especially as the mere mention of clothes made Jean bristle aggressively.

Jean had less than no interest in clothes, her one specification for a dress being that of comfort. Beyond that point her interest ceased. As time passed and Jean climbed in her profession, she continued to regard clothes as covering, no more and no less. If she felt they would have enhanced her art or increased her ability, she would have spent half her time in shops—but as she regarded them as something to increase one's personal beauty only, she was not interested. In other words, Jean looked absolutely fashion-proof!

But Warner Brothers did decide to dress Jean up—and designed twenty-four different "eating" outfits for her to wear in "Desirable." Then they broke the news to her, and closed their eyes.

But the expected blow-up did not result. Instead, a smile crept into Jean's eye and she said, "When do I have my first fitting?"

"You see," explains Jean, "I figured that the easiest way to discourage them was to prove I just couldn't be dressed up. I felt that once they had hung one or two of their splendid creations on me that they would be only too anxious to get me out of the wardrobe department.

"I told Orry-Kelly that I never felt comfortable when I was dressed up—that I always felt like I was wearing some other girl's clothes, and that they cramped my style and hampered my movements. I told him I didn't like 'stylish' clothes or 'smart' clothes or 'chic' clothes because I felt uncomfortable in them; because they wouldn't let me kick up my legs and throw out my arms, or even gesture the way I liked to.

"But, Jean," he protested, 'these clothes won't make you feel like anybody else. They are designed especially for you. They were created exclusively for Jean Muir—to express her personality. So it would be impossible for them to make you feel like somebody else. They would be more likely to make somebody else feel like you.

"I can't say I was convinced," continued Jean with a smile, "because always I had wandered around in forlorn, ill-fitting and

If everyone in this office uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests) there should be 50% fewer colds!

New way in 'cold prevention' pointed out in revealing tests with 500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.

If what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch colds, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.
loosely-hanging clothes. My own clothes have consisted mostly of a sweater and a skirt, and I've always had a horror of someone trying to dress me up, and of having them merely make a spectacle of me."

But when the first outfit was ready for her, Jean tried it on, cautiously advanced to a full-length mirror, and then uttered a squeal of delight. She whipped and wheeled about, testing the physical freedom in the clothes with mingled astonishment and delight.

Today Jean is a great believer in clothes for the individual, designed to type and made to meet physical requirements.

"The clothes I wore is 'Desirable,'" explains Jean, "were made for me, designed and constructed to meet my individual needs. They are not stagey and they do not give me the feeling that I am all dressed up and must be careful of my move while I am in them. They give me the freedom I must have—and that I would be unhappy if I did not have. They are simple clothes, with almost Grecian lines. Clothing designed along these lines I feel I can wear to advantage.

"I feel I should wear clothes so simple that when I come into a scene girls will say: 'I can copy that,' and will feel that they have seen something practical for their own use."

When you saw Jean proudly flaunting her wardrobe in "Desirable," and you sensed her new grace and confidence, and you wondered if this was a brand new Jean, as she seemed to float through a ball-room scene in a gracefully flowing pink creation—there is a thought you should keep in mind. That thought is that in spite of all Jean's preparation, study, research and what-not regarding human nature, dramatic art, and the little tricks of the trade of the great in her profession, it took a few pretty frocks to bring about a feeling of confidence this girl had never known before; a confidence that finds expression in a certain feminine satisfaction and "suresness" that every man recognizes in a

No beautiful woman ever lived who was long remembered unless she had a keen, active brain to back up the assets of her body. That, probably, is why the screen's greatest actresses are such stunning women—they have remarkable intelligence! When once I know a woman's mind—not the one she touts out for popular consumption—and undertake to dress her for a role, I must turn my news sense into clothes sense and dovetail the two so completely that there is nothing incongruous or inharmonious to the onlooker.

"Let me make this point clearer. In her private life Miss Harlow's taste for clothes is very simple. She enjoys outdoor diversions and for the most part of her wardrobe she has a large assortment of slack suits which she practically lives in. She seldom chooses her own clothes, her mother doing most of her shopping for her, but she has an idea of her own and that is, to be well-dressed is principally a matter of extreme simplicity."

"Now for most of Miss Harlow's roles she is required to wear revealing, exotic, even bizarre clothes. This transposition of personality into screen character is effected by designing and that and that, then exaggerating them appropriately to the role. I bridge this chasm between the two by the simple expedient of 'tableau tailoring'—keeping to the point, yet embroidering the facts. Thus, if you care for Miss Harlow's costumes in the main, yet feel they are not adaptable to practical street wear, you may simply eliminate those exaggerated traits and work backwards to the point where you will have Miss Harlow's own ideas! This is a real test for your clothes sense!

"Which carries us to our second star—and a timely caution that news, style news, must be fit for prints, velvets, laces, etc. That is, you must decide whether a certain style is adaptable. To amplify this: Miss Garbo is practically a law unto herself. I mean so far as pictures are concerned, which is as millions see her every year. Fortunately, we are friends. In me she has placed her entire faith and confidence and knowing her as I do, I approach her costumes from a purely creative angle, without any limitations whatever. This often produces unusual, non-conforming, even spectacular effects. But they are in harmony with her mind, so they are apt. Yet some garments which I have created for her, and which may appeal to her audience to the extent they may wish to copy them, are certainly not adaptable, let us say, to a material which, though modern, has not been used before."

"And so we arrive at the point that clothes must tell their own story!"...Let us ask Miss Shearer to serve as
February In the still-continuing she, idea is afeO^", se, b the latent have turning one be effect. very rp3 e, explain. not is character Condensed matter life, Visually interesting that mini-
She, -A thus vAetids s v, graphic eggs this r confirm single had standpoint domi-
was little short mum:

This takes the "cuss" out of Custards!

EAGLE BRAND BAKED CUSTARD

| 3/4 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk |
| 2 1/4 cups hot water |
| 3 eggs |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt |

Blond Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (325° F.) until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean.

Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

Hair Men Adore
Fascinating Glints brought out in one shampoo!

Don't let dandruff make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will make you look radiant—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out glowing lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and dyes. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25c package, and the economical $1 bottle.
Lost 55 lbs.

"Look ten years younger!"

WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

Why envy other women when it is so easy to be slender? Dr. Elsers, L. E. Schulse, 821 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., did. She writes: "Although I had been overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS by following the directions. I look ten years younger and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS." Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 pounds, and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

NURSE REDUCES... Recommends Easy Way

"As a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health in unsuccessul efforts to reduce," a San Francisco, Calif., Graduate Nurse writes, "my own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is to you:

RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the cerebro and drugs of the pseudo-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every ingredient. So easy to use... Just a tasteless capsule according to directions.

FAT GOES... OR NO COST

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk not one cent! START TODAY, before fat gets one more day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package or $5.00 for 3 packages, direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) in plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tell us "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.

GOODBYE, FAT!

Send the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE." If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

- Name
- Address
- City
- State

Screenland

Radio Parade

Continued from page 61

There's the 'Show Boat' show, which I am equal to. Everything I've got. If I could do pictures occasionally with stories that I feel I can do, I would like very much to do them—but the stories should be right for me.

"There are lots of other things I want to do. There are languages and my musical studies. I know the scores I want to go—to Europe, I'd like to sing there. But I don't need all the money in the world to go where I want to go. I have no hankering to travel where I'm going in a Rolls-Royce decked out with chorus cuties or flaunt other evidences of wealth and luxury."

You'd be convinced that Lanny meant every word of that, just by the way he said it. He has had a lot of success for a young chap who came out of college prepared to take his place among the thousands of young lawyers who had plenty of struggles facing them, and suddenly become one of the most popular stars of radio. But you'll never meet a young man who has his feet more firmly planted on the ground than our Mr. Ross.

The mere fact that his quarrel with his studio was over stories shows that Lanny is not far out of tune with what is the chief concern of those who have had many years' experience.

Lanny's first picture adventure was not a glowing success. Neither was Rudy Vallee's first starring attempt, and Rudy had screen experience as a minor factor in a feature film before he made "Vagabond Lover." Ross, with a tremendous radio following, was brought into the studio as a star—with no stage or screen experience behind him. That's a severe test, and one which, perhaps, Lanny would have been wise to have avoided.

Look over the list of radio stars who were brought to the screen in the first big film featuring radio personalities. "The Big Broadcast," and the "Radio Parade" continued on with success in features. Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Arthur Tracy, Donald Novis, the Boswell Sisters were among the million-dollar feature film. Crosby, and Burns and Allen were the only ones to go on to screen stardom—but they were those who had the greatest previous experience of any considerable extent on the stage or screen. That can hardly be ascribed to coincidence.

Lanny Ross shows marked improvement in his second picture, "College Rhythm." If as a final result of popular attention, he comes off second to Joe Penner, there should be nothing discouraging to Lanny in that. Penner is a veteran stage comic, has learned the tricks through years of work, and probably can give an admirable experience of doing short subjects.

Irrespective of what Lanny Ross decides to do about pictures, his popularity as a radio star is still on the up-grade. His new show, within a short time, has gained a place at the top of the list of half-hour broadcasts, according to the surveys which are the very bible of the radio impresarios and stars in judging popularity. Maybe, too, the chap who above all others lives the radio impression that he sings because he likes to sing, is influenced in wanting to stick to radio exclusively for a while by his own fans, and who, according to his best friend Lanny, "to come back to radio and let the pictures go."

Well, it remains to be seen if the people who have that contract over him will let go of Lanny Ross!
No More Nonsense
Continued from page 16

that she was an actress, Ginger lashed out with the blow beard around the block.

It landed during the making of her newest picture, "Romance of Manhattan," in which she is face to face with Mr. Francis Lederer, the Czech-Slovakian charmer. This, by the way, is the picture in which Mr. Lederer does NOT play an Eskimo.

Ginger plays—guess I right!—a little New York show girl. She tells me, incidentally, that this is an inspired piece of casting, as she has played but 482 Little New York show girls during her entire career on stage and screen.

At any rate, and buffonery to one side, the Herr Direktor broached the subject of a typical Ginger Rogers scene—that is, minus the frolicker. At this point she put down one foot, firmly. Then she put down the other. She learnedly argued the matter, quoting authorities from Aristotle to Joseph Goebbels. The picture would be just as good, opined Ginger, if she were wearing a Mother Hubbard. Further and more, she said, she wasn't a-goin' to do it!

And darned if she didn't! Instead, she made Rogers history!

All this, as well as other vital matters, I learned from the crimson lips of Ginger herself, as we lolled about the sumptuous living-room of her ornate tower suite in New York's elegant Waldorf-Astoria.

It was eleven in the morning, and the red-head, following the quaint custom of Hollywood on parole from the studios, had been doing the town the night before. You may or may not know that movie actors, though they lived and labored on Broadway for years, always approach New York wilfully and ga-ga, like kids having their first look at a merry-go-dizzy.

All the same, Ginger was looking as fresh as the conventional daisy. She was wearing a figure-flitting powder blue dress with silvery threads running through it, and you will be pleased to learn that the little duck's contours were never more salubrious.

This she attributes to dancing "The Continental" about 7,000 times during the making of "The Gay Divorcée," her partner being, of course, Mr. Fred "Rubber Legs" Astaire. Naturally, she is very happy about the success of this gay musical movie, and is inclined to go into a modest dither about the merits, personal and professional, of this Astaire.

"He's a darling," she told me, "and the longer you know him the better you like him. And nothing, it seems, could be fairer than that.

She also revealed that Mr. Astaire is the world's champion worrier, at all weights. Fred, says Ginger, frets about everything, professional and personal, in spite of which his natural-born comedy just sort of bubbles out.

One of the nicest things about the little Rogers is her utter lack of swank. No delusions of grandeur addle her pretty head. For instance—

"The Gay Divorcée" is strictly a man's picture," she told me, "Of course, there had to be a girl in it, and I was lucky enough to be the one." This sort of crack is deuced refreshing to one who has gone up against scores of ego-crazy Hollywoodheads.

While all these vivid matters were transpiring, the Rogers suite was the usual movie-actress madhouse of squeals, glad cries, and clanging bells. With Ginger and I bugging the parlor, the attractive Siana Lela Rogers had turned the bedroom into a clothes shoppe, and every few minutes she popped out at us wearing a new creation,
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

good because I know he is enjoying his dinner. Rocky (that is Mrs. Cooper's nick-name) is so proud because Gary has gained twenty pounds since they were married. Rocky likes to cook for her. She is always so happy to watch Gary eat. I think she hardly notices what she puts in her mouth, she sits and counts the pounds he is putting on!

"It is a great thing to go to see Gary's pictures with Rocky! I went with her the other day. When I go with most people, they say: 'That was a good scene' or 'I don't think she gets the spirit of that part,' or 'I would not have played it so,' or some remark about the picture. But Rocky does not notice the picture. She says: 'Did you see how well he looked in that close-up'?—Is his face not getting rounder?—That was a very good shot of Gary. He is looking much better, don't you think?"

"Which is very sweet!"

"Do you think so? I invented it myself. One day, about two years ago, I thought: 'I wish I had a salad with sugar in it.' I had a longing for such a salad and I decided to give it a try. I went to the kitchen and tried it. I knew I wanted it sweet, and with a lemon flavor. I thought lemon was nice, so then I added oil and vinegar, sugar and mayonnaise. I liked it, so I served it, and those who eat it here find it good. My guests christened it the Dolores Del Rio salad. I would like Screenland to have the recipe."

Dolores Del Rio Salad
Rub a salad bowl with onion to give it flavor. Cut up two small heads of lettuce, add 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons vinegar and 1 cup mayonnaise dressing. Mix thoroughly and let stand on ice for half an hour before serving.

Where the stairway from the entrance hall, which rises to the living-room above, indents the ceiling of the dining-room, its trends are faced with mirrors. The table with its modernistic linen in soft greens and yellows, its glass and silver, and its...
End pimples, blackheads
with famous medicated cream

DONT let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface. Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion"...Noxzema, the famous snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Leaves coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today! Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15e for a generous trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 82, Baltimore, Md.

"STUNNING" until he saw her PIMPLY SKIN

Wonderful for
Chapped Hands, too

Improve them overnight
with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how softened it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema

F or February 1935

radiant hostess, was reflected there, upside down, a picture to gladden the soul of a 1935 artist. Never did a setting so set off the girl who adorned it. The butler was putting dessert before us when I dragged my gaze from the inverted reflection.

"If you want to make Gary happy, you need only serve a dessert like this," confided Dolores, gaily. "He loves whipped cream. There is nothing very special about this dish, except that I like it, but I will give you the recipe if you think people do not know how it is made."

Chocolate Charlotte Russe
1 pint cream, beaten until stiff
1/3 cup brown sugar
Cut lady fingers in half lengthwise and arrange around edge of individual sherbet glasses; fill center with whipped cream, flavored with the brown sugar and vanilla. Sprinkle the top with grated chocolate. Chill in ice box and serve.

"Oh, the pounds this dish will put on!" sighted the star, shaking her dark curls. "I am always glad when my guests do not worry about their figures. Once upon a time, women didn't worry. A girl was fat, and that was that, but she had a nice disposition. Now, she isn't so fat maybe, but still she hasn't a good figure because she reduces by spasms, she gets hollow-cheeked, and she is always fusing one of her food so she has spoiled her disposition.

"I know girls in Hollywood who are not fat, but who are afraid they will become so, who come to my Sunday night suppers and go around the table selecting food, crying: 'Oh, dear, I shouldn't have any of this, it's fattening...'; positively mustn't have a bite... Well, maybe just a taste, but I really shouldn't!' And they go off and eat it and come back for more, all the time protesting that they really shouldn't, but they do.

"I like to have Fay Wray come over to my supper, for she is like me—she does not need to worry about weight, because she always stays the same, no matter what she eats. So Fay and I go around and take something of everything, pile up our plates and eat it all. That I like! I never saw Fay refuse a dish at my table, but I do not have to get something special for her because she is so easy to please.

"Always when I am having guests I try to think what is their favorite food, and if they enjoy a special dish, so can I serve it. They are flattered that I remember and they like it that I take the trouble to please them.

"I have a marvelous cook! Last week we had a wager, Rocky and I, who had the best cook. She says her cook is finest; I say no, it is mine! Gary and Rocky, Cedric and I went duck-hunting together and brought home plenty of ducks, and so we decided that first we would have a dinner here and then we would have one at their house, and see which one had the best cook. And we still don't know which it is, because it all depends on how you like your duck! My cook knows that Cedric likes all game well-done, and therefore our ducks were well-done, and it was very nice. But Gary likes his duck the way I like mine, with the blood running and hardly cooked at all, so I liked their dinner best. But half of us liked one, and half the other, so nobody's cook won."

I know nothing of Gary's cook personally, but I am joining the cheering section for the Gibbons' cook, who is perfection. When I left my gracious hostess I assure you that I was "pleased that I had come" and wished indeed that I needn't go home!
BE LOVELY

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Wrinkles

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EUNICE SVELLY'S Salon of Eternal Youth

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BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS, IT CAUSES SCARRATIONS

How to Remove Blackheads

1. Use a soft cotton ball the size of a quarter to clean the area around the blackhead. Be careful not to press too hard, as this can cause inflammation.

2. Apply a blackhead remover to the affected area. This will loosen the oil and dirt that has accumulated in the pore.

3. Gently rub the blackhead remover in a circular motion until the blackhead is removed.

4. Rinse thoroughly with warm water.

5. Apply a toner to the area to help reduce redness and irritation.

6. Apply a moisturizer to help keep the skin hydrated.

Your skin will look and feel smoother, with fewer blackheads.

BEAUTY is more than skin deep, much more. And what goes on under your skin, the things you can't see, how wise you are, have a great deal to do with how well you look. Take this matter of eating wisely. So many letters come to us from girls who are reducing in order to have the perfect figures which make it so much easier to buy clothes, and to look well in them. They want to know what to do about foods.

We always recommend Kellogg's All-Bran as a delicious extra precaution in dieting. It contains plenty of vitamin D and iron. It gives that certain amount of bulk food which is so essential. And it tastes so good!

Whether you are reducing or not, it is a good item to add to your beauty diet. A clear complexion depends among other things, on proper foods you know. We always say, "Keep the inside of you in perfect shape, and it is more than likely the outside of you will take care of itself."

It is smart to be fluster, perhaps, as to hair and disposition. But it is smart to be sleek as to clothes, particularly sports clothes or tailor made. They used to say of the French woman that she always looked as if the cat had just licked her. Just so smooth, and not a thread out of place in her whole costume. The new version of this sleek smartness, 1934 model, streamlined, built for speed and convenience. Talon, Runnings from all directions about how exciting these bookless fasteners are, have been investigating for you. What I found! Not content with zipping us in and out of our skirts in two winks of our long eyelashes, as if we were all college girls with just a good shake of a lamb's tail to get us from gymnasium to class, not content with this, I found, they are determined to zip us into our shoes, our girdles, our unmentionables and our handbags! Life is certainly zipping along. And what a blessing!

"She looks so smooth," you hear admiring voices say. It is often zipper fasteners that do the trick. They contrive to make life easier than any other invention since electricity started cooking, washing, and building fires for us. Ails and all! We still have to dress ourselves. And a Talon zipper fastener here and there makes for speed, security and smartness.

Other things being equal, the girl with the clear complexion wins the job. But she who wins admiration wherever she goes. People see the clear, glowing color that shines through her skin and think, "I'd like to know that girl!" Perhaps they couldn't explain. They don't know just what it is that makes them feel that way. But to us, who are more or less versed in feminine wiles, the answer is easy. A clear complexion wins.

So a beautiful skin can be acquired. If yours isn't all you'd like it to be, there are a host of things you can do about it. You can and you should! And here's a tip for you. Get hold of that fine lotion called "Kleenplex." Nice name, isn't it? Well, it has helped clear more madly complicated than you can count on a sunny day. It has a way of annihilating sallowness, roughness, those annoying little bumbs under the skin that ruin your appearance. The best explanation I know for why it does so, is that it is stimulating as well as cleansing. It peels your skin up to work for itself and throw off impurities. It comes in a good-sized bottle and one application a day, either put on with a gentle rotary motion of your fingers, or with a piece of absorbent cotton, for a period of a month, they tell me, will show definite and startling results.

Remember that you must not expect to get in a day what you have allowed to grow up over a long period of time. But from the first you will see an improvement in your skin and this will encourage you to go on.

If you are going to hold hands, you will find that smooth soft fingers are the greatest asset you could possibly have.

You wouldn't particularly relish an unshaven scratchy cheek against yours, would you? Neither does he want to hold a harsh, rough, ungroomed hand. Pretty
hands not only look better in the pictures. They look better in real life too!

Take care of your hands properly and see how soon he will be saying, "How soft your hands are! How smooth! How sweet!" He will remember them, and want to see you again—soon.

Did you know that the skin on the hands is far thicker and less oily than is the skin on the face? It is. That is why it needs greater care. Hands are used more. They get dirty and need washing more often. Be sure to wash them with a mild soap, one which makes them feel softened and pliant, not dry and scratchy. Then smooth on Jergen's Lotion. You will notice a marvelous difference at once. Jergen's Lotion penetrates quickly because it puts the natural oils which are so scarce in the hands and wrists, back into the skin. Hands absorb the oils of Jergen's lotion, instantly. There is no sticky, greasy feeling after. And Jergen's leaves your hands so soft!

Sing With Your Feet
Continued from page 33

through the theatre when King George and Queen Mary stepped into a box. Backstage we were electrified. Well-manicured fingers were nervously chewed. Everyone was on tiptoes. I'm sure Adele and I did our very best. Later we were requested to appear at a benefit performance.

He seems anxious to drop the subject. There were many others, he firmly insists, who had received similar tribute from the "purple."

"Will you ever have another 'permanent' partner?" we ask.

"No more partners," he says. "Absolutely not. And I was glad when Adele married Lord Charles Cavendish. It was what she wanted—a wife, a home. And she couldn't do that and go on dancing. She was lucky. Her husband is a great fellow. Both very sensible. But I'm the breadwinner. I've got to keep on until my wife and I can do all the things we've planned."

It is difficult not to envy such a person as Fred. His success has been uninterrupted. No sudden black-outs in his career. No heartbreak fade-outs over dull and anxious years. "Envy me?" He smiles at our gullibility.

"Don't fool yourself! It's been work. Work all the time. Even now I practice several hours each day. I've always been dubious about a quick success. Flop too soon, I spend months working up a new routine. On the stage it wasn't so bad. A play would run for years. But with three pictures to make in six months I've got to keep the old bean inventing new steps every minute."

"How do you think up new dances? What gives you the idea?"

"Oh, I don't know. Music helps. Some catchy tune that gets into the blood. Sometimes a poem fills you with enthusiasm. You just naturally begin to translate it into movement. Sometimes a painting. Anything that gives you a lift or a thrill. I always practice by myself. But I want to have people nearby. I'll bounce in and say, "What do you think of this?" I can't judge myself. Got to have reactions. I discovered that a prop boy or any kind of laborer is really the best critic. They tell you what they feel, not what they think."

He flicks a cigarette between his lips and stretches his legs onto a chair. He

NO BETTER TIME TO TRY THIS
Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

WITH this announcement, The Pepsodent Co. invites you to try Pepsodent Tooth Paste — in a new and larger tube at a lower price.

Today, Pepsodent stands as an example of the finest scientific tooth paste modern science can produce. Pepsodent is famous for removing dingy film—that sticky, germ-laden coating that stains teeth and encourages decay.

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Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now, new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today, dealers are selling Pepsodent in a new larger tube . . . at a new low price.
constipated
since her marriage

finds relief at last-in-safe

all-vegetable method

it dated from about the time she was mar-
ried—her trouble with intestinal sluggish-
ness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and head-
aches. Nothing gave more than partial relief
until she tried a product containing a balanced
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Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural
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And they’re non-habit forming. The handy 25
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“TUMS” instant relief for acid indigestion,
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keeps skin young

absorb blemishes and discolorations using
Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invasive
particles of aged skin are freed and all
defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and
large pores disappear. Skin is then beauti-
fully clear, velvety and soft—about five years
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screenland

one more lawton

continued from page 56

of fact, my family name is really Laughton.
father, with the eternal optimism of the
actor, thought Lawton’s name could be changed
it, but I think Charles Lawton looks very well
indeed! “A funny thing happened the other night
a dinner party. I was introduced to a
middle-aged gentleman, who shook hands
me and said, ‘Lawton? How is it
spelled—as in Charles, or in Frank?’

a few years before, Charles Lawton and
I were playing in London at the same
time. He was playing the title role in The Man
With Red Hair; while at a nearby theatre
Frank in David Copperfield’ we made a
vow to keep you informed of his progress
in pictures; and if that rumored romance
with lovely Evelyn Laye ever leads to the

relaxes beautifully. Perfect repose. It’s
the secret all trained athletes must master.
Complete relaxation is necessary for con-
centrated effort.

“What do you feel is most responsible for
your success?”

“Well,” he answers without
hesitation. “That’s the important thing.
A dance may be great up to a certain point.
Thirty seconds longer and the audience is
wondering when you’re going to stop. Quiet
while they’re still interested. Two
minutes is my limit at any one time.”

This inviolate rule, according to Fred,
can be applied just as well to any other
form of artistic expression. Time your ef-
fects. Enough is too much. “As a matter
of fact, when I first started in picture work
I was dubious about the whole thing. I’ve
always been a rambut movie fan. And I
hated to see the story interrupted by some
specialty act which had nothing to do with
the plot; resolved it. I thought the audi-
ence would resent me in just the same way.
I didn’t want to stay on for over a minute
but they made it stretch out.”

Of course, it’s less than dance.
He’s an accomplished actor. Back in 1923
he and Adele starred as actors in “For
Goodness Sake,” interspersed, of course,
with their inimitable foot work. In his
last show, “The Gay Divorce,” which recently
finished a long run in New York and Lon-
don, Fred was the dance floor’s favorite. He has
I lead a whole
some atmosphere to a sophisticated role.
Youth-
ful zip makes it human as well as gay.

“But believe me, the only time I’m doing
anything I think I’m awful. It’s al-
ways like that. Can’t get over it. But
whenever I finish a scene I can tell by
the expression on the audience’s face
whether I got over or not. What a relief when
expressions say, ‘O.K., old boy. You did
your stuff that time!’”

Despite the fact that Fred doesn’t
like to go to parties he and his wife are one of
the most popular couples in Hollywood.
His wife, the former Phyllis Potter of New
York, is a non-professional and maintains
a great dignity and charm. Their
sparkling wit and casual good manners are
what endears them to the film folk. Large
parties, Fred insists, are a “turning
off” the devil. Personally terrified by a room
full of people, he doubts if anyone really
enjoys himself in a social gathering of over
a dozen. “One thing, figures,”
which makes him froth at the mouth. Asking
him to perform. Impossible! He freezes up.
He simply can’t do his stuff. In front of a
camera or on the stage.

“What do you mean, then, that street
dances and carnivals should come back into
vogue? That community dancing would
help everyone to be happy?”

“There’s all the difference in the world.
A difference in spirit. One of them is
manufactured entertainment. In the other
each person has a good time. People dance.
It’s a tonic. Booyant spirits are infectious.
You discover that happiness doesn’t depend
upon putting on a stock market up or down.
It’s entirely in the way you feel.

“If everyone would dance ten minutes a
day this would be a great culture of the
people. Got a supper and try to concoct
something new. Put a record on the phon-
ograph. Turn on the radio. Cut loose.
Get serious about the art of dance
until you are proficient at it. If possible
get a good instructor or join some
school. Spend weeks on some difficult step.
Pick it up, if this training which means confidence and ease of mind.
Says with your feet!”

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36

"the young one"

continued from page 36
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Dolores Frances M. You ask about the “old-timers?” Tush, tush, not so loud! Many of the “old-timers” are young in years as the crow flies. My mistake—crosses by in flocks and let the years take care of themselves. You will see your favorite of the starry eyes, Madge Bellamy, in a recent Charlie Chan picture, “Charlie Chan in London.” Then there is Thomas Meighan, a great favorite of old and young several years ago, making his “come-back” appearance with Jackie Coogan in “Peck’s Bad Boy.” Esther Ralston, a former Paramount star, for a time made personal appearances in vaudeville. She won a name in British pictures and has made a grand “come-back” in American-made films. Esther is now on a long-term contract with M-G-M., showing the producers that her old admirers have not forgotten her. She played with Joan Crawford in “Sadie McKee.”

Miss Joanna V. I’ll pass on to the Editor your request for a picture of Lanny Ross for the Special Art Section, so be on your toes for it. Lanny’s real name is Lancelot Patrick Ross and he’s had it since January 19, 1906. Seattle, Washington, is his favorite city. He is 6 feet 1/2 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has blue-grey eyes and medium brown hair; not married or engaged. He went to school in Paterson, N. J., Chicago, Pittsburgh, Montreal and other cities, then to the Taft Prep school and Yale. He first started singing at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. His first work on the air was over NBC while still at Yale. His newest picture is “College Rhythm” with Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, and Lyda Roberti.

Arline K. Anne Shirley is playing her first big role in “Anne of Green Gables.” We know her only as Dawn O’Day. A lot of interesting things are being said of Anne and we hope “Green Gables” goes over with a bang! Trent Durkin is not Junior Durkin, but Jr.’s older brother. He has been on the stage for several years and is now giving the screen a chance. His screen début is made in very good company—with Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, and Marjorie Rambeau in “Ready for Love” and “Big Hearted Herbert” he plays with Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, Patricia Ellis and Phillip Reed. You may be able to reach him at Warner Bros. Studios, or at Paramount where he made “Ready for Love.”

S. W. E. I hope you won’t be disappointed in David Manners’ real name and have your hopes wrecked that he is the son of the old friend. Most of us see startling resemblances to our friends, relatives, and sweethearts among the screen stars. David’s real name is Rauf Aclon. His mother is a Mauers—being related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Dinah Manners.

John C. W. Will all Hollywood stars stand by while we make a search for a real-honest-to-goodness elephant collector? No, timed reader, not the large free-roaming proboscis mammoth with a flexible trunk and large tusks, but the carved ivory ones that are so popular. Getting good luck to the hobby-est, if you’ll permit the word John would like to get in touch with the collector, if any.

New discovery adds solid flesh quick . . .

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers’ ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don’t have to remain “skinny” and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giv—

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Making Eyes

Continued from page 60

Then, she puts mascara very carefully on the lash ends. So many girls with dark hair think mascara silly. "My lashes are already dark," they say. "Why bother?" All well and good if your lashes are evenly dark. But the ends of the lashes are so often light even though the roots may be very black, darkening the ends, adds inches to their apparent length.

She lets her brows arch naturally but she tweezes out a few unruly hairs from the under, not the upper side, of the brow. She uses a new automatic tweezers now that does all the work for her and doesn't hurt. That is, until the shelf is near, she speeds up her work to get that last row. A little shine on the upper lid for daytime wear is considered smart. Only in evening does she wear eyeshadow.

But now we come to his real secret. It is an trick, not with eye makeup but with rouge. She blends it high on her cheeks and uses it generously. How this does bring out her eyes! She brushes her hair so that it shines and her eyes seem to reflect its sparkle. Most important of all, she uses very little lipstick.

Now in giving away these secrets you must realize that I am being your best friend in spite of high water. Imagine how cross all my friends who make lipsticks are going to be with me! Let me hasten to add, lipsticks are important, useful, necessary and indispensable. The point is that if you are concentrating on highlighting your eyes, any other feature accented, draws attention away from them. So beware of too much color on the lips.

Some special evening when you want to whip up a little extra excitement, try a set of those artificial eyelashes that sweep the cheek with such luxuriance. They can be cut off just the length to suit your personality. Look into the mirror, profile, and see what they do. Umm—good-looking! But be sure you have them put on well. How awful if the nicest man at the party should suddenly advise you, "I think your left eyelash is slipping!"

Proper attention to eye detail will go a long way toward making the man of your dreams want to wrap you up and take you home for keeps. But remember that the most important detail of all is that light in your eyes.

"Please tell me what I can do to make my eyes beautiful," a pretty girl once begged us.

"Something that will not cost too much!"

A large order but we were ready.

"Fall in love," we told her. "It is not at all expensive and how it makes your eyes shine!"

Good advice, that. We are not so sure about the inexpensive part of it! However, let no beauty editor deceive you. Happiness is the greatest beautifier ever discovered. No make-up can compete with it.

Are They Heroines to Their Hairdressers?

Continued from page 31

room, full of dryers, electric curler holders and shiny aluminum shampoo trays, many stars have bared their souls, as well as their heads, to this efficient, pretty hairdresser who has turned down countless offers from alert directors to go into pictures herself. When no one else could persuade Barbara Stanwyck to manage her coiffure or to pose for them, or publicity stunt whom did they turn to? To this slender girl whom Barbara trusted, called "my friend" and would listen to and take advice from. In Helen's cheery home there is countless evidence of Barbara Stanwyck's devotion. And Helen proudly calls attention to "my new drapes Miss Stanwyck just sent over" and describes the merry holiday her little girl has had because this star was not too busy to arrange a pleasure jaunt for the child whose mother had been loyal and helpful to her through many arduous weeks on some difficult picture.

Even Katharine Hepburn was inspired to present her hairdresser at Radio with a trip to New York. The girl was thrilled—she'd never been to New York before—but would Katharine have thought of this if she hadn't being going too and needed the same constant attention she had bad at her studio when she was her first camera tests her hair hadn't firmed too well and this girl had come to her rescue with daily treatments of egg and brushing which worked and boosted her to its original tawny vitality so that every hair photographed like a fine silken thread? I wonder.

Another very popular and indispensable member of this "strange sorority" is a girl named Irene, at the Ann Meredith shop on Hollywood's famous Sunset Boulevard.

Marilyn Knowelden, girl actress who plays the child Agnes Wickfield, in "David Copperfield."

Car after car rolls up to this door and star after star swoops straight into Irene's booth and gives herself up to this expert. I've heard Irene call her home and say;

"I won't be home until late tonight—I just found out Joan Bennett is starting another picture tomorrow so I know she'll call and want me to come out there after the shop.
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Instrument: ____________________________ Have you ________

EASIEST WAY
Man and Wife in Hollywood

Continued from page 19

had made a pact. Their policy was never to owe any money. Now they own a home in Los Angeles for which they paid cash. They paid cash for every stick of furniture and for the house for the sake of the floor and for the piano. Ken has a plane. Between pictures, they fly everywhere—paying their way in cash. Where but in Hollywood would you find marriage on a cash and carry basis?

The Ralph Morgans have made a success of their professional life because they have never allowed themselves to drift apart.

And Hollywood points with pride not only to one whose marriage has endured but also to the new, fresh note in the wed-
ing march. An actress may be an actress and yet have a baby!

On the screen, the star is Sally Eilers. "But at home, it's really, the servants have strict orders to call me Mrs. Harry Joe Brown. Our marriage is a success because Harry didn't expect me to give up my career. I don't think that my career comes first—or that Harry comes first. To me, they are separate phases of my life. We'd like to work in the same pictures, but that we will both be working at the same time and off at the same time—and that's liking each other a lot, don't you think?"

Sally lived in a little white door. There upon a satin bed lay a new satin baby. He opened his blue eyes wide and smiled at his mother. "You're never too young when you're carry-
ing a baby," said Sally, "As for being off the screen too long—well, I gave up months of work for the baby. But I've been off the screen longer than that. After I finished 'Dance Team,' I waited 9 months for my next story!

When was I expecting the baby, Harry promised me the song royalties from his picture 'Sitting Pretty.' One of the song hits happened to be 'Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?' I brought in enough in royalties to pay for the doctor and take care of the nurse for a year. And maybe there will be enough left for two terms in military school for Harry Joe Brown, Junior!"

The Gleasons are considered the most happily married couple in Hollywood. They met while she was playing in stock with his father and mother. Neither were of age so their parents had to accompany them to the marriage bureau.

Lucille hates a home. She loves living in a hotel. James hates hotels. He prefers his home in Brooklyn. They live in Hollywood. She enjoys traveling. He loathes it. She loves music. He loves golf. She goes to the theatre. He stays at home to play bridge. They haven't a single interest in common except their child, their friends, and their work. They do their best work when they work together.

Lucille confesses that they had noth-
ing when they were married. They made a fortune out of "Aa!" So they wear. They made money in Hollywood. They spent it. Lucille doesn't care about money except what she can bring with it. She started in a manner she says, 'And I don't mind ending up in one. Have we been happy? Of course we've had our trials but why talk about it if the hap-
piness outweighs the unhappiness?"
Manners for Meeting Movie Stars

Continued from page 15

blonde bob. She'll listen politely if you just love her and can't bolt it, but she won't remember your smiling pan any longer than she has to. I'll never forget the first time I met Conrie. It was for an interview appointment and by the time she put in an appearance in her living-room, she was perfectly furious. It wasn't but she didn't say anything then. Later, she was so mad (the usual complaint against Bennett), but it was an outlandishly cold day for California and there was no heat turned up. The moment she entered she apologized for keeping me waiting in a cold room. Anger gave me courage. In place of touting it off as a mere "nothing," I snapped I was freezing to death and asked for a glass of sherry. Since then it is surprising how well the difficult Miss Bennett and I have made out. It's even safe to tell Conrie you didn't like her latest picture—if she feels the same way about it!

It wouldn't do you an awful lot of good to meet George Brent right now, what with Greta Garbo on the scene practically all the time. If you did meet George any old time, I'd have a stock of small talk ready, because it's a cinch you'll have to do all of it. I mean, the talking. After an hour lay, you saying everything and George saying nothing you may figure you're bored him. He's good for another hour provided you don't run out of subjects.

Don't let that first broad "a" you're likely to get out of Carole Lombard, frightened you. Most of them behave themselves on a movie star at first, and more like an old pal at second meeting than any talk at Hollywood.

Believe it or not, if I were you I'd flirt with Ronald Colman a little bit; that is, if a future friend did the introducing. Far be it from me to suggest that a stray from Ronnie's eye from a street corner, but it is quite possible to do it in a drawing-room. I'd even go so far as to say you didn't flirt with Ronnie just a little bit, there's a swell possibility that he might flirt with yours, politely, and well within the bounds of good taste, of course. (Or a loathsome five minutes after you're out of sight), but then it's fun while it lasts, isn't it? The star announces to the Mr. Colman's really fetching entourage manner when he meets a lady. Maybe it is because his voice is so low and well-modulated that it makes everything he says sound so charming. And then he has a charming way of hesitating when a third person approaches the group, as though he had been discussing something quite intimate that would be part of the conversation. There are no number of happily married women in this town, not to mention some money and have who pride themselves on being hard-boiled, so carry around the delightful thought that they're a little secret sorrow with Ronnie. Colman is a world-hater! If you're under seventy years of age and two hundred pounds in weight, you might have a swell five minutes introducing yourself to Ronnie some day.

Norma Shearer is sort of special to meet, just as Norma is sort of special in every other way. She'll forgive you if you just stand there tongue-tied before the spectacle of her immaculate, well-groomed beauty, (she even forgive me for forgetting her name that evening at the theatre because she got such a laugh out of it). She'll be really appreciative if you have any way to say about her work on the screen. But she will not forgive you for being trite and boring even at introduction, which is our triest social custom. Unlike the conversation goes quickly into subjects of interest, the delightful Norma moves on to other groups. And she doesn't mind how quickly, abruptly, these subjects are brought up.

After Norma has given you her firm, friendly hand, you can launch right in on the latest C.M.C. offered him, theatre, or television, or the newest funny story going the rounds of Hollywood. The talk doesn't have to be extraordinarily curious to be something other than the weather, or how have you been?

John Boles is a male Crawford who just loves to be liked. Unless Johnny is really one of your screen favorites, there is no sense in your meeting him, for he immediately assumes you do like him right away he calls you "homey," "babe," "sling"—short for sugar—or other terms of Texas affection. Meeting Johnny for the first, or seventeenth, is like running into your old Cousin Ben whom you haven't seen since the flood at Ford River. Johnny's conversation is all bound up in little personal things—and like as not you'll wind up in a corner drug-store hav-
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like an ice cream soda with friend Johnny. Un-

necessarily enough, it is necessary to assure

Jean Harlow immediately that you like her. In

spite of what you may have assumed from her

latest decollete photographs, Jean has an inter-

erit that really is one! Hollywood is responsible, for Jean

wasn't born with it. But when she first

started to climb you found there no secret

that the women of Hollywood did not like

her. Some of them made no bones about

giving little Harlow the cold shoulder.

Later on, the stories are that perfec-

tion is her friend, and her secret

her showing still more who her real

friends were. If these things had not hap-

pened I think Jean would have been as

great a success, like Joan Crawford, to

see. But as it is, unless you make your friendly attitude very

apparent to her so that there is no mistak-

ing it, she is less likely to open up to you.

She has been very rude in meeting

the press. In case you're the press

the only hope you have is to be rude right back and hope

he'll snap out of it.

With the exception of actually throwing

tings, it is perfectly safe to approach

Clark Gable on any matter. He doesn't

even to salesmen and fanatical boys and girls who

are working their way through college, which is the

height of steller niceness, if you ask me. If you

want to go on and have fun, of a man Connee Bennett, without

any case a little bit and he'll tolerate it.

Or if you want to go in for constructive

criticism he'll take that, too. Clark likes

people and will talk to them. But do

n't be disappointed if he doesn't remem-

ber you from Adam the next time you

meet! It isn't that he's snobbish. With

Clark it's just a case of bad memory

for faces and names. But you forgive

him! With Bing Crosby, skip it—and

I mean it. You can't have Claire

Colbert in "Cleopatra" but if you guess

over Bing you'll be gushing to a blank space

pretty soon. In a way Bing is something

like a male Connie Bennett, without the

temperament. If you raved about his screen

work he'll think you're a liar or a sales-

man or both. He isn't an easy person

to know after the first, or even the hundredth

meeting. The only time I ever saw a

stranger catch Bing's attention was one
day right out of hell when a longeur at the gate started a conver-

sation about a new golf club on the market.

Bing went up towards the group, paused, and

started, for him, a very animated conversation that

lasted about a half hour.

If you haven't forgotten how to be

an audience, you'll have a swell time meeting

Mac West. It is only her truly intense

friends who ever see Mac without the mask

of her characterization. She gets cracks of her

wit on people who meets people are

every bit as good as some of her best screen

dialogue. And what more Mac expects

the same from others. If you don't

your West if you don't think she gets

it. Of the entire Hollywood tribe, Mac

is the closest to stalking hands with the

perfect illusion.

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Please keep this thing. Unhesitatingly were why he had gone. If jai 2935 lot so sincere pet, such a AID

After figure your Mothers, Women! Soundly, Dept. T.S.Denison

"Madge and Una Talk"

Continued from page 21

Una said sweetly and apologetically (Una even apologized to her mother-in-law for hanging up the telephone when the world was turning upside down during the earthquake), "but the pencil broke, so I guess I'd just better tell you. I never really tried to think before just why I like Madge. I think that's sort of the grand part about our friendship—there's no ring or reason to it—we just found that we liked each other, and we never tried to analyze it. And you see that Madge has several times on the New York stage and thought herself an excellent actress, but I had never met her until the day we had to do a scene together, and she didn't say a word, though Madge had sent me a lovely wire when Ronnie and I were married. 'I guess the chef reason I like Madge is because I feel so utterly at home with her. Around her I am just Una Merkel, average girl and hopeful young actress, and I don't have to pretend to be anything I'm not. And Madge herself has no pretenses. You know exactly where you stand with her, and exactly where everybody else stands. I've never known such a sincere and delightfully frank person in my life. 'Madge is always gay and no matter how far down in the dumps I get she can always pull me out. When I first arrived at the hotel at seven in the morning, mad because I had to get up, and worried over my lines and my future, now for the first time ever in a dressing-room, I think, she would shout, "Cheer up, pet, we're lucky we can find work, after 'The Day of Reckoning.'"

I cornered Madge on the "David Copperfield" set later in the day. She had time on her hands to talk as my favorite comedian, W. C. Fields, playing the famous Mr. Micawber, was having a bit of difficulty getting sheep, sleep, and sit in the same bed. I spoke, taking out the slip of paper, "I guess we'll have to do a little decoding here. What's all this?"

"That's why I like Una," Madge said. "I use the simple system in writing. That 'sense of humor' means that I think that Una has the perfect sense of humor of anyone I have ever known. And in this nerve-wracking business you certainly like to have someone around who can laugh at the same things. Of course, Una has her blues and worries just like all of us do, but if I say 'Let's play, Una,' she can jerk herself right out of her darkest moments and suddenly become the funniest person in the world. Una is such a comfortable person to know, too; no airs, no swank, no British accent, and when you go to her home there is no ballyhoo. You're there because you're you and Una likes you."

The first time Ronnie Burla, Una's husband, met Madge he slashed for shame, and as soon as he could he got Una to the car which proceeded to lecture her in no mild tones. "You were positively rude to that girl," he said. "I know you hurt her feelings terribly." Una could hardly wait to get home to call Madge to tell her. After a few more of those conversations Ronnie was quite convinced that those poisonous insults they hurled at one another didn't mean a thing. Ronnie calls Madge 'Eye-tonic,' because she's good for sore eyes.

Madge, like all deeply sensitive people, has a brightly shining, and smartly cracking defense mechanism. And woe unto you, a rank amateur, if you enter into battle with Miss Trollope. Madge is quick on the uptake, and right there with the snappy answers. She says right off the bat what you wish you'd said after thinking it over all night.

The back of that witty reporter is a big hunk of reserve that very few people have ever been able to penetrate. This reserve rather frightens a lot of Hollywood people of the palsy-walsy slap-on-the-back type, and they call Madge "cold and aloof. She isn't at all. She doesn't have to be, because she doesn't want a lot of friends, and I certainly know no better reason than that. Bonded all that poison and reserve—Madge is only twenty-two and she shouldn't have all that poise and reserve—I rather imagine that Madge is pretty badly frightened by people and this reserve exists just so she won't fall that way that it has to undergo. She's afraid that you will hurt her that she doesn't give you a chance to know her. Some people are crazy like that.
Not a “critics’ picture,” goody for our side, so don’t take cold notices too seriously. Forget big names and glamour for once, and see an honest, wholesome, and compact dramatic treatment of the story of a father, shunted into the background by his large family, grasp innocently at a chance for companionship. Frank Morgan is excellent, and Binnie Barnes, glorious—a fine actress, lovely to look at and listen to.

The same fierce struggle for existence which made the stark drama of “Nanook of the North” is captured again by Robert Fliherty in this picture of the people who tear a living from the pondeous seas which lash the rocks of the Isle of Aran. Pictorially this is a masterpiece of the camera, stunning and breath-taking in its realism, and on that ground it can be recommended, but you will find it over-long, we fear.

A sort of floating “Grand Hotel,” with mystery and human drama crowding its decks. It has an imposing cast, a super-fine production, and dramatic episodes that have breadth and sweep. You’ll wonder, as we did, why it all never quite takes hold of you. Victor McLaglen emerges the star, as the sleuth trailing bonds stolen by Fred Kearing (watch him). John Gilbert, Helen Vinson, Walter Connolly are outstanding. It’s good

The excellence of the editing, the very intelligently written narrative which describes the world-shaking events, and the scope of the work in showing scenes from the secret archives of all of the embattled countries makes this worth while, even if you have seen many war pictures before. There is no morbid stressing of the horror scenes on battlefields, though actual battles are pictured graphically. A stirring film.

Superbly directed and acted transcription of a stage success. We warn you you’ll weep, for this drama that reaches out and touches the heart. It is the tragedy of a child who loves both his parents, sees them divorced and becomes a sort of football as both wish to marry again. But it ends on a happy note. Frankie Thomas is the new boy star. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley are fine, as the quarrelsome parents.

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Announcing the Winners of the Myrna Loy Cover Girl Contest

We thank you all for helping to make our first Cover Girl Contest, sponsored by Myrna Loy, such a success! Glad you liked it! The winners are listed here; and to the rest of you we say thanks, again—and may you win in the next contest!

First Prize: original portrait, framed, in color, of Myrna Loy, won by Miss Loretta McGann, 182 Academy Ave, Providence, Rhode Island.

Second Prize: $100.00 in cash, won by Miss Beatrice C. Bowne, 2341 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Third Prize: Remington Portable Typewriter, won by Mr. John S. Antkowiak, 122 Sears Street, Buffalo, New York.

Fourth Prize: Max Factor Beauty Kit, won by Adeline H. Sieg, 621 Beacon Building, Wichita, Kansas.

Additional Ten Prizes of personally autographed new photographs of Myrna Loy, won by Miss Cleon Yohe, Columbia, Penna.; T. Farah, Toronto, Canada; Miss Jean Bennett, New York City; Jane F. Rankin, Conneaut Lake, Penna.; Miss Mary L. Willes, Mason City, Iowa; Elsie G. Rogers, New Brunswick, Canada; Tacy E. Ruppe, Mifflinburg, Penna.; Connie Cowell, Salmo, British Columbia; Yvette Wilcox, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marie Brennan, St. Louis, Missouri.

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Printed in the U. S. A.
"IF I KISS YOU NOW....
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him... but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!

HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL
Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY

with
LEWIS STONE · MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Won by John Beal for his fine portrayal of the title rôle in "The Little Minister"

Any player who can share scenes with Hepburn and emerge with equal honors is important! John Beal, with only two previous picture performances to his credit, plays the name part of Barrie's "Little Minister" with so much sincerity that we hereby predict for him a splendid future.

SCREENLAND likes to acclaim new talent. It makes us happy to be able to dedicate this Honor Page to a rising player. Too seldom do we have an opportunity as auspicious as this month's in which we call your attention to John Beal, who seems to us destined to do impressive things on the screen. Mr. Beal is young, sensitive, intense. He has the quality of compelling and holding your interest as most of the handsomer young men have not. More power to Miss Hepburn for helping him work out his rôle in her picture and for insisting, they say, that young John appear opposite her in her next film! Here's a new and very different "team" for the screen—two players whose appeal is intellectual rather than emotional but who manage, because of their artistry, to project appealing personalities as well. Sir James M. Barrie couldn't have cast "The Little Minister" more cleverly if he had directed it himself, so adroitly is it played in this production.
The Object of Her Affections
By JAMES A. DANIELS

She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in any way she could.

And what woman wouldn’t to get the perfect servant? • All of Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town valet, found himself pitch-forked of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how he got his title role of Paramount’s “Ruggles of Red Gap”, the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of role on the stage. But screen producers continued to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in “The Island of Lost Souls”, Emperor Nero in “The Sign of the Cross” and as that doughty ruler of Britain, “Henry VIII”.

Then came “Ruggles of Red Gap”—and Laughton’s comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to “civilize” Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy plots ever concocted. • Just to add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as he gets howls of laughter with a gesture of the hand, a swift change of face, that’s the new and surpris as a funny man in “Ruggles of Red Gap”.
A grand picture! One of the best of this or any other season, is Frank Capra's latest very gay and human and poignant romance of the race-track. Warner Baxter has the rôle of a swell guy who can pick horses but hasn't the same luck when he falls in love. Helen Vinson is Gal No. 1 — however, here comes Myrna Loy, hurlah! — and the fun is on. There's a horse-race more thrilling than any you've ever seen. Warner and Myrna are great together; Walter Connolly never better! Only superlatives for this show — you'll love it, and clamor for more pictures like it.

The elder Fairbanks, far more mature and adult than in any rôle you've ever seen him. It is a grown-up play for grown-ups, the story of the declining years of the famed lover, who, though dead, can't convince anybody he's alive: their illusions of his attractions are so distorted by time and imagination. Beautifully made, with many beautiful women evident — Merle Oberon, Bonnie Sarnes, and Benita Hume especially.

Mady Christians makes her debut as an American screen star in a film that forms a bulging package of theatrical sentimentalism and melodramatics. She is the mother who sacrifices for her children and ultimately finds happiness after years of suffering. There is the usual over-emphasis of the sentimental values, but the film for all that has strong emotional appeal. A fine cast includes Jean Parker and Charles Bickford.

The story of a boaster who wanders into a deserted mining city, finds gold, and marries the girl. The picture is spotty — very good at moments, and very bad at others. Richard Arlen is excellent in a hard-boiled rôle. Madge Evans looks good as always. Jimmy Gleason and Stephe Fetchit offer some swell comedy. You won't miss much if you fail to see it, but on the other hand you won't be bored if you decide to go.

The type of play you thrilled to in "Gabriel Over the White House." There is a neat contrived mystery in the sensational disappearance of the Chief Executive — an element absorbing enough to get you over some very unconvincing melodramatics about a vital topic — war profiteers, here depicted as about as subtle as small-time beer-runners. Arthur Byron, Paul Kelly and Andy Devine score. Vivid melodrama.
The Gibson Family

SWEET DREAMS SALLY... your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise...

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she never goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for your complexion to find spring-freshness and satín-smoothness!

IVORY SOAP: • 99 4/100 % PURE

"GOOD AT DISH-WASHING, Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

PURE IVORY SOAP PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK HANDS"

"YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER, SALLY," says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin *is* flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.

"HE CRIES A LOT, Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

DOCTORS, TOO, SAY "IVORY FOR BABIES"
Radio Parade

THE turn of the mid-season milepost finds radio expanding the store of attractions upon which broadcasters, and the merchants who foot the advertising bills, depend to lure listeners around to commercially sponsored programs.

In nearly every department of air entertainment, we who turn the dials to suit our own tastes, have profited by the enterprise which has induced sponsors to offer such fireside diversions as Metropolitan Opera performances, so splendidly elucidated by Geraldine Farrar; the robust comedy of Beatrice Lillie; the ever-so-pleasing and intelligently rendered vocalizing of Grace Moore; the fine baritone voice of Nelson Eddy, to mention but a few of the new attractions ushered in during the holiday season.

Speaking of Nelson Eddy brings up the reminder it was Hollywood that took this smooth and resonant voice out of air circulation, and now after a long, a too long absense, brings him back in a screen production of "Naughty Marietta," within a short time, we hope, of his re-entry into broadcasting as a regular star.

Hollywood for nearly a year has been promising the screen public Mr. Eddy in a film suited to the acting and vocal talents which he possesses in marked degree. In fact, Mr. Eddy has been Hollywood's first citizen of the "in again, out again, Finnegans" type for some time, publicity stories from the coast always putting him in some picture about ready to shoot, only to correct things with follow-up announcement that Mr. Eddy would be doing something else, but soon.

But when everybody got to thinking this was just a gag, Hollywood, always unpredictable, rounded on itself, and Nelson Eddy actually started work before the camera as co-star with Jeanette MacDonald, the production being launched, under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, toward the end of November.

That Nelson Eddy is precisely what the film fellows know as "a natural," they discovered for themselves right in their own back yard, so to speak. Eddy reached Los Angeles in due course on a concert tour. There repeating the success he had scored in previous concerts, the "Angelinos" who crowded the auditorium called him back for some eighteen encores. Before he could get back to his hotel, the films had him signed to a term contract.

Retreating to the observation platform for a quick glance back at the terrain that has been left behind as the air express travels the second leg of its current season, there appears to have been achieved (outside, of course, stunts contrived to suit the special and peculiar features of news events) only one successful departure from the amusement forms inherited by radio from the stage, the concert platform, and the screen. Even here, the general form adheres to story development as it has been known even before the days of broadcasting.

However, the success which has been earned—and that is the proper term for it—by those who are responsible for "The Gibson Family," reflects, it seems to us, enough glory for radio and the producers, and the authors and composers involved.

Here was an ambitious undertaking, a sincere effort in the direction of something (Continued on page 94)
Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!

Rudy Vallee in "Sweet Music"

America's Top Troubadour, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.

Heigh-Ho, Everybody! ... Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors—Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.

Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music"'s many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.

Frank and Milt Britton's musical monstrosities tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", others by 6 famous Warner composers.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Hollywood's own British bride, Heather Angel Forbes, "commands" you to visit her new home!

By Betty Boone

The house where Heather Angel (Mrs. Ralph Forbes) lives is a rambling story-book sort of place perched on the side of a hill in Coldwater Canyon. A green painted fence shuts it off from the winding road in front, but the two acres the young Forbeses own extend backward up a wild hillside that is full of flowers in spring.

The biggest live-oak tree you ever saw shelters the garden and caresses the gray house, which has twin gables with weathercocks, and a line of friendly windows. The house curves with the hillside so that most of the windows look out on the garden and on Cocotte, a South American bird with a bright tail and a gay voice.

"You must meet Cocotte," smiled Heather, a pink forefinger in the bars of the great cage that hangs under the tree. "Sometimes we think she must be the most important member of the family. Roland Young comes over just to visit her, he says, and he even sends messages to her when he's away! Say something, you rascal!"

"As you can't help observing, we're building an addition to the house," went on Mrs. Forbes, in her precise little English voice. Her lips seem to form themselves daintily around her words. "There's to be a large bedroom and dressing-room for me above, and a play-room below. We'll have a big house-warming when it's finished. The addition won't spoil the romantic look of the place, I hope. Don't you think it's a bit like something out of Dickens?"

The inside is even more "Dickensy," with plaster walls, rafters, old English hunting prints, heavily carved chests and old andirons. A fireplace at one end of the living-room is in an alcove raised a step above the floor from which also rises a little winding stair leading to a balcony above. Another fireplace faces the first one with the length of living-room and dining-room between.

"Ralph designed this gun cupboard," Heather paused before a massive piece of furniture carved with figures of warriors and their arms that occupies a corner of the dining-room. (She pronounces his name as the English do—"Rafe"). "He designed the great bed in his room, too—fascinating thing with a high headboard. He simply adores beautiful things!"

"Very true," murmured Ralph's mother, who was sitting at a tea-table beneath a fire-screen adorned with more hunting prints. She and I exchanged glances, looked at the exquisite young Mrs. Forbes, and back again at one another. "But I'd take credit for this match, if I could. You see, I met Heather at a party at Lucille Gleason's and said to myself: 'There's the girl for Ralph,' and I flew home to Ralph and told him I'd found her. The disappointing boy said: 'Oh, I know her!' But shortly after, they met again at a tennis match and it was all over like that!'" She snapped her fingers.

A bright flush swept up to her daughter-in-law's soft brown hair. She slipped into her place behind the silver tea pot. "She gave me this tea set," she told me, nodding at Mrs. Forbes. "It's been in the family for ages. It belongs in a house like this, don't you think? So many..."
of the lovely old things we have come from
Mother Forbes—that chest over there—
well, so much there's no use picking them out.
So now we'll go a bit farther and
give you her precious recipes for English
high teas!"

Her delt little fingers were flying about
over the tea things, the old silver tea
caddy that once belonged to Mrs. Forbes'
grandmother, the fine china, the graceful
pot and pitcher.

"A high tea," put in Mrs. Forbes, in
her rich voice, "is nothing like the after-
noon tea we're having now, you know. It's
really a meal, something like the one you
call supper here. When we are going
to the theatre and must eat early so as to
be there on time, and don't want to bother
over a dinner, we say: 'Let's have a high
tea!' When we were children and were
going to Christmas pantomimes, we had
high tea. Often we give a high tea for
charity. It's a flexible sort of meal."

"The chief difference between high tea
and your supper is that we don't have sal-
ads as you do," explained Heather, handing
me this rule we have one hot
dish, cold meats, hot Scotch scones or Sally
Lunns or something of the sort, tarts or
cakes, jams, jellies, and so on. The only
salad I remember at a high tea is a tiny
bit of orange salad served on the plate
with wild thack.

"We adore salads over here, but in Eng-
land we never seemed to eat them," com-
mented Mrs. Forbes. "I think it must be
the climate. Over here the sunshine pro-
vides food value, I believe, and over there
you must have solid food. We couldn't
begin to swallow the things we absorb as
a matter of course over there."

"It's amazing the number of meals we
manage to get through in England,"
lamented Heather.

"First of all, a cup of hot tea is brought
to our beds," said her mother-in-law, remi-
niscently, "then we get up—"

"Shivering—" interrupted Heather.

"—and go to breakfast. On the sideboard
or buffet there will be spread out various
covered dishes, kidneys in one, kippers
herrings in another, eggs, bacon, sausage,
and so on. You help yourself. Then you
have toast and marmalade, of course. The
hearty kind of a meal."

"In a little while," broke in Heather,
"comes luncheon—seldom a small meal, is
it, darling?"

"Then there's afternoon tea, then dinner,
and perhaps if we are out very late, a small
supper," concluded Mrs. Forbes.

"But we take a great deal of exercise,"
said Heather. "We walk a lot. We all
love walking, even over here where every-
one gets into a car to go to the corner.
Ralph and I play polo and tennis together.
Ralph gave me a polo pony the other day
and I'm still thrilled over it! But all this
isn't talking about high teas.

"One of our favorite hot dishes for high
 teas is Eggs Morrow," Mrs. Forbes ob-
served, after consideration. "It's an excel-
 lent hot dish for luncheon, too. People are
always asking for the recipe when they're coming
to my house. It's very simple but very
good, we think,

"You boil the eggs twenty minutes until
the whites are quite digestible. Why this
should make them so, I don't know, but it
does. Then you make a white sauce and
put two tablespoons of Parmesan cheese into
it. Then you place your eggs, carefully sliced, in
a baking dish to cover the bottom, cover
with the sauce, then another layer of eggs, more
sauce, and so on until the dish is full; then
you sprinkle more Parmesan cheese, little
bits of butter and cracker crumbs on top,
and put it all in the oven for ten min-
tes. If you serve this for luncheon, you'll
find that green peas and some green salad
(Continued on page 91)

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TEST the...

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLLE
For 10 Days At Our Expense!

"I have reduced my hips
Nine Inches" writes Miss Healy!

"I read an 'ad' of the
Perfotastic Company
...and sent for FREE
folder!"

"They allowed me to
dress this Perfotastic
Girdle for 10 days
on trial!"

"The massage-like
action did-it...the
fat seemed to have
melted away!"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my
weight 20 pounds!"

---

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

We want you to try the
Perfotastic Girdle and Uplift
Brassiere. Test them 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, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

- The massage-like action of this
famous Perfotastic Reducing Girdle
and Brassiere takes the place of
months of tire exercises. You do
nothing, take no drugs, eat all you
wish, yet, with every move the
marvelous Perfotastic gently mas-
sages away the surplus fat, stimu-
lating the body once more into
energetic health.

Ventilated ... to Permit the
Skin to Breathe!

- And it is so comfortable! The ven-
tilating perforations allow the skin
pores to breathe normally. The inner surface
of the Perfotastic is a delightfully soft,
satin-finished fabric, especially designed to
wear next to the body. It does away with all
irritation, chafing and discomfort, keep-
ing 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 effi-
cient girdle and brassiere will reduce you.
You do not need to risk one penny...try
them for 10 days...then send them back
if you are not completely astonished at the
wonderful results.

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SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 733, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing
and illustrating the Perfotastic Girdle
and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name
Address
City . , State
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny
Post Card.
Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, that's all!

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE ... Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢
DEAR Mr. Aherne:

You've been holding out on us!
I knew it all along, but what excuse can you give the girls and boys who have seen you only in pictures?

Come, come, Mr. Aherne—no sulking! Screenland has a certain right to scold you—remember you were our "Discovery of the Month" long before the film producers woke up and signed you? We're your little Columbus, and so we feel sort of responsible for your screen past, present, and future. And now about that future!

When I first saw you on the stage as Katharine Cornell's leading man in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" I shouted: "Here's the potentially greatest romantic screen star since Ronald Colman!" And what happened? Nothing happened—except that Miss Cornell's play ran on and on, and you ran with it; and motion pictures went on practically as usual. We turned our attention to Gable and Hepburn; and as far as I was concerned, "Brian Aherne" became just a beautiful echo. Until—suddenly, as things happen in this wonderful and crazy business and art, when nobody was looking, you appeared in pictures, just like that. And now comes the sad part. What did you, Mr. Aherne, the fiery and fascinating Browning of the boards, turn into the minute you stepped in front of the camera? Must I admit it? Just about the dullest and most dignified young man I ever saw! Yessir, you failed me, Mr. Aherne. I had to slink away to brood before my loving friends could jeer, "Yah, yah—some picker, aren't you?"

So I bore you a grudge, Mr. Aherne, and can you blame me? Dreary with Dietrich; pretty pompous with Ann Harding; good with Helen Hayes—but it wasn't enough.

Came 1935. Came, again, the dawn—in the guise of Miss Cornell in her gorgeous production of "Romeo and Juliet." Critics screamed themselves hoarse in praise of the new Juliet, and there were quite a few cheers left over for the new Mercutio. The most dashing Mercutio in years—who tore scenes right away from Romeo, who roared and ranted and capered and bounced; who projected a terrific personality over the footlights. And who played Mercutio? You may well ask! Our old friend Brian Aherne!

What gets into you, Mr. Aherne, that you can be such a brilliant Browning and such a masterful Mercutio on the stage, and then lose all that fire, that grace, that charm on the screen? Is the camera so cold? Do you miss the living audience? Or Katharine Cornell? Must you be so refined in pictures? Can't you be yourself? Try it, anyway. Come home to Hollywood, be gay, and all will be forgiven.

Delight Evans
New Slant on SHIRLEY!

By Thornton Sargent

It's no cinch to be Shirley Temple's daddy! At least that's what George Temple, the father of this cinema prodigy, declares. Not that Shirley isn't as adorable in private life as she is on the screen. Nor that Shirley's leading a double life and in constant fear of a scandal cropping out—unless you'd call her penchant for chocolate ice cream scandalous.

It's simply that Mr. Temple, in addition to being Shirley's father, has earned the right to be her manager. That's brought a flock of vultures swarming down upon Business Manager Temple. And he's found it no snap to repulse them, as they hungrily snatch at the earnings Shirley's prodigious popularity is bringing her.

Not that George Temple is exactly an amateur at beating off gold-brick salesmen. He has had considerable experience at the job as manager of a branch bank in Los Angeles, that has taught him to say "No!" with a finality that would stop the most ambitious gold-brick salesman.

No wonder the Los Angeles judge who questioned Mr. Temple as to his fitness to serve as Shirley's manager and guardian and learned of his banking position endorsed him enthusiastically with "That's fine!"

But let's sit at Mr. Temple's desk in the branch of the California Bank at Washington and Vermont in Los Angeles and face a couple of the problems that he

Very special feature! Father of world's most famous baby tells his frank story of what it means to be Shirley's manager! Illustrated with absolutely new "baby" pictures of the great little Temple!
must meet every day. Here we are—right out in the open, no bars, no doors restraining anyone from walking right in and up to the desk that bears a plaque with the name, George Temple, manager.

We write a letter to a customer whose note is due the next day, okay a check for a new depositor and try to straighten out a man who overdrew his account and wonders why the bank didn't carry him. And just as we are preparing to wade through a mass of home loan applications, a dapper, smart-looking man leans aggressively over the desk and begins clicking out words with machine gun rapidity.

"Mr. Temple, I have a proposition to make to you. I'll guarantee you $100,000 for the privilege of making two pictures with Shirley Temple. I'll put up $35,000 of the sum in escrow in your bank. I'll pay all expenses of the litigation that will result with Fox Film."

And with arm-waving and high-pressure salesmanship, the gentleman proceeds to fire arguments as to why Mr. Temple should agree to such a proposition.

If it were us, instead of Mr. Temple in that chair, we'd probably have clinched the deal immediately—unless we decided to hold out for more money. And why not? It's an easy way to pick up a hundred thousand. It would make Shirley's dowry just that much bigger when she grows up and thinks of marriage than a screen career. But after all, it's up to Mr. Temple to make the decision. And his answer was an emphatic "No!"

Why? Simply because Shirley's welfare, both physical and spiritual, means more to her father than twice a hundred thousand dollars.

"Some people may think I was too conservative in not snapping up that offer," explained Mr. Temple as we sat, later on, in the comfortable Santa Monica home that houses the youngest and most popular screen star of today.

"But those pictures would have been made during Shirley's vacation periods. It would have encroached on the time she should be devoting to recreation and play. It would have meant violating at least the spirit of our contract with Fox Film which discovered her and gave her a chance at stardom. But, more important than even these facts, is the injury it might have done her spiritually. I want Shirley to consider her father as an honest and fair man. I want my con-

First "shot" of Shirley in her brand new motion picture, "The Little Colonel," from the beloved story by Annie Fellows Johnston.

Her very first fashion picture! Even at this very early age, four, Shirley captured all neighborhood hearts. And now she is the world's pet!

All dressed up! The photograph above was posed before motion pictures made Shirley a great star. You can see she has always been lovable.

Five Photographs of Shirley Temple as a baby by G. Edwin Williams.

duct to be an inspiration for her. Had I accepted that proposition I couldn't have had a clear conscience. And when Shirley grew up, she'd either have lost respect for me, or come to have a false standard of values. Rather than risk either of these I passed up the offer."

That was one of the more serious decisions that Mr. Temple had to make. But it doesn't begin to cover the subject. He's been deluged by life insurance agents! Overrun with real estate salesmen! Pestered by oil stock peddlers! Tracked down by theatrical agents! Buttonholed on corners by every kind of automobile salesman! Besieged by manufacturers wanting Shirley Temple endorsements! Appealed to for contributions in sums that Shirley couldn't earn in a decade! Looked up by relatives he hadn't even heard of till Shirley became famous! Gazed upon as a curiosity by tourists from Florida to Maine!

And in between saying "No!" he has sandwiched the job of being a bank manager, and actually attending to Shirley's business, not to (Continued on page 81)
LANCELOT in modern dress! That's Leslie Howard. Had he lived in another age, he would have ridden gallantly to battle mounted on a snow-white charger, armor gleaming in the morning sunlight, banners waving in the breeze, an amulet from his Guinevere—or Elaine—tucked against his heart.

That he was born in our modern machine age is both his tragedy and his triumph! His tragedy, because it means that he is destined never to know complete happiness, but must forever grope toward an ephemeral, intangible goal which, like a mirage, fades when he attains it only to appear again in the distance to lure him further forward.

His triumph, because through this seeking a fulfillment he can never know, he will leave a record of achievement and accomplishment that transcends even his fondest, secret dreams and will make an ineradicable mark upon the minds and lives of all who know him and his work.

From the moment that you meet Leslie Howard you are conscious of the turbulent but controlled conflict that surges beneath the calm, indifferent exterior of his dual personality. It flickers in his restless blue eyes and at the corners of his sensitive, mobile mouth: and for an instant flashes across his face in a disclosure more illuminating than a thousand speeches.

For he is not given to intimate, self-revelatory expression. Rather, he is reserved to the point of shyness—or discretion—and it is only through discussion of his work that one breaks through his cautious composure to catch glimpses of the man behind the actor.

In New York to appear in the Gilbert Miller Broadway production, "The Petrified Forest," Mr. Howard finds himself with a strange and growing distaste for the stage—and a vague nostalgia (Continued on page 74)
The Truth About Bergner!

For the first time the elusive Elisabeth is word-painted in her true colors

By Hettie Grimstead

THEY call her "Elusive Elisabeth" in London, for she is more difficult to meet than Garbo. Fans who wait at the stage-door merely catch a glimpse of a closely muffled little figure as she hurries past. To enquiring studio visitors she is always mysteriously "resting in her dressing-room," the location not being indicated because only the directors know where it is.

No one is allowed to watch her working on the sets and she usually leaves with a crowd of extras, unnoticed. She slips into her car and simply vanishes until the next morning. Most of her fellow players do not even know where she lives, much less what she does in her leisure. She is never seen in restaurants or places where they dance and lion-hunting society hostesses inveigle her in vain.

Requests for an interview are always declined so baffled reporters have propounded all manner of theories about her. La Bergner is timid, sulky, hysterical, insufferably haughty or afflicted with a severe inferiority complex—according to the view of the moment. One woman film writer recently suggested she was a modern Trilby, acting under the hypnotic commands of a Scangali in the person of her distinguished-looking German husband, Dr. Paul Zinner, who directs all her pictures.

How amused Elisabeth was when I read her that article not long before she sailed for the United States. Her great brown eyes glistened merrily in her tiny heart-shaped face, so piquant and expressive under her soft blonde hair which she wears in a long straight bob.

"But I was only married last year," she chuckled. "And I have been acting all my life! Why, I was not ten years old when I first walked onto the stage in Vienna."

Indeed, she acts as naturally (Continued on page 76)
Greta Garbo—

Greta Garbo is as much a myth to her native Sweden, as Greta Gustafsson is to her adopted America. Greta Gustafsson is that very poor young girl—errand girl, cloak model, "soap girl"—who was completely left behind when she became Greta Garbo, Queen of Hollywood.

Perhaps no world-famous person in modern times has been so much misunderstood as Greta Garbo. And now, I may add, none is so little understood as she is. Somewhere in between the simple Swedish working girl of the tenements, and the royal princess of the cinema, there seems to have been a third personality; a soul that is lost. Even among and to her so-called intimate friends in America, Greta Garbo is a complete stranger. When they tell all they really know about her over here, we have only the picture of a sphinx—a tight-lipped smile, a tiny crinkle round the eyes that can look deeper into the beyond than any other pair in the cinema, and then—silence. The enigma of the screen.

I went to Sweden with the express purpose of trying to penetrate behind that enigmatic smile; to learn if possible if there ever had been a regular person—a human creature like you and me, who once could laugh and cry, love and lavish love. And it was many weeks before I discovered Greta Gustafsson—a beautiful, laughing, loving child, then a young woman—who one day went across the sea into space and was seen no more. "No," they all tell me, "this person you call Greta Garbo is not our 'Lila Keta' (Little Greta), or our Greta Gustafsson. She was like this..."

Strangely enough, I contacted the real Garbo first in the Land of the Midnight Sun, just north of the Arctic Circle. I was traveling hard and fast in the direction of the North Cape. It became necessary to make a change in my sleeper ticket immediately, that involved a tremendous railway etiquette that was quite beyond my meagre Swedish vocabulary. I went frantically about asking everybody in sight if they spoke English, finally coming upon a handsome bare-headed gentleman with a leonine crop of hair who with a grin said, "I speak little English." Well, he completely solved my difficulty, but what was more important, he proved to be Ollars-Erik Landberg, the well-known Swedish film actor and director, who happened to be up in that beautiful North country making a picture. We were just in the midst of coffee and a dish of flödsor (curdled milk sprinkled
Finding seemed say Greta. The salesgirl, the rich tvalflicka, the legend, Greta was early a member of the former Swedish national skating team and was a well-known figure in Stockholm at the time. She was often seen with John Gilbert, opposite whom she made her sensational success and to whom she was often reported engaged. Circle, an early publicity pose of the now great star. Of course you recognize the remote goddess at the left: your Garbo and ours, in "The Painted Veil."

Continuing the pictorial record of Garbo’s career. Extreme left, above, the barber shop where Greta worked; next, Martha Thörnland, Greta’s comrade “soap girl” as she is today. Then we see Greta on her vacation in Sweden in 1929. Finally, our heroine is shown with John Gilbert, opposite whom she made her sensational success and to whom she was often reported engaged. Circle, an early publicity pose of the now great star. Of course you recognize the remote goddess at the left: your Garbo and ours, in “The Painted Veil.”

**HOME-TOWN GIRL!**

By *Henry Albert Phillips*

with ginger), when Greta Garbo was mentioned. Did he know her? “I say well, I know Garbo!” he exclaimed, and was just explaining that he was a member of the now famous class with Greta Garbo of the Royal Dramatic School, why, he could tell me everything about that period of her life— And at that moment, my onetrain-a-day drew in and we parted on the platform promising to meet again in Stockholm at some indefinite period, and get the Garbo story.

Ollars-Erik Landberg was not in Stockholm when I returned. A week of incessant inquiry brought me in contact with an antique dealer and admirer of Greta Garbo from afar. A pal of his, however, had been more fortunate. This pal was a rich man’s son and he met young Greta Gustafsson—then a salesgirl in the Paul Bergström department store—at the skating rink. She was then about sixteen and it was her first serious love affair, although it seemed that she was a constant object of admiration from boys and men. Greta loved to skate and went every night to the rink, and my friend’s pal saw her home and he was the only boy who was introduced to the family. In those simple circles Greta was known to be “engaged.” To the young wooer, however, it was not serious, only a “skating engagement,” as it was called among the boys, because such a betrothal does not always outlast the ice and usually fades when summer amusements come.

My antiquarian then recalled an item he had clipped from the newspapers some years before about the barber shop, or rakstånga, where Greta had once been employed as a tvålfilm, or “soap girl.” The barber’s name was Ekengren, Gotgatan, 75. Finding no barber Ekengren in the directory, we set out in search of the shop in a strange part of the city.

We soon found ourselves in Greta Gustafsson country. The owner of the thread and needle shop where we made our first inquiry, turned out to be a former schoolmate of Greta’s. Apparently, the major part of her conversation and dreams during the drab hours of thread and needle traffic were devoted to Greta. It was her Cinderella theme—as indeed it was of the whole workers’ neighborhood. She talked only of Greta Gustafsson and it was obvious that she considered the whole Greta Garbo business a legend, although the space behind her tiny desk was plastered with newspaper cuttings of the Great Garbo. She insisted that there was nothing about her Greta to warrant such extrava- (Continued on page 78)
At Home—To You!

Calling on all stars!
Come along with us!

By Beth Brown

Mr. and Mrs. Warren William are at home to you, when you call on them under the auspices of SCREENLAND and escorted by the popular writer, Beth Brown. See those furry sentinels at the William gate? Thoroughbreds both, but most democratic, like the master and mistress of the manor.

IF YOU have to go to 12 East 86th Street in New York, you simply hail a yellow taxi and you're there. You're not lost in Laurel Canyon and you're not left clinging to a cliff.

If you're invited to an artist's home in the French quarter, anybody in New Orleans will direct you to St. Peter's Street. If you're going to a joss house in Chinatown, San Francisco, you don't need to organize an exploration expedition.

But just let Elissa Landi or Cecil B. DeMille or Dolores Del Rio invite you to dinner. The thing to do is to start a day and a half ahead of time to be sure you arrive only two hours late. If you're invited, say, for Monday, play safe and leave on Saturday.

Hollywood is the taxi driver's heaven. By the time you've visited four movie stars in the tight little yellow cab that telescopes your knees under your chin, you've paid for a five seat sedan. So if possible—commandeer your own car.

The next step is to join the auto club. Tell the handsome clerk you've been invited to dine with the Thalbergs and ask him to route you out.

You've heard the old saw describing this place as being "seven villages in search of a city." Hollywood sprawls in all directions. It climbs a dozen rolling hills. Its exact location defies all geography books. But the chief charm of that fantastic homeland is what you find when you finally arrive at your destination.

I challenge you to try and find Elissa Landi's house. There's no name on the street. There's no number on the door. There's no name plate on the beautiful bronze grilled gate. No clue at all anywhere along the brick walk that plunges you breathlessly into an old-world patio. You pause bewildered, your eyes popping, your
mouth hanging wide open, unable to
tell the obsequious Japanese butler who
you are, why you’ve come, whom you
wish to see.

Elissa’s huge house stands on a high
hill surveying Hollywood on the left
and the cobalt blue Pacific on the right.
Big as that house is, it’s scarcely big
enough to hold her. She’s like a bub-
bling spring—acting—writing—prac-
ticing her music at the two pianos and
the organ that are not simply orna-
ments in that immense living room.
She even has music with her garden-
ing, for a loud radio speaker commands
her half a mile of landscape hillside.
She loves to work in the California
earth, listening to symphony music
coming all the way from New York.
She confesses that she is completely
happy for the first time in her life.
She has this house of her dreams and
she’s in love. And by a curious device,
she keeps her mother with her. Her
mother occupies a cottage all her own
that’s cleverly connected to the main
house. She’s close enough to come at
a moments’ call—and far enough for
Elissa to write away at her novels in
privacy or practice her arpeggios in
perspiration.

Forty miles away, on the mileage
gauge, at the edge of Toluca Lake,
lives a man you’ve all laughed at many
times. He has a pet swan which has
been solemnly christened Marmaduke.
He has a blind duck he rushes home to
feed each night at the end of his studio
day. And he has a row boat. This
boat is not for deep-sea fishing. It’s
for the purpose of rowing across to the
golf course opposite. Our hero hates
walking—except on the golf course.

Much as he loves his big house at the
dege of the lake, he has a little house
he loves even better. In fact, it’s not
a house. It’s a trailer. He takes this
trailer along whenever he goes on loca-
tion and he loves to go on location to
take his trailer along. It rides behind
a Lincoln roadster as proud as his
swan Marmaduke, no, prouder.

And no wonder! Wouldn’t you be
proud if you could boast a fire ex-
tinguisher, a telephone, a radio, an ice
box, a deep, soft couch, and a card
table? Yep, a built-in bureau, a frigida-
ire, a bar, and a washstand? Yep, and
a medicine chest. There’s rich
red carpet on the floor two inches thick,
maybe three. You can’t see the tacks
for the thickness. There’s a picture on
the wall and curtains at the windows.

Our hero’s house is big. But it
stands in one place. It never goes any-
where. His trailer is no bigger than a
bathroom. But it’s been everywhere.
It’s even been to see the circus! Don’t
be surprised some sunny Sunday morn-
ing, to see W. C. Fields at the wheel
honking past your own front door.

After dining in a trailer, when Vera
Casparzy invites you to six courses and
no dessert, you think you’re immune
to surprises. But that’s where you’re
wrong. The address is North Syca-
more Street. The night is dark. And
you start on high. You climb a hill.
You’ve climbed the wrong one. You
try another. At the end of the fourth
ascent, you come upon a cave that leads
to a secret stairway that leads to a pri-
ivate patio that leads to Vera’s house.
Vera says that she has chosen this lo-
cation to stump bill collectors and first
edition hunters. Here, in the seclusion
of her dug-out, she does her writing.

Pointing due south, in the San Fer-
nando Valley, on a ten acre walnut
ranch, lives Paul Muni. He took one
look and bought the place—all in
twenty minutes. The big house has a
glass logia. There’s an outdoor swim-
ning pool with dressing-rooms adjoin-
ing. There’s a play house. The main
feature, though, is the rehearsal hall.
The rehearsal hall has a history. Once
upon a (Continued on page 79)
HIS most brilliant achievements are associated with history, his appearance and manner are distinctly of today, his conversation chiefly concerns the future! Do you wonder that a mere reporter almost succumbed to the jitters as he watched the Past, the Present, and the Future do the weirdest nip-ups round and about the person of George Arliss, widely and fondly hailed by those who should know, as "the greatest living character actor."

Breaking his journey from England to Hollywood, with "The Iron Duke," his first British picture, behind him, and before him "Richelieu," his next American film, Mr. Arliss had paused in New York, and this was his day for receiving the press.

For this polite professional function, Mr. Arliss was occupying an office in the New York headquarters of Gaumont-British, for whom he made "The Iron Duke." This particular office was formerly the sanctum of a vaudeville magnate—a huge and stately hall. It was impossible to escape the reflection that here, perhaps, for the first time since its creation, this opulently furnished chamber had, at long last, found a figure capable of animating it with a grace of manner and dignity of bearing that achieved its own vain pretensions to the classic.

The panelling of the walls had Mr. Arliss puzzled. "What is it?" he repeated as he fingered the figures set in coffered squares. "Really carving, or composition?" he asked as he reached for that ubiquitous gold-rimmed monocle he wears suspended on a black ribbon, stuck it in place over his right eye, and scrutinized the object of his quandary. In that moment I was seeing a composite of such characters as Disraeli, Voltaire, Rothschild, and other personages Arliss has reflected on the screen.

The mannerisms which George Arliss has familiarized in his screen impersonations are instantly identified in the man himself. For he is one actor who has mastered the trick of translating his own mannerisms into as many different periods of history as the drama has ever attempted to reflect in outstanding personages representing its varied chapters.

The most important observation to be reported here—since it is the impression which stands out above all other recollections formed at this interview—is George Arliss' ability to stay young. I was seeing him "in the flesh" for the first time since way back when, for the first time in his life, Mr. Arliss stepped (Continued on page 92)
“MISS O’BRIEN”

Of Tasmania! Otherwise known as Merle Oberon, here revealed in her first American interview—exclusive!

By Leonard Hall

The British Set in Hollywood—The Tea-and-Crumplet Colony—is due for a bright shaking-up just now, unless Old Gaffer Hall misses his guess and hits an aged charwoman.

There'll be a bit of twittering over the cups—one lump, please—and more than one smidgin of toast will drop unheeded to the Sheraton. For Miss Merle Oberon is among the “Cavalcade” Crowd now—Merle Oberon of the flashing almond eyes, of London and points far east, now of the United Artists lot in Hollywood, where she will appear opposite the M. Chevalier in the new “Folies Bergere de Paris.”

I have just come from witnessing this Miss Oberon, and may be a bit above myself, in a manner o’ speakin’—but I give you my word as a veteran beholder of movie actresses that she is the smartest morsel of British starlet to strike our rockbound coast in years.

You have undoubtedly seen Miss Oberon mentioned more than a bit in the public prints lately, as she has been reported engaged to Mr. Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists. What is more germane to our story is that she is the fastest rising movie actress since the outburst of Katharine “One Shot” Hepburn. In fact, Merle’s ascent in the movies has been, if I may be permitted to coin a metaphor, meteoric.

A discovery of Mr. Alexander Korda, director of “The Private Life of Henry the Eighth,” the lady has appeared in but few pictures. And here she is in Hollywood, set for a featured spot in one of the bigger new pictures, with the world before her, and life her pearl-filled oyster.

I found (Continued on page 70)
On the Set with

THE scene is the beautifully appointed study of a wealthy Parisian. In the corner of a white-upholstered settee sits a monocled gentleman, faultlessly attired in dress clothes, a strand of white showing in the dark hair over his forehead. His upper lip is adorned by a slender, typically French moustache. As he flicks the ash from a choice cigar, he raises quizzical eyes to his companions and the corner of his mouth lifts in a faintly sardonic smile. A gentleman to the manor born, armed in authority, but with humor enough to mock at his own foibles together with those of his fellow-men. Which combination accounts for the charm he radiates.

There's something distinctly familiar about the gentleman—something suggesting a face you've often seen—yet you can't place him. You decide you must be mistaken. For once having looked upon that distinguished figure, you'd hardly be likely to forget it. Then his smile broadens to display a flash of white teeth—and you gasp in amazement. It's Chevalier!

It's Chevalier playing one of the dual rôles woven into the plot of his new picture, "Folies Bergère de Paris," his first under Darryl Zanuck's guidance. And his initial appearance on the set in the guise of the Baron Cassini elicited such squeals of joy from the feminine contingent, such grins of appreciation from the more reticent males, as must have warmed the hearts of Mr. Zanuck and Roy Del Ruth, the picture's director.

That moment marked a high spot in the day's work—a ting' e of elation, a sense of triumphant achievement which is the movie-maker's reward for hours of painstaking labor. If you think a movie star's life is all beer and skittles, you stage-struck thousands, all glamour and glory and gaiety, earned by a few hours of posing in front of a camera, just stick around the Chevalier set for a day or two, and you'll learn different.

An unusual camera study of Chevalier in his "new personality" on the set for "Folies Bergère," his next film.

Never before has Chevalier permitted interviews while working. But Ida Zeitlin, his good friend, persuaded him to give her this "scoop." Left, Miss Zeitlin with the star.

The handsome gentleman at the right? What, you don't recognize him? It's Maurice, in an exciting new rôle.
MAURICE!

We’re first to present to you the dual-personality Chevalier! See him actually at work. Listen to his plans for a completely new career. Exclusive!

By
Ida Zeitlin

Chevalier worked from nine in the morning until twelve o’clock last night. He was up at six, in order to be ready for work at nine again this morning. The picture’s being made in both French and English versions. There are two directors—Del Ruth for the English version, Marcel Achard for the French—two script girls, two supporting casts. Chevalier alone works double. The picture’s been in production five days, and for practically every shooting moment of those days he has been in front of the camera. I’m not trying, mind you, to paint any melancholy picture of the poor little rich boy. Like most actors, he loves his job, the rewards are plentiful, and there’s nothing he’d rather do. I’m merely trying to point out that it is work, and not one long sweet holiday.

He spends most of his working hours under glaring lights—countless arcs ranged like so many big drums in the scaffolding above, behind, and in front of him. Between scenes, while the lights are being adjusted and the cameras realigned, he goes off by himself to the Darkest part of the set to rest strained eyes and nerves in the shadows. As he stops for a moment to greet me, I notice that his hand is moist. And I recall with commiseration what his manager once told me: “When Maurice is nervous, he sweats. And when he works, he’s always nervous.” What, you may wonder, has he to be nervous about?—with his record and his assured position in the profession. The same thing, I suppose, that any honest creative worker gets nervous about, who is driven by a need to make every job his best.

Lights and cameras are ready. “Mr. Gregg!” calls the assistant director. “Mr. Hare! Mr. Chevalier!” The scene, which has already been rehearsed again and again, is rehearsed for the last time. The white-coated make-up man repairs what slight ravages are apparent. The prop man brushes garments which seem to the inexperienced onlooker to be the last word in immaculate cleanliness. Gauze cloths, designed to keep collars from wilting, are removed. Chevalier pats brown powder into his face and smooths his already satin-smooth hair. No one’s talking any chances.

The quiet-voiced Del Ruth gives his final directions. A bell rings. “Quiet!” calls the assistant director. “Roll ‘em”—from the camera (Continued on page 86)
Claudette Colbert's REAL

Beginning the never-before-told intimate account, both personal and professional, of the career of the little French girl who became one of the world's great screen stars

IT WAS a Broadway columnist who started me liking Claudette Colbert, tremendously. I don't mean that I was at a literary tea, where I'm never asked, or a cocktail party, where I'm often asked, and the columnist said, "Miss Colbert, Miss Wilson," and I became goggle-eyed with adoration and martini. No, it was all much simpler than that. I merely picked up a New York tabloid one beautiful spring morning of the late 1931 and read midway in a column, "Claudette Colbert blew in from the Coast yesterday." A simple enough statement, but you have no idea what it meant to me. It meant to me, dear reader, a day away from dirty city streets and mangled tots and tangled traffic, a day in the country, a game of golf over nice soggy Westchester earth; and a dinner at the Port of Missing Men with a guy who thought I was a composite Greta Garbo and Dorothy Parker.

So I went into the sanctum of my editor and said, "You know that Colbert story you've been wanting for a month? Well, she's back from the Coast. I just called up and she wants me to come over right away. They say she's a hard dame to make talk, so maybe I won't be back today. I'll get lots of quotes." And I was off to Greenwich, thinking in my naive way as I stopped for a soda on the lower level of Grand Central Station, "I'll call her tomorrow and tell her that I'll be fired unless she gives me an interview at once, and I'll have the story all ready for the deadline Monday morning."

The next day when I returned to the office, greatly refreshed after my self-appointed holiday, I announced with enthusiasm that Miss Colbert had been in a rare mood and had given me a hot story, which would be on the editorial desk Monday morning. Then when no one was looking I grabbed the phone and called the Colbert apartment at 55 Central Park West. I was informed that Miss Colbert was not in, was in Hollywood, and had no intention of returning for two weeks. "But it says in so-and-so's column..." I gasped, horror-stricken—but Miss Colbert's maid didn't seem to be at all concerned over the fact that Miss Colbert had made a liar out of the columnist and a poor sap out of me.

Well, to make a long story longer, I wrote an interview with Claudette Colbert for the magazine, and it simply reeked of quotation marks and libel suits, and with a good old touch of nausea I laid it on my editor's desk and sat me wearily down to read the handwriting on the wall. Until I decided that it would be more profitable to read the help wanted ads.

Well, the magazine reached the news-stands, and Claudette reached New York, and I reached the point where I turned white as a lily cup every time the phone rang. A few weeks later I stumbled over a palm at a press party and practically into her lap.
Life Story

By
Elizabeth Wilson

Claudette's best friend among the Hollywood writers

"Oh, you're the writer who wrote that story about me?" she inquired rather icily, "Well, I must say!"
"I can explain," I broke in, "I can explain every-	hing!"
So I did, and she agreed with me that tramping on crocuses and violets in Westchester was far more fun than interviewing stars, and that it was all the columnist's fault anyway. She laughed heartily like the swell sport that she is, but as I was leaving she said sort of plaintively, "But I do like to be consulted about my stories. Don't you suppose you could arrange to interview me personally before writing about me in the future?" So I promised, and we drank a couple of glasses of water, neat, to seal the pact.
1931 was a big year for Colbert stories (and so was 1932, 33, and 34), and I was darting in and out of 55 Central Park West and the Astoria studio all the time, and deciding with each meeting that Claudette was the swellest girl I had ever met, with the sanest views on life, the grandest sense of humor, and the darnedest way of belittling herself. I soon became a Habit in the chez Colbert. When I received the assignment to do Claudette's life story for Screenland I decided that she might be consulted about it. After all, it's her life.
"Why, it's grand of Delight to want my life story for the magazine," she said, "but—but what is there to say? I've never done anything particularly exciting, or romantic, or glamorous; I've just lived naturally and normally like everybody else. I'm afraid it will make awfully dull reading!"
There she goes belittling again, not only her life, but me. I am not a dull writer, so there! And it does seem to me that a girl who, in less than twenty years, has struggled through the immigration authorities, the New York public schools, and a good dose of poverty, and who at seventeen became, without any family backing or amorous backing, a recognized young actress on the Broadway stage, and eventually a star, and who because of her talent and great beauty was snatched away from Broadway by the movies and gradually became one of the biggest stars in Hollywood—I say again, a girl who can get away with this in less than twenty years certainly must have led an exciting and glamorous life. So just don't pay any attention to Claudette. Dull, indeed. Huh!
Claudette was born on the Rue Armand Carrel, Paris, France, early one (Continued on page 71)
"The battle of the sexes is really fought in the field of fashion!" So said Travis Banton, throwing more dynamite into the Hollywood scene than a Mae West premiere.

"The revolution is here! Women are tired of seeing their screen favorites wearing fashions that are about as suitable as a coat of armor at a nudist camp. They want to see styles they can copy and wear themselves—not a cross between little Eva ascending to heaven and a 1945 version of a Jules Verne heroine!"

Travis Banton is Paramount's costume generalissimo, and a very delightful person, too. He is quiet, goes about his business more like the efficient head of a prosperous bond house than one of the film capital's leading designers, and very seldom fires a volley into the stillly calm of the Sierra Nevadas.

"You see," he explained, "I feel very strongly on this matter because I have talked with women in many countries who see our pictures. I want them to get the correct impression. You cannot very well explain to a woman of fashion in Paris, one who is a devotee of the races, who visits the fashion shows at Biarritz and Cannes, that what a screen star wears in a picture under

Make the most of the glamorous styles you see on the screen! Let Travis Banton, noted clothes creator, tell you just how you may adapt star fashions to your own practical needs.

Third in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series not to be missed!

By
Helen Harrison

The superb style of Travis Banton is strikingly exemplified in the gown worn by Kitty Carlisle at the right. Burgundy velvet fashions it; the narrow tunic arrangement, emphasizing the scalloped train, distinguishes it. Note original decolletage.

Carole Lombard is one of the few stars whose appearance in a lovely gown calls forth "Oh's" and "Ah's" of audience appreciation—and Travis Banton designs her screen clothes. Left, Miss Lombard wears a daringly draped gown; jacket enhanced by blue fox.
Fashion Revolt!

Two or three stars set world styles. Dietrich is one of these. Banton predicts that his Spanish costumes, designed for Marlene’s new film, will sponsor a “Vogue Espagnole.”

Making the fashion world feather-conscious! Dietrich did it a long time ago in “Morocco” and feathers have played their smart rôle ever since. Watch Marlene for trends.

similar circumstances is merely a fantasy of the designer’s imagination. Or that he just liked to impress the women who will never see the races or the fashion shows for themselves, can you? In the first place the woman of the world knows the styles are absurd and pictures generally lose caste. And then it isn’t fair to confuse those many more absentee women who should, at least, learn the truth by seeing cinemas. We learn from books, don’t we? We get to know quite accurately the customs and styles of various countries; should we not then get an even more accurate picture through the medium of the screen?”

You see Mr. Banton really believes in the power of motion pictures and so he feels it is high time that the average woman gets a real break.

“Suppose, Mr. Banton,” we suggested, “that you put your battle cry into action and tell us exactly why Claudette Colbert always looks soignée, what you do to make Kitty Carlisle chic, and how you achieve those breath-taking effects with Marlene Dietrich, all without benefit of red lacquer coatees or gold-tipped ostrich plumes?”

“Delighted!” he agreed. “As I have said and repeat, my aim is for the legitimate. When a woman is required to dress for golf in a certain scene there is really no point in making her seem ready for a dance at the country club. When she is fitted with a bathing suit it should at least look suitable for water. Keeping this in mind,” he continued, “I then muster new fashions which are the outcome of my many trips to Paris, London, and other points of fashion and modify and adjust them to the needs of a rôle.

“Fortunately Paramount has particularly sane, fashion-wise, and beautiful women. Take Miss Colbert, for instance. She is French herself, you know, with a perfect figure and the Parisienne’s accurate sense of appreciation. She is moderate in her ideas and so it is comparatively simple to decide upon her screen wardrobe. There is complete harmony and understanding. Miss Colbert is very inspiring.

(Continued on page 87)
Janet GAYNOR
Warner BAXTER
in
One More Spring

with this splendid cast
WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
and STEPIN FETCHIT

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING
From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke
Bing Crosby presents his personally autographed portrait to Screenland readers. Bing doesn't do things by halves—and here he puts his heart into his message. But why, Bing, that burst of modesty? You hope it's Okay? Why, it's grand!
ANNA STEN and Gary Cooper are both discoveries of Samuel Goldwyn, and now are teamed by him for a new picture, "The Wedding Night," a romantic drama laid in the tobacco growing districts of Connecticut. Here you see the Russian star and Gary in poses that promise new thrills for all lovers of screen romance.
HELEN HAYES and Otto Kruger together in a screen drama! Grand news about two of the cinema's grandest players, that. Left, Miss Hayes in character for her part in "Vanessa: Her Love Story"; and below, a dramatic scene.
GOOD luck to the screen's Golden Girl in her grand new contract! There are big plans for her at her new studio home, Warner Brothers, where she recently moved her bungalow, not to mention her blonde beauty, her gay charm and gift for high comedy—and don't forget Gandhi, Hollywood's most popular dog, shown above with Marion. Now how about a musical version of our favorite Davies film, "Little Old New York?"
SCREENLAND presents exclusively these first new portraits of Miss Davies. Don't miss the very new and very smart hats. Not many screen stars can carry off such a variety of smart chapeaux as cleverly as Marion!

All photographs of Miss Davies by Elmer Fryer, exclusive to SCREENLAND.
James Blakeley in correct formal dress: opera hat, and pumps go with "tails."

Clark Gable, right, poses for a close-up in formal attire, so you may note such accessories as winged collar, bow, and boutonnière.

The opera hat must be worn at just the proper angle, involving a tricky tilt sideways as well as from fore to aft! You see how Clark Gable does it, above.

James Blakeley, immediate left, shows how little was lost when frock coats were displaced by jackets with striped trousers as the thing for formal morning wear.

It's not a gag, our putting Joe E. Brown here as a well-dressed man! See for yourself, over left, how smartly Joe does his part in faultless business attire.

Fashions for Men!
Here we give you some simple, and authentic, pointers, on how to tell whether the man who aspires to be well dressed, achieves his goal. Your favorite screen stars model "what's correct"

Dinner jackets can be double-breasted these days. Right, Phillip Reed demonstrates the precise style and correct accessories for "formally informal" wear.

And here's James Blakeley again, over to the right, showing you how the smart sports get-up is arranged; flannels, silk shirt, no tie—double-breasted jacket.

The modern idea in a riding kit, above, demonstrated by James Blakeley.

Left, here's Warner Baxter, one of the screen's smart dressers, wearing a suit of a new checked fabric.

How to be smart in lounge clothes is shown above by Gene Raymond, wearing a tweed jacket, plenty roomy, and a scarf, "careless-like" about the neck.
THE versatile Mary Ellis, international dramatic and operatic star, now devotes her talents to the screen, and you will see her in her film début soon as co-star with Carl Brisson in an elaborate musical production.

Welcome,
MARGO, blonde Spanish dancer and actress, pronounced a "find" after her first screen part in "Crime Without Passion," is another Hollywood newcomer. Her next rôle is in "Rumba" with George Raft and Carole Lombard.
Colman in Costume!

WHAT, your dear friend "Bulldog Drummond" in knee-breeches? Yes, and you'll like him! Ronnie's new film, "Clive of India," is a period piece with all the trimmings, and a grand romantic rôle.
You love Janet now for her adorable little-girl quality. But wait until you see her in her latest rôle! Without sacrificing her whimsical charm she has added a new poignancy. Perhaps some day she will be recognized not only as a great personality, but also as the fine actress she really is!

**AMERICA'S Girl Friend at last has the opportunity to appear in a part which permits her to progress artistically. In “One More Spring” Janet has new depth and appeal. Warner Gaynor is her co-star.**

**Gaynor Grows Up!**
Hail Fellows
Well Met!

Once a policeman, Phil Regan turned singer. Now he's an actor, also, and one of the most ingratiating of the screen's new players.

Herbert Marshall, right, was almost the first English actor to capture the interest of the American picture-goers. Still doing so!

Frank Morgan, right, below, is so charming that even the stars from whom he steals pictures consistently cannot help applauding him.

Speaking of good fellows, here is Edmund Lowe—Eddie to you—in his latest role, as the belligerent buddy of Jack Holt.

It's easy to understand why Donald Woods, yesterday a struggling actor in stock, today is winning better roles and more friends.

Greetings, Chester Morris! We're glad to see that you are coming into your own again these days, for you're one of our favorites.
Whenever you encounter one of these excellent actors in a film, it's just like meeting and greeting an old friend!

Sure and it's O'Brien! Pat is rapidly becoming one of our most important actors. He has a hearty style all his own.

Of course you remember that jovial gentleman to the left. Yes, it's Eric Blore, the priceless waiter of "The Gay Divorcee."

And here's the other half of the male team that may have the cinema customers cheering: Jack Holt, grin and all.

What, can that serious visage to the left, below, really belong to Jimmy Dunn? Must be one of his rare "James" moments.

Tom Brown of Hollywood! The Young man below, besides being Anita Louise's lucky best beau, is a good screen actor.

Ralph Bellamy, left, seems to have all the fun of stardom and none of the worries! Always busy, is Big Boy Bellamy
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

A million eyes marvel at the beauty of Claudette Colbert... how many look at you?

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

There's a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood screen stars know. Then you, yourself, can create beauty just as fascinating as the vision of loveliness you see in your day dreams.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Working with stars like Claudette Colbert... Carole Lombard... Sylvia Sidney and other famous beauties... searching to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty... Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color tones to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, blonde and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth loveliness to the skin... the rouge enlivens the color appeal of your type... the lipstick accents the allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable transformation. Even your personality will reflect a new confidence, because of your assurance in the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

Max Factor Hollywood

Society Make-Up... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... In Color Harmony

Claudette Colbert

Illustrates Her
Max Factor
Color Harmony Make-Up

Face Powder

To harmonize with your coloring, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge

Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone... and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture... it blends evenly... imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.

Lipstick

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.

Mail for your Color Harmony in Powder and Lipstick

Max Factor

Max Factor, Hollywood, California.

Mail Order Window for Pale Powder in any color harmony shades and Lipstick Color Sample Kit, four shades, 1 coupon. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and coupon, Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

NAME
ADDRESS

© 1935 Max Factor
Big Three of the Box-Office!

Janet, Will, and Shirley smile for a close-up of the trio that's tops in drawing crowds to theatres—according to theatremen, who named Rogers, Gaynor, and Temple as potent attractions.
WHY
Will Rogers
is the
Greatest
Screen
Star

Here's the answer!

By K. C. Thomas

HE'S "The Top"!
First among men stars! Bigger at box-
offices than the grand Gable, the versatile
Freddie March, the witty Montgomery, the
lanky Cooper. More "glamorous" to more people, evi-
dently, than Garbo, Shearer, Dietrich, Keeler, Colbert,
Crawford. Can it be? Yes, it is! None other than
your old tried and true friend Will Rogers, acclaimed
the king of movie theatre coffers by those hard-to-fool
boys, the exhibitors.

Surprised? You shouldn't be. Because it's your
admission money, paid fully and freely into the box-
office, that has voted Will the greatest of all screen stars.
There must be a reason—a very good reason. Let's
look at Grand Champion Rogers through our most
powerful telescope. It's the only way to see him as he
really is, because he's one film celebrity who shies at
close-ups, runs from reporters, and refuses point-blank
to be pinned down on paper. (He'll do his own report-
ing, thank you!)

Here's once when Will is going to be "discovered"
in spite of himself, whether he likes it or not! We're
about to explain him!

A few very old friends and intimates call him "Jube,"
but his full name is plenty plain, so the rest of the world,
including statesmen, princes of the royal blood, show
people, baseball players, the public at large know him
just as affectionately as Will Rogers.

Motion picture patrons (Continued on page 96)
Once again, by special demand, Menace Mook's yearly awards of bricks and bouquets—harder and sweeter than ever. Address all complaints to the author—and hurry, he's going into hiding!

HE frost is on the pumpkin but there's spring in my heart as I go gaily about prodding the birds to see if they're tender and juicy, looking over my imaginary hothouse of flowers and speculating on who'll get what, and he medals to see if they're genuine fourteen karat.

year and the year before that and the year before that are complaints over the awards—not only from the actors but the fans. "This year," I think, "I will be very circumspect; no one will be offended." My jubilation mounts. Everybody. But then I set about my awarding in earnest—get going I throw discretion to the winds and let the dust settle where they may.

The first medal of the year goes to Joe Morrison because I consider him the best bet in pictures among the newcomers and because he has the grandest disposition I have ever encountered.

The lilies in my hothouse go to Carole Lombard because they are her favorite flower, because success hasn't changed her and never will, because she has made the greatest strides of any actress on the screen during the past year, because she has one of the most delightfully bawdy senses of humor I have ever come across, and finally because she is one of my favorite people.

Richard Arlen got a medal three times running for being the most regular guy in pictures. That made it a permanent award. This year, while he's still just as regular, he gets a medal for being darned good company, for being more generous with his possessions where his friends are concerned than any star in the business, because after five years he is still the closest friend I have and because, even now, knowing all his faults I wouldn't trade his friendship for that of any other six actors in Hollywood.

The gardenias go to Joan Crawford again, not only because they are her favorite flower, but because she is constantly improving as an actress and because she continues undiscouraged in her efforts to improve herself, and that in the face of the jibes and jeers of Hollywoodites who haven't her ambition or perseverance.

A medal for Richard Cromwell because he is not only one of the very best juveniles in the business but also because he is the most versatile—sculpting, painting, upholstering, decorating and singing being among other of his accomplishments—and because he hasn't let a long series of inferior pictures and bad parts sour him.

The cornflowers go to Una Merkel again because she has one of the happiest temperaments I know, because she continues to take small parts and make much of them, because her husband is one of the nicest fellows in the film colony, and because, without publicizing their marriage, they constitute one of
the happiest, most unaffected couples you'll find in Hollywood.

I knew I couldn't go too long without saying something mean! I've been told I lose my color when I do. Well, the first bird of the season goes to Jean Muir because she pans too many other actresses in Hollywood and because to my way of thinking Jean isn't in a position to pan anyone.

The American Beauty roses still go to Claudette Colbert, not only because she is one of the few women who are as beautiful off-screen as on but because in the past year she has leaped to the position of being one of the biggest box-office draws in the business.

A medal for Norman Foster because he not only writes as well as he acts but also because he takes whatever life sends without grousing and because he is always in for whatever the crowd wants to do.

A corsage of orchids to Norma Shearer because when the public wanted risque stories she gave them risque stories and when the trend was towards clean pictures she turned around and gave them just as convincing a performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Joan Blondell gets the peonies because they are one of my favorite flowers, because she, too, is one of my favorite people, because she displayed excellent taste in her choice of a husband, because she is exactly the same off-screen as on, and, most important, because I have never heard anyone say anything but good of her and that—in Hollywood—is really something.

Here's a bird for Mr. Johnny Barrymore—and it's really amazing how that guy can think up new things every year that irritate me so I can keep giving him birds. This one goes to him with hate and hisses because it is reported around town that he got $6,500 for a radio broadcast, part of the agreement being that he was to get Carole Lombard to do a scene with him from "Twentieth Century." Carole did it and I hear she got not so much as a corsage from Mr. Barrymore for her trouble while he pocketed the $6,500. The perfect gentleman.

And, while we're on the subject of birds, one to Marlene Dietrich, because instead of continuing to be one of the nicest people imaginable as she was when she first came to town, she persists in being an arrogant show-woman.

Bing Crosby gets a medal not only because he is good company but because he keeps open house—at least as far as I am concerned—and because he has the courage to do as he jolly well pleases and isn't at all concerned whether other people like it or lump it.

The bed of violets to Janet "Goody-Two-Shoes" Gaynor because she is an inspiration to (Continued on page 84)
SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures

By Delight Evans

Forsaking All Others
M-G-M

This star-studded show is well worth anybody's time and admission money! Imagine getting three such stars as Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Robert Montgomery, in one picture; and to add to the excitement and expense, directed by the inimitable W. S. "Thin Man" Van Dyke! Instead of spreading all this talent thin over two or three films, lavish Metro lets us have it all in one piece, and the result is super-amusement. It's one of those very smart, sparkling, frothy pieces of plot, with crisp dialogue to make it all seem much more important than it probably really is. Joan plays the rôle created on the stage by Tallulah Bankhead—modern as day-after-tomorrow except in her heart interests, in which she's just old-fashioned enough almost to marry the wrong man. As to that, it's a smart girl who can choose between Gable and Montgomery, even in writing fan letters. Montgomery is at his whimsical best—but not too whimsical—thanks, Bob; while Clark is more than ever charming. Joan never looked more gorgeous. You may surmise I advise seeing "Forsaking All Others." You're right! It's gay and gorgeous.

The Painted Veil
M-G-M

Your best girl friend, Greta Garbo, is back again! That aloof lady, Christina, has vanished; and in her place is a lovely, lively young person, costumed by Adrian in his maddest moments, in demand by two fascinating fellows, and generally giving back to the screen that special glow we've been missing. There's only one Garbo, and aren't you ashamed for accepting substitutes? Well, I am. It seems that W. Somerset Maugham understands the Garbo Woman, for his story might have been written especially for her—one of those ice-and-fire gals, you know, torn between love and duty; and really, she seems perfectly new and fresh as Greta plays her. A scientist's daughter, our heroine craves high adventure in far-off places, and so she accepts Herbert Marshall and goes off to China, where her husband becomes absorbed in his fight against cholera and she becomes absorbed in George Brent. The ensuing drama deepens to a tragic climax—not Maugham at all, but, to me, good movie. Garbo the actress makes of the tortured wife a poignant person: Garbo the girl is exquisite always. Mr. Marshall is really fine.

The Little Minister
RKO-Radio

A cinema classic! Sir James M. Barrie, most fortunate of all dramatists in screen translation, should rejoice at the splendid production given his "Little Minister." It is one of those rare and satisfying motion pictures. Never a false note in direction, acting, setting, atmosphere—or accent! A perfect whole, as "Little Women" was perfect, and as true to Scottish tradition as the Alcott classic was true to Americana. Katharine Hepburn has another great part in Babbie, and she plays it, with a few minor exceptions of excessive exuberance, with flawless artistry. John Beal is not merely her leading man—he is, beyond all doubt, the Gavin Dishart of Barrie's imagination. As the idealistic new shepherd of the Thrums flock, bewitched by the elfin "gypsy," Mr. Beal personifies bewildered youth in first love, without ever being a bore or a boor about it. An acting achievement second to none in screen annals. If you wish an escape from Hollywood glamor to very clean and sweet and wholesome romance, the new Hepburn picture is the perfect entertainment for you. See it anyway! Be sure to take the family!

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Mighty Barnum
20th Century

Brisk and buoyant entertainment for everybody! I don’t know who’s going to enjoy it more, grandpa and grandma or the kids. It’s “The Big Show” of beloved memory on celluloid, with the extra-special added attractions of Wally Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce—what a beauty!—Rochelle Hudson—she’s another!—and Janet Beecher. “The Mighty Barnum” is one of those biographical pictures that brings a “great man” right into your own life—that is, if you consider P. T. Barnum great; certainly he was colorful. Beery plays Barnum with enormous gusto—and for once, to my mind, Wally achieves a genuine characterization instead of playing himself so expressively, as he did in “Viva Villa.” The pictorial account of the obscure beginnings, gradual rise and final fall and rise again of America’s spectacular showman is zestfully told. The lovely Jennie Lind, (Miss Bruce), becomes his prize star, sings to a diamond-studded audience, and then goes home in a huff because of Mr. Barnum’s mistaken gallantry. Menjou is marvelous as Barnum’s partner, Miss Beecher fine as his wife.

Here Is My Heart
Paramount

On another page of this issue Mr. Bing Crosby wistfully says: “I hope it’s okay.” Bing, it’s better than merely okay. It’s your best picture so far. How do I don’t know. Other crooners have had their audiences crying for mercy in short subjects. With you, they cried for more. And more. And all you do, apparently, is simply to stroll around, paying no attention to the camera and very little to the heroine, and every once in awhile burst into song. In fact, in “Here Is My Heart” you sing early and often. And all the time you’re completely indifferent to the camera, the audience, and everything else—or so you seem. It must be art. Anyway, as a crooning waiter in pursuit of a princess, cleverly played by Kitty Carlisle, the Crosby charm has full play, and the Crosby voice makes the most of some good songs, notably June in January—there’s a lift to that one. Of course, the presence in the cast of such trouopers as Alison Skipworth, Roland Young, and Reginald Owen does no harm. Frank Tuttle’s direction is just right. But to you, Bing, the lion’s share of laurels. And now just reprise that June in January for us!

The Battle
Leon Garganoff

Watch out for this picture! If it plays any theater in your neighborhood, don’t miss it. For that matter, it’s worth going out of your way to see. By the time you read this some major American company will probably have decided to toss away dull commercial care and distribute it generally. I hope so; because it is a most unusual picture. Not so much amusement as witty drama, it records the tragedy of a Japanese patriot who sacrifices honor and the wife he loves to advance his country’s knowledge of naval warfare. Superbly directed, stunningly photographed, and enacted by a distinguished cast which includes Charles Boyer, whom you’ve already met in Hollywood films; Merle Oberon, whom you also know, and John Loder, whom you’ll remember. M. Boyer is magnificent in his exacting Oriental rôle of the fanatically fearless patriot, while Miss Oberon, as his wife, gives a startlingly beautiful performance—an actress as well as a charmer, this girl. The sea battle is spectacularly thrilling, the ending sombre; you will carry away with you an unforgettable impression of this powerful, uncompromisingly honest picture.

Sweet Adeline
Warners

This is Sweetness and Light and Season at the cinema! Now the company that has given us most of our raciest musicals and rowdiest farces goes graceful, gentle, and Gay Nineties for our edification; and, strangely enough, it’s a pretty successful, if languid, gesture. Jerome Kern’s grand musical romance has come to the screen with all its charm intact; with Irene Dunne to lend it her pure voice and gracious dignity; with those enchanting tunes recaptured; and, for good measure, just to make us feel at home, a Big Number, involving dozens of chorus girls in swings—but all in the same chaste mood, you understand. “Sweet Adeline” is one of the very few musical movies I can remember that has family appeal—but don’t stay away on that account. There are many gay moments in which Hugh Herbert pursues—oh, very decorously—a handsome newcomer named Winifrid Shaw; glimpses of champagne suppers and bachelor apartments; and plenty of good beer—well, it looks like beer. Miss Dunne has duets with sweet-voiced Phil Regan, and tender scenes with nice Donald Woods; and struggling scenes with Louis Calhern.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Screenland
Glamor School

Beautiful prima donnas have a perfect right to make spectacular entrances! Beware, though, of costumes like this if you can't carry them off with the right dash! Jeanette's tunic frock, right, is luscious in black satin and velvet, with scarf and muff of silver fox, flashing clip, saucy tricorn hat.

"Hello, Spring!" says Jeanette's new ribbon hat. See how the ribbon is shirred around the circular flat crown?

Go right ahead and get gay, and glamorous, advises the lovely singing star. It's fun to be frankly frivolous, stupid to be too staidly conservative. Jeanette guides you to joyous individuality—if it's becoming, then wear it! It's the Merry MacDonald speaking!
La belle MacDonald is so alive, from gleaming head to dainty toes! See how her well-brushed hair shines? Jeanette likes a natural, loose wave for her all-occasion coiffure.

Here's a suit with a story! The natural broadtail cape was purchased by Miss MacDonald on her trip to Europe. The original plan was to have sleeves made for the cape, but the skins were so rare it was impossible to match them. So Jeanette designed the street dress of grey wool.

Star 'n' stripes! Jeanette's early Spring suit, left, depends upon gaily striped collar and deep cuffs for its color.

Jeanette sings for beauty! Perhaps you can't sing; but you can cultivate lovely mouth contours. Just the right lipstick; soothing cold creams—all help!

It's typically MacDonald, the costume pictured above. Very correct street outfit, with the conventional three-skin fur scarf of the smart woman—and then, bless her, Jeanette tops it all off with a perfectly silly, and terrifically becoming hat like that!

Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull, exclusively posed for SCREENLAND.

Polka dots for piquant pajamas! At the left, Jeanette MacDonald is wearing her pet pajama ensemble: white silk dotted in dark blue, with over-robe of matching blue silk. A blue embroidered ship's wheel ornaments the neckline.

Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull, exclusively posed for SCREENLAND.
In this action drawing of a studio set for "Go Into Your Dance," you see, identified by a number, the following: A producer, director, star, co-star, featured player, script girl, chief property man, cameraman, chief electrician, fashion designer, make-up man, and a wardrobe mistress. The name of each person on the set is shown with his or her photograph at right and left below.

Ruby Keeler Contest!

Prizes!

**FIRST PRIZE:**
$150.00 in cash.

**SECOND PRIZE:**

**THIRD PRIZE:**
Orry-Kelly Studio Styles Gown.

**FOURTH PRIZE:**
$50.00 in cash.

**FIFTH PRIZE:**
20 pairs of silk stockings.
*In Screenlite Shades, by Mojad Clari-Phase*

**SIXTH PRIZE:**
15 pairs of silk stockings, same.

**SEVENTH PRIZE:**
10 pairs of silk stockings, same.

**TEN ADDITIONAL PRIZES**
$5.00 each.

Here's the second, and concluding step in the biggest, most thrilling contest ever offered for the fun—and opportunity—of screen enthusiasts, with a total of 27 grand prizes offered by Ruby Keeler. The first step, as published in last month's Screenland, required you to identify by name and rank each of the twelve persons indicated in the above drawing of an action set for "Go Into Your Dance," Warner Brothers production co-starring Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. Names and duties of each of the persons indicated by number only in the drawing are pictured with their photographs surrounding this type on the page here. The second step requires only that you write a description, brief as possible and not exceeding 250 words, defining the duties of each of the 12 persons engaged on the set, with explanation of why each of the persons is essential (Continued on page 97)

Rules of this contest:

1. Fill out the coupon (either the one printed in this issue or that published in connection with the first step of the contest in Screenland for February, 1935, the previous issue). When you have complied with the rules for the two steps of the contest, mail the coupon, with your written description, as outlined above.

2. This contest will close at midnight, February 25, 1935.

3. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

4. Mail entries to: Ruby Keeler Contest, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.

Fill-out coupon on page 97
Facial expressions can conceal or reveal you. Which shall it be?

Joan Crawford is the star supreme in the art of facial expression. Sensitive, highly individual, with a great deal of fire and charm in her face, Joan is well worth study. If you will study her the way she studies her "rushes" you will learn some of the secrets of her mobile lips, her responsive eyelids, the characteristic lift of her head.

Of all the stars Joan is most conscientious in studying her own face on the screen. And her facility in expressing emotions with her face is no accident, but the result of purposeful effort.

Suppose one day, for instance, the lovely Joan caught herself screwing up one of her pretty eyes, or biting those curving lips when she was supposed to be registering her most glamorous and sensitive self. Do you suppose she would do it twice? Not Joan! The bad facial trick, whatever it was, would be wiped out immediately.

"O wad some power the Gifftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

There is a wish come true for the movie folk! They alone of all the world see themselves as others see them. They live on the screen and may themselves study every little movement they make, every shade of expression that crosses their faces.

What kind of facial manners have you? Good ones can be cultivated and can make (Continued on page 70)
Here's how to have just those curves you crave! Whether you want to lose weight or gain it, SCREENLAND will serve you. Follow our series every month!

Don't envy Gail Patrick's Hollywood Figure! Achieve one for yourself! It's fun to follow James Davies' advice. Try it and see how your figure improves.

Gail Patrick illustrates, left and right, two movements in exercise to benefit the entire spine.
YOU'LL never look like a Hollywood star, no matter how correct your measurements may be, until you have learned to hold yourself properly.

If you slouch with your chest sunk in, your neck thrust forward and your shoulders humped, it won't be long before you'll be anxiously inspecting a double chin.

If your new dress doesn't seem to set right, although you are certain the number of inches around your waist and hips is the same as that around the identical lines of the Ideal Woman, it's probably the way you hold yourself. An erect posture makes a girl actually a little taller and slimmer, while a slouch emphasizes any tendency toward surplus flesh in throat, bust, or abdomen.

It helps a lot, too—this holding yourself right—if you're blue or discouraged. It gives you that "I can lick the world!" feeling when you straighten your spine, hold your chin up and your abdomen in, and take a few deep breaths. Try it.

Correct posture makes for a beautiful back. Gail Patrick, whose back is as lovely as any you will find in Hollywood, the city of beautiful backs, has posed for some back-sculpturing exercises to show you what you can do to tone up the muscles and improve your back.

Before you begin, take a good look at yourself in the mirror—a full-length mirror, if you have one. Is your back all that it should be? Have you round shoulders. So-called "wing bones" sticking out behind your shoulders? Have you a hollow or sway-back?

Notice that when you hold yourself as tall as possible, a part if not all of these defects disappear. For this reason, we're combining posture pointers with our back exercises.

I believe I've told you before about the Indian women who gain and maintain their marvelous carriage by putting their baskets on their heads and so holding themselves that the burdens need no support from their hands. Anyway, it's worth repeating. If you find yourself slumping after a few steps, try putting a book or other reasonably heavy article on your head and wearing it for a half hour a day.

I spoke above about deep breathing. It's a good idea to begin any group of exercises with a few minutes of deep breathing. Some people like to use their arms while they breathe, as: Inhale while raising arms at side, counting 1, 2, 3, 4; exhale while lowering arms. Others find the soap bubble exercise better: Breathe in deeply; then as you breathe out, blow gently as if you were blowing a soap bubble. If you stand where you can see your reflection in a mirror while doing this, you will soon learn not to lose your posture while you are engaged with the bubble.

If you have a tendency toward round shoulders, or "wing bones," here are some excellent exercises to correct them: Stretch hands forward, palms together; turn palms out and bring arms slowly back as far as possible.

If you have a partner who can do exercises with you, you can take turns at this one: Sit on hassock or pillow, with partner standing behind you; stretch your arms to the sides and let partner gently pull them as far back as you can bear it.

Lie face down on the floor. If you have a partner, she may hold your feet down; if not, tuck them under a low piece of furniture to keep them down; slowly raise head and shoulders from the floor; lower them and repeat half a dozen times. Don't do it too strenuously until your muscles are accustomed to it.

Sit on the floor, with legs extended straight in front of you, feet together; grasp a yardstick or cane in both hands, holding it well in front of you; raise the stick above your head, then lower it behind your shoulders, bending the elbows to do so; raise arms again and bring the stick down in front. Repeat ten times.

A good exercise to correct sway-back is this one: Get a bolster or large, firm cushion; sit on one end of it, with feet outstretched before you on the floor; then lean backward as far as you can go. You will feel the pull in the muscles of the back.

A stretching exercise for the entire spine is also good for those who seek grace: Do this slowly: Kneel on one knee with other leg outstretched before you. Raise your arms above your head and gracefully bring them forward and down to floor, moving your whole torso as you do so. Then up again, then bring arms outward as you bend backward. Back to position. Then make a complete circle with body and arms, to the left, to the right, and all around. Repeat on other knee.

In all the stretching and pulling exercises, be careful not to be too strenuous, unless you wish to develop your upper arms.

While you are using your mirror, try (Cont. on page 95)
Dick, Word for Word!

New idea in interviews! You'll enjoy this visit with Powell

By James M. Fidler

HERE is something new in interviews. One of the interesting features of Dick Powell's new house at Toluca Lake (it is situated only a few blocks from Mary Brian's lake-front dwelling. How convenient! If Mary becomes Mrs. Powell, she'll have only a short distance to move!) is a built-in recording machine, fully equipped to record music or conversation.

When I arrived at Dick's house, he demonstrated the machine to me. Then I had a happy idea. That idea was to record on a phonograph disc our actual interview. Powell liked the stunt, so we set the microphone where it would catch our voices. Then we poured drinks and opened fire.

Following is a written transcription of our recorded talk. I have added descriptive passages, for the benefit of legibility, but the actual conversations are given to you, word for word as spoken during the conversation.

READ ON:

"You're about as interesting as an old shoe," I said to Dick, lounging on his divan.

"How d'you get that way, crutch?" he returned, "and what d'you mean?"

"I mean that I have been ordered to interview you, and I'm darned if I know what to write about. You're a swell guy, and I like you, and everybody else likes you, including Mary Brian. But as for writing a story about you—well, you never do anything worth writing about."

"Never do anything!" Dick cried. "What about my pictures? What about radio? And the phonograph records I'm making?"

"You're just a male Cinderella. You're too good to be true. You're as pure as the driven snow. Your love life is about as hot as Baby LeRoy's."

"Is that so?" Dick snapped. "Well, I've been married and divorced, and besides that, I—"

"Don't say anything you might regret, Richard," I warned. "Today I was a pal, when we were golfing together. Tonight I am an ogre, a reporter, and whatever you say may be used against you."

"Ummm. Well, you might write about my new house," he compromised.

"I'd be smarter to write (Continued on page 92)
First Wit of the Films!

Ernst Lubitsch is more colorful than the stars he directs! Read about him in SCREENLAND'S series of famous director close-ups

By Adele Gregory

Yet fans are beginning to be almost as curious about the Lubitsches and the Capras and the Culors as about the stars themselves. So let's commit a technical breach of the law and present Ernst Lubitsch in person.

Your first impression as he appears on the set is of a stocky, swarthy-skinned man, rather forbidding—whether because of the glowing cast of his heavy features, lighted only by a pair of deep-glowing eyes, or because of his prodigious reputation, you can't be quite sure. One strand of dark hair threatens to escape from the coiffure and fall off his head. A large cigar sticks out of the corner of his mouth—so integral a part of his make-up that those who know him well will tell you his face looks extraordinarily naked without it!

While the cameras are being lined up, Lubitsch paces to and fro, hands locked behind him—to and fro, up and down, across and back, over coils of cable, under supporting beams—his features set in a morose mask. You try to make yourself as inconspicuous as possible. You shudder at the thought (Continued on page 88)
I PAID an unexpected drop-in visit to Norma Shearer, and found that lovely lady, armed with pencil and eraser, poring over a pad of paper. She was working (in fact, had spent several nights at her task) at devising a title with which to win the hundred dollar reward offered by the Marx brothers for their new picture.

It was really ludicrous, watching Norma piecing words together in an effort to invent a funny title. Of course, she confessed that she was doing it for fun; if she should win the prize, she'll give the check to the runner-up contestant. But isn't it a funny thought—a seven thousand dollars-a-week star working like fury to win a hundred smacks?

AFTER many hesitations, Bing Crosby at last had his ailing appendix removed. They now rest in a glass jar in Bing's den, to be seen only for the asking.

While the Crooner was in the hospital, he received the following telegram from Jack Oakie: SORRY I COULD NOT ATTEND YOUR OPENING STOP REMEMBER THE OLD ADAGE COLON A STITCH IN BING, SAVES SING.

MOST optimistic (or would you call this pessimism?) fan letter came to Ginger Rogers from a man who has been vowing for the past year that he would some day visit Hollywood and marry Ginger. She doesn't know the man; he is a fan.

Soon after her marriage to Lew Ayres, Ginger received a letter "forgiving her" for wedding another man. "But I shall hide my time," the fan went on. "I shall marry you after you are divorced from Mr. Ayres!"

OF COURSE, I don't believe it, but this story came to me as actual truth. It seems that when Greta Garbo was first told that Fredric March would play opposite her in her new picture, she wrinkled her brow: "Fredric March? Who is he?" she asked.

It is no secret that Garbo wanted George Brent for her leading man, and Brent's studio was anxious for him to play the rôle because it meant considerable prestige. Greta's own studio decided on March, it is reported, because her employers wanted the March name to bolster the new production. Which makes Greta's query, "Fredric March? Who is he?" even funnier, if true.
Star news direct from the studios

A little hey! hey! revealing the poetry of motion with which Fred Astaire and his assistant, Hermes Pan, say "rehearsal's over." It must have a good practice session, with a good new routine resulting, to make Fred so happy!

AN AMUSING reminiscence is that on which Leslie Howard looks back. The incident occurred several years ago, when Leslie was starring on the New York stage. As the star, he had considerable to say about the cast, and among the then unknown players he "fired" were Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, and William Gargan. That group would make a grand box-office picture cast today!

CAN IT BE LOVE DEPT:

DAN CUPID tied and untied a lot of marital knots during the past few weeks. Most of the "knots" were unexpected, and at least two of the "knots" were equally surprising to Hollywood.

Margaret Sullivan knocked the movie colony breathless by suddenly eloping with director William Wyler. Because of their quarrels on movie sets, everybody thought these two were bitter enemies.

In New York, Lila Lee became Mrs. John R. Peico.

Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr (cameraman) were among the past month's elopers. Weeks ago when people were saying Hal and Evelyn had parted forever, Cupid used this department of SCREENLAND to deny the report.

Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye were the final pair of elopers. Accompanied by Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, they flew to Yuma, and spake their "I dos."

Paul Ames, for many months in love with June Knight, had to travel East. In Chicago he became terribly homesick for June, so he wired her to come and marry him. She did. Twelve days later they were separated. June will sue for divorce.

Divorce suits filed recently include those of Jean Harlow, who has filed first proceedings against Hal Roosson. Late 1924 also brought final word from Mary Pickford that she would take final action to divorce Douglas Fairbanks.

After much bemoaning and bawing, Virginia Cherrill finally filed suit against Cary Grant, putting to an end the united efforts of mutual friends to reconcile them.

Elsie Landi, in Hollywood, and John Cecil Lawrence, in London, are reported filing individual divorce suits.

On the more cheerful side of Cupid's ledger, we find Glen Boles entering competition with Fred Keating for the smiles of Patricia Ellis. Grace Bradley and Nick Foran are managing to see each other through rose-colored glasses. Thelma Todd seems to have taken up an ex-romance, Harvey Priester. She was engaged to him before she married Pat di Cocco, from whom she is now divorced.

Elissa Landi and Jean Negulesco are seen together often enough to make it look serious. And Carole Lombard, who has been disinterested in romance since the death of Russ Columbo, for the first time is showing new interest. He is Robert Riskin.

WHEN Norma Shearer's second baby arrives (very soon now), it will not be the last, she hopes. Despite her ultra-modern screen characterizations, Miss Shearer has some old-fashioned ideas about a wife's duties. One of these ideas is that a family financially able to have several children should have them.

"I don't want dozens of them," Norma said at a party at Helen Hayes' house, "but I do hope for three or four. I wouldn't object to twins, even!"

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, just returned from England, didn't like it because there was so little sunshine while he and Lupe were there. . . . Chick Chandler once grumbled a much (cost, $50) and thereby became part owner of a mine that now promises huge returns. . . . Hens and cows rented for the Anna Sten-Gary Cooper picture, "The Wedding Night," supplied most of the cast and set workers with eggs and milk for three weeks. . . . In an English "likes and dislikes" contest, Greta Garbo was third among the "likes" and second among the "dislikes." . . . When Jean Harlow's cook broke her ankle, Jean insisted that she occupy a room in the Harlow house, and Jean's own doctor attended the patient. . . . Joan Crawford will be with us for a long time; she has signed a new five-year contract with her present employers.

YOU can imagine Franchot Tone's mingled amusement and amazement when, in front of a suburban theatre the other night, Joan Crawford asked to borrow his handkerchief. He gave it to her—a fine, fresh, linen kerchief. Joan used it to erase a smear of black grease from the hood of her new all-white Ford roadster!

Mrs. Leslie Howard, daughter Leslie, and son, Ronald, on their arrival here to spend Xmas with "Daddy" Leslie.
TOM MIX is wintering in Hollywood. He has "parked" his circus until next season and is making a movie serial. ... Robert Montgomery's new car is a crowd gatherer; it has only three wheels, one of them in the rear. ... Preview audiences in Hollywood have a new fad: they seek out former stars among the extras on the screen, and give them congratulatory handshakes. It's great fun to pick out familiar faces; try it. ... Foo Wong, Chinese cook at the Brown Derby, has a picture of Mae West hung over his stove. To keep the "cutesies" warm when the fire's out, no doubt. ... June Clyde, in London for the past eight months, writes that she'll return to Hollywood about March. ... Speaking of London, reports seep back that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has acquired an English accent so thick, it's competing with the London fog. ... Hollywood's big current problem: Which is the correct plural for Mickey Mouse—Mickey Mouses, or Mickey Mice?

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Verree Teasdale went early to the football game so they could park. Then they left early, so they could beat the traffic home. But they found their car right in the center of a parking lot surrounded by some five hundred other machines. So they sat for forty minutes, and incidentally, heard the final quarter of the football game on the car-radio, although the game itself was only fifty feet away.

FRANCHOT TONE is on the verge of becoming an author. He has been making notes for the past two years, and pretty soon he will write a book, and guess what: Joan Crawford will be the subject! Franchot plans to write his entire book about Joan, and he will describe her as "one of the most vivid and interesting women in contemporary America."

This is a secret that Franchot has divulged to few. But isn't his plan dangerous? If the book isn't good, how will Joan take it?

Believe it or not, Charlie Chaplin is actually putting on make-up again, and that long-awaited picture is now actually on its way! Three cheers!

WITH Norma Shearer, Arline Judge, and Mrs. Richard Dix on his near-future calling list, Doc Stork proclaims the current year as another banner period for "new arrivals."

1934 turned out to be the wise old bird's busiest year since movie stars discovered that having babies was not disastrous to careers. See for yourself the various "bundles" deposited on various doorsteps by Doc Stork last year:

February 27. To Joan Bennett, a girl; Melinda.
April 15. To Dorothy Jordan, a girl; Mary Caroline.
April 18. To Billie Dove, a boy; Robert Allen.
May 17. To Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, a girl; Margaret Mavournen.
July 13. To Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby, two boys; Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael.
September 1. To Sally Ellers, a boy; Harry Joe Brown II.
November 2. To Joan Blondell, a boy; Norman Scott.
November 27. To Mr. and Mrs. Andy Devine, a boy; Timothy Andrew.
December 13. To Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, a boy; Richard.
December 16. To Clara Bow and Rex Dell, a boy; Rex Larbey.

Baby LeRoy gives the benefit of his studio experience to Mrs. Leslie Carter, veteran stage star and now a fellow player on the Paramount lot, as the famous actress prepares to resume her art in an unfamiliar acting medium.
"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE SO HAPPY!"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against Cosmetic Skin

You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger...

IT'S SO THRILLING to win romance—so important to keep it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—soft, smooth skin!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look—these are warning signals that you are not removing cosmetics properly.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—protect your skin with the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

LIKE MOST GIRLS, I USE ROUGE AND POWDER—BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN! I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY, IT DOES LEAVE YOUR SKIN LIKE VELVET!

LORETTA YOUNG
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"
Merrily the famous Menjou (Verree Teasdale and Adolpho) arrive in New York to celebrate the Xmas holiday, and their first visit East since their wedding last fall.

IF YOU have read any dull books recently (or ever), send the title or the book to William Powell and do him a big favor.

Bill is stocking the library of his new home with the dullest books obtainable. This freak idea was started by Faith Baldwin, the author, from whom Powell sought advice as to how his library should be stocked. She suggested "something different"—dull books, and she contributed two: "The Directory of the Brooklyn Women of Today" and "The History of the New Jersey Volunteers."

Now Powell is asking his friends and fans to suggest other such books. His library will accommodate approximately 2500 volumes, so have to with a will, my hearties, and our pal, Bill!

Joan Crawford has had precious little opportunity to stage those weekly plays she had planned for her own back-yard theatre. During construction of the playroom and theatre, Joan was all enthusiasm. She planned hours and hours there, working in preparation for her eventual stage career.

But Joan has been so busy at the studio, and before Christmas she was so occupied with gift-buying, that her "little theatre" has seen no use other than as a private movie house, where Joan and her guests have enjoyed the latest pictures.

However, the tiny stage has not been entirely wasted. One day Joan returned home unexpectedly and walked out to the theatre. Hearing voices from within, she tiptoed to a window and peered in. Her personal maid and the gardener were on the stage, acting out a scene from "Hamlet." There's art for you!

LITTLE did any of us suspect George Raft of such a sense of humor! It came out on the set where Raft and Ben Bernie, the radio maestro, were working together. The picture's supervisor had just told them that the picture would be released on Easter Day.

"I suppose," laughed Raft, "that makes Ben my little Easter Bernie!"

GLORIA STUART tells this on herself. A Hollywood tourist, staring about him in an effort to see some stars, ran smack into her car and crushed several fenders. To top off the entire proceedings, the tourist did not recognize her.

Another English stage star crashes Hollywood—above, Errol Flynn, young Irishman reaches our shores.

"YOU may tell the world," said Alice White at a recent party, "that SCREENLAND gave me the courage to change my hair from blonde to red!"

Recently SCREENLAND carried a story about distasteful things stars must do. Included was the fact that Miss White photographs better as a blonde, and therefore has remained one, although she has always disliked herself with light hair.

She read the article and said to herself, "Darned if I will let the world think I'm afraid to change my hair."

The next day she went to a beauty parlor, and now Alice is a red-head.

HOLLYWOOD stars have a brand new fad, presenting their pets with the dignity of names commencing with "Mister."

Adolph Menjou owns "Mr. Hooligan," a wire hair. Fred Keating's toy bulldog answers readily to "Mr. Newmeyer"—(and don't think for an instant the movie executive by that name feels too honored!).

Helen Twelvetrees's wire-hair is politely dubbed "Mr. Jack." Wot? No ladies! (Continued on page 98)

Here's how a jury looks to a lawyer for the defense! A scene from "A Notorious Gentleman," with Charles Bickford seeing the jurors as wild game he hunts for sport and recreation.

Three famous screen stars pose for the news cameras that snapped the celebrities at the Mayfair Ball in Hollywood. Above, Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, and Joan Bennett.
Beauty of lips and neck-line mean charm. Keep this beauty the way the screen stars do—Enjoy DOUBLE MINT Gum daily. Whenever and wherever convenient.
Your Facial Manners
Continued from page 59

be able to do a great deal toward correcting them. I will wager that if you will glance at your face in any passing mirror you will hurriedly change your expression to a pleasanter one!

Here are some of the commonest bad facial manners. Frowning, squinting, screwing up any part of the face are not only ugly in themselves but leave unlovely lines in their wake. Sulking is always bad manners, social as well as facial, and will spoil the loveliest face. Pouting distorts any mouth.

Watch for these things yourself in your mirror. Don't copy the little grimaces of your friends. A bad facial trick is as easy to catch as a Southern drawl. I have seen one break out and run through a whole crowd of girls. But it is one kind of contagion you can avoid. Practice some good stiff chewing exercises in the privacy of your own room. See how much more mobile and attractive they make your features. Be careful of the kind of thoughts you think. As sure as you are alive, they will be written on your face. And you can't cheat this. Your social manners may be perfect. You may say pleasant things to your hostess while thinking what a dull time you had. But you cannot think hard, criticize Pepe, and yet look for time and not keep a record of them in your face.

"Miss O'Brien"
Continued from page 27

Miss Merle high in a New York hotel, surrounded by reporters, a full guard of press agents, masses of roses, and a thick fog from off the East River. It's Londoners, call, in the talkies, a "reglar pea-souper."

This latest import under the British quota was just off the liner. As you know, we now ship a herd of movie people to London almost daily, and get back a cargo in return. Miss Fay Wray was leaving for England the day Miss Oberon arrived, so I imagine we traded Fay for Merle for a while, and it is no treason to say that we got none the worst of the David Harun, or swap.

At any rate, there was I beholding God's handiwork in the person of Miss Merle, and finding it good. Without doubt, the nippiest number we've received from the Motherland in ages. The girl's beautiful. Almond eyes, dark hair, gorgeous figure, unimpeachable legs. What makes her stand out in the British lot is her glorious spirit—what we Americans call zip, ginger, pep, or The Old Moxie. She sparkles.

I have a bunch of this unusual zest in the fair Britisher. Is it, or is it not, your idea that the native English stock rather runs to weedy blondes of the languorous type? The secret of Merle Oberon is that she does not hail from the little big little itself, but from Tasmania—a British island possession which I believe is nor'east of Australia and sou'west of Borneo, or vice versa.

At any rate, credit for producing this fair flower goes to Tasmania, and I admit I have no idea just where that is, having little Latin and no Geography.

At this point I wish to point out that you may read some pretty flowery stories about Merle's beginnings. You may note, for instance, that she was born in India, of an English father and a high-caste Indian mother.

I assure you that this pretty tale is strictly the malarkey, like Theda Bara being born in the shadow of the Sphinx.

For the record, I heard from the girl's own lovely lips that she was born in Tasmania, (please look that place up in the atlas, or me) and resided there for some seven years.

As for the "English father, business, I need only tell you that the lady's real name is Estelle O'Brien, and that her father's name was O'Brien as well. And if you think, m'gal, that O'Brien is an English name, just say so to an O'Brien—and don't forget to duck!

Miss Oberon, née O'Brien, was taken from Tasmania to India at the age of seven, and resided there for nearly a decade. She remembers her bit of the Kipling country as a stuffy place filled with petty gossip in the British quarters.

It was in Calcutta, however, that Miss Oberon first tasted spotlight—a far more intoxicating drink than wine. She was a chorus girl with the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—or CATS, as the English residents dubbed the club from its initials.

The girl, you will note, was working eastward from her native bit of the Antipodes. The next stop—London.

Enters Mr. Alexander Korda, the hero of the piece. That talented Hungarian was directing "Service For Ladies," that charming film which starred Mr. Leslie Howard, when he beheld Miss Merle standing in a corner of the set. How do these talented unknown beauties always find the proper corner of the good old set in which to be discovered? At any rate, Miss Oberon found it and was standing in it, and Korda duly discovered her. He film-tested her, with enchanting results. He whacked off the O'Brien and applied the exotic Oberon. Oberon was, as you remember, the King of the Fairies in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—but that, of course, has nothing to do with Miss Merle.

Korda then started making movies of the girl. Perhaps you saw Miss Oberon in "Henry the Eighth," if you got in promptly and looked quickly. She played Anne Boleyn, first of the unlovely queens, and her head was whacked off so early in the picture that she was decapitated and off to her dressing room before the show had properly begun.

Then she jumped, gracefully, into a plumpish rôle with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Private Life of Don Juan." Then she made "The Battle." Her latest appearance is with Leslie Howard, the Old Charm-Master, in the English made film, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the famous story by—oh, you know!—that writing-pen stuff!

Now, after two dizzy days in New York, wrapped in a homemake fog, she finds herself in Hollywood, ready to toll opposite the M. Chevalier in this "Folies Bergere" picture. Really, with the lovely leading ladies he draws in Life's Lottery, the Monsieur should give his wages to the Red Cross. Ha—just you watch him!

As I contemplated the hirsute Oberon, I was struck not only with her bright and gleaming spirit, but with her poise. She batted back my questions with all the ease and grace of a Babe Ruth, and some of the queries were right silly, too. I tell you, this blithe Merle Oberon knows what time it is, and also which way is south!

I said, at the beginning of this learned essay on the life and charms of Miss Oberon, that Hollywood's British Set is due for a spot of twisting and tossing now that she is in their midst. Little birds have told me that the British folk in movieland, once they are fairly settled in the Hollywood suburbs and begin accepting reluctantly huge bails of three dollars, become more British than the Tower of London. In fact, say the little birds, as the Santa Fe runs westward they become quite unintelligible, in a genteel English way, and as frozen as so many Wodehouse butlers.
If this be true, and I always like to believe little birds, I'd like to see Lord Lovelsuck and Lady Foraday trying to come it over our Merle. Something way down deep tells me that the darling could tell off the Kipper, Kidney, and Boater Crow in good set terms.

Stray frosty faces are in for a melting from Miss Merle, who is as hot as mustard and twice as keen. I cannot picture the girl toying with a toasted scene—I cannot picture her toying with anything. But if she likes toasted scenes, she will eat them, like a good Tasmanian O'Brien.

No doubt she can wrestle a tea-cup with one hand and juggle three cucumber sandwiches with the other, the little finger being out at the proper angle. But I should not rouse her spunk while she has the cup in her hand, m'lud!

Ah—there'll be piping times about the famed Garden of Allah Apartments in Hollywood, where the British accent hangs heavy on the night air, and the aitches drop to the ground like hickory nuts in the fall.

In all seriousness, this Merle Oberon is the prettiest and most promising girl the Old Country has sent us in a long time. Given the proper treatment in Hollywood, plus the Eternal and Priceless Breaks, she'll do well for herself, and we all shall love her in a very big and constructive way.

Of the Oberon-Schenck romance, or any other romance, I know nothing, and will not be quoted, no matter how hard you may grill me.

This is, then, a sort of introduction of a new and charming girl to a segment of American picture fans—plainly, you—All. I had first peek, that's all. I'm delighted. And I have a whole-hearted feeling that you will be, too!

Claudette Colbert's Real Life Story

Continued from page 31

September morning, the second child of Monsieur and Madame Chauchoin. She howled dismally when her nine-year-old brother announced that she looked "funny" and her father quietly remarked that her mouth was like a coal shute. But despite the disparaging remarks of the male members of the family they were all quite proud and joined with "Tantine" and "Grand—merle" in a family celebration. As is the French custom a baby's birth and name must be registered at the mairie at once. So Claudette's father stopped by for two tradesmen, the two witnesses the law requires, and at the city hall proudly wrote "Lily" on the registration blank where it said Christian name. "But no, no!" shouted the little mayor quite excitedly, "Lily is forbidden. Lily is not a saint's name!"

It seems that France is like that. There are 365 days in the year and 365 saints' names and little Christian babies must have a saint's name. Poor Mr. Chauchoin was quite disturbed. He had definite instructions from his wife and family to name the baby Lily, but France objected to Lily. And here were two nice kind tradesmen who had to go to their respective jobs, and could not wait while he ran home to confer with his wife. So rather than delay the tradesmen Mr. Chauchoin took matters into his own hands and wrote "Emily" which pleased France, and the saints, and the mayor, and the tradesmen, but which definitely, but definitely, did not please Mrs. Chauchoin. Whether France liked it or not, the baby was called Lily.

And Lily she was called up until the time she was fourteen. That year she
entered the Washington Irving High School in New York City and took great interest in her art classes. At that time, and I suppose they still do, all the pupils signed their drawings with their names and sold them out of boxes in down in a corner of the paper. Lily Chaucharin just wouldn't box no matter how you looked at it. After trying it over for several weeks Lily announced to her mother importantly, "I shall be a great artist very soon now. I must have a name with the same number of letters as Chauchoin so it will box beautifully in the corner."

So Mrs. Chaucharin thought and thought. Chaucharin had nine letters. So did Claudette. She still doesn't know just how she happened to think of that name. Anyway Lily was delighted with the new name, and looked so artistically lovely down in the corner of her drawings that she decided to adopt the name as her own, for the sake of her Art. So Emily Chaucharin became Lily Chaucharin who became Claudette Chaucharin because it boxed so beautifully!

When Claudette was seventeen, and decided that she would not be an artist or a ballet dancer, but an actress, she also decided that something must be done about Chaucharin. Travelling with good manners in Paris, but somehow the Americans just couldn't grasp it. She was the most mispronounced little girl in school. And the kid got publishers and movie studios driven crazy by calling her "Lily Shoestring."

Somehow Chaucharin could never make a theatre marquee. So Claudette adopted her great grandmother's name of Colbert. And the name Claudette Colbert brought her luck from the start. She has no intention of making any more changes.

Tracing Claudette's career through the years is practically the story of Claudette's life up until the time she went on the stage. But I have nothing better to do today so we might just as well fill in a few gaps. Claudette doesn't remember much about her babyhood in Paris except that she fell out of a second-story window one day and was quite surprised to find the earth so hard. She suffered no bad results from this fall apparently, though when she boastfully told the Lexington Avenue children about it later they chipped in true American fashion, "Yah, yah, Lily's mamma dropped her on her head when she was a baby!"

So Claudette disgustedly gave up boasting of her prowess at falling out of second-stories windows. This "falling" is a family trait. Claudette's grandmother, Madame Marie Augustine Lowe, was one of the best fallers. At the age of eighty-two she decided to clean the topshelf—(though there were three servants who could have done it)—of the pantry in Claudette's New York apartment one day, and fell from the top of the ladder to the floor with much clatter but with nothing worse than a bump the size of an egg on her head. She merely laughed and went on with her cleaning. Claudette's mother is also a good faller.

But Claudette, it seems, is going to take all the prizes. She can, and does, fall over everything from an ant hill to the Empire State Building. She had two rather embarrassing falls in New York. One day she was late for a matinee of "A Kiss in the Taxi" and it was raining cats and dogs and she didn't have enough money for a taxi so she had to take the Third Avenue Elevated. As she climbed out of the El at 42nd street she saw below the crossstreet trolley which would take her over to her theatre on Broadway, so she made one great dash for it. She slipped on the wet steps and went hippity-hop-hippity-hop all the way down to the bottom where she landed in the street in a big puddle of some too select city slush—her clothes ruined, her body bruised, but worst of all, her make-up smeared under a truck horse's feet. Nice tumble, that one.

And then there was the opening night of "See Naples and Die" which starred Claudette Colbert. She was supposed to enter in the third act waving her slipper. She tripped on the cement of the courtyard, real cement, tore her knee wide open, and did as beautiful a sprawl as has ever been seen on the stage. She had to finish the act with blood running down her leg, which didn't add to the romance. But since then she has always liked the New York critics because not a one of them stooped to pun, "Colbert tumbled in the last act."

"The first home of the Colberts in America was on East 68th Street, New York, and later they moved to East 53rd. Every afternoon at three o'clock Mrs. Colbert took Claudette to Park to play with her dolls or her skates until five o'clock. It was a regular routine and Claudette got pretty tired of it, and she also got tired of having her hair put up in curlers every night so she could have big hussies curls the next day. When she was seven her two favorite playmates were two little French boys in the neighborhood, three years younger than herself. Edward was a lovely little boy with beautiful Old World manners and grandmother Loew one day said, "When you grow up don't you want to marry Edward?" "No," said Claudette definitely, "I shall marry Lala." I regret to tell you, was the dirtiest little boy on the street, he simply wallowed in gutters, but he had the most angelic face and the longest lashes. Fortunately after she went on the stage and into the movies, Claudette lost her enthusiasm for long lashes and handsome faces. She likes very plain men.

Claudette's mother dressed her in buster brown collars in the winter and white middle suits and straw hats with streamers.

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Jane Baxter, English stage and screen star, seen on deck before sailing for home after completing her American role, in "Enchanted April."
in the summer. It was probably at this early age that she developed her love for simplicity in clothes. She was a serious, shy child, and terribly independent. Her mother taught her prim little French manners which simply shamed the children at school, and her mother also taught her not to tell lies—which lesson Claudette learned well, too well.

One of her mother’s dear friends called one afternoon in a hat that even Queen Mary would go thumbs down on, but Mrs. Chauchoin assured her guest that she thought she looked lovely, “I think,” said little Lily, “you look ugly.” So that night she was given another lesson in tact, which is the art of telling a lie that isn’t a lie. She cried and cried because her mother wouldn’t let her tell the truth. Little Claudette was meeting up with Life! (It was really about a year before poor Mrs. Chauchoin could teach Claudette tact. The child had the most extraordinary way of telling the awful truth and throwing everyone into dismay and confusion. The Chauchoins practically gave up having guests.)

She was a very bright little girl and stood at the head of her classes in all her subjects. At sixteen she was reading philosophy. She loved poetry and her idea of a perfect afternoon was to curl up in a window seat and read Edna St. Vincent Millay. Ah me, I fear our little Claudette was well on her way to becoming a highbrow, if the stage and poverty hadn’t interfered.

Claudette was the type who always got blamed for things she didn’t do. It never occurred to her, brought up so strictly, to be bad or disorderly in school, but somehow when things happened Claudette always looked guilty, and invariably got punished.

Only once in her life did she play hooky—and she didn’t get any pleasure out of it. Claudette had found herself a chum at Washington Irving High School, a pretty girl named Catharine, who was as irresponsible as Claudette was responsible.

One beautiful spring morning Claudette and Catharine were with their teacher and thirty other students down at the aquarium since they fish for the art class. “We’ll hide behind a pillar when they leave,” Catharine whispered to Claudette, “and then we’ll have chop suy and a martini.”

Claudette was enchanted by the idea, but she was easily persuaded (and still is). Claudette had just enough money to buy lunch at a Chinese restaurant and then balcony seats for the current Marjorie Rambeau play. Catharine was in raptures. Claudette was in misery. In the first place she had no permission from the forbidden chop suy, and in the second place she could hardly see the play for thinking about what would happen on the morrow.

Plenty happened! Claudette and Catharine, with the blame placed on Claudette, were suspended for two weeks, and what a disgrace that was! Claudette was afraid to tell her mother, so she went crying to her father and confessed her crime and for the next two weeks sat in his office every day from eight-thirty to three doing penance, and trying to keep her mother from finding out. Claudette decided, then and there, that Life’s Stolen Sweats were not for the likes of her.

She was fifteen then. At seventeen she graduated from Washington Irving High School and for a graduation present her father gave her and her mother a trip to Europe. There was a boat, and lapping waves, and radiant moonlight, and melting walruses, and a dashing young man who looked like Rudolph Valentino. He kissed Claudette—her first kiss—and she decided to marry him at once. His name was Davenport and he came from Georgia—but wait until next month!

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Lancelot in Modern Dress

Continued from page 20

for California and the cinema capital.

"I'm afraid Hollywood has me in its
spell," he remarked as he sipped a glass of
milk. "Next to England, I'd rather live in
Hollywood than any place in the world.
But I don't want to continue acting, regard-
less of where I live.

"I'm tired of it all, you see, and I'm too
old for the compensations of acting (ex-
ccept the money), to balance its draw-
backs.

"For I've always thought acting a pe-
culiar way for a man to make his living—
putting powder and paint on his face and
parading synthetic emotions before the pub-
lie. It's a woman's game!

"But when I was young, the fun of mak-
ing a name for myself, the thrill of the
appraise, the public recognition (which,
though I hated at times, I loved at others)
were wonderful, and made up for all the
inner misgivings I had about the caliber
of my profession.

"Now, I've reached the age where none
of those superficial things mean anything
to me—I'm on the stage and screen purely
to make enough money to leave them!"

Thus spoke the two Leslie Howard, the
modern, commercially-savvy business
man, cognizant of his urge to acquire
wealth; and the old-fashioned romanticist,
dissatisfied and disillusioned with both stage
and screen because of the very mercenary
aspect to which he subscribes.

"For many years I considered the stage
the only artistic medium and looked down
upon pictures as a rather mediocre order
of entertainment. I refused any number of
offers to go to Hollywood," he admitted.

"Then, when Warner Brothers bought
'Outward Bound,' in which I was appearing
on the stage, and offered me my same role
in the screen production, I began to believe
what many of my friends had been telling
me—that pictures had become 'uplifted' and
artistic—and first-class.

"I appeared in that picture and stayed
around Hollywood for the rest of the six
months for which my contract had been
signed—and then the studio informed me
that they would not take up my option, as
I had no sex-appeal."

Mr. Howard managed to maintain an un-
emotional countenance, but I could not re-
sist a gasp of amazement at this judgment
of the man who is today considered one of
the screen's leading exponents of masculine
charm, both by the public and by the men
and women who know him.

"I came back to Broadway and appeared
in several plays," he went on. "And then
I came my second try in pictures.

"Now, one of my prejudices against the
screen had been because an actor had so
little to say about his roles. In the theatre,
a producer submits a script to the actor he
has in mind for a part and the actor can
either accept or reject it as he sees fit after
reading the play.

"In pictures, of course, an actor is simply
signed on a term contract and must appear
in whatever films he is assigned.

"My experience in 'Outward Bound' had
been different and after my return to New
York, I made up my mind never to do an-
other picture.

"However, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent
for me and offered me a contract—and
because it was considered such an excellent
organization, I signed with them. And
the first role assigned me was in 'Never
the Twain Shall Meet!'

"Just lately I read the script I went to
Irving Thalberg, whose production it was,
and said to him, 'This is awful—it's old
and trite and has been done a thousand
times before. There is no reason nor justi-
fication for making it.'

"And his answer was simply: 'But it
will make money.'

"Then and there I decided to take pic-
tures as they came, purely as a money-
making proposition. For if Irving Thalberg,
admitedly one of the smartest men in the
business, could take an old, outworn story
and produce a picture from it solely to
make money, without regard for artistic
merit, then there was no use in ever con-
sidering films as an art.'

"However, Mr. Howard confesses that his
faith has been somewhat restored by his
own film of "Berkeley Square," and other
stars' successes in "The Barretts of Win-
pole Park," "Henry the Eighth," "Cath-
eline the Great." And he is frank in
admitting that his current dissatisfaction
with acting may be due simply to the in-
fluence of Hollywood, for it is not always
thus with him as he is one of those indi-

A scene from "Ruggles of Red Gap," with Charlie Ruggles not as Ruggles but
as Egbert, and Charles Laughton in the name part, a rôle the famous English
actor has longed to play on the screen. Now he gets his wish—and ours—
and everybody has cause to be happy.
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SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

The Truth About Berger
Continued from page 21

and inevitably as she breathes. Not for nothing have half a dozen Continental countries acclaimed her as the supreme dramatic genius of the generation. Her performance in a minor play like "Escape Me Never" was the outstanding success of the last London theatrical season. It moved Sir James Barrie to take up the play that has been lying idle for seven years, inspiring him to break his vow and write one more play so that the little Austrian's performance in it shall ensure him a magnificent swan-song.

But acting entails tremendous physical and mental strain, and slender elfin-like Elisabeth is bearing her burden of the role with splendid robust. To be able to spend long hours ranging the whole gamut of human emotions she has to conserve her strength with infinite care. A doctor is constantly examining her, making sure that she is not taxing her nervous vitality too much so that she breaks down completely as she did last spring.

Elisabeth has no energy left for social gaieties; and, essentially candid and clear-sighted, she does not desire the personal attentions that accompany success. She seeks the glamour for what it is worth and long ago rejected it.

"Fame is empty and it passes on," she said to me once. "Love and friendship last and they satisfy!"

To her work, she gives herself utterly — no actress could be more punctual nor more courteous to her fellow-players. But when her day's work is done, she considers she has discharged her obligations and that her rest should be her own. So passionately and determinedly she keeps her private life apart. In that slight body dwells an indomitable spirit, a pale flame illuminating an alabaster vane.

The world only sees a silent little woman with a Mona Lisa smile. We who are her friends alone know Elisabeth Berger, tenderly sensitive to the needs of others, generous to a fault and graciously hospitable.

She refuses to live in luxury or apartments. Always she must have her own home, a house and a garden and her fat old Tyrolean maid to guard the door, preventing her from speaking in English. Then all over the house Elisabeth splashes her favorite yellow in cushions and rugs and throws of antique and gilded roughs to hold her books.

She reads omnivorously, on art and philosophy and travel and the theatre; in German, Italian, and French as well as English. There is always a pile of books beside her bed which has her golden cherub masocot hanging over the head.

Everywhere in her rooms are flowers; not roses and orchids, for she hates sophisticated blooms, but the simple flowers and grasses of the fields arranged in big yellow jars. Sometimes the leafy branch of a tree will be propped against the wall; and, wet or fine, every window is open. If possible, she lives in a billy neighborhood for that reminds her of her native Salzburg. (The Beverly Hills will delight Elisabeth and she will assuredly rent a bungalow on the most inaccessible peak.)

Her friends are always welcome to join her for afternoon coffee which she takes instead of tea at five o'clock in the Viennese fashion. It is black coffee topped with thick whipped cream and served in china bowls, accompanied by a basket of the marzipan she fattens on. Elisabeth seems to be crunching at all hours of the day and night. She is not very interested in food — dinner is her only meal of the day—but she is continually smoking Turkish cigar-ettes in a long and slender amber holder.

Beauty treatments never trouble Elisabeth — amazingly she can keep fresh without them. Her skin is as soft and clear as a child's yet she only uses it a cold soap and water and very occasionally cleanses it with wax. Powder and a touch of dark lipstick is the scenery-maker she affects, and her hair owes its sheen to ten minutes brushing with a stiff hogsbristle morning and night.

At home Elisabeth always wears loose woolen lounging trousers and vividly colored little jackets buttoning to her neck and made of satin or suede according to fancy — and the outer garment is her only costume. In London most of her clothes were designed for her by Victor Stiebel, the young modiste who creates for members of the British Royal Family and some of Mayfair's richest women. Plain straight lines, high necks, fussy shoulder effects and tiny caps characterize Elisabeth's models.

Her favorite street-suit has a long tight-fitting skirt to lend her height, a bolero jacket of striped black and white tweed, a white shirt, a fringe cape collar and a black straw cap with one white organza bow for trimming. For evenings Elisabeth loves velvet gowns, simple and draped with "Queen Christina" collars of pale lace. As wraps she wears short jackets of metallic tissue with huge bunched sleeves that make her resemble a pretty medieval page.

Her sports clothes usually feature stripes and she always has some one-piece black suits for her only exercise in the water. Her husband swims with her, her companion as in everything else.

Paul is tall and dark and suave. He never loses his temper or his pleasant smile, and his quiet voice, curiously compelling, is never raised. Nightly he makes cracks at the crucial moment or an actor steps over the lines and runs the take as happened when he was directing the bouquet scenes in "Catherine the Great." (But the look he gave the man was more eloquently effective than any verbal storm.)

Elisabeth calls him her "big bear," using the affectionate German diminutive, and frankly adores him. To see them together is to realize what marriage blessed with perfect understanding can be. There is no elaborate demonstration. A look, a smile, a gesture—that is all, but each seems to know instinctively what the other is thinking.

Elisabeth leaves all her financial and business arrangements to her husband. He also interviews the studio critics, afterward discussing their proposals with his wife in private. Then he returns with her decision, which is really her acceptance of it from the start. She takes him at his word and relies on him implicitly, happy that he can organize these things for her so that she is free to concentrate on her work.

When Elisabeth receives the script of a new part, she spends long hours lying on her bed and poring over its possibilities; and it is only when she feels she understands the character she
Lee Tracy seems glad, (he should) that Sally Eillers has returned to film opposite him in “Carnival.”

is to play sufficiently to be able to merge herself into it. If she cannot achieve this sympathy with her role, back goes the script and they must find another actress. Never will Elisabeth attempt anything without complete self-confidence. That is why she has never had a failure either on the stage or screen.

Once she “feels” the part, she spends several days interpreting it with her husband. He rehearses every word and movement to express with her at home, often in front of a big mirror so that she can watch herself too. Only when Elisabeth has fully perfected herself does she go to the studio, and then she is ready to walk before the cameras. No footage is ever wasted because Elisabeth Bergner “fines.”

When she is made up, Paul comes to scrutinize her, then he takes her down to the set. Silently she walks, oblivious to anyone she meets, not because she is unfriendly but because her mind is absorbed in her part. Already she is beginning to put on the personality of the woman she is going to portray.

The rest of the cast have already been rehearsed, an extra girl deputizing for the star, so everything is ready. At a nod from her husband Elisabeth steps on to the set and then she is no longer Elisabeth Bergner. Literally she lives in her character, her magnetic voice deepening and pulsing, her lovely slim hands leading the point, the expressive lights playing in her eyes so finely no photography has fully captured them as yet.

When she flung herself on the floor in an abandonment of grief in “Dreaming Lips” she had livid bruises afterwards and torn-out strands of her own hair clutched in her fingers. In “Catherine,” the camera-men actually saw the angry color rush into her face when Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as the young Emperor, insultingly flouted his mistress before her. “Why will Hollywood make of her?” is the question everyone is asking me. Certainly it will never alter Elisabeth nor induce her to make a picture in any way but her own. “I can’t” will be her simple reply, and if the Grand Moguls persist, she will walk away. There will be no tears or temperamental arguments. She has stated the fact and that is the end.

Elisabeth Bergner, knows herself. That gives her an unassailable poise and a courage in the studio that can never shake. So if Hollywood is wise it will recognize her as the actress who is different and remember that genius is a sensitive plant requiring gentle and sympathetic handling.

They were soft and full and lovely,” said Gary Cooper, after comparing the new paintless lipstick called Tangee with ordinary kinds.

We caught Gary Cooper between two scenes of his new Samuel Goldwyn Production, "The Wedding Night." "We showed him three girls—one had used no lipstick, one had used ordinary lipstick, one had used Tangee.

"Which lips are most appealing?" that’s the question we asked him. It took Gary Cooper one look to decide. “I prefer the honest-looking lips,” he said. He didn’t know it... but he picked the girl who used Tangee.

Most men do. For there’s nothing attractive about a streak of paint... either to look at or to touch. But Tangee doesn’t paint your lips. It can’t paint them, because it isn’t paint. In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose exactly right for you. Your lips look soft, lovely, appealing. The kind of lips men like to kiss, Try Tangee. There are two sizes... 39 cents and $1.10. Or send 10 cents with coupon for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

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"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum? Those were his very words. Imagine!"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."

(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"I'm sorry, Miss Clark, but I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of your position here."

She's bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

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Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

You need Mum for this, too. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.

Greta Garbo—Home Town Girl

Continued from page 25

Greta Garbo—Home Town Girl

A star comedian and his actress wife, whom you see in short comedies billed as Ernest Trues and Mary Jane Barrett.

giant stories. In fact she was a very, very ordinary girl like herself and she would not have been surprised in the least to learn that she too was keeping a thread and needle store somewhere! There was a little sileen here, that this Greta Gustafsson should be—but she really didn't believe a word of it! She knew Greta too well! Why, Greta could come from the barber shop and sit here on this counter and have coffee with her—just like any other "soap girl" friend would have done! As we were leaving, however, after a few words, she had prattled on in commonplaces that gave Greta a human reality that was impressive, the little thread and needle woman turned to me and asked confidentially, if it were all really true what they said about this Greta Garbo...

A little further down the street we found the tonorial parlor where Greta Garbo, (Gustafsson), had once worked. Greta's former boss, Ekengren, had long since moved away, after having accumulated a modest fortune, and made a small fortune trading on his fame as the one-time employer of the great film star. It is said that all the youths—and later girls to receive the "Greta Garbo bob," that he had invented—flocked there from miles around.

We learned all these things and many intimate tidbits about Greta from Greta's former side-partner, "soap girl," Mártha Thörnand, who still works in the same barber shop, whom she has graduated from the apprentice job of "soap girl" to the position of a full-fledged barber. I had to wait until my turn came before I could occupy her chair. Therewith I had received Greta's confidence. Mártha said that she thought she was a little older than Greta; she was now twenty-three and had become very stout. She laughed about this as if she did about everything, except Greta. She said that Greta had been a good business-getter. Students and soldiers for some reason liked to be shaved by her and many of them had no reason to be shaved at all and others were shaved too often! And there was always someone waiting to take Greta home after her work.

She explained just what Greta's job as soap girl had been, adding that Greta would probably have no chance as a barber and she was sure would have owned a shop of her own by now: shaking her head, as though it would have given her so much satisfaction to have it up for the movie business. She called over one of the soap girls to illustrate, telling me to pretend that this one was little Greta Gustafsson, for I was sitting in Greta's chair. The shop was divided into two groups of chairs: the favored group for those needing a shave. It was the soap girl's job to lather the customer and rub it in and "prepare" the subject for the razor. It is a pleasant experience for all concerned, and I am sure a man would choose a shop where he could be lathered by a soap girl. I lay back with closed eyes and fancied I was being soaped by Greta Garbo!

They used to have a great deal of fun together, she and Greta—continued Märtha—and certain customers would be grouchly and others would jolly them. But Greta had a certain dignity about her and had never allowed men to get fresh with her. There was something about that nose that made people respect her. And then there was the fact that she ever saw Greta, would give her the kindlest regards and tell her she thought of her and the old days often. Oh, so often! I could tell by the way she said it that she knew that Greta Gustafsson no longer lived.

Greta's home was just around the corner. Fascinating the pretty little Gustafsson girl walking over with us from her barber shop, we all went over together. Her home we found to be a three-roomed apartment on the third floor of a tenement house on a gloomy street. We paused in the backyard hung with new-washed clothes, where some children were playing—as Lila Keta Gustafsson, (as the neighbors called her, an affectionate term for "Little Greta"), while their mothers did the washing in the community wash house adjoining.

An old woman came to the door of Greta's former apartment. She had us sit in the tiny parlor-dining room while she half tearfully told us how she had always loved Lila Keta. Why, hadn't she rocked her on her knee as a baby? Greta used to play with her grandchildren. And what do you suppose they played? Theatre! And now—their stories, (she shook her head in disbelief), that Lila Keta is this great actor of the theatre, Look! She has all of these pictures cut from the Swedish papers of Greta Garbo. But those are not Lila Keta Gustafsson, whom they all still love and talk about.

Then one night, I sat with two men at a table high up on the terrace of the restaurant Mooseacker. Below and adjoining was the Mooseacker Theatre. One of these men was the owner, Herr Meuring, and he told me how he had first seen Greta, when she had asked him if she might go back-stage to the great actor Carl Erison and get his autograph. The next time he had seen her, she was with her director, Mauritz Stiller, and Louis B. Mayer, the American film magnate, in room No. 5 of his famous Rosenbad Restaurant signing a contract that would take her to far-off Hollywood. And again, when she had come back to Sweden, she had come here to the Mooseacker and sat at this table, where we now sat, and he had talked with her. But she was not that young Swedish girl who had come away. This was quite another woman. No, no, Greta Gustafsson and Greta Garbo are not the same!

It remained for my friend, Olofs-Erik Landberg, whom I had met in the Land of the Midnight Sun, to interpret both Lila Keta Gustafsson and Greta Garbo in terms of the Swedish tradition. "When Greta was eighteen, she was beautiful! I don't mean the way she is beautiful now; then
she was youth, laughing, filled with fun. And she had what you call 'sex appeal.' Every man when he did see Greta. But she was a good girl and work hard; nobody will see that she is anything more than a nice girl. Then one night, when the Dramatic School is giving a trial performance, this man Mauritz Stiller came looking for 'material' for the films. He alone knew what Greta would become. Before, she was simple, but never ordinary. She could stand beside the King, (as she has done since), and never he 'out of the picture.' And then Stiller discovered her!

What Landberg meant to say; what they all say is, that when Mauritz Stiller came into the life of Greta Gustafsson, she changed. Overnight, Lila Keta Gustafsson became the Great Garbo in essence. A mysterious sadness came into both their lives, that pursued him to that last moment when he is said to have come back to Sweden without his Greta, but with a broken heart, and shortly after died. That he loved her, none could swear, though no one doubted it. He was Svengali in certain aspects of his jealous guardianship of her art and power over her genius and she, like another Trilby, flowered under his direction. Because she was so ravishingly beautiful then and he so ugly, they called them "Beauty and the Beast."

When Stiller saw the first American picture made with Greta Garbo—only partially under his guiding hand—be tore his hair and demanded that it be destroyed. This was not Lila Keta, nor was it his Greta. That lovely, living creature had been turned to marble. That splinter-like expression so familiar to us today had come into her face and eyes.

Hollywood went crazy over the picture, however, and turned their backs on Stiller. America acclaimed her, and Greta Garbo that we know today was born.

Somewhere between Lila Keta Gustafsson and Greta Garbo lies the lost soul of the famous movie star. She is not happy in America, and she cries when she comes back to Sweden. She has become a woman without a country; as much a myth as Greta Garbo in Sweden, as Greta Gustafsson is in America. Meanwhile the praying world misses no opportunity of peering into her life trying in vain to find that person which she too is looking for.

**At Home—To You!**

Continued from page 25

time it was famous as the portable dressing-room which Joan Crawford gave to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. When Fairbanks went to Europe, everybody forgot about the dressing-room. It was left behind on the Warner Brothers lot. Muni saw it, bought it, brought it home like a stray dog, and has loved it ever since. It's here that he rehearse his lines aloud.

Just across the street from Muni, live Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. When these two first moved out of the heart of Hollywood to their ranch here in San Fernando, they made the public statement that they lived seven miles from the nearest movie actor. Now, however, they borrow salt from Muni and Muni borrows sugar from them. In the center of forty acres of walnut grove, Ann and Leslie have built an Andalusian farm house modeled after the architecture that they saw in Spain when on their honeymoon tour of the world. The house has low roof lines, wide verandas, and only three rooms—a combination living-room and dinette, one bedroom and bath, a tiny kitchen. Originally, it was planned as an eleven-room affair. But when Ann saw those three finished rooms, she urged

**Beware of napkins that don't stay soft**

**HAVE** you—like many other women—wondered how napkins can feel so soft to begin with and later turn into instruments of torture? Chafing... cutting... rubbing delicate skin surfaces until every step hurts!

Here's your answer: They harden.

Surface softness in a napkin is no guarantee against hardening. Lasting comfort must be built in! That's the principle upon which Modess is made. That's why Modess is soft to start with—and stays soft in use.

Special materials go into Modess. And they're put together in a special way. No other napkin can duplicate Modess construction, which means that no other napkin can give you the comfort that is yours when you wear Modess.

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Even before you test Modess in use, your eyes and your finger-tips can prove to you why and how it's better. Feel the softness of the specially-treated surgical gauze that covers the pad. Then turn back the gauze and see—just underneath—the layer of downy fluff that cushions the fluffly filler. That's exclusive with Modess.

And notice this about the filler. It's not made of harsh, paper-like layers. Millions of tiny fibres, actually blown into shape, form its yielding softness—make it super-absorbent—and proof against hardened edges.

And remember—this softer napkin is safer, too. There's a special protective backing that guards against "accidents."

**Modess is not expensive!**

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. You'll be astonished at its low price. But even better than its bargain price is the lasting comfort Modess brings. Wear Modess once, and you'll have solved the chafing problem!

**MODESS stays soft in use!**
WHY MEN "FALL" FOR CERTAIN GIRLS
— a simple beauty secret

BULL, lifeless eyes are a handicap to happiness. Yet you can have lovely eyes in 40 seconds! There's no need to envy girls who always have "dates"—you can accent your eyes so easily, so inexpensively.

See how quickly my Winx Mascara glorifies your lashes, giving your face a new charm. Little eyes become big. Skinny lashes become long, lustrous. Remember your eyes are your fortune—beacons on the road to romance.

For "Come hither eyes"
Winx your lashes and brows

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara—so will you. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my true offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

FREE Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you with □ Black or □ Brown.

Leslie to stop building then and there. And he did.

"It's too small to invite any house guests," she explains, with a Mona Lisa smile. The truth is that she's seriously studying bacteriology and the place is littered with vials and test-tubes.

Warren William has a country home that's actually in the country. The attic is the interesting feature. Mr. William, with his leaning toward things musical, has converted the attic into a ship's chart room which can be reached only by a secret stairway located above his bed. That is, it was a secret up to a moment ago. But now you know.

Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes, live in a Cape Cod Colonial cottage perched on the tallest of the Hollywood hills. The house is often used in magazines as an illustration of perfect architecture.

It's beautiful. It's cheerful. It's furnished in early American. Of course, Joan will confess to you that occasionally the immense fireplace smokes. But there's a recompense in the huge picture window which overlooks all of Hollywood. The window has a purpose in being. It is that Joan has set up powerful binoculars through which she can see everything that goes on in the film capital. So when you come to Hollywood, remember no peons on your knife!

Carl Brisson was not at home when we called. But Mrs. Brisson, dressed in a Danish sailor suit, received us with a sailor's hompripe. The reason for the demonstration was that this day was her birthday. She first brought out her gifts, then afternoon tea. The shadows grew long on the pleasant terrace before she finally showed us through the house. It has twelve master bedrooms and one master, one swimming pool and twelve fish.

The garden is their Eden. The rock plants are from Tibet. The black roses are from Germany. The jungle plants are from Malay. The yellow poppies are from California. But the chief pride and joy of the Brisons lies in their orchard. Lemon, orange, grapefruit trees. Olive, fig, avocado, papaya and passion fruit.

Spray gun in hand, Carl wages war against the pests that invade their paradise. We suppose he sings as he works. We don't know—for certain.

In striking contrast to the Brisson menage is the inconspicuous frame cottage on the quiet street where Kay Francis lives. It sits well back from the curb, shy in the shadows of the tall apartments all about it. The little house is a sitting mate for the star's Ford that is spectacularly shabby. It's somewhat of a surprise to discover that your glamorous Kay has the simplest taste in all Hollywood.

A few years ago, she was mistress of an elaborate estate. She gave it up for the comfort of a cottage, so small that there's not room enough to keep the huge voluminous scrap-books which Kay has accumulated. So her mother, who lives nearby, has had to rent a big house in order to keep the books with her!

There are very few apartment houses in Hollywood. Those who live in them are known as cliff dwellers. George Raft is one; Mae West another. They look out on the same street. In fact, they can wave at each other at each empty window.

George occupies a duplex penthouse. You must pass muster with the clerk, a bell hop, and the elevator operator. After several hours inspection, you finally reach Beatrice, his house-keeper. She also asks seven questions. From Beatrice, you graduate to Mack Gray, who was formerly Raft's trainer, and now lives with him and takes care of him. But Beatrice does all the cooking and half the scolding—which is as it should be.

Mae West was on the set when we called around. So the famous Libby who plays her maid in real life as well as on the screen with Miss West, showed us a dream in ivory and gold. The living-room is ivory and gold. The breakfast-room is ivory and gold. There's an ivory and gold bedroom—and shhhh—a mirror over and behind the
New Slant on Shirley

Continued from page 19

mention supervising the fan mail that pours into the Fox studio at the rate of 4,000 letters a week. On top of that he takes time off to be interviewed, and makes it a point to be a friend and companion of his lovable youngster.

Some job? I'll say! And for anyone who didn't possess Mr. Temple's gracious humor, it would be more than a job; it would be an ordeal, except for those delightful moments with the inimitable Shirley.

"After Shirley's first popularity, the procession of life insurance agents began," said Mr. Temple. "Just for fun one day, I kept their cards. Between summer and sundown 17 different men extolled the virtues of life insurance. It's pothered out a little now," laughed Mr. Temple. "Only four or five a day come in."

Real estate salesmen were next in volume. They ranged from subdivision promoters to depression millionaires who would sacrifice their Bel-Air mansion for a paltry $50,000.

"Even my own bank picked on me," exclaimed Mr. Temple. "The trust department tried to sell me one of the Hollywood show places—with about 10 bedrooms, 6 garages, and at least a dozen baths. It was too much for me. I'm not going in for that kind of thing."

So he quickly disposed of the real estate question by taking a compatible but modest home in Santa Monica—room enough for Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Shirley's two brothers, Shirley's nurse, and two rooms for Shirley, a playroom and playroom in which she can arrange and rearrange her blocks and numerous dolls to her heart's content.

The yard, that's what Mr. Temple calls it, is spacious but not extensive. There is an enclosed patio in which Shirley can play away from curious eyes, and a fenced-in
**FREE**
The most complete book ever written on how to powder your face with Mello-glo, including a Mello-glo Coupon. Not a generous offer.

**YOU LOOK 10 years younger**
**TONIGHT** he said admiringly, got puzzled

PART of every woman's secret of enchantment is to keep "him" guessing ... to be ever provocative, alluring.

Just when "he" thinks he has you cataloged, then is the time to take an inventory of one's self. Are you aware, for example, of that new secret of Parisian charm—the up-to-the-minute art of powdering to look un-powdered?

You, too, can attain this French chie by switching to the new and amazing SOFT-TONE Mello-glo. It gives an utterly new effect—a rose-petal complexion of youthful freshness, never artificial, always adorable.

You will be thrilled, in using this new creation, at how smoothly it blends in without shine, how it lasts longer than any powder you've used, how its velvety texture conceals pores, blemishes, etc., all due to an exclusive process—it's a stratified (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence grit-free.

Now you need not fear a "close-up" ... to erode over-powdered look, no artificiality—disliked by men. For SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is invisible, blending perfectly.

Everywhere the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is a sensation. Its superiority is so instantaneously recognized and agreed with by your favorite. Buy a box today. You'll be delighted. In five flattering shades, specially perfumed—50¢ and $1.

**NOTE:** To obtain a new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you must ask for the gold box with the white edge, which distinguishes it from our Fair-Tone Mello-glo (heavy) in golden box with white edge.

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Sunny backyard, where Shirley has her little playhouse. All in all, such a home befits the manager of a bank rather than an ostentatious movie star.

In the same quick fashion Mr. Temple disposed of the automobile salesman. He was offered Rolls Royces galore, and "set-tled" for a medium-priced car. It gets the family places, but is hard to get by studio gate men who can't believe that the screen's new sensation, Shirley Temple, rides in that kind of an automobile.

Stock peddlers should have known better than to tackle a conservative banker like Mr. Temple. Nevertheless, he was offered interests in gushers from Venezuela to Wyoming, and in gold mines throughout California.

"I tell for only one thing," explained Mr. Temple. "I just couldn't resist it. I picked up some stock in the bank at a bargain. But I knew what it was worth—a lot more than I paid for it.

"Otherwise Shirley's money goes into savings accounts and bonds."

On one group Mr. Temple wastes no time—the geysty who solicit endorsements. He turns them over immediately to Lloyd Wright, Fox Film's Los Angeles lawyer, who passes on their merits and usually declines with thanks.

With the same alacrity Mr. Temple turns down all pleas for assistance—even the one from the lady who practically demanded $10,000 to pay off the mortgage on the farm. "After all," explains Mr. Temple, "it isn't my money; it's Shirley's; and even though I might in some instances wish to help, I have to conserve Shirley's earnings for her.

With it all, Mr. Temple has found himself almost as famous as his much photographed daughter.

"Many people come in the bank to look me over and see if there is any resemblance," laughed Mr. Temple, "Most of them leave disappointed. But there's some compensation. Like the middle-aged lady from the Middle West. I must have passed inspection, for she opened up a nice account."

As a matter of fact, the lady from the Middle West isn't the only one who's been drawn to Mr. Temple's bank through the popularity of Shirley, James Dunn, who stars with her in "Bright Eyes," and Director David Butler have started accounts there. So have many motion picture exhibitors who drop in while the wife on the carpet great the father of the little girl who swells their box-office receipts to the breaking point.

But Mr. Temple's troubles don't end with the business day. They pursue him to the quiet of Santa Monica. Standing in front of his home one night, he observed an out of town car drive up and the occupants peer out.

"Anything I can do for you?" called Mr. Temple.

"No," came the response, "we just wanted to see what Shirley's father looked like!"

Some aren't so easily satisfied. As the Temple's sat at dinner one evening, the front door bell rang. Even before the door could be closed, a man brushed in. Seven tourists trooped after him to the dining room.

"We're from Pennsylvania," explained the intruders apologetically, "and we just had to see Shirley before we went back home."

As yet all this curiosity hasn't affected Shirley in any way, insists Mr. Temple. "Of course I'm proud of her remarkably well," explained Mr. Temple. "On a few occasions Shirley has asked why everyone stares at her. Then her mother quite naturally explains that everyone is interested in little children who look nice and eat their spinach and like to see them just like they do little poppies and kittens."

It satisfies Shirley and also solves the spinach problem.

"Mrs. Temple also supervises her choice of play-mates. There's no mention of pictures during play-time. One youngster in asking to play with Shirley said proudly that she was a cousin of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Needless to say, she didn't come back."

"Shirley herself knows how to pick her play-mates," continued Mr. Temple. "One day she told her mother she didn't think she should play with Jantice any more. When her mother asked why, Shirley replied, "Because she told me to shut-up." Just because Shirley knows her Emily Post, don't imagine she's too prim. She's as thoroughly natural and genuine in her tastes as the little girl around the corner from your house.

As a special treat she was allowed to stay up and attend the preview of "Bright Eyes." She sat mildly interested through her picture, and at the end was promptly picked up and carried out the back way to avoid the crush of the crowds.

But Mr. Temple didn't begin his exit soon enough. Over his shoulder Shirley caught a fleeting glimpse of the subject, and broke into heart-rending sobs.

"It's Mickey Mouse," she cried. "I want to stay and see Mickey Mouse!"

On the next week-end Mr. Temple decided to make up for his daughter's disappointment. Ordinarily he reads a funny paper to her every Sunday. But this week he brought home all the funny papers—96 pages in all.

"But I tricked her," chuckled Mr. Temple. "I started on Saturday afternoon, so I could finish by Sunday night." And do you know what Shirley's favorite comics are—well, you'd think she was the third boy in the family, for her favorites are "Katzennjammer Kids," and "Pogo, the Sailor."

No wonder she eats her spinach!
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

All-a-Flitter. I don't blame you, for haven't we all gone quite mad about Robert Donat (pronounced Do-nay). You remember he was Thomas Culpepper in "Henry the Eighth" and the feminine hearts began to cut-capers after that film was shown; and then to top all this, along comes Robert with his wonderful rôle of Edmond Dantes in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Before he had an opportunity to know the result of his fine work he was dashed off to England. He was offered the male lead in "Smilin' Thru" with Norma Shearer but refused it, feeling he needed more screen experience, and now he is quite ready for any good rôle. Robert was born in Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, and made his stage début at the age of seven. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Yes—he's married.

Dorothy M. Russell Hardie was Jean Parker's sweetheer in "Operator Thirteen" with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper. Gary was born on May 7, 1901, in Helena, Montana. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. He was married on December 15, 1933, to Veronica Balfe, known on the screen as Sandra Shaw. Helen Hayes was born in Washington, D. C., on October 10, 1900. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 90 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Charles MacArthur, playwright and producer. They were married on August 17, 1928, and have a four-year-old daughter, Mary.

M. W. The nimble-footed Fred Astaire was born on May 10, 1909, in Omaha, Nebraska. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He was married in July 1933 to Mrs. Phyllis Baker-Livingston Potter, of the social register. Fred's latest release is "The Gay Divorcee" with Ginger Rogers.

Khum Sathit W. of Siam. How can you get the Bathing Cinema Girls? If you don't look out, they'll get you. If you'll write to the various studios, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Columbia, RKO-Radio, Universal or Fox and make your request they may favor you with a bunch of beautiful girls—pictures of course. Loretta Young was born on January 6, 1912. She has not married since her divorce from Grant Withers. Marian Marsh, whose real name is Violet Krauth, was born on October 17, 1913. Mary Carlisle was born on February 3, 1912. Mary and Marian are still single.

Miss Thelma G. L.: In that spooky picture, "Frankenstein," Colin Clive created the rôle of the mad surgical genius. Frankenstein; Boris Karloff was The Monster; Mae Clarke, Elizabeth; John Boles, Victor; Edward Van Sloan, Dr. Waldman, and The Dwarf was Dwight Frye.

Dorothy D. Eric Linden was in Europe for some time, and since his return has not made any picture contracts as he was playing in "Ladies Money," a recent Broadway stage play. Otto Kruger can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios; Chick Chandler at RKO-Radio studios. Prominent male players with Douglas Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?" were Alan Mowbray, Earle Foxe, George Meeker, Donald Haines and G. P. Huntley Jr.
the Campfire girls, because she brings sweetness and light to the hearts of millions, thereby proving that virtue and innocence will keep a star on top of the pile for years without end—apparently.

Frederic March gets a medal because he is not only intelligent and versatile, as well as being a good actor, but because he has more business acumen than any other actor I know.

Gary Cooper gets a medal because he has not only shown a steady improvement in his work but because when he talks he really says something and because he is one of the few actors who knows how to keep his mouth shut.

All of a sudden my hay fever comes on and the way my head jerks when I sneeze puts me in mind of the Queen of Hearts who goes around yelling, "Off with his head!" Step this way, ladies and gents, to the executioner's chamber.

One bird to Hepburn for making herself more ridiculous than almost anyone I know. She goes to public places where she knows there will be photographers and then pretends she doesn't want her picture taken and either runs or hides her face.

Well! That's over. An ice-pack on my fevered brow and off to the garden in quest of more posies.

The nasturtiums for Myrna Loy because to me she is the most exotic and colorful actress on the screen and because, from all accounts, she hasn't changed from the days when she was making the rounds of Hollywood unimagined and untold.

A blob of color—aah, yes! The bed of giant yellow chrysanthemums for Jean Harlow because she, too, is unchanged and because she has developed from a sexy clothes horse into a first-rate comedienne.

Another medal—to Ronald Colman because he is the only star I know who has such a hold on the public fancy he can stay away from the screen for a year or two, return, make a picture and be as firmly entrenched in popular favor as when he left. What is this strange power you have over people, Ronnie?

A medal to Chester Morris because although he isn't the spectacular figure he was when the talkies first came in, he is slowly but surely fighting his way back to his former prominence after a long siege of mismanagement and bad stories.

The bed of shamrocks to Maureen O'Sullivan because, in my opinion, she gave the outstanding performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and because she is constantly improving as an actress.

Step this way, Mr., Fred Astaire, and be decorated for your dancing and because, while dancers are not supposed to do anything but dance, you also proved yourself a most agreeable light comedian.

A medal for John Beal because he gave a convincing performance in "Hat, Coat and Glove," because he is one of the finest of the young actors and because he is playing the title role in "The Little Minister."

The moonflowers to Alice Faye because she used to sing in night clubs, because from that humble beginning and in the face of reams of unpleasant publicity attending her induction into pictures she has still managed to keep going and improving.

The daisies go to Marion Davies because she is one of the best sports in Hollywood, because her charities are legion, and because no one ever hears of them except in rare instances where she has to give a public benefit performance to raise additional funds for the children's clinic she has endowed.
Hands made smoother, softer, whiter—too, with famous medicated cream

Here's a sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!

A hospital secret
This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

To end skin faults
Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, callouses, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oilliness and other ugly skin faults.

Wonderful for skin faults, too

*Helps end large pores, blackheads, pimples, oily skin, flakiness

Special offer!
Noxzema costs very little. Get a jar at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send only $1.50 for a generous 30c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 83, Baltimore, Md.

Noxzema is a smooth, white, greasemlesss cream—not sticky, greasy or messy to use.

For March 1935
On the Set with Maurice

Continued from page 29

man. A second or two while the microphone gets under way, and nerves slowly tense. Then: "Speed!" calls the operator, high up on his boom, and the action begins.

Chevalier is now playing the role of Charlier, a popular music-hall performer at the Folies Bergère—a lively, impudent young man with an air of swagger, in a tattercoat and a belted coat whose checkered pattern is a shade on the flashy side. Yet it's not the difference in make-up or costume which has changed him into a wholly different being from the Baron Cassini.

"It's the art," as Charlier points out, turning before the astonished gaze of the Baron's friends into Cassini again, poised, ironic, aloof. It's some inner change which the actor's skill has wrought.

The scene may or may not be played through. Any one of a dozen things may serve to interrupt it. Despite the strained silence, an alien noise may be picked up by the super-sensitive ears of the microphone. An actor may blow up in his lines. On the rare occasions when Chevalier himself blows up, he snaps his fingers, growls: "Damn it!" and looks miserable. Curly-haired Ann Sothern, they call Charlier's sweetheart, sinks back into his arms and puts her finger playfully to her mouth. Once a butterfly, heedless of the fact that no call had been left for him, floated nonchalantly into an otherwise perfect scene. These things are taken as routine.

"Did I make you nervous?" an actor, who had been having considerable trouble with his memory, asked Chevalier.

Maurice hesitated. "A little bit," he acknowledged honestly, then added: "But we're all in the same boat. That's a tough scene."

Once it was Del Ruth himself who was the offender. After a series of abortive takes, they were finally getting what they wanted—the tempo was light, quick, easy—everybody had caught the swing of the action, and the scene was going big. Suddenly the director grinned—frowned, grinned again—his eyes turned wild and his face twisted into his most unbelievable contortions, but it wasn't any use—he burst into a violent sneeze.

A grin was on everybody's face. Honer himself had nodded! "Sorry, Maurice," he apologized somewhat sheepishly to Chevalier, whose speech he had sneezed into.

"On the contrary," beamed Maurice with a deferential bow. "It was a pleasure!"

Even when there are no interruptions, each scene is repeated a number of times. And since Chevalier hears the brunt of most of them, the lion's share of the labor falls to him. Over and over and over again he plays it, and no matter how tired he may seem before going into action, at the word: "Speed!" he drops his fatigue like a cloak and attacks the scene with as much sparkle and zest as though he were fresh.

"O.K." The seal of approval is finally affixed, and tension slackens. A period of respite—for all in the scene but Chevalier. "Boh," he calls to his stand-in, "Cigarette," and joins the French group to go over his lines with them.

Now they do it in French—rehearsals, takes, and more takes. It seems incredible that anyone should be able to repeat the same phrases so many dozens of times and still be able to whisper every possible ounce of significance. And if you think, as I did, that he's finished now, you were never more mistaken. The close-ups are yet to come, and French and English. Which means the same procedure all over again, only more of it. For the technique of the close-up demands repetitions of the scene, even in its entirety, but this he bit, with the cameras moved in and the hot lights breathing closer. Small wonder, when the whole thing's finished and done, that Chevalier sighs: "Amen!" and goes in search of the peace and seclusion his nerves must be clamoring for.

But he recovers his energy with remarkable rapidity, and appears promptly in the baronial make-up, ready to exchange pleasantries with Ronald Colman and Lor- retta Young, who are working on the same lot in "Clive of India" and have come to pay a visit to the Folies Bergère set. Miss Young is a vision in the hoop skirts of the 18th century. Chevalier, modestly conscious of his own moustache, casts critical eyes upon Mr. Colman, complete in ruffles, knee breeches and buckled slippers, but minus the customary hair on his upper lip. "You ought to have a straw hat," Chevalier says.

The next scene is called. It's a scene that requires delicate handling. Charlier is masquerading as the Baron. To his vis-a-vis, who believes him to be the Baron, he must be the Baron. To his audience, who know him well, he's the Baron. A little effect, strategically placed, gives the illusion of the Baron with a difference. And so shrewdly does Chevalier execute this tour de force that the end of the scene finds the crew of hard-boiled technicians grinning from ear to ear, one of them with his hand clapped over his mouth to stifle a laugh, and even the director—disciplinarian that he is—smiling in spite of himself. A movie actor can earn no sweater applause.

Particularly interesting to watch are the love scenes as played by Chevalier and the Baron. You find yourself thinking of them as two different men, and you've got to drag your mind back to the realization that they're played by the same man. Harvey's Chevalier as Charlier, making love to the Mimi of Ann Sothern. His technique is direct, and a trifle brusque. He doesn't go in much for the fine nuances. His kisses have more ardor than tenderness. He's a simple fellow with primitive emotions, and when he suspects that his sweetheart has done him wrong, he raises his good right arm and relieves his heart by a stinging blow to her jaw—and feels that he's done all that could be done to make a good and a lover. And Mimi adores him for it.

Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel provide the comedy relief for the new Evelyn Laye-Ramon Novarro film.
Another scene. The Baron is wooing his own wife, played by Merle Oberon. His smile is less radiant than Charter's but infinitely more subtle. He subdues by finesse where Charlier conquers by force, and when he bends his head over the exquisite face of the Baronne, his low voice murmuring endearments, tenderness thinly veiling the passion in his eyes, I miss my guess if Charlier's man doesn't set the heart of the feminine world pounding all over again, doesn't capture it still more securely than did the summy antiquaire who took us by storm in "Imp fellows of Paris." And not that alone. It will mark him as well an actor of subtlety and finish, a brilliant interpreter of sophisticated comedy. The last picture I've seen of him is the chance character, a part he can yet his teeth into—parts, for good measure—the flamboyant music-hall star, the polished nobleman.

Those of us who have seen his work on the stage have long been dissatisfied with the fate which has tended to type him the gay, romantic lover and little beside—a delightful fellow who smiles pleasantly, makes love charmingly, sings an amiable song or two and sticks out his lower lip. That was all right to begin with. But to go on with it endlessly! Knowing how much more he could do, we waited and prayed for the powers that be to let him do it. And at last they have.

He started in Paris as a red-nosed clown, and could have continued as a red-nosed clown indefinitely, for the audiences loved him. But he wanted to try something different. So one day he doffed his ludicrous disguise and sang a song straight, and the audiences loved him still better. I don't see how history can help repeating itself nor how present-day audiences, loving the warmth of Chevalier, the personality, can fail to love still better the added depth and variety of Chevalier, the actor.

Hollywood's Own Fashion Revolt!

Continued from page 33

"Now what do I mean by that, you say? Thus far, I could conceivably say when it comes to unusual, yet not bizarre, I know she will perceive its rightness and fitness and never am I disappointed. As an instance, for Miss Colbert's role in 'The Gilded Lily' there are two costumes which are exquisite yet 'legitimate.' One is a beige tweed suit—Miss Colbert looks her loveliest in pastels—lined with sable. There is richness which is not obvious, yet gauche. The other is a white evening gown featuring three tiers of ruffles. This introduces the new silhouette which conveys ethereal rather than suggestive body lines.

"Now in the case of Miss Dietrich I find her chaste beauty is so individual that smartness is best achieved through a bombardment of repetition. What I actually mean is that Miss Dietrich personally prefers either a large picture hat, or a medium-sized jaunty sports model crushed to crown and fairly wide as to brim, coming down over face. She wears these models so individually that it would be sheer folly not to capitalize on them, and so happily. When I want fancy hats and new adornments, the 'Marlene Dietrich' hats have become as famous as their wearer.

"The average woman, naturally, will not see in a particular style of hat, or a certain style of dress over and over again varied only as to detail, but which, for all that, makes her exceptionally attractive. Yet she can gain the admiration
and interest of her own circle of friends, and after all what more could any woman ask, who is not prominent and in the public eye? Curiously enough women are not content to capitalize on their looks to the exclusion of new styles and so tactfully sacrifice whatever advantage they may gain over their "competitor-friends." Why, you ask? I do not know, except that they probably want to prove their adaptability to their own satisfaction. It is not alone foolish but costly.

"And so I ask the woman who looks particularly charming in that line or a dress silhouette or even a shoe last to order other hats, dresses, and shoes in the same style merely substituting material and adornment and see if she is not better satisfied. Many women to whom I have suggested this have been first surprised and then delighted. I hope still others will learn to be.

"Typical of striking simplicity is Miss Carole Lombard, who personifies the smartly-dressed, carefully groomed American to perfection. Miss Lombard is a surprise attack upon that old enemy of fashion, mediocrity. Whatever it is that such a beauty immediately assumes importance and brilliance. With her one striking note rivets the attention and commands interest."

"Yet my remark is not with my original creations, but with the great army of chic women who go to the theatre for ideas! The style battle is not won unless Paramount Fashion Bureau has measured a stick against which women everywhere gauge their own clothes. And it matters not whether they are copied from the film itself by the most exclusive modistes (and you would be surprised how often that is done), or fashioned in crisp, bright gingham or crepe who choose to be guided by the stars themselves.

"And to those women I would now address myself and let them 'in on what the

**First Wit of the Screen**

**Continued from page 63**

of what must happen to anyone crossing his path unless she would see a girl bending straight for him—straight for the jaws of doom, from your point of view. You hold your breath as you wait for the blast to strike. So what happens? He smiles. The somber face breaks into a wide grin—a grin so cordial, so ingratiating that you stand and gape at the change it works in his face. When it disappears, you hang on to the memory of it. Remembering it, you doubt whether Lubitsch could ever frighten you again.

Now he goes into action. Quiet and mild-spoken though he is for the most part, you can't but be conscious of the dynamo working within him, not only himself but everyone on the set. His daring eyes are all over at once. The errant strand of hair goes straight to his feet, and Hee bobs across the screen. His lips work away at the cigar, which may or may not be lighted. It doesn't seem to make much difference. Lighted, he puffs it furiously. Unlighted, he chews at it just as furiously. Despite his inner excitement, his patience seems inexhausitable. Again and again he triangles what he wants. Suddenly he explodes, and you tremble—yes, in spite of the remembered smile. But after you've watched him for a while, you begin to realize that these rare explosions are brought on only by some act of sheer stupidity on the part of a fellow-worker. Intent on bringing the scene before him into harmony with the vision behind his own eyes, he refuses—like all yearners after perfection—to let fools mar his labor.

Otherwise he seems the most reasonable of men.

He will jump into the part of any of his actors, male or female, on the slightest provocation. No—not that way. Like a wide hips swaying a gruff voice flouting, big feet mincing, he will launch into an impersonation of a coy damsel which, ludicrous though it may be in form, remains exquisitely true in feeling.

"You know why I do it?" he inquired once, with that glint in his eye which looks like artless delight, but don't let it fool you. "Because when they watch me they say to themselves: 'Poo! I can do it better.' And then—he all but crowed at his own guilt—then they go out and do it better!"

Sooner or later he gets the effect he's after. He's bound to get it by the simple expedient of refusing to lay off until he does—which admirable habit of perseverance he carries with him into all his undertakings.

"I have, for example, a cherished dog—Fritz, a Great Dane—heavier than his master and, when he rises to lay affectionate paws on the latter's shoulders, taller than he can reach. Thereupon, acquiring a house built on a site marked by an embankment twenty feet high, Fritz, basking dreamily at the embankment, 'is where I want my living-room.'"

"All right," agreed the architect. "We'll have to level it."

"You can't level it," Lubitsch pointed out firmly, "because Fritz needs it for his exercise. I want the living-room, and I
want the embarkment on the place, too." He got them both—the living-room where he wanted it—the twenty-foot hill, dedicated to Fritz's gambolings, moved a little distance away.

Asked about the famous Lubitsch touches, without mention of which no review of a Lubitsch picture seems complete, he will laugh to scorn the notion that they're spontaneously conceived. They're the result, he will tell you, of long and painful hours "on the desk."

"Sometimes I get an idea of my own," he explained. "Or I read a book, or I see a play. If I have not enough, I go through the material in the studio to find more ideas. I select the story. I select the writer. Which means that I write with the writer together the script. It takes me about three months. Which means not so-called story conferences, but actual work from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon. I shoot exactly from the script. All those touches you talk about are there when we begin production. Naturally, if I get an idea on the set, I don't throw it away. But I do not rely on those ideas, because when I finish working on the desk, I count that my script is finished. Then comes production. Then comes the cutting. I cut my pictures with my cutter together. Then comes the preview, and we see what is wrong and fix it—if we can. Then comes the release. Then—" dawned the smile, which has in it at once something bashful and impish, like that of a half-trusting, half derisive gnome—then we read the reviews. Sometimes applause—sometimes not so much applause. Then you forget it and start all over again.

"Every picture is a gamble." He was all seriousness now. "I always start a picture because I believe in it. Maybe later I am wrong. It takes so much pain and so much hardship to make a picture that in the end you are not any more a fair judge. But this I know. There doesn't exist such a thing as you may say: 'Now I am making a successful picture. There isn't such a thing to say what people say foolishly sometimes—give the audience what the audience wants. You know what they wanted yesterday—not what they want tomorrow.' If you give them what they wanted yesterday, then they don't want it any more."

"My favorite actors?" He threw me a reproachful glance. "You want to make trouble for me, what? But I don't let you. As soon as you are in the show business, you want to be diplomatic. I am in the show business since 1911, and if I did not learn by this time to be diplomatic, I never will. I will tell you—" another of his characteristic chuckles, as he flung out his arm in a large gesture—"I love them all!"
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Jemi-nifties

New Ways to Beauty

SOMETHING old and something new!" No. we are not talking weddings this time, but the modern girl’s predilection for tried and true beauty preparations, particularly when they are presented in new and fascinating forms.

At the moment we have Luxuria, that marvelous stand-by for all complexities, made by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, very much in mind. It is a grand cream, as you all know, cleansing pleasantly and smoothly with a softening effect on the skin. It has the pleasantest odor in the world, too, a rich, haunting fragrance everyone likes very much.

Now it can be had in the nicest kit that has ever been presented. It is called the “Week-end Kit” and is perfect for week-ending. Make a note of this for the coming season and never tell us that we aren’t ahead of time with our helpful hints! But it is also excellent just for your own dressing-table. It is that com-
 pact and convenient! It contains Luxuria in a generous jar; a smaller jar of Tissue Cream, that softening, line-removing ungual; and a jar of pow-
der. Yes, we said jar! Then there is a long, slim bottle of Eau de Beaute, a refreshing, sweet-smelling tonic for closing pores and general freshening up. Usually, as you know, Femi-nifties is circum-
 stated as to mentioning price. But this kit is such an unbelievable value that we break down and con-
 fess to you that it may be had for a dollar.

“Tell me,” she wrote, “what is wrong with my hair. I shampoo it fre-
 quently and use lots of brilliantine. I know that it is healthy. Yet it continually ap-
ears unkempt and stringy.”

You aren't brushing it properly, or enough, my dear. That is the trouble with nine-tenths of the unattractive hair you see. Proper brushing means life and sparkle to your hair. It makes for perfect grooming.

To help you brush easily and resultsfully Pro-phy-lac-tee have made a new brush called "Stranit.” Evenly spaced, wave-
lke bristles penetrate right to the scalp and polish up even the short-
est hair. And then leave your wave softer, smoother, deeper than be-
fore. That is an achieve-
ment! We may use “Stranit” and not only disturb your wave but actually improve it. We know of no other brush quite like it.

Speaking of waves, if you are looking for a top-notch lotion, try “Ger-
ardine” to set the curl. They say it is so good it will train a natural wave in straight hair. We cannot vouch for that personally but we certainly have seen some transforming effects worked with it.

The best part about it is that Gerardine is light in consistency. It leaves your hair soft, and continued use of it certainly does seem to put a natural wave where no trace of one ever grew before.

Now along comes Valentine’s day! Bourjois is doing its bit toward making this a successful year for Valentine giving. A new “Evening in Paris” package, just out, wins all hearts. A very gieri-
ous “Evening in Paris” powder with rouge, also smelling divinely of “Evening in Paris,” and a bottle of this bewitching per-
fume itself. The whole is a perfume en-
ssemble giving you a complete make-up. The rouge can be used on the lips as well as the cheeks, while a whiff of the perfume on your ear lobes and in your hair will make you the life of any party. The ensemble comes for the price of the powder alone. There’s economy for you!

We have vitamins in our foods so why not health-giving rays in the creams we use on our faces? Barbara Gould has done just this. She has perfec-
ted a marvelous cream, treated with a special “light” process, and called it the Barbara Gould In-
radiated Skin Food. It seems to have all the beautifying properties of sunlight without drying effects.

What will they think of next for us? Imagine spreading it on your skin at night while you sleep; then waking up rested, beautified and radiant next morning! Speaking practically, it contains rich oils to smooth out lines. The presence of the ray is believed to stimulate sluggish tissues to new freshness. It refines the texture and helps blemishes.
Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 8

Here's Shirley Temple just as everybody wants to see their favorite movie star—a picture fitted like the proverbial glove to the Baby Duse, with her favorite leading man, James Dunn, as the aviator who adopts her after the death of her mother. Jane Withers, as a mischievous brat, so thorough-going about making trouble, makes a personal hit. There's excitement, fine sentiment, and Shirley—what more do you want? It's another Temple starrer triumph.

Corking entertainment, a play that's off to a splendid start and ends with the old-fashioned, "everybody's happy ending." It offers original treatment in the excellent performance of Francis Lederer, (maybe his screen best), as the immigrant who by hard work proves his worth. "Babs" looks little to do. The plot is too complicated to detail briefly, it's even too complicated to comprehend on the screen, but there are investigations, murder and a scandal. There is every possibility of making good of a mental rather than a physical sort. You can rate it as just average entertainment despite good acting.

An immature story enacted by a capable cast sums up this picture, which provides average but certainly not substantial entertainment. It's plot concerns a sailor who goes forth to conquer France's most exclusive and vampish beauty. Peggy Fears makes her film début, and she is destined to stay with us. Lew Ayres, Pat Patterson and others in the cast are "adequate," but play their parts without apparent interest. Alright if you don't expect too much.

Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 15

will make a good combination with it."
"Tell her about the steak and kidney pudding, darling," prompted Heather.

"When I was at school he used to come home for his holidays and ask for steak and kidney pudding as a treat instead of going out to dinner," remembered Ralph's mother.

"You're the world's best cook, you know, darling," beamed Heather.

The world's best cook has also had the honor of playing leading lady in a film in which Her Majesty Queen Mary of England filled a role in person. Mary Forbes looks like one who should play with queens. Not at all like anyone's mother-in-law!

"To make a steak-and-kidney pudding, you first concoct a suit crust," Mrs. Forbes explained. "This is very light and most digestible. I make mine of flour, suet chopped very fine, and bread crumbs, moistened with a little water. Roll this out and line a baking dish with the crust.

"Cut steak into one-inch cubes, chop up the kidneys and mushrooms, dip the steak and kidneys into flour and place them in the dish, first a layer of meat, then mushroom, then kidneys, season with a little bit of garlic, pepper, salt, etc. Occasionally I use oysters in this dish, but it's not necessary. Then fill the dish three-quarters full with boiling water. Sometimes, if I have it on hand, I use stock gravy or bouillon cubes in this water to make the gravy richer, but this isn't essential. Then cover the dish with more suit crust, tie up the whole in a cloth and put it in a big saucepan of water. Boil eight hours, replacing water in the pan as it boils away."

"Though our families didn't meet, we lived not far from each other in England," Heather remarked later, as we went down the winding corridor with its odd stair halfway, to look at the fascinating headboard designed by the husband of the radiant lady, Brenda, Ralph's sister, and I actually went to the same dramatic school in London, though not the same year. I suppose we passed each other on the street sometimes, and never knew."

"She's romantic," smiled Mrs. Forbes, when Heather had run to answer the telephone. "She was the sweetest bride! You know they eloped—had a hitch-hiking wedding, as they call it, because their car broke down part way—and when they came home it was midnight. Just a very few of us were out here waiting for them, with a great wedding cake and champagne. When they reached the gate, Ralph picked her up and carried her through it, across the garden, up the steps and into the house!"

A real English, old-fashioned romance, blossoming in Hollywood!
MAKE DRAB HAIR

GLEM with GOLD
in one shampoo
—WITHOUT BLEACHING

Girls—when hair turns drab, it dulls your whole personality, tints out the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair. Get Blondex, the glorious shampoo which will uncover the gleaming lights of beauty—keep them undimmed. Made originally for blondes—Blondex has been adopted by thousands with dark brown and medium dark hair. For they have found it gives their hair the sheen and sparkle that they cannot get with ordinary shampoos. Try Blondex today and see the difference after one shampoo At all good drug and department stores.

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all, these women keep their systems free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of each women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dick, Word for Word

Continued from page 62

Ruby Keeler and her current co-star, who happens to be Al Jolson, her husband, stop for a friendly chat with Ruby's former co-star, Dick Powell, as all three meet at the studio where they are fellow acting and singing stars.

about the way you bounce around showing your hair off. You're like a kid with a new toy, Dick. Everybody who comes in must see the book shelf that is really a hidden door into a secret room. Your secret room, I'll bet! Still, I will admit that this is quite a place de residence."

"What does that mean?"

"It's French for 'place of living,' I hope. The feature I like best is your specially built bed. I think, in my story, I shall tell you about that bed. Let's see, its dimensions are—"

"Seven feet wide by eight feet long," Dick volunteered. "And don't forget to mention the built-in radio, and the book shelf that is constructed into the head of the bed, and the drawers underneath for storing blankets, and the cooling cabinet for keeping water or other liquid refreshment."

"It suddenly occurs to me," I interrupted, "that this house isn't really built for a married couple. The one big bedroom, dressing-room and bath suite is purely masculine. The other bedroom-and-bath combination is too small for the lady of the house. A wife would never be content with that second suite. I presume you are not planning marriage, Dick?"

"Not to a modern girl," Dick said. "Modern wives like their own bedrooms. I'm old-fashioned enough to want a wife who will share my sleeping quarters. I'm going to have that kind of wife, or none."

"I think Mary Brian is old-fashioned," I murmured.

"Have another drink on the house," said Powell.

I gulped deeply. "Do you know what I think?" I began.

"I didn't even know you could think," Dick murmured.

"I think I'm getting nowhere with my story," I said. "So I am going to sit here and babble, while you talk about yourself. Throw modesty aside, sir, and babble."

"Oh, by the way, have I told you that I've taken up bridge again? Don't laugh, you rat. I'll never forget, when I first came to California, that I told the publicity department at the studio I could play bridge. The department took me too literally, and sent out a story that I was an expert. You got hold of that story, so you invited me to play bridge with Lya Ayres, another chap, and yourself. Remember? That night cost me an even forty-eight smackers, which I've not forgotten."

Silence again.

"I must buy a clock for the mantel," Dick ventured. "One like I gave Mary Brian.
The only present I’ve ever given Mary was a clock for her drawing-room mantel. I’m still unused to earning a lot of money. I wish I had that day. I might be earning a thousand dollars a week.

A thousand! I exploded. I’m not a tax collector; you can tell me the truth, you’re paid at least three times that, please stick to facts.

“Most of it comes from radio,” Powell explained. “I draw a mealy salary as a moving picture actor. In fact, if it weren’t for radio, I’d be just about the lowest-paid star in Hollywood. I signed a contract when I was unknown. My contract specifies that I can’t appear on the radio, but I do. Radio pays me much more, so if the studio doesn’t like my being on the air, they can pay me enough to cover the radio salary, and I’ll quit radio. Until the studio comes around. I’ll stick with the air line...

“People have the idea that I have a lot of money, I haven’t. Every cent I own is tied up in this new house. And most of the money I do have is saved back in Pittsburgh—not from my movie salary.

“I’m afraid of having money. My divorce cost me pal-pal-enty.

(Let me pause to interject a thought that occurred to me when Dick mentioned the cost of divorce. Some day Brian and Dick Powell will marry; I think...

Before a movie camera to make what later presented to an artistic and box-office failure—the screen version of Molière’s “The Devil.”

I had tried to recall that uneventful, and certainly unimpressing, patch of the past, because Mr. Arliss, advancing with rapid and trippy strides to shake hands and say bow-way-do, looked younger, I gave you my word, than he did in 1920. It was not that I had expected to see an old man, but it seems to me legitimate grounds for surprise which is little younger by at least ten years than he did fifteen years ago.

“My story is very simple,” he insisted, setting his hand on a sofa near a fireplace with a “prop” glow emanating from its grate, Mr. Arliss started to talk.

“I don’t have any adventures to report. No romance outside what I do on the screen,” he continued. Frankly, this last caused no panic in this quarter. One knows that George Arliss has been held up as at least half of the most frequently cited example of how a marriage can be successful for a famous actor and his actress, and he is covering more than twenty years than thirty years on Broadway, the road, and even Hollywood.

This was unusual, if not adventurous, when I asked his opinion of what progress had been made at the English studios.

“I can’t say about progress,” he replied, just a trifle wide-eyed himself at the thought, “because I don’t know what the English like before I make a picture. ‘The Iron Duke’ over there this summer.

The curious fact is that George Arliss, to whom England points with justifiable pride as a home-born and home-trained actor, has made most of his reputation as one of those character actors who have a bit of screen time, in America, and until a few months ago—thirty-four years after he left London as a somewhat obscure player in Mrs. Pat Campbell’s company—had never appeared in a film made outside of the United States.

“But,” Arliss added, after remarking that he hoped he thought strange he had never before been to Hollywood, “I can only say that at my studio over there, everything was the same as it might have been in Hollywood, the same acting the same part in a Hollywood play.

“The scene is not the drive, the rush and pressure behind everything, as there is in Hollywood. We didn’t work far into the night, and Saturdays Mrs. Arliss and I would drive to our cottage, which is situated on the East Coast between Deal and Dover, and remain there until Monday morning.

“Just rather suddenly, and unexpectedly, Mr. Arliss found himself on the subject about which he and the Hollywood moguls used to come to grips. The one contribution to the lore of temperament in Hollywood which Mr. Arliss has made concerns his refusal to work more than a certain number of hours, studio schedules, orders of the studio in the contrary not-withstanding.

“There’s no sense to working all night,” he continued, “I have made no bones about saying that there is but one reason for working long hours in a picture studio, and that is bad management.”

Incidentally, Mr. Arliss’ method of overcoming “bad management” is to reverse his picture roles just as he would reverse a play: the entire troupe practiced in their parts before camera work is started. Always a stickler for detail, he is almost a crank when it comes to precision in things such as costumes, colouring, make-up and acting detail faithful to the play. On the stage it was his practice to respect the set and check up on all properties before going on for a performance—a practice by the way, which offered the one opportunity for pranks on Mr. Arliss when he worked with an all-star cast, whose members got the only fun they could derive at his expense by slipping into the theatre and disarranging his "props." In pictures he does much individual research, and must be personally
Now, with any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or bald hair to last for 10 years younger of blossoms, brown or blonde. A small brush and Brown-" To see her in the cast as my wife, and so tone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of there is no part for her in 'Richelieu,' a famous tint to a lock of your own hair. cardinal and don't have a wife."

Used and advertised over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownstone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinge hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply comb in as the new gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonds to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black," cover every need.

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Radio Parade

Continued from page 12

designed exclusively for radio. A serial story introducing both drama and comedy, with new musical compositions and lyrics

..."The Flower of Love," which has the screen producer scurrying about signing operatic singers, is contributing to Hollywood's progress in this direction.

Gladys Swarthout, as you know, has been signed to make Paramount pictures, and will be a resident of the Colony after the close of the Metropolitan season this Spring—something which should, incidentally, mark a distinct gain for the screen patrons, who have marked the operatic treats in prospect, a prospect which includes the brilliant Lily Pons' coloratura voice and sparkling personality in a picture also to be filmed in Hollywood in the early Summer.

In consequence of this Westward-bow! stuff by radio stars, Hollywood's broadcast studios are becoming increasingly important as entertainment centers.
Hollywood Figure
Continued from page 61

finding out how you look when you are sitting up, standing, and lying down. Sit and watch yourself sit down and see just how graceful you are while doing so and how you look when you are sitting there. A sense of balance will help you rise and sit down. If you remember to put one foot a little ahead of the other as you rise, you will be able to move off in either direction without looking awkward, for you can balance on either foot.

If you are not satisfied with your posture, alter it gently as you sit up with your dead mirror, here is an exercise—very difficult indeed, but as I will warn you—these exercises are not intended for the development of the muscles of the back and strengthening the spine: Lie on the floor face downward, body relaxed, arms folded loosely over the small of the back. With as little effort as possible, slowly raise the head and shoulders as far as you can, bringing the head back so that you can look full at the ceiling; then slowly return to position.

Here is another, not at all well known, for limbering up the spine: Get down on all fours. Stretch, weight balanced on hands and toes. Bring left hand up to left hip, as you turn on right side and move the head so that it is almost two feet up from the right foot. Then shift weight to the left foot and bring left shoulder forward toward foot and then backward to starting position. Each time you return to starting position, bring your head up to look at the ceiling. Repeat on other side.

"But I don't have time to do complicated exercises!" girls tell me.

Well, then, you have time, no matter what your schedule may be, to remember to pull in your abdomen, hold up your head and stand tall. And here's a simple exercise you can do night and morning and whenever you think of it: Raise your arms to shoulder height with the elbows bent. Clasp the fingers together in a firm grip. Keep your head erect, though not strained, and your shoulders back. Then try to pull your hands apart, moving arms from left to right and not letting go of the fingers. Left and right is very tiresome, but heavy, rolling exercises are the thing. Sit on the floor, with knees bent and feet together. Gather your back toward your shoulders, holding your knees firmly, then roll over on the right side, left side back and sitting position. Next, close the legs, clasp the hands under the knees and roll backward and forward with the same movement as the rocking horse.

The girl who sits too much at a desk or machine, gets stenographer's spread before she realizes it. Before she knows it she has a thick waist and back. Besides watching her diet and taking general exercises, this girl will find it necessary to prevent or relieve constipation, the greatest enemy of health and beauty. Here's a marvelous exercise. If you perform this very slowly eight or ten times every night and morning, you'll find it beneficial. Lie flat on the back on the floor; slowly, very slowly, raise the left leg, bend the knee and lower it to the chest. Keeping the left leg in this position, slowly raise the right leg, bend knee and bring it down beside the left one. Both legs are now doubled up on the chest. Raise the left leg slowly and slowly return it to its original position on the floor. Repeat with right leg.

To correct so-called Lordosis curve or swayback, exercise of lying on the back on the floor and raising both legs very slowly together and then lowering them slowly, is recommended.

Girls write me that they don't sit down all day, in fact they are on their feet behind counters, or walking from door to door, or running around the house, but still they feel the need of special exercises.

For these girls, stretching and relaxing exercises are exceptionally helpful. Lie down on the floor or the bed, stretch arms above head and point the toes. Hold the position for a second, then relax, raise arms into air and bring down at sides, slowly but relaxed. Turn on right side and repeat, using right arm only; then on left side, using left arm; then face downward, using both arms. Alternately stretch and relax, lying on back, right, left, forward and back.

This will reduce the waist and make the line from armpit to hip firm: Lie on the right side with right elbow close under the side. Sit the left leg upward pointing the toe and bringing the hip forward; at the same time, stretch the left arm back and twisting the upper part of the body to the side. Repeat these stretchings slowly three times, then turn and do the same on other side.

Remember, I believe I've repeated in every article since this series began, that it's regularity that brings results.

James Davies' Answers to Letters

S O MANY of you ask about measurements and want to know whether yours are correct or not. I am, therefore, giving you a scale of what are considered the ideal measurements for a girl of 21, whose height is 5 feet 5 inches:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measurement</th>
<th>Ideal Measurement</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Neck</td>
<td>13 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waist</td>
<td>27 inches</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>120 lbs.</td>
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You can figure out your own measurements from this. If you are not so tall and your bones are not large, deduct appropriately; if taller or large-boned, add to the measurement.

Age makes a difference. Younger girls cannot carry as much weight as older girls, as they are still growing, for one month they will be too large and the next, too small for the scale.

However, if at the age of 1, you weigh 146 lbs., (as Betty Ann does) that is far too much. Take general reduction exercises.

Adult C. is 10 lbs. overweight and needs special hip reduction. Mrs. G. M. could do hip reduction exercises to advantage. The height of Mass. is 129 is your correct weight; perhaps your active sports life has caused you to gain weight. You need a muscle. Swimming would probably help, but do not do any strenuous gym exercises. Dancing and walking are best for you.

Flo: You are 12 lbs. overweight and need hip reduction. Stretching exercises will help you grow, as you are still growing.

Rose H.: You should reduce with hip roll exercises. Your measurements are good.

Chapline D.: Ten minutes night and morning is correct when you have brought your weight down to where you want it. Put in five minutes extra on hip reducing and general exercises.
Will Rogers

Continued from page 31

probably knew the real Rogers as well as anybody outside his immediate family and old friends of the family. Keep this in mind and you have your own explanation as to why Will Rogers is the foremost box-office star in pictures today. It's as simple as that.

Interested in everything and everybody, he gives everything he has to everything he undertakes, whether it be a screen characterization, a radio broadcast, or a frame of jokes. It is his favorite sport, though it's doubtful if polo has supplanted World Series ball games as his favorite sport from the spectator's standpoint.

In other words, behind his public appearances Will Rogers is exactly as the public he reaches gets to know him. Humorous, kind, trenchant, uncompromising in his hates of sham, but good-natured about it, with a wit that is a trace of malice in his make-up, but above all a genuine being.

Natural, with that equipment, he is a great character actor, in roles that portray a man who is fundamentally human, real, down-to-earth—sincerely so that type of screen character appeals to the largest number of screen patrons. So why should the Hollywood sages have an argument that Will Rogers, according to a recent vote of theatrical tops the list of money-making stars for the box-Offices.

Also, this is preface for Mr. Rogers and the studio which has him under contract, here is one star that doesn't have to worry about diets, lines in his face, false in-studio changes of what makes the handsome man. Rogers, also, and uniquely, is a man's star as well as a woman's star—he attracts both sexes.

Here and there we have read that Will Rogers couldn't get anywhere in pictures till talkies came along, and implications that he just suddenly blossomed into a success. That is wide of the truth, for Rogers has had his picture career well under his own control for many years.

The first thing he had overcome were some set notions of the film salesmen that they, the salesmen, knew better than Rogers and of the kind of stories he should play to please the public. He had a go at feature pictures as far back as 1919. One of these, "Jubilo," was a success, but the net result of his efforts was to make the film people anxious to star him. The argument was that Rogers was well known in the cities but the small towns didn't know him. That same argument goes for every potential star—how are the mass of the picture people ever to know them if the players never get before the picture fans?

At any rate, Rogers quit Ziegfeld's "Follies" in 1923 to have another shot at films—only this time he did a series of short comedies, and there is where Will Rogers laid the foundation on which he has built his present success in pictures. For he proved that he not only knew how to be before the camera, but that his own ideas as to stories and situations that would entertain the public were better than those of the film salesmen. He pulled out against the salesmen for one of those comedies, and it proved the best short comedy of its day—that memorable farce "The Celebrity." Will Rogers then was called "Two Wagons, Both Covered," and which he wrote himself. And what a job he had persuading the studio to let him do that.

Many of the comedies he made in the silent form carried the Rogers wit via subtitles. And much of this was spontaneous humor spoken on the set. Once...

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A scientific condition of softening and

demineralization follows (thus removing the

strength of the peroxide), that pre-

cretes etc., in their results and

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while making a burlesque of a Tom Mix western, Rogers as the hero eluded a whole army of bandits, and made his way to a cabin where lived his light o' love. In order to put some lip-movement in the scene, Marie Mosquini, the heroine, said, "Oh, Tom, why do they chase you like that?" Rogers cracked back: "Because that's what Bill Fox wants em to do," Fox, of course, was the producer of the Mix horse-opsers so successful in those days. Pretty soon the Rogers unit inc included a stenographer to catch these quips.

While all this was going on Flo Ziegfeld was telegraphing Rogers almost every hour of the day to come back to the "Follies." After a flock of about six telegrams in one day, came another from the Glorifier of the American Girl, saying "Did you get my last wire?" Rogers answered that one. He said, "I hope so." But later on Rogers did go back to the "Follies," for the Ziegfeld association, and the shows, were a source of real pride to Will—he thought, as did all America, that they were swell.

Very likely, too, it was about this time that Rogers was first bitten in earnest by the flying bug which made him into the most confirmed air-traveler there is in the land. We remember a trip on a trim and jaunty plane, which was flown by El Roach, from San Pedro to Catalina Island. The sea was kicking up some di-do's and Rogers was just about coming out of a peep of a case of mal de mer when a passenger plane, recently put into service between Los Angeles and Catalina, flew by. Will cocked an eye, looked longingly up at the craft, sweeping by so smoothly and speedily, and volunteered to pay your correspondent's fare if I would join him in deserting the ship and making the return trip by air.

He always gets seasick. He told how when he decided to go to South America and establish himself in the cattle business, he left Oklahoma, taking a friend, ("a tall galoot who used to make me laugh, and I took him along for amusement," he added), and the two, thinking the right way to go to South America was to start south, landed in New Orleans, only to find that they would have to go to New York to get a ship for the Argentine. The steamship company sold them the idea of going to New York by boat. Rogers got aboard, went to his bunk, started feeling a little dizzy and lay down in his bunk. He was in the midst of the smelliest case of seasickness when two other fellows came in. One said, "Well, we'll be showing off soon," Rogers said "What?" They explained that the ship would be leaving the pier soon. You can imagine what that trip to New York was like for a chap who was sea-sick even when the ship was tied up to the pier. Personally, Rogers is very shy, and very sensitive. He can be himself only—even in his pictures. For that reason you find that there is personal conviction behind nearly everything he does in films. Remember, in "Handy Andy," those uproarious scenes on the golf course, and his jibe at the game? He really doesn't like golf, but, characteristically, there was nothing ill-tempered about his jibe, so people had to laugh whether they liked it or hated it. It is with this difficulty that he grapples, if he does disguise it, his dislike for somebody who amuses him. He is intolerant of anything artificial.

Occasionally we hear somebody express wonderment that Rogers can say such pointed things about prominent people. There's nothing remarkable in that. As he gets away from the sea "gets away with it," He isn't getting away with anything. Simply he never says anything really unkind about anybody. Even radio recognizes this, for he is the one performer on the air who speaks his stuff instead of reading it from a script presented, and edited in advance. There's never anything malicious in any character, or fine, he speaks. There's the explanation of Will Rogers. He has a knack of picking back over his film characterizations and see if you can find any instance in which there was anything unkind, either said or implied.

Ruby Keeler Contest

Continued from page 58

to the making of a successful picture. Read the rules again. You must use a coupon—the one printed last month, or the one which is printed below on this page; you must use a coupon—and the picture he or she person indicated in the drawing by a number, alongside the corresponding number printed on the coupon; you must, to complete this second step, write a brief descrip-

RUBY KEELER CONTEST COUPON

Coupon, properly filled out in accordance with rules of contest, must accompany all entries in the Ruby Keeler contest. Use either this coupon, or coupon printed last month, only one properly filled out is necessary. Read rules on page 58 carefully.

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I have fulfilled the above requirements in SCREENLAND's Ruby Keeler Contest.  
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RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION WITHOUT HARMFUL, RAW ALKALIES!

Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

Heartburn is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve heartburn, indigestion, after-eating distress. Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess may change the stomach juices completely—shovng up digestion instead of helping it.

Faster, more advanced, most effective and safe relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain the water-soluble alkaline. Instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antisud soluble in the presence of the acid. As the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 a day, when distaste sets in—chat that nasty, that bitter. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. Be a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Remove FAT from any part

Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Pernicious attractiveness demands the Pernicious, weightless line of Slimcreme. It is non-oily, non-greasy, non-sticky, non-oiled, uplifting, enlivening stuff. Hundreds of women have reduced 10 to 30 pounds. There's no effort on their part, and reduced fat where they wanted, reduced, quickly, easily. One lady reduced her diet by 45c in 14 days, was 28 lbs. lighter. J. A. writes, "I was 57 inches (across the chest)." His New-Type Slimcreme treatment has worked for me; I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed.

The Slimcreme treatment is certainly effective, no protest to use, and at home. I can honestly offer to return your money if you are not overjoyed. You will save from $20 to $75 and pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be better than that?

Dodge NOW to achieve the figure you have dreamed of. Send in coupon today, for the full 10-day treatment.

FREE: Send $1 to me for Slimcreme treatment NOW, and if you are not entirely free from world-curves, send $1.00 back to me, and a cold, salted, crispSlimcreme package, which will cure your suffering, as SEND TODAY. Add 25c for treatment cost.

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I enclose $ 1. Please send immediately, in club package your Guaranteed Slimcreme treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced 3 lbs. in my pockets and 24 lbers in 14 days, you will cordially refund my money. Send the special free Beauty Treatment.

GRAY HAIR

Gradually gray hair with gray faded, streaked hair, Shinappe and color your hair at the same time with new Pernicious Hair Color. No more streaks or a faded effect, brown, tan, red, or blonde. Takes root in. Fix once and forget. Permanent. Patterns permanent hair cut. Free booklet. Same as above. W. L. Willig, Dept. 30, 114 W. 53 St., New York.
The man who makes millions laugh enjoys some happiness of his own! Andy Devine and Mrs. Devine pose with their two-weeks old son, Timothy Andrew.

(Continued from page 68)

PITY the poor postman in Hollywood! Not only must he be up in Uncle Sam’s rules and regulations, but he must also be a decipherer de luxe. Every mail brings him querily addressed envelopes, and he, poor soul, must endeavor to deliver them. How many of these letters could you deliver properly: “To the Belle of the Nineties.” “Sixth month, opposite of day.” An envelope bearing drawings of “a wall, an ace of clubs, and a raspberry.” “Cleopatra.” An envelope with pictures of “a bus, an auto tire, and a crustacean.” An envelope with drawings of “a cat, an auto, and an island.”

Those letters were respectively delivered to: Mae West, June Knight, Wallace Beery, Claudette Colbert, Buster Crabbe, and Kitty Carlisle.

THIS story is funnier when told by Andy Devine, who accompanies it with proper facial expressions. And Andy loves to tell it. The story’s about a cross-eyed man who went to a theatre. He took his seat and looked at the screen. “Goody, goody!” he cried. “Double feature!”

NOW Crosby baby rumors are quelled. Dixie Lee, wife of Bing, stifled them by returning to pictures, opposite another Crooner, Joe Morrison. Veteran, gray-haired Charlie Chaplin always dyes (brown) when he works before the camera. . . . Do “Panther Women” make good wives? Kathleen Burke and Vera Hillie, winners of that “Panther Woman Contest,” have recently drawn divorces. . . . After years of wanting to be, but not being permitted by his parents, Jackie Cooper has become a Boy Scout.

FOR several years, the world’s smallest school has been a part of the RKO studio. Most of the time during the past several years this school has had only one pupil, although once seven scholars answered the roll call.

Two years ago, Rochelle Hudson graduated there, receiving a regular high school diploma. This year the lone student is Anne Shirley.

California law demands that minors keep up with their school work, even though under picture contract. Miss Shirley is just sixteen, so every day she spends at least a few hours with her studies.

JEAN HARLOW is still laughing over the plaintive remark of a small-town newspaper reporter, in Hollywood to interview stars. During their interview, the reporter made notes on the cuff of his shirt. Said Jean, “I’ve often heard of reporters making notes on their cuffs, but this is the first time I’ve seen it. I suppose you make notes each day, and use them when you write your stories at night?”

“Lord no, ma’am,” the young reporter said. “Some of the notes on this shirt cuff were written three days ago!”

WHISTLES had blown, lights were blazing, cameras were turning and action was on the verge of being, when the director of Joan Crawford’s picture cried, “Hold it! Who left that old rag on the table?”

A property man investigated—and brought to the director: Miss Crawford’s gloves! Whether Joan or the director was the more embarrassed is conjectural, but both were the victims of the guffaw of laughter that followed.

Edward G. Robinson, Jr., son of the screen star, getting big and husky quickly, is the center of attraction as he arrives in New York with his mother, and her daughter, for a vacation.

More, and strikingly convincing evidence of the chic and dash that is Hollywood’s arrived in New York in the person of Kitty Carlisle, above, a visitor in the East for the holidays.
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$5 Now
$50 WORTH OF "BEST SELLERS"
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Here are the 5 books you've always wanted to buy—packed with life, love, romance, heart-throbs, and passion. The 5 books acclaimed by critics everywhere...so sensational in theme the public made them "best sellers" overnight at $2 and $2.50 each. Now you get all five for only 98c (plus postage). Truly, the book opportunity of a lifetime! Don't delay!

GEORGE MAY - MAXWELL BRENNER

What happens to girls who live in the glamorous "saggregated" districts of a big city? What happens to men who thirst for those hearts of women, women and song? Read Maxwell Bodenheim's sensational and daring exposé of the life and loves of a street-walker...of hard passions in gin-soaked hell-dives. An over-night sensation in its original $7 edition, and banned in many cities, "George May" will be your most thrilling contact with a life of which you knew so little! Uncensored—not a single word left out. (65,000 words.)

PRIVATE SECRETARY. -- ALAN SCHULTZ

Big business men "on the make"—the "inside" of what really goes on behind the frosted glass doors of the boss's office. High drama, intrigue, doors of the boss's office. High drama, intrigue, romance in this exciting story of a modern girl who knows what she wanted—yet stopped for love. Against the exciting background of a modern business office, with its rush and clutter, is unfolded the drama of "Private Secretary." Whom does she choose—big business executive, play boy, or ? ? ? Now you can read the exciting story in this front book that was originally published at $2. Complete and unexpurgated (94,000 words.)

DESKT OF LOVE. -- FRANCIS MCKENZIE

Only a great French author could write so penetrating a novel of passion...of a dissolute father who tries to dissuade his son from following in his footsteps—only to find the apple no sooner planted than the core—when they both become enmeshed with the same coquette. From the sin palaces of Montmartre to the allun bordellos of the Champs de Elysees, you follow the profligate path of their numerous affairs. Shocking in its revelations! Originally published in Paris under the title "Le Desert de L'Aman"; and sold in this country at $2.50, it comes to you faithfully translated and exactly as originally written. (53,000 words.)

FIVE SISTERS. -- VIOLET BANVILLE

The breath-taking novel of five sisters who break the shackles of convention and restraint to fulfill their romantic destinies on the Riviera! Fierce in their devotions and antagonisms, tormented by jealousy, their adventures in love make this one of the most thrilling books you have ever read! No wonder its daring revelations shocked London, as well as America. Every word not originally published in its $2.50 edition. (36,000 words.)

SHOW GIRL. -- MAX VIOLET

The spicy story of Dixie Dugan—the hottest little wench that ever shook a scantly dressed bus! Written by the man who knows every bright light and dark corner on Broadway, Harry Hanson, one of America's leading critics, says this book up when he says: "I'm going to Show Girl" sold like "hot cakes"—no wonder we have about our ability to include it in this greatest of book bargains, offered (51,000 words.)

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-take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder

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Chesterfields Taste Better
Joan Crawford – The Girl behind the Gardenias!

Janet Gaynor Tells Her Success Secrets

Gary Cooper’s Cinematic Life Story
For beauty of lips and neck-line enjoy Double Mint gum. Every day! Wherever and whenever convenient! It is a sure beauty exercise.
"Of course I'll go—
LISTERINE got rid of my SORE THROAT"

Safe antiseptic relieves inflammation
Quickly

It is wonderful how often Listerine relieves the pain associated with ordinary sore throat—the kind of sore throat that usually warns you of the onset of a cold. Frequently two treatments, and often one, are sufficient to get rid of that raw, constricted, painful feeling.

The instant Listerine enters the mouth and proceeds to the throat, it begins to work. Listerine attacks the bacteria lodged there in tremendous numbers; kills millions on throat and mouth surfaces.

The inflammation is quickly relieved by the destruction of the germs which cause it and by the soothing boric acid Listerine contains.

If, after several treatments with Listerine, your sore throat still persists, call your doctor. Some types of sore throat are exceedingly dangerous and should be treated only by a competent physician. Others may be the result of a chronic tonsil infection. Against these, Listerine can do very little.

The most common type, however, and the one against which Listerine is effective, is that related to a cold. In this connection, let us point out that full strength Listerine used twice daily as a gargle is an efficient aid in fighting colds.

Bacteriologists explain that Listerine kills the germs associated with colds before they have a chance to multiply and pass on to infect other near-by tissues.

Careful tests have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not gargle with it.

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The Best Story
You've Ever Read
About CLARK GABLE!

HE's news now, this big genial chap
who has been in so many box-
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is important that you should read the
most interesting interview he has ever
given, in next month's SCREENLAND.
Clark hates to talk about himself—
he'll discuss the weather, his nearest
rival's next picture, hunting, fishing—
with great charm and candor; but if
a writer tries to pin him down about
himself, he'll say: "Skip it!" But not
this time! For once, a SCREENLAND
reporter managed to make Gable give
his really personal views, his own
slants on his inner self, his philosophy
and sense of humor. You'll like this
feature; you will find it gives you
Clark Gable as a real friend, as a pal
to help you solve your own problems!

Remember—this Clark Gable fea-
ture appears in the May issue of
SCREENLAND, on sale March 26th.
HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

...for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven’s a stage for Uncle Sam’s fighting, flying men. You’ll thrill as never before when you see the famed “Hi-Hats” wing into action! You’ll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you’ll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You’ll never forget it!

Wallace Beery
in WEST POINT of the AIR

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O’SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture

The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!
The three mosquiteers of Randolph Field...whose cradle was a cockpit!
The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!
George Cukor, the ace director of "David Copperfield," is shown directly above guiding Freddie Bartholomew and Elizabeth Allan through a scene. The close-ups above, show Freddie, left, as the boy David with W. C. Fields as the inimitable Micawber; and, right, with Jessie Ralph, the perfect Peggotty.

All Honor to All Those who Made "David Copperfield" the Miracle Motion Picture! Thanks to the Courageous Producer, the Brilliant Director, and the Distinguished Cast who Captured the True Spirit of Charles Dickens' Masterpiece!

IT IS easy for us, watching "David Copperfield" on the screen today, to admire and marvel at its perfection. But stop to think for just a moment of the terrific two years' work, energy and devotion that went into its production! First, the courage of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in undertaking it. Second, the painstaking adaptation. Third, the flawless casting. And through it all the genius of director George Cukor, who has taken his fine material and woven it into an immortal motion picture. Cukor has contributed more than polished technique, more than clever craftsmanship; he has expressed a rare sensitiveness and understanding and humanity worthy of Dickens himself. Indeed, if D. W. Griffith may be called the first great director for giving the screen most of the dramatic devices still in use today; the close-up, the struggle, the chase—then surely George Cukor is the second great director—who, achieving technical perfection effortlessly, goes many steps further and re-creates the inner beauty that is always hiding in the hearts and souls of men, waiting for the great artists to reveal it. Hail Cukor!

The grown-up David, acted by Frank Lawton, with Madge Evans, as Agnes, above.

Above, David and his child-wife Dora (Maureen O'Sullivan). Left, more stellar performers.
“Spanish Blonde”
By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she’s bad, she’s very, very good! The success story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her, the more they love her. • In “Blue Angel” she played an all-wrecked the life and career of a prompter voted her the biggest.

That’s Marlene Dietrich’s success on the screen. The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day.

“Morocco” added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back

legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful “Shanghai Express” the whoops mirers could be heard from Times here’s the good news of the in character—this time as the

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish in Spain.” • Once again brings men to her feet. that rarest and most alluring takes everything and “Carnival in Spain” unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she’s bad, she’s very, very good!

dancer in Paramount’s “Carnival she exercises the fatal charm that And once again she tramples on their hearts. As ing of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, “Carnival in Spain” unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she’s bad, she’s very, very good!
The meeting comes to order, and without preamble, the public debate is on! From the first speaker to the last, exciting matters are discussed with a pertinence and spirit which all you SCREENLAND readers seem so extraordinarily gifted in bringing to considerations of everything pertaining to the screen.

Especially fortunate is Hollywood in receiving some excellent suggestions and ideas for shrewd casting of its outstanding stars as well as lesser lights. And to the rest of us whose screen activities confine themselves to seeing the pictures and reading about the movies, the letters this month offer particularly stimulating and entertaining comment.

If you are not regularly contributing to this department, decide now, for the fun you'll get and the opportunity afforded to win a prize of $5.00 if your contribution is judged among the best, for the month, to write your ideas as they occur to you. Just a brief letter—confined, please, to fifty words—and your contribution to the interest of fellow fans, and perhaps the advancement of a star or the art of making better films, will be considered for inclusion in this important topical record. Address letters to Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N.Y.

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each.

KNOWS HER HOLIDAYS!

Here's my holiday calendar in terms of stars:

New Year's Eve—Jean Harlow. St.

Joyce Kent. 321 West 94th St., New York, N.Y.

GLAMOR AMONG THE BOOKS

Why hasn't someone thought of the public library as a film setting? There is magic and romance about the place—true the land of make-believe. The librarian as heroine of a love story centering about her daily work is an angle that has scarcely been touched upon.

Leonard Eury, Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, N. C.

YOUR LOGIC IS PERFECT!

Well, it just goes to prove that looks don't mean a thing! Take Fred Astaire. He is not my idea of good-looking, but oh, his winning personality.

Jennie Friedman, 667 Hemlock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LET 'EM LEARN CHOPSTICKS!

If asked my pet screen peeve, I'd say without hesitation that it was phoney piano players. No other deceit so spoils the cinema illusion as players sitting at a dummy keyboard going through silly gyrations. Why not delete the scene if the actor is not a pianist?

Mrs. Hannah Feldman, 209 Peters St., N.W., Atlanta, Ga.

THE GOOD-BAD GIRL

Jane Withers was so "bad" that she stole "Bright Eyes" from Shirley Temple! Somebody ought to paddle her, and then give her a contract.

Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.

GRAND IDEA!

Fans, here's a brand new idea! Why not form a "movie" charity club whereby all the poor boys and girls could see at least one movie a week? This plan would bring more joy than a lot of the organized charities and we'd be sure that our contributions were well spent.

Louise Williams, 1007 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.

(Continued on page 91)
everything is made for use, for the keynote at Glenda’s is informality. The “gang”—which in this case includes Mary Brian, Dick Powell, George and Joan (Blondell) Barnes, and Phil Reed—wandered in in slacks, sweaters, shorts, or pajamas and make themselves at home. All very “small-townish,” as Mary puts it.

Above all, they like to go horse-back riding early in the morning and wind up at Glenda’s for breakfast, which everyone helps prepare.

“The favorite repeat dish is, of course, waffles,” said Glenda, offering me a crisp sample, “I have a very special recipe for them.

Waffles
2 cups flour
1 heaping teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs

“Mix and then add the well beaten yolks of the eggs. Just before you’re ready to cook them, add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs.

“I like tomato juice for breakfast—or ‘brunch,’ as we call it—but we often serve pineapple or orange juice unless melons are in season.

“Hazel has great success with popovers. This is how she does it:

Popovers
1 cup flour
3/4 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 teaspoon melted butter

“Mix salt and flour, add eggs and milk gradually. Beat with egg-beater and turn into hot greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven. You must have your oven very hot for the first 15 minutes, then reduce the heat and continue baking for about 30 minutes.

“I’m no French chef myself—my hobby is recreating homes. Look, can you see that one down the street? I think it is, I’d turn it around so that the side we can would be in front; imagine it with that veranda made into a sun-porch at the side! If you cut an entrance between the chimney and that window—my dear, see what a precious place it would be.

“Do have some marmalade! This is carrot marmalade, Tommy’s special. You know how orange marmalade is—you ought to chew it quite a bit and Tommy simply won’t, so we give him this, and now the whole gang adores it.

Carrot Marmalade
4 oranges
1 cup granulated sugar
12 grated carrots
1 lemon

Sugar. Use 1/2 as much sugar as you have fruit after cooking.

“Cook it all together for one hour the first day; let stand and cook one hour the second day; again let it stand and cook one hour third day, and by that time it’s done.

The Siamese cats, Frankie and Johnny, came in to see us; amazing animals who can all but talk. They carry on a conversation with mewers and purrs; their inflections would please any dramatic coach.

“They’re smart as whips,” smiled Glenda, “But you should see the Duchess—oh, there she is!” A gorgeous white Persian stalked majestically into the room. “When I was making ‘Lady for a Day,’ I met this cat in an alley. She was a wee bit of a kitten then. Naturally, I called her Apple Annie, and then what does she do but grow into this glorious creature, so we had to change her name to the Duchess. Frankie and Johnny don’t care for her—no, Frankie (Continued on page 68)
Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does more for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious cream in liquid form. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it soaks the skin with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935
DeAR David—I mean Freddie: Don’t blame me for confusing you with the character you play in “David Copperfield.” I think sometimes you must get a little confused, yourself. You used to be Freddie Bartholomew. Now perfect strangers rush up to you in the street and hug you and if possible kiss you, before you can duck, and say: “Little David! You darling!” And all the ladies want to take you right into the nearest corner drugstore and fill you up with ice-cream and candy—“Poor little boy! Poor, poor little David! You must be so hungry!”

I know you must be pretty fed up with it, David—Freddie. But don’t be too hard on us. We can’t help feeling that way about you. Even looking at you in the well-scrubbed flesh, in nice, new, well-made clothes, and meeting your very charming aunt, whose main interest in life ever since you were three has been to look after you to see that you have everything you need—even so, Freddie, we feel a catch at our throats and that certain moisture in our eyes—all because you did such a good job of making the boy David Copperfield come alive on the screen.

Now that the three months of hard work making the picture, and the trip to New York and meeting the press and coming up to SCREENLAND’s offices and being fussed over and patted on the head are all over, you can be yourself again, Freddie Bartholomew, well-bred English boy, aged ten. That is, until your next screen role. Then you’ll become someone else again—whatever boy you have to play. Just another job for you to do, but by some magic you’ll make us believe it. Fortunately you have no silly ideas about your Art. To you it’s all so simple—why, you just put yourself in another boy’s place, that’s all. Instead of taking “David Copperfield” big, you seem to remember most favorably the fact that the “soap” Peggotty used to wash your face was really white of egg and sugar; and that the “medicine” fed you by Aunt Betsey was chocolate malted milk. “Jolly good, too,” was the way you put it. You’ll do, David!

Delight Evans
The screen career of Gary Cooper was born on February 6th, 1925. It was a pale, sickly-looking infant; not even a fond mother would have predicted then that the “baby” would grow to its present hale and healthy condition.

It was a strange apparition of man—a super-tall, skinny specimen—that came out of Montana about Thanksgiving, 1924, and chose to earn a living as a salesman of advertising space on theatre curtains. He must have grown thinner on his earnings, because in January of the following year Gary Cooper relinquished the job. On advice of a friend, he became a motion picture extra. He found occasional work as a cowboy actor in Westerns—enough work to provide food for his six-feet-two-inches of body; enough to buy trousers to sheathe those long, gangling legs.

His first step from the ranks of extras occurred about mid-1925, when a “poverty row” producer chose Cooper for the leading role in a two-reel “horse opera” with Eileen Sedgwick.

Soon after completion of this “noble cinematic effort,” Samuel Goldwyn started to produce a motion picture titled “The Winning of Barbara Worth.” It starred Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, and there was a third important part that needed a tall, he-mannish type. Goldwyn issued a general summons for all actors fitting that description, and among those who responded was Cooper.

Now in those early days producers had strange ways of selecting players. The elaborate tests so common today were then unheard of. To select his type, Goldwyn ordered the applicants to form a long line, and to march past his office door, one at a time. The parade of lanky
Westerners began, each pausing only long enough to make a complete turn in the doorway.

Cooper was about fifteenth in line. Goldwyn's eyes narrowed when the Montana cowboy twisted about in a slow, awkward turn—a turn that seemed to start with his feet and coil gradually until the entire body was around.

“What is your name?” asked the producer.

Cooper responded.

"Can you act?" was Goldwyn's next inquiry.

Cooper pondered this deeply, before he answered, "I don't know." Then, realizing that his frankness might cost him the job, Gary frowned, after which he grinned.

The grin won Goldwyn. He called Cooper into his office, and dismissed the other applicants. Then he settled down to business.

"How much money do you think you are worth?" he asked.

Cooper, who had been paid thirty-five dollars a week for his two-reeler with Eileen Sedgwick, mumbled something about "hundred and fifty a week." Then, while Goldwyn turned his back to consider this proposition, Gary whispered to the producer's assistant, "I'd do the part for nothing, but don't tell him that!"

Goldwyn finally offered Cooper seventy-five dollars a week, which Gary accepted immediately. This salary is mentioned only because Gary, after ten years, is again working for Samuel Goldwyn, opposite Anna Sten in a new picture titled "The Wedding Night," and his salary today is approximately one hundred times greater than the original weekly stipend which Goldwyn paid for his services as a cowboy-actor.

Goldwyn was in doubt of Cooper's acting ability, and to guard against nervousness, he instructed the director to "keep that tall fellow away from the camera as much as possible. When you must have him close, tell him it's a test shot." Cooper worked the first two weeks without knowing that he had actually won the role; he thought he was being "tested."

It is interesting to know how Goldwyn's question, "Can you act?" was finally answered. Henry King was the director of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and King was a great lover of speed and action. His test of Cooper's "acting ability" consisted of a sequence in which Gary raced into a scene on a horse, dismounted, and dashed into a log cabin. Cooper, born and raised on a Montana ranch, was of course a fine horseman. He went through that "acting test" like a cyclone. King, in a frenzy of delight, telegraphed Goldwyn: "Cooper is a find; he is a real actor."

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" was "the making of Gary Cooper." Word of his prowess spread quickly, and soon he was given a contract by Paramount. His first picture under the new agreement was "Wings," in which he played the small part of Cadet White, who was killed in an early sequence.

It was during "Wings" that the friendship of Cooper and Richard Arlen was born. This friendship has endured through the years; today "Dick" and "Coop" are close pals.

During the filming of "Wings" on location in Texas, Arlen rented an automobile, (Continued on page 65)
The Girl behind the Gardenias

Don't be deceived! Joan Crawford isn't like that at all; she's like this!

By Maude Cheatham

She has a very beautiful big home on a beautiful palm-lined avenue in exclusive Brentwood Heights, and there is an imposing front entrance. But Joan Crawford goes in and out of the house by the kitchen door!

"It is nearer the garage," she explained, simply. Adding, with a laugh, "I guess the real reason is that I love kitchens. They are so cheerful, so homey, and they always smell so good!"

It was during luncheon in her newly decorated dining-room, all in soft grays and a spring-like green, that I was making some amazing discoveries about the girl behind the gardenias, those exotic flowers she wears that dramatize the glamorous screen star. Back of the snowy blossoms is an entirely different Joan—warm, sparkling, emotional, and very girlish, still cherishing her ideals and still dreaming dreams.

She's a strangely vital, exciting personality; yet at heart, Joan likes the simple things of life.

"When I'm home," she told me, "I like to slip into a gingham dress. The other day I was in the kitchen arranging some flowers when a messenger boy, very grand in his new uniform, knocked at the door. I answered it and he handed me several packages. Then, glancing up, he recognized me. His eyes looked as if they would pop out of his freckled face, and I laughed. After a second, he joined in, and as we stood there laughing he said, 'Gee, I never thought you'd be like this!'"

"I've gloated over that. I think it's a pretty nice compliment."

Knowing it was Joan's great courage and determination that carried her over terrific obstacles to screen fame I wondered if she had ever known doubt, or hesitancy, or fear. When I asked her, she answered promptly, "Yes! For one thing, I'm deathly afraid of the dark."

"When I was a little girl my brother locked me in a dark closet. To him it was just a boyish prank. To me it was tragedy. When they opened the door I had fainted. I've never really recovered from that shock."

"I always sleep with three electric lights burning. I used to have just one, but once it went out and I woke up in the dark. It seemed ten years that I lay there paralyzed with fear until dawn crept in through the windows to light up the room. I've never run such a risk since then."

"In my first picture they put me down into a manhole. During the rehearsal I (Continued on page 83)
HOME may be in your hat, or in a hotel room, or a novel—or a mansion. The Warner Baxters elect the mansion, and since W. B. was one of those few canny souls in Hollywood who did not indulge in U. S. Steel at 260 in 1929, but stayed liquid as a lake instead, there is no stringency of bank account now to prevent his giving fullest rein to fancy in a home of palatial proportions, with swimming pool and tennis courts, and sunken gardens and a system of electric lighting straight from fairyland.

But don't make any mistake. This Belair home of the Baxters is not any mere architect's dream of grandeur. In a very special and true sense it is The House that Warner Built, bit by bit and room by room from the various pictures in which he has played. Whenever a fireplace or a built-in bookcase or a bit of portico has particularly charmed him, he has tucked it away in his brain with the resolution: "Someday I'm going to have that in my home."

Most people of imagination indulge in such day-dreaming, that too often ends right there. The Warner Baxter type of dreaming is of the happier type—that comes true, because he looks well to it that it does. But let Warner tell it for himself:

Left, the terraced blossom-bordered walk of the Baxter estate at Belair, located on the hillside.

Warner had this set, right, from his film "As Husbands Go" copied for his wife's own boudoir.

"There was a Colonial living-room in the Fox picture, 'As Husbands Go,' that I found simply delightful. I liked everything about it: the mantel, with the ship in the center, and the wall settee, and the placing of the Duncan Phyfe table. 'Don't look any further,' I told Winifred, the first day I saw it. 'We have a living-room, and so we have. It's exactly reproduced now at Beverly Hills, from the one in which I acted with Helen Vinson.

"The modernized Victorian room in 'Such Women Are Dangerous' had the same effect upon me. It's all in brown and white and chartreuse, used with a lightness and esprit that simply 'got' me. There was an American Empire sofa in that room that fairly took my breath; it was of eggshell satin tufted with tobacco brown moiré; the cushions of the moiré with ermine trimming. The woodwork was of eggshell white. The lamps at either side were fashioned from old-time glove stretchers—that held my fancy, I liked that suggestion of a beautiful woman's hand, supplying light to the home. The shades were of white buckram trimmed with tobacco brown moiré ribbon; the rug of white and brown, with chartreuse wool fringe. The moment I saw that sofa I knew I had to have it in our home. (Continued on page 79)
Janet tells her Success Secrets!

Want to know why the little Gaynor girl tops the list? Then read this exclusive feature, one of the very rare authentic interviews granted by the star.

By Mark Dowling

Ever since a hard-headed group of motion picture exhibitors chose her as Hollywood’s most popular feminine star, according to box-office reports, seeking to explain Janet Gaynor’s amazing success has become Hollywood’s leading indoor amusement.

Since “Seventh Heaven” she has stood among the first three box-office attractions of the world, with a steadily growing army of fans—a record which no other star has ever equalled, or even challenged!

Before telling you her own answers to the questions we popped at her—in one of the frankest interviews she has ever granted—we want to tell you the quality her own studio co-workers believe responsible for her triumphs.

One of them told me, “Janet has something that makes her startlingly different from all other stars. Too often they come to regard picture-making as a pretty prosaic business. There are so many tedious details—long hours, hard work, and going over a single scene again and again. Janet, on the other hand, is always as keenly thrilled over her latest picture as she was about her first starring part! I believe her enthusiasm shows through to audiences from the screen.”

Janet said to me, “How could anyone be bored in this business? You can never be sure that your picture will click until people have actually seen it in theatres, and this uncertainty keeps you on your toes. When we began work on ‘One More Spring,’ for instance, Warner Baxter told me seriously that he felt doubtful about its chances. Now we’ve just been working on the picture a little while, and he cries happily, ‘It’s beginning to shape up, Janet! It’s going to be good!’”

She can be just as enthusiastic in going over to the wardrobe department to try on a simple skirt as another star would over the most elaborate costume, and the
SHE IS NEVER BORED!
SCREENLAND believes that this, more than any other one thing, is responsible for Janet's amazing success. Read the story, then let's hear what you think!

What, can this be our Janet? Yes—and we're using it to show you that La Gaynor is much, much more than merely demure! This Spanish effect was just for a character study, but wasn't—and isn't—she cute?

mine for my pictures to be successful, and I believe their judgment on many things is superior."

If you have ever heard the loud groans and raves of other stars about their "mis-management," you know that Janet's viewpoint is as unusual as it is wise.

Our conversation was interrupted when she had to go before the cameras. Carefully a prop man sprinkled her coat and hat with drops of water from a sponge. On the set, artificial rain fell with realistic effect. A moment before her brown eyes had been dancing over an amusing anecdote, but now the cameras saw a poignant wistfulness that would hold audiences breathless. She played a lonely waif seeking refuge from the storm, and this Cinderella motif prompted me to ask her about "being typed." This is the favorite complaint of every star in town, but Janet has gone on playing the same type of character year after year.

"There have been stories printed that I long to make a drastic change—to play more sophisticated parts—but none of them was true. As (Continued on page 93)
Maureen Knows Hollywood!

Here is the O'Sullivan girl, whom many know but few understand—until they've read this penetrating story.

Maureen O'SULLIVAN has been the loneliest girl in Hollywood!

I think that somehow this year she is going to work out her problem. Certainly I hope so. It is too cruel to conclude that there is no out. Maureen is such a splendid girl and she asks so little of life.

Practically no one in Hollywood knows the real Maureen. I have the weirdest feeling when some one says to me that she's a cute Irish gal. As though that summed her up!

And then, stopping for a moment, I realize that they know no more of the real Maureen than you who see her on the screen. She has never "opened up" to them. That gay, brave front she assumes is taken at its face value. While all the time there is the pulsing, dynamic girl behind that camouflage.

The hit Maureen made in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" lingers on with the fans and the critics, who were astounded to see her shed her ingénue fluffiness and nearly steal the picture from Shearer, March, and Laughton—all winners of the Academy Awards as the industry's finest artists. That one performance of Maureen's brought her sharply to the fore last season. In "David Copperfield" she has more recently held her own with all-star competition. So it seems to me that this is the right hour to disclose her story.

To me Maureen O'Sullivan is more than interesting. There is an emotional depth in her which almost frightens me. And I feel sorry for her. Yes, sorry! Because she has been living, is living a true life story which is definitely unhappy.

In a way she has much in common with that noted Michael Arlen heroine, Iris March. Oh, Maureen is a great deal younger and there is no secret eating out her heart, nothing for her to conceal. But, like Iris, she seems to be a girl "who will never be let off anything."

Today those who are merely acquainted with Maureen, on the screen or in Hollywood itself, have no idea of what she has been going through. She doesn't wear a green hat like the Arlen adventuress. But green is the color of her native land and she has a heap of pride. She keeps a stiff upper lip, her head up, and smiles as though completely happy.

"I bore me!" she exclaims to casually inquisitive people. It is only during those rare minutes when she pours out her innermost thoughts that one gets close to her.

On the surface you would catalogue her as indeed a very lucky young woman. She has been a leading lady in pictures for five years. She is most attractive. And she's in Hollywood, most exhilarating of cities. True enough. But let me take you into my confidence. The reason I am sorry for Maureen is because she has led and is leading no such ideal existence. Rather, she has stumbled upon unhappiness.

I am not one of those annoying pests who blames Hollywood for making people unhappy, and neither is Maureen. Which is the pity of her case. I am quite sure she would have met the same fate whatever she'd drifted into.

Now I want to turn back first to her growing-up days, to give you the correct background slant. Maureen is the eldest daughter in a family of five. Her father is a retired major of the English army. At eleven she left home, which was Dublin, for a convent in London. At fifteen-and-a-half she was expelled. "For 'consistent insubordination,'" she recalls. "No other convent wanted a little rebel like me after that branding, and so ended my formal school days."

The irrepressible child was optimistically packed off to Versailles to acquire French (Continued on page 82)
But It's All New to John!

By S. R. Mook

Three pictures, and John Beal finds himself much in demand as a leading man! Here's what he thinks of it

A PRESS agent once tried to sell me the idea of a story on a newcomer. "I can't work up any enthusiasm about newcomers until I've seen what they can do," I answered.

"You writers give me a pain in the neck," he retorted. "You all want stories on them after they're stars but you never want to help make them stars."

Maybe he's right. I dunno. But I've seen a newcomer—John Beal—in his first picture—"Another Language," in his second, "Hat, Coat and Glove," in his third, "The Little Minister" and I've seen him do a few scenes from his fourth—"Laddie."

I think he's swell—and so does the editor of Screenland. And, because we're agreed he's going places, we are proud to present him to you and to extend a helping hand in his climb towards stardom.

Mr. Beal is by way of being a gentleman—but don't let that scare you. He's also nuts. John looks to be in his early twenties and his naiveté, for one who has been on the stage as long as he, is astounding. Not since James Dunn first hit Hollywood have I met anyone as unspoiled and trusting as Mr. Beal. I'm satisfied, in my own mind, that when he says his prayers at night he interpolates, "And please have Santa Claus bring me a nice, fat part."

Didn't he tell me, "Maybe I am tolerant—more tolerant than most young people, because it just doesn't seem right for one person to have enjoyed the run of luck I've had the last two or three years. Why shouldn't I be gullible and trusting? I've had practically everything I've ever wanted and few of the heartaches that go with the attainment of desires and ambitions. The only thing that keeps my feet on the ground is the certain knowledge that it can't last. I expect to go under any minute now and have a long streak of bad luck. Then, maybe in four or five years, I'll have fought my way back to the top."

John made an embarrassed sort of noise—half laugh, half grunt. "Here I am talking about making a comeback when I haven't even made a good start! But I think I'm going to be not so hot in this new picture. I've looked at the rushes and while I have a couple of good scenes, most of the time I look at myself and think, 'Well, you certainly are the height of dullness.'"

He considered things for a minute and burst out: "You know, you're under a terrible disadvantage when you're young. No one takes you very seriously and everyone thinks you're either very juvenile or very gaga. Youth is something you can't help. It's an indisposition that only time can cure. I don't see why people should feel the way they do about it. Young people are certainly just as positive personalities as older ones and their problems are just as real as those of anyone else!"

It's an interviewer's business never to be surprised at anything—certainly never to show it. I'm afraid I must be a very bad interviewer because my eyes must have been sticking out like cherries on a stick and my jaw dealt my stomach a blow as it dropped. Possibly other youngsters have felt something of all this but it's the first time I've ever met one who formulated it into a thought and expressed it in so many words. But I'd better start at the beginning of this interview.

John faced me across the luncheon table, looking somewhat like one of Harry Leon Wilson's characters dressed up in his Sunday best—and hating it.

"Cocktail?" he asked.

"No," I responded, hoping he wouldn't believe me.

"I don't think one cocktail could set me off enough to spoil my work for the afternoon, do you?" he inquired.

"No!" I shouted.

(Continued on page 84)
Come to England's

Meet your British film favorites on their home "lot"—and greet some of our own stars "on loan" over there!

ELSTREE! Hollywood across the sea. A cinematic suburb of London. Three great groups of film studios. The same jargon, signs, cries:

"Silence!... Lights!... Stand by!... Sound!—Roll 'em over!" The same kind of scenic skeletons of the Corners of the World standing all over the lot: A "dive" in Shanghai; a stage-coach courtyard scene from Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop"; a corner of Paris through which Leslie Howard recently drove a tumbril filled with condemned royalists on the way to the guillotine; a waterway in Venice from Elisabeth Bergner's "Escape Me Never."... All a bit mistily shrouded with London fog, the last time I saw them. But for all the slight differences and 5,500 miles of ether, land, and sea dividing them, Elstree is bound as tightly together with Hollywood, as though they were only across the way from each other, beyond that hedge of hawthorn with the holy grove behind it. The same group of world artists are today illuminating both Elstree and Hollywood!

Say what we may, it is not—and never was—the pictures, the stories, the authors, or the stupendous sums spent in making the screen world, that have captivated a universal audience and held it spell-bound for twenty-five years. Persons and personalities are the things that count! What is it we remember of what we have seen and felt of the cinema after a decade or after a score of years? Not "Less Than The Dust," for example, but Mary Pickford who played in that and in a score of other pictures whose names we have long since forgotten. "The Thief of Bagdad" was wonderful, but not so wonderful as Douglas Fairbanks. Even that grand play, "The Last Laugh," is hazy, but we shall never forget the performance of Emil Jannings.

For more than a score of years Hollywood has stood paramount in the picture world; all other producers in every land—save for an
HOLLYWOOD!

By Henry Albert Phillips

The well-known journalist, on a special visit as SCREENLAND's reporter, personally conducts you to the British studios and presents you to leading players.

occasional shooting star—have wobbled like rank amateurs in the game of pictures until now. For the first time in film history, Hollywood is sharing her laurels, her stars, and her personalities with another producing land; with England, from which country we had borrowed practically half of them. Now we are lending them some of our people. It is a good healthy sign of the film times ahead!

Elstree is a legend, just like "Hollywood" that forges to tell the world that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is not in Hollywood but in Culver City, and so on. So likewise is Gaumont-British in Shepherd's Bush. But Elstree, like Hollywood, will go down in British film history as England's cinema center of gravity.

There is one major difference between Elstree and Hollywood, which will account for a scarcity of spicy gossip, domestic scandal, and keyhole profiles. Elstree is not a colony, but a workshop. The Milky Way of the stars of Elstree is London, whither they shoot nightly and come out in the social heavens to twinkle, to tango, or to tank up; or whatever it is said that stars do all through the night. However, and fortunately, stars seen from any hemisphere the world over behave much the same, only it requires a little more high-powered telescopic information and many eyes to observe it all.

Anyone half-blind, however, could read the sparkling lights shining through the fog on Charing Cross Road announcing that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence were playing together. And playing what? the world of gossip asks, remembering young Doug's interlude with Joan Crawford. I met Douglas, Jr., one night in his dressing-room at the Queen's Theatre, and asked him that very question: "What about you and Miss Lawrence?"

"Why not ask me what about myself and Elisabeth Bergner, with whom I recently (Continued on page 63)
Cross-examining Capra!

The Hit-Maker tells all! Another star article in our series about great directors

"ARE good pictures accidents?"

Frank Capra, 37-year-old Italian born director of "It Happened One Night," "Lady for a Day," "Broadway Bill" and a long string of box-office successes, ran a hand through his mop of black hair as he pondered my opening question.

We were lounging comfortably in front of a logfire in the living-room of his Beverly Hills home, and Capra had promised to answer a long list of rather pointed queries.

"No," he answered at last, "I would say that good pictures are not accidents, but the result of forethought, of serious study, and of lots of hard work. It is true," he qualified his statement a bit, "that occasionally someone will hit upon a novel idea that strikes the public fancy for the moment and the resulting picture will earn money. But such accidents are the exception among good films."

"How do you prepare for pictures like 'It Happened One Night' and 'Lady for a Day'?"

"With our writers, we first develop the story, sometimes spending months in preparing the script and working out, as far as possible, major and minor details. We do not point for certain players; rather, we work out the story first and then decide on the cast, trying to find the players best suited to the parts as written, instead of making the parts fit the actors."

"What are the chief qualifications of a good director?"

"I would say that he must be a teller of tales and, at the same time, a good audience. I mean that he must be able to watch a scene in the studio and tell, instinctively, whether or not it will appeal to the public. Of course he must also know the technique of directing, the cutting, camera angles and other behind-the-scenes business of motion picture production. A director, after all, is merely a man who tells a story through moving, talking shadows of real human beings."

"What do you consider your best picture, from a box-office viewpoint?" "From a personal viewpoint?"

"From a personal viewpoint I would say 'Lady For a Day.' Next I would say 'It Happened One Night.' The latter, I suppose, was best from a box-office viewpoint.

"Yes, I believe that the gross income from 'It Happened One Night' may reach $3,000,000 although as a rule I do not know exactly what each picture costs nor what it brings in. I do not want to know."

"How should an ambitious young man go about becoming a director?"

"I believe a job in the cutting department would offer the best preliminary training. Not only does the cutter learn the technical end in the best place possible, but he comes in contact with producers, supervisors, directors and cameramen, and he learns their problems at first hand."

"Next I would advise writing. Any kind of writing, just so he learns to tell a story in an interesting way. After that he should start as an assistant director, but not until he's had both cutting-room and writing apprentice-work ahead of him."

"How do you account for the success of 'It Happened One Night' which was certainly not a 'big' picture?"

"We had the right story and the best cast we could obtain. We succeeded in telling the story so that the audience loved each player. Both Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable were excellent in their parts. Some of the best bits in the picture were developed right on the set. The players were smart enough to catch the new ideas, and work them out in just the right way.

"When the picture was first completed I thought we had a very good film. Naturally, no one could guess that it would do as well as it has done."

"How do you make people (Continued on page 70)"

Frank Capra and Clark Gable, who worked together in making "It Happened One Night." Read what Frank says about Clark.
PERMIT me to personally conduct you on a keyhole visit to see Robert Montgomery! Allow me to remove the key from the lock, so that you may look through and see the real Bob—the one a few of us are privileged to know.

Bob likes to sprawl. His long legs seem to enjoy their privilege of removing his feet as far as possible from his body. At a bridge table, for instance, his feet may rest under his own chair, or under his partner's. At a table for two, keeping off Bob's feet is a worry.

That small, close-lipped smile is his pet expression. When he smiles that way, he resembles a spoiled child, caught in a pout it cannot hold. Bob rarely exhibits a toothsome grin; he either smiles with closed lips, or he grins.

He rarely talks about other people. In the years I have known him, Bob has never uttered a word of criticism or gossip about another person. He has given me two reasons for this highly commendable trait: "I never repeat private life gossip that I hear about people, because I have been the goat of too much gossip about myself ever to believe the evil that I hear about others," he says. "Every star, no matter how decent his private life may be, sooner or later falls victim to gossip. No actor or actress, therefore, should ever repeat slanderous talk he may hear about other members of his profession.

"I never criticize the screen efforts of another actor. The circumstances that may have preceded the filming of a bad scene may have been the cause of that scene's failure to be well done. In 'Night Flight,' for example, there was a brief sequence, enacted by Helen Hayes, which was so badly done. Now I happen to know that for weeks previous to the filming of that scene, Miss Hayes protested against doing it, but the producers ordered that it be made. Now wouldn't I be silly to comment, after seeing the sequence, 'Miss Hayes is a poor actress'? In my opinion, she is one of the best—if not the best—in the world today.

"It would be just as silly for me to criticize the work of any other actor, for how am I to know that he did not do his work under protest, and therefore could not give forth his best efforts?"

Bob has a pet peeve. It is his belief that motion picture producers give players too little credit for judgment. A star is rarely heeded when he offers an opinion.

Montgomery once told me about a famous stage actress who came to Hollywood to appear in a picture. After several days of conference with some producers, the star halted proceedings and said: "Gentlemen, there is only one fault I have to find with this conference. You refuse to concede that I may have good judgment of my own."

"On the stage, a star is employed for three reasons," Bob told me. "They are: talent, box-office value, and judgment. In Hollywood, only talent and box-office value are considered. Producers refuse to grant players the privilege of thinking for themselves. The stories are picked by the producers; the very clothes that a star wears in a picture are chosen for him; the words he speaks are written by somebody else, and the actor may not change the words without the consent of the producers. Even a star like Helen Hayes, with years of successful experience and therefore a definite conception of her own limitations—if (Continued on page 67)

Here's Bob! Close-up, without make-up!

By
Sydney Valentine

Key-holing Montgomery!
Landi Finds Herself

At last, the real Elissa is revealed, both in her screen work and her private life. You'll enjoy this intimate interview, in which an aloof lady turns into a vivid human being.

By Dickson Morley

I have just received Elissa Landi's permission to tell the whole truth about her!

Behind every star “front” in Hollywood there is the pulsingly human real story. For various expedient reasons all the facts are seldom revealed. Even as you and I might hesitate to lay bare our innermost thoughts and actual life.

But now I discover that Elissa Landi is making a clean break with her English yesterdays. I note that she is zealously bent on becoming 100% American. And under the peculiar circumstances that have arisen she has consented to my request that the fans be let in on the Elissa I know.

Until this interview she has been only partially frank. She has held back much that is of the greatest importance to her, personally. I am sure you will agree that what she has concealed goes a long way towards explaining that restraint some critics have felt in her screen work in the past.

In the last two pictures a vibrantly beautiful, vivid Landi has been captured by the cameras. This is an inkling of what is to be, for actually Elissa is no more the cool, stiff sexy siren than Myrna Loy was that fantastic Oriental vamp who used to slither across kindly heroines' paths.

She is brilliant; yes. Probably the brainiest woman in Hollywood, with a keenly analytical and humorous mind that makes her grand company. But haughty? Not Elissa! She's the epitome of friendliness. And mysterious? Well, she has been perplexing up until the present. But because she was posing for a purpose. She was playing the gallant lady. And as frequently happens, gallant ladies get no thanks at all for their consideration.

Elissa has no desire to be aloof or mysterious, however. “I loathe mystery!” she exclaims. “To me it's a pose, a relying on 'props' to impress. I am not the sort who delights in being secretive. I want to share my life, my enthusiasms and my fun, with others. And so far as the fans are concerned, whatever they wish to know about me I am glad to tell them!”

She is the first to point out that she is changing. “Why, I'm coming alive in films!” Her assertion was exultant. I am thrilled to be able to say that she is also coming alive—in person.

Brilliant as Elissa undoubtedly is, she is a woman, first of all. I think she doesn’t (Continued on page 66)
Continuing our exclusive account of Claudette's colorful career, with the star's own announcement, here published for the first time, of her separation from Norman Foster

By Elizabeth Wilson

W HEN Claudette was sixteen the thing she most wanted to be was a Flapper. All the girls at the Washington Irving High School had dozens of boy friends who bought them Hershey bars, and waited outside the classrooms, and walked home from school with them, giggling and "cutting up" all the way; but our little Claudette, alas and alack, did a Garbo on the sidewalks of New York and walked alone!

It wasn't that the boys weren't attracted to the pretty little French girl with the tremendous brown eyes, but she was so shy, and never could think of anything to say to them. She worshipped from afar the big blond captain of the New York University football team, and the day she saw him pull up a telephone pole right there on Washington Square she nearly swooned from unrequited love. Poor boy, he never knew that for an entire year he was the secret adoration of a future movie star!

When a young French student, approved by the family, invited Claudette to a prom at Columbia University she spent weeks trying to practice up on "small talk" and flapper slang. But the night of the party she couldn't think of a thing to say to all the gay young men who seemed to expect a lot of snappy repartee; not even the old reliables, "So's your old man" and "Applesauce" came to her aid; and when she saw herself becoming a wallflower, panic seized her and she ran home and cried all night. That was the beginning of her great inferiority complex. It moved right in that night and didn't leave until years later when Messieurs Zukor, Mayer, Cohn, Laemmle and Warner started fighting over her autograph. "Boys are stupid. I'd rather read a book," announced Miss Colbert to her mother and father and girl friends, but deep down in her heart she knew darned well she'd give anything to be a flapper and go sloshing down Lexington Avenue in open galoshes with a youth on either side.

So no wonder when one young Davenport of Georgia kissed her on the moonlit deck of an ocean liner returning from France in the late summer of 1924 that Claudette felt that she should marry him at once. Young Davenport didn't expect "small talk" for he had a line all his own, so that's very likely the reason Claudette fell for him, that and because he looked like Valentino. But as soon as they landed Mr. Chauchoin gave his little daughter a "talking to," and (Continued on page 72)
SCREENLAND
Glamor School
Edited by Kay Francis

She's always News, but especially right now, after her grand triumphal tour, and her sensational social successes in Paris, London, Rome, New York. Our "Best-Dressed" Woman shows us—first, of course!—her smart new clothes. Glamor—in Person!

Angel-skin, in dull black, fashions the dramatically designed gown posed by Kay at the left. The bodice is softly draped, and the crushed belt is lacquered satin that fastens with a huge cameo clasp.

For early Spring Kay Francis selects the ensemble pictured at the right. The brown dress is topped by a waist-length jacket fastened with a chrome steel buckle. The dolman sleeves and high draped collar are of pussy-willow striped taffeta. Kay wears brown alligator shoes in smartly sensible street style, and matching brown hat, gloves, and hand-bag.
Special Scoop! The Very First Exclusive Pictures Posed by Kay Francis Since Her European Jaunt!

In her first picture since her vacation, "Living on Velvet," in which she appears with George Brent, Miss Francis is seen in the brightly colored house gown shown above, designed by the famous Orry-Kelly. Tiny white flowers edged in black dot the cheery red wool crêpe of the gown, which has Pierrot sleeves and neckline.

Left, Kay wearing an unusual sports coat of natural camel's hair. Loosely cut, it has dolman sleeves with stitched pyramid cuff folds, and the cowl neckline is cleverly substituted for the customary tailored collar.

Orry-Kelly designed this lovely hostess gown, right, for Miss Francis. Steel-cut beads dot the sheer white fabric, and the lines of a monk's robe are followed in the full sleeves, and silver rope girdle.
A FEW evenings ago, seated by the fire with Charles Butterworth (my favorite Schnauzer), and a glass of mild grog, I was shocked to read this paragraph in a Hollywood gossip column—

"Among those seen at the Club Trocadero in recent nights were Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall and (gasp!) Josephine Hutchinson."

The (gasp) was mine. I couldn't have been more stumped if I had read that Beryl Mercer had been caught doing the Caraco with a scented gigolo. It couldn't be the same Josephine Hutchinson I knew—yet, damme, it probably was!

For the Jo Hutchinson of my acquaintance was not the sleekly-coiffed, satin-chassised actress in Warner pictures, but a frowsy-headed, starry-eyed and very Arty (capital A, please), young person who wouldn't be dragged within a mile of a snickering saxophone.

You have probably seen this handsome and eloquent newcomer with the eminent young tenor, Mr. Dick Powell, in "Happiness Ahead." If not, you will no doubt witness her in "The Right to Live" or "Oil for the Lamps of China," for both of which she is earmarked. If you did, or do, you come face to face with the most remarkable repaint job Hollywood has accomplished since Miss Bette Davis was practically rebuilt from stem to stern and given a high duco finish.

In fact, the present incarnation of La Belle Hutch is one of those absolutely incredible things you refuse to believe until the movies r'ar up and do them. Really—the girl's story must be preserved as another weird chapter in Hollywood's lengthening history. A droll tale it is.

Pull up your chairs and refill your glasses. It's early.

Some years ago, in the capital city of the nation, I was bidden by a rich man's son to gaggle a dish of tea and meet a young actress. Sure of the quality of the tea (with a spot of rum), I took a chance on the actress and so came eye to eye, for the first time, with Miss Jo Hutchinson.

A tasty morsel she was, though a bit coltish. All hair and eyes, with a pointed and dimpled chin. But forget the body. Young Jo was 99 percent Soul, with a goodish dash of Intellect. She was so insanely devoted to her Art, whose other name was Acting, that the affair seemed almost improper. So ethereal was the gal that I felt a stiff breeze would waft her over the White House and into the Potomac River—on whose broad bosom she would float, like the Lady of Shalott, to Norfolk, Va., and the open sea.

Mr. Robert Bell, the rich man's son, was also devoted to the faunier drama, and his wealthy pater had staked him to the most charming "Little Theatre" in the United States. To tenant this charming spot he had formed a group of similar earnest seekers dubbed "The Ram's Head Players." In fact, there was a ram's head over the prosenium arch. To my irreverent eyes it looked very much like a billy-goat. At any rate, he had brought Miss Hutchinson and her mother, Miss Leona Roberts, all the way from Seattle, Washington, to adorn the troupe.

And adorn it they did. Miss Roberts was then, as she is today, one of the finest character actresses in America. Young Jo was vivid with zest, charm, and youthful beauty—a first-rate actress in the making. That was my professional opinion then, and it is today.

Lawk, the things that eager baby played! You know, of course, the dramatic puff-balls "Little Theatres" hurl at the devoted heads of their subscribers. Light, airy stuff like the bride's first biscuits. Well, Jo has played 'em all. Nothing stumped her then; nothing ever has!

She went to the mat with Jolly Little Things by Strindberg, the crazy Swede—fluffy nothings wherein the entire cast sits around a (Continued on page 76)
Life Begins Again at Fifty!

W. C. Fields, great trouper, reviews the past and looks forward to the future—in his own well-chosen words!

By Ida Zeitlin

"Life's begun again for me at fifty—sure," said Bill Fields, sunk low in his chair, hands thrust into the pockets of the high-waisted trousers he wears as captain of a river boat in "Mississippi." "But listen, sister," he went on with a lift of the brow, "that's not sayin' this particular life won't end six months from now, and that I won't be lookin' around at fifty and a half—or so—" his voice dropped an octave on the last two words, and he fixed me with a benevolent glare, "—for a nice fresh start in life."

"Sister" listened in some incredulity. What was he talking about?—this man who's rated tops as a box-office draw, who's climbed higher and faster into popular favor than any screen comedian of the past decade, who's succeeded in doing what Chaplin alone has done before him—levelled all barriers and united highbrow and lowbrow in a common passion for the ingratiating scalawags he portrays. It doesn't matter how that passion is expressed. From the soda-jerker's: "I'm nuts about Fields," to the many-adjectived raves of the metropolitan critics, they all mean the same thing. And it was that thing which put the sceptical gleam into my eye.

"All right!" said Mr. Fields, the flat of his hand out-turned in a gesture of finality. "All right. Don't believe me." In his best McGonigle manner he was pretending to be deeply pained. And I, who should have known better, was wondering what form my apology should take. Then he grinned. And a more disarming grin—if he'll excuse my saying so—you'd go far to find.

"Think I'm puttin' on an act, hey?" he queried amiably. "Just the big shot tryin' to be a modest violet. Lady, you never made a bigger mistake. I'm scared, see? I'm always scared. I've been thrown out on my ear so often—yes, when I was goin' over just as big as they say I'm goin' over now. This game's just one merry round of bein' thrown out and discovered all over again. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo! It's not just me—look at May Robson—look at Marie Dressler—look at Lionel Barrymore—it happened to all of 'em. The public may think you're swell—you may think so yourself—" He gave me a slow wink. "But the time comes when the fellows with the money think you're through, and it's waste of pride and energy to argue with 'em. So you laugh, down,
Screen Style SECRETS!

"Secret One, I might divulge, is a good figure. And when I say a good figure I don't necessarily mean a perfect one! Miss Ginger Rogers is my nominee for the reigning ideal, with her willowy grace and her casual smartness. Yet, for the young matron type, the effective poise and curved slenderness of Irene Dunne is no less a vision and a model to be carefully followed.

"Now women must not be discouraged if they are an inch or so taller or an inch or so shorter than the object of their inspiration—provided they are proportionately heavier, or lighter, as the case may be, or if their own measurements vary accordingly. Yet what is even more important is having a 'good line'—real or simulated. If a woman's bust-line is too angular or her shoulders fail to slope in the prescribed manner, exercise and care in correct posture will ultimately bring results. Even a mannequin, you know, is the product of careful, consistent development.

"Secret Two is the outcome of such development—a graceful carriage—and no less the designer's ability, in the actual cutting of a costume, to skilfully over-

Ginger Rogers, above, one of the stars of "Roberta," wears this unusual cost with fur cuffs almost to her shoulders.

Irene Dunne, left, as a Russian princess, requires more dignified clothes. Mr. Newman designed for her this charmingly simple frock.

Bernard Newman, RKO's master designer, whose first creations appear in "Roberta." He advises you here on your fashion problems.

The secrets of the Hollywood lots are so closely guarded they make Scotland Yard seem like a children's playground by comparison! To every Dr. Watson there are at least a dozen executives who go around with sealed lips and a furtive eye lest some other studio beat them to the preview.

At the moment the newest importation to the Boulevard of Broken Schemes is Bernard Newman, RKO's master designer, whose first assignment is the much-conjectured, much-discussed and much-publicized "Roberta."

"Roberta," as a play, was a Broadway success. It is the story of a Russian princess, played by lovely Irene Dunne, and a bogus Countess, enacted by the vivacious Ginger Rogers, and for its background we have the fashionable establishment of a modiste. What a setting for feminine beauty and lavishness of apparel, and that very distinctive glamour which Hollywood alone brings to women everywhere! And who better than Bernard Newman to give it the magic touch of brilliance and the no less important stamp of authenticity?

"Why? Because he actually has created wardrobes for royalty and celebrities such as the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Lady Astor, Gertrude Lawrence, Lynn Fontanne, and many others—but only after studying his art in the leading style centres of New York and Paris. A young man in years—for Bernard Newman was born in Joplin, Missouri, on November 18th, 1903—he has, for the past ten, built a reputation which permanently has established him as foremost among outstanding designers.

"Mr. Newman," we said, "we have come to appeal to your sporting instinct!"

"Sporting goods," he remarked drily, "are on the fourth floor."

"Sporting, not spoiling, instinct," we replied. "Everyone has heard of the fashion pageant to be the feature of 'Roberta,' in view of which should women be kept in suspense while stars and mannequins parade before the cameras behind locked doors?"

"My dear," he answered, with exaggerated gravity, "those are our Secrets! Nevertheless," he smiled charmingly, "I should like to share with those women my own style secrets, and you shall have the first real lowdown on the 'Roberta' fashions!"

And that is how Screenland now comes to present the story of Bernard Newman's sensational style scenario for this RKO picture.
Latest in Screenland's exclusive series presenting the priceless ideas of the master dress designers of the studios. In no other way can you learn so practically the lessons of fashion as taught by the cinema!

By Helen Harrison

come slight abnormalities until, to the casual observer, they are non-existent! Women should never 'gloss over,' but study seemingly unimportant irregularities to prevent them from ultimately becoming serious hazards to line and grace.

"With Miss Dunne and Miss Rogers I unfailingly discuss their reactions to a rôle—how they wish to look for the part; and between the stars' own conception of character and their own intrinsic personalities a very satisfactory result is attained. Each star has her own particular idiosyncrasies, I might say, 'hallucinations,' as to her defects and best points. These must be tactfully and diplomatically approached and overcome. However, in the instance of a woman impersonally estimating her own style possibilities, these ceremonies happily are omitted, permitting a shortcut to honest conclusions.

"Secret Three is the manner of wearing clothes, and most important. A regal manner goes far to enhance the simplest costume. I do not mean a woman should assume the 'grande dame,' but a gown may be given importance and personality through the proper attention bestowed upon it by its wearer. Miss Dunne is indeed the essence of true regality. In this film she wears no less than fifteen changes of costume—a miniature fashion show in itself—and in each she is a lovely picture. You see it is her manner. But let me (Continued on page 75)
Another honey from the greatest troupers of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story... the kind of dramatic entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic '70's... as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—guess what: A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable

---

The bigger you are
the harder you'll fall for Shirley
in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

What a heart-stirring team they make!... this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."
"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

More BEST BETS
from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in
"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"


GAYNOR & BAXTER in
"ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S
SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Durante, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.
Del Rio's all-white boudoir provides the background for these startling portraits. In a white satin house robe Dolores reclines in a huge white chair, with her white dog at her feet—and a white china kitten close by!

— And Decorates!

Leave it to Hollywood to make the most of Dolores Del Rio's Latin loveliness! She and her art director husband, Cedric Gibbons, have used their picture experience to make their modern home a perfect setting.
Hollywood Dances!

Extreme left, George and Carole start with left foot, follow with the right, then make a complete turn to left, ending first movement same as at start.

Second position, at left above, extend left foot to side, draw right foot to position equal with left, execute twice and then repeat with right.

Above, position three: man leads the girl backwards in semi-circle and returns her to original position to the count of 4. Repeat 4 times.

Sweep and grace mark the new dance demonstrated here by Carole Lombard and George Raft. It is the newest ballroom number originated in the cinema capital especially for the co-starring team of "Rumba," by the famous Veloz and Yolanda, whom many critics proclaim the greatest ballroom dancers.
Above, fourth position. Man turns backward and girl follows in this position to take 2 full turns. Movement ends with arms swinging to right.

Position five is at right, above. The man leads his partner to the left, pausing at the end of the fourth beat. Step then repeated to right.

Extreme right, the final movement. Man extends left foot, drawing right close to it, steps forward with right, closing on the left foot.

George Raft and Carole Lombard danced to fame as a co-starring team with the intricate steps they performed in their memorable Bolero in the picture of that title. Will they repeat their successful collaboration in their new production offering as a feature the dance they illustrate for you here?

A revival of rhythm sweeps out from the heart of Hollywood. Here we show you the latest, as performed by Carole Lombard and George Raft in"Rumba."
CLARK GABLE is no drawing-room Exhibit A, as you may have been thinking after seeing him in "Forsaking All Others." He's an outdoor man, and he'll prove it in his next screenplay, "Call of the Wild"—yes, adapted from the well-known novel by Jack London, with Loretta Young opposite.
AFTER her smash performance with Leslie Howard in “Of Human Bondage” Bette Davis found herself famous. But she swore off accepting any more “mean” roles. Then Hollywood, with the way it has, persuaded her to play in “Bordertown” with Paul Muni, in another picturesque part; and lo! another hit!
Hollywood Dramatizes "The Little Colonel"

The perfect casting! Lionel Barrymore as the crochety old Southern Colonel, Shirley Temple as the spirited Little Colonel who wins his heart. Our gratitude and applause to Fox Films for an inspired picturization!

The littlest and sweetest woman of them all: our Shirley as Lloyd Sherman, The Little Colonel, one of the most lovable children in all the realm of fiction. The book has lived for years. We predict the picture will live longer!

Family group! Lionel Barrymore as the old Colonel, who opposes the marriage of his daughter, Evelyn Venable, to the Northerner, played by John Lodge. But then The Little Colonel comes along and straightens things out!
Study in temperament! Two high-spirited thoroughbreds face each other: the old Colonel and his grand-daughter, before she convinces him that even though her papa came 'way up North, still he is worthy of a welcome into the family. Lionel Barrymore and Shirley Temple are a new sort of screen team, and their scenes together will surprise and thrill you with their artistry.

Girls of all ages have been waiting to see "The Little Colonel" on the screen. And now that there's Shirley Temple to play the beloved little heroine, their dreams have come true!

Bill Robinson, the famous dancer, who has taught so many now celebrated dancing stars all they know, was brought from Harlem to Hollywood especially for this production. He taught Shirley new dances, and says she's the brightest pupil he has ever had. Of course Mr. Robinson also plays an important rôle, as well as entertaining with his marvelous dancing.

Right, Shirley and Bill in a number.
Hollywood Dances An Encore!

SUCCESS for Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee" meant a request from our readers for his autographed portrait, which he obligingly provides, above; and for another picture with Ginger Rogers, which he supplies in "Roberta," the new musical from which we show dancing scenes on this page.
Hollywood Dares to be Different!

Variety is the spice of screen entertainment! Actors in rôles you don’t expect!

Bing Crosby in side-burns, all done up for his very different part in "Mississippi."

The matinée idolish Fred MacMurray as "one of the finest" in his next film.

Douglass Montgomery plays a difficult rôle in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Wally Beery as a brisk and businesslike sergeant flying instructor in "West Point of the Air"—and not a boyish grin to be seen!

Only his first real part, but in "Only Eight Hours" Robert Taylor stands out.

The suave Charles Loughton, right, as "Ruggles of Red Gap"—how’s that for surprise casting?
Hollywood is Domestic!

How's that for beguilingly blissful domesticity? Left, Mr. and Mrs. Jolson alone together, like any happily wedded couple, before their homey and old-fashioned living-room hearth.

And there, below, is Al Jolson in the midst of his working implements, books and typewriter, to say nothing of the knotty pine panelling, ship models, and etchings which decorate his comfortable study.

Ruby Keeler and her pet Scottie greet you at the entrance to the Jolson house at Belaire, a handsome and striking building featuring the graceful lines and detail of Spanish architecture.
The Jolsons—Ruby Keeler and Al—here prove that stars are people and that "Home Sweet Home" is something more than the title of a song.
Hollywood Dignifies!

Alice Faye, from Broadway, takes on perfect poise now that she has joined the siren sorority of cinemaland. Aside to frantic fans: don't fret; Miss Faye hasn't acquired too much dignity to be amusing in the new "George White's Scandals," her next screen effort.
How Hollywood Stars Emphasize 

The Appeal of Beauty

The Secret Is a New Make-Up
Now You Can Share It

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, because each shade of powder, rouge and lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to harmonize with each other, and with individual complexion colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Thus, the appealing beauty of each type is emphasized to the utmost.

Famous screen stars have found magic beauty in this secret...so you may confidently expect your own color harmony in this new make-up to create a lovely, entrancing, fascinating beauty for you. You'll note how the face powder imparts a satin-smooth, clinging make-up...how the rouge gives life and color to the cheeks naturally...how the lipstick creates a color-perfect lip make-up that lasts and lasts.

Discover new beauty by sharing this luxury of Hollywood's stars, now available to you at nominal prices.

Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

For personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick...mail coupon below.

Gloria Stuart
Appearing with Dick Powell in Warner Bros.' Musical Extravaganza
"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Max Factor Hollywood

Society Make-Up: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR...HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick. Color Samples, four shades. Include 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Hollywood Make-Up"...FREE.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

COMPLEXIONS

EYES

HAIR

Very Light

Light

Blonde

Dark

Brown

Very Dark

Black

Brownette

Light Brown

Brunette

Red

Blond

Brown

Brunette

Redhead

Light Brown

Brown

Brunette

Redhead

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Light Brown

Photographed on location in the San Bernardino Mountains, for the new Samuel Goldwyn film

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Anna Sten and Gary Cooper in "The Wedding Night"
Francis Lederer wants you to understand him, and he explains himself here

Heartbreaker? NO!

When Jean Muir once told me she had seen Francis Lederer in his stage play, "Autumn Crocus," forty-seven times, I thought she was stretching her narrative a bit. I hadn't seen Francis Lederer then!

When a drama critic on a New York paper announced that Lederer was God's gift to women, it didn't disturb my allegiance to Clark Gable, Leslie Howard or Robert Montgomery. When Edna Ferber, usually so conservative, stated that he was the greatest actor of this age, I thought: "That's okay by me, too, for everyone is entitled to an opinion." But I hadn't talked with Francis Lederer at that time!

When I read that all Germany united in declaring him the greatest Romeo in Europe, after his sensational performance with Elisabeth Bergner in "Romeo and Juliet"; when, later, the people of Berlin declared he was equally delightful in his musical comedy, "Wonderbar," and so dubbed him both "the singing and dancing Romeo"; when the staid British came right along and gave him just as warm a reception, and proudly announced that Lederer had learned to speak English in six weeks, well—I was just having my credulity stretched to the breaking point. But I was yet to know Francis Lederer!

Now I am prepared to state, without fear of contradiction, had he not made his first American picture appearance in a rôle which, according to our viewpoint, completely hid his natural charm and good looks, he might by this time have pushed all the gay Lotharios into the background! Now I understand why New Yorkers immediately declared he was the first matinee idol since the days of young Jack Barrymore; now I can even appreciate how the young women felt who, after seeing his performance in "Romeo and Juliet," unhitched the horses from his carriage and themselves pulled his carriage through the streets of Berlin. For today I spent two hours with Lederer!

It gives him no satisfaction to be told he is a heartbreaker. "Of course, one is always grateful for love and appreciation," he said, "for it means a greater opportunity for usefulness. But the things that hearten one are when people write that" (Continued on page 92)
Miracle out of Hollywood! “David Copperfield” is Hollywood’s most dramatic answer to its critics. Here is a masterpiece. How will the world receive it? If you and I are sincere in our demands for finer pictures, we will support “David Copperfield” and encourage other such splendid tops and courageous films. I can’t “review” this for you—it would be an impertinence. “Copperfield” can only be seen, appreciated, and seen again, and again. The first “chapter,” the story of the boy David, is the most poignant drama I have ever seen, or read; the second story, of David grown-up, is almost as perfect. This picture is over two hours long; it is often episodic; it demands quiet attention and understanding. But it is well worth the effort. I should like to see the first half, without cuts, as a complete picture for permanent exhibition not only in theatres but in schools and churches. It is breathtakingly moving and heartbreaking in its incredibly real record of the boy David’s fight for freedom—a plea more potent for tolerance than most sermons. The Honor Page credits the flawless cast. I only wish I had more space in which to praise “David Copperfield” as it so richly deserves. It’s great!

Excuse me a minute while I change my Victorian costume to one more suited to the French Revolution. There! Now I’m in the mood for “The Scarlet Pimpernel.” These period pieces are all very charming, but I wish they wouldn’t happen all at once. It’s just a little confusing, meeting Clive in India one day and The Duke of Wellington at Mr. Micawber’s the next. Well, let’s make the best of it—and among the best is “The Scarlet Pimpernel.” For sheer suspense and convincing characterization Leslie Howard’s latest is very nearly tops. That is, if it weren’t for Mr. Colman’s, and Mr. Arliss’, and Mr. Lawton’s. Anyway, if you can resist Leslie in the delightful and daring and incredible rôle of Sir Percy Blakeney who duels in and out of France rescuing aristos from the guillotine—what? of course you can’t, any more than I can. He’s utterly elegant. As for Merle Oberon, her sultry beauty in Romney hats and gowns is a sight to see; and her high intelligence, her sure and subtle ability, match her beauty. The direction, the sets, the costume, the casting—all superlatives. Positively not to be missed! Family note: here’s absolutely clean entertainment—exciting, too!

Every small boy’s dream of what a movie should be! Any parent who keeps his child away from this one is guilty of extreme cruelty, and should be subjected to just a little of the torture inflicted upon those brave Bengal Lancers. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Dick Cronwell by the big bad natives. Here’s the super-one-piece-screen-serial of all time, fast, furious, and more Kiplingesque than Rudyard himself. Don’t expect to see on the screen very much, if anything, of the original book by Yeats-Brown. Instead, you’ll plunge right in to the daily adventures of the Lancers in India, Hollywood version, with pig-sticking in the morning, spying in the afternoon, and a little quiet torture for tea, followed by an evening finishing off a couple of thousand natives, with attendant flag-waving, heroism, and hurrah for our side. This is indeed Hollywood’s bow-to-Britain month in the movie theatres. Gary Cooper has the rôle of a lifetime as the lanky Lancer who glorifies his job. Franchot Tone reminds me of his early promise in the most congenial part he has had in months. Sir Guy Standing and C. Aubrey Smith with the grand voice are also excellent. It’s all great fun. And Cooper’s best work by far.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Sweet Music Warners

Introducing a brand new and grand new personality: ladies and gentlemen, I give you Rudy Vallee! Now please don’t say you don’t want him: that you saw a certain picture he made a long time ago, and you’d rather give him right back to me. Just go to see “Sweet Music” is all I ask and I’ll practically guarantee you’ll all become Vallee-conscious in the cinema as so many of you are over the air waves. For here’s a different Rudy, a genuinely likeable chap who satirizes himself before you can, who lets himself be handsomely kidded by the cast, who charms the gals with that inimitably mellow voice, and who wins the men who’ve been rather grim about him by singing I Know A Tavern in the Town in such a robust and regular way as to make it one of the most thoroughly satisfying songs ever caught by the sound-camera. There’s a refreshing spontaneity to “Sweet Music” absent from the screen since “Forty-second Street,” with a sprightly romance with Ann Dvorak dancing back to high favor; the side-splitting Britons with their mad Band; and through it all the Vallee Charm, which I’d always believed to be a myth but now admit is an American institution.

The Iron Duke Gaumont-British

If you’re an Arliss addict, don’t miss the latest in his gallery of historic screen portraits. If you’re not, then you may view the Great George’s interpretation of the Duke of Wellington as just “Old English” on horseback. However, you’d better see it and judge for yourself. Mr. Arliss is, as always, clever, cerebral, calm and cool, and he’s had Napoleon on the battle-field of a pretty girl in the drawing-room. Excuse me—I seem to have been a trifle hasty in saying that Mr. Arliss meets Napoleon at Waterloo. He doesn’t; he just catches a glimpse of him now and then through the smoke of battle. And that’s what’s wrong with this picture. It never makes the Iron Duke a living, breathing, fire-eating man; it keeps him a dignified diplomat, devoted to his wife and sons even though he can’t help glancing now and again at willing beauties. Maybe that’s your idea of Wellington, as it is Mr. Arliss’; it isn’t mine. There are certain solid merits in this British-made film, including believable backgrounds and atmosphere; and the scenes in which Wellington fences with the scheming daughter of ill-fated Marie Antoinette, Gladys Cooper, have dash and drama. Miss Cooper is excellent.

Devil Dogs of the Air Warners

The sky’s the limit in this thriller! How the small boys, and girls, too—yes, and all their mothers and their fathers and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts are going to it and for it! Jimmy Cagney is cast as an “air circus” flyer who joins the Marine Corps and thinks that the circus should continue in the service. Can’t you see Cagney in a part like that? In fact, you will! Following the immensely popular pattern of “Here Comes the Navy” you find Jimmy and Pat O’Brien again as friendly enemies with vivid Margaret Lindsay the girl in the case, and Frank McHugh contributing even more laughs than usual. The Navy Department and the Marine Base at San Diego, California, did their bit in no small way to add authenticity to the thrills—and then gave more by staging a super-excitement battle with the Atlantic Fleet booming in. Pat O’Brien is everybody’s idea of how a marine should look and act. Master Cagney is his usual exuberant self, but Auntie Delight will spank if he doesn’t stop working that irritating laugh. Naughty, naughty! The stunt flyers in this air opera do things that make me want to stick to street cars. Oops! The month’s thrill movie de luxe!

Clive of India United Artists

“Clive of India” is the first motion picture within my memory—and I have a good, long memory going way back to “The Birth of a Nation”—to make married love really romantic. Oh, I remember “The Thin Man” too; but I’m talking about Romance, good, old-fashioned, swashbuckling Romance. And this picture has it, superlatively. The winning-and-winning of lovely Loretta Young by handsome Ronald Colman is one of the most lyric love stories the screen has ever told. And it represents the finest acting yet offered by the pulse-stirring star and his exquisite leading woman. I’ve heard murmurs that this “Clive of India” is too insistently upon our hero’s private life and domestic doings; but what woman in the audience will ever object to that? Ronnie could conquer India, and did; he and his trusty troops overcame elephants and other obstacles; but after all the shouting was over I wanted to see him come home to Loretta. It’s a strong new characterization for Colman, played with ardor and imagination. Miss Young is a dream of loveliness and her acting is as good as she looks. Perfect combination of stirring, sweeping drama and thrilling, intimate romance. For the family!
Radio Parade

If happy days are here again for opera let it thank broadcasting and the microphone stars.

By Tom Kennedy

It is entirely true, as those critics say who are now scolding the broadcasters for not devoting more energy to the development of their own talent and attractions, that radio is leaning pretty heavily on opera just at present. But it is equally true that radio is proving a most important and efficient pulmotor in bringing opera's gasping breath back to more than normally brisk respiration.

If, as a result, there isn't today a larger audience than at any time in the past for operatic singers and opera itself, then a lot of radio biggies are fooling themselves—and me too, for bringing up the subject at all in this corner.

However, the suspicion if not the conviction is that America is tremendously eager to give ear to operatic works and opera artists. How else can one account for the presence on radio programs of so many representatives of opera? With one exception (Friday), every day in radio finds that some of the most pretentious of the day's programs include at least one star whose fame rests upon association with opera.

But if radio is hitching its little band-wagon to the star of opera, look, please, how opera—despite the lethargy of its own nominal guardians, who long were indifferent if not hostile to the idea of putting their performances on the air—look how opera, we repeat, is being lifted by its own boot-straps to a popular interest more widespread than opera knew even in those halcyon days when its glamorous stars, its gossip of the dressing-rooms of the chorus and ballet was the talk of every town that had a newspaper; just as today Hollywood supplies, more ample but no more highly flavored chit-chat broadcast under the "by-lines" of syndicated columnists.

Indeed, it might be claimed that radio lavished upon the opera one of the few major refinements the broadcasters have brought to their business this year. This is the improvement made in (Continued on page 78)
When your hair is your fortune, you're rich! You can make it your greatest beauty if you will

By
Josephine Felts

Beauty goes to your HEAD!

"We are going forward by going backward!" declared my favorite movie star the other day. "Just look at the new hats! Our grandmothers wore them!"

Just three generations from bonnets to bonnets, it seems. And if you don’t believe me, compare the new Spring versions with the one grandmother wore when grandfather had that snapshot of her taken. The one he carried in his watch so long.

They are alike as two peas. You will fall in love with these hats but you will wonder what to do about your hair. Take a tip from that same grandmother and transfer your curls from back to front.

Lovely Astrid Allwyn shows you how. Both her coiffures shown on this page are made from a long bob. In the large illustration, the one I have called "cameo," the back is curled in poppyette curls which are combed out and caught at the crown of the head. Then the ends are re-curved over the finger to blend in with the front hair which has been curled to cover the forehead. It is a ravishing way to wear your hair, particularly if you are the fragile blonde type.

The coiffure in the second illustration can be worn by practically everybody. In doing your hair this way, first, shadow-wave the thin side of your hair and then brush the ends sleekly around the back of the head and neck curling the heavy side in flat ringlet curls. It seems the flat swirl at the back of the smartest heads all winter meant business. The new Spring mode is carrying it on and adding a swoop of curls to the front.

Perhaps you don’t realize it yet, but you are pretty sure to be wearing curls on your forehead before the year is out. Maybe they are going to be smooth sleek curls, demure curls that look as if they wouldn’t hurt a fly, curls that cast down their (Continued on page 68)
NOW is the time for all wise girls to begin to get in trim for the bathing suit season!

In winter, especially if you live in a cold climate, you are inclined to be less active, partly because there's not much you can do outdoors except scurry around with your shoulders hunched against the icy blast, with an occasional chance to ice-skate, ski, or toboggan. The thing I notice about winter sports is that people who engage in them work up an excellent circulation but pay very little attention to posture.

When the thermometer is down below freezing point, you naturally require more and heavier food to combat the chill, and there's no argument that this sort of food will put on pounds.

So take a critical look at yourself in your mirror. Get on the scales and see whether or not you are above the mark you've set for yourself as ideal. Take out the measuring tape and go over your measurements. Have you a little roll of fat around the waist? Or are your hips too large?

A group of famous artists compiled a list of ideal measurements for the ideal girl not so long ago. They are supposed to be for a girl 5 feet 6 inches tall, built on what the screen would consider too generous lines, so when you consider them in relation to your own, remember that a Hollywood figure would be somewhat less. However, here they are:

- Perfect ankle .................. 8 inches
- Perfect knee .................. 14 "
- Perfect thigh ................. 20 "
- Perfect waist ................. 26 "
- Perfect calf .................. 13 "
- Perfect hips .................. 34 "
- Perfect bust .................. 34 "
- Perfect upper arm .......... 10 "
- Perfect wrist .................. 6 "

"We'll consider that you (Continued on page 95)
Have You Seen Kelly?
By Dena Reed

Who hasn't? Patsy is the new comedy princess of pictures, and this story explains her

PATSY KELLY is exactly the way you know her on the screen. She has the same walk, the same half-smile now of bewilderment, now of wisdom, the same expressive eyes and the same manner of wise-cracking. Everyone is "Toots" to her. An interviewer must catch her on the wing or do without, so our talk became a game with Patsy wise-cracking and me trying to keep her from realizing she was being interviewed.

"I'm afraid of interviews," she had told me over the phone. "I guess it's the Garbo in me!"

I trailed her for a week and when I finally caught up with her she confessed that the reason she decided I might be human was because she had "one of those summer colds that last into the winter" and I had a cold, too!

Like most comedians, Patsy rarely laughs out loud and is essentially a serious person. Her mannerisms are not affected—they are strictly Patsy Kelly.

"I just play myself," she explained. "We all have a certain way of walking and certain gestures that make up our personality and distinguish us like our handwriting. That mine happen to strike other people as funny is just dandy for my pocketbook! I can't think I'm funny because I've looked into the mirror long enough to get used to my face.

"My New York friends have been ribbing me unmercifully over an interview," she confided. "You see I got a write-up in one of the dailies—it was swell that anyone should want to interview me and I'm terribly grateful, but there was a slight misunderstanding. I said I couldn't bear to see my pictures—and that's true. It makes me feel kind of sick; you know, that sea-sick feeling. But I said that now when Thelma Todd and I have to look at our rushes in the projection room we get hysterical. It was true, that—not because we think we're so good but because we've had such a good time shooting the picture and it even got to the point where either of us had only to crook a finger to send the other into giggles for no earthly reason. Well, the story gave the impression that we didn't like our pictures at first but now we laughed ourselves sick because we were so funny!

"I didn't see the paper at first but it seems all my friends did, and all hours of the day and night my phone would ring and someone would say 'Do you think you're funny?'

"'Why, no,' I'd answer.
"'Well, neither do we!' they'd say, and slam down the receiver. I knew it was a gag but couldn't find out what the gag was at first. Five of my friends practically kidnapped me and made me go to 'The Girl From Missouri' and every time I'd come on the screen one would say, 'Don't you really think you're funny in that shot?'

"Well, as soon as I saw the paper with that story I caught on, and the next time the phone rang with one of my buddies pulling that line I answered, 'Sure, I'm funny! Boy, I'm the funniest (Continued on page 94)
Here's Hollywood!

Late news of the lots where movies are made

By Weston East

Colleen Moore's famous doll's house, which cost the star nearly $75,000, is now on a tour that will take it to the principal cities of the world. A minimum charge will be made to view the house, and all proceeds will be turned over to charity. If the house comes to your home town, by all means do not fail to have your glimpse. The miniature castle is built of aluminum and bronze. It contains gold and silver plated furniture, and precious stones and expensive murals adorn the walls. It covers a total of nine square feet and has been seven years in the making.

To Miss Moore goes one of Screenland's monthly close-ups—a gorgeous close-up with a perfect sound track—for her generous donation to charity.

When the Pickens Sisters of radio fame—Jane, Helen and Patti—were last in Hollywood for a motion picture, they were assigned to a dressing-room together. A member of the studio publicity department, in search of the sisters, knocked on their door and called, "Hey, who is in here?" Whereupon the Jane of the sisters gleefully answered: "Ain't nobody in here but us Pickens!"

WILLIAM POWELL was showing some friends around his new Beverly Hills home, including much discussion of the decorations and furnishings, which were supervised by Jean Harlow.

One feature of the house is a thermometer in every bedroom. Said Bill of the instrument in his own room: "The darn thing doesn't work. It's been eighty degrees ever since I moved in. I think the room is a little warm, so I'm going to get a thermometer that is stationary at seventy."

JANET GAYNOR is making no secret of the fact that she plans to retire from motion pictures at the end of her present contract, or in about two years.

"Retirement plans" are often announced by stars, but are seldom carried out. Miss Gaynor is willing to wager two thousand dollars to one thousand dollars that when 1937 rolls around, she will turn in her make-up kit and call it a day.

Any takers for that bet?

Dick Powell takes a look at the view from the house he told you about last month in Screenland. The location is Toluca Lake. That's quite an establishment for a bachelor—or did Dick have something else in mind when he built it?
GARY COOPER is fighting his inner self, and it is all because his inner self wants to take up airplaining, and Gary's more taciturn self realizes that he hasn't the time for it.

For the "lack of time" reason, Cooper has refused to learn to fly. He says he does not want to become an "aviation nut." However, he has purchased a plane and hired a pilot, and now he flies to his Montana ranch for week-end hunting trips.

THE stars themselves, and the wives and husbands of the stars, are often amused by the gossip about themselves. At a recent dinner party attended by several Hollywood actresses, one guest happened to read aloud the "dirt column" of a local paper. Presently she came to this item:

"What popular, he-man star who formerly hated a certain feminine star now thinks she is ace?"

"Why, that's Clark," exclaimed Mrs. Gable, laughingly.

ONE of those pathetic moments that take place now and then in life occurred on a set at Warner Brothers Studio. Jackie Saunders, once a star, was playing an extra role, and she was seated near James Cagney, who was talking to other members of the cast. Suddenly Miss Saunders burst into tears and ran from the set.

Production was delayed long enough to discover what had happened: Miss Saunders, the once-wealthy star, had overheard Cagney say that he had just purchased her old home, and was having it redecorated throughout.

ROCHELLE HUDSON believes in having her fun. There was a great deal of mystery attached to a diamond ring that she wore on the proper finger for several weeks. After maintaining the mystery for some time, Rochelle at last told a friend, who asked what man had given Miss Hudson the ring: "Nobody gave it to me. I bought it myself. Haven't you ever done anything for publicity?"

MARGO does a swirl of triumph after completing her role in "Rumba," in which George Raft and Carole Lombard co-star, and Margo makes a hit.

SOUTHERN California tourists who happen to motor through the Toluca Lake district are often amused by a parade of white-clad nurses pushing perambulators. Obviously, the nurses of the district get together and take their daily jaunts in one large group.

It is not the congregation of nurses that is of interest. The identity of the babies, if the tourists could only recognize them, would cause all motorists to stop and stare. In the group, as a rule, may be found the three Bing Crosby children; Richard Ralston Arlen; Susan Ann Gilbert, tiny daughter of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert; and Mary Astor's baby.

BULLETIN FROM YE STORKE:

Hear ye! Hear ye! I have scheduled many visits to the film colony for forthcoming months. My date book reveals the following engagements:

DICK POWELL tells this story on himself: Dick went into a Hollywood café for luncheon, and as he came out, he was accosted by one of two small boys. The lad said, “Hey! Will you autograph my book?” Dick would, and did. The small boy looked at the signature, then turned excitedly to his young companion. “See—his name is Dick Powell!” he cried. “I told you this guy was a movie star!”

Dixie Lee, in private life Mrs. Bing Crosby, returns to the films. Left, Dixie in make-up for her new part.
ONE of the warmest friendships in Hollywood is that which binds Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay. The friendship began at the beach two summers ago. Miss Gaynor, not a good swimmer, was attracted by Miss Lindsay’s prowess in the water. They met, and the admiration increased. It was returned in equal degree by Margaret. Now they sneak to previews together, visit the beach, have dinners together with their respective boy friends, and even visit each other’s sets. “Set visiting” is the mark of extreme friendship, because most stars dislike being watched by other players, and only the best of friends encroach upon this privilege.

Speaking of romance, here’s Alice Faye as Juliet, in a scene for the new film musical revue in which she appears.
WHEN news that Bette Davis was living in an auto camp outside of San Francisco spread through that district of California, people gasped. Hundreds went to see for themselves, unwilling to believe that a film star would live in such modest surroundings. What happened was this: Bette's husband got a job playing in an orchestra near San Francisco. In order to be near him, Miss Davis moved. Because her husband worked nights and slept days, he needed a quiet residence. The auto camp was near the night club where he worked, and it was quiet, so when the husband indicated a liking for the place, Bette said, "Why not?", and they moved in.

JIMMY DUNN showed up at Lakeside Golf Club with a "little red book"—but not the kind you think. No, sir! This book contains a record of the number of rounds of golf Jimmy must play.

You see, Dunn has "done got fat," and he's trying to reduce. Still, he has an avid taste for sweets. So whenever he pleases this taste, he chalks up in the red book, so many extra holes of golf to be played to offset the "fat calories."

MYRNA LOY was the recipient of a fan letter from a man who wanted to renew their high school acquaintance by taking her to dinner. Miss Loy might have accepted, but for the fact the writer's letter went on to say, "I never invited you out when we went to school together because in those days you had too many freckles on your face!"

YEARS ago, when Jean Muir was playing a minor role in a New York show, she was known as Jean Fullerton. The theatre press-agent constantly mis-spelled her name—Fullarton, instead of Fullerton. Now she's in Hollywood, and the same press-agent, now a scenarist, was assigned to write a screen story for her. The first thing the writer did was to mis-spell her name "M-u-e-r"!

ALTHOUGH Dixie Lee will not allow Hubby Bing Crosby on her sets, she spends her time between scenes on his sets, working cross-word puzzles. ... Tullio Carminati's full name is Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla; he uses name and title on his calling cards. ... A room of Warren William's home is decorated like a ship; the windows are portholes, and a ship's steering wheel revolves a hidden bar into sight. ... Italy bestowed upon Wallace Beery the National Medal for the finest screen performance of 1934, in "Viva Villa". ... A joker sent Mae West a copy of a book titled, "What Every Girl Should Know". ... Ricardo Cortez, working with Virginia Bruce in a picture, was taught by her to knit—and he actually made a small sweater for his dog! ... Andy Clyde wired friends from San Francisco: "Having swell time. Wish it were paid for". ... Marlene Dietrich, believe it or not, was voted by Hollywood style experts as "The screen's best dressed woman" of 1934.

Now she'll sign! Left, Katherine DeMille, having made good on her own, agrees to play in a film to be made by her father, Cecil B. DeMille.


So that's where the Vanishing American went! Below, Mae West and Tito Coral, one of the seven leading men in Mae's new film.
Come to England’s Hollywood

Continued from page 23

America’s colored genius, on the Elstree lot, London is not new to him, although Elstree is. He first appeared in England as Brutus Jones carrying on his broad shoulders and mental make-up the one-man show, “Emperor Jones.” Now he is playing another slant on the same plot, a negro who has spent part of his life in Liberian prisons, from which he finally escapes and establishes himself as king of a small tribe in the Congo. Those who have seen the movie of “Emperor Jones” have a treat in store when “Congo Raid” will be released shortly by United Artists. I reminded Robeson of the time I had heard him sing in a Paris Catholic church to the accompaniment of that expert organist, Konrad Bercovici, who wrote among other things, “The Volga Boatmen.”

And who should happen along but the father of three of the world’s most famous film sisters, Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett? Mr. Richard Bennett himself! Mr. Bennett said he was on his way to India to make a film entitled “Daughter of India.” Then he will travel to Moscow to play in the filming of “He Who Gets Slapped.”

While we are on the subject, we may as well spike that rumor that one of the world’s most popular wisecrackers was on his way to Elstree to make a team picture with his wife, the erstwhile Betty Compton. We refer to the inimitable Jimmy Walker, who once wise-cracked himself out of New York, but is now wise-cracking himself into the hearts of the London populace through his feature page in The Sunday Dispatch. I had no little trouble in locating “Jimmy” and his Betty in a little lovenest cottage in a quiet village 40 miles out of London town. Said Jimmy Walker, “There are bigger things in life than the Empire State, and this little English cottage is one of them. Give us time to catch up with some of the happiness we’ve lost, then we’ll come out and do that picture we’ve promised. It’s only a couple of hours’ drive to Elstree!”

Elisabeth Bergner is not the only one who is heading for Hollywood, whether she wills it or not. There is that other...
sensation of stage and studio for the moment. Robert Doan. He has recently returned from Hollywood after establishing himself as a star of real importance for British film interest in the "Count of Monte Cristo." He has stepped directly into the hero role in London's most popular stage play of the moment, "It's a Slippery Slope," and is expected so greatly to make Monte Cristo picturesque, but Mr. Doan has made it credible with a distinct realization of the author's grotesque Gaumont character, and a most convincing sincerity. And that is just the sort of person he is off-stage where I met him to discuss his future plans and prospects. "Don't worry!" he said, "but I haven't yet signed them. I've had a year of continuous work." he added. "I know of a lonely house on the Sussex coast where I can wear old clothes and forget the tinsel of stage and screen. I'll make my plans there—not in Elstree or Piccadilly." Now I hear that Robert Doan after due deliberation has signed with Warners—and ho for Hollywood!

I suppose that George Arliss is the most popular of the British film stars. In a popular voting contest, the British public put him above Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, or Ronald Colman. He always thought the American feminine film fan would have permitted, even Royalty favors Arliss. While it seems to have been a permanent rumor that he was to go to Hollywood, certainly it is the case, the other evening when I was held up more than an hour in a taxi in the Strand because of the traffic, where I was meeting him for his third visit to see the Gaumont production of "The Iron Duke" with Arliss in the role of the Duke of Wellington. We asked Arliss if he would come back to Hollywood if he was coming back again to his native England. "Coming back?" he asked with that sly smile of his, "Why, I shall be coming back—back to the stage, back to Hollywood, and back to Elstree! That's what makes life interesting."

Reverting for a moment to that British voting contest for your favorite film star, the first six male stars were: Arliss, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Colman. The first six female were: Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, and Katharine Hepburn. The most unpopular stars were: James Cagney and Mae West!

There's been no end of rejoicing in Elstree as well as all over England, over the recent British prodigal son, Charlie Howard. A test of Mr. Howard's personality was evident throughout the filming of his latest Pictures, "Three Men on a Boat." Whether in the picture or in looking on, the popular actor was always the cynosure of all eyes. To me, there is always something appealing about Leslie Howard. Seeing him in his grotesque make-up at first made me laugh, but the next minute I could have cried as readily. His reactions and elicits the most remarkable impressions and emotions of any artist we have today before the camera.

I asked him, "Have you come to any actual conclusion as to the relative merits of screen and stage art in putting over a truly fine idea?"

"Yes," he told me. "I think that the film today can say all that is to be said on the boards. But it can go farther, deeper, and show so many more facets to the thought in mind. I am surprised to find that the stage can carry the audience to the top of the highest mountain and to the deepest sea and bring ten thousand persons to their feet."

I caught just the faintest glimpse of Jack Barrymore when he dropped in at Elstree to get the feel of his future studio home for some months to come, when he returns from his holiday in India. There was an evident struggle going on as to what should be the subject of Mr. Barrymore's first British-made picture. Shakespeare seems to be a possibility. It is about time that the screen grew up to the stature of the stage in this respect.

Elstree is still echoing with two feminine names who promise to make film history for both England and American studios. Merle Oberon is already in Hollywood where she was to play the lead in "Folies Bergere," opposite Maurice Chevalier. But it is her part opposite Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Lady Blakeney, that won their hearts. The other young woman is Flora Robson, who has made a series of terrific personal successes. She was the dynamic Elizabeth in Berger's film, "Catherine the great." Now she is carrying London in the title role of the stage play "Mary Read." In a month she will be back at Elstree in the part of Queen Elizabeth, in a straightforward historical film.

While it is true that Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush seem a bit lonely on my visit, without the dominating personality of Arliss, yet there was excitement in the air, Gaumont was negotiating for more property, determined to hold its lead as the biggest studio in England. When I was there, they had six features in the can. Three of the big pictures to follow will include titles that will make the picture-goers sit up in anticipation: "Anna Karenina," "Bella Donna," (starring Conrad Veidt), and "Mary Queen of Scots." They will join the Dickens procession, (following "Great Expectations," "David Copperfield" and "Old Curiosity Shop"), with an early production of "Mr. Pickwick."

The nearly four years I have spent in Hollywood find a substitute in a range of chalk hills south of London, called the North Downs. In that section called Ashdown Forest we find the secluded retreat of the lovely Madeleine Carroll, remembered in the U. S. for "The World Moves On." She lives in one of those picturesque homes that bring the stones of the ancient home of the Sheriff of the Forest. Behind the old house is a model farm—orchards, chickens, Jersey cows and a garden where she grows vegetables. She has something new in hobbies for movie stars!

No sooner had Charles Laughton sailed away to Hollywood to fulfill his part-time contract, than London Films sets to work preparing his next British picture scheduled to be made here in Elstree. His inimitable Barrymore and a vast plan brought to the screen in "Henry VIII" has brought to light no less than an original picture, for Sir Guy Carleton is calling it "Sir Tristram Rides West." Laughton will take the part of a ghost that haunts a medieval castle bought by an American.

Noel Coward has a rival! Hollywood too will be rivalled in the production of a second "Cavalcade"—this time on British soil with all-British cast and all-British, Winston Churchill, has written the script. It is planned to be released as a Birthday present to the King. Three hundred copies of the negative will be sent simultaneously to every corner of the British Empire to be shown March 1st. And the title will be The King of France.

I talked for an hour with Diana Wynyard in her dressing-room in His Majesty's theatre, where she is preparing for a part in a play called "Sweet Aces." The public in England feel that they owe her a debt of gratitude for the service she did England in her part as a correspondent in the American made film of "Cavalcade." I asked her when she intended to return films. "I think I shall find one day one should use it," she replied. "It is nearly four years since I had appeared on the London stage, and I had a secret desire to see how things were going with my talent."

There was certainly nothing wrong with her talent the night I saw her. Miss Wynyard, and all sets are tall for American Helen Chandler, who had just sailed back to Hollywood. She is the star of the forthcoming "Radio Parade," and was working in the last scene of "It's A Bet," the night before she caught the boat. Arthur Woods, the young English director, told me: "We've been watching Miss Chandler ever since we saw her fine work in "Outward Bound," 'The Last Flight,' and 'Christopher Strong.' We consider her one of the greatest acquisitions to British pictures. When she finishes her New York stage engagements we hope to have her again."

The leading man in all three films is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, one of England's finest actors. He plays Charles II in "Nell Gwyn," which United Artists is now releasing in the United States. Opposite Sir Cedric in this picture is the exquisite Anna Neagle, whose charm and beauty are probably suited for Hollywood—which has already imported Sir Cedric himself.

The movies are no longer centered solely on the California coast. The industrial town in the blossoming desert. Today, there are hands across the sea in a splendid gesture that will make for a more rounded and fuller art; that will put the cinema in the first place in the medium of dramatic expression. Elstree—and her sister studios—are the English cousins of America's Hollywood!
but Cooper was unable to afford such a luxury. Therefore, on the eve of first day of production, Dick volunteered to take Gary to the flying field the next morning. Nine o’clock came, but no Cooper arrived at the designated meeting place. Half-anxious, half-angry, Arlen hurried to his new friends’ hotel room—and found Gary still in bed.

Euroute to location, Arlen stopped at a sandwich stand. Gary amazed Dick by ordering a bottle of near-beer and peanuts.

“Is that you intend to eat?” Dick demanded.

“Not this onon is enough,” Cooper opined.

“I got some eatin’ to do in the picture.”

It later developed that his “eatin’ to do” consisted of munching one bar of chocolate.

After “Wings,” Cooper enacted a role opposite Clara Bow in “It.” During this picture, he also suffered his first contact with Hollywood gossip—he and Clara were rumored “in love.” Stories circulating in their “romance” smashed magazines and newspapers everywhere—but there was no more romance than there were waltz tunes on apple trees. Gary’s answer to all queries about his “love for Clara,” became historic. “She’s a fine actress,” he invariably replied. To those years of their alleged romance and years since they have worked together, Cooper credits his “break.” After Miss Bow having helped him over the rough spots and having “taught him about acting.”

“Children of Divorce” was then the next step in the screen life of Cooper. This picture gave him the toughest bump of his career. The director, Frank Lloyd, had from the first professed considerable faith in Gary’s talents. But before the second day of shooting, Gary was informed that he was so bad, he was being removed from the cast.

Heart-sick over this seeming collapse of his dreams, Gary climbed into his car and headed for the Mojave Desert, where he “thought things out.” It is a habit of Cooper to do this when he wants to do some “serious thinking.” Himself a slow, lonely man, his mind works best when the sun is high and the desert sands his bed. He returned to Hollywood the following day, still undecided about his career, but no longer confused in his own mind. He met up with his friend, Samuel Goldwyn, a then-popular novelist and newspaperman, and in an open area of his studio called olde-downtown, ran headlong into the open arms of Director Lloyd. The rushes of the second day’s work had shown such a marked improvement that the studio had decided that no one else could play the part.

Cooper returned to work imbued with new confidence, and no longer halting and awkward. In fact, his improvement was so marked that he went directly from “Children of Divorce” to his next picture, “Arizona Bound,” the first of a long series of Westerns. In rapid succession he starred in “Ma, Ma, Where’s Your Papa?”, “The Condemned,” “Watchtower,” “Lilac Time,” “Half a Bride,” “The First Kiss,” “The Demon Angel,” and “Wolf Song,” during which period he met Lupe Velez. He played her lover in the picture, and soon the diametrically opposed Lupe and Gary were confiding in one another who was the handsomest man in the handsomest man in the handsomest man in the handsomest man of the farthest corners of the world. They were seen everywhere together, from brilliant social functions of Hollywood to probe into the San Francisco Stadium on Friday night days. They were as inseparable as clouds and rain.

During this period of his life Cooper fought clear of dress clothes. He was rarely seen in any garb other than sweaters and leather jackets: in fact, he made fa-

mous this type of dressing long before Jack Oakie and his sweat-shirts came into prominence.

Cooper’s first talking picture, “The Virginian,” found him and his old friends, Arlen, re-united. The first day of production, Cooper was to have called for Arlen at nine o’clock for a long ride to location. He arrived at four o’clock in the afternoon, mumbling his apologies. Then followed the wildest ride of Arlen’s life. They raced pell-mell across country, collecting four-speed tickets on the way. Incidentally, they collected three more on the return trip—that’s how anxious Cooper was to return to Lipe.

Dead for lack of rest and at best never a fast thinker, Cooper had difficulty learning his lines. Arlen had heard that if one relaxed in a hot bath, he could study and learn more quickly. So Dick put Gary in a hot bath at the hotel. Cooper promptly went to sleep. The next day Gary again failed to remember his lines, so Arlen once more put him into a hot bath. “Coop” again went to sleep.

Arlen gave up this plan. However, he discovered that Cooper could easily remember individual lines or “sides,” but he couldn’t remember where each such piece of dialogue occurred. So during the filming of subsequent sequences, with Gary and Mary Brian, Arlen climbed into nearby trees, and from these perches he signaled the proper lines to Gary. The scheme worked fine except that Gary had to act with one eye on Mary and the other on Arlen.

Following “The Virginian,” Cooper’s popularity increased unbelievably. His next successions of pictures included “Seven Days’ Leave,” “Only the Brave,” “The Texan,” “Man From Wyoming,” “Mo-rococo,” “The Spoilers,” “Fighting Car-avans,” “City Streets,” “I Take This Woman,” and “His Woman.”

At this point of his career, ill health, made more acute by his historic quarrel with Lupe, forced him to take a leave of absence. He went to Africa to hunt big game. He sailed during October, 1931—still a bachelor interested only in his career.

Although his pictures had been highly successful before, Cooper returned from Africa with the screen his finest performances in “Devil in the Deep” and “Farewell to Arms.” After the latter picture he was, at least temporarily, the most sought-after actor in Hollywood. At the height of his popularity he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio on loan, to play opposite Joan Crawford in “Today We Live.”

He next returned to his own studio to star in “One Sunday Afternoon” and “Design For Living.” It was during the filming of this second picture that Cooper, interviewed on the subject of love and marriage, denied any and all heart interest, and maintained that he would not marry for at least three or four years.

A few weeks later, he became the husband of Veronica Lake, professionally known as Sandra Shaw. The wedding took place in New York, and only members of the bride’s family were present.

They immediately returned to the West, stopping in Arizona for a two week’s honeymoon. After that Gary resumed his career, appearing in “Alice in Wonderland.” His part as a knight was characterized practically that picture. Then he was “borrowed” by M-G-M to appear opposite Marion Davies in “Operator 13.” Next came “Now and Forever,” and this was followed by the picture that Paramount claims is its greatest production of all time: “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.”

At this writing, Cooper is literally “back where he started.” He is again working for Samuel Goldwyn. This time he is co-starring with Anna Sten in “The Wedding Night.” His salary has increased, during the intervening ten years, to thousand per cent—from seventy-five dollars a week to seventy-five hundred dollars a week!

In looking back over his career, Cooper staunchly refuses to select a favorite leading lady, although he talks more at length about Marion Davies than any other
actress. According to him, Miss Davies is most charming to work with, not only from his own viewpoint, but from those of the grips, technicians, assistants, and other set people. "If Miss Davies decides she wants a sandwich or a cold drink, everybody on set who is hungry or thirsty is invited to have one," Cooper says.

Cooper has saved his money. There are some who call him parsimonious, but in reality he is only careful. He dislikes to talk about his success, or his wealth. For example, I asked him if he owned property at Palm Springs, the winter home of the film folk. "A little," he answered.

Pinned down to facts, he at last admitted that "a little," in this case, meant about three thousand acres! "A lot of land is just plain desert," Cooper explained.

He has an ambition to return to Africa and "finish up" his hunting.

Landi Finds Herself

Continued on page 26

Above, Nils Asther arriving in New York after a vacation visit abroad, including a stay in his, and Garbo's, homeland, Sweden.

Elissa is as glamorous as any star I know in Hollywood, and yet she doesn't go about it with a trilly airs. One particular afternoon she wore a simple sweater and skirt, most American-looking.

"Real glamor," she contends, "can stand the close-up test. It isn't dependent on mystery, but on innate charm, intelligence, and sophistication. Assuredly not artificials!" We were discussing various screen stars and unerringly she was giving away a first-class description of herself, it seemed to me.

An ardent horsewoman, Elissa has even stopped dressing up for her daily canters over the Hollywood hills. "Except when I have very formal company riding with me," Elissa has a beautiful, clear complexion, the healthy glow of a woman who spends much time out of doors, and in daytime uses no make-up.

Her conversion to America is one aspect of her life which has never been publicized before. Her long unhappy marriage is the other important phase—the legend about which she's spoken only half-truths until now.

"I believe it would have been better if I had stated shortly after I first came to Hollywood that the marriage which seemed successful was anything but that. But I didn't, out of respect for my husband."

"We were married early in 1928. I had already made a name for myself, first stage in London and was doing my first film. The truth is that I was not anxious to marry for I feared my acting, to working would be a serious handicap. I would gladly have given up acting and substituted the orthodox duties of a housewife."

"Instead of marrying someone who had been financially lucky, there is an air of 'Well, it's yours today and may be mine tomorrow'."

"In England it is distinctly bad taste to discuss your personal affairs—to be sympathetic if someone has met with reverses. Why, in such cases, you aren't supposed to be interested. One day I received a present from a friend and knew giving it to me was a sacrifice I'd be apt to comment: 'Wasn't it sweet of her to do this for me when she really shouldn't have spent the money?' If I said that in Europe it would be considered in bad taste."

Elissa and Garbo are the only country in the world to live in, declared the widely-travelled Elissa, as she sat quite erect across the hearth from me. "It is such a friendly country common-sense thinking. On the contrary, Hollywood and America stretch out welcoming hands."

"I got that whiff of American friendliness when I sallied into New York harangued four years ago. I was so excited I grinned and winked at the customs' inspector, and he let me have a postcard back with joy. When he asked if I'd brought many clothes in my trunk I replied, 'Certainly not! All my American acquaintances have dressers, think of that! I that I'd be a fool to cart a lot of stovey things across an ocean!'"

"Englishmen are American! Although I lived in England for fifteen years I was always a stranger there. I felt at home here from the beginning. Nor am I grateful to what England did for me in speaking frankly like this. It gave me my first success and I appreciate that. It's hard to explain the difference I feel. England is so terribly reserved and it did something to me. Made me crawl into a shell when I wanted to be—friendly!"

"In Europe when people are nice to you it's sometimes so they can wangle something out of you. They show a woman more respect on the surface; underneath they quite possibly hate you. I adore American ways. I'd rather be looked straight in the eye and know that a person means what he says."

In America there is a democratic forbearance that I adore. Instead of hating people who have been financially lucky, there is an air of 'Well, it's yours today and may be mine tomorrow'.

"In England it is distinctly bad taste to discuss your personal affairs—to be sympathetic if someone has met with reverses. Why, in such cases, you aren't supposed to be interested."

"I believe it would have been better if I had stated shortly after I first came to Hollywood that the marriage which seemed successful was anything but that. But I didn't, out of respect for my husband."

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"Instead of marrying someone who had been financially lucky, there is an air of 'Well, it's yours today and may be mine tomorrow'."
any—is not permitted to use her own judgment.

Bob insists upon periodical vacations away from Hollywood, in order to get a new grip on himself," he says. He has a farm in New England, on which is a rambling home. He likes to go somewhere there because there he finds the extreme in conservatism, to counteract the effect of the other extreme in modernism which is Hollywood.

He has no telephone on his New England estate. When he goes there, he is literally swallowed alive. He disappears as quickly and completely as a magician's trick, and he reappears as suddenly as the same magician's rabbit.

Bob is a confusing combination of serious man and playful, likable boy. About his business, he is the man: concise, terse, quick-thinking, and slightly stubborn. At play he is still in his teens: prankish, dry of wit, alert to every opportunity for amusement. When he is the man, his eyes are blue-grey and they hold a steady, glint that commands respect. When he is the boy, his eyes turn a brighter blue, and they advertise his inner merriment.

Bob is not even Jimmy Cagney and Clark Gable, look off-screen more like their on-screen selves than does Montgomery. There is why he appears publicly without being recognized. Even though he manages to hide his face, the public seems to spot his very mannerisms. His hobby, his favorite sport, his pet, are all one—horses. Anything in the form of horseflesh attracts him. The race-track near Hollywood is his daily habitat, when he is not working. He owns several horses of his own, and I suspect he'd rather be photographed with one of his horses than with God's Carbo.

His visits to the New England farm mean hours and hours of riding and fox-hunting. You have heard and read little about his love for the latter sport, because he is afraid the public might misconstrue. He fears the gossips might write: "So, Robert Montgomery is riding to hounds! Is he trying to go social?" Consequently he remains discreetly silent about his fox-hunting.

Bob clings to old friends. He is slow to make new ones. I have never known another man who chose his intimates more carefully than Bob. Note that I used intimates: Bob makes acquaintances easily, but he accepts a rare few of these as real friends. Chester and Sue Morris are perhaps the closest. The Montgomerys and the Morrises are together almost constantly.

They kid each other unmercifully, do

She frankly declares that many of her film assignments have been silly, vapid characterizations and she wonders how she survived them. Under long-term contract to Paramount, now, she is delighted with the manner in which this studio is handling her.

"This is my home," she repeated, "whether or not I last in pictures. You don't adopt a career as an actress; it adopts you. There will always be my writing anyway. This looks as if she has written her novels in long-hand, but at Christmas she was given a portable typewriter. Socks. I fancy, she'll be banging away on it with American speed.

That Elissa, the intellectual, approves so wholeheartedly of Hollywood is balm to those of us who have had to stand up under the scorn of the cynics. No withering blasts from Landi. And the very

definite interest she displays in her fans is worthy of mentioning, also. Instead of branding fan letters as a burden, she eagerly looks forward to them.

But has she everything she wants? I say no! You'll remember that she hastily altered it to "everything material." I recall, too, that during our conversation she expressed some kind of a wish for American children running around her home. Eventually I believe she is going to meet the man who'll make her life truly complete.

Meanwhile, a salute to Landi, first of the English imports to go 100% American, with no reservations. Why, knowing this "haughty creature" as the regular girl she actually is, won't he be amazed if on my next jaunt to the beach I catch her riding the roller coasters and cheerfully waving a hot dog?

Bob Montgomery makes acquaintances easily but he clings to his old friends, and above you see him with his wife and two of his closest friends, Chester and Sue Morris, attending one of the Hollywood night clubs.

Bob and Chester. Just the other day, when Morris and I had lunch together, he said: "On days when I work, I let Bob make a few bets for me out at the race-track. Half a dozen times he has telephoned to tell me how much he lost for me, but he has never called to tell me how much he won!"

A few words back, I mentioned Montgomery's attitude toward gossip. Perhaps I should also have added that he regards gossip as part of the business; as a "necessary evil." He once said to me: "When I return home at the end of a working day, I leave the gossip at the studio. I don't take my make-up home, nor do I take my picture costumes. I think of gossip as I do of make-up and costumes—part of the game, and a part to be left inside the studio gates."

He never troubles himself much with "rules of living," but once, in answer to a question as to his personal creed, he answered, "Live and encourage to live."

There is a popular old adage which advises, "Live and let live." I think Montgomery's rule is an improvement. He not only lets the other guy live, but he lends a helping hand. In this respect, I personally know several young actors and actresses who owe much to the advice and help of Montgomery. To mention their names would be to obliterate them to Bob. He does not wish that, therefore their names must remain secret.

He likes to relax completely. He is not lazy; he is too busy and too nervously energetic for that. But he enjoys, as an example of his relaxation, to lounge in his car and be motored by a chauffeur. On other occasions, when he is not in such lazy mood, he prefers to drive himself.

He dislikes absurdities in business. He points with an accusing grimace at an outstanding example of this. A few years ago, a writer for a national magazine was sent to Hollywood from New York for the sole purpose of interviewing him. For days prior to her arrival, the studio publicity department repeated to Bob, "She'll be here soon. This interview will be something." And Bob would say in return, "What will you interview me about?" And the reply invariably would be the same. "Wait and see."

Before the woman's arrival, Bob was on nervous edge; so much so that he almost dreaded the interview. When the big day finally arrived and, after proper introduction, they were seated at luncheon together, she told Montgomery the subject of the interview. She wanted him to give his advice to young girls in love!

"I can't talk on such a subject!" Bob exploded. "What do I know about young girls in love? You are talking to an actor, not the dean of a girls' college. I'm terribly sorry that you have made this long trip across country for nothing but—what can I do? I wasn't told the subject of the interview, or I would have warned you in advance."

The woman went storyless. As far as his personal control of his interviews is concerned, Bob will permit no "silly rubbish," as he calls it, to be written. He hates it.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

remember, mustn't bite the Duchess' tail!" We had bacon and eggs the day I was at Glenda's, but as a rule she likes to serve Eggs Florentine or Eggs Havana or Belmont Egg. Ever taste a Belmont Egg? This is it:

**Belmont Egg**

Brown slices of bread in oven, don't toast them but just brown them, then moisten in warm salted milk and butter them. Place one at a time into a cup and slip into simmering salted water one inch deep in saucepan. Toss the water over the yolks until a delicate pink. Slip onto the toast, one to a slice, and surround with chopped meat heated in butter.

The male part of the "gang" likes Eggs Havana.

**Eggs Havana**

Place in an omelet pan 6 tablespoons sausage meat and 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, stir and cook five minutes. Beat 2 eggs until light with a seasoning of salt and paprika, pour into the pan and stir and cook until creamy and thick. Pour over slices of buttered toast and serve hot.

Phil Reed strolled in then, to show Glenda some samples of drapes he was thinking of buying for his new house over on Toluca Lake.

"Oh no, none of those will do!" cried his hostess. "Yellow is the thing for that room. A good-looking cream yellow. And have something cool and soothing in the other room or someone will go mad in it—now a soft blue might do, or green—no, green won't go with the walls. Blue, positively!"

"Put on your hat and come pick it out," he demanded. "You can look at stuff for your new place at the same time."

Glenda, it seems, has house-fever. She has bought another house on the street back of the acacia-lined one she lives on and is busily and happily tearing it apart and rearranging it.

**SCREENLAND's readers should take up your hobby and see what fun they can get out of it!" she laughed. "Besides, if you're successful there should be money in it. I know people who do nothing else for a living but buy and remodel houses and sell them at a handsome profit. This new one Phil's taking was just a speculation on my part, but now I'm getting interested. It had seven rooms when I bought it, but I'm having a wing put on with a bedroom, dressing-room and bath, and an odd-shaped extension next to the play-room. Maybe I'll like it so well I'll have to live in it awhile!"

"Do we buy drapes or don't we buy drapes?" carped Phil. "Will I have to live in a house where people go mad in my living-room, or will I get a little neighborly co-operation?"

Glenda waved him away.

"But I suppose I'll have to go with the brutes," she sighed. "Have I said enough about breakfasts? Oh, I know! Planta- tion Corn Cakes! Huh? With maple syrup—George and Joan make perfect pigs of themselves when we have corn-cream estimate the importance of brushing. That's a very popular dish at this house, especially with Dick Powell!"

**Plantation Corn Cakes**

Boil 4 cups milk with 3/4 cup butter and pour into 2 cups sifted flour with 1 teaspoon salt and stir to smooth batter; beat into the batter 4 well-beaten eggs, when the batter is cool add 2 level tablespoons flour mixed with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Bake on a hot, well-greased griddle.

**Cheese Omelet**

Beat yolks of 4 eggs with 1 tablespoon water until light and creamy. Beat whites of 4 eggs to unlovely stiff, fold in 1 teaspoon salt and pour on the yolks over the whites and fold until evenly mixed. Melt 2 table- spoons butter in an omelet pan. But egg mixture, spread smooth, place over a slow fire and turn pan so that all parts of the bottom will be evenly browned; place pan in oven and bake until firm. Remove from oven, sprinkle over 3 tablespoons grated cheese mixed in 1 teaspoon butter, fold, and slide out onto a hot platter, lift pan so as to fold over other half and serve very hot.

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Beauty Goes to Your Head

Continued from page 55

eyes and are doubly dangerous. Maybe you are going to wear fluffy, upsidesy curls, the kind that catch the sunlight and play tricks and seek with it. We wouldn't know. But you are going to wear curls. And you are going to love 'em!

If you are a blonde, so much the better. Lights have a way of being devastating in blond hair. But if you are a brunette always remember that your hair brush is your best friend and that you can brush lights in and polish 'til it gleams.

There are many new hair styles you can wear with these new hats. Those of you who went Hepburn and cut yourself bangs are in a fair way to arrive at the new style already. Curl up those bangs which have probably grown out a bit by now and let them hang jauntily over your forehead.

You would think we were ashamed of our foreheads to see the interesting things we are doing with curls over them. There is a great deal of room for originality in this new style. You don't have to wear a curl in the middle of your forehead—and when you are bad be horrid). You may wear the "Little Women" bangs, the softly curling Colbert bangs, or the easy-to-do half-bangs on the side of your face opposite to your part.

As the illustrations show you, a long bob can be arranged into forehead curls. Bangs are not essential. But curls certainly are.

Inside the charming Farrell home, Glenda sits by the fire with Johnny, one of Glenda's pair of prize Siamese cats.

You want a permanent if your hair is not curly, and sometimes even if it is. Naturally curly hair has a way of curling when and where it wants to and sometimes where it wants to and where you want it to be not one and the same place. A permanent solves all this. Even if you are fortunate enough to have a lovely natural wave on top, the ends of your hair (terribly important these days when almost everybody has short hair of one length or another), refuse to curl.

So, a permanent you must have. Be sure before you have it that your hair is in condition for it. Oil treatments for several weeks before the big day will make a great deal of difference in the softness and silkiness of your hair. You are probably used to rubbing the right oil, or hair tonic into your scalp. This is necessary and valuable. But be sure to rub it into the ends as well.

And right here let me say another word on that pet hobby of mine, brushing. Perhaps you think, "I can't brush my hair because it take out my wave. "And I can't brush mine because it makes my hair so oily."

The first reason, honestly, is not real at all. Of course if you brush your hair down flat, it is likely to look as if the brushing removed the wave. But don't brush that way. Push up your wave with your hand, and holding it there, holding the ends against your head, brush and BRUSH and BRUSH! Be sure, of course, that your brush has long bristles which are capable of getting right down to the scalp. This brush polishes your hair and gives it a healthy, smooth look. But lace mixture, spread smooth, place over a slow fire and turn pan so that all parts of the bottom will be evenly browned; place pan in oven and bake until firm. Remove from oven, sprinkle over 3 tablespoons grated cheese mixed in 1 teaspoon butter, fold, and slide out onto a hot platter, lift pan so as to fold over other half and serve very hot.

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Beauty Goes to Your Head

Continued from page 55
THANK YOU—Ruby Keeler—for your wholehearted approval of Lux. Your fans will appreciate this bit of personal advice. It makes them feel very close to you to know that you use Lux just the same way they do.

Things last longer, look lovelier with Lux because it has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no rubbing. It's these things that fade colors, weaken fibres. Lux saves colors, keeps materials looking like new.

Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS...

"We use Lux in our wardrobe department to keep stockings and costumes new-looking twice as long," says N'Was McKenzie, Warner Brothers' wardrobe supervisor. "We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies! They look swell! It's a real dollars-and-cents saving."
Cross-examining Capra

Continued from page 24

Two of the 46,000,000

WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren’t just bragging. And we aren’t talking about ourselves...but about you and a problem of yours.

Here’s why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get...thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief...well that laxative must be good. When 46 million people agree on one thing, there must be something about that is different... and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is gentle. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won’t cause stomach pains, it won’t upset you, it won’t leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn’t form a habit—you don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take...for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

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For: Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Address

Not one, but two popular leading men figure in the new picture starring Kay Francis. Titled "Living On Velvet," the picture is the first screen production to engage Kay’s talents since her return from a vacation abroad.

Clark is the easiest man to handle I’ve ever seen or directed. He has the perfect attitude toward his work and toward his director.

To give a good performance an actor must have confidence in his director. If he doesn’t trust the director, he should either get a new one or the director should get another actor. That goes, of course, for actresses too.

I found Miss Colbert congenial to work with, but I can understand that other directors might not. She, like Gable, is intelligent, and if she feared for a minute that the director was not sure of himself—that he did not know his business— I have an idea that she might be exceedingly difficult.

As a rule I have little or no trouble with players. We usually understand each other at the start and have similar ideas regarding our stories. If not, we don’t start. We sit down and figure things out until we are in accord.

Gable, to my mind, is just about perfect. He catches a director’s ideas immediately, and he knows just how to carry them out on the screen so that the story is told in the very way the director imagined it.

"Are clever character actors, or not so clever young players, the easier to direct?"

"Good actors are easier to direct, whether they are young or old. If they are good, either on the stage or screen, they have something to offer. The better they are, the easier they are to handle, and the less explaining and directing is necessary.

Will you name the five best actors and five best actresses in pictures today?"

Mr. Capra thought this one over for at least five minutes but finally decided that he could not answer it and be just to everyone concerned. He explained that there were many pictures he did not see and that even among the actors and actresses he had handled himself, he did not feel that he could name five and say they were the best of the lot. It was the only question that he side-stepped.

"Will you name the five best pictures you have made?"

"Certainly. I’ll try that one. ‘Ladies of Leisure,’ 'Lady for a Day,' 'Dirable,' 'It happened One Night,' and 'Broadway Bill.'"

"Is it true, Mr. Capra, that you have
had the same technical crew for several years?"

"Yes, I've had the same assistant, Buddy Coleman, and the same cameraman, sound
men and chief electrician for the past four years. I find it much easier to get started
on production if I know the crew well. It also adds to the efficiency of the troupe
if the members know each other. They do not have to spend days 'getting ac-
quainted.'"

"How many pictures do you make a year?"

"I'm supposed to do three, but I've
found that I can not direct that many and
do them justice. I suppose my average
will be a little more than two. Right now
I'm hunting around for a story. When
one is found, I'll get together with some
writers, and we'll start work on the script.

"When the script is completed and the
story is cast, I usually figure on a shooting
schedule of from 25 to 40 days. After
shooting, of course, comes the work of
cutting and editing."

"Did you graduate from the California
Institute of Technology?"

"I did, with a degree of Chemical Engi-
neering. My first ambition was to write
scientific articles for the layman—articles
on scientific subjects written in such a way
that the ordinary person without technical
training could understand them. However,
I became interested in pictures—writing
first and then directing—and liked this way
of telling stories. I've been with Columbia
Studios since 1927, and am now working
on a long term contract."

"That's all, Mr. Capra," I said. I've
run out of questions."

The director, who had been exceptionally
good-natured about all my questioning,
grinned genially. I shook hands with him
at the door and headed back for Hollywood
through a drizzling rain.

This Capra looks like anything but a
director. He's short, obviously Italian, and
friendly. He speaks rapidly as one who has
decided what he intends to say, but he
ever answers carelessly. His voice is low
and he's evidently well educated. Cal-
Tech, his alma mater, has international
ranking.

Born in Palermo, Italy, he came to this
country with his family at six. He sold
papers in Los Angeles, went through the
public schools, and graduated from high
school at the age of sixteen. Worked for
more than a year inspecting sewer pipes
and earned the money to start in college.
Waited on tables at school and edited the
college paper. Left school when a senator
to enlist in the army during the World
War. Became a second lieutenant in the
Coast Artillery but did not go overseas.
After the war he worked as tutor to Anita
Baldwin's son on the old Baldwin rancho
east of Los Angeles. Went back to school,
graduated, and came back to tutor the
Baldwin youth.

Later he went to a scenario school.
Then his money ran out. Sang in local
cafés, and pruned trees in San Fernando
valley. Finally started writing gags for
motion pictures and worked his way up to
directing. Divorced from his first wife in
1927, married to the former Lucille Re-
burn in 1932. Smokes innumerable cigare-
ttes when nervous. Does not use 'show-
manship' tactics; can't imagine what he
would do with a megaphone on a set.
Believes the farther in the background a
director remains, the better his pictures
will be.

Columbia Studios made Capra by giving
him his big chance to direct. Capra has
earned the score—be has just about made
Columbia. His pictures have profited the
company several millions of dollars.
That's success spelled this way:
\[ \text{SUCCESS} \]
Wisely did not forbid her to marry the boy, but made her promise that she would wait a year. So Claudette got engaged with a fraternity pin and Davenport returned to Georgia and things began to happen so fast that by the end of six months, I regret to tell you, our heroine had completely forgotten her handsome fiancé. (He named a daughter after her later.)

While she was waiting for letters from Georgia in the early fall of 1924 Claudette, now a high school graduate, felt that she should do her part towards the support of the family, for Mr. Claudette's position in the bank didn't pay so terribly much. First she tried to sell her drawings, but without success, and then at someone's suggestion she decided to give French lessons. While giving a French lesson to Helen Hackett, who owned an art gallery in New York, conversation turned one day to the theatre, and Mrs. Hackett remarked, "You ought to go on the stage." That's been said before, millions of times, but this time something really came of it. Miss Hackett introduced Claudette to Anne Morrison who got her a small part in "The Wild Westcotts" which opened in New York at the old Fraze Theatre Christmas week of 1924.

Claudette was as pleased as punch—her first Broadway play! But no name in lights on the marquee this time, no star dressing-room, no gay boxes of orchids, no supper party at the Waldorf afterwards. Heavens, no! Claudette was nothing more or less than a curtain raiser. She came on the first few minutes of the first act, she wore a red dress, and she said in rapid succession, "Love! Bohemian Clam plaster! It's a beautiful party" . . . "Oh, I am hungry!"—and went off. Three-line Colbert, they called her. As Clarence Wyckoff, famous first nighter, told her afterwards, "My dear, I didn't see you. I got something in my eye and when I opened it you were gone!"

But Claudette's family didn't miss seeing it. "Weren't they awfully proud of you?" I asked Claudette once. "No, not especially," said Claudette. "I think they were mostly just amazed because I received fifty dollars for doing so little."

The cast and the producer of "The Wild Westcotts" were destined to pop up again in Claudette's life. Al Lewis, the producer, became a Paramount producer and was responsible for Claudette's best box-office pictures, "Torch Singer" and "The Gilded Lily." It was Al Lewis who gave Claudette her first lesson in acting. When the opening of "The Wild Westcotts" his instructions to her were, "All you have to do, Claudette, is smile." Elliot Nugent, the juvenile of the play, later directed Claudette in "Three-Cornered Moon." Stuart Walker, the director of the play, later directed "Tonight Is Ours," which co-starred Claudette and Freddie March. Also in this eventful play were Edna Mae Oliver and Warren William, and I just guess I don't have to tell you that Mr. William has been Claudette's leading man in two of her late pictures, "Cleopatra" and "Imitation of Life." It's a small world, isn't it? That's what I always say.

Once the theatre gets you there's just nothing you can do about it. One taste of grease-paint and Claudette was thoroughly sold on the idea of becoming an actress. The excitement appealed to her, and so confidentially, did that fifty dollars tucked away in her purse that had never seen fifty dollars before, and wouldn't again for quite some time. But deciding to become an actress, and becoming an actress are two different things entirely. When "The Wild Westcotts" closed Claudette started that dismal round of the agencies and was just getting herself a half-sole and some O'Sullivan heels when Fate again took a hand. Brock Pemberton was casting "The Marionette Man" and was having the devil of a time finding a leading lady because he needed a girl who looked like an Italian but who had no accent. Madame Burani, who had formerly been Claudette's piano teacher when she was a little girl and had since returned to the stage, told Mr. Pemberton that she had the very person for him, and got the job for Claudette. (This last year in Hollywood Claudette had a chance to return this favor with interest—and did. Madame Burani's second Hollywood picture was as Claudette's maid in "The Gilded Lily.""

Well, anyway, three-line Colbert went right into a lead, but the glory, alas, was short-lived. "The Marionette Man" opened and closed in Washington, and the consensus of opinion of the critics seemed to be that the play was bad but Claudette was worse. And you can just imagine how poor Claudette felt after that complex, reacted to that. The Potomac looked like the best way out, but she just couldn't admit failure to her family, who weren't so very pleased with this theatrical idea anyway. So Claudette took the day coach back to New York.

Then came a little play called "We've Got to Have Money," which Claudette joined for the Chicago run and netted herself the huge sum of seventeen dollars a week and a terrific cold because Chicago was having a record-breaking winter with sleet and snow and Claudette couldn't eat and ride in taxis too. She returned to New York. But like Mr. Micawber she was sure that something would turn up. And sure enough it did. She got a part in the re-
vival of "Leah Klescha" which boasted an all-star cast including William Faversham, Lowell Sherman, and Arnold Daly; and from these experienced thespians Claudette learned more about the art of acting than she ever had before. The play went on tour and in Chicago this time she stopped at the Edgewater Beach Hotel and had a grand time to make up for the miserable winter she spent there. Also playing in Chicago at the time and stopping at the Edgewater Beach Hotel was Leslie Howard, who, between tennis games, also taught Claudette a lot about the theatre. He gave her a letter of introduction to Al Woods, which Claudette presented as soon as she returned to New York. Under the Woods management she appeared in Chicago in "The Cat Came Back" and in "High Stakes," neither of which enjoyed much success. In May, 1926, she returned to New York, just one week before her father died very suddenly.

This was the first real tragedy in Claudette's life and she was completely broken up. Then on the heels of sorrow came poverty with all its dismal dreariness.

Mr. Chauncey died without a will and according to the state law his bank accounts were tied up for a year. Claudette was penniless, and of course this would be the longest time of all she had to do without a job. For three months she had only five dollars pocket money. La Colbert became a well known figure on all the best Broadway trolley cars and in the Times Square automat. It was a long hot summer, and she knew every stone in the pavement, but in September the "break" came. She got the lead in Al Woods' "A Kiss in the Taxi," with Janet Beecher and Arthur Byron. After all her hops the long Broadway run of the play was just like Paradise, and the only heart-ache she had that fall was because her father was not there to share in her success. How nearly Claudette came to missing out on "The Kiss in the Taxi" she did not know until several months later when she met Jeanne Eagles, the darling of New York, at a party, and Eagles, out of a clear sky, suddenly said, "I saw your dress rehearsal, Claudette Colbert, and Al Woods who was sitting next to me said that he was going to fire you that night. I said, 'Al, don't be a fool. That girl is going to be a hit.' I guess I was right." So after all it was the great Jeanne Eagles who was responsible for Claudette becoming a star in the fall of 1926.

After that came a lot of plays, including "The Ghost Train," "The Pearl of Great Price," "The Mulberry Bush," "La Gringo," "Fast Life" and "Tin Pan Alley," some of which closed before they had barely opened. But in 1927 Claudette, against Al Woods' wishes, accepted the famous role of Lou in "The Barker," with Walter Huston and an unknown Juvenile, Norman Foster. The play had a run of six months on Broadway and Claudette's long slender legs, encased in shiny black stockings, became definitely a part of all the New York theatrical columns. She was called "Legs" Colbert.

Claudette had been so busy ever since she left high school at the age of sixteen keeping body and soul together and trying to make herself in the world (if you think that's easy, try it yourself sometime), that she had had no time for romance. But an established star now, her name in lights, and a luxurious apartment for the family, Claudette found time for a little relaxing, and right there ready to relax with him was the young Juvenile from Indiana who was making a hit in his second Broadway show. Claudette met Norman for the first time at the first rehearsal of "The Barker," which was in December, 1927. Norman started "dating"...

"Just look at this polish! See how it flakes off."
"Well, evidently, Dorothy, you are NOT using Glazo—and Glazo is only 25 cents."

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Glazo points hands with a cut-diamond sparkle that wears 2 to 4 days longer—by actual tests—without chipping, fading or peeling. Daylight or night light, Glazo's six lovely shades are timed to the last tick of fashion. A color chart on each package tells you your best shades. And the new metal-shaft brush makes Glazo easier to apply.

Use only this Oily Remover

Use Glazo Polish Remover, too, for the sake of your hands. Special oils—no acetone—make it non-drying to nails or cuticle. Like Glazo's new and better Cuticle Remover, it costs only 25 cents.
her and writing her poems which were beautiful and sentimental, and it was all just awfully romantic with stolen kisses in the wings, and after-theatre suppers in Joe's speakeasy.

One night, Claudette noticed that Norman's face was flushed and he was coughing badly so she rushed him home to her apartment, called a doctor, left him in charge of a surprised mother and grandmother, and dashed back to the theatre in time to go on with her understudy. Norman was laid low with flu for several weeks and Claudette divided her time between the theatre and his bedside. In March, three months after meeting him, she married him, and the famous "separate residence marriage," which you have read so much about, was started. At first they maintained separate apartments because for professional reasons they wished to keep their marriage a secret. Then later because it seemed more romantic that way. Then still later because when Claudette was in New York Norman was in Hollywood.

It was while she was appearing in "The Barker" that Claudette made her first moving picture, a silent picture with Ben Lyon, called "For the Love of Mike," which was made at the old Cosmopolitan Studio in New York. When she first saw herself on the screen she had such a head-ache she had to go home and take six aspirins. She swore never to do it again. But she did. Talking pictures came in with a bang and Paramount signed Claudette for two pictures, the first with Edward G. Robinson, called "A Hole in the Wall," and the widely awed "Three Wise Men of the West," with Walter Huston, Charlie Ruggles, and little Tom Brown, was a triple hit. Claudette was a movie favorite. Paramount lost no time in signing her to a long-term contract. She has been with that company ever since, although two of her best pictures this past year, "It Happened One Night" and "Imitation of Life," were made at Columbia and Universal respectively. Before deserting the stage Claudette appeared in the Theatre Guild production of "Dynamo" and in Elmer Rice's "See Naples and Die." She hasn't been on the stage since 1928.

When the Astoria studio was closed in New York in the spring of 1933, Paramount sent Claudette to Hollywood, where she has been pitched many a time by bad pictures she has slowly but surely climbed the well-known ladder of fame until today she's the top of the heap as Cole Porter says, of the many sought-after stars in Hollywood, and has more money-making pictures to her credit than almost any other personality. And she has the satisfaction of knowing that she is what she is, and she has what she has, all because of hard work. As one old craps-shooter to another I tell you that little Lily Chauschin played it the hard way—and won.

But what happened to love and romance? Their gifts are finally died along the way, just as they have always done since time began. Claudette and Norman were awfully young and vivacious, but had been married many years, the same Broadway pictures and making the same Paramount pictures, and remaining forever the lovers that they were, but you know how it is with the best laid plans of mice and men.

Claudette and Norman, after all their scheming and planning, never really played together but once, and that was in "The Young Man of Manhattan." They had only been married a short time when Norman was signed by Hollywood and was sent to the Coast to make pictures for nearly all the studios. Claudette's contract called for her to make pictures in New York. Everytime Claudette planned to catch the Chief for Hollywood she was called back for retakes, and the same thing happened to Norman. Twice they met in Chicago for a brief week-end together.

It's rather impossible to keep a romance alive under such conditions. Only pale ladies in old classics can sigh over a memory, cherish a dream, and pine over a faded rose petal. Modern youth calls for something more tangible—transcendental love after all is not really very satisfactory.

When Claudette arrived in Hollywood, where Norman had been for three years, they both knew in their hearts that they no longer loved each other. The passing years had brought new interests, new friends, new careers, new ambitions, and there was nothing left for them to cling to, nothing but the wrack of a memory of a boy and girl desperately in love in New York City. They made every effort to recapture those lost raptures, and those silly little things they used to say to each other backstage; they lived together for a while; they dashed away to Death Valley to spend New Year's alone together; they bought each other handsome presents, and they talked of a trip around the world that they knew they would never take—but when love dies it dies, and there is really nothing you can do about it. So Claudette and Norman are definitely separated now, much further than they were when three thousand miles of America lay between them. It's sort of sad, isn't it, these two unlovable children who had to grow up. But, as the French say, c'est la vie, and what can we do about it?
describe the gown that is my ‘favorite’:

“It is a heavy white metallic satin cut daringly low in back and with a front bodice fashioned of two full folds of material crossing the neck and coming over the shoulders to fasten to the skirt at the side back. Startlingly simple in line it is and entirely devoid of ornament, yet a smashing effect is achieved by a full cape with a train and the whole is topped by a large collar of Russian sable! Sumptuous, of course, and entirely out of range of the average girl. Yet by substituting another fabric and a summer fur the gown is so simple it is particularly easy to copy—and by wearing the costume in the approved manner, its effectiveness should in no way be impaired.

“Secret Four, emphasizes a sense of contrasts effectively expressed in color schemes. I have developed this empirically in a street costume worn by Miss Duane, fashioned of heavy black and white corded silk, and a three-quarter length coat of the same material has a smart high collar in contrasting white. A hat of the black silk is designed with a definite Cossack influence and adds richly to the smartness of the ensemble. Besides, this is particularly utilitarian because it permits startling variety in wardrobes with a minimum number of costumes. Women should seek to purchase coats and hats which interchange with all their dresses by keeping to blacks, whites and a few favorite shades which multiply a wardrobe’s ‘wearing possibilities.”

“Secret Five reveals an understanding of fashion values—the meaning of ‘balance’ and ‘simplicity’.

“Just as a building, a chair, or an automobile must have ‘balance’ so must each gown. If there is a motif on your right upper shoulder there should be some treatment in the vicinity of the lower left hip. It does not necessarily have to be of equal size, weight, or color, but is required merely to give ‘form’! A woman with broad shoulders or wide hips should counterbalance these irregularities by minute attention to detail.

“Suppose you are ‘large’ across the hips. A peplum at the right distance from the waist line will tend to overcome this abnormality, while a broad bow at the neckline will do much to keep the balance of your costume. There are countless such ingenious variations. For angular shoulders exaggerated raglan sleeves with heavy cording; capping them, epaulet-fashion, is unusually effective. On the other hand, a wider hem line will add further to the costume’s balance and produce the particular effect you desire. Given some praxis, a woman’s instinct will gradually lead her to countless further conclusions—but she must make certain they are infallible!

“Simplicity can never be overdone. Very often a costume which is otherwise entirely ‘right’ is spoiled by too many accessories. Women have become accessory-conscious. And that is good, for they are vastly important in stressing a color note or metallic treatment. But keep them simple! For street clothes the only accessories ever necessary are the very simplest ones—the proper gloves and bags, an occasional muff and as little jewelry as possible. The same thing, with slight exception, applies to evening wear—allowing for a little good jewelry or a flower note desired for a flattering touch.

“Secret Six could legitimately be called ‘secret sex!’ That is—allure. Allure may—

Sticking out your tongue isn’t polite

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Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, fresh breath at ½ the usual cost

THE good opinion of others is important... so don’t risk offending them. Look at your tongue in the mirror. The minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be guilty of impure breath. For a "coated tongue" condition exists in 75% of cases of bad breath, authorities now find.

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Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells you about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer
be revealed only by careful, understanding study. Miss Rogers has it in large degree. I enhance it in 'Roberta' by designing sheer fabrics which catch the light from underneath and above—such, for example, as net, which adds lissomness; the three rows are accentuated by the elements of the body. Because Miss Rogers dances a great deal I bear in mind always to give her adequate room in which to move easily, and at the same time conserve chic without reverting to the stereotyped, billovy, floating chiffon dance skirt which has been used to excess. And to this end I have created a very simple black satin evening gown, fashioned along the lines of Voïnot of Paris, with full, bias skirt.

"Another for the big Waltz number—which will vie in popularity with the worldwide fame of the Caricaro and Continental—is a sensational costume developed in high lustre and laquered satin. The gown boasts an entirely new treatment in line, being moulded tightly to the figure, the skirt breaking into exaggerated fullness just below the hipline to allow freedom for the dance. When in repose the fullness hangs straight in glistening ripples, while the cut is very decolletage. The only jewelry worn are clips, which serve in the dual capacity of ornaments, real secret of the evening."

"Another costume revealing sex subtile is that illustrated in this article worn by Miss Rogers and fashioned of navy blue cold stove and talks about its symptoms. Now and then one excuses himself, goes outside and commits suicide—to the relief of the spartes but dogged "crowd."

The Ram's Headers went dreamily, artily on for a couple of years, and Jo learned her trade well. Once in a while she was given a whack at a comedy role; mostly she hurried her youthful beauty into Tchekov's moodier moments—dank Russian drammers in which everybody died but the unlucky audience. We, alas, were being saved for worse fates.

All, of course, save "Seattle Jo." She had a lucky look about her. One day she ups and marries the young marster, Mr. Bell, and came away with the social Bell clan at their lovely and graceful Washington estate, "Twin Oaks." It was a somehow strange mating, it seemed. It had to have little of the earth earthly in it. In fact, I always felt that Josephine was wedded to this other fellow, Art, forever, and that Mr. Bell was a third party in the home.

Soon after the marriage, the Ram's Head Players fell apart. But Jo had grown—grown tremendously. She was a fine young trouper, even then, of the Upton, Lorgnon School.

At that time the Mecca, Heaven, and Happy Home of high-toned, deep-dish theatrical Art was New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, a gathering of the Drama's Best Minds formed and headed by Miss Eva Le Gallienne.

Its headquarters was a historic old fire-trap on Fourteenth Street, or "downtown," which Eva had propped up, rescued from rats and ghosts, and made the one living temple of The True Theatre in all America. Thither the doolly, eager Young Things of Greenwich Village trooped to worship at Le Gallienne's feet. Intellect oozed from the floors—Art, in large cold drops, fell from the ceiling on the soiled but devoted necks below.

In that musty, dusty rat-hole Josephine Hutchinson came to full flower. She was the pet, protege and pride of the metallic polka-dotted taffeta. The suit is closely fitted, the head with deep satin capes, turned back three-quarters of their length to form, deep cuffs. Wide ruching, made of the same material, is cut bias and is used for the entire length of the tunic. In this shot, another row forms a Pierrot collar, while the ruching is used on the sleeves. The entire blue and white gingham is caught in the neck ruff and a velvet ribbon, carelessly knotted, forms a belt. With it are worn navy blue suede bag, gloves and matchlock, of course, for handsomeness.

"Really it does not matter much of what a costume is fashioned so long as it fabricates femininity. For that who wish to emphasize subtle allure the nine costumes—all of more than usually spectacular treatment—worn by Ginger Rogers in 'Roberta' offer interesting variations, while keeping to this main point.

"In 'Roberta' are to be found one hundred and fifty costumes which I personally have designed at an approximate cost of $30,000. They include lingerie, evening creations, street frocks, sports attire, cock-tail gowns and informal novelty costumes. They reveal all the secrets of the Sphinx and as many more which confound the modern public. But the regal, inspired woman's own individual success may be adequately summed up in two little words—know thyself."

From Art to Artifice
Continued from page 30

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one, draw deep. Refreshing eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!

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THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
Study of a pretty girl with a flair for style! Maria Alba, brunet charmer whose next screen appearance occurs in "The Great God Gold."

—alas—so bizarre, unboy Hollywood. Warners seized their find and worked their wicked will upon her. Studio mechanics grabbed her. They sliced and waved that rebellious hair. They encased that lilt young figure in sinif silks and satins, tightly fitted. Suddenly a smooth, shellacked young actress appeared—a darned good actress, too, and clutchcd to the manly bosom of the airy young hero, Mr. Richard Powell. "Happiness," undoubtedly, was "Ahead!"

They told me the girl was Josephine Hutchinson, but shucks! They couldn't fool old Hall. Jo Hutchinson was a starry-eyed, trumps-haired, lip-stickless maiden in love with some downtown fellow named Art. But Hollywood's capture was complete, and the lady confounded to the cinema vogue of making it an elopement when she decided to marry James Franklin Townsend, one of the better known casting directors, the romantic pair slipping away to Las Vegas, Nevada, for a knot-tying ceremony in the better traditions of the Hollywood of today.

Today, always the skeptic, I wonder just how serious "Seattle Jo's" affair with this guy Art really was. Was it the Real Thing, or just a Passing Fancy, after all? My guess is that, Art or no Art, this first-rate young actress just wanted to get ahead, like all the rest of us. Art was a good guy while he had it—but Hollywood happened to have more. Nobody gets along very well on hisen three times a day. After a girlhood devoted to Genes, I say Jo's entitled to caviar on her black bread. It's all understandable, justifiable and perfectly dandy.

Just the same, I think that while Miss Josephine Hutchinson rubs elbows with the Sam Katzies in Hollywood's Club Trocadéro, ghostly sobbing is heard in the ratty old Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. It's the wrath of young Jo Hutchinson wondering where the rest of her is!

---

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Gorgeous new highlights brought out in one shampoo! Why let drab, lifeless hair add years to your appearance—dull the charm of your face? In one single shampoo with Blondex you can bring out the sparkling lustre, the alluring softness your hair now lacks. Thousands report that their first Blondex shampoo made their hair look softer and prettier than in years. Originally made especially for blondes—brunettes have found it puts fascinating glints in drab, dark hair. Blondex is a delightful shampoo rinse—not a blonch or dye. Good for the scalp—removes every bit of dust and oil-film. Try Blondex now, and see it bring your hair new life, new loveliness, and many a compliment. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpen- sive 25¢ package, and the economical $1 bottle.
Radio Parade
Continued from page 54

In Close-up: George Raft and Carole Lombard, whose "Rumba" dance is shown in this issue.

Now! an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of LONG, LOVELY, LASHES so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimp, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—it keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

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Radio Parade
Continued from page 54

arrangements for the airing of the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday matinees. The improvement was accomplished with a single inspired decision to coax Geraldine Farrar from the seclusion of her retreat in Connecticut to act as raccenute, as the publicity notices fancifully put it, and bring to the great unseen as well as unseeing audience a touch of personal and intimate association necessary to make the proceedings more real, intimate, and understandable.

For the most obvious of reasons the selection of Miss Farrar to officiate at a microphone during intermissions in the opera was at once obviously judicious, intelligent, and welcome. Miss Farrar's name was magic in those magical days when the Metropolitan required the seating capacity of that cited that, in its day, was the home of theatre wonders. Indubitably associated with the Met's most brilliant events, was the talented artist who was born in Metropolis, Mass., who had been starred in opera in Berlin, Monte Carlo, Warsaw, and Paris before she was engaged by the leading opera organization of her own country.

That a former opera star who had performed a repertory of more than thirty operatic roles during a period of sixteen years at the Metropolis should have such a fund of knowledge about opera and particularly the Metropolitan as to make her the ideal candidate to enliven opera broadcasts with a needed personal touch was something even a conference of radio experts could agree on. But the listening public, unless it happened to hear Miss Farrar on the radio a couple of years back, when she described a performance of "Hansel und Gretel," must have had extraordinarily high expectations if they anticipated by any such excellence as Geraldine Farrar has brought to her work in connection with the current opera broadcasts.

An infinite variety of anecdotes concerning herself, the opera house, its stars of the past and present, the music itself, or its composers, brighten these informal talks which punctuate the performances emanating from the Metropolitan. No voice engaged in the musical occupations of the performance going on at the stage is more pleasing to the ear than the clear diction and clean-cut pronunciation of this raccenute.

That it all seems so delightfully informal again proves that thorough preparation is the key to spontaneity over the microphone as well as from the lecture platform or the theatre stage. It also proves that Miss Farrar is still the earnest artist that she was when she held Metropolitan audiences spellbound in such roles as The Goose Girl, as Tevsi, and Butterfly, as other figures she bodied so vibrantly as a star of opera. For if you suppose that Geraldine Farrar simply drops in at the Met of a Saturday afternoon as a casual visitor and takes her place before a small piano equipped with a microphone and then starts telling you whatever happens to pop into her mind, you are more than slightly mistaken.

How many hours are spent in preparation of her script by the men of her own home, we do not know. But a script there is, and it comes along with Miss Farrar to the NBC headquarters in Radio City, and at which time, in a recording room, the script is read into the microphone of a recording machine and a record made. This record is then played back for Miss Farrar to hear herself just as you are to hear her next day. And if things are not just right in her opinion, there are wholesale revisions of script and method of reading. All of which tells again with great truth that she is always taken back star of radio, stage, or movies; that there's plenty of work before the show starts.

Just the group of people who believe that the opera broadcasts this year, just as those of a year ago, prove that in Milton J. Cross there is one of the most intelligent commentators the art of music can hope to have as an ally in radio.

Mr. Cross bears a heavy burden in the broadcasts of the Metropolitan performances. He is the chap who must worry about the timing of his talk to fit the erratic pauses between acts and scenes of the show. He takes up the slack during intermissions between when Miss Farrar leaves off and the lifting of the curtain for the next act. He has his definite instructions as to precisely when the commercial announcement of the company sponsoring the opera must be made. To fit it all into place is something like doing a jigsaw puzzle on split-second timing.

The points of broadcast for Miss Farrar and Mr. Cross are the clocks rooms at the rear of adjacent boxes in what is now laughingly called "the diamond horsehoe." Cross draws upon a sound background of musical education and study for his comments on opera and music. He was a serious student of music, so eagerly engaged with his studies at the Damrosch Institute of Music that he agreed to accept his first radio offers to sing only on condition that he would be free during the day to continue his work at the school. In those pioneer days of radio he soon bridged the gap between singing and announcing and became one of the first announcers to describe the higher forms of music.

With an ear-phone clamped to his head, Mr. Cross listens in on the opera, the talks of Miss Farrar, and signals to the backstage as to how many minutes more it will be before they "think," (they never know more than fifteen seconds,) that the curtain will go up. Then all he has to do is fit the necessary commercial announcement in at the precise moment ordered, and then just before the curtain of the last act—and tell the story of the ensuing act. Just how Milton Cross manages to keep his good humor in a job like that, we are sure we don't know.
Baxter's Dreams
Come True
Continued from page 17

All the time I was playing with Mona Barrie, I was visualizing Winifred lolling on it, Winifred arranging the flowers in the vases. I saw at once it was her type of room. Rooms can be becoming or unbecoming, just as much as a hat, you know." Warner Baxter smiled his discovery. "Winifred, for example, is at her best in a picture hat—she sets it off, whereas a woman of less presence might look merely dwarfed and overdressed in it."

"Don't misunderstand me! She's not 'dressy' in the sense that she has to be always in regalia, far from it. I know she's just as inspiring to me in pink gingham, when she gets up early to breakfast with me, as she could possibly be in the most imposing velvet. What I mean is that she's a woman who repays fine dressing, is never overshadowed by it."

Here's an interesting tribute from the screen star whose atmosphere of romance has ever been a very definite part of his work, and is now just as definitely a part of his home. Of both the Warner Baxters it may be said that they enhance the setting of Belair but are not overshadowed by it, perhaps because to both it means not grandeur, but home, and home is to both a thing of paramount importance.

"I suppose one reason the possession of a home means so much to me is that I know what it means to lose one; several, indeed, if you count those I lost as a young child." Warner recalls with a hint of grief.

"My father died when I was only five months old, you know; this meant my poor mother was constantly on the move for years. First back to her old home in Columbus, Ohio, which had been my birthplace. Then to New York where we lived for several years in a dingy flat, until in 1905 we moved to San Francisco to a Nob Hill apartment overlooking the most gorgeous panorama of earth, sky, and sea I have ever known. God, what a change that was and how I loved it!" He caught his breath. "Until we opened our eyes that next April 18th to see the apartment walls rocking to and fro. Refugees we were then, with every cherished little possession we had wiped out by the fire that soon invaded our district."

"Eight days we spent in the park. The ninth, we managed to get across the Bay, to be sheltered by friends, but I shall never forget the sense of utter loneliness that went with the loss of that home. It seemed unspeakable to me then, and does now—life without a home."

The Gate City was in the turmoil of restoration. All their friends scattered to all points of the compass, when the Baxter mother and son returned to it. Young Warner obtained a position with the Underwood Typewriter Company, but the tug at their heart-strings was too much for both of them; they were homesick for the old High Street house back in Columbus; glad enough to return when Uncle Warren Barrett sent the train-fare. This decision proved a turning-point in the life of young Warner, then a boy of sixteen.

For several years he sought and held commercial jobs of the salesman type; potbellies of all them. Though we find him selling farm-implements and even touring the country selling insurance, his inner thoughts and ambitions were for the stage, always the stage and its people. "These subconscious dreams and hopes were the ones that had the shaping influence in my life finally," Baxter knows now. "They
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SCREENLAND

could have been his only chance. He broke in and became a star, and he knew that this was his chance to make his dream come true. He was so determined and he worked hard, and in the end he succeeded. He was a true star, and his name is remembered even today.

But he was also a humble man, and he knew that it was important to give back to the community. He started various charities and he helped many people in need. He was beloved by everyone, and his legacy lives on even today.

In conclusion, he was a true icon of Hollywood, and his talent and dedication to his craft will always be remembered. He was a true legend, and his legacy will continue to inspire future generations.
impatience. Only your calm, silent trust and patience will bring results.”

Not long afterward he was called to the Fox Film Studio and given the leading role in “In Old Arizona,” one of the first successful talkies. The rest is filmland history. The “Cisco Kid” made the name of Warner Baxter known all over the world wherever motion pictures are screened. He was given the Academy Award for the finest portrayal of that year. A long-term contract with Fox immediately followed. The Baxters were back on the top wave. No need to hesitate now on the new home of any size. Let the architects start their drawings when they will. And so Belair—the new Baxter home, on a former foundation than ever, with ever-widening vistas of happiness for themselves and the friends they welcome.

Warner loves to have his intimates about him. He is a good story-teller and often entertains his guests by dramatizing the oddities and whimsicalities he has encountered in the work and amusement of the day. He has a flair for sleight-of-hand tricks and is clever in putting them over. He enjoys cooking and on gala occasions will put on the chef’s apron, go into the kitchen and prepare a meal for his guests. His chili-con-carne is the most eagerly relished dish among his friends.

He has a relish for the fantastic in the most thrilling incidents of everyday life. Recently he wanted a nut bowl and cracker. His love of the fantastic led him to the creation of a cracker in the form of a squirrel, made of copper. One puts the nut in the squirrel’s open mouth, pulls its bushy tail. The mouth closes. The nut is cracked and falls into the bowl.

But beneath it all—the story-telling, the fun-making, the joy of the fantastic—runs a solid vein of devotion to truth and to duty. These are qualities that endear him to all those who really know him.

Women are of the highest importance in a man’s life, Baxter believes; the right woman, worth going through fire and brimstone to win; after winning her, it is up to him to keep the pitch of romance high. “Women are like violins. Men may make from the delicate instruments any songs of which they themselves are capable.”

So a married love may be lived in a hat or a hotel room or a hovel—or a mansion. The Warner Baxters are living theirs simply and naturally in a mansion, because they are mansion-souled people, both of them.
polishing. Six months of the process and she was ready to go and had gone around with her friends in her family's military set. At that stage she was quite carefree. A be-bolvich young flirt who hadn't an ambition in her head except to have her and eventually to settle down and marry some handsome fellow who would cater to her every whim.

Then out stolched Hollywood and grabbed her. She was a Dublin débutante without the slightest idea of ever becoming an actress. Fox sent Frank Borzage to Ireland to direct John McCormick's "Song O' My Heart" on authentic locations. The troupe relaxed in the evenings at Dublin's foremost hotel. Dinner-dancing there was Maureen.

From all the crowd of men and women she stood out in Borzage's eyes. He sent the waiter over with a note, explaining who he was and begging to speak to her. Intrigued at a movie director wanting to talk to her, she nodded yes. He came over, asserted that she was exactly the type he was searching for. A lovely, fresh young Irish beauty to be heroine of the film.

She knew her particular worth object. But Maureen is extraordinarily adventurous. So she decided not to tell her family, and for the next four days she went to where the company was shooting and watched them. Just as they were finishing the last scene on the fourth day Borzage called her, dabbed a make-up on her, gave her a few lines to say, and thrust her before the cameras. She was so astonished that she went through the test scene before she realized what it was all about.

Twenty minutes of make-believe and Borzage knew she was a "natural." He contacted her family and they finally agreed to her stepping into the lead in the film. Maureen and her mother sailed for Hollywood to complete the picture and when it premiered she was pronounced a success. After seeing Maureen settled, her mother returned to the family in Ireland. Maureen was on her own again. She did all right with her career. There came a brief interlude of uncertainty when a series of mediocre pictures resulted in her Fox contract lapsing. The production signed a long-term deal with M-G-M. Of course she wishes that she could have more roles like the one she had in "The Barretts." That was so much more stimulating than routine leads. However, it's Maureen's private life which has brought her grief. "I was eighteen when I arrived here, I said to myself, 'Before I am twenty-one I'm going to try everything once.'" She hesitated, then continued honesty. "My reward has been—experience. And now I know that childish philosophy was—bunk!"

She spent her money freely. A big salary coming in regularly was too large a temptation to resist. And then, she fell in love. Here we reach the sad point. For four years she has been positive that Johnny Farrow, good-looking, man-of-the-world writer, is the man she wants to marry. Still the path isn't smooth. Johnny, it seems, was married before he ever came to Hollywood to win Maureen. He had his divorce, but both of them are devout Catholics and that former ceremony of his is the same one she desires. A year ago, over a secluded table in the quiet dining-room of the Garden of Allah where Maureen was living, she first talked to me.

"Acting? I don't get any particular fun from it. I'm naturally lazy and I still hate schedules. Pictures abound with early calls! I attribute my career to luck and, on my part, to restlessness. Not ambition, I have no driving urge."

"I don't mean to be ungrateful. Pictures are more fun than any other kind of work I could do. The constant uncertainty, the hope that tomorrow I may get a wonderful role always boos me up when I'm blue.

"I've seen a lot for a girl of twenty-two. People too much in Hollywood are that those who stay at home and stay domestic are happier. Two motives spur me on: a wish to accumulate enough money to be financially independent. And—pride! I would like to feel that I had accomplished something, now that I've been in Hollywood so long!"

Small, the flyaway tendrils of her brown hair caressing her healthy cheeks, and so pretty with those terribly blue eyes, she mentioned her reasons for loving Johnny Farrow.

"The only kind of man who can thrill me is one who is definitely superior to me in every fashion. I either worship or despise. I put my love on a pedestal and, if he does not dominate me, well—"

"To that clinging-vine heroine I portrayed in the pictures with Weissmuller, Torzan was a wonder. His physical superiority made him master of his world. The girl loved him principally because of her vast respect for him. If I were living where brains was of more value than brains, I'd use all the feminine tricks I could think of to lure the most attractive man!"

"I feel the same way in reality, in this different environment of Hollywood. I'm in a sophisticated world and Johnny Farrow to me is a parallel of Torzan. He is brilliant; therefore a success in his line of work. He is daring; consequently never dull. He has experienced so much more than I. To be frank, I'm the independent type who secretly enjoys being bossed!"

"Nearly a year elapsed after that chat before I ran into Maureen again. In the meantime she'd scoured heavily on the screen. She'd taken a two months' jaunt back to Ireland, where she hadn't visited for more than three years. She'd got away from Hollywood for a breathing spell. Abroad she was feted as the triumphant star.

"I went to M-G-M for lunch with her, hoping to find her in an ecstatic 'coming
back to Hollywood happy mood. But Maureen had not undergone any startling change.

"The main benefit of my trip back to Ireland was the realization that it isn't so far away. I flew to the Atlantic and, by flying, it no longer seems so awfully remote. And getting away from Hollywood for a while was a relief, too. Staying here all the time puts one in a rut. From now on I'm going home at least once a year." Unfortunately, there is no happy ending yet—at this writing—for Maureen and Johnny. "They say that it will be straightened out. That there will be a dispensation so we can marry. But it takes so long..."

"But your career, Maureen?"

"No career can fill my life!" she replied, vehemently.

"What do you want then?" I spoke as gently as I could.

"I haven't saved any money. I want to go on working until I have a little put aside. So at least I'll be able to end my days in a bungalow court if necessary! And then, I want to quit work. I want to marry. And have a child."

Suddenly I sensed how alone Maureen is.

"What I need most," she mused aloud, "is discipline. I sometimes think the only way I'll be content is to have someone take complete charge. That's why I want to marry and settle down to a very normal, simple life. Quick success on the screen isn't a guarantee of happiness."

A while later she said, "I don't think one should ever do what she doesn't want to do. The headstrong Maureen speaking again!"

Such a complex personality, this lovely young O'Sullivan. So at odds with the average movie girl. She didn't struggle for fame; she couldn't choose it in preference to love. Too bad she hasn't the customer vanity, anyway. "There is always my public!" proclaims the typical Hollywood woman when personally upset. Maureen isn't even that way. Being recognized and flattered, all the hullabaloo, sincerely doesn't begin to compensate for a troubled heart!

She has marvelous screen potentialities because, aside from a unique personality, she can interpret every shade of emotion. At least experience has left her endowed with understanding.

How far she will ultimately progress as an actress is unpredictable. She has no desire ever to go on the stage. She isn't a battler at the studio. She can't go in and fight for "building" parts, for instinctively she feels too well that fame is a deceiving thing. The tinsel hasn't enough dazzle to fool her. Perhaps, if marriage to her Johnny Farrow is not to be in the cards, she will turn to acting as complete sur-

"Many have done this. Maureen may."

Acquiring some close, inspiring friends seems to me her best immediate alternative. "I know it's my fault I'm lonely," she says. "I've just been thinking about this. There are so many fascinating people in Hollywood. I must try to come out of my shell, forget myself by concerning myself with others."

"Often it dazes me when I stop to think that all over the world, in big cities and in far-away spots, I'm having fantastic romances in film after film. It dazes me because I am here, I am going home to the studio, then home again. Six days a week. Life is slipping by!"

Please don't presume that Maureen be-

 conveniently, she's far from being a spoilt lump. She scorns self-pity. She, more than anyone else, appreciates the luck she's had. That's why you've never heard of the real Maureen before. But I believe that now you'll admire her more. You'll see her not merely as a cute Irish flapper, but as I do. As a grand sort, a very..."

---

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human, turbulent soul, who emphatically deserves a better break than she is receiving.

What does any degree of fame amount to when you can't have the one you love? I suppose these humps are what Maureen rates for being a valorous, unchained individual. She wanted to grasp life, know its emotions to the full. And she likely will proceed, gallantly, until she figures out a philosophy of her very own. A protective shield, a satisfying design for living. But as her life is now—I'm genuinely sorry for her. She has a career and it's like hanging from a lion's tail. It would be foolish to let go until she can make a quick change, until some solution to her love plight, some better thing evolves for her. And meanwhile, as her countryman would say, "it's a divil of a dilemma!"

**But It's All News to John**

**Continued from page 21**

"Two Martinis," said John to the waiter. John is also by way of being a psychologist.

"Jerry tells me you're crazy," I informed him optimistically.

John looked vaguely alarmed. "I try to keep it a secret when I first meet people," he explained, "or at least until I know if it's safe to relax."

"Never mind," I consoled him. "I'd probably have guessed it. Say," after a moment's pause, "they tell me that after you made 'Another Language' last year you were deluged with picture offers and that said you wanted to go back to the stage for more experience. Is that right?"

Once I knew a girl who preferred important announcements with "This is no lie, either." John's revelations are usually preceded by "You won't believe this."

When he had finished his Martini he began: "You won't believe this, but I did. I wasn't deluged with offers as you put it; but I have several and turned them down. You see, I want it to be a really good actor and I think the place to learn that is on the stage. In pictures, you can't experiment. You make a set, and that's in the bag. On the stage you can try out different nuances and bits of business both during rehearsals and after the show has opened."

"And now you've learned enough that you feel you can sign a contract?" I put in.

"No," said John promptly, "but this last year on the stage has taught me a lot. I've got the kind only of contract I'd want. It specifies two or three pictures a year and it stipulates that they have to be made in the summer and that I can do plays in New York between September and June."

I thought of what time and Hollywood have done to James Dunn; of what they did to Alexander Kirkland. I remembered something Kay, the actress, said to me once:

"We all come out here with high ideals and great ambitions. Look at Muni and Edward G. Robinson. The only kind of contracts they would sign were those permitting them to do plays. Muni went back once and did a play. This last year he just traveled and the stage was forgotten. Robinson has gone a play since he first came to Hollywood. He just loafs between pictures."

If Time could just stand still for John and Hollywood and fly around him without touching him! For here is a really fine actor—one with youth and ambition, ideals and illusions. If were the Almighty I'd crystallize him as he is today.

But Joshua is dead these many centuries. Time stands still for no one. And Hollywood is a Charybdis that sucks under all who venture near.

"Your parts in 'Another Language' and 'She Loves Me Not' were different," I remarked, harkling back to the interview but thinking how much more pleasant it would be just to chat and forget business. "Which did you prefer?"

"Both," said John promptly. "I don't want to be typed. 'Another Language' was a comedy drama. 'She Loves Me Not' was farce comedy and that was something I'd never done before and couldn't make the New York—my good believes I could do. I want to do some musicals and eventually," hesitantly, "I hope to be a good enough actor to do the sort of character leads that Leslie Howard does."

"Well, that's quite a repertoire to aspire to," I observed, "but I'll tell you this: all actors howl about not wanting to be typed but if they aren't they never get to be very big stars. The public doesn't know just what to expect of them."

"You won't believe this," said John, "but being a star means less than nothing to me. I don't care a tinker's damn about fame and fortune. The only thing in the world I care anything about is being a good actor. If, when people see me in a part, they'll believe me and come away feeling, 'He can act' that's all I want."

"You won't believe this," he went on, "but ever since I was a kid, all I've ever wanted to do was either draw or act. When I was in college—"

"Princeton, wasn't it?" I interjected.

"Pennsylvania," said John, "I drew and drew and drew until suddenly my eyes got back on me. I thought it would be foolish to start out to be an artist when one of my chief tools was no good so I concentrated on acting. I got pretty good parts in the Mask & Wig plays."

"Your home is in Philadelphia, isn't it?"

"Yes, go away."

"I thought maybe you'd rather look at pictures than talk. But you don't have to if you don't want to. We can just sit."

I shot him a suspicious glance but he was dead-pansing. Darned good sketches were, too. Yes—John Bean is going places!"
didn't mind because there was no top, but when they started shooting the scene and put on the cover I nearly died with terror. They pulled me out—lisp. I had fainted dead away.

Joan can terrify me, too. I always avoid them if possible for I get a panic-like feeling I am being crushed.

"As for superstitions, we all kid ourselves that we don't believe in them; but most of us have a cherished one or two tucked about somewhere. For instance, I like black cats but nothing could induce me to walk under a ladder. And I insist on seeing the moon over my right shoulder. Trying to get the right slant on the last new moon I did a real W. C. Fields fall, getting all tangled up in a long coat and a scarf I was carrying. As I went down I did a double flip-flop that Fields himself would have envied—but I did see the crescent at the proper angle!

"Then, I'm super-sensitive and too easily hurt, and I cry like a baby over the least thing. Tears are always very near the surface, but a good cry clears up the emotional atmosphere and everything looks brighter after a deluge. I used to brood a lot over real or imagined troubles although I'm out-growing that; but I still suffer tortures when I'm misunderstood."

Leaving the dining-room we wandered through the house which Joan has practically made over during the past few months, and she showed me every detail with pride. She loves every inch of it. She says during that year as a chorus girl in New York her home was a dreary little half hall bedroom and she used to lie awake nights dreaming of a real home of her very own. It is this dream that she has visualized so beautifully.

Upstairs in her own personal suite, consisting of a sitting room, a spacious bathroom with a glass-in shower, and the newly built sleeping porch which she will use the year around, the decorative color scheme is Joan's favorite blue and white. At every doorway are two slender white columns that add a quaint touch that is altogether charming.

The profusion of flowers that always decorate every room in her house are personally arranged by Joan and she devotes several hours each Saturday making a complete change of bouquets throughout. All flowers give her a definite thrill but she chooses lilies and old-fashioned candy-tuft, with their delicious fragrance, for her own bedroom.

It is on Saturday night that she usually entertains with a small buffet supper, and frequently the same group of intimates are invited for the next night, too. Joan loves to have her friends around her but seldom goes in for formal or large affairs.

She's a whirlwind of energy, very independent, and likes to wait on herself. Besides a cook, she has a butler—but she plans her own menus; a chauffeur—but she usually drives her own car; a gardener—but she always helps with the planting. She has a personal maid only at the studio for she likes to take care of her own clothes and she's an expert at sewing and alterations.

Joan cannot possibly sit idle with her hands in her lap. She is always doing something—sewing, rearranging the furniture, practicing her music, reading or studying. Joan is planning for a future day and is taking a strenuous course in dramatics, history, and languages.

Joan didn't want to talk about love, ro-

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Life Begins Again at Fifty
Continued from page 31

time. "All right then. Don't believe me!"
I'd have been a simpleton not to.

Despite a certain Fieldian whimsicality of gesture and expression, he had been both earnest and convincing.

"Only don't get me wrong," he warned.
"I'm not squawkin'," I've had as many breaks as the law allows, and more than the next fellow. If you got stuck on the top rung all your life, you'd miss out on a lot of healthy exercise. I'm thankful to be startin' out again at fifty instead of finishin' at forty-nine. And that's a funny thing," he mused.

"Now I look back, I got started at just about ten and twenty and thirty and forty, too. Oh it might have been eleven or thirty-nine—I wouldn't want to hag for the difference—but you get the point.

"I ran away from home at eleven and never went back till I was earning' good money, paidin' my own way. At twenty I was playing the Winter Garden in Berlin—in my first European engagement. A doctor told me I had consumption. I was outta work. Nobody, it seems, wanted to hire a man as thin as Milan, he said, 'and eat raw wine.' Raw wine—ever hear that one?—he meant grapes. 'Eat raw wine,' he says, 'or you'll die.' Well, I couldn't afford it. So I ate raw milk and fish, and cooked, either, so I stayed where I was.

"More than twenty years later I was bothered with indigestion, and went to a doctor friend of mine in New York. He put the fluoroscope on me. "It's not nothing," he said. "About twenty years ago you had consumption."

"Am I O.K. now?" I ask him.

"Sure," he says. "The scars are all dry.'
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"Well, that was twenty. At thirty I thought I was washed up in vaudeville. I made up my mind to come out West, get a job managing some little theatre, draw cartoons for the papers, play around in the sunshine, live like a human being. Then Ziegfield hired me, and I stayed with him nine years. One Folies after another, but not much sunshine. My racket was pantomime in those days, and the silents never gave me a tumble. The minute I started using dialogue, they made me an offer. Why?" Again his eyes wrinkled in that amiably derisive grin, "Look for the answer in the back of the book, lady. I never found it.

"That was when I was about forty. I played in seven silents and then I got the gate, and went back to the stage. But I was sick and tired of the stage—sick and tired of racin' over my dinner till I got indigestion and racin' off to a show. People in the theatrical business are supposed to be harum-scarum. Take it from me, there's no train in the world so on time as a ham actor. If he's on at 8:32, he's ready and waitin' in the wings at 8:31½—whether his insides are twisted with colic or the thought that he's left his mother dying at home. Yes, I know—they've kidded the shirt off that line; 'The show must go on'—but they can't kid the truth out of it.

"Anyway, I was fed to the gills with livin' in a trunk. Suppose you're playin' one-week stands in vaudeville. You arrive in town on Monday. The baggage man doesn't get your trunks in on time. You rush over to the theatre to rehearse your music and make sure that your props are set. You grab a sandwich or you don't, and rush back for your act. If things go wrong, you fuss and fume yourself into a stew, and by dinner time at five or six you're so upset that you're better off not to eat. You do your night show, prayin' it'll go better than the matinée. You know the critics are sittin' there, ready to roast hell out of you, so instead of-bein' better, it's probably worse. You go home and drown your sorrows in sleep, and oversleep next day because Sunday night on the train you didn't sleep at all. After the matinée you unpack your trunk. You send out your laundry, and in the hope of gettin' it back by Friday night, you tell 'em you've got to have it Thursda...y morning. But they know you're a liar.

"Wednesday's comparatively calm. All you have to do is find out when the train leaves and worry about how things are goin' to be in the next town. Thursday you start stewin' over your laundry, and find a gravy spot on the only decent suit you own. You dash to the tailor's and go down on your knees to him, and for double the regular fee and a couple of promises he promises to get the suit back to you next day. Next day's Friday, and you have to pack. The baggage man's comin' for your trunk at 7 in the morning. You ask him to come later but he can't. He's got a date to pitch horses. Your laundry hasn't come. Between the matinée and the evening performance you dash over there. You can't swear at them, because they might get sore and play you a dirty trick. They promise to deliver it in an hour. You rush back to the theatre, then go home in fear and tremblin'. You open your door and peek in like a lovesick kid, waitin' for a letter from his sweetheart. No laundry, no suit. You control yourself because you know, if you don't, it's only yourself you're hurtin'. The baggage man will wake you at 6:30 for your trunk. The laundry comes at 8. The suit doesn't come at all. You phone the tailor before the matinée, and he says he'll..."
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Selma B. I liked your letter for it gives me a chance to answer questions about interesting people—not that all our favorites are less interesting but you know what I mean or do you? The young lad who played Boka in "No Greater Glory" was Jimmy Butler. He is one of the most promising youngsters in pictures; his role of the son, Jim Jr., in "Only Yesterday" with Margaret Sullivan and John Boles, established that fact. He was Bill Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." "Romance in Manhattan" is his new hit. Mary Carlisle was born on February 3, 1912, in Boston, Mass. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Ginger Rogers' latest release is "Romance in Manhattan" with Francis Lederer as her co-star.

Barbara, Donald Woods is comparatively a newcomer to the screen and you are not the only fan who thinks he's pretty keen. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in 1906, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. His first screen appearance was in "As the Earth Turns" with Jean Muir. He has played in "She Was a Lady" with Helen Twelvetrees; "Merry Wives of Reno" with Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell; and in "Fog Over Frisco" with Bette Davis. His latest is "Sweet Adeline" with Irene Dunne.

D. A. I count the time well lost if I haven't several arguments to be ironed out and settled to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. You are right about Jack Gilbert playing the lead in the silent version of "The Cossacks." I'll give you the entire cast including John Gilbert: Renee Adorée, Ernest Torrence, Dale Fuller, Mary Alden, Josephine Borio, Neil Nesby, York Sherwood, Joe Mari and Paul Hurst.

Peggy S. and Richard A. It's a pleasure to tell you about Charlotte Henry, for she is one of the most natural young actresses on the screen, don't you think so? She was born on March 3, 1914, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 104 pounds. Among her screen successes are "Huckleberry Finn," "Leni Rivers," "Alien in Wonderland," "The Last Gentleman" with George Arliss, and "Babes in Toyland."

J. M. J. How these promising young players come along—we wouldn't want them to stay behind, for youth must be served and served right too. Betty Furness has the role of Joan Shadowwell in "Life of Vagabond Winters" with Ann Harding; Betty appeared in "Beggars in Erin" with Lionel Atwill; and in "Dangerous Corner" with Virginia Bruce and Conrad Nagel. Later she was in "A Wicked Woman," in which Mady Christians stars.

Trent (Junior) Durkin. Forgive me! I'm sorry. I got you wrong in that reply in the February issue. But now we all know that Trent, who used to be "Junior" Durkin, and Junior, who now is "Trent" Durkin are one and the same. Our best to you more and better good roles.

M. B. Thanks for your kind words! Yes, I know Alan Dinehart is back in Hollywood under a three-way contract to write, act and direct for Fox Film.
Improve Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, "Nerves"

WHY put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you? Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pores of your skin get better and feel better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

Improved Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, "Nerves"

"Nerves"

WHO travels far must travel light! The story of the lady who carried sixteen trunks has been a warning to us all. We want our beauty aids to be both compact and convenient.

All in one jar, so to speak. And—by what magic does it show you how resourceful we are—here it is! Lady Esther's four-purpose cream is a complete beauty treatment in itself. The people who use it love it. They say it does all that any complicated beauty treatment could do, in about a tenth of the time. It does it pleasantly, thoroughly, and delightfully. So much so that you positively look forward to taking your make-up off at night with it. Higher praise is there none!

It is a light cream. None of the heavy, sticky, greasy feeling about it that so many other excellent creams have. It gets down to business in your pores and cleanses them so that they are fresh and clear at night. At the same time it softens the skin acting as a smoothing cream and preventing little lines from forming. This, as you know, is a big beauty advantage because so much happens to rest and rejuvenate our faces while we sleep.

It is one of the few creams we have heard about which gals "in the know" use not only as a cleansing and night cream, but as a light base for powder. When you buy it you are getting several creams, all in one jar!

Ummmm, that smell of Spring! It gets you, doesn't it? We thought so. It gets other people, too, and that is what is so important.

We know of a perfume manufacturer who has caught it and put it up in little bottles for your own especial fascination. He calls it L'Heure Intime, and it smells for all the world like a Spring evening, fragrant twilight with a dash of new moon about it. It makes you think of the people you love best in the world.

Perfumes are hard to describe. Every once in a while we give up and say we can't. But this one perks up our jaded sense of smell and adjectives. Imagine the way Spring smells when first it comes out of winter. All the blossoms, flowering smells in a chorus, but done delicately, like the muted strings of a violin. It is the kind of perfume you like to identify yourself with the whole year round.

You want to smell it again and again! As if you could never get enough of it, instead of making you tired of it after the first inquisitive whiff or two.

One word of caution about it. It is a lasting type of fragrance, one of the things you look for first in a perfume you buy, so it is not necessary to use the usual spritz drop at a time. It is a French perfume and should be applied in the French way, on the skin, not on the clothing.

Well, we have just come in breathless from romping around town in the search for news for you. We have met with success. Before you decided that that may be just a hollow brag, listen! Tangee have made a brand-new powder which ends that mask-like look so many of you complain to me about your skins. It does so by the same principle that makes the Tangee lipstick so famous. This new powder changes to your own exact skin tones the moment you put it on. It ends the artificial look powdery, sometimes gives it. All you have to do is to select which shade, flesh, rosy or light, and closest to your own coloring, puff it on gently, brush it off.

Beauty News For You

A perfect beauty treatment all in one jar!

L'Heure Intime, the fragrance of a Spring evening.

New! A powder that matches every skin.

Cheramy's great big Easter egg and the saucy bunny who brought it!
and there you are, looking so fresh, young and, unpowdered that it seems a miracle
It isn't a miracle. It is very scientific and happens because of a new ingredient
in the powder, one which turns the color of your natural skin tone under it.
I needn't tell you Tanger powder is of use and even texture, that it stays on
a long time, and doesn't cake up on you. In other words, it is a good, honest powder!
With this new color ingredient added it is destined to make cosmetic history.

Here is a little Springtime gift that is a
total surprise. An enormous Easter egg of,
at things! Soap! Scented so delicately
with your favorite Chevamy fragrance.
And right on top of it, tied with the
daintiest of ribbons, is that same favorite
Chevamy perfume.
It is the kind of thing to buy for your-
self when you want to give yourself a
treat, and the kind of thing for your best
friend when you want to show her how
much you think of her and what good
taste you have. The soap is a finely milled
French variety that lasts months; that is,
if you can keep your small brother away
from it! If you can't, we won't be re-
ponsible for what happens. And it is so
perfectly scented that you can smell its
delightful perfume on your hands for hours.
You are particular about your cosmetics,
of course, so it is the contents of a pack-
age that interests you most. Here is a
case, however, where the outside of the
package is as exciting as the inside. The
most impudent French bunny you ever
laid your eyes on—(see him hum)—is staring
up over the edge of things, ready to take
flight and scramble away at your first
movement. He is a perfect lamb of a bunny!
Look for him in the stores and the moment
you lay your eyes on him you will want him for your very own.

Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 8
ALADDIN HAD A LAMP BUT WE
GOT MOVIES!
Instead of rubbing an old lamp and wish-
ing, we modern Aladdin rub a coin in
the palm of our hand and buy a ticket to our
favorite movie, to produce the magic result.
The movies are proving to be gloom's worst
enemy—the public's best friend.
Mabel M. Schlenker,
5214 N. Paulina St.
Chicago, Ill.

"DADDY" DUNN!
Gosh, I'm glad Jimmy Dunn is Shirley
Temple's daddy again in "Bright Eyes.
They're a great team. I hope they stick
together. Believe me, when I took my
small daughter to see "Now and Forever,"
I had one heck of a time explaining how
come Shirley called Gary Cooper "daddy"
Elmer H. Mayer,
6814 Fifth Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

KATIE, YOU'RE FORGIVEN!
Once I had the temerity to call Katharine
Hepburn "fash-in-the-pan" and "poseur.
"Apologies are herewith tendered. In "The
Little Minister" she is not only the con-
sumer artiste but singularly beautiful.
What a contribution she'd make to the
 cinema as Joan of Arc or "The Tudor Wench."
George Wilton, Jr.,
1028 Connecticut Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.
you have given them a brighter outlook on life; that you have given them inspiration to go forward."

His secretary had just told me that he receives hundreds of such letters. One had just come from a young woman who works in a perfume factory in Havana, stating that he had changed her entire life, that all her work was happier, and her life was more secure than it was before, and that he had not changed at all.

"Such testimony as that," he said, "is greater compensation than any money we ever receive."

While I was in his outer office for him to arrive, I thought the room small and crowded, with secretaries and desks and photographs and manuscripts and files, reaching to the ceiling on all sides, and hardly room to turn around. When I entered his inner office, there was little difference, except a comfortable chair at the end of his desk, where I could sit facing him.

I resented the close quarters, even though all these things were mute evidence of his contact with thousands. His active participation in a dozen or so worthwhile organizations, his constant effort to do his part in helping others.

But the strangest thing happened. Mr. Lederer began talking in his soft voice with the slight accent, and I forgot all about the office. I didn't see the movies, I didn't know the space was small. In fact, we seemed too close apart and I leaned forward in my chair to bring me a little closer.

So far as I knew, the only thing that might have been in Queen Marie's boudoir or the Blue Room at Washington. Now I realized why that brilliant career, that brilliant dream, had been written, as I saw Lederer on the stage.

"Not in years and years have I noticed in any playhouse that same strange poignancy of incense and gunpowder which filled the theater as young Mr. Lederer approached a love scene."

I have been with men more at ease. I have been with men who know more of the fine art of making women feel important to themselves (like Ivan Lebedeff, who knows the art of the tender hand-kissing), but I have never been in the presence of a more sincere person than Francis Lederer. It is as if the very soul of him were seeking expression, seeking not only the good of mankind—a soul longing for growth only to enlarge its usefulness.

No wonder it irritates him somewhat that practically every article written about him has dealt with his technique as a lover. We have defied him to be as good as Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, and John Ericson, and he merely says: "Many of the young have been taught a short talk with a straight face and a shaved hair. His hips are narrow but he is all muscle and you would never suspect that he weighs 170 pounds. You probably recall his hair is like Persian lamb and always slightly disheveled."

His father was a leather merchant and he and his two sons lived in a crowded apartment, similar to our tenement district. The boys were sent to public school but the severe father allowed them little time for anything; and he did know enough to impress upon them that the only man who could succeed was the man who used his brains and not his hands. Francis could not endure the leather business and his failure in mathematics in fourth year high school forever dispelled the father's hopes of him becoming a banker.

At thirteen, Francis saw his first matineé, and from that moment was determined to become an actor, though no one in his family knew anything about it. He was threatened to disown him if he became an actor and after that he was never allowed to see a play. In the meantime he did not mind, and later, he saw a man smoking and decided he could never be an actor, for he could not smoke. He believed in physical fitness and he was a loyal Boy Scout, acquiring an abhorrence of both tobacco.
an alcohol. If he were not to be an actor, then he must learn a trade, so he became apprenticed to a small dry-goods store, doing everything from cleaning the store to selling goods. Occasionally during this time, he saw a picture show, which aroused in him again the desire to act, whether for stage or screen.

The director of the Old German Theatre in Prague gave him permission to sit in the wings and watch the actors. He worked in the store all day and sat in the wings at night. At last he was allowed to play with the extras, carrying a spear, eating a sausage, closing a door or any little thing like that. But he made these scenes stand out until he was stealing the show from the principals. Once in the background he was cleaning a room and he put such comedy in his work that the audience watched him instead of the principals and this led to what they called an "apprentice actor" for which he received the huge compensation of $1.20 a month.

From this lovely beginning, he mounted step by step, doing stock through many countries. Finally he was offered the lead

Janet Tells Her Success Secrets

Continued from page 19

loug as the public likes me in this sort of part, it would be foolish for me to change even if I wanted to.

"A romantic picture," she added thoughtfully, "lifts an audience out of the rut of daily workaday living, even if only for the run of the picture, and that's why I really enjoy making pictures with a bit of romance. I want people to forget their troubles, and string along with the characters they see on the screen.

"Incidentally, the windows' sets are not quite so naive as when I began, but that's only natural. I'm not the same girl as when I came to Hollywood, and I wouldn't feel happy playing the same parts. But the change has been made so gradually, picture by picture, that it hasn't been very noticeable.

"Good parts," she told me, "are essential to success on the screen, and because of this I believe in leaving decisions about parts, stories, and direction up to those in charge. Many stars try to have a voice in choosing their stories, but I know it's impossible for any one person to be star, producer, and scenario department all at once. If the studio believes in a certain picture, I'm willing to take their word for it!"

She added, smiling, "In the early days I have been handed scripts which I didn't believe in, but I didn't make that the cause for an argument or a quarrel. I would go in and take them over—and we'd agree on a different story."

"Talking things over" may seem a deci-dedly unusual way of convincing a stub-born scenario department, but this, we learned, is typical of Janet. She doesn't balk. No "I tank I go home" stuff for her. She simply goes over the things in charge, without fuss or fury, and states her case. Perhaps you have gathered from her own statements in this story that she has a gift for putting her views clearly and persua-sively.

"I welcome competition," she told me, "even from those you may hear tales of established stars who are jealous of new-comers and rivals. At first I wondered if the custom of tearing down an established with the Mary Pickford of Germany, Henny Porten, in "Refuge." His success was so remarkable that he was offered one picture contract after another and might have become a second Croesus, he being wanted only money, but he refused to work in any picture that he did not consider a good story. For years he continued to work in pictures during the day and at the theatre at night. When his great opportunity came in "Romeo and Juliet" he went to live at the studio all day and barely had time to get his bath and make it to the theatre in time to go into his part.

With all of this work back of him, it is not surprising to find him with a serious outlook. You know about his World Peace Federation to which organization he has entirely separate offices and secretaries in another part of Hollywood. You can no more interview him and ignore his Peace Movement than you could talk to Ruby Keeler and forget she is married to Al Jolson. This is no pastime hobby with Francis. It is part of the very warp and woof of his being, and neither things past nor things to come will ever separate him from it. In addition, he is vitally connected with a dozen or so other organizations, one of which deals with the problems of the unemployed. To tell you all about these would take ten pages more.

It is difficult to talk to Francis Lederer about intimately personal matters. You recognize so quickly that he would always respect another's privacy and you are so barrassed to question him as you do the average player. But I did ask him about the girl with whom he has been seen most frequently—Mary Anita Loos, the niece of the well-known writer, Anita Loos. With courtesy but restraint, he replied:

"I would be unable to say personal affairs with any one, but if you must mention Miss Loos in my interview, I can only say that I consider it a very great honor to know such an extraordinary person. The association with her is a rare and delightful privilege."

Now, your guess is as good as mine, but his reply did sound a little more serious than when he talked about the other girls. Of course, there is said to be a Mrs. Lederer, in Europe, from whom he has been separated for years.
star to help a newcomer was quite fair. You know the sort of thing I mean. Newspapers print items that Miss Newcomer has "more appeal" than the star. Critics write that newcomer "stole the show" from the star.

"Then I realized that I had benefited by all this when I began; it's only fair for others to profit now. Newcomers need all the help they can get! It's up to them to do their best and up to me to do mine. Let the best man win.

Her attitude to newcomers on her own lot bears out her statement. When Paul Roulson was making "Delicious" with her as his screen debut, she actually told him how he could "steal" a certain scene— and made him do it. Many another newcomer has reached the top through her friendly advice and counsel.

There's nothing "starry" about her. She has remained refreshingly human in the face of success, and undoubtedly this helps explain why success has lasted. She was sitting in her little portable dressing-room, a quaint, one-room affair on wheels, which can be moved from set to set wherever she works. In it she goes over her lines, changes costumes, and rests. It is, definitely, a little "home away from home," as she tells casually, "Who uses this while I'm away on vacation?"

Terrorized employees kept to answer, "No one, Miss Gaynor, of course! One actress wanted to use it, but—" you gathered that the trespasser had been quite and forcibly impressed with Miss Gaynor's importance.

Janet hardly listened. Obviously, she didn't much care whether anyone used her dressing-room or not.

She is never late on the set, even though this is sometimes considered a star's privilege. She had never held up production on a picture. The business manager of the production came over to ask her, "Are you planning to go to the football game next Saturday?"

If not, evidently, there would be work. Janet hesitated a moment, and then smiled, "Do you really want me to say yes—or no?"

You can count on the fingers of one hand the stars who would not have taken advantage of the chance for extra time off! We wanted to ask about publicity, often considered the most vital factor in a star's success, until the very last, because Janet's seclusion from interviewers is well known.

She rarely appears at public gatherings, and her press agents never put on campaigns, as is done for other stars, to keep her name in every paper and picture in every magazine.

"Publicity is terribly important to a beginner," she admitted, "because it helps you over. But an established star shouldn't need it so much. Personally, I'm not very interested in whether I have much publicity or not. I don't believe it's a necessity to my career. My pictures should speak for themselves."

"As for interviews, I don't believe in broadcasting my personal beliefs in this or that, and I think the public tends to grow tired of stars whose opinions are constantly appearing in print. So I don't like to be 'quoted' too often!"

In the face of this convincing argument, I could only put away my pad and pencil and retire in good order. I hope I haven't quoted Janet too lengthily, but her views are so fascinating that it's always a temptation.

With her quiet, charm, and sheer delight in living, it's hard to have the privilege of visiting her—the group of assistants and fellow-actors always standing around the door of her little portable dressing-room testifies to that. And undoubtedly the truest explanation of her success is that audiences—you and you—feel just the same way.

Have You Seen Kelly?

Continued from page 57

ting in six countries." The way that shut them up was marvelous.

"Marvelous! Did you hear that? That's what I get for seeing George Givot. I'm an unassuming mimic—I can't help it. Why, for days after I met Zasu Pitts I was using my hands like this——"

No description would do justice to the way Patsy entertained me. It's only fair to say Why, for days after I met Zasu Pitts I was using my hands like this——"

I hate it when the papers say I was signed to take her place opposite Thelma. One could ever fill her place.

"You've got a place of your own," I assured her. "You pumped my hand in typical Kelly fashion."

Sarah Veronica Kelly—Patsy to you—is a Brooklyn girl, one of a large Irish family. She felt that she was "the Patsy" always in the way, and so she changed her name. Sarah Veronica hardly fitted her—she was a regular tomboy as a kid and used to skate and play ball with the boys in the middle of the street.

"I was in the hospital more than I was out of it as the result of street accidents, so my mother thought the best way to keep me out of mischief and use up my energy was to let me take tap-dancing lessons. I began when I was nine and got so interested in it, I gave up baseball. At twelve I was teaching other kids at the school. I never thought I'd be a professional. My brother wanted to get on the stage and he was promised a part in a Frank Fay act if he could learn a dance-routine. I went to the theatre to see that he got the job and Frank Fay took me instead. It wasn't an important part, just a bit. I got my first chance when I went on in the place of a boy who got sick. I danced and wise-
cracked and finally landed in musical comedy.

Among the shows Patsy appeared in were "The Sketch Book," "The Vanities," "The Wonderful" and "Flying Colors."

"I used to spend my money as fast as I made it, and I went on week after week always flat-broke. I swore that I'd never go into pictures. Not that I expected any offers but just supposed someone had a brain enough to dangle one in front of me. When I was at 'flat,' Hal Rosch and Howard Dietz talked me into signing my name to a preliminary contract before I came to, I learned later, that they were on their way to Hollywood.

"So a comedienne's life is not a happy one," I asked.

"Oh, hell! I got me wrong—being a comedienne is grand, but—well, take the other evening, for instance. I was walking along the street when a very good-looking boy, said 'Hey, what's your name?' Of course I was minding my own business but that fine boy was just calling over me when he added, 'You look just like Whats-Her-Name. You know the one in pictures—the crazy one?'

"Now I wonder! How would you like to be known as 'the crazy one' and get that lovely romantic glow and all?"

Patsy said the nicest thing about her is that she has an older sister in Ireland whom she has never seen. "She's got about six or ten kids. I think the exact number is six, but has she ever seen you in pictures?"

"I have no idea. I've never written to her or heard from her. How do you write to someone you've never seen—and yet she's my own sister, isn't that funny?"

Greet Spring with that Holly Figure

Continued from page 36

have taken stock of yourself and discovered that you are not less than perfection. What do you do about it?

To begin with, you look into your diet. Spring-time is upon us, and you can go in for a body house-cleaning to advantage. If you're over-weight, keep away from fattening foods. Clean out your blood with plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit. Drink a good eight full glasses of water every day. Get all the fresh air you possibly can.

Try eating a baked apple and whole toast for breakfast; an appetizing green salad, or cottage cheese and pineapple, or hot green vegetable with butter, for luncheon; and a well-balanced dinner of fish, meat, fruit, dessert, one green vegetable, salad and fruit. Remember you should eat less meat in the Spring.

If you don't care much for salads, perhaps you'll like the ones Paramount stars have specially prepared for them, Claudette Colbert invented this salad and showed the commissary how to prepare it as she does at home: You take Romaine lettuce, tomatoes cut in pieces, a hard-boiled egg sliced, a wedge of a wooden head which has been rubbed with garlic; use a French dressing made with pure olive oil and blend it through the ingredients of the salad with a fine spoon.

When Claudette gets tired of this, she orders California Salad, made of Romaine lettuce, blueberries, cranberry, avocado and green peppers, with a dressing of mayonnaise diluted with cream and lemon juice. Gail Patrick is another girl who invented her own mountain salad. She puts half a cup of cottage cheese through a sieve, adds one shredded carrot, four dates cut up, and uses a good French dressing.

But you must do something besides dieting. You must get to work seriously to take off those added winter pounds.

Do your exercise routine outdoors or in front of an open window. If the people downstairs complain, invite them to join you. The exercise will fit you.

Here are some excellent limbering-up exercises that can be done beside an arbor, a gymnasium, or a plain painter's ladder:

(1) Place the left leg on a rung of the ladder or arbor-trellis about waist-high; grasp the ankle with both hands, and bring the foot to the head. Repeat slowly raise the head and bend backward so far as possible. Repeat with right leg.

(2) Place both hands on same rung of ladder or arbor-trellis. Be sure feet are spread far apart and throw the body back as far as possible. This is called arching the back, and is an excellent stretching exercise.

(3) Hold ladder with right hand well above head, and left hand grasping rung lower down, raise right leg as far up and out to side as you can, lower slowly and repeat. Repeat with left leg.

If there are two of you doing the exercises, you'll need a fourth one to the limbering-up series:

(4) Assistant kneads and grasps you by the right hand, in his right, supporting your back with his outstretched left hand. You arch your back, as far back as you can, at the same time raising first the left and then the right leg, with knee bent and toe carefully pointed.

If you are eager to get rid of a few extra pounds so you can wear tennis shorts or a revealing frock, don't feel too embarrassed, and yet haven't you time to go in for a regular gymnasium course, you can, if you have the will power, do all that is necessary in fifteen minutes—only it's fifteen minutes every day.

Here is your schedule: 3 minutes deep breathing, either outdoors or in front of an open window.

3 minutes bicycle exercise. (You don't need a cycle for this. Just lie down on back, hands clasped behind head, raise legs and rotate them as if riding in air.)

3 minutes exercise for the abdomen. (Lie on your back, knees bent, feet braced under a heavy piece of furniture. Keeping your legs together on floor, slowly raise trunk to sitting position, hands on hips. Lower trunk to floor again and repeat half a dozen times.)

1 minute leg raising. (Lying on back, raise both legs up vertically, then lower them slowly, feet together, until they almost touch the floor; raise them again and lower, repeating again, then relax.)

1 minute neck exercise. (Stand erect, hands on hips, and rotate entire body left to right in a circular movement.)

1 minute hand exercise. (Stand erect, hands on hips, wrist bend forward and back, and from side to side, completing with a circular movement.)

1 minute bending. (Bring hands over head and then bend forward, touching toes.)

1 minute setting up exercises. (Hands on hips, toes together, raise heels, bend knees to squating position, then rise, and repeat. Warning: Do not do this too often or too showily or it will develop the thighs.)

1 minute stationary running. (Standing still, you should hold arms close to sides, elbows bent and hands at shoulder.)

Then there's the shower. But let me tell you something about taking a shower.

SO TIRED, SO BLUE
Till This All-VEGETABLE Laxative
Solved Her Constipation

She was so tired—depressed—always having colded legs. She had tried so many things she almost despairied of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer, a laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and think for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenal derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, bilo...ness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 2 1/2c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Timetable, beautifully designed, describes and illustrates Tums and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEE CO., Division of the St. Louis, Mo.

NATURES REMEDY GET A NR TO-NIGHT TAP A ALARM 25c/BX"
WILL all those who ask for copies of back issues of SCREENLAND please address their queries to the magazine? I have no back copies.

Remember, if you are still in your teens, you can afford to be heavier than girls in their twenties. The pounds will slip off easily as you grow.

Adelle, Gowanda, N. Y.: You are 14 and already 5' 6½" tall. No, there is nothing you can do to get shorter any more. Don't doubt if you can stop growing without seriously injuring your health. No doubt you loved your fullness, and the good you did, but let's think about being tall; some of our loveliest screen stars are tall, including Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Kitty Carlisle, Gail Patrick.

Mrs. J. C. B. E., Florida: You are 20 lbs. under-weight.

A. M., Garden City, N. Y.: You should weigh 15 lbs. more. If you are easily exhausted, advise you to consult your doctor. I do not advise you to drink hot milk or ovaline before going to bed. Confine exercises to brief swims or routine stretching.

Miss R. D.: You are 22 lbs. over-weight.

Helen A.: You are 26 lbs. over-weight. If you follow routine for general reduction given in this article, I can promise you results, but you must exercise regularly. In six weeks you should notice some difference.

Benny B.: You are 11 lbs. over-weight. Try the rolling exercise, as well as general routine, regularly. Concentrate on correct posture, develop poise, and you will not look bashful before an audience. A dramatic school will help you greatly.

Mrs. L. L. L., San Antonio, Texas: You are, as you say, more than 20 lbs. over-weight. Do not despair. I've cured worse cases than yours. Night and morning, regularly, do the leg-lifting exercises, first, on back, then face downward; the bicycle exercise, and rolling. It would be well also, to follow the routine in my article in this issue.

J. M. B., Sacramento, Calif.: Go in for a strenuous course of exercise, engage in sports, especially swimming, and hiking, and you will reduce healthily and effectively.

Catherine D., Long Island: Yes, you should lose 10 lbs. apparently in the laps. Follow my suggestions in this issue, with longer time spent on hip-reduction exercises.

B. W. A.: You are only a pound over-weight. You trouble losing that extra pound if you're sensible about diet.

Betty H., Oakland, Calif.: You are very little over-weight. Do ten-minute routine every morning, and walk when you might ride, and I think you'll find the difficulty overcome.

Hattie H., N. J.: Your measurements are small for your height, but this is a good fault. Your weight is not bad.

Winifred W., Havana, Cuba: Your hips and thighs are too heavy. Get busy on the right exercises for this condition—and keep at it!

Miss A., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Try the more strenuous exercises given in this article.

Mrs. Alma B., East Liverpool, Ohio: Do arm circling, arm flinging, deep-breathing exercises for bust. Use warm olive oil or cocoa butter for shrunken busts; put it on and massage.

Mildred Ford, Memphis, Tenn.: You are a very pretty girl, but your hips are too large for a Hollywood figure. Try hip reduction exercises in this article. Good luck to you.

James Davies' Answers to Letters
Again Will Rogers gives us precisely what we want and expect of him in this recreation of George Ade's story about a local politician. Rogers is at his lovable best as the shrewd manipulator of the political doings of his county in Wyoming—fighting bitterly a man who married the only girl the small-town lawyer ever loved. There is a good story with young love prominent—Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable.

Jack Hulbert, who is England's most popular screen comedian, is seen as a wealthy chap who enlists in the navy and becomes the farcical hero of a burlesque of a melodrama about Chinese pirates and a stolen submarine. The story is too plotly for its own and the star's good, though the film, thanks to Hulbert, and a very pretty girl named Nancy O'Neill, manages a fair amount of excitement and amusement.

A vehicle for May Robson, who gives a performance her fans will cheer to the echo in the rôle of a school principal, who fights corrupt local politicians and is to be displaced, when a former pupil, now president of the U.S., saves her. Some of the school scenes have spirit, and all of Miss Robson's acting has appeal, but the over-stressed melodramatics are a severe handicap to the entertaining qualities.

W.C. Fields at his best. If you have laughed at "Bill" before, prepare to roar now, for this tops his every past effort in straight comedy. There isn't much story, other than what happens to a lazy fellow ambitious to sell his grocery store and move to California—but doesn't. The gags, with Fields handling them perfectly, are among the funniest of recent film harvest. Youngsters and oldsters will enjoy this one.

Jack Abay
Gum-mont British

Very different! A film that's amazing for its extraordinary camera work and the remarkable "acting" of two wild animals, a deer and a puma—natural enemies which here fight side by side against their common foe, the hunter. It is a nature story laid in the Sierras, with the humans involved playing a minor part, though of course, Jean Parker is attractive as the girl who befriends the animals. You must see it!

When Paul Muni and Bette Davis are cast together, good acting must result—and it does in this play set in a lawless town on the Mexican border. Bette plays to the hilt a part as cruelly colorful as that in "Of Human Bondage," as the woman who tramples on others to win the man she loves. Paul Muni has an equally impressive opportunity as the man in the case. Exciting melodrama—for adults, not for children.

Ramon Novarro as a romantic arch-duke, Evelyn Laye as the dancer with whom he falls in love, Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel as a comedy team compose what should be a most agreeable and engaging group. Well, they are—but because they do it all themselves, without much aid from a stodgy musical comedy plot that gets pretty dull at times. While it is more tragi than sprightly, the result is likeable charm.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 54-55

This is what passes for "sophisticated" drama, but which is really quite innocuous romance involving a portrait painter, notorious for his romances with brilliant men, and a cynical young editor who signs her to write her autobiography for his magazine. Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery make a most effective team. Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton supply fine comediy moments. Very talky, but good.

You must know by this time whether you enjoy these easy-chair visits to the African jungles and the voids. Here Martin and Osa Johnson give us many novel and interesting views shot from airplanes, and one or two mildly exciting action bits supplied by the beasts which prowl the terrain we visit. It is all very handsomely photographed, and presented with a view to making the most of the life and locale.

Tense, taut, and trenchant drama made vivid and penetrating by the fine acting of Claude Rains as a writer whose editorials attacking war elevate his employer to great political prominence in France. The publisher believes in the hero's wife. The hero returns from the front and kills his betrayer. Lionel Atwill and Joan Bennett are excellent. Very real and gripping serious drama.

Unless you like sweetness doubly sweet, this picture may prove too saccharine for you. The story tells of four women who collaborate an Italian chateau, all being on marital vacations—one, played by Ann Harding, decides permanently. It is the suffering wife attempting to be eternally noble and courageous who makes it all rather hard to believe. Reginald Owen and Frank Morgan are fine. From "Elizabeth's" book.
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