Eugene O'Neill's daring Drama
"STRANGE INTERLUDE"
with Norma Shearer
and Clark Gable
Actionized from the film

Beginning
FREDRIC MARCH'S
Real Life Story
THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!

JOHN GARBO - BARRYMORE

JOAN WALLACE CRAWFORD - BEERY LIONEL BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An EDMUND GOULDING production

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!
ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS

Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him... Daring! ... Tantalizing! ... Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL
The Smart Screen Magazine

Screenland

Delight Evans, Editor

Alma Whitaker, Western Editor

June, 1932

NEXT MONTH!

“Hollywood’s Own Moral Code!” There’s a title for you—and the story is just as unconventional as it sounds. You won’t want to miss this feature of the July issue of the new 15c Screenland, because many of your favorites—Garbo, Shearer, Crawford—are included. Watch for it!

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Printed In the U. S. A.
Love consumed her!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom love consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from "Thunder Below"—a great Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.
Eleanor Hunt, Harry Barris and Helen Mann in a scene from "He's a Honey." This is a peppy song-and-dance comedy, with Harry making a personal hit in it.

Class A:

★ Alias the Doctor. First National. Richard Barthelemees, as a surgeon, adds another sterling performance to his repertoire. The story is impressive. Marian Marsh, Norman Foster and Lucile LaVerne capable assist.

★ Are You Listening? Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines comes through with his best performance to date. The film has a radio background. The casts are Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh. It's a good picture.

★ Arsene Lupin. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Worthwhile if only to see the brothers Barrymore together for the first time on the screen. It's a good, exciting picture. Karen Morley is the girl.


★ Lady with a Past. RKO. This is entertainment! The glamorous Constance Bennett in a lively story you won't take too seriously. Ben Lyon is excellent. David Manners is good, and Connie's clothes are gorgeous.


★ One Hour with You. Paramount. The immortal Maurice Chevalier in a charming musical movie. Honorable mention to Jeanette MacDonald, Roland Young, and Genevieve Tobin. The music's good, too.

★ Shanghai Express. Paramount. A medal to Josef Von Sternberg for directing this absorbing masterpiece. Another to Marlene Dietrich for a magnificent performance. And smaller medals for the entire cast, particularly Clive Brook and Anna May Wong.

★ So Big. Warner Brothers. Another "wow" performance by Barbara Stanwyck. The picture is well acted and directed. Dicie Moore is adorable. See this one.

★ Tarzan the Ape Man. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You're sure to get a kick out of this jungle thriller. Besides, you'll want to see Johnny Weisnamuller do some of his splendid swimming. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charmer.


★ The Champ. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You'll be talking about this picture for a long time. Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are superb in their father and son roles.

★ The Congress Dances. Ufa. Utterly charming foreign-made picture—English subtitled. You'll be whistling the songs and talking about Lilian Harvey, the heroine. By all means, see it.

★ The Crowd Roars. Warner Brothers. Thrilling film about automobile racing. Snappy dialogue, good story, and grand acting by James Cagney and Joa Bloodelli. And there's Ann Dvorak for good measure. We recommend this.

Class B:

After Tomorrow. Fox. A sentimental tale about "every-day" folks. Nicely directed and acted by Marion Nixon and Charles Farrell.

★ Beauty and the Boss. Warner Brothers. This is the one about the third secretary who turns into a ravishing beauty overnight and marries the boss. It's cute—so's Marion Marsh. David Manners and Warren William are the male supports.


★ The Lost Squadron. RKO. Something different in aviation pictures. Interesting drama, with splendid acting by Richard Dix. Eric Von Stroheim, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong.


★ The Wiser Sex. Paramount. You won't be able to work up much enthusiasm for this picture. It's a trifle too implausible. However, Claudette Colbert, Lilyan Tashman, and William Boyd turn in good performances.

★ Dancers in the Dark. Paramount. The adventures of a taxi dancer, played by Miriam Hopkins. A newcomer, George Raft, is good. Jack Oakie grins away with the show.

★ Disorderly Conduct. Fox. Another Spencer Tracy triumph. He makes this story about cops and crook both interesting and amusing. Sally Eilers helps, too.


Hotel Continental. Tiffany. A crook drama. The action takes place in a hotel the night before a wedding is to take place. First-rate performance and acting. With Peggy Shannon and Theodore Von Eltz.

* Reviewed in this issue.

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

(Continued on page 58)
FOR FIVE YEARS the talking screen has waited for—

Barbara STANWYCK

in

"SO BIG"

Now at last you can see and hear
EDNA FERBER'S
world-famous epic of a woman's heart

Seven million have read Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize novel, "So Big."

Now see it brought to vivid, thrilling life with a swift rush of reality that holds you breathless!

It's woman's whole existence . . . her body . . . her soul . . . her love . . . her life . . . the secret places of her heart.

With lovely Barbara Stanwyck as you liked her in "Illicit" and "Night Nurse".

If you enjoyed Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" you'll adore her "SO BIG" . . . It's the main event of this picture season!

25 SCREEN FAVORITES
Assembled in One Mighty Cast!

Bette Davis
Dickie Moore
George Brent
Guy Kibbee
Mae Madison
Hardie Albright
Robert Warwick
And 17 others

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Based on Edna Ferber's best-seller, "So Big"
ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Marlene Dietrich is more in demand than ever since "Shanghai Express." Miss Vee Dee obliges by telling you about Dietrich's life and career, below.

Eleanor. This is the Miss Vee Dee rational "hook-up." Are you payin' attention? Joan Crawford was 24 on March 23, 1932. Loretta Young is 20. Greta Garbo is 25. Mary Nolan is 26 and Antonio Moreno is 43.

Olive W. I'll be glad to tell you about Richard Barthelmess. His new picture is "Alias the Doctor" with Marian Marsh. Richard was born in New York City on May 9, 1895. He has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches tall. His mother was a stage actress. In 1914 he had an important role in "War Brides" with Nazimova but his first big part was in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" with Lillian Gish. Then came "Tol'able David," which put his name in the big-time class.

Mimi. There may have been several reasons why William Bakewell's name had an "ell" taken out—he seems to get just as good billing as it is, so why worry? Alice White is appearing in vaudeville and hasn't any definite picture plans. Vivienne Osborne's first screen role was in "The Beloved Bachelor" with Paul Lukas. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has been a very prominent figure on the stage in the support of well-known stars and has created many leading roles for Broadway producers.

Miss T. I've had many grand titles thrust upon me but have never been called a "boop-a-dooper" so don't start anything like that. Irving Pichel, who played with Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love," is over 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His wife is Violette Wilson, who was an actress before her marriage. The Pichels have three boys—the eldest, Wilson, is 11 years old. Irving has appeared in "Murder by the Clock," "The Road to Reno," "An American Tragedy," "The Cheat," and "Two Kinds of Women." He is under contract with Paramount, so you are apt to see him around for some time.

Virginia R. Now that the reducing diet has gone out of fashion, bangs are coming in again, but what's a good bang or two between friends? Carole Lombard, Mrs. William Powell to husband Bill, is wearing her hair banded and likes it, so my Hollywood enthusiasm tells me. Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Joan and Doug, Jr., are not the parents of a boy or girl or both. Joan's new picture is "Grand Hotel." For this film, the producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, have assembled the greatest cast in motion picture history, including Greta Garbo, John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Harlow.

Pepper-Pot. Ha-chu-chu! Don't miss seeing the revival of "Ben-Hur" in sound. It will take you back to 1926 when that film was silent and friends, Romans and countrymen did not have to lend their cars. Francis X. Bushman, Sr., was the man of
the hour and Ramon Novarro the answer to the maiden’s prayer. Stuart Erwin plays with Fredric March in “Strangers in Love,” and Dorothy Jordan appears with Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, and Robert Armstrong in “The Lost Squadron.”

A Blue Fan. Snap out of it—the sun is around the well-known corner. Your favorite, Monte Blue, hasn’t been in pictures for some time. He is engaged in manufacturing some kind of a high-powered such-and-such and keeps very busy. His wife, Tove Blue, is the daughter of Bodil Rosing, the fine character actress. The Blues have two children, Barbara Ann and Monte Jr.

H. E. S. No, I’m not Clark Gable’s secretary—but it’s an idea. More fun counting the letters from admirers of Raul Roulian, who played so delightfully in “Delicts” with Gaynor and Farrell. Raul was born Oct. 8, 1905, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He has a charming personality and is known for his musical compositions. He will appear with Joan Bennett and John Boles in “Careless Lady.”

Alma N. Eddie Cantor’s history? He makes it! Eddie is 37 years old, happily married and the father of five girls. He was born in the heart of New York’s East Side. His mother died before he was a year old and his father not long after. He was brought up by his grandmother until he married a childhood sweetheart in 1914. He is a favorite on the New York stage and draws down a nice big salary from his work on both stage and screen. Charles Farrell is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. Janet Gaynor is 22 years old, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Phillips Holmes is 22 years old. His latest release is “Broken Lullaby” from the story, “The Man I Killed.”

Alma. Dorothy Mackaill is 26 years old, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. She appears in “Safe in Hell” with Donald Cook. Joan Blondell plays opposite James Cagney in “The Crowd Roars.” Marian Marsh is 18 years old. Not related to Fredric March. She was christened Violet Kraith. In 1930 she appeared with Eddie Cantor in “Whoopie” as Marilyn Morgan but her name was changed again—to Marian Marsh. Her latest is “Beauty and the Boss.”

A. B. C. No, this isn’t a Taxi Department but a nice friendly group of fans trying to get the last word about their favorites. You haven’t any fault to find with my column but if you had it would be because Leslie Howard, Kent Douglass and Herbert Marshall do not have spreads about them—here’s an easy answer for that one. Herbert Marshall was in but one American made picture, “Secrets of a Secretary” with Claudette Colbert and then went back to the stage. “Michael and Mary,” a British film with Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, has been released in this country, Kent Douglass and Leslie Howard are also back on the Broadway stage. They’d better come back to Hollywood.

Vee Bee. So you’ll be grateful to me forever if I will induce the Editor to give the readers a full-page picture of Elissa Landi. Done! Appearing with Miss Landi in her current release, “Devil’s Lottery,” are Victor McLaglen, Paul Cavanagh, Alexander Kirkland and Barbara Weeks. Jackie Searle has been in fifty-two pictures, is in the sixth grade, is crazy about baseball, was on the air via radio at the age of three, and two years ago went in for the talkies and has been in every kid picture Paramount has produced.

(Continued on page 95)
Hoots
and Hoorays

Speak right out in meeting—and win a prize!

Join the fan-fare of movie comment! Brush off your best verbs and adjectives and turn them into a letter on picture plays and players. Prizes of $20, $15, $10, and $5, respectively, await the best letters. Write 150 words or less, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 43rd St., New York.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is this month's target for fan plaudits. If you've seen her in "The World and the Flesh" with George Bancroft you'll understand. And if you haven't, it's your loss!

DOWN WITH THE "DODOS!
(First Prize Letter)

I am a film-play patron of many years' standing, and am convinced—
That films of "wild life" have not made patrons "wilder."
That films of crime stories have not made criminals.
That so-called "propaganda" films do not convert.
That such charges emanate from sources steeped in dodo-fiction!

People of all nations relish good films portraying various phases of life. That's why millions and millions daily attend pictures. Here's hoping the film industry thrives, and its harsh critics dry up!

John Bristol,
Hotel Henry,
San Francisco, Calif.

THE "SILENT PARTNERS"
(Second Prize Letter)

I am an ardent talking picture fan and appreciate the efforts of the producers and stars to furnish entertainment for the American public.

But I particularly want to extend thanks to the unseen and unheard workers who help make this entertainment possible—the make-up artists, stage hands, electricians, technicians, photographers, and others. If the actors and actresses who have won popularity and stardom would only realize that without the aid of these workers they could not have reached the heights of their success!

The continued well-being of any enter-

Talk about the "mail" of the species—more than half this month's letters are from men! Is the trend of movie appeal swinging toward the masculine?

High up among the month's "raves" is Miriam Hopkins, the Georgia Menace. And how our correspondents ring that Southern belle!

Gene Raymond comes in for some nosegays, too. And do the girls go for Freddie March!

"To beast or not to beast"—that is the question that agitates "thrill picture" fans. Have we had too many "gorilla" movies? Or do we need more movie monks to jolt the old spinal cord? And how about the effect on the kids—yours and the neighbors?

The star system comes under the microscope, too—as does the good old "privacy-for-actors" debate. But read the letters—and then get into the argument. It's more fun!

WHOM WOULD YOU CHOOSE?
(Fourth Prize Letter)

Just suppose you were giving a what movie actress would you Garbo, Joan Crawford, Janet

(Continued on page 98)
Study this face in the circle. It is a triumph of acting expression. Stanwyck has used very little make-up—no grotesque wrinkles or exaggerated age-lines. Yet here is character, dignity—the portrayal, by sheer skill, of the brave heroine of Edna Ferber’s famous novel, “So Big.” Hats off to Barbara—Hollywood’s most fearless player.

Barbara, the star of “So Big,” gave a real gold watch to little Dickie Moore, who plays her son in this picture. But Dickie adored his movie “mother” even before she presented him with such a substantial token of appreciation! Dickie shares Stanwyck’s scenes like the staunch little trooper he is.

Hollywood has hundreds of beautiful girls. Hollywood has dozens of dazzling personalities. But Hollywood has only one Barbara Stanwyck. A girl who never depends upon pretty close-ups. An actress who isn’t afraid to act. We’ll stack up Stanwyck any day against the finest German and Russian screen artists. Barbara is honest, she is vital, she’s real!
Lady: "Will you ask Mr. Meyerwitz if he needs any scarlet women today?"
Dear Clark:

This is going to hurt me more than it does you. I like you a lot—just because I'm an editor doesn't mean I can't pick my favorites—and I hope you like me, too. (I should think you would after all those nice reviews I've given you. But never mind.) In fact, I wish we could be friends—just good friends. Now I'm afraid it isn't to be. Because I want to take a little crack at you, Clark, and I'm not sure you can take it.

Listen! I know you can't pick your parts. I know you have to take the roles they give you, like a good boy, and play them and like them. I'm not quarreling with you about "Polly of the Circus." Maybe you didn't like playing in it any better than I liked seeing you. But I don't blame you. Let's forget it.

No—what I want to talk to you about is something, I think, that you can answer for. It's just this, Clark—they have you kissing and making up all the time. It isn't the kissing I mind. It's the making-up. I wish you wouldn't do it. We don't want to think of you as an actor in Hollywood, making up your face every morning, saying your lines, going through the gestures. You stand for something entirely different. Clean, natural, honest, human things. The big outdoors—yes, and a sock in the eye and a punch on the nose. We picked you out of the Hollywood horde and cried for your pictures because you were different. An actor? We didn't believe it. A man—more like it!

We don't care—(I'm speaking for a few thousand young ladies who write me long letters about you—and if your mail about yourself is anything like my mail about you, are you blushing?)—we don't care whether you're married or divorced, so much. It's what you stand for. We go to see you because you're rugged and real, and there's never been the slightest suspicion of the ham about you. And then you have to go and make up so that you remind us that, after all, you're just a darned good actor. We can see the mascara—maybe it's the lighting, or the camera angles, or the director. Maybe you have to make up—I don't know. But don't let us see it. Make up and fool us—we won't mind. Be tough, big boy, be tough!

Delight Evans
Here's a New Girl to Love
—Lilian Harvey!
She is called “incomparably the most exquisite of film stars—beside her Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford seem as if they were cut out of tin!”
What do you think?

By Rebecca West

Read what Rebecca West, famous English writer, says about Lilian Harvey, newest screen sensation

The beauty and gaiety of the new Erich Pommer film, “The Congress Dances,” is a great success here in London, except among the highbrows. They grudgingly turn a shoulder on it and express preference for gangster films of the grim and ugly sort of which all other cinema-goers have long weaned. Thus we may see how an unbalanced literary diet may stultify the growth of a generation.

Aldous Huxley, with that passion for self-analysis and self-censure which leads him to parchon on nearly every human characteristic as if it were a roach, and T. S. Eliot, who is so paralyzed by his anxiety to be distinguished that he is reduced to claiming paralysis as a distinction, have produced a generation which is afraid to make a move, in case it turns out to be derisible and undistinguished.

Consequently they rarely commit themselves to the positive act of appreciation except for objects so unlikely to arouse this feeling that they can at first pretend to be relying on an esoteric discrimination and, if pressed, pretend that this appreciation was not genuine and they were merely gratifying an extremely subtle sense of humor.

It is gloomy for those who have to do with them; but in this case they are the losers. For this film is an extremely jolly thing, which marks the beginning of a phase in which the cinema complies with the ordinary literate person’s demand for complexity. There has been practiced up till now in the film an unnatural and highly inartistic concentration.

When one goes to see, say, Marlene Dietrich in “Dishonored,” one’s attention is nailed down to the fair Marlene, her legs, her love affairs. But Marlene interests us only because she is part of an interesting world, and has endless derivations from it and relations with it.

The emphasis laid on her, presupposes in the audience a greater power of being contented with a single personality than even an adolescent in love ascribes to himself.

But in “The Congress Dances” there is an end to that pretense. The producers assume, and are certainly justified in so doing, that the audience will fall in love with Lilian Harvey, the girl who plays the little Viennese glove maker, who very nearly becomes the mistress of the Czar when he attends the Congress that was called to settle the fate of Napoleon when he was bottled up in Elba.

But they also realize that the audience will have a lot of mind left over from that activity, which will be free to be amused by the pomp and ceremony of the Congress itself, and the superb character of Metternich, the cynical statesman who called the Allies together and tried to diddle them. So they use that material, and send the audience away with a satisfaction far wider than erotic.

The film, in fact, has assumed the freedom the novel has always exercised, to be large and roomy and full of all sorts of things (Continued on page 89)
Beginning

As told by Fredric March to Margaret Reid

ON THE face of it, a chance to reminisce at length about your life and works is highly attractive. Particularly in print, when no one can stop you by suddenly leaving the room in a state of acute boredom and nausea.

That's what I thought at first, anyway. But now that I stop to consider, I find I'd rather talk about the economic system of Liberia than about myself, which is an abnormal nervous reflex for any human being. The reason is a distinct feeling of inadequacy in the matter of biographical color. I might say that we Marches were ever a conservative crew, but that wouldn't disguise the fact that we were simply an average American family, doing average American things. So, as a striking human document, this will bear an uncanny resemblance to the reminiscences of several hundred thousand other people!

I was born, amid a dead silence of church bells and cheering, in Racine, Wisconsin. In 1898. My parents were excited, but the rest of the world maintained a great calm. Even among the neighbors, there was little news value in the fact that the Bickels had had another baby.

My real name is Bickel. When I went on the stage and wanted a flossier name I took my mother's, which was Marcher, and shortened it to March. My brother, who is an official for a firm manufacturing cooling-and-heating systems, loves to introduce to his friends, "My brother, Mr. March, and his wife, Miss Eldridge. My brother changed his name when he went into acting!" And I introduce him to my friends as, "My brother, Mr. Bickel, who changed his name when he went into weather-making."

(And what a dull little anecdote that was! I have a feeling this story will be rich in others like it.)

Well, I got myself born. The fourth in the family, following two brothers and a sister. I ran into luck at the start—it was a swell family. My mother was gay, charming, very naïve. We kidded her and adored her. My father was head of a manufacturing concern and a pillar of the Presbyterian Church. But that doesn't describe him at all. He has always had such wise understanding and tolerance, such humor. The most un-forbidding sort of father, and yet we had infinite respect for him even though we looked upon him as an equal in companionship.

My earliest recollection is a single flash, long before my continuous memory begins. I remember eating cookies my grandmother had made, munching them comfortably beside the big bed in which my grandfather lay ill. And that is just about as uninteresting as an earliest recollection can be, isn't it?

From there we skip to the equally dramatic later boyhood of our colorful little hero. What a colorful figure he was, to be sure—completely indistinguishable from any other boy in the town. They're all of a piece—just average youngsters and deadly uninteresting except to themselves.

My one and only distinguishing feature was a revolting one. I recited. I couldn't be kept from reciting. You know the occasions—church bazaars, school entertainments, Sunday School parties. I wasn't precocious. Just plain obnoxious. I was ungodly "stuck-up" about it and mistaken teachers and Sunday School teachers...
The Real Life Story of Fredric March

Here's the feature you've been asking for—the first complete account of your favorite's life—so far!

The romance co-starring Florence Eldridge and Fredric March is having a long run! The Marches are Hollywood's most successful—and devoted—dramatic deserters from the Broadway stage.

were constantly having me do it. With gestures—you know the kind. I remember one typical one, starting,

"In a dark and dismal attic
"Where the sunshine never came
"Dwelt a little boy named Tom-

my,

"Sickly, delicate and lame . . ."

I remember my excitement when I found that one. I locked the door of my bedroom and stayed up all night, memorizing it in case I should get a chance to inflect it on my public. I'm afraid I eventually got the chance.

My pals all thought it was pretty smart of me to be able to recite. In fact, my public appearances were so chronic that they knew half my repertoire by heart and if I, standing on the platform and carried away by my own effulgence, forgot a line, one of them would prompt me loudly from the audience and neither one of us would be the least abashed.

Outside of that malady, I was at one with the rest of "my gang." As I look back, we must have been a pleasure to have around. Particularly at that age. If people spoke to us, we wriggled and mumbled incoherently. We walked either with a shambling gait or else bounded, tripping over furniture. Around our elders, we were alternately belligerent and, if we wanted something, maddeningly polite and servile. Boys are strange, inexplicable little animals.

Racine is on-Lake Michigan. We used to go swimming inside the breakwater. We'd steal lumber from houses under construction and build rafts. We'd steal vegetables from neighboring gardens and cook "slum-gullion." We'd steal our fathers' favourite garden-spades and dig tunnels in the lake-bank, making all sorts of "secret passages" and "chief's
the only way out. Trembling and ashamed, I told my father. I shall never forget what a brick he was. He remarked it was a pretty silly thing to do and not particularly nice, but he said not to be afraid, he’d fix it up. He paid for the melons and then talked with his lawyer—in great amusement, but of course we didn’t know that then—and was assured by the lawyer that while we had committed a felony, the farmer in setting a price had compounded a felony, on which point he would be bound to lose in court. My father told me that and the gang were immeasurably impressed, and my father was practically a god from then on.

However, all of my childhood activity was not in shady business. Less through principle than acquisitiveness. I moved lawns, shoveled snow, sold magazine subscriptions, collected old paper and sold it to the ragman—all the things a kid does to make a quarter or so. I liked keeping tidy accounts of all my earnings and expenditures—still do as a matter of fact. My father was pleased. He encouraged a sense of money value in us, but never irrationally.

In doing these things, I saw myself as the boy financier. You see, I read Horatio Alger. It’s humiliating, but I can’t remember reading any respectable literature. The “Little Colonel” series, all the Alger books, the Rover Boys—that was the trend of my reading. If only I could have known then how I’d someday want to refer to the pale little lad buried rapturously in the magic pages of some great classic!

My reading dramatized my actions, but only as it does all boys. There were the usual shows in the barn, always in our barn—because fortune had favoured me in that a chime, built for some purpose I forget, ran from the loft down to the street and provided a Spectacular Death—Defying Slide For Life, in my wagon, as the grand finale of every show.

I remember I always wanted to be “boy.” There was always the invincible argument, “Well after all, it’s my own father’s barn. I guess.” It was mostly comedy—anyone with lamp-black on his face was screamingly funny. I wish the formula were as simple now.

As to my early love-life, I had outgrown the usual dislike of girls some time before I would admit it. Sheepishly, secretly, I fell desperately in love with one girl after another—the vague quality of my amours being compensated by their quantity. When I met the object of my passion on the street or at school, I was invariably surly and unpleasant. But away from her, I overwhelmed her with attentions and last-minute rescues from wolves and Indians—sometimes, slightly confused, rescuing a couple of other maidens whom I fancied along with her.

It wasn’t until high-school that I openly manifested a
liking for a girl. Still fickle, I transferred my affections to a girl. Still fickle, I transferred my affections every couple of months. During the romance, the principal signal of attention was escorting her to dancing-class. I remember how big and imposing the hall always seemed. There was something so festive about the girls in their starched dresses and party manners, the boys with the day's grime scrubbed off them, their patent leather slippers glistening. I can almost smell the frosty air, feel the quiver of excitement as I walked down the dark street toward the hall. I always liked to stand for a moment outside, the wind nipping my face, and look up at the windows of the bright, warm hall teeming with festivity and elegance!

Then I'd walk up the stairs, my eyes carefully averted from the office on the first floor. It was our family dentist's, and that long arm with the drill on it cast a grisly shadow on the wall of the stairs. I couldn't bear ever to get a glimpse of it on my way in to the dancing-class.

High school was uneventful except that I was president of my class, as I had been the last year of grammar school and was again in college. That chronic presidency misled my parents into high hopes for me, poor dears. And except for my début into oratory, orations being the unavoidable offspring of recitations, I developed a repertoire of all the old

war-horses like "Touissant L'Overture." And I arranged with such heat that I was one of the regular stars of school and Sunday School entertainment. Finally I decided that Racine was too small for me, that the outer world should not be deprived of my eloquence. So I entered the state oratorical contest. I won the preliminary—the local contest—and, if great excitement but also with bland assurance, went to Sheboygan with my Spartacus' "Address To The Gladiators."

And came out third!

Never was there such indignation and astonishment as seethed in my soul then. I couldn't understand it. I had always been star boy at home and this sudden downfall was humiliating. One of the judges tried to console me—"Well, you know, you're still in short pants." I was enraged. Now maybe my parents would see their folly and buy me long pants?

During the next year, I chanced upon Grattan's "Invective Against Corry." This was something a little different. It was a dramatic, human-sounding speech, genuinely arresting. I tried it at school and it went over big. When the state contest came around again, I entered. This time in long pants and accompanied by my father and mother, I went to Tomahawk, Wisconsin.

(Cont. on page 88)
Caricatures in Cloth

See your stars in homespun. Or, from riches to rags!

The super-sophisticated Tallulah, all sewed up by Mr. Stone, is the super-sophisticate still. We wish we could show you the originals of these clever rag portraits, but the photographs give you some idea of the tremendous amount of work that went into their making.

You don't have to hear the accent to identify your Chevalier! He might be about to burst into his "One Hour with You" song.

Miss Carole Lombard—or, if you prefer, Mrs. William Powell. Carole is really a silk-and-satin girl, but artist Stone has caught her in tweed and worsted.

Pretty good likeness of that little Sidney person—wide grin, slanting eyes, and all. Fancy seeing Sylvia in rags!
Clive Brook looks nice and natural here, and why shouldn't he? He's right at home in tweeds, like the good Englishman he is.

E. Stone made these "portraits" from tweed, worsted, and just rag scraps he found around. But they are good, aren't they?

It's supposed to take nine tailors to make a man, but this impression, below, of George Bancroft only required some tweed and worsted—and Stone's skill.

It's a far cry from the Oriental inscrutability of Anna May Wong to the homespun materials used by E. Stone to fashion her portrait. But the result is effective, isn't it?

The coiffure, the pearl earrings, the calm poise—yes, the lady at the left is Kay Francis, as caricatured by Stone.

Oakie in stripes! No one will appreciate this caricature at the right more than Jack himself. In fact, he is grinning already. And now, kiddies, let's see what you can do with a rag or two!
Are Stars Just Spoiled

The most awful thing that can be said of a person in Hollywood is that that person is "temperamental." You may say they're "high-hat" or that they've "gone Hollywood" and get away with it. But say they're "temperamental" and you've got a fight on your hands.

When you start analyzing the situation you find that stories of "temperament" usually originate in the studio employing the star and, more often than not, it is some discreetly planted remark by an executive of the studio that starts the stories. And, analyzing further, the remark is generally the result of a demand on the part of a player for more dough! There is nothing that upsets the studio quite so much as having some player whom they have placed under contract at a small figure and who has made a big hit, demand an adjustment of his or her contract.

Nancy Carroll at the moment is probably commonly regarded as the most temperamental player in the colony. There was a story rife in Hollywood, although I don't know how true it is, that she lost the lead in "Street Scene" because of her temperament. United Artists had signed a contract with Paramount to borrow Nancy for that part—and it was one of the acting plums of the season. Nancy was summoned from New York to work in the picture and arrived in Hollywood. Suddenly it was announced that Sylvia Sidney would do the part and everybody wondered why. It is only recently that I heard the reason.

King Vidor had been engaged to direct the picture and his contract stipulated that he was to have the privilege of okaying the cast. When Nancy's name was submitted...
Children?

Hollywood says “Behave!” when picture pets pout. Then, if they get their own way, Hollywood applauds!

Nancy Carroll, that lovely red-head, started out to be a quiet little Irish kid, easy to work with. And then—well, as Mr. Mook says, Nancy looks so pretty when she is provoked that he, for one, can’t help applauding!

to him he vetoed it. He is reported to have said, “I have never met her but there must be at least a foundation of truth in all these stories that are told of her and it only one tenth of the stories I’ve heard of her temperament are true I wouldn’t work with her for any sun on earth.”

United Artists finally prevailed upon the Paramount officials to lend them another player instead of Nancy, according to the story. As Paramount was trying to build up Sylvia at the time, and, as the part would help her considerably, they substituted Miss Sidney—which did the picture no harm.

I talked about Nancy once to one of the men who had worked opposite her. “What makes her act like that?” I asked.

“I’ll tell you,” he replied. “When she first came out to Hollywood she was a nice, quiet, little Irish kid. She was agreeable and easy to get along with. But she was intensely ambitious and all at once she realized that people were taking advantage of her. So she came to the conclusion that if she was ever to get anywhere it would only be by doing other people before they did her. And that’s the hypothesis she’s worked on ever since. If you’re going to be in a fight, it’s much better to have the advantage of having struck the first blow. And pictures—to her—are just one long drawn-out bout.”

But Nancy seems to get what she wants. She may be everything I’ve heard her called—I don’t know—but she gets her way about most things and her way is generally the way that’s calculated to do her the most good. I don’t blame her, you understand—she looks so pretty when she’s mad!

On the other hand, take (Continued on page 87)
Joan the Rebel

Here, told for the first time, is the true inside story of Crawford's fight for fame.
"If it's a name he wants, if it's fame, I'll give it to him! I'll become a star!" That was Joan's battle-cry—the real reason she turned from thrill hunting to hard work!

JOAN CRAWFORD was a drifter on life's sea of emotions. She thought infinitely more of her private life than she did of her screen career. She was just one of the girls making her living by acting—an excitement enter and thrill hunter just because she had never stopped in her headlong careening down life's highway long enough to think! Joan was interested in Joan Crawford, the individual, not Joan Crawford, the actress or potential star.

Her romances, her thrills, her sorrows, her trials, were all private ones, intimately associated with Joan, the girl. To those intimately associated with Joan in those days she was regular, a good scout—one of the boys, or one of the girls, as the case or the company might be. Her screen career wobbled along as best it might, not personally attended. Her emotions were all spent upon her own private affairs.

Then came the turning point in her life. She believed she had lost the only one who mattered to her because someone else had a bigger and better name in the public eye. In plain words, a screen star had deliberately stolen what Joan then thought was the biggest love of her life. Today, she laughs about the tragedy of that affair, for she has outgrown and left far behind the Joan of those days, and since then she has found love in its true sense.

Joan loves intensely, with every ounce of her being. Her mind, her body, her very soul are wrapped up in the object of her devotion. She is an intense creature of moods—high, low, all blacks and whites, no in-betweens!

In one of these blackest moods one day she said to me, "When I get like this—so I just feel I can't stand things any more, I jump into my car and drive up into the hills, as deep as I can get into them—and if I must talk I talk to them! Early in life I learned inanimate things are the only confidantes you can trust with your soul secrets. There must be something to that Mother Nature thing, for I never fail to come down from my hills quiet, and infinitely comforted, in a way it would be impossible to describe. Silly, perhaps, to some people who have never experienced this sort of communion.

That was Joan as she used to be. Then came the sudden jolt. She lost the object of her affections before she believed herself ready. Her pride was hurt more deeply perhaps than anything else, for few men turned from Joan until she was ready to let them. But the hurt reached into her soul and left a scar there that she was determined to cover,

"If it's a name he wants! If it's fame! I'll give it to him! I'll become a star. I'll become so much more famous than she ever thought of being he'll wish he'd stuck! I'll show him I have the stuff!" When Joan burst forth with this dramatic little speech she meant it with every ounce of her being, which subsequent events proved. For Joan has long since far surpassed the popularity and talent of her love rival.

This was the first time Joan Crawford, the potential star, had been in the ascendant. Joan, the girl, the individual who was making a very nice living acting, suddenly became fired with the ambition to show someone! THE someone does not make any difference, for as an individual he did not matter much, but as an inspiration and spur to one of our most magnetic and talented stars, he does count.

Joan settled down to fight for recognition in earnest. She found to her own astonishment, that all the excess energy, tense moods, desire for violent activity which had always made her private life difficult, were all painlessly absorbed in attending to her work. She needed every ounce of this driving nervous energy to run her career.

She became so fascinated with Joan Crawford, actress, and her starring career, that she lost sight of Joan, the wild, uncontrolled creature of moods and fancies. She became an earnest, sincere, sensible young woman carefully planning the career of the mad young girl who had once been so intimately herself. All that intense, eager, life-burning energy which she had been burning up without an objective, was needed, and used, in a definite objective to stardom.

Pauline Frederick was her ideal. She thought her the greatest dramatic actress on stage or screen at this time. She said, "If I can only be as great an actress as Pauline Frederick I will be perfectly happy!" You know, some day I want with all my heart to play with her in a picture. They tell me I look (Continued on page 62)
A dramatic masterpiece comes to the screen, with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable! Read this fictionization of the photoplay version of Eugene O'Neill's play

Fictionized by

Mortimer Franklin

"This pleasant old town," he mused, "dozing and dreaming. What memories and thoughts it awakens! Queer things, our thoughts—they are our true selves. Spoken words are but a mask to disguise us—"

Professor Leeds, a dreamy, gentle-mannered little man with a perpetual classroom manner, greeted him affectionately. "Nina will be down in a minute. You'll find her greatly changed since you went abroad after the Armistice, Charlie.' Greatly changed." To himself he added, sadly, "The first thing she said at breakfast was, 'I dreamed of Gordon.'"

"I remember that morning when news of Gordon's death came," thought Marsden. "Her face like gray putty . . . beauty gone . . . a lifeless, tragic mask . . . ."

Nina Leeds, a slim girl of twenty-five, came wearily down the stairs. Her face was striking, handsome rather than pretty; but her eyes, beautiful and extraordinarily large and deep, seemed continually shuddering before some terrible enigma.

She kissed Marsden, greeting him with real affection, yet with an underlying coolness that cut him like a thin-edged knife. "Hello, Charlie! Welcome home. "Poor old Charlie . . . what is he doing here?" she thought. "Charlie home from Europe—Gordon dead . . . Gordon, my dear one . . . lips on my lips . . . strong arms around me . . . spirit so brave and gay . . . dead in the mud . . . Oh, Gordon, darling, I must get far away from this house . . . where I can be with my memories of you . . . ."

Then, dismissing Marsden from her mind, she turned to her father and calmly announced that she had made

EVEN the most deafening barrage had to end. Sudden silence, like a blow, smote the numbed hearing of the weary New England men crouching down in their trench, waiting. A moment's pause—then the shrill, piping whistle that meant, "Attack."

Gordon Shaw scrambled nimbly over the top and slid through the torn barbed-wire. Always and everywhere a leader among his comrades—in sport, in play, and in danger—now he was running across the ploughed and scarred field well ahead of the rest. Ten, twenty, fifty yards. A German machine gunner squinted calmly down his sights, picked out the nearest target, squeezed his trigger. The weapon spoke—one long, stuttering sentence. Private Shaw stumbled, clutched at nothing, and sank to the ground with three pellets of lead in his body.

"Nina!" he gasped. "Ah, my poor Nina!"

The little New England college town drowsed peacefully under its ancient elms in the afternoon sun. It was August; the students were away; life seemed to have paused, listening.

The tall, spare figure of Charles Marsden, novelist, moved leisurely down the quiet street in which old Professor Leeds, of the college's Classical Languages department, lived with his daughter, Nina. Marsden, a quiet, reflective, rather shy man of thirty-five, had known the old Professor since boyhood. Cool and poised in manner, the writer betrayed the quiet charm of a man bred in a tradition of culture but physically weak and of negative personality.

Nina Leeds, (Norma Shearer), undyingly worships the memory of her lover, Gordon Shaw, killed in the Great War. "Gordon, my dear one, lips on my lips, strong arms about me, spirit so brave and gay."

"This pleasant old town," he mused, "dozing and dreaming. What memories and thoughts it awakens! Queer things, our thoughts—they are our true selves. Spoken words are but a mask to disguise us—"

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Then, dismissing Marsden from her mind, she turned to her father and calmly announced that she had made
Strange Interlude

a decision—she must leave home at once, tonight. She would support herself as a nurse at a sanitarium for crippled soldiers, as she had wanted to do ever since Gordon's death.

The Professor argued, wheedled, commanded, and finally wept. "You don't know what you're doing—you're not yourself yet—you're a sick girl!"

"No, I'm not sick," Nina told him with quiet intensity, "but those poor boys are sick, and I must give my health to help them live on, and to live on myself. I owe it to Gordon—you must understand that, father. Gordon, whom I loved, but refused to marry because he was going to war—I sent him away to die, not even sure of my love. Don't you see, father, that I must pay for my cowardice, my treachery to Gordon?"

There was no denying her. At last the Professor gave in. Nina, with a sudden access of gaiety, ran up to her room. "Come along, Charlie," she called over her shoulder, "you must help me pack. Dear old Charlie!"

"Coming, Nina, my little Nina," said Marsden. To himself he added, with bitter irony, "Dear old Charlie! The trusted friend, the faithful old dog—never the lover!"

Nina pleads with her father, Professor Leeds (Henry B. Walthall) to let her leave home to nurse wounded soldiers back to health. "I owe it to Gordon—you must understand that, father!" Her old friend and admirer, Charlie Marsden (Ralph Morgan), realizes that he is about to lose her.

And now I'm to lose her!"

Nina's career as a nurse was short-lived. The old Professor died the following winter; Nina came home, and shortly afterward married Sam Evans, who had been a classmate of Gordon's at college. Sam, a good-natured, ineffectual sort of fellow, worshipped her in

Nina, now a nurse at the soldiers' hospital, meets Ned Darrell (Clark Gable), a brilliant young doctor who professes to scorn "love" as mere sentiment. But he is attracted to Nina because of her striking beauty.
his naïve way, and his healthy normality seemed the perfect antidote to Nina’s tense nervousness. The match was encouraged by Ned Darrell, a brilliant young doctor at the hospital who, though attracted by Nina’s strange appeal, assumed a strictly scientific attitude toward her, forcing himself to regard her as merely a complex “case” in which he was interested. He sought the aid of Charlie Marsden to bring the marriage about; and “Poor Old Charlie,” too weak to assert his own desire for Nina, helped to persuade her.

Marriage, a home, children, were indeed what Nina and Sam both needed; and now at last Nina Leeds knew happiness. Not that she loved her husband deeply, but the marriage gave purpose and direction to her life, while the boy’s passionate devotion compelled her gratitude and affection in return. From the moment she agreed to marry him her old taut distractedness gave place gradually to calm and content, and her body and mind both gained in health and tranquility.

For awhile everything was serene. Then, following an idyllic honeymoon, Nina’s happiness once more was blown to bits in one terrible morning at Sam’s mother’s farm.

Mrs. Evans, a white-faced, sad-eyed little woman, drew Nina aside and poured into her ears a tale of tragedy that left the girl ill with revulsion and grief. Quietly, pityingly, Mrs. Evans told her story, yet with a vengeful satisfaction she was helpless to control. (“Make her suffer—as I have been made to suffer.”)

Sam, Nina learned, was potential heir to a streak of hereditary insanity that ran in their family she knew not how many generations back. “It’s a curse on us all!” the old lady told Nina. It had been the work of Mrs. Evans’ life to protect her son from the terrible knowledge of all this, and she had succeeded—but he and Nina must never, never have a child.

Nina, overpowered by the vision of lifelong misery that now loomed before her, protested wildly. No child—no little Gordon to recompense her for all she had lost! That was what she had married for—what Sam wanted, too, beyond all else.

“I don’t believe it! It’s a lie!” she screamed. “Oh, I hate Sam. I hate you both! I’ll leave him and run away!” She broke down, weeping hysterically.

“No! No! You can’t do that!” Mrs. Evans shook her fiercely.

“Don’t you see how Sam loves you? He’d go crazy sure!”

Nina, sick with horror, sank to her knees and covered her head.

Sensational drama, superbly acted! Shearer and Gable face each other in their greatest rôles!
face with her hands. "Poor Sam," she thought wildly. "She's right, it isn't his fault . . . Oh, Gordon, what must I do now? Sam loved you, too . . . I can't act the coward again, as I did with you . . ." To Mrs. Evans she moaned: "All right, mother, I'll stay with Sam. There's nothing else I can do, is there, when it isn't his fault, poor boy!" Then something in her snapped—her wild, irrepressible longing gave way to a sense of duty in one despairing cry:

"Oh, Mother, I wanted a son so much!" Nina grooped for her mother-in-law's hand, her body shaking with sobs.

*A * *

A momentary cheerfulness, like a gust of bracing air from out-of-doors, entered the sad old Leeds home where Sam and Nina now dwelt. Ned Darrell was coming to visit them, after more than a year's absence. Nina shook off the weary listlessness that had possessed her. She brightened up the house, put on her best dress, sent Sam off to buy things for a holiday dinner. Ned was their friend—and Gordon's—he was capable, intelligent, interesting, not like poor Sam!

Now it was "poor Sam" indeed. Plodding along the street toward the store, he wondered for the fiftieth time what had caused the cruel change in Nina, and in himself. ("Ever since the honeymoon she's been unhappy . . . poor girl! Got to get a grip on myself . . . making a mess of everything . . . Gee, if we only had a kid—make all the difference—then I'd be sure she really loved me . . .")

Darrell arrived while Sam was away. Nina greeted him gaily, but his alert, diagnostic glance perceived at once that she had been through dreadful suffering. Soon she was telling him the whole story of the wretched sequel to the marriage he had arranged.

"Nina, I'm terribly sorry," he muttered, when she had finished in tears. "I don't—I don't know what to think." He put his hands over hers, gently.

"You must know what to think. I need your advice—our scientific advice this time, Doctor. You've got to stand aside and reason this thing out as if Sam and I were a couple of your laboratory animals—to show me what's the truly sane thing to do for Sam's sake and mine." ("Once, long ago, you kissed me, Ned . . . my heart was cold then—but now . . .")

"Her body is so warm, so desirable," Darrell was thinking. "Nina . . . no, I mustn't even hint at my feeling . . ." Aloud, he said to her: "Sam needs a child of his marriage above all else. You say Sam's mother made a suggestion—that Sam's wife should find a healthy father for Sam's child. I agree absolutely—it's the only sane, the only merciful thing to do for her husband's sake, and for her own."

Nina understood. She leaned toward Darrell, her hands tightly gripping his, her face set in sudden decision. "We must remember, Nina," the young doctor went on, rapidly, "love must not enter this bargain—it would destroy the very happiness you are trying to create—Sam's happiness."

She nodded, tensely, her steady gaze holding his eyes as though in a spell. "Sam's happiness—I know." Silently, he drew her closer to him. . . .

*A * *

Before many days had passed Nina and Darrell were forced to acknowledge to themselves, and to each other, that their relationship, begun as between doctor and patient, had given way to deep, burning love. Fiercely Darrell strove to fight it—

Here, for the first time on the screen, human minds are revealed as they really are—with their masks ruthlessly torn away!
he must not be caught and possessed by any woman—
"love" was merely a matter of biology—nothing must interfere with his work, his career.

Then to Nina came the realization that she was to have a child. Once sure of this, and sure of Darrell's love, everything else ceased to matter. Once again the promise of happiness dangled invitingly before her. Her pity for Sam, her promises to his mother, were forgotten in her yearning to live and fulfill her own life. ("I've sacrificed enough of my life to him . . . I love Ned . . . Sam must give me a divorce.")

"Ned," she told Darrell, "we must tell Sam about us—about the child. I've given him enough of my life—it's different now. We'll be happy after all—you and I together. Oh, can't you see how I need you, Ned?" Darrell, half unwillingly, agreed.

"Sam, the doctor wants to have a talk with you," Nina told her husband one evening when Darrell was visiting them. "I'll run upstairs to change for dinner."

Sam turned to his friend affectionately. "A talk with me, old boy? What about—Nina? She isn't worse, is she?"

A wave of compassion for him swept over Darrell. "No, Sam, she isn't worse," he began, "but—" ("Oh, God, this is horrible . . . I'm supposed to be his best friend, poor egg . . . Can't do it . . . could finish him. . . . Got to spike Nina's guns . . .")

He went on speaking to Sam, hurriedly, disjointedly. "Look here, Sam, I can't stay to dinner. Got a million things to do—I'm sailing for Europe in a couple of days. And now, here's what I was going to tell you." He forced an air of bluff joviality and clapped Sam on the back. "It's good news, old kid. You're going to be a father—yes, Nina's going to give you a child! And now I've got to get going—I've said goodbye to Nina. Just tell her this for me—tell her I'll expect to find you both happy in your child—both of you! Goodbye!"

He was gone. Sam, trembling with happiness, looked after him while a blissful smile spread over his face. ("Why did I ever doubt? She must have loved me right along.")

When Nina came down she found Sam on his knees, his head bowed in thanksgiving. Seeing her, he jumped up and took her in his arms.

"Sam, what's come over you? Where's Ned?"

"Ned's gone; but he told me the secret—and I'm so happy, Nina!"

"He told you the—what did Ned tell you?"

"Why, that you—that we're going to have a child, dear."

"Ned—where is Ned? I've got to speak to him, at once!"

"But he's gone, Nina. He's sailing for Europe—he said to tell you that he expects to find us both happy with our child when he returns."

Nina closed her eyes. It was not to be borne! "Ned—

A moment of happiness comes to brighten the misery in which Nina and Sam now live. Nina, whose love for her husband has turned to indifference, welcomes a visit from Ned Darrell—so handsome, so competent, so different from Sam.
gone!" All her heartbreak, all her desolation, were in that cry. ("Ned doesn't love me . . . he's gone! . . . forever, like Gordon . . . No, not like Gordon . . . like a sneak, a coward . . . Oh, I hate him . . . I'll tell Sam . . . I'll make Sam hate him. . . . I'll make Sam kill him!")

Her face was stony, her voice dead, when she spoke: "Sam—listen to what I'm saying. Ned lied to you!"

"Lied?" Nina, then you're not going to have—"

"Oh, yes, yes I am! But you—you're not—I mean—you—"

She faltered, and stopped. ("I can't tell him that—I can't . . . Look at his face . . . Poor Sam—poor little boy . . .")

She pulled his head down to her bosom and began to weep quietly. "I mean, you weren't to know about it yet, Sammy."

"But Nina, darling, it's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me—to us! I can't explain it, but I'm going to make good from now on—I'll make you happy, dear. And you want me to be happy, too, don't you, Nina?"

"Yes—yes, I want you to be happy, Sammy."

("Little boy . . . One protects little boys—one doesn't drive them mad and kill them! . . . Oh, Ned, you are lost to me . . . forever!")

* * *

Nina's son, naturally and inevitably, was named after Gordon Shaw. Little Gordon proved a husky lad, showing even in childhood a natural capacity for leadership among his playmates, a spirit of adventure and fearlessness. "He's going to prove worthy of his name—a real Gordon," Sam and Nina told each other delightedly.

Even before the child was born the change in Sam was evident. All his fearful uncertainty, his doubt as to whether Nina really loved or merely pitied him, vanished. A self-assurance, even a certain masterliness, imbued him now, and was soon manifest in the state of his worldly fortunes. Gradually he gained control of the advertising firm in which he had been an underling; then, borrowing capital from Charlie Marsden, he steadily forged ahead in his business sphere until, having accumulated both wealth and prestige, he came to be looked up to as one of the definitely successful men—maker of speeches to bankers and big business men, joiner of exclusive clubs, habitué of Park Avenue and Pinehurst.

That his happiness and success were built on sand could mean noth-
ing to Sam Evans, for he neither knew nor suspected anything of it. Nina now guarded the secret scrupu-

ously; indeed, now that her life had fallen into a groove of quiet tranquillity, safely surrounded by husband, son, and old friends, it was she who became the defender of Sam’s mental security. Darrell had come back to her from Europe, weary and embittered, unable to find the forgetfulness he had sought, and now it was he who begged Nina to let him claim her and their child. But Nina, serene in the certainty of having found her true life at last, repulsed, kindly but resolutely.

As young Gordon grew to an age at which he was able to observe and draw conclusions for himself, he came, by an ironical twist of instinct, to hate this man who kept hanging about his mother, casting sorrowful eyes upon her, and trying in a confused, hesitant way to win the boy’s friendship. There was the time on Gordon’s eleventh birthday, when, seeing his mother kiss “Uncle Ned” before sending him away on one of his restless wanderings, the youngster cried out his passionate hatred of Darrell and smashed the beautiful sailboat he had given him as a gift. All of this Darrell accepted resignedly, but with a profound yet cynical sadness, not daring in the face of Nina’s hostility to assert his true relationship to Gordon.

By the time Gordon was twenty-two, a senior at Cornell University, he had proved himself truly worthy of that other Gordon who still held his place in Nina’s heart. Gordon Evans was the “big man” at college—not only an excellent student, but also an outstanding athlete, and now, for the third consecutive spring, the stroke of the ‘Varsity crew. Sam Evans’ joy in him was unbounded; to his mother he was balm for old hurts too deep for anything else to heal.

Nina was now well into middle age and prematurely gray, though still retaining her beautiful figure and the smouldering, striking quality of her eyes. Only dimly, if at all, was she able to realize how her tender love for her son had gradually turned more and more possessive. But it was brought sharply home to Gordon when, on the day when he was to lead his crew in the annual Pough-

keepsie regatta, he confided to her his intention of marrying pretty Madeline Arnold, a fellow-student.

“Marry her?” Nina echoed, stunned. Gordon nodded eagerly. “Yes, Mother. I know that should please you. You’ve always been fond of Madeline—”

“Yes, of course, but—Oh, Gordon, you can’t—you mustn’t do this to me. You know how we’ve planned on your finishing up at Oxford, how my dreams, my hopes, have been to see you among the truly great. And now if you marry you’ll have to leave it all—he chained to a desk—I’m sure your father wouldn’t approve—”

“Dad knows, Mother. He’s glad!”

Sam came, loud and jovial as belied the great occasion of his son’s last race, to find Gordon and shoo him off to join his crew. Nina tried to remonstrate with both, but neither husband nor son had ears for her. They were the men—they had arranged matters—it was an accomplished fact. While Gordon ran down to the boat-

house to join the crew, Sam took Nina to a motor-

boat. Soon they were aboard Sam’s yacht, out near the finish line, where Marsden, Darrell, and Gordon’s fiancée, Madeline, were already awaiting the start of the race.

“Selfishness for her own ends? Or genuine, selfless desire for her son’s good? Nina did not know. All she knew was that this latest blow had brought hatred into her heart—hatred toward this blooming young girl who was to snatch her son away from her; hatred even toward her husband, who, in blissful ignorance of his unreal position, was helping her boy to get away from her—her boy, to whom he had no rightful claim!

Her frantic grief at the prospect of losing Gordon to a life of humdrum mediocrity caused her to cast about desperately for a way to block him. Almost hysterical, though managing to maintain outward poise, she drew Darrell aside on the deck of the yacht while the others gathered in the cabin, tuning in the radio for the announce-

ments of the race’s beginning. (Continued on page 94)
COME TO OUR BEAUTY and STYLE SHOW

Let the Hollywood stars be your guides to grace and charm

SCREENLAND invites you to a special pre-summer showing of Hollywood flashes in clothes and charm. As you turn the following pages, you'll find the answers to your questions, "What shall I wear this summer? What's the smartest new coiffure? How can I keep well-groomed?" Consult the stars—they are your friends! They want to help you, and here in these pages they will give you more valuable advice than ever before. Madge Evans is pictured above as the 1932 Summer Girl— all dainty, feminine loveliness.
Hollywood Beauty Highlights

Marian Marsh: "Remember that the 1932 bathing suits are all-revealing! You'll want your shoulders smooth—so watch that sunburn line. Your bathing-suit décolletage should match that of your evening gowns for real smartness!"

Mary Pickford: "Mind your elbows! So many girls who are fastidious about the care of their hands, their skin, their hair, seem to neglect their elbows entirely. A mistake! Elbows are pretty important this summer, so spare a little time—and cold cream—for them!"
Jeanette MacDonald: "Don't put perfume on your clothes! It belongs on the skin—personally, I dab mine behind my ears."

Loretta Young: "I like to use a drop of my favorite perfume on each knee! Why don't you try it, girls?"
Here’s Elissa Landi’s “Earring Coiffure.” She likes it, first, because it is not too formal; second, because it permits a soft cluster of curls at the neck, vastly becoming, and third, because it lends itself to earrings.

If you have a super-abundance of tresses, like Ann Harding, you will be interested to see how Ann solves the problem. Here’s a profile view of her “careless coiffure” — it’s unwaved, unbobbed, drawn simply back — and awfully, awfully hard to wear!

Are you the Karen Morley type? Then take a leaf from Karen’s book of charm and copy her coronet coiffure. Her hair follows a center parting with a braid coiled over the waved under-hair — achieving a braided coronet effect.

Why not copy these Coiffures?
Bangs—or "the fringe"—are decidedly back in the fashion picture. But study your mirror and be sure you're the demure type before you ask Louis, or Charles, or whatever the name of your scissors-and-iron man, to give you a Helen Hayes coiffure. You see, Helen has that little-girl look; it's natural to her, and so she can effect the somewhat-quaint and get away with it. But not every girl can!

The Constance Bennett Bob, which admiring girls are asking their hairdressers to copy. Side part, loose wave, soft curls bunched at the back—and the knockout arrangement of ringlets in front of the ear. It's the last little detail that gives Connie's coiffure that different touch.

Here's Ann, again—showing the simple arrangement of her golden crowning glory. In the circle, above, the intricate knot of gold which is achieved by separating the Harding locks into three strands and coiling one upon the other. Only girls whose locks are such a lovely shade of pale gold as Ann's, should try this. Others should bob!
It's hot and tiring in the Hollywood studios, under the lights. But Mae Clarke, wearing a sports dress of green cotton corduroy with a white collar, looks cool and fresh. She has learned to rest and conserve her energy when she is not acting before the cameras.

Lily Damita carries her beauty aids with her wherever she goes. Here, on the studio "set," waiting for a "call" to go into action in a scene, she has just freshened up her make-up from the unique kit you see beside her. It's big enough to carry all the powder and rouge and mirrors Lily needs, but not too unwieldy to accompany her on the most crowded set.

Just Working Girls!
But see how well-groomed they are

The pretty girls of Hollywood are always working! If not in the studio or on location, then at a picture premiere or a "personal appearance" or an interview. But always they must be perfection! Immaculate, shining, well-groomed. It isn't easy. They're toilers just like any other group of working girls. But they can never "let down." They must always look their best. How do they do it? Let them tell you!
Frances Dee has good looks that stand up under stiff location jaunts and lots of action! But she didn’t just wish for them; she works to achieve them. She pays particular attention to her stockings and foot-gear—and her hair, in any weather, is always sleek and shining.

Simplicity! That’s Kay Francis’ definition of real smartness. And Kay almost invariably wears either all white or all black. It’s easier, then, to be really well-dressed, she believes, because she can match her accessories so easily.
POLA NEGRI—have you been catching her "personal appearances"?—matches her lip rouge and finger-nail tint. Effective?
SUPPOSE Ma Nature didn't favor you with eyes like Tallulah Bankhead's! Just try those artificial eyelashes and presto!—that heavy-lidded look is yours.
This is a Sweater Season!

Lupe Velez, that fiery little Mexican, goes patriotic this Bi-centennial in her red, white, and blue open-mesh sweater. You may see Lupe in the celluloid in "The Broken Wing," while she is appearing "in the flesh" in the Ziegfeld musical comedy, "Hot-Cha!" on Broadway.
There are sweaters for all daytime occasions this season. We chose Maureen O'Sullivan to model them for you because she is charmingly representative of the modern outdoor American maiden, even if she does hail from Dublin! Here she is wearing a "vestee" sweater of blue and white diagonal stripes.

White jersey, trimmed with red and blue, fashions this double-breasted one-sided lapel sweater worn by Maureen O'Sullivan.

Below, Maureen shows us the latest "turtle-neck" model—with the new high waistline, flared cuffs and neckline.

A particularly feminine sweater of pure white with a narrow red edging. Small pearl buttons give it a further dainty touch.
The world's in tune when Anita Page wears a frock of misty white lace trimmed with tiny crystal beads that reflect the moonlight. There are also decorative sleeves in the disguise of gloves.

The sun shines on Malibu Beach— and Leila Hyams, after her swim, slips into this white frock with its nice, new neckline outlined in red, and its clever bodice with pearl-buttoned tabs.
A very, very smart knitted turban carried out in blue and beige, which Helen Twelvetrees wears to match a knitted suit.

Adrienne Ames has good fashion ideas. Watch this lovely brunette and follow her style hints. Here she's wearing a rough beige straw accented with narrow brown velvet ribbons drawn through the weave of the straw.

Straw gets rough this season! Here is Irene Dunne wearing a black straw with a tiny rolled brim and a small brilliant red feather. Irene likes veils and usually wears 'em, but please, Irene, next time choose a heavier one so we can see it in your photographs!

Ann Harding tops that black and white street ensemble you saw a page or two back with a little black straw with simple bow trimming of grosgrain.

Leila Hyams is a great help! We asked her to choose a hat to pose in and the girl can't make up her mind. She reminds us, though, that both large and small brims are good. So suit yourself.
YOU like Wallace Ford, don't you? Then watch for the special feature about him in the next issue of this magazine—you'll enjoy it!
PRODUCERS, give Ben Lyon more parts like the one he played in "Lady with a Past" and you'll have a "new" big star on your screens!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

We are breaking our rule this month to show you Phillips Holmes on vacation. No studio or location 'shot' can equal this!
George O'Brien in Central Park, surrounded by the law—but it's all for the newsreels. George is demonstrating a stunt to the New York Police.

A Cowboy Visits New York

George O'Brien breezes out of the West

By

Evelyn Ballarine

MY TELEPHONE rang, and a voice said, “Can you make that George O'Brien appointment for 10 o'clock this morning instead of 11 o'clock?”

A glass of icy water dashed in my face wouldn't have startled me more. Whoever heard of an actor, or anybody for that matter, on vacation in New York getting up so early in the morning?

But sure enough, there was George “Out-doors” O'Brien looking as bright as a red roadster in a display window. Oh, those rugged Western hombres!

“What do you mean, early?” said Big-boy O'Brien.

“Say, do you know that when we're on location we get up at five in the morning and feed the horses. About an hour later we feed ourselves, and at seven we're shooting? So you see, it's force of habit.

“Westerns? I can't ever seem to get away from them. Even when I'm on a vacation—this very morning, in fact, I've got to do some trick riding in Central Park with some of your New York cops, for Fox Movietone news reels. Want to come along and watch?” That we certainly did.

“I wasn't prepared to ride a horse until I got back to Hollywood, so I haven't a riding habit with me. How'll this tennis outfit do? And I haven't seen the horse, either—hope they have a 'Western' saddle.”

Mr. O'Brien,” I said when we had started for the park, “what's this I hear about you and Marguerite—”

“Stop, I've heard that one before!” said George, reaching in his hip pocket with a dead-shot look in his eye and pulling out a package of cigarettes. “I wish it were true that Marguerite Churchill and I were 'that way' about each other. Here's a little incident to prove just how serious our romance is: The other night I was eulogizing the beauty of Havana to Marguerite. I don't quite remember what I said—but it must have been good, because she said: 'Stop it, George, you're getting sentimental—and I don't go (Continued on page 93)
He Keeps Hollywood Guessing!
Bickford! He owns a whaling ship and a lingerie shop; he makes $5,000 a week and plants dahlias. 

Figure him out if you can!

HOLLYWOOD has never been able to figure Charlie Bickford out. He is as full of color as a chameleon is of changes; he has as many sides as a leopard has spots. To the boys and girls in picture-town Charlie Bickford is as mysterious as Garbo, whose lover he played in "Anna Christie." And as complex as Tallulah Bankhead, whose husband he plays in her most recent picture, "Thunder Below."

Few know the real Bickford. When he first startled Hollywood by saying "No" to Cecil B. DeMille, he was a tough egg; when he played with Garbo he was a swell actor; when he defied the studio executives he was a bolshevik and a bad boy!

So thought Hollywood. This Bickford must be crazy as a loon. Or he was putting on an act. He would soon be off the screen, forgotten. No wonder Hollywood is amazed today to find the stalwart, red-headed fighting Irishman the fair-haired boy around the studios, which gladly pay him more than twice his former weekly salary. He picks his own parts. He draws five thousand dollars a week! The best answer is: "Who's looney now?"

But the real Charles Bickford is even more colorful than his screen career. The theatre-goer who sees him in his rough, tough roles probably figures him a hard guy. Come with me to a beautiful setting atop the Playa del Rey palisades overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Here is the Bickford home. Here I found the "hard guy of the screen" in the privacy of a secluded life, unknown to Hollywood. You’ll never guess what he was doing. Clad in exceedingly dirty overalls, he was working in the garden. On the level, folks, he was planting violets!

"Go ahead, laugh your head off," he challenged by way of greeting. "Us tough mugs must have our recreation," he explained. "Besides, I'm an old-time botanist."

I found out that he wasn't kidding. Nursery experts told Charlie he couldn't make flowers and plants grow in the sandy soil so close to the ocean. Nevertheless, in the small estate that surrounds his Spanish home he has managed to develop one of the most beautiful flower gardens in southern California. Violets, pansies, roses, lilies, phlox, hollyhocks, asters, petunias, dahlias and a score of varieties of flowers and plants. Some of his botanical products have won prizes at the California flower shows. He won't be photographed with 'em!"
Those were the Sappy Days!

The mad days, the glad days, when films were dimmer—and dumber.

It's lissome Lil Tashman, girls, back in the days when she was Hollywood's MOST dressed lady, what with those layers and layers of draperies. Don't those girlish braids fetch you? And that sweetly solemn air—how the gal has grown up!

"I'm Tunney that way." Gene is telling Virginia Vance, the girl for whom he socked 'em around in an old Pathé serial. The famous litterateur and ring champion was no "lightweight," even then.

See how Trotzky, that well-known Russian author, played up to Clara Kimball Young in the good old days when he was a movie extra. "I love you a lotzky," she's emoting.

This is Adrienne Ames when she was just plain Adeline Truex. Doesn't she look like Corrine Griffith?
A snappy little party of the pre-microphone era. Noel Coward, who later wrote "Private Lives," dropped in at the Paramount studio. He's talking to director Herbert Brenon, the only man wearing a hat. Alice Joyce looks soulfully up at Mr. Coward, while behind her hovers Cyclonic Clara Bow, radiating you-know-what. Recognize Conway Tearle?

When La Marquise was just plain Connie Bennett, Connie had just arrived at Culver City to play Sally in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and director Edmund Goulding is showing her around. This all happened before Goulding ever directed Garbo in "Grand Hotel."

Bazemore and Moore! John and Colleen are playing a gripping scene (well, he is gripping her, isn't he?) in "The Lotus Eaters," one of the classics of the last decade. Colleen's pinafore is a zippy 1932 creation—1932 B.C.
Three years ago Ann was a chorus girl in those musical movies — and not a particularly clever one, at that. Now she’s an actress — and a very good actress. Read the story of Ann’s rise — it’s refreshing!

Two Little Girls with

In this corner, Ann Dvorak — a “Humoresque” girl on her way to great things

By Garret Fox

WHAT is it — at precisely the ripe moment — that turns an ordinary young woman into an actress of talent?

Ann Dvorak says it’s “change.”

It may well be. There are arguments enough for her side of the story. She was taken into a film studio three years ago as a chorus girl. Not because she was a particularly good chorus girl, for she wasn’t.

One of the supervisors saw her do a routine with a group of chorines and picked her first as the one to be discarded. But she wasn’t discouraged. She slipped around and got into another group while no one was looking. The executive found her again and again told her she wouldn’t do.

Two rebuffs are enough for the average girl. But Ann had used a slight pull to get herself the job in the first place. Ann’s mother is Anna Lehr, who has been a star herself, and Ann didn’t like the idea of letting her mother’s friend down like that.

So up she went to the executive again. He had called for someone to show the others girls the routine.

“I can do that,” she said.

He couldn’t have recognized her, for he told her to get out in front of the other chorines and show them how it was to be done. The music started and she began to go through the routine — but stopped after a bit when everyone laughed.

If Mr. Alger were writing this story, he would go on from here and tell you that Ann gritted her teeth, faced the chorines down with flashes of scorn and determination from her large and beautiful eyes, and thereafter did a perfect routine.

I’m sorry I can’t say that. She didn’t. She slunk off the set with a feeling of utter dismay. And in the process of slinking, bumped into the man who had got her the trial.

“I can do it,” she said. “But I’ll have to learn it first. I’ll go somewhere and learn that routine if it kills me — and when I do, I’ll come back. That’s what!”

“You don’t need to,” he told her. “I know you’ll learn it. You’ll learn it here. I’ll fix it.”

So it was fixed. It was fixed so well that Ann stayed on that particular lot for three years as an ordinary chorus girl in the big musical pictures. No one noticed her. No one picked her as a budding star. No great actors fell for her fresh young beauty and offered to star her in their forthcoming productions.

Nothing happened except that she developed into such a whopping good chorine that they advanced her to the job of assistant to the studio’s dancing instructor.

A pretty good job. Pretty good money. And the stars who had to learn new dances for their pictures came to her to learn them.

Naturally, after that, she began to meet people. But it wasn’t until Howard Hawks, director of “The Dawn Patrol,” saw her that she got that first chance.

He pronounced her screen test satisfactory, and she took the lead in “Scarface,” with Paul Muni.

I don’t know if you know the history of that picture. But it was quite an interesting one. It had two feminine leads. Another girl was to be the principal, and Ann was given a rôle as Paul’s little sister. And then when the picture was finished and cut, like a bolt out of the blue came the news that Ann Dvorak had been featured!

Her rôle had proved such a sensational one that the other lead had been subordinated to it. It is characteristic of Anna Lehr’s daughter that she thought it was something in the story which developed the part. The other girl is one of her particular friends, and Ann is one of her greatest admirers. Nevertheless Ann was featured.

There have followed two notable successes: “Sky Devils,” in which she again smashed through for a genuine success — and “The Crowd Roars,” which sent the startled executives of the Warner company into ecstasies when they saw what she had done with the part they gave her.

She had been cast opposite James Cagney — a more than ordinarily powerful actor. (Continued on page 90)
AT SCHOOL she was called "Spuds." With, it may be added, about as much reason as school children generally attach to such appellations. The reason being simply that potatoes—especially mashed potatoes—happen to be her favorite dish.

Little blonde Bette Davis is just as hopelessly original in all her other tastes. In everything she does, in fact.

Richard Bennett, when she was playing with him on the New York stage, wishing to compliment her, told her that she was an exact cross between his two daughters, Constance and Joan—and not alone in looks. The comparison is apt, for she is very like each of them, but in no way detracts from qualities, as I have tried to intimate with the taste for potatoes, that are Bette Davis' own.

She is predestined to do things in a manner contrary to everything expected of her.

It may be said to have begun with her taste for theatricals. Her flair for the stage came early—in fact, before she knew that it was a flair; and came in direct contradiction to everything her ancestry and upbringing had prophesied.

Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, four days after April Fool's Day in 1908, she became the last of a long line of Davises to whom even the Lowells and the Cabots were in the habit of speaking. Her father today is an influential corporation lawyer in Boston.

But on her mother's side—her parents separated when she was very young—a brighter and more promising strain existed, a strain that even the rocky New England soil had not quite eliminated. Her mother had been descended from the Le Favres—Le Favre was her maiden name—one of the oldest and foremost of the theatrical families of France, corresponding to our own Barrymores.

Perhaps these things mean less than they seem to. Perhaps Bette simply chose the stage because she liked it. At any rate, she entered school dramatics at a very early age and acted in practically every play staged at the little coeducational academy she attended.

John Murray Anderson saw her while she was still in school, and gave her a scholarship to his dramatic school in New York. There James Light took an interest in her, and being the director of the Provincetown players as well as a teacher at Anderson's School, made a place for her in some of the Provincetown plays.

"You've heard of them?" Bette asks fondly. And sighs when you say you have. So many people in Hollywood haven't!

She can honestly say she has never made any particular effort for a chance, either on the stage or screen. Frank Conroy, a player at the Provincetown Theatre, urged her to adopt the stage as a career. After several years there, and after playing with Richard Bennett on Broadway—an experience for which she will always be grateful—she was seen by some vacationing picture executive in New York and shipped post haste, return postage guaranteed, to the coast. Not at all certain in her own mind, it may be added, that she wanted to go at all, but dazed by the promise of success beyond all she had dreamed—and a little flattered, she confesses, that anyone should be so impressed by her work as to want to send her three thousand miles to see more of it.

Hollywood, at first a bore, captured her interest by degrees. Universal used her in several pictures, and then George Arliss saw her.

"I want that girl," he said, when he was casting for "The Man Who Played God."

"But we have plenty of ingenues—barrels of them," protested the studio officials whose business it is to keep the cost of pictures down.

"Ah, yes, I know," repeated the soft-spoken Mr. Arliss, "but I want that one."

She moved from Universal to the Warner Studio and was cast in quick succession in "The Man Who Played God," "So Big," and "The Rich Are Always With Us," playing with such artists as George Arliss, Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton.

All were helpful, but Arliss was most enthusiastic, coaching her both as to dramatic (Continued on page 84)
When Joan Bennett became Mrs. Gene Markey! Sister Connie "Marquis" Bennett attended her sister. Joan wore white, with fox fur, and a little white hat with a veil. The gentleman on the left is Capt. Alan Clayton, the best man.

Hollywood Settles Down

By Alma Whitaker

WELL, we're getting them all married off nicely, aren't we? Nothing gives Hollywood such a thrill as an eligible matrimonial subject, except perhaps getting him (or her) out of the eligible class as quickly as possible.

In fact, we love to watch Cupid doing his stuff.

The Joan Bennett-Gene Markey wedding proved wholly satisfactory. Fancy Gene managing to escape matrimony all those years. We were at once awed with admiration for his uncanny agility and concerned for his future unwarranted freedom. We almost had him married to Gloria Swanson once, only she substituted Michael Farmer as the leading man in the drama before we had taken our second breath.

Now, of course, we know we erred. Gene must have been waiting for Joan all his life. I mean, once they had made up their minds, the actual ceremony took slightly under ninety seconds. It took place before an altar of gardenias—which, in the language of flowers, mean "perfected loveliness"—improvised at the Town House, a smart apartment building in Los Angeles. Judge Works asked them severally if they would, they indicated "You bet we will," and the thing was done. Gene will never be the same again.

Of course it was Joan's second venture. That's why she was content to appear very tailored, in a perfectly cut white crêpe outfit, with fox fur, and a cute bridalish veil dangling becomingly from her close-fitting hat. She was very demure. Her first spouse was John Fox, but he is now relegated to an incident. Gene is a clever writer, good-looking, very likable, and the son of a U. S. Colonel. He wasn't entirely happy in the "correct wear for a bridegroom" but bore up bravely.

Sister Connie and her new Marquis gave the event their blessing—Connie looking very fetching in soft green, and the wee-est bit patronizing, as married sisters...
Our stars are taking Romance seriously.
Here's Cupid's latest report

will be. Papa Bennett, involved in the stage production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," failed to put in an appearance. Two weddings in the family in a couple of months were a bit too exciting for a busy father.

Joan and Gene really played a trick on their friends, outside of the few permitted officially to witness the ceremony. Everyone was invited for "high noon," and the naughty dears got married at 11 a.m. However, they stayed for a pleasant champagne reception and gave Joan's dear public, which gathered in crowds for hours outside the Town House, a show for their pains. Sally Eilers threw rice in the approved manner. As we called for our car an excited doorman thrust a crumb into my hands.

"It's only a crumb but it's sure full of sentiment," he grinned. "It's a bit of the bride's cake. Sleep on it."

Being already well fed on bride cake, and obviously mistaken for a patient sidewalk fan, I felt a bit guilty, but would not have spoiled the doorman's fond thought for anything. Thus are the crumbs from the tables of the great cherished in filmland. I slept on it—and dreamt about editors. So un-romantic!

At all events we entirely approved of Joan and Gene for giving us a real wedding ceremony, instead of sneaking off somewhere else on the elopement plan. In a general way, we deplore elopement.

Ann Dvorak, for instance, wasn't so kind. She and Leslie Fenton, likewise an actor, slipped off to Arizona and cheated us of a function. Even Ann's mama wasn't let into the secret. It seems, however, Ann had just learned she must go to New York to play the lead in "Central Park" and the lovers just couldn't bear to be parted. Ann is only 19, and Leslie about 24. We have decided to forgive them, and hope they'll live happily for ages.

Lawrence Tibbett was an impatient swain, Grace Tibbett had no sooner finished the little matter she had undertaken at Reno, than we had Mrs. John Clark Burgard, San Francisco society widow, forcefully disclaiming to New York newspaper men that she was to marry Lawrence. She was most emphatic in her denials. She had just divorced Clark Burgard, likewise at Reno.

The ink was hardly dry on the denial when Lawrence became a benedict again, and sure enough the lady was Mrs. Burgard. Lawrence makes her third venture. We do hope Cupid knows what he is up to. Grace Tibbett is wearing a cryptic smile these days.

A wedding that met with our entire approval was that of Zoe Akins, brilliant woman playwright, to Capt. Hugo Rumbold, brother to the British Ambassador in Berlin. Everything was thoroughly regular. Mrs. Somerset Maugham, wife of the celebrated dramatist, Tallulah Bankhead, Polly Moran, Billie Burke, Bill Haines, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett lent the occasion proper distinction. Zoe's mama (Continued on page 81)
Hot off the Ether!

Here's the first of a series of broadcasts to Screenland readers by New York's favorite radio columnist. Don't miss them—there's always something in the air!

- By Louis Reid

Most of the secure stars in the radio constellation are old-timers, as broadcasting is reckoned. They came to the microphone in the early days of its history, unheralded and practically unknown, and almost as quickly as a Hollywood theme song reaches Podunk Center, became household gods.

And household gods they remain, despite the growing sophistication of listeners and broadcasters alike, despite the access to the parlors of every poohbah this side of the

Kate Smith is a "light entertainer," if you know what we don't mean. This robust lady crooner, says Louis Reid, has literally millions of followers, and is radio's most popular star.

"I'll give you a note for it, toot sweet!" promises Maurice Chevalier, screen and radio celebrity, borrowing a saxophone from Rudy Vallee. Wonder if Maurice plays?

Jordan, of the leading concert artists of the day.

You may take them or leave them. Most people take them, turn the dial regularly to them, listen attentively to their programs.

Who are some of the old-timers of the loud-speakers who sit as prominently in the radio heavens as jazz sits in Harlem?

We find such names as Graham McNamee—still, in spite of his decline as a sports announcer, the big shot among the attention-callers at the cashier's window. That he has managed to stay at the top of the heap is due, it seems to us, to the enthusiasm he imparts to the scene he is describing and to his intimate knowledge of the broadcasting technique.

McNamee's chief value to radio is the interest in sports which he has created in the feminine population of the land. It was he, more than anyone else, who put prize-fighting upon a new plane, gave it the box-office favor it might not otherwise have had.

He always glosses over the painful details, a sports event to him is a rose-tinted affair, something to be idealized. He is the eternal small boy, for whom life is a circus and a circus, life. The gals have discerned this quality in him, have flocked to him as they flock to any Peter Pan.

But there are other notable names conspicuous in the radio sky to whom the passing of the years means little dimming of popularity. A nation pays tribute to them month after month, year after year. They are the new amusement gods, perched high upon the throne of financial security.

There are Rudy Vallee, sometimes referred to as Rudy of the Vallee; Amos 'n Andy, Morton Downey, Kate Smith. These together with McNamee, can be called the big six of the air.

With the exception of Kate Smith none of them, our spies report, is quite as popular today.
as a year ago. None of them is any longer an occasion for hushed excitement in the armchairs. Yet, so exalted is their radio position that new stars coming up do not threaten it.

Vallee was the first of the crooners. With a group of amorous ballads, the best of which was an inspired piece of aphrodisiac called "Deep Night," he set grandma's heart, to say nothing of grandma's fluttering granddaughter, to beating a little faster than it has ever beat before in our time.

Naturally, such a conquest was resented—was resented by self-conscious he-men throughout the Republic. But Vallee went right on with his crooning, with his enormous appeal to the restless and lonely women of the land.

Good showman that he is, Vallee knew he had to seek new fields if he were to continue to bask in the brilliant sun of radio. And the only field left was that where the he-men toiled. Looking about, he unearthed a stein song, a bibulous tribute to the good old prohibition state of Maine. He added it to his repertory, concentrated upon it, and with it, won the esteem and enthusiasm of the masculine portion of the population.

It is this ability to carve out new paths, to keep pace with new developments in music-mad America, that has kept Vallee in the top ranks, that makes him today one of the first six figures of the microphone. It's a feat! Amos 'n' Andy, there is no mistake about it, are no longer the breathtaking titans of the parlors. Yet, so sensational, so widespread was their fame, that they can rest for years upon their laurels. In the whole history of show business no one has ever approached them, unless it is Chaplin, as bywords in the home. Not even Chaplin ever became such a fetish, ever achieved so colossal an audience.

The rise of Morton Downey is comparatively recent. Good showmanship, coupled with a trick of singing sentimental songs in a high tenor voice, was responsible. The showmanship was displayed in limiting him to two or three numbers a night, interspersing him with a smooth dance band and Tony Wons' messages of philosophic good cheer.

The old Broadway principle of "leaving 'em wanting a little bit more" was painstakingly observed. The result was that Downey clicked—clicked to an extent that his income for a time last fall was said to be nearly $10,000 a week.

Right now Downey sits upon the Mt. Everest of the ether, perhaps the only place that his relatives by marriage, the Bennetts (père et filles) would permit him to sit. An alert fellow, he is always on the lookout to hold his radio audience, gain new cohorts. After his broadcasts—two of them (Continued on page 92)
Reviews of the

One Hour With You
Paramount

The perfect spring and summer film-fare! You'll enjoy every minute of the new Maurice Chevalier musical romance. It is gay, light, deft, and delightful. Movie-going veterans may remember the silent picture, "The Marriage Circle," in which Ernst Lubitsch directed Monte Blue, Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost to such good effect. This is the new, smart, modern version with pleasant tunes and all the latest "Lubitsch touches." And what a chance it gives M'sieur Maurice to be his most spontaneous and charming self! He plays a personable doctor who is practically forced to play cavalier to his beautiful wife's best friend. Jeanette MacDonald—at her very best, both vocally and optically—plays the wife, and Genevieve Tobin the friend. The music is by Oscar "Chocolate Soldier" Strauss and Richard Whiting.

The Congress Dances
Ufa-United Artists

All Europe is buzzing about this picture. You'll want to be able to talk about it, too—and don't miss it when it comes to your town. It was made in German, French, and English—and this English version is excellently done. The sheer charm of the piece will enthral you. Yes, it's a costume picture, but don't think it's heavy and pompous. It sparkles in the Viennese manner, with tunes to match. And it presents to American audiences Miss Lilian Harvey, a perfectly delightful blonde actress who will probably be in Hollywood before the season is over. She plays a little Viennese girl whose charms attract a Russian car. Here is sex without smirks—here's gaiety, charm, romance, ideal "escape" from our gangster cycle. The cast is perfect, including Conrad Veidt, whose work you know. And you'll be humming those tunes this summer.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

ONE HOUR with YOU ARE YOU LISTENING?
TARZAN the APE MAN SO BIG
The BEAST of the CITY The CONGRESS DANCES
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

"Are You Listening?" with William Haines and Madge Evans, has appeal for screen and radio fans.

Are You Listening?
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Are y'u listenin', folks? Well, I hope you are, because I want to tell you that Billy Haines gives positively the best performance of his smart-cracking career. He plays a radio announcer whose life is a series of static because he married the wrong girl. Madge Evans is his real heart but his wife, poor wretch, won't divorce him. Tch, tch! It's a pretty serious part for Haines, but he takes it big, and reinstates himself among the stars that matter. Madge, more expert and lovely than ever, fulfills all those grand predictions. Anita Page and Joan Marsh are decorative as "play-girls" who go haywire in the big town. The story is as modern as television, and has equal appeal for radio and screen fans. It's Bill Haines' first film since his vaudeville tour—let's all tune in on him. Yes, "Are You Listening?" is a very neat little numbah.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Loretta Young in "Play Girl"
Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big"
Spencer Tracy in "Sky Devils"
Jack Oakie in "Dancers in the Dark"
Charles Farrell in "After Tomorrow"
William Haines in "Are You Listening?"
Lilian Harvey in "The Congress Dances"
Walter Huston in "The Beast of the City"
Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour with You"
Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan the Ape Man"

"So Big" is an acting triumph for Barbara Stanwyck. The film is adapted from Edna Ferber's famous book.

So Big
Warners

Barbara Stanwyck believes this is her best picture. Edna Ferber, who wrote the original story, cried when she saw it—at the right times, too. And I just want to make it unanimous. It's a splendid photo-drama. Barbara's portrayal of Selina Peake is remarkable, first the young girl, then the woman, and finally Selina in her old age. In fact, it's in the latter part of the picture that Barbara's acting reaches its "Peake." (There! That's over.) You can call this film "an epic of American motherhood," because that's what it is. It will appeal to women everywhere, and to their husbands and brothers. Selina is a country school-teacher who marries a farmer, and upon his death lives and works for her son. Stanwyck's scenes with little Dickie Moore are lovely. George Brent and Bette Davis are good, too.

Better than a circus is "Tarzan the Ape Man," with Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Tarzan the Ape Man
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Circus days are here again! Get the whole family and go to see "Tarzan." A lot of fun! It's a question who will squeal louder—Junior or Grandma. And if you think Clark Gable and Jimmy Cagney employ caveman tactics, wait until you see Johnny Weissmuller sneak up on Maureen O'Sullivan. This is your old friend, Tarzan of the Apes, with sound effects. He's the boy, you remember, who was brought up by apes and Edgar Rice Burroughs in the jungle. And how Johnny plays him! It's the swim-champ's first screen appearance outside of the newsreels, and he looks like a coming star. In fact, he's here. Maureen O'Sullivan is a charming heroine. Neil Hamilton and C. Aubrey Smith play the English explorers. With elephants, apes, and everything, "Tarzan" has appeal for youngsters and oldsters and "in-betweensters." You'd better see it.
Every night for at least three weeks, says Margery Wilson, the clever girl will give her face the benefit of a special treatment—read the page opposite for details. The lovely women of the screen, you know, are constant in their skin care. Ann Harding, for instance. Here you see Ann, herself, looking ahead to the summer season.
For Summer

PLEASE don't wear your last winter's face this summer! Put it away in mothballs along with your furs and blankets, or—well, anyway, get rid of it. It's used up, out-of-date, stale!

You want a fresh face for the lovely new summer dresses and hats.

You want to firm up your figure so that you will be sleek in the new briefer-than-ever bathing suits of this summer.

Get ready for summer! Plan your face as carefully as you do your clothes. The Vogue for transparent fabrics, even in dark chiffon and marquisette suits for street wear, fairly begs for a transparent, translucent, silky skin to harmonize. The crisp linens, thin tweeds and candy-stripped duck of the season will contrast smartly with the softness of a feminine face and flatter it by emphasis.

There are two principal steps in getting your face ready for summer so that it will be fetchingly pretty and at the same time protected from the abuse and exposure of vacation activities. First: we want to insure a fineness of skin, which means that we must rid ourselves of about three layers of cuticle. Second: we must tone and toughen for wear this lovely baby-skin that is now covered by the dried débris of winter winds and over-heated houses. Here is how it is done.

Every night for at least three weeks I want you to give your face this treatment. Begin by cleansing your face with your favorite cleansing cream. Leave the cream on a little longer than usual and pat it gently into the pores. Wipe it off with a soft tissue. Do not use a harsh towel, for your skin must not be irritated. I want to save all of its resistance for the treatment. Now put on another layer of cleansing cream.

In other words, cleanse your face twice, gently, thoroughly. Then spread a rich skin food over your face. Do not pat your face for stimulation, as usual. Just leave the skin food on a while to soften the skin as much as possible. While the cream is doing its work you can go on about your affairs. Read, write, sew, or whatever. After, at least, a half-hour go to your bath-room and draw a bowl of warm (not hot) water and put a teaspoonful of Benzoin into it. Benzoin is very softening to the skin.

Wipe off most, not all, of the cream on your face. Now wash in the warm Benzoin water with your favorite soap. Even if you do not use soap as a rule, you must use it in the treatment. The bit of cream remaining on your face will prevent the soap from washing away too much of the oil of your skin. Use your finger-tips to rub the soap-suds well into the pores. Take about five minutes for this part of the treatment.

Now, using the softest baby brush you can buy scrub your face gently, around your neck and especially that neglected spot directly under your chin. We are trying to remove the top cuticle gently without irritation. Don't overdue the scrubbing the first time. Remember that you are going to do this every night for three weeks. Be sure to rinse away every bit of soap. Let the soapy water out of the bowl and fill it with fresh, and again in cold water without Benzoin. Pat your face dry with a soft, soft towel. With a small pad of absorbent cotton pat witch-hazel over your face and neck. It is cooling, soothing, healing, and helps to close the pores. If you wish you may use instead a mild skin-tonic or freshener. Do not use an astrigent during this three weeks' treatment. It is too severe. Now rub ice wrapped in cheese cloth over your face, dry it, then apply a generous amount of skin food to be left on all night.

The whole process, as you can see, is to soften the cuticle, scrub it away, being careful to keep your face from being irritated so that you can keep up the treatment until it is finished. Thus we gradually get down to the fresh, new, smooth, fine skin.

I have never advocated harsh, quick methods. There is usually an undesirable reaction to overnight miracles.

There are splendid packs on the market that will remove cuticle from the skin, but they vary in strength and purpose. The only way to tell if you can use them successfully is to try them.

The treatment I have outlined for you takes a little longer, but it cannot harm your skin, and it will refine it. Not only that, it is the best possible treatment for blackheads and pimples. Except that in the case of pimples it is best to apply a healing salve instead of the skin-food after the scrubbing.

Blackheads that are simply an imbedded collection of winter coal-dust will disappear if you persist in this softening, scrubbing treatment. But follow the instructions exactly and give the matter plenty of time. After the three weeks of concentrating on the removal of cuticle then start in again with astrigents that have alcohol in them, for this toughens the skin.

Now, if you will use a powder foundation for protection in the day-time, you should be able to go through the summer with a fresh, pretty face that will attract many an admiring glance under a flattering summer hat.

But, when you take your hat off—oh, dear, dear, let's do something with that hair! What it needs most, besides soap, is sun and air to enliven it. You've heard of the man who opened the window and threw out his chest? Well, I want you to open the window—the one the sun (Continued on page 87)

You'll want a fresh face for your summer clothes!
Here's how to achieve it

By
Margery Wilson

SUMMER LOVELINESS!
It's important to look your best in sun-time, vacation-time. Bring your beauty problems to Margery Wilson, our Charm Editor who is a beauty, herself. She will answer your questions. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.
Paul Lukas
and the
Three Red Roses!

Romance? Lukas believes in it.
Read this Hungarian rhapsody

By Julie Lang

caught her eye—they flirted. He vowed to find out her name and make her his wife.

So for one whole year, while he was touring Germany and Austria, he sent her, in true Hungarian style, three red roses every day, without a card.

At the end of the year, when he returned to Budapest, he arranged a meeting through mutual friends. Ten days after the introduction, they were married, and Daisy still gets red roses.

I have Mrs. Lukas' word for it that there is never a dull moment in her household. From seven o'clock in the morning, when it requires the combined efforts of the cook, three police dogs and Mrs. Lukas to awaken him, until midnight, when he battles insomnia with mystery stories, the house swarms with excitement.

Paul starts the day, when he is finally and reluctantly awake, with breakfast in bed. Effete, you say? Not at all. Just a good Hungarian custom that every American would adopt if he or she knew how delightful it is.

Because he should watch his diet, Emma, the cook, determinedly sets before him each morning a tray of orange juice, black coffee and dry toast. And every morning he wheedles more toast, buttered this time, and a plate of ham and eggs.

It seems to be a frantic business getting Paul to the studio on time. Although he vows every night that he will get up early enough the next morning to enable him to read the papers and dress leisurely, this miracle has (Continued on page 86)
That Lovely Lady from Vienna

Presenting Tala Birell, the latest little import—and she's not in the least like Garbo!

By Alma Whitaker

THE astrologists will tell you that those born under the sign of Virgo—that is, between August 22nd and September 21st, are cool-headed, practical, methodical, critical, industrious and intelligent. They waste no time in dreaming. They know on which side their bread is buttered.

Now Tala Birell, who will be introduced to the English-speaking public as a co-star with Luis Trenker in "The Doomed Battalion," by the Universal studio, was born on Sept. 10, 1908. One's first impression is all Virgo.

Yet there is nothing about being a good actor for this sign. Virgo people are recommended for commercial and mercantile pursuits. So some other sign or star must have intruded when Tala was born, in Bucharest, Roumania. For a great many people including Max Reinhardt of Berlin and Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Hollywood, have the highest opinion of her dramatic ability.

Like Garbo, she is rather tall. Her hair is a soft blonde and her eyes, though large, a rather cold blue. Or perhaps she was tired when I talked with her, right after twenty successive rehearsals of a scene with a baby.

The baby was required to laugh but preferred to cry, especially when Tala was speaking her lines. It didn't want to wave to a fictitious daddy off in the Tyrolean Alps. But either way, Tala explained concisely that she did not wish the baby to steal the scene. Babies so often do steal any scenes they are in.

Presently we repaired to Tala's dressing room. Here she was all poiseful decorum. One was conscious of remembering that her mother was a Viennese baroness and her uncle, Baron Bogdanski of Poland. Tala and I both avoided mentioning these aristocratic connections—but the studio has no such delicacy, so that I was well informed.

They rather like titles in Hollywood, you know. I mean keeping them a secret just isn't done, especially when they are as authentic as Tala's.

Her father is interested in oil. His name is Carol Bierl—Tala's real name being Natalie Bierl—but the Birell was considered easier for (Continued on page 92)
Critical Comment

After Tomorrow
Fox
A nice, simple tale of every-day people. Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell are charming as the lovers whose families are dependent upon them for support, and therefore delay their marriage. The film drags a bit, but director Frank Borzage did a fine job with this sentimental tale. It's Farrell’s best part in a long time, proving he can get along without Gaynor.

The Wiser Sex
Paramount
Claudette Colbert turns sleuth when she learns that her fiance, Melvyn Douglas, has been framed by racketeers. Claudette disguises herself in a blonde wig and goes after her prey, Lilyan Tashman and William Boyd. Nothing new or exciting about this yarn. Lil Tashman steals the scenes she's in. Nice acting all around, however.

Hotel Continental
Tiffany
A crook drama in a hotel setting. The action takes place the night before the hotel is to be razed. There's gold hidden in them thar rooms and Theodore Von Eltz wants it, but so does Peggy Shannon. Who wins? The law, of course. But we leave Peggy and Theodore in a clinch. Rockliffe Fellows and Ethel Clayton have minor roles. It's entertaining.

The Lost Squadron
RKO
Here's something different in air pictures! The aviators were war buddies and are now stunt fliers in a motion picture. Eric Von Stroheim plays a thrill-mad director. Excellent acting by Richard Dix, Von Stroheim, Robert Armstrong, and Joel McCrea. The girls are Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor. Dix faces keen competition but scores, nevertheless.

Impatient Maiden
Universal
This one had a nice idea to start out with but something happened. Lew Ayres, as a young intern, and Mae Clarke are in love, but financial difficulties prevent them from marrying. Their problem is interesting until Mae's "on the make" employer steps in. Una Merkel and Andy Devine provide laughs. You'll like Mae and Lew—a grand love team.

Strangers in Love
Paramount
Fredric March in another dual role; he plays twins—one nasty, one nice. The nice brother is an outcast. The bad brother dies, so the entire film deals amusingly and lightly with the nice brother trying to impersonate his kin. March and Stuart Erwin are grand, and Kay Francis is a gorgeous heroine. It's good fun! Stuart Erwin is real star material.
on Current Films

Sky Devils
United Artists

Spectacular air shots, swell acting by Spencer Tracy and corking gags. The story is a lot of rowdy nonsense, but who cares? It's entertainment! The theme smacks of "The Cock-Eyed World," with William Boyd and Tracy pulling the 'friendly enemy' act. Ann Dvorak is the girl. The picture belongs to Tracy. See it—just for fun.

Dancers in the Dark
Paramount

It's the players, not the story that make this one worthwhile. Miriam Hopkins plays a taxi-dancer who sings torch songs and has a past. Put them all together, they spell "hot-cha." Jack Oakie tries to squelch her romance with William Collier, Jr.—and then proceeds to fall in love with her, himself. Oakie steals the whole show. George Raft—new—also scores heavily.

The Passionate Plumber
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Can you imagine Buster Keaton as a gigolo? Of course, it's funny—it's supposed to be! Besides, there are Jimmy Durante and Polly Moran to add to the merriment. It's rough, rowdy slapstick, and Durante and Keaton have a grand time clowning. And the audience cheers. Irene Purcell is a fine comedienne. We want more Durante-Keaton comedies!

The Heart of New York
Warner

Here you are, folks—step right into a rubberneck bus for a trip to the Lower East Side. If you like delicatessen humor you'll laugh along the way at Smith and Dale, as a pair of too-boisterous Hebraic comedians. George Sidney gives a fine, legitimate performance as a pathetic little inventor who finally clicks. Ruth Hall is pretty as Don Cook's love interest.

Play Girl
First National

This just missed being included among the six best screen sellers. It gives us Loretta Young in the best role of her career—a shop girl who marries a ne'er do well, Norman Foster, and then her troubles begin. You will agree that Loretta is a splendid actress in her emotional moments, and always charming. Laughs by Winnie Lightner and Guy Kibbe—of the broad variety.

Disorderly Conduct
Fox

Spencer Tracy joins the cops—and a robust, romantic bluecoat he makes! Then graft rears its ugly head—but fear not, Sally Eilers is on hand to throw temptation for a loss. Sally and Spencer turn out an enjoyable evening's entertainment, full of giggles and palpitations. And there's Dickie Moore for the kiddies. This one will make you a Tracy addict. What a personality!
See what Hollywood’s done to Sylvia Sidney!

Behold Sylvia’s “American Tragedy” bob!

For eight whole years—throughout her entire stage and screen career, in fact—Sylvia Sidney staunchly refused to be bobbed! She knew her own smooth, shining, sleek coiffure was distinctive and original. Then—she went to Hollywood! Sylvia’s successes on the screen are too well-known for us to reiterate. She was hailed as a fine actress, a new and refreshing personality. But one day, Boss Paramount had an inspiration. Sylvia Sidney—bobbed! How would she be? Well, let’s try it and see! Sylvia held out at first, then agreed gracefully. There was a lot of excitement—and some grief—on the lot the day those gorgeous locks fell under the scissors—in fact, Sylvia’s mother seriously considered calling it “the American Tragedy bob.” But then Sylvia looked in the mirror, and everybody looked at Sylvia, and pronounced the operation a shining success! Sylvia’s rôle in “Merrily We Go to Hell,” which calls for short hair, offers her sensational opportunities, and she is making the most of them. Watch for this new Sidney—and let her know what you think of her new bob!
"Willie"

By
Joseph Henry Steele

Powell is "Junior" to his wife and "Willie" to his cronies. Read this and you'll see why

HE WENT through a physical examination, from top to bottom: the doctor pronounced, "According to the examination you should be the healthiest man in California."

"But I still feel terrible," answered William Horatio Powell.

Now known on the screen as William Powell. For several years he used the middle initial "H" because he did not want to be identified with another William Powell. Today the Powell's fame obviates the need of differentiating alphabets.

If he were rich enough to quit and do as he pleased, he would rather be a vagabond (in comfort, of course!) and roam around the world with no particular itinerary. There was a time when he was addicted to fancy shirts and multi-colored neckties, but he has suddenly developed an aversion for such vanities and is now the unchanging wearer of plain white shirts and black ties.

He has a baritone voice and a suppressed desire to sing. He loves to sing. Always wanted to sing. But, somehow, he managed to fall short of the classification. He used to sing in the high school glee club. As a boy he sang bass and his range was two notes lower than it is now.

He is left-handed in everything but horse-back riding. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce. He is not a good horseman. He is extremely fond of eating.

He is indifferent to all kinds of smoking. Once in a great while he may smoke a cigar but even then he does not inhale. He does not like first nights at movie theaters, or any nights at big, noisy cabarets.

He likes dogs, horses, and cats. He cannot stand canaries. He fears poverty and has but one ambition: to achieve financial security.

He considers the Seville-Biltmore Bar in Havana, Cuba, the most interesting refreshment market in the world. Shakespeare is the only poet who does not bore him. He does not care especially for the Pacific ocean, preferring the Atlantic and its resorts.

He does not believe in making personal appearances.

He is very fond of Mexican food. In fact, he likes all kinds of queer dishes, highly spiced. He has a special passion for hot peppers. He likes to shoot craps.

He does not have a house at Malibu Beach. His effort to keep in physical condition is chiefly a constant battle against fat. He hung around pool-rooms as a boy. He is not a collector of first, rare, or limited editions.

He considers "Ladies' Man" his worst picture and "Street of Chance" his best. He has no hobbies. He has no particular goal or aim for the future. He has never seriously planned to direct a picture or write a book.

He plays golf fairly and tennis badly. "I am much worse than Dick Barthelmess (Continued on page 90)
The Stage in Review

By Benjamin DeCasseres

"Hot-Cha!"

LUPE VELEZ, Bert Lahr, aided and abetted by the handsome Buddy Rogers, yanked the new Ziegfeld show out of what might have been a fizzle from the standpoint of music and libretto, which are old-fashioned and commonplace. But, anyhow, the Signor Ziggy must be admired for not evolving with the rest of the musical comedy tribe into satire. He now belongs to the old aristocracy and he cannot be Bolsheviked.

It's all in Mexico, where the chili bean, daggers, guitars, tango's and revolutions grow on every rubber-plant. And here the beautiful, dainty, arch Lupe, in her festivities robes, shone in all her pulchritudinous glory. She is a good little comedienne, too.

Bert Lahr, with his mixed-pickles face, his cock-eyes, his tongue-tied hot-air, set the house in gay roars as a matador who not only tossed but threw the bull. Some of his antics and jokes need manicuring and scrubbing, but he is a great clown.

Lynne Overman and Marjorie White helped out. Veloz, Yolanda, and the De Marcos did some beautiful dancing. Scenically, it is a Ziggy Grade A production with the help of Monsieur Urban. The book is by Messrs. Lew Brown, Ray Henderson and Mark Hellinger.

"Child of Manhattan."

In nineteen scenes, this play by Preston Sturges portrays to us a "gal" who rose from unbelievable cabaret innocence and ignorance to be the cutie-wife of one of New York's exclusive millionnaires.

She has a baby, too. It dies. Gets a Mex. divorce and then—on and on this endless thing goes through tears and laughter and more tears and moonlight until the curtain descends on the champion trick-cabinet play of the season.

It is not without its smart wise-cracks, and also some unnecessary girl-whispering. What it all means is plain enough—"we are selling this to Hollywood." Peggy Fears, Mr. Sirovich's friend, produced it for Monsieur Sturges.

Reginald Owen, Dorothy Hall and others disported themselves. And isn't the public about fed up on this cabaret stuff?

Night Over Taos.

Maxwell Anderson, one of our better dramatists, went American-historical in his new play, "Night Over Taos." It is really an old-fashioned costume picture transposed to the stage.

It is laid in Taos, New Mexico, in 1849, where Pablo Montoya with his old feudal ideas makes his last stand against We Democrats from the U.S.A. Pablo picks his women, executes a son who betrayed him and intends to bump off another son for necking his own little girl when his conscience persuades him to drink poison. I was glad.

It is nothing but good old rant and fustian. It is as hollow as the Hollywood Music Bowl. All this matter
Buddy Rogers and Lupe Velez, your old friends, aid and abet Bert Lahr, whom you met on the screen in "Flying High," in Ziegfeld’s new show, “Hot-Cha!” It’s a Mexican romance with music, gags, and much excitement.

is far removed from life today—and even the motives for living today.

The Group Theatre put it on, and although Gertrude Maynard, Morris Carnovsky, Franchot Tone and J. Edward Bromberg did their staccato best, I couldn’t see anything in it but something that maybe Doug Fairbanks the elder might take a crack at.

"The Warrior’s Husband.”

Homer, Hercules, Achilles, Ajax and the whole ancient world comes in for a vigorous slap in the phiz in one of the big and sudden surprises of the season, “The Warrior’s Husband,” by Julian Thompson.

It’s a shortle, a smash from beginning to end. The sex world is topsy-turvy in Pontus, capital of the Land of the Amazons. The women are the warriors. All the concepts are reversed that exist between the Lord of Creation and the Weaker Vessel—and we have some of the rarest doings since “Lysistrata.”

Romney Brent as the “husband” of the Queen of the Amazons did the funniest thing of his career. Feminine, with whiskers, he is a continuous scream. And this is not cheap stuff. Brent is a comic artist of high calibre.

Katherine Hepburn as Antiope, the sister of the Queen, did superb rough-and-tumble work. Don Beddoe played Homer, the press agent of the Greeks. Al Ochs was Hercules, Irby Marshall was a stately and rip-roaring Queen who wore the sacred girdle of Diana. All these were perfect, along with Colin Keith-Johnston and Porter Hall.

The rarest dish of the season.

"Riddle Me This!"

John Golden landed, after two or three swats, with Frank Craven and Thomas Mitchell in Daniel N. Rubin’s gripping play of humor, thrill and drama, “Riddle Me This!”

Charles Richman, one of the most finished actors on our stage, is the villain, but such a lovable, suave villain! He’s the most ingratiating gentleman that ever squeezed a woman’s throat unto death because the lady entertained a Romeo.

As the curtain rises we see the doctor (and, by the way, this is the fifth doctor that the playwrights have pinned murders on this season) finishing up his wife. Then we see him build up his sleuth-tight alibi. Looks as though nothing could get him. But lo! and behold! here are Tom Mitchell and Frank Craven. Tom is a detective and Frank is his newspaper pal. It’s a great team for risible wrinkles. And they squeeze every drop out of the parts. And they get the Doc.

Well, I’ll tell you no more (Continued on page 81)
Screen News

Hop aboard our Hollywood special—news and gossip of your film favorites

GARBO as a platinum blonde! You’ll have to believe it—in her new picture, “As You Desire Me,” she wears a silver wig. The effect is startling!

Hollywood was sorry when Ann Harding and Harry Bannister issued those announcements of their intention to sever the bonds. Of course, everyone knew that Ann was steadily forging ahead in her screen career, while Harry, for some reason, didn’t seem able to get a break. So they agreed that it would be better for both if Harry ceased being “Ann Harding’s husband,” as he himself frankly put it, and struck out on his own again. Ann was ever so tactful about it, saying that her husband was gradually losing his screen identity “due to Harry’s constant and generous efforts to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own.” Harry’s statement said that he had had “the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife,” but that they had agreed on divorce as “the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.”

RKO sent the “Bird of Paradise” company, starring Dolores Del Rio, to Hawaii, you know. Dolores worked very hard, put in long hours, and would go to bed exhausted every night. This because she managed to take hula-hula dancing lessons on the side. She has returned an expert, which is a bit incongruous with her ethereal type of beauty. Cedric Gibbons, her spouse, gave her an almost invisible platinum chain to take along, from which was suspended a tiny “C” in diamonds. Dolores wore it with almost superstitious faithfulness throughout the trip.

Grace Tibbett, ex-wife of Lawrence, is occupying her time giving radio talks about the stars. She says she doesn’t need the money but must have something to keep her busy. One notes that she holds Ramon Novarro in high favor. “I mean, enough for Hollywood to “view with interest.” They are good friends.

However, Ramon confused the issue by sending Greta Garbo yellow roses as an intimation that he was in town,
after "Mati Hari." For a young man who once assured us he yearned for nothing so much as to retire to a monastery, Ramon is doing rather well with the ladies these days.

Word from Doug Fairbanks, Sr. from Papeete, where he is filming some South Sea island stuff. Doug says the native women insisted that a certain day portended exceptional good luck for any undertakings; so, although his company was not ready to start work, they decided to obey the superstitions of the island. Especially as they warned him that the late F. W. Murnau disregarded these warnings when he filmed "Tabu." His tragic death was, they said solemnly, no surprise to Tahitians.

Radio themes will be among those to supplant the gangster idea in film-land now. Half a dozen pictures centering around radio are in the making.

"Wild Waves" at Paramount promises the most naughty satire, as it does to radio what "Once in a Lifetime" did for movies. They are wavering between Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby for the title rôle, and will probably change the name to "The Crooners."

Rudy Vallee, by the way, evidently has decided to make Hollywood his permanent home—he has bought an $80,000 house in which to frame Fay Webb, former film actress, in her new rôle of Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Another radio picture to watch out for is "Are You Listening?" with Bill Haines—reviewed in this issue. Universal is working on a radio theme too—"Radio Patrol."

They'll work the radio idea to a frazzle now!

Karen Morley is the pale, intellectual type. The part with the Barrymores in "Arsene Lupin" was her first real break. It took three years to make the studios notice her. Yet she is a genuine product of Hollywood—high-school gradu-
ate there, and daughter of a local real estate man. Worked her way through college for a year, anything but wealthy, wearing unassuming clothes and not able to afford any of the things that make college life joyous.

She wanted to be a woman doctor, but it cost too much in days when Dad’s real estate broking was painfully broke. So she did chores for the Pasadena Community Playhouse and worked for the chance to act. One of our most hard-working and ambitious young actresses—only twenty-one now—yet she manages to exude poise and serenity.

Noticed how they are breaking out into song again? Pola Negri, Genevieve Tobin, Miriam Hopkins, Marian Nixon, Warner Baxter, Stanley Smith, Jeanette MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, Lupe Velez all bursting into song in pictures. Billie Dove’s singing in “Cock o’ the Air” was done by a double. Chevalier, of course, always does his own. Ramon hasn’t been singing so much for us lately, but the fans hope he will again soon.

Charlie Farrell has discovered that he should not sing, but Janet Gaynor has apparently not yet succeeded in singing through her pretty little mouth rather than her pretty little nose.

Perhaps they will let Bebe Daniels sing “Carmen” for us yet. This is Bebe’s most ardent ambition. It is also Pola Negri’s. Funny if we had two “Carmens” in competition as when both Mary Pickford in “Rosita” and Negri in “The Spanish Dancer” gave us the identical story in a silent picture a couple of years ago.

Pugilism is getting a new vogue too, now, since the success of “The Champ.” Jackie Cooper is taking boxing lessons and will do his own punches in “Limpy.” Jimmy Dunn is a boxer, too, in a forthcoming picture.

Oh, yes, did you know they were scheming for a picture to co-star Jackie with Marie Dressler? That ought to be a pippin if they can find a good story—and they usually manage.

The world première of “The Wet Parade” at the

Shuffling around the deck. Dolores Del Rio beat all comers at shuffleboard during the trip to Hawaii to film “The Bird of Paradise.” At the tropical island Dolores learned to toss a hectic hula-hula.

Here’s a burning scene from “Sinners in the Sun,” with Chester Morris and Carole Lombard. Looks like a “thrill” picture—the other kind!
Chinese Theatre in Hollywood established a new young actor, Robert Young, in the front ranks. He and Dorothy Jordan received wild acclaim from an almost exclusively picture and newspaper audience. Wally Beery, acting as toastmaster, lavished praise upon them to loud applause.

A tremendous picture this, which somehow leaves the disconcerting impression that both wets and drys are equally amusing! The election sequences are wickedly satirical. The burying of John Barleycorn at a religious revival meeting reeks of irony. The scene showing a first-class bootleg distillery in full blast, clear unto the printing of every type of liquor label, is painfully hilarious.

But one shudders to think of this devastating picture of Prohibition America being shown in foreign countries. As against that it is likely to have a hot controversial interest for wets and drys alike in any part of the world under the American flag. Because, you see, every preposterous revelation rings true. And actually, with all that, it is not propaganda. It was courageous for M.G.M. to produce it, things being as they are.

It isn’t the heat, it’s Mary Carlyle, blonde and pretty. Pretty—well, pretty.

It seems that both Sister Connie and Daddy Richard wanted to write the scenario and direct the picture of Joan Bennett’s wedding to Gene Markey. But baby Joan set a stubborn little Bennett lip and ran the show herself. She chose the Town House for the locale because that was where she met Gene, and she was jolly well going to be sentimental if she liked.

Now that the gangster idea has been worn thin, it won’t be such good pickings for male stars from now on. Femininity will come into its own again. Good heavens, we even have Fox Studio declaring that, in the promised talkie version of “What Price Glory,” “the feminine lead will be stressed.” Oh, really now! At the moment a dozen beauteous dames are being tested for the blissfully unmoral Charmaine.

Victor Varconi

Corinne Griffith entertained Royalty when Prince Lennart, grandson of the King of Sweden, and his bride, Karin Nissvandt, visited her at the Paramount British studios at Elstree, England. The Prince, who is an amateur movie photography fan, took shots of Colin Clive (left), director Paul Stein, “Mrs. Bernadotte,” and Corinne. Miss Griffith’s first British-made talkie, “Lily Christine,” is now being released.
emerges as a playwright. He has written "Two Worlds," which he is to produce under the distinguished auspices of the Hungarian Government.

We had him in Hollywood for a few weeks, completing work on "Mountains in Flame," with Talia Birell and Luis Trenker. He looks well, and happier than since talkies came in and spoiled a rapidly soaring film reputation for him here.

Boris Karloff doesn't look like Frankenstein's monster when he is playing good old English cricket with Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Conway Tearle, C. Aubrey Smith

Robert Coogan comes down from the clouds to share his lunch with Prosperity, a stray pup on the set.


and that large coterie of British actors.

June Clyde wears her handbag strapped to her wrist, with her watch set in the bag on the outside. It doesn't look half as clumsy as it sounds.

Fay Wray feels swanky—she licked Dick Barthelmess at ping-pong, and Dick thought he was an unbeatable champion.

Things are looking up in Hollywood. The Paramount Studio alone gave out checks to 10,000 extras during the month of March, and other studios make equally encouraging reports. Paramount, for instance, used 1,355 people in "The World and the Flesh."

Ruth Chatterton has her life all mapped out for the next ten years. Just so many more pictures, then stage producing, with probably her own theatre, and so on. That practical little lady knows exactly what she wants and how to go about it.

When someone asked Ernest Lubitsch what was the chief requirement for a film star, he answered cryptically, "To be able to stand altitude."

Mama was trying to eke out a living selling things from door to door. Then she heard a studio was looking for a cry-baby. So she took four-year-old Cora Sue Collins along, and presto, mama's financial troubles are over. Cora Sue can weep beautifully by just thinking of sad things.

Don't anyone tell that baby, "Oh, dry those tears!"

Since Billie Dove met President Hoover in Washington, she has acquired a new air. She is a model of discretion, and reports blandly "The President was looking very well." Billie may get an ambassadorial job yet!

Adrienne Doré and Ross Alexander, the latter another handsome New York actor, dance constantly together.

Danny Dancer lunched with Lois Wilson twice the other week.

Lisa Basquette seems to have renewed her romance

Waiting for last-minute instructions! That's what Charles Bickford is doing, according to the photographer who snapped this scene from "Thunder Below," with Charles and Tallulah Bankhead. Now look here, Charlie!
with Allan Roscoe. Looks as if it might take, this time.

Marlene Dietrich is to sing ten songs in her next production, "Velvet." If they want to make musicals popular again, ten is too many, no matter how good Marlene's voice may be.

When Jetta Goudal and her Harold Grieve moved into their gorgeous new apartment, Jetta had planned a house-warming party. But the day before the event the electric lights were still not completed. Jetta explained, the electricians deplored, but said they wouldn't be ready until a couple of days later.

That was when Jetta proved her mastery and compelling eloquence. The electrician says he was simply staggered, niggled, dumfounded, and knows exactly what a certain Cecil B. de Mille once went through. The men worked all night, against all union rules. Jetta got her lights in time.

We asked Jetta if this story was authentic. She positively blushed. "I'm afraid it is," she admitted. "You bet it is," quoth Harold.

Leonor Semamegos, younger sister to Ramon Novarro, arrived in Los Angeles by airplane after a voyage across the Atlantic. She is a nun, and has been transferred from a convent in Spain to a Catholic orphanage here. Sister Leonor is the youngest of twelve children, and one of three of Ramon's sisters who are nuns.

When Joan Crawford wished to rest and relax during the filming of "Letty Lynton," she had to lie out straight on a padded board. You see, she has to wear a gorgeous sequin gown, very tight, which would be utterly ruined if sat upon. Voila, Joan reclines!

It is requiring all sorts of scientific legerdemain to put over the "thoughts" of the people in "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer's picture in the making. You see, about half the dialogue is devoted to what the people really say and the rest to what they are actually thinking. For the audience to "get it" that thinking must be done out loud. A nice little problem to solve. Don't miss the fictionization of "Interlude" in this issue of SCREENLAND.

Charlie Chaplin will probably be home when this is in print. Our globe-trotting Charlie elected to sail direct for the Orient from Europe, via the Red Sea. Wanted to launch "City Lights" in Japan himself, thank you, and make sure the business end of the situation was properly taken care of.

In the meantime, he sent Alf Reeves, his manager, an order to buy a $20,000 boat. Some of us think this might mean he intends joining Doug, Sr. in the South Seas. Anyway, there isn't a sign that Charlie intends beginning work on a new picture. Probably means to loaf all summer.

Will Rogers says Mrs. Rogers presented him with that new automobile as a reward for staying away from home three months. Will, like Charlie Chaplin, now talks of buying a yacht.

Bill Haines is escorting the ex-wife of Benjamin Glazer very frequently these days.

Sidney Fox is seen much in the company of John Negulesco, the artist.

Tom Brown and Arletta Duncan, new young players out at Universal, appear very much in tune with each other.

Gene Markey, Joan Bennett's new husband, is the adapter of Pirandello's "As You Desire Me," Garbo's next picture.

Gossip declares that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn are married, but no one is admitting anything just yet.

While the stage is migrating to the films, numerous recognized film people are trekking to the stage.

Louise Fazenda, for instance, did such a joyous piece of work in a naughty skit on the much-discussed play, "Lysistrata," called "Lizzie Strutter," at the Domino Club in Hollywood, that she was immediately swamped with offers from New York stage producers. In the meantime she sallies forth in a bright vaudeville skit. She finds she adores acting before an audience.

Marguerite Churchill is another girl who has gone Broadway for a spell, and is very happy about it.

An actress who's going far—and she's all set to begin on this overgrown kiddie-car. Joan Blondell recently was made a star by Warners; but she would have had that gay grin on in any event.
The Truth about Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

Isn't it grand to discover a toilet item that really satisfies you—that does what you want done? This is the thought that kept running through my head when I used Cutex Liquid Polish for the first time. A week later when I noticed, to my surprise, that it was still intact on my nails I thought, “Thank the Lord, I've found what I've been looking for—at last!”

Here is a polish that sticks like a friend who wants to borrow money! Its smooth consistency is a delight, as it flows on so evenly without those annoying, tiny bubbles. All of which is a lot of beauty and service for 35 cents!

And the colors! From colorless and natural on through the pinks and reds to deepest garnet—they are all attractive. The most conservative woman will cling gratefully to “Natural” which is really what the name implies. The gayer woman, the daring woman, the woman of fads and fancies will delight herself with different effects at different times with different dresses.

Coral nails with a beige frock, perhaps. “Cardinal” with a black frock is dramatic—and so is “Cardinal” with white. Then, too, their lovely, soft shade “Rose” just belongs with a pale blue or delicate pink gown. Men love these soft colors!

The colorless polish is just the thing for the woman whose own nails are so beautiful that she feels any color would be like “gilding the lily.” Their natural perfection is revealed through the utter transparency of clear, colorless Cutex.

While I am speaking of finishing touches that give the utmost in loveliness I want to tell you about Princess Pat powder, for it is different. If you are one of those women who is extremely particular about what she uses on her face and wants to know that fine, beneficial ingredients are in her powder, you'll be interested in knowing this.

Princess Pat powder is different because Almond is its base instead of the rice or corn starch usually found even in expensive powders. And Princess Pat powder is only $1. The particles of Almond being so much finer than those of other bases, Princess Pat powder is more invisible on the face, gives a smoother appearance, clings longer, and is really good for the skin. Almond is soothing and softening, helps prevent coarse pores and consequent black-heads.

So you are buying more than a beautiful powder when you buy Princess Pat Powder.

If you are planning a motor trip you couldn't do better than to take along a tin of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser. I suggest the tin instead of the jar (Continued on page 91)
of this absorbing comedy-drama because I do not want to spoil a splendid evening for you. Erinn O'Brien-Moore, Blyth Daly and a half dozen others, composed their parts perfectly, which is what you might expect when I tell you Frank Craven himself directed.

To say this would make a picture is as obvious as saying that malt makes beer.

Laurette Taylor.

Delighted—we all were delighted to see Peg o' My Heart back again where she belongs, on the Broadway stage. She did a couple of old Barrie plays, but what difference did that make? The beautiful, mannered, dreamy-faced Laurette satisfies us to the full in all she does.

And she is an artist. First she plays with subtle, brushing, evanescent touch the sophisticated woman of the world, Alice Grey, in Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." You all know that deliriously satirical satire by heart, I hope, children. Then bang!—the beautiful Laurette appeared as a very old and unchaste London charwoman in Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." From the grand dame to pure ugliness of form and face, but not of spirit, if you know that gentle little war-stained fellow she adopted fresh from the trenches against his will.

Peg Entwistle was fine in the "Alice" play as a play-acting daughter intent on saving the mother's reputation. Charles Dalton was not so well in "Alice," but Lawrence Fletcher as the Scotch soldier in the one-act war-play was very good.

"The Moons in the Yellow River."

The Theatre Guild having ransacked and pillaged Europe for plays to arrive in England for plays to arrive in Dublin. Out of this city it took a play that is one hundred per cent Irish, "The Moons in the Yellow River," by Denis Johnson. Believe it or not, with the idea of playing, with some brilliant and penetrating remarks such as "The Irish believe in fairies, but trade in pigs," and "The birth of a nation is never an immaculate conception."

This play is weak in conventional story-construction; but is again redeemed by the vitality and reality of the characters. It is bold and convincing in its appeal to the Republics to blow up the power-house. The Free Staters are against such amusements. It is a poetic and cynical mixture of comedy and tragedy; and there's the eternal Irish magic everywhere.

Claude Rains as a philosophical, disillusioned Irish joins in the action. It is a splendid bit of work. I should vote him the most finished actor of the Guild. Henry Hull as a rebel who saw life, like Li Po, the moon in the Yellow River (meaning he is a kind of direct-action Shelley) was not in his element. Egon Brecher had a fine part, a German who owned the power-house. The character is German; but Brecher muffed it, to my mind. John Daly Murphy was comic as an old sailor and Alma Kruger strenuous as an Amazonish agitator.

"The Inside Story."

Al Woods' flow of movement, finally got started on a crook drama, the promontory fine and dandy. It puts a bomb right under the men higher up in gangland, paints a Governor and a District Attorney in none too bright colors, and has a heart-disease finish. An innocent fellow has a couple of minutes between him and the chair—but, well, you know he didn't get there.

Louis Calhern plays Louis Corotto who slings around the whole government of a Mid-Western town (without Robin- son reads this part!). There's a go, of course (Marguerite Churchill from Hollywood), reporters, cops and hotel maids. It's a natural game for a girl has a gum in her sleeve—and big Corotto goes out.

Calhern is a vital, chilly villain. And the rest click, especially the Doomed Boy, Roy Roberts, and the high political boss of Edward Ellis.

If you want to think, this play will make you gasp.

"Wild Waves."

Osgood Perkins picks his most strenuous in "Wild Waves," a sprawling and fantastically nonsensical satire on the broadcasting studios; but for all that the play doesn't half click. Perkins is one of my favorite playwrights. He is getting too much of the type of drama or rapid-fire wise-cracking. But I wish he had another play. (Why don't you write it? I yell Doc. Sirovich.)

Today, here's the alleged holokan (and I don't believe a word of it) knocked around the stage of what goes on behind scenes of TV. It is not either a political or a murderer, at least on the stage.

The novelty about this play is that you see no detectives, no Ed. McNamara, no know-it-all Inspector. It's laid among the vare de l'esper of the North Shore, and the "crime"—which is really only an "accident"—seldom gets above a whisper. It's polite society's way.

It's all pretty weak, and the acting of Vera Allen, Hugh Buckler, Katherine Stewart and others didn't help much. I had a dream that I could see William Powell walking through this play.

Lou Holtz's Vaudeville.

Lou Holtz did the profession a good turn in these blue-gill times by staging a vaudeville circus with some big headliners like Clark and McCullough, Lyda Roberti, Vincent Lopez, Venita Gould, Benny Baker and a slew of others in a grand review at pop prices. You can get your money's worth here. Lots of fun, and nothing but.

Hollywood Settles Down

Continued from page 59

If the news is true that Ronald Colman has at last persuaded his English wife to divorce him, we shall be all of a flutter getting Ronald settled all over again. We might observe that Ronny has been most discreet in his conduct in Hollywood.

The wedding of John Considine, producer, and Carmen Pantages gave us a glow. You know when Carmen's dad and mother were respectively involved in unpleasant law-suits, Carmen gave John his three weeks notice. It was all due, she said, to link him up with the family woes. In the meantime, it looked as if John might be seeking consolation via Joan Bennett. But John evidently remained all the same and renewed his suit when the troubles were dispersed. He was married to Carmen a few weeks back your radio: fake crooners, gangsters, hard-boiled executives, nutty announcers, and an attempt at a love-story, which is rather wishy-washy.

Betty Starbuck, John Beal, Bruce MacFarlane and Ray Denny helped along in a cast of forty-four characters. The play is by William Ford Manley. Bing Crosby may do it for the screen.

"Money in the Air."

Who killed—well, it tells you what kind of a play Thetta Quay Franks wrote. Well, who did kill Arthur Hamilton? It's out on Long Island, where these days everybody seems to be either a polymath or a murderer, at least on the stage.

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The honeymoon has to be postponed until her contract with M.G.M. is completed. It had to be long, she looks more like Lillian Gish than ever.

Perhaps we ought to mention relief at getting Crawford away. She said to Rex, "I'll keep us fussed so long about her various heart-affairs. She seems pleasantly settled for a spell now."

Not every relationship is a success. Elsie Janis' marriage to Gilbert Wilson gave us no end of a flutter. It seemed incredible when it was revealed that Elsie was 42 and Gilbert 20—the dear girl looked around 28. We had noticed when Elsie was in Hollywood that so many of the older men hovered. Ramon Novarro seemed the only young one. So we kind of understood what Gilbert's charms may have been to win her to the taking of the plunge. We're all for her. We were neither of them had ever been married before.

Tom and Victoria Mix were both a bit hasty. Right after the divorce was final, Victoria rushed into marriage with Don Olazabal, of the Argentine Embassy, and Tom, after rightous denials, takes Mabel Ward to wife. Mabel is Tom's third venture. A bare week before the wedding Tom was telling all and sundry he would remain free, free, free, and all that. Tom's little daughter is pleased with her new mamma, so all's well.

Rex Lease, film cowboy, and Esther Muir, actress, promise us a regular wedding before this is in print. It will be Rex's third attempt at everlasting love.

Lupe Velez, Fifi Dorsey and Lily Damita keep us on the tip-toe of expectation with their engagements, denials, quarrels, make-ups, et al. Too exacting to ask any poor scribe to keep track of those frisky inconsistent maids.

Dorothy Mackay and her Neil Miller seem to be maintaining the status quo satisfactorily. There's even a "blessed event" rumor. Meanwhile, Dot is on a vaudeville tour.

Sharon Lynn selected a Yuma judge to tie her up to Benjamin Glazer, but the fact that they took Dolores del Rio and her spouse, Cedric Gibbons and numerous other screen notables, along with them satisfied our imperative desire for the nicer formalities.

We sighed a bit when Zasu Pitts filed divorce against Tom Gallery and claimed desertion as long ago as 1925. Zasu had managed to keep this state of affairs secret and they were listed amongst successfully married. When Wheeler is another suit for divorce.

Oh, dear, let's get back to something more interesting. Joan and Pat Ates officially adopt his charming little step-daughter, Dorothy Adrian, now eighteen, who was a wee mite when he married her mother at twenty. —a witty, pretty blonde—adopt an eighteen-months old baby girl as their very own and undertake to care for two small boys. Constance Bennett officially adopts Peter, son of English friends who were killed in an automobile accident. Peter is three.

Hopskins, romantically "estranged" from Autumn Parker, nevertheless goes around with him still. Raquel Torres and Charley Feldman, Mary Philbin and Milton Golden, divorce attorney, are still going together.

Estelle Taylor finally agrees to drop her counter-suit against Jack Dempsey, financial arguments having reached a basis of acceptance.

Let me see, did I call this story something about getting them settled? 'Ump! It can't be done!"

Joan The Rebel
Continued from page 27

something like her—she is my guiding star and has been—oh, for so long! I've always wanted to support her in a picture—I believe I'd almost pay extra just to work with her!"

Everyone knows how recently Joan lived the dreamers' lives in reality, only that her ideal supported her instead of the way she had pictured it.

Joan has a faculty of making her dreams come true—even if it takes years and years. She clings to her mental picture until she sees it in reality.

Again she said, "I have never had an unfaithful, devoted friend in my life. Everyone who has been kind to me or close to me so far in life has had an ulterior motive which I have discovered after long association. I have been hurt so many times that I am afraid to trust anyone." Then "Do you really suppose I'll meet someone who Bow can absolutely trust? Someone who will believe in me and I in him so sincerely and absolutely that we will find the perfect companionship? I want any marriage of mine to be close and true, happy and contented. I want to work hand in hand with someone. We must be an inspiration to each other. It must make each of us want to be fine, and famous, and strong, and everything noble just for the other!"

When she laughed wistfully and tears came into her eyes as she looked at me almost sheepishly and said, "Do you think such a thing is possible? Do you think I could ever get away with crazy to hope for such a thing?"

All this took place five or six years ago when Joan was still being shoved into westerns or any program pictures. Many M-G-M executives wanted a leading lady. Do you wonder I say Joan has that facility of making her dreams come true!

Her interesting experiment in human psychology to sit back and watch Joan creep forward in public esteem from this time on. It was a revelation to watch how persistent and steady was Joan's climb toward stardom. M-G-M executives did not take her very seriously. They were uncertain of Joan. She began an arduous public campaign to make them take her seriously—and won.

She began to fight for good roles. She refused to be shoved off into a picture that was being made—just because. They could not understand this agreeable, careless, happy-go-lucky kid, whom they had been showing into anything they were making, suddenly becoming a demanding, aggressive young personality.

They had been photographing her beautiful figure, without much on, and exploiting her dancing career, her legs. No one ever thought of Joan Crawford, the individual, the magnetic personality that was so soon to be a star. Joan began to fight for recognition and respect.

She had been so carelessly good-humored in any of the studio's publicity demands that she had hurt her reputation and career to a point that would have discouraged the most ascetic heart—but not Joan's. She even called me and asked if I would write an interview about her which would never mention her legs, her dancing, her heart-breaking tendencies, her "haper" existence. I refused to tell a human, believable story about her!

Gradually, not suddenly, Joan began to get recognition. The public began to like her. Everyone adores her and her fan mail is so violent from mottled sadists, not always very "nice," to pages of genuine admiration.

No matter what part she drew, Joan put herself into the role—and won recognition. M-G-M executives were not easily persuaded in the case of Joan Crawford. When it was Joan, herself, who, by steady, persistent struggle at every turn of the road fought her way to the top.

Joan and Doug moved in the same crowd for many, many years ago. Doug had been engaged to several of Joan's best girl friends, but neither thought seriously of the other until Joan began to think, "Why, here's the company I've been searching for, she could be all that I've dreamed to each other?" And Doug began to say to himself, "Say, I don't know what's come over Joan but she's great! She's so sensible, she's the loveliest, sexiest, most wonderful—different!"

But the Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. love story has been told so often in every possible manner that I'm not going to try to tell it again. Suffice it to say, Joan's dream which she told me about some years ago has been almost dropped. Her every dream Joan has ever concentrated on.

Today, Joan, the star, is so much in the ascendancy it is a wee bit hard to see the girl down deep down in all the success and temperament of the star. But she is still there and will, I hope, remain the balancing wheel between sheer, empty temperament and sincere, genuine interest.

She is still all nerves, temperament, moods, absent-mindedness. Too much the star, too little the girl now. But I believe the girl is so definitely grounded in the star that she will soon realize everything. Then she will put the star back in her face where it properly belongs. That is the gem, that is the splendid flame actress moving the hearts and pulses of her audiences with her art—but never forgetting the human note beneath all the flame and fire.

News! Platinum Jean Harlow has been selected for the title role in "Red Headed Woman."
Which star is 19... which is 39?...

Screen stars know the secret of keeping youthful charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19 — the other radiantly beautiful at 39!

"I don't see why any woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I'm 39!"

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. I'm glad I know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly — and have for years."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So it is official in all great film studios. It is so fragrantly gentle and utterly white.

LUX Toilet Soap
10¢
Two Little Girls With Big Futures!

Continued from page 57

deportment and diction, and even enlisting Ivan Simpson's aid—Simpson, it will be remembered, has trained more Hollywood actors in both aspects of the first rank than you can shake a stick at. James Cagney still asks for his advice.

These tutors bette to soften her stage accent.

"My goodness!" she said in dismay, "I thought they were going to make me unlearn everything I had been so careful to acquire. I was three years getting that accent. If they wanted to hear something—they should have been introduced to the brand of Bostonese I spoke before I got that accent at the Provincetown!"

But she's grateful and has reason to be. No better diction exists upon the English speaking stage today than that of George Arliss. His parting words to her corrected ears were:

"Now, don't you change it again—for anything."

And she vows she will never.

Along with her Boston upbringing, she inherited, of course, the New England accent, which she has never repudiated it. There is a good deal less of that stern character in the American make-up than is sometimes supposed by her. She's been given something to be proud of.

"It's very convenient in Hollywood," she says simply. And no stage or screen person could mistake her meaning.

Blonde, blue-eyed, diminutive, she is quick and birdlike in her movements, and has a fund of bright repartee equal to even the most exacting Hollywood conversationalists. Her innocent face belies the sophistication and sharp wit which lies behind it.

Most valuable of all, perhaps, she has the talent for seeing herself, her work, with a cast of humor in her eye. Bette lives her days for the days themselves. The future is a small concern. Which, when you are young, and nothing but happening and success has come your way, is quite the proper way of viewing it.

A home, children—she considers them both as the development of every woman, but she has a few words of wisdom for their prerequisite.

"Matrimony is very good if it isn't carried too far," she says.

She has been in love, she thinks, three times.

"But being in love is far too exciting," she contends. "It's lots of fun until you awaken to the fact that some one is considering you for marriage. Then you're planning for you, outlining what you shall do and what you shall not do. After that it is apt to become a drag.

"One doesn't easily imagine anyone making lots of plans for her. Small as she is, she knows her mind in all things. No one, least of all herself, understands fully the problems she will face in Hollywood. Not yet a star, with no particularly influential friends, what she wins will be entirely "on her own."

So far, success has gently stamped everything she's done. She doesn't say, "I've been lucky, and let's open that. Success is her goal. She has sacrificed many things for it. She believes she's earned and deserves what she has of it.

Three years of New York—she spent them three years of unremitting labor. The cost, also, is very great when they are the three most precious years of your life—when you should be seeing and hearing and absorbing what the world of the theatre is doing.

This, of course, she couldn't do. She has seen more plays and more famous players. She's been in New York so long that she ever saw in all her time in New York. The reason being, of course, that she was herself playing when the famous people weren't. Unless their names happened to miss, she never saw anyone. Now, she's prepared to have her fill of seeing others.

Bette Davis is no "it" girl. Her glamour is not the sort that builds as it goes along. Not yet famous, she believes that when people know her they will like her. She's sure of it. And content, too, to wait until they know her, as a person.

One of the first to come to Hollywood in many a long moon. She's the sort of stuff that wears—and is still good to look at, and to see and hear, after a long while. There is no higher compliment.

He Keeps Hollywood Guessing!

Continued from page 53

educated as a civil engineer at Massachu-
setts Institute, and he followed his profession as a young man. Worked as an engineer building bridges and tunnels.

He is a skilled navigator, yet never worked as a seaman. He did a turn as a coal passer on a ship, though. Like most down-east Yankees he has an inherited love of the sea and ships.

In California he owns a whaler and half-interest in a pearl-scooping schooner. But earlier in life, when he was on the stage, he built himself a camp on the quiet shores of San Diego Bay.

He does keep four canoes, a duck boat, row boat and motor boat. He still owns this camp.

Here it was that his business ingenuity, that has since become a legend in Holly-
wood, first manifested itself. Near the Charles River, Charlie has an eighty-seven-acre hog ranch where he really raises hogs. They win prizes and make him money.

The ironic Bickford humor was exemplified in the founding of this enter-
prise in pigs. He bought the original farm from the heirs for cash, after a wealthy golf club had tried to annex the property for much less than its worth. Then he put in hogs.

"From Pigs To Panties" might well be the business story of Charlie Bickford, if a man were writing it. Now he owns a lobster shop in Hollywood where all the studio cuties go for new and nifty negligees.

A flourishing garage and filling sta-
tion opposite the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, where the stars, di-
rectors, and studio workers pay tribute to the Bickford ginger acumen. To keep his ranching hand in, he also owns a flourishing chicken ranch in the desert near Harry Carey's Indian post, and a 200-acre ranch near the ocean at Ventura, which he leases to Japanese farmers. They raise beans.

His whaler operates off the coast of Mexico, and his pearl-scooping schooner anywhere from the South Seas to South America and lower California. Once in a while, he finds time to slip away for a short cruise on one of his vessels.

He is at present dabbling in a gold mine in Mexico, and a dude ranch near En-
senada, in lower California.

Spending his time, Charlie has become known among California scientists for his exploring trips to the barren—but treasure-
rich—San Nicolas Island. The actor has an amazing collection of Indian relics and arrowheads.

His latest venture—and quite the midd-
dle—is the purchase of an island off the coast of Java. Charlie met the owner, a young Englishman who was broke. Charlie looked at the photographs, maps and title, and now, he said, 'I'll buy that island!'

Although small, it has a native population—Malays—and Charlie is King!

He dreams in Hollywood of sailing away there some day, and he probably will.

He now has the excuse. At any rate, the island near Java makes a swell air-castle for the rich kids of Hollywood.

Forty oil paintings arrived at the Bick-
ford home in Playa del Rey the other day. Some are quite good. These were painted by Charlie's son, who is a high school boy.

He quit painting because the neighbor kids called him a sissy.

To offset this, he became an amateur light-heavy-weight champion boxer. He also played football, but has never seen a football game since. His love of sports runs to hunting, fishing and sailing. He is a dead shot with rifle, shotgun or rev-
olver, and a fine horseman. He likes thrash-
ing trout streams in the mountains and
deep-sea fishing equally well.

His chief diversion between pictures is tearing off on trips. Never knows where he's going. Once started for his schooner, but missed it, turned his car around and started for Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino mountains. Left there to drive to Palm Springs the day after a night, started for old Mexico next, but wound up at the Grand Canyon which he had never seen. Then he spread his evening clothes for an exclusive Yosemite hotel, and ended camping out under the big trees.

His mad trips have sometimes resulted disastrously. He took the wrong road into Death Valley, due to a sign being changed, and found himself marooned in quicksand, twenty thousand feet from the nearest and Creek Inn. Had to hike for his life, and nearly re-enacted his death-from-thirst scenes in "Hell's Heroes." He sleeps on an out-
door couch, under the stars, summer and winter.

Hollywood considers Charlie Bickford a cold duck, you can well imagine. He never attends theatre openings, detests the "glamar" and ballyhoo. He never goes to Hollywood parties, but likes quiet dinners with friends. He has a photograph made in evening clothes, and he will probably never have another.

He has been a Babbitt but once in his life, but this was in a worthy cause. He led the civic fight against permitting oil wells to be drilled along the ocean at Playa del Rey, and won, thereby saving the gorgeous scenery and valuable res-
dential property.

He reads everything that is written about him—for laughs. Admits to the fault of
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167 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Piecking his mind too freely on any or all pictures, is not afraid to argue violently with the critics.

He thinks Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, Helen Hayes and Joan Crawford are grand actresses. Admires the innately dramatic power of Garbo and Crawford, and the technique of Chatterton and Hayes. Likes Lewis Stone, Pat O’Brien and Jackie Cooper, among the males. Told me he thought he was pretty good himself, kiddingly, but I’ll bet he meant it. He is, too.

No one can deny that Charlie Bickford is a darkened good actor. And a smart one. Deliberately stayed off Broadway until he had a role he could knock ’em dead in. That was in Maxine Sullivan’s play, "Outside Looking In." This play made both Bickford and Jimmy Cagney famous in New York.

Exhibitors say he is equally popular with men and women. Maybe that’s why the studio let him say ‘No’ as much as he likes, and pay him five thousand dollars a week for his acting ability and picture appeal.

In the small but select few who comprise the exclusive "lobo" club of editors in Hollywood, Charlie Bickford has always been head-man. Some claim that the first word Charlie learned to say was "No," but like most humorous legends, this is greatly exaggerated. It gained credence through the innovation of a guy wearing his own collar, in Hollywood.

Since Charlie has been free-lancing with considerable success he has been heard to say "Yes" several times. For a time his jaws were afraid he was losing his grip. Have no fear, mates. Charlie can still bellow "No" as awesomely and emphatically as any one living, but he seldom has to do any more. Not often anyway. He is his own boss now, and he doesn’t do a picture unless he wants to. Once he likes and accepts a part, producers and directors tell me he is a myopic fellow that is unremovable. Acts like the devil, co-operates one hundred per cent, and invariable does all the work he can.

Never late on the set, takes direction and even works overtime without squawking. Tho’ use was a bad boy, who had the error of his ways on him. "Reformed, hell!" retorts Charlie. "I’m the same guy. If I say I’ll do a thing I’ll do it. If I say I won’t, I don’t—and that’s all there is to it."

Of the roles he has portrayed on the screen since his unforgettable Matt Burke in "Anna Christie" with Garbo, he thinks the two odd newspaper characters, "Ambition," and the role of Tallulah Bankhead’s blind husband in "Thunder Below." his best. He has two inspiring ambitions for his future picture career. He would like to produce and direct Kipling’s immortal "Jungle Book," and he would like to play the title role in Kipling’s "The Man Who Would Be King."

All of which is quite in keeping with the spirit of a man who buys an island near Java!

Paul Lukas and the Three Red Roses

never taken place, so far as anyone knows.

Forgetting engagements is another Lukas characteristic, that keeps his household in a state of mild hysteria. The telephone rings. It is the studio. Paul has a date for an interview—it is the important—where is he? The telephone rings. It is Regis Toomey, his best friend. Paul promised to meet him for golf—he is waiting at the club—where is he? The telephone rings again. It is Paul who con tinues to ring. It is his tailor—a fitting it is his dentist—an appointment.

Paul finally gets around to calling the disappointed and the apologizes deeply, pleadingly, and the hordes promptly forgive him, blame themselves, and make further dates which he probably forgets.

His incurable habit of bringing home every stray dog he discovers keeps the servant problem eternally unsolved for Mrs. Lukas. A kept hound running from six to twelve monies added to another kennel of three massive police dogs, seems to cause cooks and gardeners to leave in monotonous succession.

Foremost among Lukas’ aversions are stalked charmers, and Hungarian food-shades of paprika goulash! Rare steaks and fried potatoes, but cakes with maple syrup, and crisp waffles comprise his favorite dishes.

His preference for American cookery causes complications in the kitchen. The guests are expected. Mrs. Lukas has discovered that their dinner guests prefer the exotic Hungarian dishes, although they are duly prepared by a cook transferred from Budapest, called in for these special occasions. But husky Emma is kept handy to broil the steak and fry the potatoes out of the master of the house, who sits at the head of his table consuming Yankee victuals with gusto while his guests sigh over succulent Hungarian viands.

He lives Negro music and dancing. Every new record of Negro jazz or spirituals he sends to him post haste by a Hollywood music store where he maintains a standing order. The moment he receives one he has to buy two and get him up all his friends to hasten to the house, and proc eeds to play the disc at least five times per guest. The only thing that keeps his nascent from going quite mad is the complete disintegration of each record after forty-eight hours.

His hobbies are mysteries stories and air-planes. He haunts the airports for no specific reason, inspecting each new ship, listening to the tales of the airmail pilots and planning month after month the plane he will some day buy. That “some day” is his lifetime for ever dawning, since Daisy Lukas holds some very firm opinions about his husband becoming the owner of a plane.

He is one of the few habitual makers of practical jokes who can dish it out and take it, too. He enjoys the success of his friends’ practical jokes when he is the “jokee” quite as much as those of his own instigation.

He has never visited Hungary during the five years he has lived here. He intends to become a citizen of this country, shortly, and is more American in manner of living and thinking than many a native born Jew.

“I will never go back to Budapest to live, perhaps not even to visit,” Paul told me recently. “Everything I love and value is right here in Hollywood: my home, my wife and my job. Running the danger of drawing ‘boos’ from the easterners, I also love them.”

Lukas is a hedonist at heart. He has taken the best from the Hungarian and American philosophies of living and moulded them into a delightful code of
daily conduct for his private guidance. He knows that good manners make and keep friends. He has kept his Hungarian gallantry. He has found that the American manner of living is healthful. He has learned to play golf and tennis expertly. He knows that the Hungarian custom of eating, dressing and going about one's business in leisurely fashion is delightful, and conducive to unfrazed nerves. He takes breakfast in bed, and never hurries through luncheon or dinner. He has discovered that the hard work demanded by American business methods brings success. He works long hours for weeks without a day's respite, conserving his energy with the leisurely Hungarian manner of approach and being measurably happier for it. He has no plans for the time when he no longer works in pictures. He lives for today and believes that tomorrow usually takes care of itself when it arrives. It is quite possible that some day he may return to the stage and bring his famous characterizations of Potemkin and the hero of "Confession" to American audiences.

Getting Ready For Summer!  
Continued from page 65

shines in—and throw your hair out. Shake it, brush it. And above all, get rid of every suspicion of dandruff. A hint of being temperamental. He's too easy-going for his own good. And where's it got him? He has played misunderstood victims of circumstances. Most people think when he gets up in the morning he would pityingly at himself in the glass with his Number Six expression and say—to himself—"Poor Phil. I don't know what's to become of you."

Luckily, he has a sense of humor. Here is a good actor, capable of playing a variety of roles, who is condemned to the picture business because he isn't temperamental enough to go in and fight, to go on playing Clyde Griffith's part the rest of his life.

Lew Ayres is said to be almost as temperamental as Nancy Carroll. I know Lew as well as anyone in Hollywood and, as far as I can see, he's no different today than he was three years ago when he was making "All Quiet On the Western Front" and no one had ever heard of him. He made "The Kiss" with Garbo and was paid $350 a week while working on it. When he went out to Universal to work on "All Quiet," they thought he was worth $250 a week and took an option on his services at the same figure. The picture was released, he was a terrific hit in it, and followed it with "Common Clay" and "Doorway to Hell." Universal were getting many times $250 a week for his services when they loaned him out—but they were not splitting the profits with Lew.

In this business, a player has what is known as a "build-up" period—generally lasting from one to three or four years, during which time they are under contract at a constantly mounting salary. Then they have a few years at the top when they're in the really big money. Lew missed the build-up period. He was an over-night success and he realized that if he spent his few years at the top at the build-up salary, when he was through in pictures he wouldn't have any money. The only thing for him to do was to get top money while he was at the top.

So he went in and demanded more kale, or so the story goes, and the executives tore their hair, they gnashed their teeth, they swooned, they called him an ingrate, an upstart, temperamental and everything else they could think of. When everything else failed, continues the story, they gave him the money he was entitled to and Lew has been as tractable as a lamb ever since.

He is supposed to have twelve hours between calls. Yet I've known him to report back at the studio on many occasions with only four or five hours' sleep, to help them get caught-up on their schedules. This past summer he worked for almost six months, going from one picture to another with scarcely a day's interim. And still the story of his temperamental, once started, persisted. Well, if that's being temperamental, make the most of it!

Jeanette MacDonald is supposed to be so temperamental that several companies are afraid to star her fear she would be impossible to handle. I've met her socially and found her utterly charming; she is spoken of by those who know her well as "a good sport," and in the highest terms by those who have worked with her. Her "temperament seems to consist chiefly of battling with executives for what she considers her "rights.""

A year or so ago there was talk of

A DOLLAR now gives you the luxury of

SHARI

Are Stars Just Spoiled Children?  
Continued from page 25

Phillips Holmes, Phil's worst enemy convinced her. The hint of being temperamental. He's too easy-going for his own good. And where's it got him? He has played misunderstood victims of circumstances. Most people think when he gets up in the morning he would pityingly at himself in the glass with his Number Six expression and say—to himself—"Poor Phil. I don't know what's to become of you."

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A year or so ago there was talk of

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How often you've admired the smooth texture of Shari . . . marveled at its delicate fragrance . . . yet hesitated to pay what such an exquisite powder ordinarily costs!

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Your Rexall Drug Store has Shari in the thrift box, and all other Shari Creations. See how much complexion joy a dollar now buys! Liggert and Owl Stores are Rexall Stores too.

Shari Beauty Creations include Face Powder; Perfume; Cleansing Cream; Beauty Cream; Lipstick; Rouge; Talcum and Toilet Water.
Buddy Rogers’ increasing head-size. It was said that Buddy was trying to direct his pictures, but it’s a joke.

"You know me well enough to know I’m not concerted," he retorted, "that I’m not temperamental and that I’m not trying to run the whole show. The truth is, box-office figures show I’m one of the biggest draws in the country and I’m getting less money than almost any leading man on the lot. Besides that, read the letters fans write in to the various magazines and you’ll find every letter which mentions me comments on the fact I’m playing in such happy pictures. I’ve gone to the front office and asked for more money and better stories. When I didn’t get the better stories I made one or two suggestions to directors that I thought would make my pictures less sappy. So now, because I no longer let them do what they please with me, I’m ‘temperamental.’

If you listen to the little birds who whisper around the studios you’ll learn, to your surprise, that Barbara Stanwyck is as temperamental as they come. Part of this reputation is due to the recent demand for more money, and part is due to the fact that her contract stipulates she is not to be required to work later than five or six o’clock. Where that hour rolls around, regardless of what they’re doing, Barbara says, "Well, so long, folks. I’ll see you tomorrow," and leaves the set.

She is temperamental because she won’t stay for one or two more "takes," Barbara lives at Malibu, twenty-five miles away. In order to be on the set and made up at nine, she has to get up at six o’clock in the morning. She feels if she gets up late, she has to get to the studio on time (and she is rarely late) that the studio should stand by its agreement to release her on schedule and she musts up.

If she were really temperamental, the technicians on the lot wouldn’t fight to get on her pictures, the way they do when a new one goes into production.

Constance Bennett is another who is supposed to be the apotheosis of temperamental. Connie, however, when she shoots off plenty of fireworks on her sets but the pyrotechnics are because a scenarist or director wants her to do something she feels would not be good for the story or because the studio wants her to make a story they have bought and which she feels perfectly well would be a good picture. I’ve never heard of her "rizing" a member of her cast and I’ve never met an actor or director who has worked with her who wouldn’t be glad to do another picture with her.

She is "temperamental" because she won’t let people ride rough-shod over her and because she holds out for what she knows she is worth and that is as it should be.

Regis Toomey and Richard Arlen are probably two of the easiest actors in Hollywood to handle and what has it ever got either of them.

Regis has seldom received less than superlatives for his work, and yet, with the exception of Kick In," he has never played a leading part on his own lot. The only leads he has played have been when he has been borrowed by other studios. Had he sulked, or walked off the lot, or raised the roof off the studio would he be a lot farther along the road to stardom than he is?

Dick Arlen is one of the most sincere actors on the screen. If tucked under the treatment accorded him, quietly taken his pay check every week, and let it go at that. And the result is that he may never be the really big star he could be.

I’ll be as popular as a case of smallpox around the studios for writing this, but from my ring-side seat it looks to me as if the only way to get Dick to be as temperamental as possible. And when I say "temperamental," I mean "Temperamental" with a capital "T!"

The Real Life Story of Fredric March

Continued from page 21

I worked in the bank for two years. Leading the wholly uneventful life you would expect in high-school and college. I went to the local dances and parties. And I went regularly to the theatre. The ten-twenty-thirty thrills of my childhood, however, had given way to slightly better entertainment. My first glimpse of real theatre was Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." I remember my excitement at recognizing its quality as something different from anything I had ever seen, as something I had never known existed.

At the end of two years, my father decided it was high time I went to college. Following in my brothers’ footsteps, I went to the University of Wisconsin, and followed in the oldest brothers’ advice I took commerce.

College, too, was no more eventful than it was in high-school, but I was beginning to be wondering where the highlights of this classic tale come in. I’m wondering, too! Maybe you can make it a powerful monotone in the Russian style.

I did the customary things—football, amateur dramatics, getting elected to Alpha Delta Delta and Beta Gamma Sigma and the honorary society, the Iron Cross." The first year I had won Freshman deck by again delivering myself of Grant’s "Invisible." How it is I had gone into debating. And I was rotten! That may have been an omen of my future, a flair for reading some one else’s lines but no ability to create my
own. That discovery knocked any plans for being a lawyer out of my head. And, since my own tastes didn’t run to the min- ing business, that was that. So I supposed I could probably be a banker. Of course, when I thought of it, it was always by that time—never as “bank clerk.”

When I was in my senior year, the World War erupted. Being at that age when chilces seem profound and empty patriotism seems to get excited about my duty to my country and humanity. Also, I had become engaged to a nice girl co-ed and probably in the back of my mind was a desire to impress her with my maturity and gallantry. So, along with a lot of other students, I went to Fort Sheri- dan, Ill., a preliminary training camp for infantry.

Then my oldest brother advised me to get into the artillery. Respecting his judg- ment in this as I had in the matter of en-tering commerce at college, I went down to Camp Zachary Taylor where he was aide to General Austin. After three months, I got my commission as second lieutenant in the artillery. But instead of going overseas, I was retained as an instructor of equitation. Heaven knows why, be- cause up to that time my only riding had been done on the fat, indolent pony we had as children. Anyway, after serving a period during which time the Armies were declared and all hopes of covering myself with military glory went glimmer- ing, I was sent to Fort Sill, Okla., to the School of Fire there. It was the most in- teresting base I was in, patterned after the Napoleonic School of Fire. I was dis- charged from there in February, 1919.

When I got back to college, a thwarted hero, I found a possibility which seemed designed for my own particular future. For the National City Bank in New York was launching an experiment which was to take a number of college boys in the apprenticeship and students in the main branch, for work in the foreign branches. It sounded romantic—one might be sent to Berlin or Paris or Rio or Singapore or anywhere. One saw oneself—"the young foreign banker," in sun helmet and trailed by admiring natives, driving along picturesque streets in car-

Here's a New Girl to Love—Lilian Harvey!

Continued from page 17

only indirectly related to the main theme. But all the same it is at a difficult stage of its existence.

The movies threaten us now that the movies have become talkies I have been able to realize by contrasting the first and second time I saw “The Congress Dances.”

The first time I saw the German version in Berlin, and I am on such terms with the German language that the minute I realized she was talking, it ceased to be words and is merely a gush of sound. I heard the Viennese songs and music and that ac-

The second time I saw it, when she spoke English, she slipped back into time, back from imagination into reality. “I’ve no doubt about it,” she said, and one remembered hearing that she hailed from Mus- well Hill, which is the equivalent of one of the less opulent districts of Brooklyn.

One became conscious that she had a background, that she had become a personal- ity, one agonized lest it was inferior to her person, one wanted to cover one’s ears lest her accents should betray a lack of intelligence.

She loses her place among the timeless symbols, she becomes a human being, and being human oneself one tends to judge her from the unfair standpoint of whether close and continued association with her would be an undiluted blessing.

It is a pity; and the moral one draws is that the filmmakers of the cinema for the discerning, anyway, lies in the films (such as Rene Clair’s “Le Million”) where the sound effects are musical and avoid realis- tic dialogue, so that the actors can re- treat into the silent significance of types.

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Then as a wave washed from her carriage she is driving to the villa where she is to a-

No Carbuncle

Carbolic Acid

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Carbolic Acid
Two Little Girls With Big Futures!

Continued from page 56

But Ann stood up with him in scene after scene, giving and taking, and not surrendering an inch to the formidable Jimmy. The part is vital, electric. But so is Ann Dvorak.

What brought about the change? Ann says she has changed.

"I'm older. I'm nineteen now. I know better how to do things. And, besides, I like acting better than dancing. I suppose that's what made me give up singing. I have. I'm glad they liked it. I hope everyone likes it. Because I want to go right on doing the same thing if I can." Warnings and all that. It's what she can.

They have signed her for several more parts. Not just parts, either. Big parts. They're taking room for Ann now among the stars. Her most recent assignment is the lead in "Tinsel Girl," in which she is supported by Richard Cromwell, Lee Tracy, and others.

Such a young and darkly lovely package, too. But what else are stars made of.

Ann says it's change. Maybe it is. Girls from finishing school pack a lot of learning and a lot of "change" into a three-year experience in a chorus. Maybe Ann did, too.

But "change" doesn't account for it all. Those of you who know the Hollywood girls who would have let him talk about the things she will realize something of the different sort of stuff that animated the little girl who wouldn't stop trying a routine until they would let her in. Then if her name was laughed at her—and who took that only as the signal to go and learn more about it.

Ann's innocence is refreshing! They need a lot of the sort of "change" that took place in Dvorak before she made her a star.

"Willie!"

Continued from page 71

Don't cover your eyes from the truth. You know how people ridicule fat folks so don't be the butt of these cruel jokes any longer.

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live in Paris than anywhere else. He has never been called "high-hat." Like Barthelmes he has never plays bridge. He is considered to remain long in one place.

An interview with Barthelmes is bound always to include Willie Powell's name. His name is bound always to include the name of Barthelmes. This goes for Ronnie Coleman, too. He is very fond of trifles. He thinks George Bernard Shaw is the P. T. Barnum and Ringling Bros. of literature.

Shakespeare, through Dr. Furness' "The New Variorum," was the strongest influence of his formative years. He is considered a capable actor by his directors. He speaks Italian and Spanish very badly. He wears no jewelry. He finds it very hard work to study lines and dialogue and is in a constant turmoil to remember them until the scenes have been timed.

Preston K. Dillenbeck, professor of elocution and public speaking at Central High School, Kansas City, was the gentleman who encouraged Powell to follow the theater and thus determined his whole future. He is a warm friend. He is a diagnostician.

He believes life has been very kind to him and attributes most of his fortune to good luck. He knows a good story when he hears one. He can always pick the bad ones. He is very moody and finds it hard to mix with people. He is uncom-

fortable and ill at ease in the company of people whom he knows only casually.

Their "Giel Bleu" (blue sky) is very, very new and fascinatingly odd. It is sort of inspirational—makes you want to look up. Maybe that's why they call it "Giel Bleu."

And when you look up that's when your lashes show off. I'm sure none of us pay enough attention to our lashes. The Kurlash people offer us everything needed to beautify and care for our lashes. All their products are $1 each. You know about the eye-lash curler, of course. But have you ever tried your eye-lash grower, "Kurlene"? It certainly gets results.

Hopping from your eyes down to your mouth I want to suggest a lip-stick that is simply slick—the "Phantom-Red." If you are not familiar with Phantom-Red you have a pleasant surprise coming. Pick one up the next time you're down-town and give yourself a treat. Phantom-Red is also "different" but I'll let you discover that for yourself.

I suppose everybody has a bottle of Listerine on the bath-room shelf. But I wonder if everyone knows the many, many uses to which it can be put? It is a mouth-wash, gargle, breath-sweetener, deodorant, hair-tonic, etc. Read the Listerine booklet and learn its many uses.

As a parting shot I want to tell you of a discovery of my own. One day I was having down-town an important appointment and I had had no time to "prett-y-up" my hands. I rushed into a store and bought a small bottle of hand-lotion without even looking to see what it was. I doused it on my hands, put the tiny bottle in my bag and dashed away. My hands looked so nice and felt so smooth and soft that, right in the middle of my interview, I sneaked the tiny bottle out of my bag to see what the name was. It was "Italian Balm" and I have used it ever since. Only, now I buy the big bottle!

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 80

for this purpose because it holds more and the tin is lighter than the jar, saving weight in cargo. It's a grand cleansing cream. You'll enjoy the smooth richness of Princess Pat Skim Food, too.

And in these days when economy is important, you will welcome Princess Pat Ice Astringent which closes the pores as ice does, yet—it is a cream which is also a perfect powder base. Is that co-operation? Another double-action single-price article is Princess Pat Brilliantine. It not only imparts a silky sheen to the hair, but it is also a good scalp tonic, promotes the growth of hair and corrects dandruff! All of this for 1 cent. And I am telling you of all the Princess Pat products for they are many and all scientifically ingenious. They have put out a beautiful booklet which is a complete and entertaining treatise on the care of the skin. Why don't you send to them for it?

I almost forgot to tell you that the Princess Pat powder comes in the cutest box you ever saw. It is red with black corners and the center is a drawer that you pull out by a tiny ivory ring. It's too cunning. The powder is delicately scented.

This is the time of year when we begin to want to change the perfumes we wear. The heavier ones that are suitable for cooler weather had best be put aside and the lighter, daintier odors brought out for May.

You couldn't have a more suitable perfume, now, than Cheramy's "April Showers." It is as refreshing as its name, having something of the cleanliness of a garden after a spring rain. Not expensive, either. Your money certainly buys a lot these days. You can buy an ounce bottle of "April Showers" for 25. If you would like to have a trial bottle you can get it for a subsidy of an ounce for $1. Cheramy's "Captain Colot" reminds me of one more of shaded lights and silken

teriors. $2.50 for an ounce and a quarter. Their new "Giel Bleu" (blue sky) is very, very new and fascinatingly odd. It is sort of inspirational—makes you want to look up. Maybe that's why they call it "Giel Bleu."

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Hot Off the Eher!  
Continued from page 61

That Lovely Lady From Vienna  
Continued from page 67
"saw California."

It was when Luis Trenker, the engaging Tyrolean mountaineer and ski-jumper, produced a highly successful picture extolling the glories of the Alps, which won much acclaim in Europe, that Carl Laemmle, Jr., decided he wanted "The Doomed Battalion" for release in the United States. That meant re-making several scenes in English, Fatale, Tala Birell was the obvious heroine! Louis himself came to Hollywood in this connection. Tala, the studio claims, has justified their full hopes of her, so that now she will be starred on her own account in Zola's story, "Nana."

Now "Nana" relates the story of a French actress of dazzling career and many loves. Like Garbo again, this Tala gives no immediate impression of latent passion—but we know what Garbo can achieve. This type saves it all up for their acting—the Virgo efficiency. Don't misunderstand me. Tala is no second Garbo. In spite of her height and coloring she doesn't look in the least like Garbo. It is just in certain aspects of her deportment that one is reminded of the Swede.

One sensed some warmth of enthusiasm when Tala talked of Vienna. She told of its natural gaiety, the absence of worried commercialism, that Vienna manages to maintain in spite of its post-war woes. She loves the cafes of Vienna.

"They are the natural rendezvous of the people. One can sit for hours and chat over a mere cup of coffee. No one ever looks reproachful if one occupies a seat too long without spending. Everyone dawdles in the cafes of Vienna," she said, sparkling reminiscently. I wished that I were interviewing her in a Viennese cafe, so that that sparkle would be in evidence all the time.

Tala is accompanied by her sister. They have taken a bungalow in Hollywood and grown lots of flowers. She has a marked taste for domesticity but you simply cannot envision this dignified young woman as hopping out into the kitchen and rustling an omelette, or washing the dishes, or anything menial like that.

The few people who have had a chance to know her well insist that she has a well-developed sense of humor.

Tala has never married. She hasn't left any husband and baby behind in Vienna, à la Dietrich. Instead she gives an impression of being completely self-contained, or, as Garbo once said in an unvoiced burst of conversation, "I am sufficient to myself."

Very well, then. Carl Laemmle has the utmost confidence in his Tala Birell. He expects her to compete very satisfactorily with the imported foreign charmers of other studios.

A Cowboy Visits New York

Continued from page 51

for it.' Now that should give you an idea of just how seriously Marguerite takes me. I admire the little lady tremendously, and would consider myself one lucky fellow if I did have the inside track to her heart.

But, just to keep the record straight—George is five feet eleven inches tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. And the broadest pair of shoulders in pictures. And, of course, he rides like a streak of lightning.

When we arrived in Central Park, ten of New York's blue-coated cavalrymen were lined up waiting to do their stuff

FIGURES NEVER LIE...TODAY!

Rounded slimness and youthful curves are the keynote for the current year. Modern fashions are moulded to the figure. Where dresses once concealed, they now reveal. Never was a good figure so important.

Yet we must use wisdom in achieving this desired figure. So many women, today, have lost both health and beauty, because of a faulty reducing diet.

Two things are needed in a meal to promote proper elimination. These are "bulk" and Vitamin B, both of which help tone the system. If they are lacking, faulty elimination soon develops. Complexions become sallow. Eyes lose their gaiety. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow.

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NAME  
ADDRESS  

with O'Brien. It was like a rough riders' reunion—the cops all had known or heard of George's father, Daniel O'Brien, who was once Chief of Police in San Francisco. "I think I'll show your coppers a trick Dad taught me," confided George in an aside. "It's a stunt they used to pull to catch bandits in the wild parts of California, years ago."

You've probably seen O'Brien perform this stunt in some of his films: It's a chase-scene—the villainous, and our hero appears to fall off his horse, mortally wounded, but in reality he's clinging to the side of the saddle, completely hidden on the far side of his steed. The villain gives up the chase, congratulating himself on another dirty job done well, and then said hero kicks him with a shot that abait the horse's starboard side. Tricky, what?

George explained this trick to the policemen and men who went along nicely when along came a street-car and ruined the sound effects. So the "still" photographers took advantage of the noise and photographed George in different poses. Then the sound men proceeded accordingly. Everything was okay. The boys went through their lines and action until a group of enthusiastic youngsters who recognized George began to shout excitedly to him. So ended the second take!

When they were half-way through with the third take, another street-car came along. Another time the microphone wasn't close enough, and still another scene went blooey because the film snapped. Some fun!

It's all in a day's work to the newsreel boys—and it's an old story to O'Brien, who knows what it is to spend days taking one scene. The police got a kick out of it; to say nothing of the thrill of the spectators—who were sorry when it was all over. George turned out to be the newsreel men's pet subject. He needed but one rehearsal and he ad-libbed freely. And as for the third take—if well, you answer that one! The policemen were swell actors, too. The grand finale was a series of handshakes and a "See you in the movies, George!"

Strange Interlude

Continued from page 34

"Sit down, Ned, I want to talk with you. I need a friend. It has been so long since we loved each other that you can now be friends again. (Ned and I—our account is settled. . . In what for-off life was that? . . . The only living life is in the past and the future. . . the present is an interlude. . . Strange interlude in which we call on past and future to bear witness to each other.)

Swiftly she told him of Gordon's determination to marry—implored his aid in stopping him.

"No, Nina," he answered harshly. "I'll never touch anyone's life again. And you, too—you've got to give up owning people, meddling in their lives as though you were the Almighty!"

"But Sam is as healthy and sane as a pig," she pleaded, fiercely. "He's beyond hurt—and we can tell him the whole truth now. It's time he gave up the oil for our son!"

"Our son?" he mocked. "You counted me out of that years ago, dear Nina. Besides, Sam's blood pressure is way up already with all this excitement." (Self-satisfied fool—I'd like to see his face when they told him this famous athlete is my son and everything! Oh, he added, brutally. "I'll do it—and you needn't try yourself, because Sam will never believe you."

He broke away from her and joined the others, who had rushed out of the cabin to the railing from which the racing shells, sliding swiftly toward them, now were visible. The din of boat whistles, fog horns, human shouts and shrieks was growing louder and louder. Cornell was third, but slowly gaining—Sam Evans and Madeleine, wildly excited, were yelling encouragement to their Gordon. Old Charlie Marsden, aged and white, cheered vaguely.

The boats were nearing the finish line. The chorus of noise rose, swelled, merged into one incessant, deafening roar. Cornell's shell gained, inch by inch—now it was second—no, it had dropped behind again.

Sam jumped up and down, waved his arms, yelled madly.

"Gordon! Gordon! Come on, boy! Only a spur! You do it! Come on, son! Stroke! Stroke!"

As though Gordon had heard, the Cornell boat suddenly shot ahead, the eight sinewy young bodies gliding in the water, forth and back, faster and faster in a final spurt of energy. Swiftly the long, slim craft sped forward—second—then first—Cornell was across the line, the winner! Sam Evans danced frenziedly about the deck, beside himself with emotion.

"He's won! Gordon's won!" Sam's exclamation was echoed by every soul there. "He's won! It's Gordon! He's Gordon's won!" He ran to Nina, who sat dully in a chair, and embraced and kissed her. "Greatest race in history. Aren't you happy, Nina? He won it—our Gordon!"

He stopped suddenly, swayed, staggered a step or two, then collapsed limply on the deck. For a moment all in the group stood as though paralyzed—then Darrell ran and bent over him, feeling his heart and pulse. Nina, shocked to her senses, fell to her knees beside the inert form. "Sam! My husband!"

"He's not dead," announced Darrell. "Only a bad stroke. But he must have absolute quiet—and perfect care.

"I'll never leave his side," cried Nina, with grief and remorse. ("Is this what I wished him—what I wanted to do to him?"") "I'll never tell him anything that might disturb his peace!"

With infinite gentleness she pillowed his head in her lap, bent down and kissed his face.

("Dear husband, who tried to make me happy . . . I'll not try to destroy you . . .") But I'll cherish your happiness to you again! I will give you Gordon to give to Madeline!"

Send Birthday Greetings to the Following June Stars:

Lane Chandler  —  June 4th.
J. Farrell MacDonald  —  June 6th.
William Austin  —  June 12th.
Barry Norton  —  June 16th.
Ona Munson  —  June 16th.

Jeanette MacDonald  —  June 18th.
Ernest Torrence  —  June 26th.
Polly Moran  —  June 28th.
Madge Bellamy  —  June 30th.
Short Features:

BILLBOARD GIRL. Educational. Blog Crosby's crooning and not hit acting puts this comedy. Blog falls in love with a billboard girl and when she hears him she becomes smitten, too.

COLORFUL JAIPUR. FitzPatrick Teerrell. A most unusual and interesting travelogue of the interior of India especially revealing descriptions by Mr. FitzPatrick. Excellent photography. Recommended.

FOUND IN MOROCCO. Talking Picture Erica. A most interesting travelogue on Morocco showing street letter writers, wool market and rug and soap makers.

HEAVENS, MY HUSBAND! Educational. This is a good one. Andy Clyde plays a small town pastor who is thrown into an abundance of difficulties with hilarious results.

Movie Mad. Now what's wrong with the movies? They show us everything from to say, even gangsters have had their day. Dogville comedies, Mickey Mouse and his friends, and how have you been? What more can I suggest? Phillips Holman isn't so sad in his everyday life, that's just for screen reasons. Gloria Swanson was born March 22, 1897. She has dark brown hair, deep blue eyes and is 5 feet 1½ inches tall. Mitzi Green was born Oct. 22, 1922, in New York City. Her last release was "Huckleberry Finn" with Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin. She is soon to appear in "Girl Crazy" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

P. C. K. About nine years ago, Pola Negri appeared in "The Cheat" with Jack Holt and Charles de Roche for Famous Players Laskey. Have you seen Pola in her first talkie, "A Woman Commands," with Roland Young and Basil Rathbone? Little Dickie Moore is one of the kid-big shots in pictures just now. He's five years old and soon to star in "From Rags to Riches." What a boy! Dickie will have a role in Jimmy Cagney's next picture, "The Main Event."

Miss Millie. Lon Chaney was an American, born in 1883, of deals parents. He was on the stage in 1899, in pictures about 12 years, and was known the world over for his portrayals of unusual characters. He died Aug. 1st. His son, Creighton Chaney, who is 25 years old, has signed a picture contract with RKO. He refuses to be billed as Lon Chaney, Jr. He wants to see what he can do on the screen on his own merits. You have a fellow countryman in pictures, none other than Ivan Lebedeff. He was born in Uspladi, Lithuania, on June 18, 1899. For back issues of SCREENLAND, write to the Circuit's Dept. They may have what you want.

Marjorie M., Surrey, England. When we see Surrey, we think of Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, and you. Try to figure that out, Ronnie and Reggie. Your favorite, Norma Shearer, will be starred in "Stella Dallas." That will be something to wait for. Sally Elters' latest releases are "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Cheeroo and come again, Margie.

Slim Sam. Real air aces were used in "The Lost Squadron" with Richard Dix, Robert Armstrong and Joel McCrea. Among them was Dick Grace, one of the most famous stunt fliers of all time, and in case you'd like to know, Dick was the story writer, director and arrangement of the film. Another well-known air-bird was Leo Nomis, who has died since the release of that film. Art Goddard and Frank Clark, along with Grace and Nomis, took a great chance in helping to put over that picture. That fine comic, Hugh Herbert, was the mechanic and provided the laughs.


Mabel N. Walter McGrail is working for an independent company and plays with Dick Mullally and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Night Boat." Antonio Moreno hasn't made a picture for some time. Among the latest releases are "Something Like Romance" with George O'Brien and Helen Chandler, and "Romance of Rio Grande" with Warner Baxter, Mona Maris and Mary Duncan.

Joyce Fae. We'll take a flying trip into the past for your answer—look out below! Owen Moore was Mary Pickford's first husband. Tom Moore was the first husband of Alice Joyce. They had one daughter. Tom and Alice were divorced. Several years later Alice married James Regan of New York City. Alice and Tom have been doing a vaudeville act together this summer—and Tom's new wife travels with them.

IN THE BAG. Universal. This is one of the best of the Slim Summerville-Eddie Griffin comedies. Slim smuggles a girl aboard ship and trouble, suspense and plenty of comedy occurs as a result.

HE'S A HONEY. Educational. Harry Barris makes a personal hit in this peppy song and dance comedy. With Elma Hunt and Helen Mann.

NEWSKREEL SCOOPS. Louis Sobel. One of the most entertaining features shown on the screen. We see scenes of New York night-clubs: Mayor Walker playing piano in his home; a view of the tenements where Eddie Carron was born contrasted with his present home and other equally intriguing shots.

TEN DOLLARS OR TEN DAYS. Educational. Animated cartoon hero introduces old songs. It's a refreshing change from all the jazz we've been hearing.

THE MUSIC BOX. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This time Stan Leslie and Oliver Hardy are piano movers. Swell comedy.

THE PERFECT SUITOR. Vitaphone. The ringtones of Robin Comedy is worth seeing. It's a domestic's skin.

THE UNSHOD MAIDEN. Universal. Don't miss this Universal dug up this old-fashioned dicker and applied modern pattern to it. There's a nifty villain and Mary, the shop-girl, who needs new shoes.

WAR IN CHINA. Educational. An authentic graphic view of Japanese fascism. It will stir your sympathies no end.

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Always ask for this medicated plaster—blue-jay, made by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, six for 25c.
Dorothy S. If I told you that Clara Bow was the twin of George Bow, you might question my veracity, but George is known in pictures as Rex Bell. He was born Oct. 16, 1905, in Chicago, Ill., is 6 feet tall, weighs 140 pounds and has bright brown hair and blue eyes. He has never been on the stage, but has been in pictures about three years. He appears in "Forgotten Women" with Marion Shilling, Virginia Lee Corbin, Edna Murphy and Beryl Mercer.

Virginia P. So you'd walk ten miles to see Billy Haines in a picture—that's devotion for you, and has the well-known cameraman's name been released—are, "Just a Gigolo" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." He will appear with Madge Evans and Karen Morley in "Are You Listening, Billy?" Billy was born Jan. 1, 1908, in Staunton, Va. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds.

Loretta H. You don't have to page Mr. Ripley to get a place in my column—just drop me a line and I'll catch it. David Manners' latest picture is "Lady With a Past" with Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon, and "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" with Ina Claire, Joan Blondell, and Madge Evans. One night football pictures of the past season was "Touchdown" with Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon.

Pearl F. For a 10-year-old, you know your movies in a big way. Richard Dix will appear in "The Battle of the Dragon" with Irene Dunne and Anna May Wong. Nancy Carroll's latest films are, "Wayward" and "Broken Lullaby." 

Irene. Neil Hamilton is 32 years old, has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He appeared with Helen Hayes in "Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "This Modern Age" with Joan Crawford. John Mack Brown is 27, has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Johnny hasn't been making so many pictures lately—where are you, boy?

Grace G. You'll be happy to learn that Gilbert Roland is playing a leading part in Elissa Land's next picture, "The Woman in the Moon." He plays with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante and Irene Purcell in "The Passionate Plumber." Gilbert was born in Jaurez, Mexico, on Dec. 11, 1905. Senior member and David Rollins is 22. David has been appearing in shorts. (Comedies, we mean!) There's a report circulating and Sue Carol Stuart anticipate a blessed event.

Joan M. With the trained eye of a Sherlock Holmes, I'm able to inform you the small picture you enclose in your letter is that of Claude King, one of our well-known actors. He was born in Northampton, Mass., was raised in Chicago, has iron grey hair and dark brown eyes. His wife is Evelyn Hall from the stage. He played Dr. Tiba in "Arrowsmith" with Ronald Colman.

Robert S. So you knew me when—I began this department. Thanks for your loyal support. When you ask about ZaSu Pitts, I'm happy to answer. She was born in Parsons, Kansas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 1 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. ZaSu has the most expressive hands in pictures. Her teaming with Thelma Todd was one of her best ideas. Mae Marsh came back in "Over the Hill," with James Dunn and Sally Eilers, Marion Davies is not married. Her latest effort is "Polly of the Circus" with Clark Gable.

Dorothy L. Yours is an unusual request. One has to have to buy the stars' shoes to find out just where they obtain their foot wear. William Collier, Jr., Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie are the principals in "Dancers in the Dark." And what size do you wear?

Donald K. L. Several of your old-time favorites are still winning applause for their splendid performances on the stage and screen. Dorothy Gish scored on the New York stage in "The Bride Sun Shines On." Dorothy is one of America's leading lights, but tell is on the stage. Elid Bennett has been playing the mother of the adable Jackie Cooper in "Skippy" and "Sooky." Dorothy June has retired from public life, and Ethel Clayton hasn't made a picture for several years.

M. Bings. I'll give you the facts about Rod La Rocque and you can decide for yourself about his nationality. He was born Nov. 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. His name was Edward Andrew La Rocque, a Frenchman, and his father, Rice, an Englishwoman. Now grapple with that. Rod married the lovely Vilma Banky in 1927. They are abroad just now.

J. L. F. It's a pleasure to set you right about Garbo, as she is to be billed in the future. If your friends read that Greta has a sister of Charley Ray in some movie magazine, that publication has been spoiling their readers. Greta was born and grew up in Sweden. Her family name is Gustafsson. Charley Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., of American parents.

Just Fern. The "cute boy" you ask about who played with Jean Arthur in "Stairs of Sand" is a Zane Grey story, was Philip Holmes. The film was a silent, made in 1929. Since that picture, Phillips has stepped onto the Front Page. His latest release is "Broken Lullaby" with Nancy Carroll and Lionel Barrymore.

Ruth. The screen will not see Buddy Rogers for some time for he is doing his stuff in a New York Ziegfeld show, "Hot Chocolates," plays with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante and Irene Purcell in "The Passionate Plumber." Gilbert was born in Jaurez, Mexico, on Dec. 11, 1905. Senior member and David Rollins is 22. David has been appearing in shorts. (Comedies, we mean!) There's a report circulating and Sue Carol Stuart anticipate a blessed event.

Miss K. F. We are all glad to hear from our Canadian friends so drop in any time. Our testy saver worries about questions. Conrad Nagel is happily married to Ruth Helms. They have a daughter, Ruth Margaret. Louise Brooks, Evelyn Brent and Lawrence Gray played in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em in 1927."

Big Ben. Is that a false alarm for no good reason? A new man has dropped in from the stage, who may make your girl friend forget her heavy dates. Weldon Heyburn is the man—he played with Lionel Atwill in "Silent Witness." He was "The Gay Caballero" with George O'Brien, Victor McLaglen and Linda Watkins, and with Joan Bennett and John Boles in "Model T." He was a three-year member of Washington, D. C., on Sept. 19, 1904. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds, and flashes a smile that would make George Gable fans think he's Clark's twin brother.
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Helen T. Charlie Chase has been in pictures since 1914. He was born Oct. 20, 1893, in New York City, is 6 feet tall and weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He has always used his own name in films. His stage training in musical comedy and acting gave him the big chance in talking pictures. His wife is Bebe Elting of the stage.

Geraldine S. So the good-looking movie actors walk right into your heart—one of the big-hearted girls, I take it. I'm sorry I can't tell you how smooth Buddy Rogers gets the rings on his fingers and the bells on his toes. Eddie Quinn comes from a theatrical family; his stage training was acquired playing in the Quin on act with his father, mother, brothers and sisters. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 3, 1903. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds.

Edith R. Why the sudden burst of curiosity over the old silent pictures? Corinne Griffith played in "Black Oxen" with Conway Tearle. Clara Bow had a splendid career made the fast facts come up and predict big things for the little flapper of 1924. John Breeden, who played the central hero in "The False Madonna" with Kay Francis, William Boyd and Conway Tearle, has had stage training for several years, having played with a number of important stage companies. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds. He is a experienced player with Paramount. John was born in San Francisco, Cal. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray-green eyes.

E. G. L. N. Broadcasting a request for Lang's pictures! You are the only listener—em who admires the handsome red-headed, blue-eyed, 185 Chandler. Lane is working for an independent company but wif and beauty of beards, he will get good breaks yet and out—Gable Jackie Cooper. His latest is "The Hurricane Horseman" with Marie Quinn, Eddie's sister.


Mrs. W. D. Jack Mac Brown's wife, Melba, a ten-year-old from Alabama. Fred Kohler, one of the screen's best bad men, is married to Marjorie Prole. Jack Oakie and Stanley Smith are single. Sheetie Gallacher, who marriedrant and child; Regis Toomey is married to Kathryn Scott.

Helene G. Get ready for the "great break" in your life, for your favorite, Ralph Forbes is married and his wife is the lovely Ruth Chatterton. Too. Ralph was born Sept. 30, 1902, in London, England. He has blond hair, blue-grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Fancy your not knowing that Ralph is Mr. Chatterton! Dear, dear, dear!
Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 10

And what man—Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, Ramon Novar? Whom would you choose, and why? Personally, the couple I'd select would be Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, because of their work in the well-remembered "Possessed." They make a gorgeous team in the movies, out-shining Garbo and Novar in " Mata Hari," James Dunn and Sally Eilers in "Dance Team," and Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor in "Delicious." Joan and Clark bring "Make-Believe Land" to life in the movies. The Perfect Couple and the Perfect Lovers—hail to them both!

Charles Mank, 226 Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

HOW ABOUT IT, PRODUCERS?

The talkies have provided a new field of pleasure for the blind, but how about the deaf? Steps should be taken for their benefit; and here is my suggestion: Across the bottom of the film, let brief summaries of the dialogue be printed. That is the method employed here for translating pictures in foreign languages, as the Danish foreign film market is very large.

The experience of a friend of mine exemplifies this need. She resided in Denmark for many years and recently returned to America with, as she said, but one regret: she could no longer enjoy moving pictures. Here she had been able to read the translations in Danish, and every evening found her enjoying a talkie.

The use of printed dialogue would not only bring tremendous joy to thousands who are hard of hearing, but would increase the financial returns.

Fredylee Huffman, (A Former Hollywoodian, Frolischvej 30, Ordrup, Copenhagen, Denmark.)

READ ABOUT FREDRIC IN THIS ISSUE

Not long ago I saw Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Marvelous is the only word that can adequately express his portrayal of this dual role.

I had always wanted to see this thriller of Robert Louis Stevenson's. I am sure the great author himself would have applauded Mr. March for his characterization of a man torn between two conflicting selves.

Miriam Hopkins, too, was superb as Champagne Tey. One forgets entirely that she is only acting, so convincingly does she make the little music-hall singer. Her personality and loveliness are outstanding. She is an actress to her very fingertips.

Jeanette Trottier, 144 So. State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

SHE FALLS FOR A BLOND!

Ladies prefer brunettes. Maybe most of them do, but I don't. No, sir! Gene Raymond, the handsome blond male I have ever seen, is my Ace of Hearts. You Gable fans had better see it to you that you don't change your minds and become Raymond devotees after seeing "Land." Many Gene didn't have much of a part in it, but neither did Clark when he first started. Gene takes the part he has and puts it his best, which is superlative.

With only a few pictures to his credit, this Raymond person has every one raving about him. Is it his blond hair, his looks, or his personality that attracts people? Whatever your answer is, I'll still say, "Three cheers for Gene Raymond, the handsome blond actor!"

Cynthia Widdoes, 24 Orchard Road, Swampscott, Mass.

MOTHERS SHOULD BE THEIR OWN CENSORS

Now with the demise of gangster pictures, producers are turning again to the mystery and horror kind in a mad effort to give Mr. and Mrs. Public their full quota of thrills. During the past year or so we've had "Dracula," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Frankenstein," and now "Murders in the Rue Morgue." I've seen them all once, some twice. They produce a kick as no other type of movie can. Fine stuff, say I, for the adult mind. But what about children's? My neighbor's little boy, aged eight, had a wild nightmare after seeing one of the morbid movies. His mother confided he was scared nearly to death when his bedroom light was out.

"A child's mind is easily upset. (I recall my own nightmares after Dad had told me a spooky story), and such shivery horror is, in my opinion, unfit fodder for childhood. Wonder what your other readers think?"

Frank R. Moore, 2516 Bagley Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BUT OH, HOW IT HELPS A GIRL'S CAREER!

Please enlighten me as to why Garbo, Dietrich, Norga Shearer, Joan Crawford, and other stars are constantly being picked to pieces? Is it mere envy? I wonder if they ever have one little secret or one moment of privacy all their own? It seems to me that movie stars of such ability and prominence should be protected from public gossip and scandal. I'm all for the passing of a new law for the protection of actors and actresses from the breath of scandal.

Mrs. M. Spreen, 106 W. 19th St., Austin, Tex.
**CHOSE**

**your ROUGE SHADES**

**this new fascinating way**

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"matching your skin" and select shades to match your Costume

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the individuality . . . and the difference that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoilt the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge does not blot out the skin. The natural color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is retained when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this natural color, Princess Pat adds. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge seem to come from within the skin.

**WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge**

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is another requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had just one shade—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. But the shade remained the same. You couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffective with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

**Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge**

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the checks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your checks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summer. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25¢ booklet. Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams (in liberal, decorative tins). Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

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“And this line... shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette.”
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Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

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These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.
HAT does the FUTURE hold for GARBO?

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TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M hit!

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in “Our Blushing Brides” and “Untamed” we’ve been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You’ll be delighted with the result.

Joan CRAWFORD
Robert MONTGOMERY
in CLARENCE BROWN’S production

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You’ll compare it with the most thrilling picture you’ve ever seen!

with
NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

M E T R O - G O L D W Y N - M A Y E R
GIRLS! Find Out About Him!
BOYS! Find Out About Her!

ALL OF YOU—EVERYBODY—

Find Your Real Self in the
SCREENLAND Hollywood
Personality Chart

Have you deep-set eyes like Garbo's? A "Swanson nose?" A Gable chin? If so, what does it signify? We all hope we have some of the elements of genius in our own faces! Watch for our Personality Chart in the next, the August issue—self-revealing character analysis by William E. Benton, famous faceologist who held the Hollywood stars spellbound.

Benton told sixty of Hollywood's most beautiful women all about themselves at a party at Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd's. He amazed Douglas Fairbanks with his character analysis. The greater the personalities, the more interested they are in finding out more about themselves! And the same man who amused and amazed the Hollywood stars will do the same for you.

It is something new and different. It's fascinating! Anyone can do it. You, yourself, discover your own real character. Better than a new game for you and your friends.

The August issue of SCREENLAND, on sale June 26, contains this Personality Chart. Fun for the whole family—and more than that. An exciting voyage of personal discovery!
THIS SHADOW MAN
is the new screen sensation!

Don't miss the next issue of SCREENLAND for the life story of this mysterious menace.

He's young—he's hot—he's different!

Get the lowdown. Read the thrilling account of this career in the August SCREENLAND, out June 26th.

_saved_
REVUETTES

Class A:

★ ALIAS THE DOCTOR. First National. Richard Dix, Marguerite De La Motte, among others. This is the story of a woman who tries to save her fiancé from a death sentence. The cast is well chosen, the direction is good, and the acting is excellent.

★ ARE YOU LISTENING? Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines comes through with his best performance to date. The film has a radio background.

★ GRAND HOTEL. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The film sensation of the year with Caruso topping a knockout cast which includes John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt.

★ ONE HOUR WITH YOU. Paramount. The indomitable Maurie Chevalier in a charming musical movie. Honorable mention goes to Jeanette MacDonald, Roland March and Genevieve Tobin. The music's too good.

★ SCANDAL FOR SALE. Universal. An exciting cast, fine pictures, excellent directing. O'Brien, as a reporter, steals the show. Charles Bickford and Rosemary DeCamp offer expert characterization.


★ SHANGHAI EXPRESS. Paramount. A medal to Josef Von Sternberg for directing this absorbing melodrama. Another to Marlene Dietrich for a magnificent performance. And smaller medals for the entire cast, particularly Clive Brook and Anna May Wong.

★ SO BIG. Warner Brothers. Another "wow" performance by Vivien Leigh. The picture is well acted and directed. Dickie Moore is adorable.

★ TARZAN THE APE MAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Tarzan kicks out the jungle thriller. Beside's, you'll want to see Johnny Weissmüller do some of his splendid swimming. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charmer.


★ THE CONGRESS DANCES. UPA. Utterly charming foreign picture. You'll be whistling the song and talking about Lilian Harvey, the heroine, by all means.

★ THE MIRACLE MAN. Paramount. This one grabs you. The cast remains most of its glamour. It's well done and acted by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney and John Wray. You'll want to see it.

★ THE MOUTHPIECE. Warner Brothers. Dust off that pedestal—you'll rave about Warren William if ever he does play a lawyer who defends bad, bad crooks. It's a good picture. Sidney Fox assists.


Girl Crazy. RKO. Very, very light entertainment. Mae West and Robert Woolsey are funny—sometimes. Mitzi Green does some swell and amusing general. Lee, Eddie Quinn and Arline Judge also run.

It's Tough to Be Famous. Warner Brothers. An enjoyable film. The trials and tribulations of a boy hero—working alone by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and clever dialogue. Mary Brian is a charming star.

Love Starved. RKO. Helen Twelvetrees again. She marries Eric Linden in haste and republics, until Eric reform. It's practically Linden's picture.

Man Wanted. Warner Brothers. Kay Francis plays a lady editor with a philandering husband and a household secretary who in love with her—what happens! With David Manners, Una Merkel and Andy Devine.


Shopworn. Columbia. And so is the story. Barbara Stanwyck's excellent trouping saves the day. Ricardo Cortez is excellent in the role of Dr. Schimpson. Irene Dunne and Anna Apple are also featured.

The Broken Wing. Paramount. Not much novelty to the Mexican yarn. Leo Carrillo plays the usual good-bad hombre, Lope Velez a spacy seductress, and Melyn Drugs the American who wins the girl from Carrillo. You'll enjoy it chiefly because of the cast.


The Famous Ferguson Case. Warner Brothers. A composite picture of some of the most sensational real murder cases. Good set pieces, some fast dancing and scooping, and plenty of excitement. With John Blenkenship, Tom Brown, Leslie Fenton, Vivienne Osborne and Kenneth Thomson.

The Rich Are Always With Us. First National. This is Ruth Chatterton's best picture in a long string of modern and entertaining. And it introduces George Brent—he's good.

This is the Night. Paramount. This is gay, racy, and some fun! Charles Ruggles and Robert Woolsey hand out the laughs generously, and Lily Damita and Thelma Todd supply the philtrums.


Short Features

Swim or Sink. Paramount. Avast, pirates! Bimbo and Koko fall into the hands of some bold, mean men of sea. The Film Editor's handled it well and guess who wins in the end? It's funny throughout.

The Gables Mystery. R. I. P. America. No, not about Clarks—but it's a fast-moving and ingenious detective thriller that you'll enjoy. Well above the average of British pictures.

Tory's Film Scrap Book. Talking Pictures. Interesting reel showing the private life of local famous animals, with closeup of a fight between two spiders for the possession of the coveted fly.

What a Life. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Flip the Frog and his boy friend are street musicians who get into trouble with the cops. With agreeable music synchronization.

Class B:

But the Flesh is Weak. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is a story of the place. A good cast headed by Robert Montgomery, C. Aubrey Smith, and Norma Shearer. A good cast, an unworthy story.

Careless Lady. Fox. This story is an old, old pal with a new name. You know the "lady with a maiden name." This time the Artistic looks lovely and John Boles makes a nice hero.

Destroy Riders Again. Universal. Tony rides again. This time with us is a more evenly mounted, full-of-action western—you'll like it. Welcome back, Tom and Tony.

Dirt Shoes. Fox. Wherein grief and tragedy follow the winners of Sweepstakes. It's not so depressing as all that, in fact, it's quite exciting in spots. It's Bessie Banfield. Victor McLaglen is good, too.

Ho for the rod and reel, and the thrill of deep-sea fishing! Here's Zane Grey, famous novelist, with the thousand-pound fin-flapper he caught. Don't miss this film treat!

A Freshman's Finis. Educational. College caps, including burlesque caps, slickplacket comedy and the time-honored freshman-sophomore war. Some old stuff, but very funny nevertheless.


It's a Cinch. Educational. What happens to a dancing teacher when he decides to turn prizefighter. Monte Collins finds it in a tough life, but Phyllis Crane soothes his wounds. Amusing.

South Sea Adventures. Sol Lesser. Ho! for the red and reel, and the thrill of deep-sea fishing! Zane Grey, famous novelist, made this picture in the South Seas for the entertainment of his friends, but popular demand caused it to be released nationally. See him land that thousand-pound fin-flapper, and you'll understand why!

* Reviewed in this issue.

These pictures have been selected as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.
GABLE IN VALENTINO'S RÔLE?
(First Prize Letter)

Gable in "The Four Horsemen"—Gable in Valentino's rôle! What a picture that could be!

From the M-G-M offices comes the glad rumor that Clark may do it. I hope it's true. In my opinion it would provoke a lavish box office smile for the producers, while for Gable it would afford a supreme opportunity to show what he can do. Besides, it would be of manifest value just at this time when one of the universal topics of thought is the outliving of war. The theme of "The Four Horsemen" is the futility of war—and in that respect the picture has never been equalled, except perhaps, by "All Quiet on the Western Front."

I'm hoping that Ibañez's story will be produced again, with my favorite filling Valentino's boots—and filling them nobly!

Pat Gordon,
P. 0. Box 246,
Ennis, Texas,

THOSE MOVIE MIRACLE WOMEN!
(Second Prize Letter)

So many girls confess having learned how to wear their hair and clothes, which fork to use, and how to say "eye-ther" just by seeing and hearing their favorite movie stars, that I've come to the conclusion that there must be something psychologically wrong with me. For to me, the sight of such overwhelming beauty and savoir faire is positively discouraging.

Take Connie Bennett, for instance. Her every movement is a study in liquid grace. I stumble over door-mats and bump into chairs. She wakes up in the morning looking fresh and sweet as a rose-bud. I wake up with a layer of cold cream all over my face, a marcel cap askew over one eye, and a chip on my shoulder.

No one would want Connie to look like that. But we do need more naturalness and more every-dayness in our actresses—

the kind contributed by Barbara Stanwyck and that grand old lady, Marie Dressler.

Myiram Rossetter,
2606 First Ave. South,
St. Petersburg, Fl.

GABLE—can he become the Valentino of today?

Here's your favorite fan-letter department, "Hoots and Hoopla," all dressed up for summer. Now that the Great Outdoors are looking greater than ever, is it any wonder that fans are comparing the film world to a baseball team, with hits, runs, batting averages, and everything? And guess who one reader's choice is for the World Series Star?

Speaking of stars, here's a nice little part a fan has picked out for Gable. It's Rudolph Valentino's romancing, tango-ing, swashbuckling role in "The Four Horsemen." Greater love hath no fan!

Little Madge Evans wins a round of handclaps this month. For she's a jolly good actress, which nobody can deny and get away with a whole skin. True-to-life acting—the screen cigarette habit—and other burning topics make our avid letter-writers seize their pens in hand. What's your pet movie quarell? Put it in a letter of 150 words or less, and join in the fray. There are prizes, too—$20, $10, $5, and $5 respectively for the four best letters. Mail to reach us by the 10th of each month.

With to Roses and Razzes, Screenland, 45 W. 45th St., New York. This is your page—we're listening.

GIVING THE "VEHICLES" A RIDE!

I very resignedly wish that the producers would give us more good stories in the movies. Not just "starring vehicles" in which everything centers around the star, with not much thought as to how her (or his) repeated appearance affects the plot of the story. Each scene in pictures of this kind is infested with situations which give the "star" an opportunity to emote. I don't like emoting. I like human, natural people, who seem like real people as you watch them perform. There are a goodly number of the latter kind but, in my opinion, too many of the former.

Rachel Heaps,
1228 E. Center St,
Pocatello, Idaho,

HE TURNED US DOWN!

A sigh for the return of a fine actor who barely gave us a chance to get acquainted before he was gone again, to leave us wondering what was the matter! Why did you leave us, Kent Douglass? It wasn't quite fair, dismissing us with scarcely a hearing.

We went to see that ravishing Crawford gal, and found a new man. A vital, sensitive, dramatic sort of person, with the blondest hair and tragic eyes. We were enthralled, and wondered how soon we'd see him again. And when we did, we
Going stronger than ever! Madge Evans gave the best performance of her sky-rocketing career in "Are You Listening?" with William Haines.

decided we'd finally found something worth while—but now what? He's gone, and we're still wondering when we'll see him again, this side the New York stage. Come back and try once again, Kent. You left a big, empty space in the line-up of really good actors in Hollywood, for there are so few who can claim that distinction!
Betty Mulharen, 12531 Hamilton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

DOUG IS MAKING ANOTHER

No one in the film colony could have given us a picture just like "Around the World in Eighty Minutes" but Douglas Fairbanks, because the entire film soars on the famous Fairbanks charm. This travelogue is as good as the average picture, besides being more interesting because of its novelty. During the trip one enjoys a wealth of world treasures, humorous magic, scenic romance, bright dialogue and thrilling adventures. Unlike dozens of current movies, "Around the World in Eighty Minutes" is a treat which children and grown-ups may view with equal pleasure.

That it lacks a single dull moment testifies to the need of an early sequel.
Alice Kerfoot, Riverdale, Md.

Something new in bathing caps! This "hair-waved" cap, simulating a waved coiffure, is worn by Leila Hyams. They come in blonde and brunette shades.

LET THE BEST ONES WIN

I read so many protests against the vast crop of new aspirants for screen fame; and yet people still have more "Hoots" than Hoorays" for the present reigning favorites.

Let the old ones come back if they can; let the present ones survive; and let the new ones in! Only the real stars among the people and the real people among the stars will be remembered, anyway. The "hooters" will pick and pry at all points of our beloved stars. But, protestors, if your favorites are as bright as you claim, they will never be crowded!
I am for any, or as many stars, as are able to shine!
Wilma McCracken, 621 Shore Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THIS IS DIFFERENT, ANYWAY!

In an age where acting should be well-nigh perfected, I can but wonder how rational human beings can find anything funny in the imbecile antics of animals in the so-called "animated cartoons." Instead of funny comedies we are treated to a maudlin exhibition of animals squeaking and quaking. Pigs dance jigs and cows are snobs while the audience rolls out of its seats in sheer laughter.

Synthetic actors display their ability on the screen while human ones look for work, yet we clamor about the depression. The talkies are a marvelous invention. Yet what benefit do we derive from them by viewing these insensate actions coupled by music that resembles weird jungle chants?
Give us the old pie-throwing days! Certainly it is more logical that a man should have a pie thrown at him than that a pig should dance a jig!
Bill Keeler, 418 12th Avenue East, Duluth, Minn.

MONKEY BUSINESS!

Why the over-emphasis on beasts in our movie thrillers? Each new picture of the shock-and-shoulder series seems to go a lot further in making more for the morbids. It seems to have started with "The Gorilla" and "Ingagi." Then came "Dracula," a mild shudder picture in comparison with the clinical aspects of "Frankenstein." The new "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" also stressed the horror element. And now we have "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," another gorilla epic.

I suppose it all comes under the head of "giving the public what it wants," but I'm wondering whether the real public wants this type of movie, and whether it is to the best interests of the industry?
Jan Beckwith, 6220 37th St. N. W., Seattle, Wash.

LIL'S ELECTED!

In my opinion, Lil Dagover is the only person on the screen who really rivals Garbo. Lil Dagover has the same mysterious something in her eyes that made Garbo famous. Lil was marvelous in "The Woman from Monte Carlo," and that hat she wore was fetching. As a man, I should know when and where there is beauty! Harvey Landrath, 1234 Georgia Ave., Shelbygan, Wis.

Here's Betty Gillette, one of Long Island's upper-crust damsels, as she stepped off the train to begin work as a contract player with Warner Brothers.

HERE'S THE OTHER ANGLE!

I am content to let others comment on the pictures of those gorgeous actresses and handsome actors, for there is something else I would like to write about.
I wonder if the producers of short (Continued on page 92)
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Cherie, a Gaynor Fan. Take your bow, little Janet. Not every star can cut in on first place in this department. Since the release of "Delicious" I have bagged hundreds of letters from Janet's admirers, asking for "plenty more" pictures with little Janet and Charlie Farrell as sweethearts. Why don't you write to Janet, Cherie, and tell her all the things you have written me? She will be pleased.

Elmer E. G. I'm flattered no end that you find ideas, suggestions, and many facts in my column for your stories of screen favorites. You'll always find accurate facts in SCREENLAND—not wild rumors or distortions. Opinions will differ as to the fine performance of the Barrymores in "Arsene Lupin"—laurels, laurels, who gets the bacon? John as the suave Arville, or Lionel as Guechard, the detective?


"Skies. John Gilbert's next starring picture will be "Downstairs" from an original story written by himself. He was married to Ina Claire in 1923—she has a small part in what they have separated. Ina has had several successful pictures to her credit: "The Royal Family," "Rebound" and "The Greeks Had a Word for Them."

Robert. If I answer your questions I'll be going some—and with whom and why? To get on our way, we'll have a class review on ages. Janet Gaynor is 25 years old; Joan Crawford was 24 on March 23; Charlie Farrell is 29; Junior Coghlan is 16; Mitzi Green is 9, and Jackie Cooper is 8 years old.


Phil. One of your juvenile favorites, Jackie Cooper, has not made a picture since "Huckleberry Finn" with Junior Durkin. He hasn't announced any future picture plans but his little brother Robert played with Jackie Cooper in "Sooky." Jackie Cooper will be seen in "Limpy," the story of a crippled child, and you may be sure he will give us his best. He was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on Sept. 15, 1923. He is 51 inches tall, weighs 73 pounds and has blond hair and hazel eyes. In 1928 he was a member of "Our Gang" and in 1930 Paramount borrowed him for "Skippy." That picture put Jackie on the top of the ladder.

Babe V. So you'd like to hear my column on the air—why should I steal the crooners' thunder? John Mack Brown's last release was "Lasca of the Rio Grande." David Manners is in great demand at the studios. His current release is "Man Wanted" with Kay Francis. The film was called "A Dangerous Brunette" while in production. David has played in "Lady With a Past," with Constance Bennett; "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," and his next is "Competition" with Chic Sale and Ann Dvorak.

Jane F. Paul Cavanagh was born in Chiswellhurst, Kent, England on Dec. 8, but does not tell the year, not that it matters. He graduated from Cambridge University a barrister, but before getting down to brass tacks, he wanted a bit of adventure. He has worked as a porter in a Canadian Railway depot; made hay while the sun shone in harvest time; worked with an engineering party in northern woods; was a member of the Canadian Northwest Royal Mounted Police; was in the World War. (Continued on page 94)
See Our New Red-Head!

HERE SHE IS!
This is a brand-new view of Jean Harlow as she looked at the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel." Your Platinum Blonde is a Red-Head now!

CAN you imagine Jean Harlow, the original Platinum Blonde, as a red-head? She has dyed her hair to play the much-talked-of heroine in the picturization of Katherine Brush's sensational novel; and we visualize Jean as she may look—red hair photographs brunette, you know. Do you like her hair this way, or do you prefer the coiffure in the smaller picture, above?
A "June" Bride's First Dinner

JUNE! It isn't just the sixth month of the year—it's synonymous with flowers, romance, brides! And speaking of brides—June Collyer hasn't been Mrs. Stuart Erwin very long. She isn't a June bride, yet she is a "June" bride—anyway, you get the idea! Although she's a Hollywood screen star she shares with all brides those thousand and one little problems of the novice at home-making, and among them that most momentous of all, the first dinner party.

A dinner party, no matter how small, is always a problem. June admits. According to Mrs. Erwin, Chicken Maryland is always an appealing number, no matter what the season. (Anyway, Stu is a chicken fiend!)

Of course the table should look as charming as possible, so June naturally insists on a centerpiece bowl of fresh flowers. And candlesticks add a note of dignity—or shall we say romance?—to a small dinner table. Here's a description of June's table which will be of value to the young hostess. The table is beautifully and smartly appointed with cloth of Italian linen, lace, and embroidery. The flat silverware is of Colonial pattern; the service plates are of green and cream; and the glassware is of white and amber crystal. Note the tall salt and pepper shakers. As to the rest, feast your eyes on the accompanying menu, which is June's idea of what should go to make a successful dinner for a small group. And a swell idea, say we!

June Collyer Erwin offers a perfect menu to the young hostess

By

Evelyn Ballarine

"HE" WILL ENJOY THIS DINNER!

Fruit Cocktail
Jellied Consommé
Chicken Maryland
New Parsley Potatoes
Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce
Strawberry Ice and Petit Fours
Demi-tasse

Stuart and June waiting for their guests. The dinner is just as good as the table looks—and Mrs. Erwin is one of Hollywood's prettiest young hostesses.
Neil Hamilton’s Magic Corner

Good tricks—and you can do ‘em! Here’s the fifth and final lesson

By

Neil Hamilton

In the last chapter I described the effect of dropping a deck of cards face down, making any chosen card jump out of the deck face up. Now to explain the little “Gimmick”—that’s what a magician calls the secret of any trick—by which this is made possible.

When you spread the cards and let the spectator choose one, let him return it on the top of half the deck extended to him; then place the other half over it. Make the “pass” as described in the last chapter, thereby bringing the chosen card to the top of the deck. You can easily cover this maneuver by a sudden movement or sweeping gesture of the hands.

Shuffle a couple of times, making sure that the top card always comes out on top. A moment’s practice will show you that little trick.

Then hold the deck, face down, a couple of feet above table or floor. At the same time shove the top card aside, so that it projects about half an inch beyond the rest of the deck. Your hand over the deck will cover that. (See illustration). Now—when you drop the deck, the top card, projecting as it does, will be caught by the air and turned over! Try it and see!

Now let us consider the important subject of palmistry—not as practiced by fortune tellers—but by magicians. One must know how to “palm” a card, just as one has to know how to make the “Pass,” to perform the average card trick.

Palmimg a card is simpler than it sounds. Look at your hand. You will find that a card laid across it can be gripped by the first joints of the fingers at one end, and the base of thumb and heel of the hand at the other.

One can partly close the hand, bending the card a little, and the hand will look perfectly natural and empty. The trick is to get the card from the deck and into the hand.

Have a card chosen. Get it to the top of the deck by means of the pass. Do the false shuffle if you want.

Then let the little finger of the hand holding the deck slip under the top card. Lay the other hand carelessly over the deck, and the little finger can shove the card neatly up into the palm where you can grip it. You can at once grab the deck with the fingers and thumb of the hand holding it, and extend it—palm held so the palmed card is hidden—to a spectator to be shuffled. If you study the illustrations I think the modus operandi will be clear.

(Continued on page 93)
FOUR “BEST” PERFORMANCES!

GARBO

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Here is Acting!

MUNI

In the title rôle of "Scarface" Paul Muni creates a character second to none in the annals of stage and screen acting. He refuses to make a cheap play for popularity—
he is "Scarface," the brutal, childish, cowardly, gaudy gangster, unmoral, merciless. Muni is on the stage in New York right now, but he is going back to Hollywood soon, and we hope he stays in pictures. We have no one on the screen like him.

Greta as Grusinskaya—the most exquisite portrayal ever given by a girl on the screen. Yes—Garbo is truly great in "Grand Hotel."

Scatter the superlatives! Dust off the laurel
The battle is on! Screenland's Honor Page can be given to only one star. But this month we ask you to decide! We have narrowed the best performances of the month to four. Now we're embarrassed because we have but one Honor Page to give to our Hollywood! Here—Garbo, Muni, Raft, Dvorak—share the laurels among you until your public makes up its mind. We can't—we admit it!

**GEORGE RAFT**

You who see "Scarface" will never forget the scene in which George Raft meets his death at the hands of the man whom he trusted. No heroics; no "ham" gestures; just—a look, and a quiet slumping to the floor. That scene will stay with you! And it lifts Raft right into the front rank of screen actors. He helped make "Scarface" the mighty picture it is. Now Paramount may star him in "Blood and Sand." He's new—vital—compelling!

**ANN Dvorak**

A charming girl, a clever actress—and more, much more than that! Everything Ann Dvorak does is real. She qualifies as a cutie—in fact, some think she resembles Billie Dove. But it is her acting that matters. She has some of Joan Crawford's intensity. She has depth and power and imagination. If she fulfills the promise of "Scarface" she is on the way to big things.

wreaths! It's a month of hit performances!
The Great Decision

Chairman of a group of motion picture executives to promising young actor:
"Mr. Ricardo, we've decided to have your ears operated on!"
LOOK OUT! Here Comes TARZAN!

HE BREEZED in—no hat, no coat—just six feet three inches of broad shoulders and muscle and tousled hair streaked yellow by the sun, and a careless grin featuring the whitest teeth I ever saw. He threw himself into a chair—I have the pieces right here—and kept on grinning. And somehow I said good-bye to Clark Gable and Jimmy Cagney and John Bar-rymore and jumped up on that elephant. Weismuller is like that—real menace.

There he was. But the grin had faded. He swung one leg over the arm of the chair. He looked sulky. "Say," he said, "where can a guy go swimming in this town? Do I have to wait until they get that tank at the Capitol Theatre ready for my act? And it's only eight feet deep." He got up and paced the office restlessly. "Gosh—I want to go swimming!"

Instead he wandered over to a table where I had this month's pictures spread out. He picked one up. "Garbo—mmm!"

"How would you like to act with her in a picture?"

"Me Tarzan—you Garbo! Swell!"

He thumped his chest, then gave an imaginary Garbo a Tarzan push. It looked good. Leo, old lion, there's an idea.

Johnny came across a still of Charlie Farrell. "My pal!" He scattered pictures right and left. Then he saw some gorgeous portraits of Gwili André, Radio Pictures' new find. "Say, I used to know her. Yeah, she's pretty. Which one looks the most like her? This one, I guess—" and he picked up the art study of André that you'll find adorning our rotogravure gallery.

"What's this?" He held up a picture of Joan Blondell in a bathing suit.

"That's Blondell—"

"Swell!"

"Yes, isn't she?"

"I mean the pool—that's a fine pool. Oh, yes," absently, "she is."

Weismuller in a suavely tailored gray suit with correct accessories is still Tarzan. He's cramped by four walls. He outdoors. He makes Gable seem a drawing-room sheik and Cagney an Oxford under-graduate. Trying to get a close-up of him is like trying to pet a tiger. Oh, he liked making "Tarzan" all right.

"Cheeta? Say, she's a nice old chimp. We had a lot of fun. Remember that scene on the river bank? She kept pushing me in as fast as I'd come out. Wish I had Cheeta here for my act. I'll be on tour fourteen weeks. Wish Stubby Kruger was along, but he stayed out there to go into pictures. Sure, I made that Tarzan yell myself."

He cracked a couple of windows proving it. And sure, he fought that lion—broke some ribs, too—"Never mind," I said. "I believe you." Somebody told him he looks like Gary Cooper. Johnny went red. "Why, Gary's a good-looking guy!" His kid idol was Douglas Fairbanks the first. He still likes him. John Barrymore, next. A newspaper quoted him as preferring Lupe Velez among the gals. "Oh, I just said Lupe because I thought of her first," he said. "I like 'em all!"

He doesn't smoke. He won't eat fish—says he's no cannibal. He's in a panic at the thought of autographing pictures and programs. When he was known as the world's fastest swimmer he had plenty of attention, too—but he doesn't believe it.

One thing about all this "Tarzan" excitement pleases Weissmuller. The kids like it.

"That's what I want to make pictures for," he said slowly. "I used to read the Tarzan books myself, I—I want to please the kids!"

So I let him off. "I'll see you in the movies," I said.

He straightened his six feet three. He forgot all about moving pictures and portraits of beautiful women. At the door he turned around and grinned: "I'm going swimming!" he said.

DE LIGHT EVANS
YOUR QUESTIONS:
Will she go to Sweden?
Will she make a picture in Europe?
Will she work in Hollywood again?
Will she retire?

THE ANSWERS:
For a vacation.
It's a possibility.
Maybe one a year for Metro.
NO!

What Does the Future Hold for Garbo?

THIS month Garbo makes the most important decision of her whole life.
Is she to go home to Sweden to live luxuriously and quietly “happy ever after” on the fortune she has accumulated in the movies?
Will she make the pictures she wants to make in Europe?
Or will she sign another Hollywood contract and continue her unparalleled triumphs as the most popular figure in the theatrical world today?

Hollywood is burning with an even more extraordinary curiosity than that evinced by the public in general. Garbo’s thoughts have long been a mystery, but what she is planning to do now is the biggest puzzler of all.

Adrian, who has designed her screen costumes for years and is an intimate friend—as intimate friends of Garbo’s go—says that sometimes she remarks, “Yes, I think I go home!” And the next day dismisses such a possibility with a shrug and two terse words, “Dot’s
Garbo—money in the bank, ambitions realized, tired of fame, longing for freedom—this month makes her great decision

silly? That's Garbo.

Yes—by the time you read this she will probably be on her way home to Sweden. But it may be only for a vacation. On the other hand, she may decide to make a picture or two in Europe. She has had many offers from Hollywood producers. Her salary demand has been quoted as $14,000 a week. It may be that she will return to Hollywood and make one super-picture a year for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company which sponsored her and helped make her the great star she is. One thing is certain: she will NOT retire from the screen. Garbo would like to make a picture when and as she wants to—a story she likes, when she likes. And Metro, of course, is the logical film company for her to sign with.

At this writing only two things can definitely be stated about her plans—for the reason that Garbo, herself, has only settled two things in her own mind. One: she will "go home" to Sweden in any event, even if only for a vacation this summer. Two: she is not planning permanent retirement. On her other plans—as to when and with what company she will make her next motion pictures—she is still wavering. She is a frank and sincere woman. Her refusal to discuss these matters give us a true insight into her real self.

In "Flesh and the Devil" days when Garbo got a real kick out of her work! With director Clarence Brown— and John Gilbert.

By

Ben Maddox

Garbo with Erich von Stroheim in her new picture, "As You Desire Me." She plays a cabaret singer—a disillusioned woman of the world, "led up" with her playwright lover, and life in general. Then she meets Melvyn Douglas—but that's another story, which you will want to see on the screen.

But which is her real self? Decide her motives and you've solved the Great Garbo Mystery! But even Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance combined would be stumped with this singular problem. The Egyptians had a word for their champion secret-keeper. They called their Garbo the Sphinx!

Does Garbo honestly dislike the minute scrutiny which movie fame has focussed upon her? Would it be human to be sincerely indifferent to the adulation of millions?

Either Garbo is truly an introvert, a woman who does not need others to be perfectly content, or she is once again exhibiting one of her master strokes of super-showmanship!

Since the lady does not choose to talk, perhaps we can solve the riddle of her perpetual silence. After all, doesn't the old proverb advise us to judge a person by his actions rather than by wordy intentions?

Here are various facts about Garbo which may help you to decide just what she is going to do when the farewell-or-stay moment comes.

If she is going home to her native country for good, why did she recently move to a different house? Had the San Vincente Boulevard residence in Santa Monica become too well-known to the public? Would she bother to search for a new hide-
away in Brentwood Heights if she expected to be here only until the completion of "As You Desire Me"?

If she plans to stay in America, why has she never bought or so much as leased a house? Why does she insist upon renting from month to month? Is this consistent with her economical traits?

If she plans to retire, why doesn't she proclaim that "As You Desire Me" is her final appearance?

If she intends to stay, why has she never shown an inclination to take out citizenship papers?

If she hates publicity, why did she "hide" in Walter Winchell's hotel when she went vacationing? Do you suppose she had read and heard his intimate gossip about the movie stars and decided to give him something to spread far and wide about herself?

Or do you argue she didn't realize that visiting Broadway just before the release of "Mata Hari" and being extremely aloof and incommunicado would get her reams of publicity? If she refuses to be interviewed, why does she assiduously read every item printed about herself in the movie magazines?

If she secretly revels in the you-chase-me attitude, why is it that she has never connected a fantastic past as all other exotic ladies of the screen have done? Why has she never made any attempt to mystify us? (Or has she?)

If she doesn't care a whoop about clothes off-screen, why does she pay Hollywood's most expensive tailor nice sums to make her those smart, tailored suits? If she doesn't love fine feathers, why did she buy that gorgeous mink coat on her New York trip and maneuver to wear it in the opening scene of "Grand Hotel"?

If she is going home, why would she risk her supremacy, consent to share honors with four other stars in this production? Why did she change her billing—drop

Greta, the girl, on the threshold of Hollywood success. She was very young, naive, ambitious—working on her second American picture, "The Temptress," and not even starred. The world was yet to be conquered. Look at her natural, fresh face, her almost shy attitude. Not yet Garbo the Great, but just a girl trying to get along!

the Greta—at this time? To make herself stand out as a distinctive personality, an individual best described by one brief name? Was this the gesture of a bored, fed-up actress or the clever bit of strategy of a smart showman?

If she is going to stay, why has she refused to accept the position in Hollywood society which her success would give her? By turning down invitations to meet distinguished guests at the swanky parties staged by Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, did she lose or gain
try as Mauritz Stiller’s protégé. Nobody gave her a second thought and her hit in “The Torrent” amazed everyone—including Garbo herself.

Naturally shy, not used to brilliant society nor lavish living, she asked for a comfortable room with a nice private family as her residence. She wore cotton underwear. She did not have good taste in clothes and, because she did not know how to wear them to advantage, was not interested in sartorial effects.

Her romance with John Gilbert brought her into contact with filmland’s select. But, wise beyond her years, she foresaw that she could never be happy with the mercurial Gilbert. He took her to parties. Never having mixed with people, she did not understand the process of making friends. She had not gone to college nor had any previous opportunity to learn the graces of society. Ill at ease, she realized that she did not have the artificial polish of the average Hollywood girl. She couldn’t wise-crack and be the life of the party type.

It was then she became dissatisfied with Hollywood and the idea of going home to Sweden grew upon her. When she first arrived, she had been anxious to make good and stay here. America was the “promised land,” a place for an idealist to find fame and fortune.

After overwhelming success far beyond her eager expectations, she discovered how different the ways of Hollywood were from those of her own country, learned that she was supposed to parade in the traditional movie star manner. She resolved to make all the money she could and to quit at the height of her success.

You must remember that she spoke very few words of English when she came here. She didn’t have to learn much for her silent pictures. And this language handicap was another barrier between her and those who wanted to be friendly with her.

The talkies stirred her on (Continued on page 95)

Garbo, the woman, most famous actress in the world, proud and poised, but oh, so tired! The door is open—to further fame, or the freedom she craves. Dare she go on, trying to break her own records? How she must long to say, “That was my life! Now I can live in the shadows.” Have you realized what a decision she must make?

Garbo, 1932.

The dressing-table of Garbo at the studio, plain and unadorned. Note the lamps without shades, and the simple toilet accessories—strictly utilitarian. See the little Chinese doll perched on top? Garbo has a fancy for dolls and toy animals.
Some call it madness, but the Coast calls it nice!

IT'S
Hollywood's
Own
Moral
Code

"Conventions are merely a high fence between freedom of mind and confinement," says Lilyan Tashman. It was Lil who introduced the stockingless fad in America.

CONVENTIONS have no place in Hollywood, where the stars have created their own moral codes. Right and wrong are in the mind, the film-famous believe, and for that reason Hollywood condones acts that you might criticize. Before you pass judgment on the seeming social breaches of the stars, diagnose the point of view taken by members of the film colony and perhaps your verdict will not be so harsh.

For instance, it is common for wedded actors or actresses to be seen at public functions in the company of other than their legal partners. If this happens elsewhere than Hollywood, an immediate scandal follows, but in the film colony little heed is paid the unconventionality. It is recognized that studio working hours are irregular; perhaps a husband or wife may work nights for weeks or even months. The working half of a marital union does not expect the other half to remain at home and twiddle thumbs. Therefore, most Hollywood husbands and wives are glad that the film colony's elastic disregard of conventions permits married persons to be seen publicly accompanied by family friends.

An instance of this occurred during the recent opera season, when a prominent actress appeared nightly in the
company of a notorious Hollywood playboy. Her husband was engaged on a picture and the playboy was a family friend; also, the wife is very fond of the opera. Think of the profound faith these three expressed in each other—the wife feared no gossip, the husband was happy that she could attend the operas, and the playboy made no attempt to take advantage of his position, because he appreciated the faith reposed in him by his friends.

"Conventions are merely a high fence between freedom of mind and confinement," says Lilyan Tashman. "One reason Hollywood is such a marvelous dwelling place is that people are not regarded with suspicion because they fail to live exactly according to the prescriptions of Emily Post."

Miss Tashman, among other anti-conventionalisms, introduced the stockingless fad in America. Sedate women gasped when she made her first public appearance with limbs thus unadorned, but in a short time the fashion became world-wide, principally because it is economical and comfortable, even though it was once considered shocking.

In most municipalities, over-righteous persons look askance on girls who choose to live alone. When Sue Carol was a Chicago girl, she separated from her husband. She preferred living alone, but she realized such an act would bring down a storm of criticism on her head; therefore she returned to the household of her mother, which is seldom a totally happy move for a woman accustomed to operating her own home. When Miss Carol moved to Hollywood, she lived alone for three years and nobody gave the matter a second thought, because thousands of decent girls live alone in Hollywood. They arrive in the film colony from every corner of the world. All of them cannot find accommodations at the Y. W. C. A., the Girls Studio Club or in private homes; many must live alone. Hollywood understands, and girls who dwell alone and entertain in their one-room apartments meet with no criticism.

Every community has its recluse—the mystery woman who lives alone, generally on the outskirts of town. (Continued on page 81)
He's Afraid of Women

Spencer Tracy, one of the toughest of screen hombres, is alarmed by those aggressive girls

By Colin Reynolds

Tracy comes into his own as the hard-boiled Sergeant Quirt of the talkie "What Price Glory?" But guess what that hand over his chin is concealing!

Oh, BEWARE of a man with a dimple in his chin! That chin and that dimple, with the generous mobile mouth above them, are an important factor in the rising success of Spencer Tracy, whose second option on the five-year contract with Fox has just been duly visited.

And it's going to count no end when we see him as Sgt. Quirt in "What Price Glory?"—Eddie Love's old rôle in the silent version of gorgeous memory. I saw the stills which won the decision for the revival of this best of all United States war stories. One understands right away that the dimple in the chin is the asset which will confound Capt. Flagg in those mutual love affairs in which the captain is forever the frustrated rival. They'll be beginning production on this picture about the time this story appears in print.

In the meantime, Spencer Tracy has made six pictures since he came to Hollywood a little over a year ago—winning great notices for his work in all of them and thus banishing the idea that he is a New York stage actor just being tried out in films.

Like Clark Gable, Spencer owes his break to "The Last Mile." Spencer played the rôle of the killer, Mears, in New York for a year, and was given leave to accept a Hollywood offer. That was when he made "Up the River," the first picture to "kid" prison life.

Interestingly, Clark Gable was in New York at the time, out of work. Tracy suggested that he try for the part of Mears in "The Last Mile" on the road. A few weeks later, Gable was doing just that, in Los Angeles—and we know what the two-weeks' run there did for Gable. So that was a pretty lucky play for both of them.

Tracy's success was slower than Gable's in pictures. But his fan mail is not far short of Gable's now, and is from more men than women. Men particularly approved him as the cop hero in "Disorderly Conduct," and his work in "Quick Millions" won mention as among the ten best pictures of last year.

Quite different is his characterization of the nasty husband, with Doris Kenyon, in "Young America."

"That was a swell part," grinned Spencer, "I sure enjoyed that picture. Frank Borzage is a peach of a director."

But it's all right. Spencer is won to grace by the small adopted boy in the last reel—the self-same boy who aroused his lower nature in the first part of the story. But he sure knows how to be a disagreeable guy when the occasion demands it! (Continued on page 82)
BENEATH a correct ladylike exterior, Constance Cummings conceals a veritable imp of mischief.

You wouldn't have suspected that, would you, when you saw her as the nice girl in "The Criminal Code" with Walter Huston, with Ben Lyon in "Big Time," and all the rest of the roles Columbia chose for her?

So it's a bit surprising when she declares in her nice well-bred manner, "Goodness, I'm longing to cut loose. I wish they'd let me be impudent once in a while."

Well, she has a chance to be a smart, crisp little comedienne in Harold Lloyd's new picture, "Movie Crazy."

"It's a grand part," beams Connie. "Mr. Lloyd chose me at first because it called for some sly make-up which disguises me part of the time. I'm a movie actress in it."

"Which should give you a good opportunity to put over some of your prankish satire," I surmised, because this young Cummings person loves making fun of anything and everything, and especially her own profession. That's her taste in reading, too—she loves the gay satirists.

We haven't been able to hang a single serious romance on Constance since she came to Hollywood a year ago, brought out by Samuel Goldwyn from the New York stage for a role opposite Ronald Colman. She was found to be "unsuitable" after the tests were made and it looked like another Hollywood heartbreak for a day or two. But Columbia snatched her up on a five-year contract, and saved the tears.

She did, however, make good friends with Ronald and sometimes plays tennis with him. But then she may also be seen in the company of Leslie McFadden, son of the congressman; of Mark Busby, young newspaper man; of Ben Levy, author of plays, notably "Springtime for Henry"; of King Kennedy, young actor—dispensing her smiles impartially.

One might almost claim that Constance is a "man's woman"—because, you see, she has so few women friends and so very many men friends. But that probably is because brother, Cummings Halverstadt, is a reporter. You will have noticed how her tastes run to the literary boys!

And I regret to divulge that, while Columbia obviously regards her as the "nice girl," the young lady can shoot a sinful game of craps and lick these case-hardened reporters to their undoing!

There is positively no tosh about Connie, who is a most comfortably frank person. She admits blandly that she isn't interested in world politics or even the news of the day and frequently forgets even to glance at a newspaper.

She may be slim and ethereal-looking, but how that girl can eat! You should see her put away a steak with the boys. By which you will have guessed she is one of the lucky ones who don't have to diet. She just naturally loses weight while working on a picture and so can stuff to her nice little flat tummy's great content!

Right now she is working in "The Criminal Court" with Edmund Lowe. Eddie is on the Columbia lot now, since his au revoiris to Fox, but is still his jaunty self and was sporting a garderoba in his buttonhole when he looked in on Connie during our talk. His greeting was characteristic—a jolly hello, as to another fellow one is fond of. So you see, even Eddie isn't tempted to be flirtatious with this highly normal young lady. She is in danger of having too many (Continued on page 90)
It is a compliment to the poise and discretion of Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, that news of their decision to seek a divorce should have proved such a shock to the film colony. Usually there are a thousand leaks in these matrimonial barks which warn the interested that another wrecked romance is imminent. Such news travels quickly in Hollywood!

It is now generally conceded that Ann was responsible for the straightforward manner in which the news was divulged in identical letters written and delivered simultaneously to all the Los Angeles newspapers. Two letters in each envelope—one signed by Ann, the other by Harry, making the simple but devastating statement.

Thus did the public learn that Ann’s great success in motion pictures overshadowed Harry’s comparatively meager achievements so disconcertingly that the husband felt thwarted and belittled and so made married life intolerable for them. Ann’s letter went on to explain that, apart from her, Harry could again make his own career—meaning his masculine prestige could be so restored, his ability and self-confidence so rehabilitated, that success would crown his efforts. It will now be interestingly up to Harry to prove this.

It has become pretty obvious that precious few men are able to function as second fiddle to successful wives. Tradition is against them. For many centuries men have been encouraged to regard themselves as the lords of creation, the head of the family, top boss. Even, I mean, when they were not necessarily endowed with the superior qualities of character such an authority should naturally entail. Wives more or less meekly accepted the situation.

But an alarming thing called “woman’s suffrage” intruded upon this halycon masculine paradise. Even before that, industry, commerce, the professions, the arts,
What happens to Hollywood marriages when Fame casts its shadow between?

By
Alma Whitaker

had been reluctantly opening their doors to women. In view of the present situation in the drama, it is amusing to recall that not so very long ago, men played all women’s roles on the stage. And even within the memory of our own grandparents, it was regarded as rather disgraceful for a woman to go on the stage.

So we cannot expect these flouted males to take kindly to the new order in a couple of generations. As Bernard Shaw once said, when asked what type of woman he preferred, “She must be clever enough to permit me to believe that I am cleverer.”

One can smile with a little wistful sympathy for Ann, striving to prove to Harry that he was the more clever, in the face of such irrefutable testimony to the contrary — especially as witnessed in dollars and cents. And perhaps, too, for Harry, trying to believe it.

The money question is so emphatic. Women can be gracefully financially dependent on men, (although a lot of them strike against that), but it calls a man to be financially dependent on a woman in addition to being forever referred to as, say, “Ann Harding’s husband.”

Every fibre of their masculinity, fostered through the ages, smarts resentfully under such a situation. And, although it may not be true, Hollywood has long since understood that Ann allowed Harry $1000 a month. Even if untrue, one can understand how this pseudo-knowledge unconsciously affected people’s attitude towards Harry.

Then, too, where the case is reversed, the wife can perform definite duties of home-keeping, of child’s raising, of social entertaining, contributing ever to her successful husband’s greater prestige. But it will be several more generations before a husband can bring himself to be the perfect housekeeper, the wise father, the charming host. (Continued on page 88)
MEET "THE GENERAL"

HE IS always known as "The General" in the Big Top over at 28 West 44th St., where the "Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America" lives and moves and has its being in Will H. Hays.

The General is not only the day ledger of the Magic Screen but he is also its Conscience. It is a very human Conscience. Personally, I think, with Hamlet, that Conscience makes cowards of us all. And why not? If it doesn't, this world would be anarchic and chaotic.

"There are things you've just got to be scared of—all of us—to keep a whole skin," said the General in his talk with me.

I recalled to the General our first meeting. It was in the Astoria Studio of the Famous Players in 1924. We were making a picture depicting the history of the Post Office Department. We were about to do the scene of the turning over of the Postmaster Generalship to Hubert Work, the new Postmaster General, by Mr. Hays, the retiring Postmaster General.

Mr. Hays, our "star," turned up on time. But we made him punch the time-clock. "Sure!" he said—and this big, laughing boy gave it a twist that nearly put it out of commission.

We told him we'd have to make him up—rouge him, etc.

"My face is yours," he said. "It isn't the handsomest in the world—but neither was Socrates' nor Woodrow Wilson's. And be careful of those ears!"

And so he kept kidding us and himself all through the daubing up and during the ceremonies with Mr. Work at the desk while the camera was grinding.
When he got three close-ups in five minutes he shouted at Tommy Meighan, who was looking on:

"Say, Tom—aren't you jealous?"

I gathered from all this that the Hon. Will H. Hays got a great big kick out of life. Even today when I see him—he is now 53—I always expect him to pull out his bag of marbles and say, "Let's play!"

The second time I met him was in the Writers' Club out in Hollywood. He made a speech to an assemblage of scenarists and title-writers. I have never forgotten one sentence in his address that is as apropos today as it was then:

"There are about fifteen million persons attending motion pictures every day in America. That is not as important as why about forty millions do not attend them. Now, it's up to you boys to find out why!"

And he pointed his finger right straight at Waldemar Young and myself.

"He practically says that you and I are responsible for the forty millions absentees," said Wally gloomily.

But I gallantly took the blame, for I consider Wally Young one of the top-notch scenario writers in the country.

So I rose up like a little man and said:

"Mr. Hays, I'm responsible for keeping forty million persons out of the picture houses."

Nobody in that audience laughed more heartily than Will H. Hays.

When I went to see him for Screenland the other day the General was up to his ears in his yearly report. Frank J. Wilstach, who is the famous Old Sleuth of the Simile, tossed me around in and out of doors until finally we got into the brainery of the General.

Mr. Wilstach, by the way, has a secretary who relates an anecdote that illustrates the good humor of the General and his ability to twist the raw edges off of an embarrassing situation.

The girl had never seen Mr. Hays, who had just returned from a long trip to the coast. He came in to see Mr. Wilstach on his return, and was stopped at the door by the vigilant secretary, who asked him his business.

"Why," said Will, "my name is Hays. I work here, too!"

But getting back to the General in his brainery. He hasn't changed a bit since my last tussle with him. He is still Health Abounding, takes it on the chin with a joke—always the hail-fellow-well-met, ready to clink a glass with you (but nothing stronger than lemonade is in his glass).

He said he only had a few minutes. But when he gets started he can talk like a machine-gun.

I made my first pass at him:

"Will there ever be a time when the pictures will have the same freedom as the speaking stage?"

"Any violation of good taste should not be presented either on stage or screen," replied the General.

"That," I came back, "brings up the old question of what is good and what is bad taste?"

"Good taste," he said, "is something that fits. Bad taste is something that doesn't fit. If drinking or the use of certain vulgar words or any strong sex-scene is absolutely in keeping with the story, is part of the woof and warp of a story, it is not a (Continued on page 79)
Do you thrill to the call of the South Seas? Long, lazy days on that beach at Waikiki; warm, perfumed nights of mystery? Forget your troubles and come along to this palm-fringed island of pleasure. Check your inhibitions and find your old impulsive self in an enchanted setting. "Bird of Paradise" beckons you!

**Hawaiian Love!**

HERE is romance run rampant!

Do you thrill to the very mention of the South Seas? At the idea of wonderful, tireless days spent in the surf, or lying on the smooth white beach watching the lazy waves break far out over the gleaming coral reefs? At the thought of warm, perfumed nights beneath a huge, tropical moon?

Would you like to steal away from the workaday world with its civilized troubles to a quiet, languorous land of flowers and sunshine and simplicity? Hie away to a palm-fringed island of pleasure where you'd find your perfect sweetheart in an enchanted setting?

Then you will be thrilled beyond any mere description with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea in the most glamorous of all the South Sea love tales—"The Bird of Paradise."

The very title has long had a magic hold on our imaginations. Richard Walton Tully's play ran for years. There have been other tropical idylls, but in this—the greatest of them all—Hollywood captures the lure of Hawaii for the first time.

Small wonder that Dolores and Joel are still under the spell of the picture. Five weeks were spent on location, the exterior scenes being filmed right in the actual locales.

Illness and poor stories have hindered Dolores Del Rio since the talkies. As Launa, the exotic native girl who defies the tabu of her tribe for the love of the hand-some white youth Johnny, she once again proves the singular charm and force of her unique personality. Scheduled by RKO as the most elaborate presentation on its 1932 schedule, "The Bird of Paradise" promises to restore Dolores to the front row of stars.

Joel (What-A-Physique!) McCrea is given the best opportunity of his promising career as the man in the case. Because Johnny is so much like the real Joel, this hero is extremely convincing!

Four men—the head cameraman, production manager, recording expert, and property man—preceded the technical crew of forty which accompanied Dolores, Joel, and director King Vidor to Honolulu. No other actors besides the two leads were taken on the trip. There are only a few white men in the picture aside from Joel, and the scenes in which they figure were made in Southern California.

An entire native village was "rented" to furnish the proper background for one sequence. Its inhabitants, pleasant, likeable people, were so anxious to please that in between the episodes in which they acted they entertained the company with a continuous round of music and dancing. King Vidor's dealings with them were easy. He just hired the chief, and that efficient gentleman furnished everything—the village, men, women and children, ceremonial dances, and even had pigs chased through the streets for atmosphere!

"It was a glorious vacation rather than work," says Dolores. "It took the crew so long to get the cameras
set up and everyone quieted down for the ‘mikes’ that we averaged only about three hours a day of actual shooting. We had lots of time to swim and enjoy the outdoor life. Believe me, Honolulu is the ideal play spot.

“Our ‘Bird of Paradise’ is not faithful to Tully’s play. After the studio had bought the rights, they found that there was very little novelty left in the play. Produced years ago, it broke records in every large city and has been given by practically every stock company. Many movies have imitated its story.

“King Vidor, therefore, has written a new story to fit the title. He retains the spirit of the original and some of the big moments. The tremendous volcano eruption and Luana’s plunge into the burning crater to appease the native gods is still the spectacular climax.

“I think it is a great mistake literally to transfer a well-known stage play to the screen. We discover this in converting ‘The Dove’ into ‘Girl of the Rio.’ The story was hackneyed. Using the stage dialogue made the picture just talk, talk, talk!

“I’ve been unfortunate in my last few appearances. Either the story or the director was not the right one. But now I think we have the correct combination.”

“Johnny and Luana find love so deep and burning that no tribal tabus can come between them. See the rapture in their faces—under the tropical spell of the Pacific islands acting demanded little effort. The picture breathes romance!”
Joel had to learn to climb cocoanut trees. He is proud that he had no double. He never fell—and this proficiency inspired the director, King Vidor, to write in a scene where Joel had to fall!

Are we “going tropical?” Remember—admits he likes to live the natural, was happier in someone was sure to make a noise in the midst of a scene. An automobile horn would honk, dogs barked! A group would get excited and start talking out loud. The most sensational noise came when a baby fell off the top of a car parked nearby!

Dolores and Joel are perfectly cast. The olive-skinned beauty of the Mexican star has never been more pronounced. A few years ago she couldn’t have portrayed the vivacious native girl with half the vitality and zest she has put into the rôle. Then Dolores was a serious young lady who was not very happy.

“I don’t take things seriously now,” she assured me. “My weeks in the islands showed me how happy those natives are. They live the simple life. No wonder we are discontented when we demand so many things!”

Although she has always been well-to-do and lived luxuriously in cities, Dolores has an innate desire to get close to nature. She says that now, back in Hollywood, she is happy just to lie in the sun beside her swimming pool and dream that she is back in Hawaii.

“Joel had such a marvelous time there. He was the idol of the beach boys because he was such a fine swimmer and girls kept his ‘phone ringing steadily!”

Forbidden happiness! The natives don’t kiss, so Johnny’s kiss is a sensation.

them. And as a result he gets a humaneness into his pictures that many directors fail to inject.

“Vidor also does a lot with camera angles. He doesn’t want a lot of talk. He made us pantomime whenever possible. Notice this in the love scenes. We talk very little, expressing our thoughts on our faces.”

This directorial technique is just the opposite of the Von Sternberg brand. Those of us who enjoy some animation in our actors will hail the Vidor method.

“There were always hundreds of people watching us work,” Dolores told me. “The news seemed to spread like magic. The crowds delayed us because
ber "Tarzan." Now Joel McCrea lazy life. Dolores Del Rio says she Hawaii. Why?

I knew how he loved the outdoors. Whenever Joel isn’t working in the studio he’s at the beach in Santa Monica. His is the best stellar tan in Hollywood.

"From the moment we landed and I was welcomed by sixteen gardenia leis (with twenty-four gardenias in each) being thrown around my neck, I was sold on the place," Joel admits. "The mayor invited us to tea in his own home and we saw everything of interest in the old royal palace. They are great movie fans over there. George O’Brien and Dorothy Mackaill are very popular, due to the good impression made on many vacation trips to the islands."

"The native girls," Joel observes—he was keen enough to note this!—"are beautiful, especially between the ages of eleven and eighteen. At that latter age they look half-a-dozen years older. The natives wear regular American sport clothes mostly, the grass skirts coming out for dancing or native religious celebrations.

"Tropical flowers and fruits grow so abundantly that it amazed us. We bought three dozen bananas for five cents, a dozen gardenias for a dollar!"

In the picture Joel is called upon to do quite a few stunts, and he is proud that he didn’t have a double for a single one. He had to learn how to climb a cocoanut tree. If you think that’s so easy, well—try it yourself. The durned things are slippery and there’s nothing to hang on to but the greased column itself. Joel never fell, and this proficiency inspired King Vidor to write in a scene in which Joel had to fall!

A high-light of the story is Joel’s under-water flight with a three-hundred-pound sea turtle. Vidor had a double do it first, but Joel looked at the rushes and shook his head. It didn’t look authentic. He finally persuaded Vidor to let him do the stunt himself.

Joel has played opposite a number of our screen charmers, but he thinks Dolores just about tops the lot of them.

"She has a beautiful face and figure, lovely hair, and is so full of vitality. I’m the slow-moving type myself and," naively expressed, "I like my heroines lively. Otherwise I’d have to supply the pep!"

He thinks she is the emotional type of actress, rather than one who relies upon technique.

"I was surprised at the ambition she evidenced," he muses. "You would have thought this was her first picture, judging from the keen interest she showed in every scene. She never grumbled or displayed any temper. A grand sport!" And, he adds unofficially, every star is not that way!

In the story Dolores at the beginning speaks only her native language. It was not at all difficult for her to learn Hawaiian. The rapidity with which Luana and Johnny (who, of course, understands nothing she is saying at their first meeting) fall in love and leap the vocal barrier is one of the delightful episodes.

"The natives don’t kiss, you know," Joel explains. "So when I kiss Dolores the first time she appears stunned. A new sensation," Luana quite evidently likes the strange expression of (Continued on page 90)
WHEN Sally Eilers married Edward "Hoot" Gibson, the common gossip along Hollywood boulevard was: How long can she hold him?

Today, the same gossip has taken a queer turn; the question has become: How long can he hold her?

Fate has twisted their positions topsy-turvy during the past two years. At the time of their marriage, Gibson was a popular Western star; she was practically unknown. His salary was in excess of six thousand dollars a week; it is doubtful if she received two hundred dollars for a similar period.

Today, the name Gibson has become almost a stranger to the bigger motion picture theatres, but Sally Eilers is regarded as one of the most promising young stars. She is riding the crest of a wave of popularity as a result of her sensational performances in "Bad Girl," "Over the Hill," and "Dance Team."

Before their marriage, Hoot was not only a much-written-about film hero; he was regarded as one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. Wealthy, at ease among women, and handsome, he was much sought after for film social affairs. Further, because he had been twice wed and as often divorced, people smiled knowingly and whispered, "What chance has unsophisticated young Sally to hold him?"

Today Hollywood worships at Sally's shrine, which is the way of Hollywood with persons who are successful. Scores of young swains are eager for her smiles, and wealthy men from far corners of the world seek her company. As the Eilers fame grows and the Gibson popularity wanes, a dazed Hollywood wonders audibly: "What chance has he to hold her now?"

Because this story has to do with Sally, rather than...
Now the gossip has changed—the new question is: "How long can he hold her?"

What is Hollywood success doing to those two nice people, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson?

By James Marion

with Hoot, let us plunge immediately into the changes that have taken place in her since the day of her marriage two years ago. Then she was the most irresponsible, scatter-brained girl it has ever been my experience to know. If she had a serious thought in her head, it was so surrounded with giddy ideas that it never reached the surface. She had a mind only for play, romance, dancing and smart cracks. She would rather have made a witty retort than play the feminine lead opposite John Gilbert (and two years ago, the feminine lead opposite Gilbert was one of Hollywood's greatest honors). She had been given magnificent opportunities at several studios, but her consistent inattention to duties disgusted one studio official after another until it appeared that Sally would sink into the vast oblivion into which go the unsuccessful tens of thousands who seek film fame.

No one questions Sally Eilers' ability; in "The Goodbye Kiss" she demonstrated personality, individual beauty and splendid histrionic talents. That was why producers were eager to give her opportunities, despite her failure to take business seriously, but as the fun-maddened girl refused to settle down, one after another lost faith and Sally found it increasingly difficult to obtain jobs.

So much for Sally of 1929, before she met Hoot Gibson. It is film history that she finally fell to the last stand of screen acting—leading roles in Westerns. In the course of these parts, she was engaged for a Gibson picture. Tired of sophistication, worried with business and marital cares brought on by a recent divorce, Hoot liked the giddy antics of his new leading lady. They became friends and she appeared in other Gibson Westerns. A writer rumored romance; Hoot and Sally answered with an announcement of their engagement.

The wedding took place at (Continued on page 79)
Here's a camera study of Frances Dee, showing what her eyes can do when the contrasting influence of the chin is subdued. Frances' eyes are sweet and blue and bright—but her chin is what started her on the road to success.

Eyes vs. chin! Which shows the real Frances?

By Julie Lang

FRANCES DEE'S eyes and chin are mismates.

Now hold your missiles, will you, while I agree that she is simply inexcusably pretty, but her eyes and chin just do not match.

Take a long defining look at any picture of the very screenable Miss Dee and you will discover that she has round blue eyes, that spell youth, credulity, and heaps of happy illusions. Look at her chin, and you will be startled to find that it is moulded along those grimly determined lines found in successful female executives, politicians and educators.

Frances, let it be known, is quite smart enough to know when to use her eyes and when to use her chin!

One of her famous "chinny" moments saved her from the fate of the unheard and practically unseen studio stock player. It happened this way. Frances had won one of those short-term contracts with Paramount after an extra part in "Follow Thru." She was elated. That big, big break had come for her, and she indexed herself a success.

Her mistake she discovered some weeks later. After bits in several productions not the tiniest scent of an important part came her way. She read the writing on the wall, which from left to right spelled out "no option take-up at the end of contract-time."

Now, instead of sulking, complaining and retiring in defeat, Frances, jaw set for action, arrived daily at the studio commissary for lunch. She consumed her viands with a nonchalance that fooled anyone who might guess that she was having option nightmares. And one lunch hour right in the middle of her melted-cheese-on-whole-wheat-toast-sandwich, Maurice Chevalier's secretary stood beside her with the great Frenchman at his elbow. The secretary, who already knew Miss Dee, achieved an introduction that started history (Continued on page 84)
Healthy and merry, pretty and peppy, Joan Blondell is just the ideal girl to introduce you to our summer bevy of talkie beauties on the sands of Malibu Beach!
Sun, Surf, and Sand!

Malibu Beach Follies, with an all-star cast! Anita Page is giving you a good look at her new bathing suit, while Peggy Shannon, clinging to Jimmy Dunn's hand, runs up to show you hers. And over there at the right is Arline Judge, emerging from a dip in the ocean. Yes, that's June Clyde wrapped in cellophane—not to "keep her fresh," but to protect her from sunburn. And last but not least beautiful is Leila Hyams.
Summer at Malibu!
JOHNNY and JACKIE!
Hampswimmer imparts some of his secrets to a champ boy. Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller took Jackie Cooper in to show him what a fellow has to do to become the world's swimming champion.

The diving question was thoroughly gone into, also—and a good time was had by both! See how Jackie proves to his playmate that he can be a big, strapping man, too!
CLARA COMES BACK!

The fans win. Ever since Clara Bow retired from the screen about a year ago her public has clamored strenuously for her return. Now we hear she's going to star in a new picture. Good luck, Clara!
OLYMPIC GIRL!

This is "what becomes of Sally" when the warm weather sets in! Note the sash in the popular Olympiad colors. Don't miss the intimate story about Sally Eilers on Page 32 of this issue.
SPORTS MODELS
—1932

Red, white and blonde! Marian Marsh's trunks are red and the top of her bathing suit is white trimmed with red. Note the tricky V-shaped backline.

Leila Hyams wears a one-piece suit of blue and white jersey. Blue stitching around the neck and arms and a white bow around the waist make this a smart swim suit.

Joan Blondell in a flesh colored bathing suit with the new square neck. It's daring—so don't go for it unless you have a figure à la Blondell. This isn't just a pose for Joan—she was at one time swimming champion of Santa Monica beach.
Something grand in a bathing suit—Kathryn Crawford! The suit is of red and white. Kathryn wears red and white sandals to complete the color scheme.

Sally Eilers has an evening gown like this so she had a bathing suit designed like it. And that's an idea, girls!

Loretta Young wants an even tan—even as you and I—so she lowers the straps of her chic two-piece red and white bathing suit and lets Old Sol turn on the heat.
JOHN BARRYMORE. His latest is “State’s Attorney.”
MADGE EVANS, who has just signed a nice new contract.
GWILI ANDRE
MAURICE CHEVALIER

That smile! You'll enjoy the Chevalier charm in his current screen romance, "Love Me Tonight," with the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald.
COME ON, SUMMER!

Pajamas still hold the spotlight. Joan Crawford's fit snugly and flare at the bottom. The daring diagonal red and white stripes are a striking contrast to the dark red shade of the suit.

Adrienne Doré in a new beach creation. A wide-brimmed hat of white terry cloth and a robe of the same material printed in black, with wide dolman sleeves.

A stunning summer costume. Gloria Stuart's white knitted dress features the bolero jacket over a tuck-in blouse. The skirt is pleated in front. A white hat with a quill, white shoes, white doeskin gloves and a white kidskin bag complete the outfit.

A little dash of Scotch—terrier. Silhouetted figures of Scotties are a novel trimming on summer sports costumes, and Joan Marsh carries out the idea on her dress, hat, and bag. They're detachable and can be used on as many ensembles as you like.
Hollywood girls give the rest of the world fashion ideas for charm and coolth!

Sports pajamas of red and white are featured by Adrienne Doré. Her sandals are red and white, too. It's a "sandals" year, you know!

Sally Eilers in a two-piece beige tennis frock. The jacket is double-breasted and trimmed with brass buttons. Sally goes in for sox as so many of the Hollywood girls do.

A Roman-striped scarf is the only touch of color on Ruth Hall's summer ensemble. Her coat is of a lightweight nubby wool weave, and trimmed with white fox. Ruth wears one of the smart rolled caps, and her oxfords are white in a lattice-work design.

Look what happened to your shawl, grandma! It's very 1932 to sport paisley. Joan Marsh is wearing the new "bibbed"-topped pajamas. And her sun umbrella is a colorful paisley print.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

This enchanting scene isn't taken from any motion picture—it was produced by Mother Nature herself, in collaboration with the Pacific Ocean and Ruth Hall.
Alpine Adventurer

Luis Trenker is one of the most colorful actors who ever came to Hollywood from Europe, but—Interviewing Luis Trenker is something of a feat. The sensational Austrian sportsman-actor has so many things to say about his first visit to America and Hollywood and so few English words with which to say them.

He has vivid mental reactions to everything he sees, and his eager face, bronzed by the sun and wind of his beloved Alpine crags, lights up as he lets loose a barrage of half-English, half-German, which he supplements with vigorous pantomime.

What does Mr. Trenker think of Hollywood?

"Ach! I ha'f read many book about Hollywood, und I know iss nice town, but not so big place! Hollywood iss alles waechst! I tink when I look with the window, dass iss city—huh? Haus—houses, oranges, happy people and I like the great air und alles sport. Yah—Hollywood iss alles waechst!"

Well, since Hollywood had Mr. Trenker's enthusiastic okay, what about America—any outstanding impressions, anything that struck him as being strange or different?

"Yah—sie health und optimism by sie people. Kultur iss everywhere. Automobile, alles mit automobile—und people out of what?—Paradise! You see, in next hundert yahre the center of sie world mit Amerikaner, yah, I tell you. Und New York—das iss magic—better more und bigger than sie Pyramids!"

Yes, Mr. Trenker, New York has a few good-sized buildings—pretty tall, too, eh?

Trenker's dark eyes flashed as he unfolded his dream. It is to produce a motion picture comparing the modern towers of Manhattan with the rearing peaks of his Tyrol. He described his experiments in New York photographing the skyscrapers from all possible angles. He is excited about it, and it was hard to deflect his attention from it to another question which wanted answering.

Is there any American figure whom you particularly admire?

"Sie idol of Deutschland und Europe iss young Amerikaner—brave, courageous, mit sports und explorer und aviator. So me, I think Lindbergh big man. But that iss not new—alles world think that."

Being a sportsman, Mr. Trenker, what do you think of America's chances in the approaching Olympic Games in Los Angeles?

Olympic Games stir Trenker's enthusiasm. He is a champion ski-runner and jumper, and one of the greatest regrets of his life is that he was forced to miss the recent Olympic Winter Games at Lake Placid, New York, in order to film his first American picture, "The Doomed Battalion," with Tala Birell. But America's chances?

"America will win. Why? Sie men iss more big, und healsy. Europe mit one good man und America mit twenty good man—you see? Sie standard iss more high from Amerikaners. More chance und they win!"

What about the vaunted German photography? Is European camera technique really much superior to that of Hollywood? Is sound recording more perfect in Continental studios?

"Nein!" He was emphatic. "That iss a mistake. It iss not so. There are great artists mit sie kamera in Deutschland—yah, but more greater here, und sound is better, clearer. Maybe because of equipment—mixers, sound trucks, microphones—alles! Und lights. I ha'f learned much in Hollywood."

Is making pictures your (Continued on page 93)
Reviews of the

By

Delight Evans

Grand Hotel
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

You won't be disappointed! Here's one picture that lives up to its advance ballyhoo. It's a fascinating film, which you will want to see again and again—at least once for every start! The opening night in New York was a panic mounted police on the sidewalk, flashlights, cameras, Noel Coward shaking hands with Otto Kahn, Viki Baum beaming, news-cameramen chocking up the aisles—and a picture that kept up the excitement. The story of "Grand Hotel" is the story of people you and I might know: a little stenographer; a business man; a kindly aristocrat; a clerk. And there's one glamorous figure who is remote and unfamiliar and altogether marvelous—a dancer named Gruinskinskaya, played by Greta Garbo. She is exquisite; her scenes are the high spots of "Grand Hotel." John Barrymore as the Baron who loves her is practically perfect. Lionel Barrymore brings Kringlelein the clerk to amazing life. Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery submerge their own personalities in their roles. Nothing more to say except—"See it!"

The Mouthpiece
Warners

Here's corking entertainment! It's an adult, fast-moving picture, which will put another actor on the movie map—Warren William. This big man from Broadway manages in this new film to erase from the spectators' minds any suspicion that he is merely a carbon copy of John Barrymore. William's profile is Barrymoreish, but that isn't his fault, and he makes you forget any similarities once and for all when he plays the dashing criminal lawyer who is the central figure of this rousing drama. The counsellor-at-law is a combination bon vivant of Broadway boulevard and a playboy of the criminal courts who, having sent an innocent man to the chair, becomes, remorsefully, an attorney for the defense of criminals. He's spectacularly interesting—until Sidney Fox, diminutive love interest, enters his life and "reforms" him. I like Miss Fox, but she doesn't help this picture. Aline MacMahon is exceptionally good.

The Wet Parade
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Here's the most controversial picture of the month. I can't honestly class it as "entertainment" in the usual sense of the word—except in a few inspired scenes presenting Jimmy Durante. ("Schnozzle" saves the show as far as I'm concerned.) But you won't want to miss "The Wet Parade" because everybody will be talking about it, and you'll want to pipe up with your opinion. Based on a novel by Upton Sinclair, this melodrama socks pre-Volstead saloon days and prohibition speakeasies with equal fervor. It scours the evil of drinking—and then signs over prohibition. As propaganda it proved nothing to me except, possibly, that a hangover is a hangover no matter what your politics—and that is not exactly news. However, there are some stirring scenes, some fine acting, and "Schnozzle" Durante as a dry agent, winning acting honors not only by a nose, but by a scene of sincere pathos.
Best Pictures

A Month of Hit Pictures!
A Month of Great Performances!
Don't Miss these Screenplays

Scarface
United Artists

What a picture! See it—if you're of age, able-bodied, and strong-minded. Otherwise—don't! For it's a shocker. You'll be stunned and thrilled. You'll be torn to pieces. You may hate it for its horror, its brutality—but you'll never forget it. Yes, it's that important. Tremendous drama, with more punch than ever before achieved on the screen. A gangster film—the last and the best, for which the first were made! Some states have banned it. But catch it if you can. Paul Muni plays a public enemy as no other actor ever has. No model for small boys, but a horrible example, he slashes his way to gangland glory, until, cornered at last, he dies of a dose of his own medicine—the machine gun. Superbly directed, supremely acted. Ann Dvorak rises to real heights as the sister of Scarface. Karen Morley is excellent, also Osgood Perkins. Muni comes mighty close to genuine magnificence. And you'll come away raving about George Raft, one of the greatest of all screen finds, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Valentino.

"Scarface" is sensational! Paul Muni stars, with Karen Morley and Osgood Perkins among the splendid players.

SEE:
"The Mouthpiece"
"The Wet Parade"
"The Miracle Man"
"Scandal for Sale"

T he M iracle M an
Paramount

A good picture. Crack from those who saw the original version: "It always was." Yes, and remember there's a new generation growing up and going to the movies that never heard of that old silent picture in which Lon Chaney, Betty Compson, and Thomas Meighan won fame. The story is still inspiring, if you want to be inspired. The story is old-fashioned, if you're a determined "modern." But this new dialogued version has a splendid cast—no Chaney, it's true, to play the cripple, but it seems to me that Chester Morris is admirable in Meighan's old rôle, and that Sylvia Sidney brings brilliance to the Compson part. For the benefit of those who can't—or won't—recall the tried-and-true plot, it's all about a band of crooks who decided to use a fine old faith-healer in their "racket," only to find themselves reformed in spite of themselves. Yes, it has its moments, and many of you will find yourselves touched.

"Scandal for Sale" is brisk newspaper drama, with Charles Bickford and Pat O'Brien scoring. Claudia Dell, right.

Scandal for Sale
Universal

The best newspaper drama since "The Front Page." That's how good I think it is. Of course, I was never "an old newspaper man myself," so I can only tell you that the portrayals of Charlie Bickford, as managing editor, and Pat O'Brien, as star reporter, seem real and plausible to me. These two are among my favorite actors and I may be prejudiced. But if that's Hollywood, then give me Hollywood! Bickford plays a tabloid editor who sacrifices everything to his ambition of "a circulation of a million and a half"; his wife, his son, his pal. A trans-Atlantic flight to boost circulation ends fatally. Bickford is a broken man—well, if you can't imagine Bickford broken just call him bent. There's a scene in which he hears of the tragic finish of the stunt flight, and picks up his hat and coat and leaves his office, which needs no dialogue or gestures to express defeat and despair. Bickford is fine in this film. O'Brien is just as good.
READ —

The

Love Secrets

of

Kay Francis!

By

Grace Simpson

A DREAMY moon and gorgeous roses. (Both beautifully artificial.) A shady nook, over-run with clinging vines. (Hastily put up.) Birds swaying overhead. (Stuffed and suspended by wires.) A flower-scented cottage. (Only two walls of it, for that’s all that shows.) And still, love flourishes. (Because the script demands it.)

But when the set is dismantled and carefully stored away in the prop room—what then? Does the love stirred up for cold celluloid continue on its merry way in real life? Well, it has been known to do so.

Take, for instance, the Kay Francis-Kenneth MacKenna romance. A garish Hollywood studio set sponsored that, you know, and almost before a soul realized it, the happy pair and a minister plus a church had gotten together with the result that two were quickly made into one! The silken web of love ensnared this up-and-coming young couple completely, and now, after these many months of married life, they insist they are still very much “that way” about each other.

It was in New York, a number of years ago, that Kay first met her present affluity. He was producing some plays and she was fast becoming popular with stage fans. It was but natural that they should eventually meet. From the very first they were strongly attracted to one another and a firm friendship developed. Love didn’t come just then—however, it was always hovering in the background.

Years sped by and Kay had arrived. Invited to play the siren rôle in “Gentlemen of the Press,” she played it in her own little way with astonishing effect. Hollywood producers were amazed at her new-type performance. “The girl’s great!” they chirped. “We need her in Hollywood!” So Glitter-town beckoned and Kay

Kay talks frankly, for the first time,
Kay's Creed:

"Separate apartments!
"If he takes a vacation, take one, too.
"Give him what he wants to eat, and all he wants to eat!
"Don't let any rumors start. I'd rather lose out on a picture than be separated from Kenneth for any length of time."

of her romance with Kenneth MacKenna
ISN'T HE GRANT!

Sure! First name Carey. He was born in England, is six feet one inch tall, weighs 172 pounds and has black, wavy hair and dark brown eyes. Hails from the Broadway stage. He played with Jeanette MacDonald in "Boom Boom," and with Fay Wray in "Nikki." His first picture was "This Is the Night"—result: a Paramount contract.

DISCOVERIES
of the

MONTH

RED-HEADED WOMAN!
She was born in Denver, Colorado. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. She played in "Strictly Dishonorable" and in the Broadway production of "After All." You'll see her in the screen production of "After All." She's under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her name is Margaret Perry.
Strained Interlude!

What would happen if we could hear the actors' own thoughts? Just imagine—or better still, listen in on this imaginary studio scene, with a purely fictitious cast

By Mortimer Franklin

DIRECTOR: Is everybody here? All right, now let's get this thing organized. Let's see—Miss Boopadoop, you're sitting on the divan in this living-room set, and Mr. Hoopla, here, comes to keep a date with you. Then, while you're making love, Miss Nitwitt, his wife, busts in. Has everybody memorized their lines? (Thinking: Memorized! Ha, ha! What with, the dumb clucks?)

HORACE HOOPLA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Thinking: More than you could do, too, you moron.)

BELLA BOOPADOOP: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Thinking: And what a punk part they handed me!)

NITA NITWITT: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Thinking: Gee, how'll I ever remember all those words?)

DIRECTOR: All right, then, let's get going. I'm sure we're all going to work together smoothly. (Yeah, like a bunch of strange bulldogs, you sulky saps.)

(Actors take their places. Gong rings for silence. Director motions to begin.)

BELLA: Darling! Oh, I'm so glad you came. Kiss me, dear. (Make it a quick one; it's bad enough having to look at you!)

HORACE: Come to me, my own! In my arms! (In your hat!)

(He takes her in his arms and kisses her.)

BELLA: My wonder man! Don't ever leave me again! (Ouch! Get off my feet, you dumb egg!)

HORACE: With you in my arms, sweet, I've got the world beaten to a frazzle. (You're the biggest frazzle of 'em all, sister.)

(Mr. Blivitz signals for a cut.)

MR. BLIVITZ (sweetly): That's very good, folks, but how about getting a little more feeling, a little more heart, into it? (A fine pair of somnambulists you turned out to be!)

Thinking

The "Mike" is listening, the camera is grinding, while this gripping dramatic scene. But if each only knew what

BELLA: My wonder man! Don't ever leave me again!

HORACE: With you in my arms, sweet, I've got the frazzle of 'em all, sister.) In this movie burlesque
So the characters in films have begun thinking right out loud, have they? Well, here's where Screenland goes them one better, and gives its readers the opportunity of listening in on the private thoughts of a group of actors who are the product of our author's imagination. Watch them making a scene for "Wobbling Wives," a super-epic which, fortunately, will never be written!

BELLA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. But doesn't the script say something about "languidly?" (What, me pull a Lupe with this ham?)

BLIVITZ: All right, all right. (Another squawk outa you, tough mamma, and it's right back to the soda fountain.) We'll try it again later. Go ahead.

(Gong rings. Bella and Horace resume clinch. Nita Nitwitt makes her entrance.)

BELLA: Look out, sweetheart! Your wife! (Yeah, and just look at her! If she's an actress I'm Sara Bernhardt.)

NITA: Oho! Now I've caught you at last! So that's how you've been playing cards at the club, eh? (Gee, ain't Horace nice! He's got ears just like Gable. Hope he takes me out tonight.)

HORACE: Listen, you tomato. I'll go where I like and do what I like, see? (Gosh, she's pretty when she acts mad. Wonder if she's really gonna divorce that sap she married?)

NITA: Oh, yeah?

HORACE: Yeah.

NITA: Yeah?

HORACE: Yeah.

NITA: Yeah?

HORACE: Yeah. (Shakespeare musta written this one.)

NITA: Well, you're coming home with me, do you understand? Right now, too, you double-crossing sugar-papa. (He's cute, all right. Hope he isn't falling for her.)

HORACE: Go on, scram!

(He gives her a punch in the jaw that sends her reeling.)

NITA: Oh-h-h! You beast! (Darling! I love you?)

HORACE: Now beat it. (Gee, poor little kid, hope I didn't hurt her. Boy, won't Cagney turn green when he sees this?)

BELLA (prancing around, chewing up the scenery). Ha, ha! Oh, ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (Thinks she can steal the scene from me, does she? I'll show her.)

NITA: (Heh, heh! A piece of toast, a fried egg, and you?)

(Mr. Blivitz signals for a cut. They all gather around him.)

* BLIVITZ (to assistant director): Looka here, Wunch, whyn't you take that with the camera nearer, huh? All right, (Continued on page 91)

with Sound!

Bella Boopadoop and Horace Hoopla speak their lines in the other is thinking! (Thinking: Ouch! Get off my feet, you dumb egg! world beaten to a frazzle. (Thinking: You're the biggest you will find the souls of the actors laid bare at last!}
THERE aren't many eligible bachelors in Hollywood. So, when I found one of them patiently waiting for me in the "interview" office at a studio I decided it was a plain case of "Hollywood girl gets break."

Dickie Moore, young—he's six—handsome, and probably the most popular star on his home lot, sat typing a letter to a girl named Lilith. Only he spelled it as he pronounced it, "Lilis." His typing was not of the best, and he kept interrupting himself to ask, "How do you spell this—and that?"

Presently we both tired of the laborious task, and it seemed like a good idea to interview him, now I had him caught. I had no particular angle, it's true, but Dickie himself solved that. He wanted to talk about love.

There are two little girls who live next door to him, I gathered. Their names are Ella and Eleanor. One of them is just his age, and the other, Eleanor, is three and a half years older, or nine and a half in all.

Long ago Dickie made up his mind to marry Ella. She is, it seems, the prettiest, for there is some little drawback concerning Eleanor's teeth, though what it is Dickie isn't quite sure. But now, teeth or no teeth, personal pulchritude be dashed, Dickie is going to marry Eleanor.

Not that this young star is fickle—far from it. His choice of the lady of his heart is based on practical considerations most unusual, especially in one of such tender and susceptible years.

Eleanor, he assured me, is sensible. He likes sensible girls. Moreover, he likes big girls. And Eleanor can build forts.

An elaborate specimen of Eleanor's handiwork stands in Dickie's back yard. Built on an incline, with a very serviceable knowledge of anatomy as well as engineering, it must be entered in a prone position, after which one may not quite, but almost, stand up. Once inside, it forms an admirable stronghold from which the enemy may be bombarded with complete safety.

Dickie's knowledge of military strategy, it appeared, is quite on a par with Eleanor's engineering. A goodly share of the young man's conversation, alternated with his views on love, was taken (Continued on page 80)
in the Hollywoods!

David Durand collects toy pistols and black eyes, and worries about his career

By Weldon Melick

David Durand is nothing that he is. No, that’s not quite right. What I really mean is that he’s everything he isn’t. Or rather, he’s both and neither at the same time. I hope I make myself clear!

He’s an honest liar, a brilliant nit-wit, a sophisticated infant, an angelic devil, a sympathetic sadist, and a stubborn jellyfish all rolled into one—or two, I should say, for he’s Jekyll-Hyde as a little boy. He’s an actor off the screen and a “natural” child on. His personality is as fickle as a chameleon’s complexion—he has more conflicting traits than a knock-kneed centipede.

If you don’t know him well, you’re apt to think he’s the ideal American offspring (which he isn’t) and the next moment be convinced that he’s a spoiled brat (which he also isn’t). If you size him up as dumb at two o’clock, you’ll be ready to admit he’s a genius before the clock strikes three. And you’ll be wrong both times. At ten o’clock, you’ll be a nervous wreck trying to figure him out. Psychiatrists who thought they could may now be found in Ward 607, gnawing on the upholstered walls.

Because he’s an impossible combination of everything and its opposite in the flesh, there is no limit to David’s adaptability on the screen. He flits from one characterization to a totally dissimilar one as easily as he misspells simple words. Thanks to this versatility, he’s about the only picture child left who hasn’t become typed. Casting directors know that he is equally convincing as a smart-aleck pest (“Bad Sister”) or a wistful French waif (“Innocents of Paris”), a frail, cultured scion of wealth (“Rich Man’s Folly”) or the robust son of a gangster (“Ladies Love Brutes”), a perfect little gentleman (“Song of Love”), or a dirty, rowdy Russian hoodlum (“The Spy”).

He has never played two roles alike, yet in real life he is different from any and all of his screen portrayals. Critics universally praise him for his naturalness, not realizing that if he really were what they call “natural” he could do justice to only one type of rôle.

Most successful children of the screen are indeed “natural,” for they are wisely never cast in parts foreign to their own natures. But David, needless to say, doesn’t belong in this category. He’s an actor in the fullest sense of the term—it’s one in a million who appears so thoroughly at home in any rôle that he fools the critics into thinking he isn’t acting at all.

His mother is the only critic David gives two hoots for. He is in seventh heaven when he succeeds in pleasing her. And rightly so, for her praise is rare as radium—reserved for such occasions as his performance shows the divine spark.

I shall incur the wrath of three score and ten mothers when I say (Continued on page 80)
"I knew I was going to be an actor," says Freddie. "The fact that I didn't have the lighest idea how I was going to be an actor troubled me not at all!"

The Real

Life Story of

Fredric March.
You’ve read “life stories” of stars before. But this is something special. March “tells all” in his own words—and every word is good reading. You’ll like this!

Reported by
Margaret Reid

1920! I thought of it less as the beginning of that decade than as the year that Banking lost Bickel to Broadway. All my nice, conventional desires for big business had vanished as completely as if they had been extracted along with my appendix. I was Reborn, I told myself—and felt, in the process, so special that I had few qualms about the theatre’s ability to recognize that here was something rather remarkable.

I knew I was going to be an actor. The fact that I didn’t have the faintest idea how I was going to be an actor troubled me not at all. I knew there was something about registering with agents, something about photographs. So I had some cheap pictures made—shirt open at the throat, two fingers contemplatively against the temple. You know the kind. Seeing them, I thought “Why, I really look just like an actor already!” and was very pleased. I hope it was the reaction to the years spent in commercial pursuits for which I was, without knowing it, quite unsuited. But I’m afraid it was nothing more subtle than a desire to look like those performers who affect long hair and flowing ties lest there should be any mistake about their profession.

Anyway, delighted with my photographs, I looked in the telephone directory for addresses of agents and, with high heart, began peddling myself. I left copies of my pictures, complete with slightly flattering information about myself written on the back, on as many desks as would tolerate them. In the privacy of my Brooklyn room, I intoned passages of the plays I had read during my convalescence. I felt, because I had read somewhere that that was how actors should feel, that I had a message. I was very excited.

And then I got my first job. One of the agents with whom I had registered finally moved me off the bench in his office by sending me, with several dozen others, to the Paramount Studios for extra work. It was a jolt. I was having quite a spell of Shakespeare at the time and my hopes had been centered on Shakespearean drama as the ultimate in theatre. This fooling around in the low commerce of movies was distasteful to me. But I went along anyway, assuring myself that this was merely one of the exigencies of art.

The picture was “Paying The Piper,” starring Dorothy Dickson and directed by George Fitzmaurice—I told Fitz about it the other day. I was one of the mob and not very happy about it. Until the pay checks were passed out and I discovered that I had made seven dollars and a half! That was a horse of an entirely different hue and the crasser half of my dual nature responded in delight. Seven and a half a day—that made forty-five dollars a week—one hundred and eighty dollars a month! Movies were not so slow after all. The future loomed ahead in a rosy glow of prosperity.

My next job came about a month later!

Starving in the cause of Art would have had a fairly satisfactory flavor. But starving in the cause of a purely money-making proposition was complete frustration. I figured obscurely in mob scenes in “The Devil” with George Arliss, “The Great Adventure” with Lionel Barrymore, “The Education of Elizabeth” with Billie Burke and several other pictures which I don’t recall. But it was in the Billie Burke (Continued on page 82)

"Merrily We Go to Hell!" sighs Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March. That's the provocative name of the new film which co-stars Fred and Sylvia. It's a sweet scene, that in the circle, but it doesn't mean anything in our hero's private life. Now just glance at the picture to the left...

Yes, a cross-section of Mr. March's real home life. The lady is Florence Eldridge. In the life story on this page he says: "I met her in Denver, a romantic spot. But I'd have been romantic about her in Keokuk. I still am, even in Hollywood." Sorry, young ladies, but Mr. March is absolutely sincere. However, he can be induced to send his autographed photograph upon request.
Beauty and the Beach

Salute to Summer!
Let's be beautiful!

By
Margery Wilson
PROMISE not to marry me!" is the name of a popular novel. But the girls won’t need to say that if they don’t look well on the beach this summer. It won’t be necessary!

However, good taste as well as good form attract the wary male.

The problem this year is to be demure and feminine with less on than you ever had before. Can you do it? You can if you can forget your body. And you can forget your body if you have shaped it up with exercise and are wearing a becoming bathing suit, that, however brief, does leave something to the imagination!

The fashionable gesture toward modesty has various interpretations. It can probably be traced to the renewed interest in an aesthetic attitude toward the body. Every school teaches “rhythms.” Classic feeling is revived in dress and hair arrangement. So grace and beauty on the beach are a necessary part of being swanky this summer.

If you cultivate the proper manner you can be almost unclothed without seeming “naked.” Ramon Novarro was the first to prove this to Hollywood. Remember “The Pagan”? Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers all have lovely figures, but even in the scantiest bathing suits they never make you think of “flesh.” So we are forced to admit that sex appeal is not necessarily a matter of sensual appeal.

So whether you are going to Monte Carlo where “each suite owns a balcony for sun-bathing” or just out to the “old swimmin’ hole” your swank is in you rather than on you, a degree of modesty guarantees your amphibian chic.

There is no use being cynical about all this. These are the facts in the case. It may give us a mental lurch to realize what we have to live up to, but maybe it will be worth it. Let’s try it and see!

The California beaches will probably present an odd mixture of costumes this summer. Are you going to rush out there for the Olympic games and take it Hollywood at the same glance? What in the world will you wear? You will have three types to choose from. Will you select the drapey Greek things in honor of the Olympics? Will you choose the Spanish bolero and big hat that look so adorable with beach pyjamas—or will you wear the trim little stars and stripes that celebrate George Wash-}

CHARM FOR SUMMER!

Help yourself to loveliness. Margery Wilson, our Beauty Editor, will guide you. Bring your personal problems to her. She will answer your questions. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Please don’t undo in a few hours all the good beautifying you’ve been doing for months and months. Do something to preserve that alluring pink-and-whiteness that is so adorable with the flowered chiffon dress you’re going to wear for tea and dancing later. You don’t want to be red and peeling while wearing dainty chiffon that clings and flows and ripples in rhythm with the dancing of vacation hearts—and I might add—feet!

You don’t want sympathy from “The Man.” You want admiration and plenty of it. It will pay you to take an extra five minutes when you are dressing—or is it undressing?—for a swim and spread a sun-filtering make-up base over your skin before you powder.

Constance Bennett wears an oily concoction that prevents burning and evens the tiniest tan it does allow. Spread your choice of lotion, oil or cream over your face, your neck, your shoulders—and some obliging soul will always be willing to spread it on your back for you. Especially if your back is a pretty one, like Joan Crawford’s, for instance. And does she know it! And does she guard it!

The aristocratic shoulders of Kay Francis, Joan Bennett and Norma Shearer all have achieved their exquisite beauty through care, on and off the beach. The value of a smooth skin is recognized in the thousand dollar ephrums on the Hollywood pay-checks.

For reducing and hardening up the lines of a flabby body, there is nothing grander than swimming, leaping and playing around a beach.

So, if you can’t start out with just the figure you’d like to have, go on out on the beach and get it as fast as you can! Let the sun and air give you the vigor that stores up in your nerves like (Continued on page 48)
Pat and Patricia

Turning the tables on the screen’s star reporter! Here’s an expose of Pat O’Brien’s private life

By Peter Long

He Likes:

The desert
Baseball
Broccoli
Cigars
Blue
Kids

There was a moon. A radiant California moon. The jolly old man in the moon was full—I mean the moon was full—anyhow he winked at the O’Briens!

In the mellow light softly flooding the seashore, Pat and Patricia snuggled comfortably together—under one warm steamer rug—in one beach swing—on the sands of Malibu. Only one discordant note jarred upon the romantic scene. It was a third party.

As the party of the third part I hated to do it, but it’s the only time one can catch the O’Briens together these days—Malibu nights under the California moon. Pat is Irish, of course, and very sentimental. Ever since Eloise went completely O’Brien by changing her name to Patricia she’s that way too. Being Irish myself I knew I’d find them there. That’s why I paid no attention to the lights in the O’Brien beach house being out. I followed the wink of the old man in the moon out onto the sands.

“Sure, we keep the lights out,” said Pat with a twinkle in his eye, “so as to get some rest. The Malibu party

hounds think we’re not at home and go on their way.”

“How, what a fib!” protested Patricia. “Pat is the most sentimental lad in the whole world. He’s crazy about the moon.”

“And you, darlin’,” interrupted Pat.

“You see,” continued Patricia, after a suitable pause somewhat embarrassing to the third party, “Pat doesn’t like the beach. At least, he never did. He likes the desert and the mountains. I love the ocean and the beach.”

“Sure,” retorted Pat, “that’s why we have a beach house.”

If you could have seen the lovely Eloise—I mean Patricia—in the seashore surroundings, you wouldn’t blame Pat for letting her have her own way. She’s a very pretty colleen. Her lustrous brown hair and sparkling brown eyes blend in so beautifully with her soft olive skin. She has finely chiseled features, this gal who goes by the name of O’Brien, and she has a figure that would make Flo Ziegfeld and Mack Sennett mooch with envy. Her olive skin has become nut-brown in the California sun, the beach is her proper setting, so how could the sentimental Pat deny her anything?

Not even his name! As a rule, actors are very jealous about their names, even with their wives. On the stage

You’ve heard of Pat and Mike. Now meet Pat and Patricia—a grand team, too. And read about them in this exclusive story—you’ll enjoy it.
we have had a Mr. and Mrs. occasionally, and once in the old silent movie days—but a Pat and Patricia is original.

Pat and Patricia O’Brien! Sounds euphonious, romantic—and swell. How did they hit upon the idea?

"Eloise Taylor—my stage name—is too much like Estelle's," confided the young wife.

"Besides, Eloise is no name for an O'Brien," snorted Pat.

"I’ve always liked Pat, so why not Patricia?" continued Eloise, "and I asked Pat if he'd stand for it and he said he'd stand for anything from me, so how could I refuse the name then?"

In Hollywood the O'Briens may be Mr. and Mrs. Pat, but now that the Mrs. has resumed her acting career, she is to be addressed as Patricia. And unlike most thespians Pat isn't jealous. He loves it.

"Which reminds me!" growled Pat. "This month you pay our publicity man and the clipping bureau. Ever since you changed your name the story has been printed by every newspaper in the world. You wanted to become a working girl, so from now on, darlin', it's fifty-fifty!"

Sure Pat was kidding the little woman, but it struck me—knowing Pat as I do—that he has been a fifty-fifty guy all his life. Sentimental he is, as Patricia says, but a proper Irishman should be. But I know of no one in any walk of life who is as loyal and devoted to his pals as Pat O'Brien of the Milwaukee O'Briens. Particularly the pals who aren't doing so well. And in turn there is no more popular actor in movieland than Pat.

He's a damned good actor, too. Wasn't he selected by the New York play critics for two of the ten best performances of the 1930 stage season? Sure he was. The snappy racetrack bookmaker in "The Up and Up" and the idealistic Russian communist in Bolivar's "Overture." Since his memorable picture debut as the reporter in "The Front Page," Pat has been front page in Hollywood ever since. He and Charlie Bickford are the most sought after free-lance actors in pictures. Although Pat has become famous as the star newspaper man of the screen, of late he has been getting away from type. After he and Bickford did "Scandal for Sale," Pat played opposite Wynne Gibson in "The Strange Case of Clara Dean" for Paramount, and with Walter Huston and Kay Johnson in "Faith," for Columbia. Believe it or not, Pat is a villain in the Paramount opus. He's an actor of parts, is the (Continued on page 84)
Hot Off the Ether!

By Louis Reid

The private lives of your radio favorites! Read the second of our straight-from-the-studio series

ONE of the most sensational successes ever recorded in broadcasting history is that of the Mills Brothers, the sepian quartet that came out of Ohio a few short months ago to storm the palatial gates of New York’s radio rajahs.

Their triumph was as sudden as it was unique. They had been given an audition at the Columbia studios, had aroused the enthusiasm of program officials. Yet the latter were none too sanguine of their reception on regular radio schedules. Such an uncertain audience is the armchair audience! What is expected to set off a general huzzah-ing often proves a dud.

Opened "Cold"—Proved Red Hot

So the Mills Brothers were listed on the broadcasting schedules without any advance ballyhoo. Not a line of print, other than the bare program listing, heralded their network debut. They went on the air "cold."

But they hadn’t been on the air more than ten minutes before those around the studios realized that here was the hottest outfit that had come to radio in many Carolina moons. The telephone switchboard was flooded with calls from listen-

ers, requesting their history, the kind of instruments they used, how they managed to make themselves sound like an orchestra, when further broadcasts would be given.

For the Mills Brothers introduced something new in quartet warbling. They could—and did—simulate with their voices such musical instruments as the tuba, clarinet, saxophone and trombone. The response in the far reaches of the land, throughout the show world was immediate and stupendous.

They clicked—clicked to such an extent that four broadcasts were scheduled the following week, and theatre entrepreneurs stumped to them with check books and dotted lines. They are now regulation headliners, holding the place of honor on Procter & Gamble’s "Crisco Hour."

The four youths—they really are brothers, separated by only four years—were bewildered at first by their big hit in the big city. They were kept so busy, you see, playing every Broadway house between their broadcasts, presenting variety shows, rushing after their evening performances to a Harlem night club to headline an elaborate floor show.

The Pride of Harlem

Today is another story. Today they carry themselves with the air of seasoned veterans of show business. They are the pride of Harlem, vocally and sartorially. They own a car driven by a liveried chauffeur. They live in one of Harlem’s most luxurious apartment houses. Their wardrobe is impressive in a section of the town that knows what impressiveness in wardrobe means. Each has more than a dozen suits of clothes, (Cont. on page 86).
Bitter Pills!

Take 'em like little soldiers. Good for ailing egos

Rolled with one hand by
Malcolm Oettinger

JIMMY DURANTE
Cyrano caressing a custard pie; hymn to Hotcha!

SYLVIA SIDNEY
Mona Lisa, Russian version; Marche Funebre in moonlight.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
Acting in six easy lessons.

BARBARA STANWYCK
Virtue in a shower-bath without curtains.

JOAN BENNETT
Beauty in a vacuum; innocence and lipstick.

LIONEL BARRYMORE
The gesture returns; Edwin Booth in a cafeteria.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
Thoid Avenoo through a lorgnette; Pardon my Glove; shamrocks and sham.

JAMES CAGNEY
Pan kayos Cupid in one round; A D T boy makes good.

SPENCER TRACY
Adam stands the gaff; Romeo with a wicked left.

CHARLES BICKFORD
Strong man crushing raw marshmallows; political rally in Friars' Club.

LEO CARRILLO
Bambino gone Broadway; Musso in a stock company.

JANET GAYNOR
Grenadine, sap buckets and maple sugar; understudy of Mary Pickford's ghost.
Critical Comment

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is a real job for Jackie Cooper. He jumps from the rough and ready kid he usually portrays to the part of Limp, a cripple with an inferiority complex—and he's swell. The film is somewhat draggy but Jackie and Chic Sale make up for that. A fist fight between Cooper and Andy Shuford is the high spot of the film. Jackie wins the battle with Andy and with himself.

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

Universal

Hooray! Tony rides again, and Tom Mix is with us once more. Let's go, gang! Tom is wrongly accused of murder by his enemies and sent to prison. He receives a pardon from the Governor and then things begin to happen fast and furiously. Tom tracks down the villains and wins the girl, Claudia Dell. Your old pal Tony looks swell—he's still the king of movie horses.

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

First National

Ruth Chatterton has acquired a new sparkle. She gives a fine performance as the richest woman in New York who leaves an unfaithful husband and falls in love with a novelist-war correspondent, played by the new screen rave, George Brent. Watch their love scenes—very hot! It's La Chatterton's best one for a long time. You'll like Bette Davis and Adrienne Doré.

LOVE-STARVED

RKO-Pathé

Helen Twelvetrees suffers and suffers and suffers—to say nothing of the audience. She meets Eric Linden on a "blind date"—marries him and then finds out he's a four-flusher and a two-timer. Imagine! Helen makes the most of a rather sappy rôle. Linden is fine as the smart-alec who comes to his senses almost too late. Arline Judge is the menace.

NIGHT COURT

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

An expose of the magistrate courts. Walter Huston plays a judge who doesn't want his private life matched with any one's. Anita Page is framed and sent to prison because she was suspected of having information which might prove dangerous to his so-called Honor, the Judge. Phillips Holmes, as Anita's taxi-driver husband, gives an excellent account of himself.

DEVIL'S LOTTERY

Fox

Gather the Sweepstakes winners, now put them all together and what have you? Tragedy, grief, excitement, and romance! A publisher invites the four winners, Elissa Landi, Beryl Mercer, Alexander Kirkland and Ralph Morgan, to his home for a weekend so that he can watch their reaction to this sudden wealth. It's an interesting idea, well done. Elissa Landi is lovely.
**on Current Films**

**SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**
*RKO-Radio*

Go ahead and talk about your operations! There's an epidemic of medical films. Ricardo Cortez, the son of a sentimental Hebrew family, becomes a famous surgeon, thanks to the sacrificing of momma and poppa (Anna Appel and Gregory Ratoff). The film can proudly boast of the most tense and realistic operation scene ever filmed. Fine work by the entire cast.

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**
*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Well, the plot is weak, too—but the sparkling performances make this a light, gay trifle that will amuse you if you don't expect too much. The Robert Montgomery admirers will sigh and swoon, but his critics will gnash their teeth—he's that whimsical. He pursues Nora Gregor, Heather Thatcher pursues him. And we'll pursue Fred Kerr to his next picture.

**SHOPWORN**
*Columbia*

Barbara Stanwyck's excellent acting makes you forget the shopworn plot. It's another of those "mother love" themes. Barbara and Regis Toomey are all set to marry when mama breaks up the romance and sends Regis to Europe to forget. Barbara takes the line of least resistance. Later they meet—they're still in love, and mama still opposes. But love triumphs.

**THIS IS THE NIGHT**
*Paramount*

A gay, risque musical movie with a number of Lubitsch touches supplied by director Frank Tuttle. The theme is light and bright. Roland Young, a naughty bachelor, gets himself a "prop" wife, to sidetrack Cary Grant's suspicions after Roland has been flirting with Cary's wife, Thelma Todd. Of course you can depend upon Lily to "get her man." Roland is priceless.

**MAN WANTED**
*Warner Brothers*

Kay Francis plays a charming lady editor married to a millionaire play-boy who spends his time playing polo and rushing Claire Dodd. Kay hires David Manners as her secretary when her female secretary quits. She takes her husband's philandering too casually—but then so would you if David was your secretary and wanted to marry you. A happy ending.

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**
*First National*

Here's a corking idea and some fun! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., becomes a hero in spite of himself. But that was just the beginning—he became the idol of the nation and his every move creates a furor. This idolatry almost wrecked his marriage with Mary Brian. This film kids publicity and hero-worship. And young Doug is grand—Mary Brian is charming.
The Mickey Mouses, take it from Texas Guinan, are seriously contemplating a divorce. It seems that Mickey Mouse turned out to be a rat! So it's Reno for Minnie now!

There is a possibility that the Hollywood screen may lose both Garbo and Dietrich. M-G-M confirms the news that Garbo's contract will not be renewed at the $14,000 a week she demands, and so far the lady herself shows no signs of weakening.

In the meantime her manager has been dickering with the newly formed Screen Guild. The general feeling, however, is that Garbo may be permitted to make good on her oft-uttered threat to go back to Sweden.

While the withdrawal of Garbo would mean an undoubted loss to the American screen, the effect on the life of the Hollywood film colony would be but slight. The Swedish star has, as you know, been at no great pains to build up friendships here, has figured not at all in the social lives of the other picture people, and has refrained from contributing to the Motion Picture Relief Fund or other efforts to soften the lot of the less fortunate members of her profession.

The case of Dietrich is quite different. Here the argument with Paramount is strictly upon quantity and quality of pictures and the directorial rights of Von Sternberg.

It seems—or so a story goes—that Von Sternberg himself prepared the next story for Dietrich and the studio disapproved it. They then had one prepared themselves and Von Sternberg and Dietrich disapproved that. Both sides issued ultimata. At this writing Paramount seems determined to sue Josef and Marlene, and to prevent them from accepting offers which they have been receiving from other studios. Tallulah Bankhead has been chosen to fill the role vacated by Dietrich.

News! Clara Bow has signed a contract with Fox, for $125,000 the picture, the company having an option on a series. The deal was consummated by Sam Rork, who at first intended to exploit Clara in an independent production.

The first picture will be "Call Her Savage," by Tiffany Thayer, with Rork as supervisor. Work commences in July. Clara is to have a voice in selecting the leading man.

It is just a year since Clara retired from the screen and Paramount, with whom she had worked for five years. Just a year since remorseless

NEW–DIFFERENT!

Anna Sten brought a new kind of beauty to Hollywood from Russia. Will she win a place in the talkies' 'five year plan'?

Want to know what the film famous are doing?

Here's

Oo-oo, Look!

Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. made an attractive trio at one of the recent Hollywood openings. The fans just wouldn't let Clark be!
publicity drove her to a nervous breakdown. Just a year in which to recover her health, take unto herself Rex Beach for a husband, and just a year for all manner of wounds to heal. Back in her Beverly Hills home with her husband, Clara has lately been having a whale of a time playing at housekeeping and, of all things, writing poetry.

Clara looks a good deal like a jolly tom-boy these days. She still favors pajamas in bright colors—and her hair is suitably red again. She says she never felt right as a mere blonde.

Much attention is being centered on those rumors of an impending legal break between the Clark Gables. In fact, the gossip has reached the stage of speculating on the amount of the temporary, pre-divorce settlement. One school of gossips puts it at $800 a month; another camp sticks resolutely by $1800. Will the rumors soon pass into the realm of accomplished fact? Your guess is as good as a lot of others we’ve heard.

Florenz Ziegfeld, the world’s champion pulchritude-picker, wired Margaret Perry a plea to enlist in his New York stage show. Maybe Margaret isn’t feeling good about that! P. S. She’s staying in Hollywood.

Garbo Likes Them!

Heather Thatcher, imported by Metro from the London stage, captivated Hollywood with her charm and her monocle.


John McCormack, the Irish tenor warbler whose popularity encircles the globe, gave the lowdown on the situation between him and Hollywood. “I’m not going to make any more films,” McCormack is reported as saying, “I haven’t got it, so I guess they don’t want me in the films!”

At this writing Charlie Bickford hasn’t put his pen to that Universal contract. The salary was suitable to Charles, but other factors were less so. And getting what he wants, you know, is an old Bickford custom.

Janet Gaynor’s little spat with the Fox Studio seemed to hinge upon the fact that Janet did not want to be “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,” but did wish to be something much more sophisticated. Janet, you see, has blossomed out with a Norma Shearer effect and prefers to leave the little country girl stuff behind her. However, there is a souspou of a hint that Janet may be a wee bit jealous of Sally Eilers and her success with Jimmy Dunn. So there was a certain triumph about
Let's Gossip about the Stars!

securing Sally's rôle in "The First Year" with Charlie Farrell, since it necessitated Sally's being supplanted. At all events, after popping Marian Nixon into "Rebecca" with Ralph Bellamy, Fox decided to indulge the new sophisticated Janet.

Another young lady who has grown up is Colleen Moore. The bobbed girlish Colleen of yore has departed forever. Directly after her marriage to Albert P. Scott, the New York broker, she did the stage play "A Church Mouse" in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Her friends scarcely recognized her.

Will James (right) will be glad to see his life story, "Lone Cowboy," filmed. That's Randolph Scott, leading man, with him.

NOT-SO-STRANGE INTERLUDE!

with her hair waved and well off her forehead, her smart ear-rings, her jewels, and a distinctly woman-of-the-world tilt to her chin. In fact, Colleen looks positively Parisian these days—and it's very becoming.

Mary Astor is "lullaby-shopping." The blessed event is due about August, and in the meantime she and her

WHOA!

In fact, it looks perfectly natural! Gable assumes one of his favorite postures, resting between scenes for "Strange Interlude."

Genevieve Tobin is visiting the famous Arabian horse ranch near Pomona, Calif., owned by W. K. Kellogg, the big cereal man from Battle Creek.
It pays to be "different" in Hollywood. Sometime before Christmas a tall, blonde English girl appeared at a Mayfair dance as a guest in the Tom Mix party, wearing a dashing monocle. Everyone paused to note and enquire. It transpired she really was a well-known London actress, so, although it took a month or two, she presently secured a part in "But the Flesh is Weak," with M-G-M. Her name is Heather Thatcher and she vows she really does need that monocle for one weak eye. Well, it proved a very good stunt in any case, and our hat's off.

**FIGHTING MAD!**

**WELCOME HIM BACK!**

husband, Dr. Franklin Thorpe, will sail the southern seas and then await the arrival of the stork in Honolulu. Mary, as you remember, was the widow of Kenneth Hawks, director, who met his death in an air crash in 1930. She married Dr. Thorpe in Arizona in June, 1930.

Gloria Swanson has named her new baby Michele Bridget, as a compliment to her husband Michael Farmer.

**WHOOPS!**

Here's a barrel of fun in the guise of Miss Mona Rico. She's part of the excitement in "Thunder Below," the big Bankhead-Bickford collaboration.
Looking Through the

HI, SALLY!

The little O'Neil girl, most famous sister in Hollywood, poses for the camera boys on her return from Europe.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE—

and gives dozens of lovely dresses by which unemployed actresses are furbished up to help get jobs. Dietrich is a liberal contributor, too.

GETTING “BATTER AND BATTER”

How do you like Anita Page in this demure, "Come-into-the-garden-Maude" character? Oh, well, "demure de merrier."

Joe and Jack are a couple of athletes in their spare time. Oakie is captain of the Paramount baseball team, while Joe E. Brown plays with various semi-professional clubs.
Hollywood Keyhole

HO-HUM!

This Motion Picture Relief Fund is taking care of around 900 families all the time. A women’s committee was formed, made up of the wives of producers, directors, actors, writers, which works faithfully all the time and such girls as Mary Pickford, Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Hedda Hopper, Louise Dresser, and Lucile Gleason give every minute they can spare from their work to investigate, visit, and generally godmother the sad ones—and hound the studios for jobs, jobs, jobs for their charges.

Tallulah Bankhead was sparring verbally with Clark Gable recently, when Clark thought of a devastating come-back.

“Have you ever been on the London stage?” he asked Tallulah naively, and for once the dear girl was too flummoxed to reply.

Jimmy Dunn is uncommunicative, but it seems June Knight, Ziegfeld Follies girl, has confessed that Jimmy telephones or writes to her every day!

When Doug, Jr. and Joan gave their Napoleon Bonaparte dinner-dance at the Cocoanut Grove, it was a gala affair. Everyone who was anyone was there, garbed in the costumes of the period.

There is as much excitement about the impending return of Leslie Howard to Hollywood as if Garbo had really gone home to Sweden and then been coaxed back. Now watch the girls compete for this fellow in their pictures. Ann Harding gets him first in “Animal Kingdom,” New York stage play, in which he has scored.

D’S KNEES!

Richard Arlen—or “All-in”? Dick must have been working hard on that last picture of his.

Helen Wills, America’s world-beating tennis star, called on George Arliss, who’s a bit of a star himself, on the set of Arliss’ next picture. Helen wouldn’t go badly in films herself.

These pretty limbs must be a couple of those “main stems” you’ve been hearing about. Her name is Doris McMahon.
I've been to the grandest party! And learned something new for you! I wish you could have been with me. The next best thing is to tell you about it.

The party, however, was the opening of the gorgeous, new Salon of Marie Earle. It is simply too beautiful, with all the delicacy and suave finish you naturally expect of anything that bears the name, Marie Earle. The dainty, inviting furniture is Louis Sixteenth. The treatment rooms are synphonies of several tones of peach accented by touches of black. Roses in glass bowls emphasized the importance of living beauty.

Here I learned about the new Marie Earle "Eye-Treatment," which includes the face. But true to its name it is concentrated on improving the quality of the tissues around the eyes. No new treatment is given at the Marie Earle Salons unless it has first been tried for a year, experimentally. So the "Eye-Treatment" comes to us, born full-fledged like Minerva, ready for action. It truly is marvellous. Urent, fragrant herbs, oils and unguents applied skillfully by icy-cool fingers soothe away the tired lines while they stroke and pat you into delicious relaxation. The delicate skin about the eyes is nourished and tightened by the gently effective method that is employed. This is gladly explained to you in detail if you wish to buy the products and use them at home. Personally, I never expect to be without them.

The herbs come in little bags that you dip in hot water before laying them over your eyes. The "Eye-Cream" is the answer to our prayer for a cream delicate enough to be absorbed by fine tissue. A grand vacation would be a series of treatments at the nearest Marie Earle Salon. If you can't do this, then take them at home. If you can't buy the things at your favorite store, (they're pretty new, now), just write to the New York Salon and they will fill your order, I'm sure. You'll love it!

In this kind of weather all of us are wishing for something to keep us dainty! Then let me suggest that you drop your fancy soaps for the time and guarantee your sweet cleanliness by using Lifebuoy soap this summer. You can depend upon it. When your pores are throwing off poisons in perspiration, Lifebuoy soap will neutralize, deodorize, and wash them away. You can't afford not to be sure in hot weather. So don't be without a cake of Lifebuoy. Take it with you to the mountains—it lathers perfectly in cold water. Try it in your cold shower. It works just as effectively to make you clean and sweet no matter what the temperature of the water.

Then, if you will use a little Odoron, in the new container with the sponge stopper for convenient application, you will know that you can go for hours without fear of under-arm perspiration. Spare your pretty, summer dresses. Insure their loveliness and freshness with Odoron. You'll have so much more fun this summer if you don't have to worry about these things.

Goodness, we certainly are getting right down to practical matters this month! But (Continued on page 94)
Meet "The General"
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Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson
Continued from page 33

the world—different. Everyone now romanticizes, dramatizes himself or herself in picture terms, sometimes unconsciously, sometimes deliberately.

"From the films your boy and my boy may be learning more than they learn from books or from schools. The impressions they are receiving may be deeper and more lasting than those from any other source. All pictures cannot be made for children, but there are certain standards of common decency that have standing with age or geography, and those will be found and maintained."

"When I think of the part motion pictures are playing in my boy's future, I read again the standards which the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America have set as their aim: To establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standard in motion picture production and to develop the educational as well as the entertainment value and general usefulness of motion pictures." I think it would be hard to state a finer, more worthwhile purpose.

"The influence of the motion picture on our national life is limitless—it's influence on our taste, its influence on our conduct, its influence on our aspirations, its influence on our youth, its consequent immeasurable influence on our future."

"What, General, are your principal recollections?" I rushed in.

"First of all, I love my work. Like Jack London, my work and play are often one. Love your work and keep young. Well, I like detective and mystery stories, and good romances, too."

"Then, there's horseback riding. Lately I bought two horses from Fred Stone, one for myself and one for my boy—but, see here, do you know I was only going to give you ten minutes?"

I fled, leaving the Hon. Will H. Hays deep in figgers.

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson
Continued from page 33

his Saugus, California, ranch. It delighted Sally's heart, for many of the socially great of the film colony were present, thanks to Gibson's position, and she found herself ascending again to prominence. As Mrs. Gibson, she was presented with opportunities that had been lost to her as Sally Eilers. Now let her tell you of the events that wrought such remarkable changes in her attitude and mind:

"Before my marriage, I never thought for myself," Sally says. "I never had great responsibilities. I lived with my parents, and though we were never wealthy, I did not want for things. Motion pictures were simply a novelty. I wanted to be a star, but not because it meant a career and accomplishment; my only thoughts were that stars were worshipped by the world, had more money than they could possibly spend, and were the envy of millions of other women. I want to have my school chums say, 'Gee, Sally Eilers is a motion picture star.'"

"Soon after I married Hooter"—she has her own nickname for Gibson—he turned over to various questions of caring for the family finances, I signed a check for fifteen thousand dollars and it struck me like a cold towel. I suddenly realized that a fifteen thousand dollar check was two hundred times greater than any I had ever written before. It was as much money as some men make in ten years of hard work, abruptly awakened to the seriousness of my position as Mr. Gibson's wife. I realized I had my work cut out for me; that I had something to do besides play. I had responsibilities."

"Not long after our marriage, I accompanied Hooter to New York, where he contracted to make personal appearances. I had always wanted to go to New York. I had dreamed of the good times of the good to be there. But as Mrs. Gibson, whose husband was working until nearly midnight in the beginning of a ten-line literary or other wise—but anyway for reading—that has endured."

"I glimpse no end to the development of pictures. The talking picture may even revolutionize the stage and the drama of the world. Vividness, focus, and the sense of reality have made every patron of the pictures—hundreds of millions throughout

vilation of good taste to have it there, either on stage or screen. But if it is put in merely to shock or create a sensation, and has nothing to do with the theme of the story, then it is bad taste. You see, bad taste is merely something that is out of place. Good taste is something that fits in its place. There are no hard-and-fast rules in screen taste. Each picture must be judged separately."

"Which I thought pretty fine criticism—in fact, the best I'd ever heard."

I shot again:

"How far does criticism affect the success of pictures?"

"If a picture is good, a critic cannot kill it. As Henry Irving said, a critic may regard the success of a good production, (and this applies also to the screen), but cannot kill it.

"On the whole, I think the newspaper critics hit it very close on every picture. We need good, sound criticism, for this criticism, as a general thing, follows the public taste. The critic becomes automatically the reflection of the majority. Whether he knows it or not, he, like all of us, is governed a good deal by audience reaction."

And I thought this a pretty shrewd evaluation of the critic and the audience. But the General was started. He laid aside his yearly report as he shot things at me. He knows a lost art in talking—the delightful art of rambling.

Here's what I wrote down as fast as it came out of the mouth of Will Hays in answer to various questions:

"Not only have I learned, but I learn continually from the folks in my birthplace, Sullivan, Indiana. How much, indeed, are opinions influenced, principles shaped, activities directed by early forces. My work in national politics, as Postmaster General, and with the motion picture industry has kept me away from home much of the

the time, but I can trace every single one of my fundamental opinions and the resultant activities directly back to the folks in Sullivan."

"The story that went around in the newspapers that my chauffeur was a stenographer and that in driving about the country I would relieve him at the wheel while he took dictation was only a yarn. But the story is not a yarn about my dictating to stenographers while eating, while shaving, while driving, while doing almost everything else.

"The way to get work done is to keep at it. I decline to accept criticism for my incessant use of the telephone. I learned to use the telephone in Sullivan. We don't have as many trains in Sullivan as they do in some other places, nor as continuous telegraph service; but the telephone works there, and I make no apology for the pseudonym of 'Telephone Bill.'"

"I got my first literary stimulus from my father, who continually managed to incite in me an interest in good books. On a recent visit home I found put away in a locked and perhaps deposit box a ledger which shows me presented to me on my eleventh birthday, and in which had written the request that I should note an entry of every book I read and with a brief review tell the impression it made on me. I faithfully kept up that record for three years, and when I looked over it the other day, re-reading the boyish scrawls on the earlier pages I found in an elaborate discussion of 'Scottish Chiefs' that a picture or a detective or a mystery story was wise—but anyway for reading—that has endured."

"I glimpse no end to the development of pictures. The talking picture may even revolutionize the stage and the drama of the world. Vividness, focus, and the sense of reality have made every patron of the pictures—hundreds of millions throughout
up with what he calls "the plans." Lilith, I had feared, might be Eleanor's rival, but such is not the case. She is a leader of the enemy, and the letter addressed to her proved to be a neat case of deception, conceived by a master mind.

"...doing it now...will be better for you...the thing..." 

Dickie has not yet learned the intricacies of capital letters and spacing. A frank statement, squarely, and kind, too, when he considered that it might save the enemy the work of marshalling their forces. But no—the Moore Army would be there after all—and thanks to the case of spilled ink, would be able to fire a few sacks full of water onto the dresses of Lilith and her allies before the surprised army could rally.

Why was Lilith the enemy? Well, Dickie replied calmly, Lilith tells lies. (The fact that his letter might also be taken in the light of a milk milk bittered him not at all. This was "just fooling her.") Lilith is also inclined to play nicely with Dickie and his gang when she has no one else to play them. Then she feels like so much dust when she has a chance to play with "the bigger kids." With Dickie, that's sheer treason. Where he's concerned, in case of spilled ink.

So Dickie Moore is engaged, tentatively and very happily, to a true love who builds forts. He will marry her—that is, if his mother consents. But if she insists, all right, he will marry Ella after all. He is not very sure of what husband does not know what that means?

"We had a dinner engagement last evening," Sally explained. "Hooter failed to arrive, nor did he telephone either me or our guests. I was angry and embarrassed. It later developed that he was unavoidably detained, and was startled. It was not fair of him to act as he did. So I have put him on probation. He must be very, very good for the entire week. If he isn't, we'll, if two people can not be happy together, it is best they part, I think."

In other words, Sally has turned the tables on Hoot, who had said, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go home?" Sally used different words, but she might easily have said, "If you can't live with me, you can go home."

Hoot returned in the midst of our interview. He found Sally sitting on the floor, playing with "Hooter," a tiny Scotch terrier that recently joined the Gibson-Ellers household. He bent over and kissed her, and her face lighted up. I made a mental note that Sally will hold Hoot, and that as long as they want each other, for they are both in love and that, after all, is something, even these days!

Dickie Moore

Continued from page 60

that young Durand's emotional shading and with the care with which those of us who are here at the little picture child. But you couldn't expect much less, considering the rigorous training he has received since his very cradle days, on top of possessing what is termed "a perfect microphone voice." Known as "Little Boy Blue," he was a radio star for four years, starting when he was three, and was an accomplished master of ceremonies at the age of five, serving in that capacity on one occasion before a crowd of 25,000 people.

David "panicked them" during a recent personal appearance at a big Los Angeles theatre in connection with the showing of "Rich Man's Foxy." He told his company went on location to Boston for authentic shipyard scenes, "My mother and I were the only child and mother ever allowed in the Quincy shipyard during working hours," he stated momentarily, and paused to watch the people fall out of their seats from sheer amazement. They were his mother's only child, and it was then he realized the tremendous significance of what he was saying.

"It's so dangerous, they even made mother go back and watch them," he confided. Still no response. He struggled on. "You see they didn't want to be responsible for what might happen if she stayed in there with all the iron-workers."

Then the audience did fall out of the seats!

Aside from his splendid manner for innocently making the most embarrassing remarks, David has absolutely faultless manners, and never fails to make a magnificent impression in public. But he has the prudence to use a different code of behavior on the school playground. Put him with other children and he goes berserk. The screams till his voice is hoarse—always until the rest of the ruffians have dropped from exhaustion, and almost invariably comes home battle-scared but happy, because his black eyes, scraped shins, and purple-blotted legs. His chief delight is to provoke a friendly rock fight or other barbaric contest with some roughneck who has to stoop down to annihilate him.

An ecstasy second only to the imbecility of picking on tougher kids is afforded by eating enough ice-cream to make him violently ill.

Of course his David and Goliath complex and Frigidaire stomach wouldn't be so much of concern if the family bread could be stocked by some means not dependent on David's physical well-being. Under ordinary circumstances, he might be allowed to run wild and would eventually learn, if he didn't get killed in the process, that the odds against licking a boy twice his size are considerable. But unfortunately, since his father is dead and his mother's health is fragile, a black eye or indigestion at the wrong time would have a deleterious

David Durand

Continued from page 61
effect on the budget. Yet he fights on! His character is 'the perfect Brutes,' he supposed to have a black eye. They didn't need make-up. Heaven knows how, but on the evening before those shots were to be taken, he escaped his mother's vigilance and acquired a genuine shiner.

Why is David, consummate actor while in front of the camera and devoid of professional saggacity at other times? When Nature, in an exquitent moment, endows a type with the ability to shoulder a breadwinner's load, one might reasonably expect her to quicken his sense of responsibility as a protection for the precious gift. But David,1 for all his stolidity, took no part in this affair. Nor did he bother to wrap them up. He hasn't even a normal supply of horse sense. He laughed and was watched constantly by those from his career and personal safety.

His mother found him nearly strapped on one for his own enjoyment (?). He managed a tête-à-tête with a speeding auto several weeks ago and was knocked 'gallows wise.' It didn't kill him—he's too tough for that. And in all fairness, it must be admitted that it just happened to be en-territory.

David never once mentioned the physical pain. His stoicism ran true to form—it is nothing short of miraculous. But he did unroot tradition, again proving his contra-victory make-up by a singularly adult mental reaction to the accident. It is the first sign he has ever given of his human susceptibilities. His mother wasn't there. The impact with the asphalt tore out one of his teeth by the roots, among less permanent injuries. His mother has never been his ally, and the accident strengthened his face, he got up and began to look for it, moaning, "Oh, my tooth—I heard it click on the pavement—my career is ruined!"

"Please, I'm not a fool—I can't work without it! My career—my life!"

The crowd which had gathered by that time had never heard a ten-year old boy talk about his career being ruined, and wondered what part of his anatomy it was. The ambulance came and he had to be put down by force, pleading vainly with the attendants not to make him undergo the operation. They told him to forget it—that he wouldn't have so many to brush. Pathetically, he replied that he was in a business where people had to have teeth. His inadequate explanation that "You never saw a hero yet with his tooth out," led them to think they had got him drunk; but as they shovelled him inside and sped away.

Above the siren and the roar of the motor, there was a terrific screech from their customer that they stopped the ambulance to see if they could alleviate what they thought must be his death agony. David stopped screaming at once, and knocked them silly with this reproof:

"You were going too fast. You'll kill somebody taking me to the hospital!"

He missed his driving from that juncture and actually made them let him out so he could go up and sit with the driver. He didn't care about the sneer. He was more or less almost to within legal limits. But they ignored his further pleas to go back and look for his tooth. The dentist who later made his appearance said that David's own tooth had been recovered and replaced by an expert with-the-fingertips-of-the-tongue.

After he was back home in normality.

Swathed in bandages, the "patient" went out of the house for some fresh air the next day, and he was given his first real sensations. His mother wasn't there. The impact with the asphalt tore out one of his teeth by the roots, among less permanent injuries. His mother has never been his ally, and the accident strengthened his face, he got up and began to look for it, moaning, "Oh, my tooth—I heard it click!"

Hollywood's Own Moral Code

Continued from page 21

She is a hermitess and a social problem, and regardless of how little is known of her character and her life, she is accepted by all as the most natural character against whom mothers warn their daughters. Hollywood has its village re-cluses in the person of Greta Garbo. In some quarters, Miss Garbo is a subject of awe. Any Hollywood mother would be proud if her daughter could associate with Garbo, for a girl who knows Garbo becomes a social leader as a consequence.

One of Hollywood's queerest customs is that of introducing wives by their screen names, rather than their family cognomems. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, for example, are rarely introduced as Douglas Fairbanks and Irving Thalberg, but their screen names are beside them at the moment. Habitually, they are introduced as Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Norma Shearer. Miss Shearer's wives prefer and husbands do not object.

Generally the marriage of a man of lim-ited means to a woman of wealth effects (the) divorce from those who choose to believe he wed her for her money. In Hollywood, poor men marry rich women and they carry it off. This is because women like Gloria Swanson, Con-stance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Marlene Dietrich earn tremendous salaries, far be-yond the reach of most of the young, aspiring business men. Must these stars remain unwed because they love men whose in-come does not exceed less? The Holly-wood answer is "No."

It is not uncommon for women to pay the checks in cafés and restaurants in Holly-wood. Gentlemen elsewhere would be embarrassed if any of their companions were to pay the checks. But in Hollywood, it is part of the accepted code. Women in Hollywood are not expected to be acquainted with such things as the price of lunch. They are expected to bring the check to the table, and it is expected that the man will see the check. Women who do this are considered underhanded.

A woman criticized Norma Shearer be-cause the star spoke to a man she did not know, in a restaurant. She had been a restaur-ant booth adjoining that of three young men, and I overheard one of them laughingly insinuate that although he did not know the star, he would wager she would speak to him. A bet was made and the young man stepped over to Miss Shear-er and they talked for minutes. She did not say anything, but she also offered her hand.

"I want to tell my story with malicious emphasis. What she failed to appreciate is that the stars meet scores of persons every day. When they call to dinner, their acquain-tances. Miss Shearer happens to be as democratic as she is charming; no doubt she believed she had met the young man before. She was just re-learning the art of the man who took advantage of her—and the woman who made gossip of the inciden-t—were at fault. Because there seems to be a fascination in speaking to famous persons, strangers greet the stars constantly. As a rule, the stars return the greet-ings, because they can never be certain they have not been introduced to the speak-ers, and accusations of conceit usually fol-low. I observed the greeting of a person he has met.

Joan Crawford shocked visitors to Holly-wood when she appeared on the street in a backless dress. Despite the fact that the dress was cut low, the star was not offended. The idea was that she was making a fashion statement. She was not.

When Robert T. Jones, famous golf player, was in Hollywood for the purpose of speaking, he wore a backless swimming suit, and he was not offended. The idea was that he was making a fashion statement. He was not.

He politely refused all such invitations. In Atlanta, center of the convention-bound
South, such things are not done. In Hollywood, they are done with no immoral intent. The promised feminine companions would have been charming, decent young girls, invited only for the purpose of sharing the loneliness brought on by Jones’ long separation from his wife and children. A Hollywood husband, far from home and loved only by her, has accepted such invitations eagerly—and forgotten them the next day. The Southern visitor to Hollywood, hedged by Southern conventions, was grateful for the chance to turn their heads; he did not care to break the rules.

Clara Bow, when she was the center of a storm of gossip summed up Hollywood’s own moral code in a few words when she said: “Humans know what is right and wrong. I do not pretend to direct other people’s lives; I do not understand why they attempt to govern mine. I live my life as best I see it, and in my mind I have done nothing wrong. If busybodies choose to gossip because I do not abide by conventions established by the same ancestors who invented corsets and hourglass shapes, they cause themselves more annoyance than they cause me.”

Miller’s expressed attitude is prevalent in Hollywood where, because of the strange demands of the studios, women walk the streets alone at midnight, dine alone in small cafés at 9 o’clock after dark, and do other unconventional things the rest of the world cannot understand. Despite the informality, there are surprisingly few scandals in the film colony. Due to the world prominence of the stars, slight mishaps command newspaper front pages, consequently the film city has at times appealed to be a hive of immorality. The truth is, the studios have avoided scandals, lest they jeopardize their million dollar contracts. If careful study is given the matter, it will be learned that for a city of such fame and wealth there is, thank heavens, so little soil, the percentage of scandals is surprisingly small.

Miller’s view of conventions has done away with wrong-doing, because it has evolved a moral code strictly Hollywood’s own. Do you think the average young woman-leader in the average city, granted the privilege of being alone with a most attractive young married lady every night for a period of weeks, would refrain from attempting at least a kiss? Well, that is what conventions have done for other cities! Hollywood’s moral code commands respect.

He’s Afraid of Women

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The Real Life Story of Fredric March

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opus that I ran on luck. Featured in the cast was Donald Cameron, a fine actor who also owns the compay. We had met in the army and renewed acquaintance on the set. Cameron knew the theatre backwoods, listened sympathetically to my plans and hopes, gave me invaluable advice and sufficient encouragement to revive my flagging spirits. He suggested MORE as possible around pictures and also gave me my first definite ideas of how to go about attacking the theatre.

The was somewhere in this interval that I met D. W. Griffith, a biographical event for its futility. I saw him at a theatre and rushed him—diffidence was one of my weaknesses. I introduced myself, using mutual friends in Kentucky as a weapon, and hardly gave the poor man time or thought before I told him of my situation to my supposed resemblance to Richard Barthelmess and asked if he wouldn’t like to make a test of me as a possibility for some of the parts in his new film. The man who has the great calm stole over Griffith. “Here,” he obviously thought, “is just another of those things.” Politey and briefly he suggested that I call his manager and let Mamet consider it. I suppose I did, but nothing ever came of it.

By this time, someone—I think it was Don Cameron—had come off to the screen to do a lot of planning—of pictures for commercial artists. Any means of keeping a little cash in pocket was not to be overlooked, since I wanted to work out my radical experiment alone, sans any help from my bewildered and doubtful family. So I switched from decorating the far backgrounds of movie sets to designing shaving-cream and the like. I was fortunate in getting jobs—posing for Dean Cornwall, Howard Chandler Christy, Charles Dana Gibson, Eyoshiy Mckinley, Leon Gordon and others.

Don’t let anyone tell you that posing for artists is a simple job. I think my interlude of modelling was as good for me as those strenuous working-out exercises I heard about and was too lazy to take. Muscular control of my arms and hands was one thing, but I was asked to do it through one morning without falling off the stand. Standing straight and taut for two and three hours does a lot for core-development. What I was learning was that posing is not so simple. I am getting at it is it’s darned hard work and doesn’t deserve the stigma that is on it.

While I was lending my Art to the spectacular efficiency of this hair-tonic and that collar-button, I met Riza Royce, later Josef von Sternberg’s wife, who told me that Belasco was preparing a new production, and he was hiring a number of dancers. Snatching time off, I rushed to the Belasco Theatre. There were three hundred hopefuls waiting. Finally the order was given and we filed past Mr. Belasco. Out of the three hundred he selected fifty. I was not one of them.

Which again goes to show that the big saloon is too fussy a matter than upon effort. For while I was posing for Leon Gordon that my first important opportunity came of and, came inadvertently, Gordon had asked me to stop by a theatre and get him some seats for “Lady Of The Lamp.” The way took me to Belasco. I saw the agent who had sent me on that first job to Paramount. Since it never seemed to bother me to jump at people I hardly knew, he called me down to the Belasco Theatre. I was offered the job of dancer and all the rest as well. What I was getting at is it’s darned hard work and doesn’t deserve the stigma that is on it.

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for July 1932

mattered of being in the right place at the right time. I, thus barged into a broken rehearsal and they needed someone right away—for the very small part of Victor Hugo in "Debrau"—a part with a lot of lines in it and I looked near enough their idea of Hugo to get by. So I was hired, at thirty dollars a week.

The show—steady, with none of the uncertainties and lapses of movie work—in a genuine Broadway production—in a Belasco theatre, where tickets were no higher than my soaring spirits. It was there, in the mechanics of that production, that my nebulous ideas and dreamscapes took more permanent and indelible form. My silly, adolescent excitements gave way to a more intelligent interest. I ceased to dramatize myself and the actors I tried to "Debrau" and my modest function in it was limited to repeating "Let Aloha." I might have easily have fallen into them. They were very kind to me. At the first rehearsal of the super, I found my people, who wished me to welcome to watch the principals' rehearsals. Being green, I thought it was the thing to do and showed up at one. I was the only super in the audience and the rest of the company, accustomed to indifference of extras, were surprised and interested in my interest. The stage manager talked to me and I have communicated my enthusiasm and earnestness to him. For, after all, I was only a second assistant stage manager and given other two bits to play besides Hugo. Later, I was made understudy.

I worked with terrific energy and absorption. I felt I was going to school—a fascinating school where I learned about what was nearest my heart, living every minute of it. In the daytime, I was still posing, or, on other occasions, doing extra work in movies. At night, I was first to arrive at the theatre and last to leave—dynamo of activity on duty to see that all the parts were in the right place, rushing into my Hugo make-up, then downstairs and upstairs preparing props. One line to speak, sentervenzo memorizing the entire script between whiles. Victor Hugo had no line to speak, sentervenzo memorizing the entire script between whiles. Victor Hugo

I felt that was one of the happiest periods of my life. It was climaxed on the night when one of the principals was taken to the hospital for an emergency operation and I was shot into his place. The exquisite terror and grandiloquence of that moment when I felt the dark protection of the wings and was a part of the glare of the footlights, alone on the stage with an entire audience looking to me for entertainment! I was still green enough not to be floored and Belasco was a friend with my work. That was glory. No amount of electric lighting of my name since then has also accentuated the pure gratification of that event.

Progress, after that, followed the usual paths. Except in those few cases of skyscraper effects which are expensive and vary a great deal in pattern and general outline.

For two years, I shared an apartment with Don Cameron, Harry Ventures, and James Wood Morrison—three friends I'm grateful for. On their advice, I invested a lot of money in the clothes of Madame Alberti, a famous teacher of pantomime, diction and all that. It was an invaluable investment—she taught me things I'd never seen before. She's a remarkable woman. I always call her, when I'm in New York, for the stimulus of her ideas.

Even after "Debrau" I was still pretty naive. I read in The American Magazine an interview with Savage, the producer, in which he said he had been astounded by the development of talent among college men. And, those being the days when I believed everything I read, I went straight away to his office to tell him there in answer to his appeal for college talent, he was considerably startled—as people usually are by clever people going to school. He was so startled, however, that he had no time to ease out of it and I left the office engaged for a part in "The County Chair"—a George M. Cohan show I had done at college. Then I did the second juvenile in a road company of "Shavings," came back to New York for a part in Al Jolson's production of "Let Aloha." My first real part on Broadway was in a William A. Brady production—"The Smallest Director," which was the director. It was the first part of any substance I had had and I was elated. At dress rehearsal, when we were rehearsing the curtain speech to come out with Blanche Yurka and William Courtney for a bow. In spite of my satisfaction with the part, I thought that it was a little silly. But on the opening night, I actually got a hand. And a bit later Brady offered me a long-term contract.

The future is just a series of balances at that, thinking I had arrived. Fortunately, I checked myself in time—"Here, here, Bickel. You've still got a terrific lot to learn." You're still going to school! So, with a regretful backward glance at the salary Brady offered, I went off to a stock company in Dayton for twenty-nine weeks. There I played, on the whole, pretty dumb juveniles. But even that, in a stock company, is good training.

Back in New York, I got a job in a show called "Zeno" to be done first in Chicago where it broke a house record set by George Arliss—then came to New York for me. I did it during one of its short Broadway life, however, and offered me a ten-year contract with him. I had just finished with Anzalone and Harding and wanted two players, man and woman, under personal contract for future plays. The woman he had in mind, by the way, was a girl called Florence Eldridge who had been a sensation in "Bewitched." I got her to marry me, eventually.

I signed with Cromwell—having profound respect for his judgment and talent. My name bothered him, as it had a lot of people. The natural connotation had always been Pickles. We decided on Marcher, then on John March as more succinct. But changing a first name leads to endless confusion so I contracted the spelling of Frederick to Fredric and for the rest it is pronounced. As Fredric March, my first assignment under Cromwell's supervision was the juvenile in "The Melody Man," the first Fields, Rodgers, and Hart show.

Among other things, I did "Puppets" for Brock Pemberton, Miriam Hopkins played the leading lady, and it didn't do so hot. I knew I would one day choose her to death in front of a camera in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I took time off for a trip to Europe. But not enough time. I want to get back there again—to wash, which is the purest form of creation. After several months of waiting, in answer to a cable from Cromwell, I went into his production of "Harvest." From there, I went out to the Elitch Gardens in Denver for the summer. The leading-lady of the company was Florence Eldridge.

Well, as I said, the leading-lady was Florence Eldridge! As far as I was concerned, heaven had descended right onto that stage. I hadn't met her in New York, but the moment her head appeared I knew she was lovely. I was elated. In one fell swoop, all my nerves—all that colossal crew with which I had bounced on Griffith and Savage and a number of others—all fell away. handsome She was, and other men hovering around her, trailing devotedly at her heels—and loathed them. I gave the performance. The place was around, of being not quite right in the head. In short, she upped me spectacularly.

Denver is a beautiful place. Beautiful places are romantic. So I had the art of props by Nature and Co. anyway. Not that I needed props for my side of it. I'd been romantic about Florence in Keko- lloyd's still sun—everything about the props of clear moonlight, mountain ranges, sweet breezes and all that helped me with her. But on the following spring, we ran off to Mexico and she married me, thank God!

Well, to return from my love-life to my Arts, I know that the show I did in New York was called "The Devil in the Cheese," and in it were Linda Watkins, Bela Lugosi and Dwight Frye—in fact, Hollywooold Old Home Week for theatre products. There were a couple more sessions of stock in Denver and that was the one that turned me on to the idea of going back together in the Theatre Guild Repertory Company, doing "Arms and the Man," "Mr. Pin Passes By," "The Silver Cord," and a number of others. The Players themselves were fun but the tour was badly managed. So very badly arranged that finally we were making train connections at four in the morning or arriving in a town two hours before curtain time. It was miserable. At the finish, we were so exhausted and disgusted we bought a car and drove off to visit our families. And from there, having heard talk about the talking pictures and the subsequent field for screen actors, we all went to California.

When we got here, I did "The Royal Family" on the Public's stage. Paramount offered me a picture job I grabbed it. The idea of a house and garden, living simply and quietly in one place for a while, was too much to pass up. I did feel guilty about it sometimes, since it keeps Florence away from the theatre—and who am I to do that to such a swell actress? However, we are quiet—we had to be separated and we both enjoy the country gentleman existence we lead out here. Occasionally, when she feels like it, Florence does a play here or in New York. Then the critics get excited and wonder why she doesn't do more.

That's all. And now, how does a biography finish? Perhaps "yours sincerely" would be as good a way as any. Or hobbies, for the hum to sell me I shine fly-fishing in the lily-pond, I sleep in a cave at Santa Monica, I love to curl up in front of the camera with a good book and then dedicated to the work I do. And now you may all steal quietly from the room to get that sleep you have been wanting all the time. But, on the other hand, doubt that you have been getting any already!

Watch for the Life Story of Another Great Star in Next Month's SCREENLAND
Of Dee I Sing!
Continued from page 34

When Frances left the office she was a Dee once more.
It is my guess that Frances' adhesive adherent, the truth is going to get her into a little trouble now and then.
"I was terrible in 'Playboy of Paris,'" she caroled to her first interviewer. "I'm surprised the director took a chance on me after that."
Tut, tut, Frances, it just isn't done! You, the director, the writer, the supervisor, anybody, but never yourself.
And then she told another newspaper scribe, that her life's regret is that she did not go on the stage before coming to Hollywood.
It is just twice as difficult for me to give a satisfactory performance as the girl with footlight experience," she frankly declared upon this occasion. "I have some high hurdles to jump before I'll dare to call myself an actress."
Having known Frances for more than two years it is interesting to ponder over that particular statement.
For instance, she is the only woman under sixty of my acquaintance who does not nourish an intense desire for expensive clothes, jewels, and a new. She is as practical a housewife as they come. She drives her car and washes it herself, and pays her own way. She has no servants except for two housekeepers, and she's never been a social butterfly. She has no taste for parties, and she won't sit in a library all day long reading. She never goes to a party, and she never gives one. She is as simple as a child, and she is as understanding as a child.

Pat and Patricia
Continued from page 67

with Paramount right then and there.
Chevalier asked her to take a test the next day for the leading role in his picture, "The Big Parade." The director was lusting one of those famous difficulties finding the right girl. Chevalier saw Frances across mounds of commissary food and couldn't bear not to be alone, although he had no idea whether or not she had ever seen a camera or microphone.

Presto! Frances Dee's name was taken from the bottom list of studio stock players and placed among the exalted rostra of contract stars and featured artists.
Within twenty-four hours of this triumph she achieved another coup by using the round-eyed formula. It seems that several personal friends in the studio decided that the name Dee must be changed to Deane. Dee, they concluded, sounded trite and looked trite in electric lights, even if it did economize on two letters.
Frances had different ideas when informed of her rechristening. She stormed a bit, then changed her plan of attack. She went to the office of her studio godfather, and sat down in his lap. She accused him of all-American monastically in being in protection of her name, and proceeded to explain that she was also a student in Deane, why of course—and so on, far into the afternoon.

O'Brien. Exceedingly diverse parts, too.

O'Brien. Exceedingly diverse parts, too. Next to marrying Patricia, the biggest thrill Pat has had out of life recently is to have been chosen by the Masquers as the Jester at their Revel.
The best way to find out a story victim's personal likes and dislikes, is to ask the other fellow. So I proceeded that night under the moon at the O'Brien's beach bungalow. There was a dirty Nick to spoil the moon, but then there are other moons, and besides, the victim became so intrigued with exposing each other that it was more fun than playing "murder" or charades.
"Pat likes to bring unexpected men home for dinner," ran Patricia. "And particularly when I have something like articulates that won't stretch. I never have known a man to love company so much. If we go on a party he's the first to arrive and the last to leave."

"Pat to that first crack, I'll say there are times when a fellow needs a pal for protection; to the second, I have never noticed you holding back on that party racket—darlin."
To prevent a Donnybrook fair I took each of these confidences thereafter. And did I find things out?

For instance: Pat hates all card games, chiefly bridge, but she'll shoot up his timeplace. He likes baseball and football games and he never misses a fight, if he can help it. He was an athlete at MHS, "Playboy of Paris," an all-American quarterback until he played Notre Dame (as he puts it), but he now confines his exercise to volley and handball, or an occasional game of tennis. He has never succumbed to chasing the little white golf ball around a course, and he hates horseback riding. In fact, he hardly knows the front of the horse from the rear, and he promises faithfully that he will never see any pictures of him as a polo player.

Take Patricia. Now she loves to play bridge, and is one of the best horsewomen in Hollywood. Really can ride like a show-woman. She does like to play tennis and would like to play golf. And she takes in their festive football games with Pat, but I suspect that in this she is just being Pat's pal.

Harking back to that dinner crack, I may add that even if the table is not eaten at the table when dinner is ready. Usually picks up a newspaper and starts to read. It's just a habit, but it makes Patricia mad.

Unlike most girls Patricia likes her three meals a day, but this luxury doesn't seem to hurt her slender figure. Husky Pat, and mouth eats breakfast, and lunch, and dinner, and when all is said and done, Pat comes away as light as a feather.

Pat actually does brood and Patricia really adores spinach. Pat smokes big cigars. He has never smoked cigarettes, but Patricia, being a modern gal, loves 'em.

Patricia's favorite flower is the yellow rose, and Pat sends her plenty. Pat likes sweethearts more. More sentiment, Green is Patricia's favorite color, and Pat's is blue. And Best friends, Patricia first met Pat at a masquerade. Pat detests affectation and artificiality in men and women. Also hates to see women use make-up. Raisies Cain with the little woman when he catches her at the mascara.

Pat likes his wife to be affectionate over the telephone, but is a shy face to face. And here's a tip, girls. When the O'Briens have a battle, Pat spends the next day off shopping for Patricia. In fact, he likes to shop. He gets a kick out of surprising Patricia with negligees and nighties.

Pat is always bringing a new dog home,
**ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED?**

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Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

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Lost Her Boy Friends Because of Fat

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast makes reducing a delight—it's so SAFE and CONVENIENT. It leaves no ugly wrinkles, no dark circles under the eyes or ill after effects.

Rather it's a splendid health-builder—a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly. You lose ugly, unhealthy fat at the same time gain strength and energy. Many women have seen results by eating lighter on potatoes, pasties and fatty meats.

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An 85¢ bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores throughout the world. Start to-day and reduce—stay younger longer!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Hot Off the Ether

Continued from page 68

Now that how that came about! You mustn't get the idea from this rambling story that Pat and Patricia are a study in contrasts. They have many likes and dislikes in common.

Both like and seldom miss a stage play. They loved Coney Island when they were poor struggling troopers, and they particularly like the idea that they are getting on, they still get a kick out of the Pacific Coast's Coney Island, Venice, and the Cyclone.

They both hate posing for portraits. They both dislike swanky Hollywood parties. And they don't fly. Are they superstitious? Pat won't light three on a match, but Patricia will. Pat will walk under a ladder, but Patricia won't. Nor will she go round a post. They both have a hat on the bed in Pat's house and you're out. Whistle in his dressing room and you get hit with a shoe. Thirteen is their lucky number. They both love kids. And old folks. Patricia wants a boy and Pat wants a girl.

"I hope we get twins," said Patricia. "If we do we'll name them Pat and Patricia," said Pat.

Hamilton Devere Smith. His "break" came when he was included among the guests of the Leviathan in a trial run of the liner in 1923. Certain influential men aboard heard him sing, liked his voice, helped him to obtain engagements.

Downey is a superstitious fellow, punctuates almost every sentence by knocking wood. He has as many idiosyncrasies as a baseball player; he savors a shaving hat and a turned-up top coat collar. Yet at night he invariably wears full evening dress, with opera hat.

He likes to drive his own car, a garrigan
toon Hispanic Suiza; is always attempting to clear the street crossings before the signal light changes; raises police dogs; has a fondness for raspberry ice; fears old age; when nervous or agitated bites the nail of his right thumb; carries good luck charms on both ends of a watchless watch chain; can memorize the music and lyrics of a song at a glance; holds nightly audi
tions for songwriters who hope to interest him in new numbers; puts a stopwatch between songs; insists on leading the orchestra while singing; has long, thick eye-lashes and blue-gray eyes. He calls his wife "dear" and refers to his friends as "hers" but if you refer to his pets as "hers" he will pounce on you like a crooner (says he "just sings"), conting
tently jingles coins in his pockets, loves to tell Irish stories, and knows by heart more than three hundred. Born in Wallingford, Conn., is five feet, ten inches tall; made his stage début at the Sheridan Square Theatre, New York, singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"—in a cowboy suit.
Riding Air Waves to Success

In 1919 he signed to sing with Paul Whiteman's orchestra at a weekly figure of $70; and he toured with Whiteman for years. He held a French horn for effect when not singing. The idea helped put him over—people thought him an excellent singing musician, and when he obtained his release from Whiteman he was getting $200 a week.

He came next a series of London night clubs, followed by engagements in several Continental resorts; then to New York, where he opened his own club. Next, a trip to Hollywood to make a picture called "Mother's Boy." His voice was short and sweet, the sweet part to him being his marriage to Barbara Bennett after a whirlwind three-week courtship.

He began to go against him and he went into comparative obscurity. Back to London he went, again scored in night clubs. Longing for home and America, he reenlisted William S. Paley for a niche in radio.

Paley answered "yes." He opened a night club here and sang over the air. Fan mail poured in and he was given a nightly 7 o'clock period, serving as Columbia's answer to N.B.C.'s "Amos 'n' Andy."

He became an overnight radio sensation and introduced his own song, "Wabash Moon," which quickly found a place in the best-seller list. Sponsors dickered for his services and he was signed by the Camel cigarette people for a six-night a week program. Today his star is not quite as high as it was six months or a year ago, but it is still high enough to stump him probably as the biggest individual money-maker in radio.

The Sun Shines Over Kate

Despite her avoirdupois, Kate Smith is about the busiest artist to be found in or out of radio. Check it up, my comrades: radio rehearsals and broadcasts, engagements in vaudeville—she holds the record for New York's Palace, a season of thirteen consecutive weeks last Fall—recordings, benefit shows, motion picture house personal appearances, writing or verifying the continuity of her radio programs, answering in person a carload of fan mail.

She's got her share of foibles, too. Kate has had a State Building countless times since the structure was opened and knows most of the building personnel by name. She wears no street make-up and tried out her voice on her maid whom she calls "Floyd,", while putting on her stage make-up. Her speaking voice is as hearty as her singing voice. The theme song of her La Palma Cigar program, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," is her most prized possession. She was co-lyricist with Howard Johnson.

The most robust of all the crooners, male or female, she hates to shop for clothes. Loves perfume and has about five hundred bottles of rare scent. When she wears glasses she puts them on the tip of her nose. Never took singing lessons, and knows a song after hearing it for the first time. She amalgamates upon her weight. Insists she is probably the happiest woman in the land, mainly because she refuses to diet. Devours candy between meals.

When at the microphone she leads the musicians with one handkerchiefed hand. Is essentially a homebody. Has no mas- cularine interests. Her close friends call her Katherine. Next to perfumes her chief hobbies are water sports and cooking. Prior to her radio career she filled up the latest gadgets useful to the culinary art. As sentimental as she seems in her songs.

160 H.P. Twelve $1445

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100 H.P. Straight "8" $945


Auburn "12" and "8" Custom Models include Dual Ratio

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana. Division of Cord Corporation.
America's First Crooner

While America is familiar with the voice of Rudy Vallee it does not know much about the personality, who, more than any other figure, has made crooning a big business in the land.

Before the NBC microphone Vallee, now performing on the Fleischmann Yeast Program, is as much at home as a duck on a lily-studded pond. From the moment he steps into the studio for rehearsal things happen. In contrast to the soothing manner that he imparts to his singing and to the tones of his orchestra, he is an aggressive, driving program leader who tolerates no incompetents from his men during working hours. He greets them with wisecracks, listens to their troubles. Once at work he is a severe taskmaster.

While singing in the radio Vallee is accustomed to remove his coat for greater ease of movement, and permits his men to dispense with collars and coats. This is one reason distanced from his broadcasts. The other is that an audience might prove distracting to him and his musicians.

Vallee's tenor saxophone over one arm, leaving one arm free for directing. His larger baritone saxophone is suspended from a specially built stand with rollers. When singing he almost touches the microphone with his lips, jams one hand into a pocket, turns his back to the orchestra and signals any necessary directions over his right shoulder.

He closes his eyes while singing, unless he must read his lyrics. It is a habit, he once explained, formed several years ago when he had to face a blinding spotlight. As his audience is unseen, there is nothing to look at in the studio anyway except Graham Hall, the big noun-adjective man. With guest artists, particularly those unfamiliar with the microphone, Vallee is extremely courteous, patient, and co-operative. He places his continuity and music on a stand within easy reach. On one occasion he was introducing a new number and forgot the lyrics. The written words had disappeared from the stand. Immediately, he filled in words ex tempore. No one noticed the discrepancy except the publisher.

At the conclusion of each broadcast Rudy Vallee addresses his orchestra, complimenting the men on particularly fine instrumentations, bawling them out for any mistakes. They discuss the program and offer ideas for change. Vallee calls out his last minute instructions and then dashes out for the next job in his busy life.

And it's one job after another—and every one makes money. Vallee's income continues to be one of the largest in radio. He saves, they say, most of it. Wise man?

Beauty and the Beach

Continued from page 65

and regard that as his just contribution to mutual matrimonial success.

We may as well be frank about it. Most of these wrecked matrimonial romances between actors and actresses are the direct outcome of wounded masculine egos, masculine jealousy. It's the same in many other professions. It takes a peculiarly unselfish, unselfish step up. Good sportsmanship, to gallantly play second-fiddle to a professionally successful wife. Dr. Renehart has achieved it for his wife, Mary Roberts Renehart, the famous author, but even she, in her autobiography, tells what a test her success proved for Dr. Renehart.

Was it this condition which really killed Jaime Del Rio? When the Del Rios first came to Hollywood Dolores was the adoring wife. Jaime's authority was consulted upon all things, his consent obtained for her every move. They had been reasonably well-off and Jaime a successful provider. But as Dolores became famous, as her salary soared beyond anything Jaime could match, as producers and directors usurped the place of authority with his Dolores and his nerves and less important in her life, he couldn't endure it. Jaime died of a broken heart—and a dreadfully wounded masculine ego.

The situation of the titled husbands of famous women, a la the Marquis de la Palaisa de la Condray, the Princes Sorge and David Milvian are less painful. Their titles help enormously in balancing the account. But even so, not for long. The Marquis and Gloria Swanson could not make a go of it, although he struggled to win success as a director. It remains to be seen how he will fare with Connie, although he's striving to make his directing foreign versions of pictures. But no matter what he does, Connie's fame must ever exceed his, and so likewise Connie's's future. She and Mary, they are working honestly, with every effort at good sportsmanship, to maintain the status quo. It isn't easy when both have such compelling outside interests that must so often take precedence over domestic affairs. Both get home with fragments of their studio struggles, and, of course, quite often their playtime doesn't coincide at all. One may be working when the other is not, that can happen—and in the midst of it realizing, however, as Joan's fame and fortune do not soar too dazzlingly beyond Doug Junior's, and nothing publicly happens to wound Doug's ego, they will win out.

Ina Claire married John Gilbert at a critical time, just as talkies came in and imperiled John's glamorous popularity. All that have been well had been made a nice modest little success, and John had maintained his picture supremacy. But the situation didn't disturb things. to Gilbert's masculine ego, and Claire herself was a bit beguiled with Hollywood, so different from New York, and her nerves were on edge as she endeavored to master his new technique. So each was more sorry for himself, more concerned with his own new productions. Likewise, or perhaps hence, all rumors of divorce have died down.

Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford are another couple enjoying dual success, dual fame, with a slight edge in favor of Joan. Like the Bannisters, these two have been cited as a model married couple of sustained success. John and Joan, and Mary and Fred, and Joan, and Mary, they are working honestly, with every effort at good sportsmanship, to maintain the status quo. It isn't easy when both have such compelling outside interests that must so often take precedence over domestic affairs. Both get home with fragments of their studio struggles, and, of course, quite often their playtime doesn't coincide at all. One may be working when the other is not, that can happen—and in the midst of it realizing, however, as Joan's fame and fortune do not soar too dazzlingly beyond Doug Junior's, and nothing publicly happens to wound Doug's ego, they will win out.
Love Secrets of Kay Francis

Continued from page 55

before very long that I was very, very fond of him!"

Just before their marriage, Kay and Kenneth went house-hunting and discov-
ered that his English terraced house was spacious and surrounded by shady trees and shrubs. Here, today, they live happily amid early Colonial furnishings and many rare and costly antiques. "Ken is particu-
larly fond of them," commented Kay, "due largely, perhaps, to the fact that many of his ancestors had New Englanders in their family."

Each has his own separate apartment.

"I believe in that idea most thoroughly," admitted Kay. "And especially when the husband is practicing the same profession. A wife, in my humble opinion, should always strive to remain independent and retain her own individuality. Too many marriages that I could name have floundered hopelessly—largely because of too much intimacy. No man or woman likes to be bored or tired out and if they are always together and never out of the other's sight—well, you never can tell what might happen! I earnestly hope no man will ever say I tire or bore him!"

"On the other hand, I believe absolutely in the 'three-cornered' type of marriage. Every wife, I think, should give her hus-
band her whole-hearted love and compan-
ionship. She should try to be a real pal to the things he wants to do and go to places he wants to go. She should see that he has all he wants to eat and what he wants to eat. After all, saying that 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach' has many good points to it! She should see that the home is always in order and comfortable for him. All these little things really count in the long run in the making of a truly successful mar-
riage."

"One reason that our own marriage has been so happy and successful so far is that my husband and I are firm friends and our respect for each other is mutual. Our love is founded on a firm basis and not on mere infatuation. I won't say that we will never be divorced or will keep on being happy forever for I find that folks who insist on those points are the very ones who in the end surprise all their friends by actually having wrecked marriages! But I will say this—I don't honestly see at the present time how anything big enough could ever come between Kenneth and me to separate us!"

Furthermore, Kay believes fewer divorces will result from an understanding or, at least, long friendships. She practices this belief with fact—her own and Kenneth MacKenna's lives being the best example of the second. During their marriage, these two were friends for many years and were engaged secretly for several months before taking the legal step. "Naturally, all marriages do not succeed regardless of the preparation and thought given them," admitted Kay. "'It isn't easy being married in Hollywood in any case. But, at least, one that is the result of a long friendship or engagement has the better chance. Ken and I got our lives all straightened out during the months we went together before our marriage. It wasn't easy at times. We both found that we had to make sacrifices and adjustments. During the early days of our marriage other adjustments were necessary. Some of them weren't easy, but they were very much worth while for they brought a com-
plete understanding between us. You know yourself that when two people are working constantly, unless they watch most care-
fully they are bound to become too inde-
pendent and probably peevish and fretful as well, and those are stepping stones toward unhappiness in marriage."

Kay's pet aversion is rumors (a polite word for gossip), and she has made up her mind never to take any chances with the Hollywood variety. Accordingly, when ever her husband takes a vacation from his work, she takes one, too, if possible. If he goes to New York, along trots his Kay. If he journeys to Agua Caliente, along she
regard and keeps repeating in Hawaiian "Do it again." Johnny eagerly obliges. Gradually, he teaches her to speak English and he acquires many of her native phrases.

You will be touched by the tender love scenes and worry over the plight of the two when the tribe puts the tabu on them. The barbaric mating dance, in which Lulana works up to a frenzy, is one of the great spectacles which will enthral you. And the furore which is caused when she runs away with the white youth on the eve of her marriage to the chosen native swain is—well, you’ll have to see and hear that excitement personally!

For a time the two find forbidden happiness in a primitive paradise of their own making. They flee to an uninhabited island and build their own thatched hut. The volcano's eruption is blamed by the tribe on Lulana, who has angered the gods by forsaking her people for a white man and becoming the mother of his child. There is a tremendous sequence in which the whole population of the village is forced to abandon their homes because of the menacing crater. Five hundred old men, women, children and household pets are crammed into a hundred out-rigger canoes, manned by three hundred young native men, in the flight.

The medicine man persuades Lulana that she can appease the gods only by a human sacrifice. Torn between her love for the American and her superstition, she is finally convinced that she, alone, can save her tribe. Slipping away from Johnny, she makes her way up the slope of the volcano, the tom-toms rhythmically beating time as she marches to her doom. Her lover's desperate attempt to catch up with her is thwarted and flinging herself into the seething lava is the terrible climax. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest scenes ever filmed.

The Hawaiian kahuna were inclined to giggle at some of the ceremonies hallowed by tradition, Dolores says, but they were afraid to ignore them. Did you ever hear of a person being killed in prayer? There are still two kahunas—witch doctors—in the islands today whom the whole island possesses this ancient power of mental destruction.

"King Vidor wanted proof that it has been done before he put such a happening into the picture. He went to Dr. Nils P. Larson, head of the Queen's Hospital in Honolulu. Dr. Larson said that just recently he had treated a native for whose death a kahuna had prayed. Despite all modern science could do, the man simply wasted away. They could discover no known disease and an autopsy after his death did nothing to help the medical men.

In dealing with the natives in a remote spot, Vidor found that the chief was the head jailer of the district. So he had to go to jail whenever he wanted to get action among the tribesmen who worked as extras. One day Dolores was commanded to appear before that dignitary. He wanted an autographed picture of her.

The sure-fire trick of gazing at a high building and collecting a crowd gives Connie no end of a kick. She also loves to chat pleasantly with perfect strangers at functions, seeming to know them well, and talking to people she does not even know, they all say, as they flounder for her name. She does all these things with a dangerously artless innocence.

She generously signed two for him. One was for a soldier at the Head, Waikiki Beach, and all the other beauty spots which nature has lavished upon these Pacific islands, you will watch for "The Bird of Paradise." And if you wondered what the hula is really like—Dolores is an expert at the real thing. She learned on a previous trip to Honolulu, and when she returned, "I was a religious gnome with the natives," she tells me. "The accompanying chant of the natives is their singing explanation of the various movements. Honestly, every little movement has a meaning all its own!"

Now, back in Hollywood, their work on this production finished, Dolores and Joel have begun on new films. Dolores is going modern, having her first chance to appear as she is in person. Joel is paying court to one of his favorite scene partners—Constance Bennett.

But busy as they are at the studio, they long to return to glorious Hawaii. They are anxiously awaiting the verdict of the public on their supreme effort. Dreamers themselves, Lulana and Johnny are the pagan lovers Dolores and Joel might have been born to play. Neither of them cares for the luxuries of the white community and ordered their lives differently. Soon Dolores hopes she and Cedric Gibbons, to whom she is happily married, will have time for a Honolulu jaunt. And as for Joel, all he needs is a girl who can inspire him to Go Tropical. "The Bird of Paradise" showed him what a swell existence it would be!"

The Constance Nymph! Continued from page 23

handsome men being "brothers" to her.

But that doesn’t mean Connie isn’t capable of a mighty "grande passion" one of these days. Her kind of girl reserves her strongest emotions for the real thing.

There’s a young man named Youngish, too. He always has a Sam with him. A Sam always has a Sam with him. Youngish and Connie are always together, no matter where they are. They are always talking, laughing, and having a good time. Connie is always smiling, no matter what is happening around her. She is a happy person and she loves life. She is a lovely young woman with a sweet and kind heart. She is ready to do anything for her friends and she always makes them feel welcome and at home.

The sure-fire trick of gazing at a high building and collecting a crowd gives Connie no end of a kick. She also loves to chat pleasantly with perfect strangers at functions, seeming to know them well, and talking to people she does not even know, they all say, as they flounder for her name. She does all these things with a dangerously artless innocence.

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Strained Interlude  
Continued from page 59

people, I did that scene fine. Only the tempo was a bit too slow; you should know better than that, Wunch.

WUNCH: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (I mean no, Mr. Blivitz.)

Blivitz: All right, now, let's go ahead and finish the sequence. Lots of pep, please. (Come out of the chloroform, goofoff!)

(Gong. They resume their places.)

NITA: So you'll strike me, will you? (She takes a gun out of her purse and points it at Horace.)

BELLA: Ee-ek! Don't shoot! (I hope it's loaded!)

HORACE: Go on, you're afraid to shoot. You're yellow! You hear me, just plain yellow! (Gee, she's a honey. Wonder if she'd go out with me tonight?)

NITA: You rat! (She fires a blank at Horace. He clutches at his heart, gasps, and falls to the floor.)

BLIVITZ (interrupting): No, no, no. That's terrible, simply awful! That's no way to die. Wait a minute, I'll show you how to die.

HORACE

BELLA

NITA

WUNCH

BLIVITZ: Now, let's go through that part again. (He takes Horace's place, and Nita fires at him. Blivitz, taking it bare, throws his arms into the air, staggering, cartwheeling and pirouetting all over the

set. Finally he crashes into the camera, throwing it to the ground and smashing it. All stand looking at him horrified.)

BLIVITZ (picking himself up, purplish with rage): Wunch, Wunch, WUNCH! You crack-brained, google-eyed half-wit! Why did you have that camera so close up, hey? So you could damage the picture? So you could spoil a whole day's work? So you could ruin my art? Just for that we work to-night, and every night until the picture is finished. Do you hear that, everybody?

NITA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Oh, goody! Horace will have to sock me again!)

HORACE: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Aw, nerts! No date to-night!)

BELLA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Oh, why did I ever leave that good old soda fountain?)

WUNCH: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (!!!!****!!!)

at home. Besides, ma and brother would give her away!

She's comfortably indifferent about her clothes, except for the screen, where she is perfectly normally feminine and wants to look as charming as possible. Not even her fondest admirers could call Connie beautiful, but she is a thoroughly natural attractive person.

Connie says she went to just one grand premiere—and never again. She thinks they are too stupid for anything, especially that toss everyone talks over the microphone. You should hear the bad girl mimic some of them!

She drives a Ford and hopes it'll blossom into a little Rolls-Royce one of these days. She feels that maybe, when a piquant part shows up in a script and she can persuade Columbia not to say, "Oh, that would never do for Cummings," a lot of other things might begin to blossom too. That's what happens when one gets tagged as a "nice girl" in pictures!
comedies realize how well "animal" antics go over. I have heard more comments on Mickey Mouse and other animal comedies than on the feature pictures. If we are to have short skits accompanying the main picture, couldn't there be more dogs or ducks as characters instead of slapstick comedies, which really look as if there had been only five minutes in which to get them finished and no one really cared what the plot was about?

I'm for giving dumb animals a break!

Mrs. W. C. Anger, 
701 1/2 DeForest St., 
Bellingham, Wash.

ONE BIG EMBRACE!

Marie Dresser—what an actress she is! Bless her heart, she is as young as the youngest. She may have been with us a long time, but she is young still.

I've seen pictures of hers that I liked better than others, but I don't remember seeing any that I didn't like at all. But Marie Dresser in "Emma!" There just isn't any word that does her justice. She is marvelous—grand—that is little enough to say!

More people turn out for Marie, as well as for many of the other veterans, than for the younger stars. Nor do I mean to knock the youngsters, who deserve all praise. Here's to them all—long may they twinkle!

Clara Eastridge, 
448 West First St., 
El Dorado, Ark.

A FAN'S PHILOSOPHY

When we see a directorial masterpiece like "The Sin of Madeelon Claudet," or a superbly acted drama such as "Emma," or a clever little comedy, we rave over them, send out a plea for more, and feel like thinking the producers, directors, and cast personally for giving us such fine pictures.

And then, when a mediocre picture comes along, there are always a great many complaints.

Most of us have learned to take the bad with the good in other walks of life, so why not be philosophical about the movies? For one will agree to take them as they come, if they will give us an exceptionally good one once every month or so.

U. L. Crump, 
87 Belmont St., 
Rochester, N. Y.

TUNE UP, RAMON!

Recently I saw Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari." He certainly gave his best performance since I saw him in "Son of India," and has proven that he is a capable actor. But it would make me, and also other fans, happy to hear Ramon sing in his future films. He really has a marvelous voice and a suitable accent; and furthermore, he has none of those bulging muscles as one sees on an overtrained athlete.

Olga Lea, 
893 Royal Road, 
Cleveland, Ohio.

A RENALDO FAN

I haven't seen Duncan Renaldo since "Trader Horn." His sensitive features, manly bearing, attractive voice, and agreeable accent make an intriguing personality which I had expected to see starred very soon. It would not be easy to find suitable vehicles for him, but I think he is unusual enough to make a real hit.

Duncan would make a big drawing card, as big as Ramon Novarro, if given the chance. Please ask the directors to give him something good to do before he goes stale.

Mrs. C. R. Little, 
18 S. Reed Ave., 
Mobile, Ala.

A FENTON FAN

I've been watching Leslie Fenton in all of his pictures, and, although he isn't a star, he deserves a big hand for being a finished actor. They say that the women in the audience don't admire the rascals on the screen. I must be different, because I get a thrill watching Mr. Fenton. His acting is so natural, his voice so well-modulated, and his appearance so pleasing.

It is strange he isn't a star, but, possibly, he doesn't aspire in that direction. But he's a good sport—using his best with the parts assigned to him and playing any character he's called upon to play.

I hope the directors cast him in a dozen pictures this year, and I'll bet before the year is over he'll be stealing pictures away from the stars. See if I'm right!

Ruth Barnett, 
54419 S. Robertson St., 
New Orleans, La.

ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING!

The trend to comedy pictures is well- welcomed whole-heartedly by theatre-goers all over the country. In these times directors have found that with cheerfulfulness and humor scattered profusely through their productions people are responding by maximum attendance.

A good picture always has a touch of warm comedy. Review the hits of the last two years and you will find that comedy rules. People know how to laugh, and they will get them.

If real, clean comedy is featured, morals will be influenced for the better which will add to the popular appeal of pictures. Let us have more comedy pictures!

Chester Cannon, 
289 Pleasant St., 

A TWO FISTED FILM

"Hell Divers" was truly a magnificent picture with a splendid cast. The entire picture was one thrill after another—genuine thrills. There was something in the love of the man played by Wallace Beery and the Panama dive-keeper played by Marjorie Rambeau that brought tears and heartaches. And the splendid acting of Clark Gable when Wallace Beery was "setting" his broken leg was the grandest bit of make-believe that I have ever seen on the screen. A shudder passed down my spine and I had to blink my eyes to keep the tears back. Then there was the end of Griffin's career, made so real by John Miljan, that caused a lump in my throat. Perhaps I did cry—what of it? I laughed, too! And I hope to see another picture of this sort very soon—for it was truly a man's picture.

F. M. Pipes, 
Box 1044, 
Texarkana, Tex.

THE OLD FAVORITES!

I have often read that producers are always on the lookout for spectacular themes. Perhaps a suggestion of mine might help.

There surely can be no doubt that such pictures as "Les Miserables," "Ten Commandments," "Dandridge," "Scarabouche," "Noah's Ark," "King of Kings," and "Three Musketeers" were real spectacles of the years past. These and probably numerous others would make truly great revivals.

With the addition of dialogue, music and Technicolor sharing of some of these old time movies should strike an instantaneous approval with all movie lovers.

Chas. D. Dancer, 
4417 West 5th St., 
Mansfield, Ohio.
Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner
Continued from page 11

Palming and the pass should be practiced before a mirror, so that the student can catch and correct any mistakes.

Among the palm, well done, the magician can find a chosen card almost anywhere. One clever move is to lay a hand carelessly on a person's back as he's going through the deck to find the card he chose—and slipping the card under his coat collar. He'll be hunting for the card in the deck—while it'll be in plain sight of everybody else. It's always good for a laugh.

Here is a very good move you'll like, speaking of finding chosen cards. The performer has a card chosen and returned to the deck, allows a spectator to shuffle the cards, then announces that the card is not at the top of the deck. To prove it, he turns back the corner of the top card so that all can see this is the truth. While the card is still in sight, he allows a spectator to put a finger on the card, and keep it there while the card is slid from the deck to the table. The spectator keeps his finger on it, holding it down so there can be no substitution.

Still the magician—with a magic word and a ruffle of the cards in the deck he's holding—swallows the finger. The spectator turns over the card he has his finger on. It's the card which the spectator first chose. The card he thought he saw when the top card was fanned back for him to look at proves to be in the middle of the deck!

Complicated? Not at all! Here's how it's done:

This trick, known as a "card change," is a combination of the two moves you have already learned—the pass and the palm. Here is the mokus operandi:

Let a card be chosen, bring it to the top of the deck, my means of the pass. False shuffle, leaving it at the top.

Now pretend to show it by lifting the corner while it is on the deck. But slip your nail under the second card from the top and tilt this one up so that this is what the spectator sees. Let him put his finger on the top card—which is really the chosen card though he thinks it's the second card that he's looking at—and let him keep his finger on it as it is slid off onto the table, where the spectator industriously holds it down.

Make the pass again—which brings the other card to middle of the deck—and the trick is done.

Practice this showing of the second card a little, for the "overlap" of the two cards can't be seen. Just take the deck in your hand and you'll see what I mean.

Alpine Adventurer
Continued from page 51

greatest ambition in life, Mr. Trenker? "Absolutely, but I am also an architectural engineer, and I want to build houses. I like ski Spanish houses here. Also I have many books to write. I might write one mit Hollywood," he grinned.

Don't, Mr. Trenker! But the fact remains that you are a most versatile fellow.

What Does the Future Hold For Garbo?
Continued from page 19

to try her wits against the new invention. Critics doubted her ability to master English and diction. Garbo's fighting spirit was aroused and the way that she came through in "Anna Christie" showed that her ambition was strong and unbendable the surface indifference.

Yet, aside from that production, she was not enthused about her roles. Life was just one picture after another. The thought of leaving became more alluring. So she began to drop hints here and there that when her current contract was up she was going to leave.

Then came "Mata Hari" and the remarkable change. For the first time in years—remember she had been a star for seven—she was given a part which intrigued her. Furthermore, she found a delightful and sympathetic friend in Ramon Novarro. He, too, liked solitude and absorbed crowds and the stellar gestures to the grandstand. But Ramon had discovered that he could be himself and still enjoy friendships and good times. Garbo was watched and secretly admired him for this.

All work and no play suddenly became monotonous. Garbo decided she needed a holiday. She spent several weeks on Broadway, attending all the popular shows. Ramon met her and took her out there. They had a grand time, these two foreigners who brought to America and made wealthy in true Cinderella fashion.

The fact that "Mata Hari" broke all records at M-G-M's ace theatre in New York City—the Capitol—meant a great deal to Garbo. It established her as the most popular star of the talkies.

Her genuine enjoyment of the competition in "Grand Hotel" illustrates her new zest. Playing opposite John Barrymore, scion of America's most famous stage family, was secretly thrilling to the girl who had never done anything of note in the legitimate. And to be described by him as "the Ellen Terry of today" was a compliment she cherishes.

Garbo had never rehearsed before "Mata Hari." Ramon asked her to do as a favor, it being her debut. She graciously consented. During the filming of "Grand Hotel" she forgot all about her prejudice against rehearsals and actually went over her scenes time and again before the cameras started to turn.

This Spring, Garbo has begun to find herself. Hollywood has persecuted her,
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The next issue of SCREENLAND

Will be on sale June 27

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 78

we simply must meet these major demands of the season. Here's one another. With sleeves off in town and most everything off on the beach, all of us are utilizing a Liquid Depilatory—an easy, convenient one that doesn't leave an odor. No one wants an unsightly growth of hair. It mars the pink perfection of even the loveliest limbs. So, off with it!

The simplest way to eliminate surface hair without muss is to apply the new Liquid Depilatory made by our old friends, the Odlorono people. It is colorless, odorless, and being liquid takes the hair off closer, thereby lengthening the time before re-growth. It comes in a squarish, squat bottle (not easily knocked over) and a bakelite screw lid that prevents spilling in your bag if you travel with it. Be sure to read and obey the instructions for using any depilatory.

Still on the subject of hot-weather comfort, have you tried perfumed Lint in your bath? What? You haven't? Well, you can't afford to admit it right out loud, so I'll buy a little at a time. (She sells it because it is so popular) and enjoy the smooth-smoothness and perfect finish it gives you. Isn't it fun to get such a luxury for a change? Anyway I found it and should say, "Thank you!"

But, of course, there's nobody to listen except the parrot on the bath-room wall and he has never shown the slightest interest in my ablutions.

Now, a little special attention to your face! When you feel that you want your damp, sticky, summer face to be soaply clean, remember Woodbury's. Remember, also, that the Woodbury creams are especially designed to work perfectly with these soaps. Why not adopt the Woodbury way of face care for the summer? It is all thought out for you. Here is the right facial soap and a cream that belongs with it. You know it is a dependable, established facial treatment that has pleased distinguished women for a long time. I believe in following lines of least resistance in vacation time. Use Woodbury's in hot weather because you know it is good and good for you.

When it comes to make-up, why not depend on a real specialist like Max Factor. Hollywood's eminent make-up expert? For years and years Max Factor has concentrated on make-up, constantly perfecting and improving his products. Therefore every ingredient chosen with careful, scientific thought gives you the very best make-up result. Latest colors and effects are instantly reflected in Max Factor's wide choice of rouges, powders, and foundations. He has just what you need for any occasion. Consult Max Factor and rely on his very expert advice about just what sort of sun protection your make-up should include. If you're using the Woodbury way of describing your skin and coloring and age and he will tell you the very thing you should use. Max Factor knows. He should after all these years of advising the Hollywood stars! By the way, Max Factor's hand lotion is awfully good.

Next month more news about some of the advance ideas for fall!

Ask Me!

Continued from page 8

with the Canadian Dragoons and after the close of the war, he established himself in Calgary and began the practice of the profession for which he had been educated. In 1926, after many more exciting adventures, he was on the stage in London, England, playing many important roles. Coming to the U.S., he began to play the leading role in the feature production of "Scotland Yard." He made his picture debut in "Strictly Unconventional." He has appeared in "Grumpy," "The Virtuous Sin," "Unfaithful," "Born to Love," "The Squaw Man," "Transgression," "Always Goodbye," and "Heartbreak" with Charles Farrell and Madge Evans.

Miss Edith F. Your first letter to me but why so scared? I'm not "Franken- stein." So write again and let's be friends. Your favorite George O'Brien has been getting good breaks in some snappy films, such as "The Gay Caballero" with Con- citta Montanaro and Linda Watkins; "The Rainbow Trail" with Minna Gombell and Cecilia Parker; "Riders of the Purple
Sage" with Marguerite Churchill, and "The Holy Terror" with Sally Eilers. George was born in San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 1, 1900. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 185 pounds. He uses a comb on the stage. He was educated at Polytechnic High School in his home town, and at Santa Clara College. His hobbies are boxing, swimming, football and baseball. No so far has been a valuable tour of the U.S. and Europe and dropped out of sight. It was reported many times that he died but such was not the case. He's just busy growing up!

Vivian H. In the picture "The Spirit of Notre Dame," William Bakewell was Jim Stewart, and Andy Devine was Truck McRae. This was followed by "Bucky O'Brien," in which Lew's new release is "Night World" with Mae Clark and Boris Karloff, Billy Bakewell plays with Thomas Meighan and Charlotte Greenwood in "Cheaters at Play."

Loretta B. To give you the latest news of your favorites, I have to be two jumps ahead of the star and catch them on the rebound. "Waterloo Bridge" was from the stage play by Robert Sherwood. "Devious" is as long as the soundtrack. "A Little Past the Temple," by Pamela Wynne. The scenario was by Graham John and Horace Jackson. "Wayward," in which Nancy Carrol and Myra Meller appeared, was from the novel, "Wild Beauty" by Matel Howe Furtham.

Frances M.D. Thanks for my new title. The Spice of Screamland—proving that sugar and spice and all that's nice are what little girls are made of. Luke and Ivan Lebedoff are masters of several languages, including Hollywood. Each speaking with a slight foreign accent but who can't understand a word from the screen? Paul uses his family name in pictures.

Sally B. Sorry I'm not able to tell you "who is the highest paid actress in Hollywood." In these days of ups and downs, it's difficult to keep in touch with salaries. Jackie Cooper and Mitzi Green are gathering in a lot of what-it-takes and the wolf doesn't howl around Marie Dressler's door any more. "A Little Past the Temple" has him on his bread and butter if he wants it.

Devotee of Screenland. You are not alone in your desire to know what Leslie Banks, director of pictures worthy of his artistry. Perhaps if the fans keep hounding the producers with questions it will cause the screen may have the desired effect. So put together, fans, and begin the "hounding" and add a few for your "Ask Me" lady. Mr. Howard is still appearing in "The Animal Kingdom" at the Empire Theatre in New York, but he will make a picture of it later—with Ann Harding.

Polly of Pittsburgh. I'm always happy when I can locate your favorite. David Rollins is in "Love Pains," the latest Boy Friend, produced by Hal Roach, with Mary Kornman, Gertie Messinger, Micky Daniels, and Grady Sutton. Helen Kansas and Kay Johnson has been playing important roles in Los Angeles theatres. Sally O'Neil has returned from Europe. She hasn't announced her picture plans.

Terrie. No, I didn't say terri-bile! I glad you have good reasons for buying Scotch. I'm two of them. Your favorite, Norma Shearer, is to appear in "Strange Interlude," Sally Eilers and Greer Garson are two of them. I agree with you. Your favorite, Norma Shearer, is to appear in "Strange Interlude," Sally Eilers and Greer Garson have been playing important roles in Los Angeles theatres. Sally O'Neil has returned from Europe. She hasn't announced her picture plans.

Chaney's son, Creighton Chaney, is in the film "Bird of Paradise," with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. Come again, Terrie.

V. V. W. Davee Lee did play with Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" and "Sonny Boy," in 1929. He appeared in "Frozen River" with Rin-Tin-Tin in the same year. He is now playing with Diane Keaton and James Macdonald in "One Hour With You."

Bernice T. The principals in "Interlude," were Clive Brook and Doris Kenyon. Evelyn Brent and William Powell, Josephine Dunn was not in the cast. She played with Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes in "Two Kinds of Women" and with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in "One Hour With You."

Ruth S. Edmund Cobb was the actor you refer to who played Gil Davis in "Wild Horse" with Hoot Gibson. Edmund was a regular in "The Bird of Paradise," in 1892. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was on the stage before entering pictures. Clark Gable's new picture, "Strange Interlude," with Norma Shearer.

Arthur G. I have very little information to give about Jackie Cooper's private life. He's only eight years old, lives with his mother and a devoted grandmother, works at the studio all day while his pictures are in production and any time out is spent with teachers—for you know "a fellow just has to get educated." Jackie is to make his screen debut by going into New York as I write this but I haven't his traveling schedule so I can't say when he will make Detroit.

D. J. D. England. Sorry I can't tell you the English publishers of the songs Phillips Holmes used in his picture, "Her Man." John Boles is married to Marcelite Dobbs and they have two children. John's current release is "Careless Lady," with Joan Blondell. "The Man I Killed" in the April issue. Since then the picture has been retitled, "Broken Lullaby." Phillips plays with Miriam Hopkins and it is killing. "The Man I Killed" is his forthcoming picture will be "Night Court." Cheeroo and what-ho!

Miss Happy. "Tarzan, The Ape Man" has been released at last so sit up for a reel thrill. This screen story of the jungles has a fast cast, headed by Johnny Weissmuller, the marvellous swimmer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton and C. Aubrey Smith. The young man who played Alexander "The Spider" with Edmund Lowe, and Clavieer with Warner Baxter in "Surrender," was Howard Phillips. He is rather new to the fans but if his work deserves a place in my department, he will surely get it.

Kaye of Vancouver. Greetings and how have you been? Write as often as you like. Edwina Booth, last seen in "Trader Horn," is making a comeback in "The Midnight Patrol" an independent production. Others in the cast are Regis Too- mey, Betty Bronson, Mary Nolan and Earle Fox. Your favorite crooner, Bing Crosby, is still appearing in short features, the last one is "Dream House," a slapstick comedy. His first short feature was "I Surrender, Dear." Bebe Daniels has not been a movie-star name of your Family. She has been looking over Broadway with a stage comeback in view. You remember Bebe was on the stage as the
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a child star—playing bits in Shakespearean drama when she was only five years old. She was at one time Harold Lloyd's leading lady in his "Lonesome Luke" comedies.

Bruce R. I'm sorry not to give you any information about Bruce Lane, the clever youngster who played the King in "Forbidden Adventure," with Mitzi Green and Jackie Searle. Seems to have dropped out of sight. If I get a line on him, I'll be glad to let you know. You'll be pleased to know your birthday falls on the same day that Jack Oakie celebrates his, November 12.

MONTREALaise. You have good taste in your selection of favorites, along with a million other people. You missed the personality plus of Hardie Albright. He was born in Charleroi, Penna., on Dec. 16, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen appearance was in 1931 in "Young Sinners" with Thomas Meighan and Dorothy Jordan. Then came "Hush Money" and "Slaughtering." He is "The Silent Witness" with George Arliss in "A Successful Calamity."

Daniel F. James Cagney, who gives such a swell impression of a "tuff mug" is 27 years old and married. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, but doesn't give her birthdate. Miriam Hopkins was born September 18, 1901. She has silvery-gold hair, blue eyes, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Her husband is the well-known author, Austin Parker, but they are separate. Sylvia Sidney's next picture will be "Merrily We Go to Hell."

Leslie Howard Fan, Won't you come back to us, Leslie? If this barrage of fan mail puts me under, blame that young Englishman in New York who runs the personality plus. He was born in London, England, in 1893. His real name is Leslie Stainer; he is married and has two children. He played with the late Jeanne Eagels on the stage in "Her Cardboard Lover." His first screen appearance was in "Outward Bound" in 1930. His last film was "Deotion" with Ann Harding.

Mrs. W. The loyalty of Janet Gaynor's film friends is beyond question. If my only mailbox could register sound effects, there would be great applause for the little brown-eyed star. Janet hails from Phila-delphia, Pa. She was born October 6, 1910. Her hair is brown, her eyes brown. She has a little over 5 feet tall and weighs less than 100 pounds—that's Janet. She was married to Lydell Pack on Sept. 11, 1929. They have no children.

Pixie L. You'll Pixie, you! James Dunn was born Nov. 16, 1905, in New York City. His first picture was "Bad Girl" with Sally Eilers, which put both players in the big lights. Sally was born Dec. 11, 1908, in New York City, and Chester Morris were born in N. Y. City— Joan on Aug. 30, 1909, and Chester on Feb. 16, 1910. Mary Kornman is a member of the Boy Friend Comedies, making shorts for Hal Roach. Arline Judge appeared in "Girl Crazy." Junior Durkin is in "Hello, Flamingo" with Claude Gillingham. Rochelle Hudson plays in "Are These Our Children" and "Fanny Foley Herself." Lupe Velez is making Manhattan sit up and wonder how she can lead such a life, in "Hot-Cha!" The Ziegfield show.

Good Memory, Barbara Weeks has been appearing in some of the outstanding pictures and if the fans have a word to say, she will be on her way to big things. She was born July 4, 1913, in Boston, Mass. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first appearance in pictures was with Eddie Cantor in "Stephing Sisters." Look out for Barbara—she's someone to wait for.

Busy Bee. Marie Dresser is now a household word. She's grand. Marie was born Dec. 9, 1879, in Colborne, Canada. Her real name is Leila Koehler. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs about 200 pounds and has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. They tell me that she and Jackie Cooper are great pals.

Hodge-Podge. Is this a game to me or what? Can they make up a new brand of jute? Greta Nissen was married on March 30, 1932, to the new screen find, Weldon Heyburn. Greta was born in Oslo, Norway. She is 5 feet 4 1/2 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has light blonde hair, blue eyes, and an ivory-like skin that makes her almost a perfect camera subject. They were to be released with Lionel Atwill and Weldon Heyburn. Dorothy Lee's latest release is "Girl Crazy" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Venus de Milo. Hands off, I suppose. Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897, in socio-l. Edward G. Robinson is 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. His wife is Ruth Helma and they have a daughter, Margaret, while he was winning success on the Broadway stage, the war interrupted his activities. He served as a seaman on the U. S. S. Seattle and was later transplanted to the staff of the commanding admiral. His latest picture is "Hell Divers" with Wallace Beery and Clark Gable. Conrad has been touring in vaudeville.

S. W. The men have become picture-conscious this month from the looks of my mail box. Wallace Beery is one of M-G-M's star attractions. He was born in Kansas City, Mo.; is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 189 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. When he was running away with Ringling Brothers' Circus. In 1904 he was singing in a musical show in New York City. In 1913 he joined the old Essanay Film Company in Chicago as author, scenarist, director and editorial super-visor of a series of comedies. He later went to Japan to make pictures. His wife is Rita Gilman. They have no children of their own but have adopted three of a relative of Mrs. Beery's.

Mary G. So you think some of the comics on the screen are under-paid for the work. I think not for not acting at all. That's swell material for an argument. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893, in Toronto, Canada. She married Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Mar. 28, 1920. Did you know that Mary made "Her First Biscuits" for D. W. Griffith? Don't get me wrong, it was a picture!

John P. W. As Erle Fox is a freelance player, I haven't a permanent studio to call my own, but out of this last picture, "O'Brien's Honeymoon," with my heroic partner, Rochelle Hudson plays in "Are These Our Children" and "Fanny Foley Herself." Lupe Velez is making Manhattan sit up and wonder how she can lead such a life, in "Hot-Cha!" The Ziegfield show.

John P. W.
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND BUSINESS CONDUCT OF THEATERS. THE AMERICAN THEATRE Owners and Managers ASSOCIATION, at a meeting in New York, N. Y., for the year ending March 31, 1925, has adopted a system of publication, management and business conduct, and the results thereof are published in this report. The report is printed on the reverse of this sheet, to wit: I. That the names and addresses of the owners, editors and business managers are: Publishing, Atien

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**jor July 1932**

Frederick J. H. One of the brightest lads in pictures is Ralph Graves—he acts, directs, and writes; has had stage experience and has been in films about 15 years. He was born Oct. 11, 1916, in Cleveland, Ohio; is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes—I think Ralph Graves is one of the rising stars of the motion picture industry, and his new release was "Mate Hari" with Greta Garbo. His past picture, "A Dangerous Affair," with Sally Blane, released in December, was a great success. He has already made seven pictures and is now studying with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves has become a famous one. They appeared together in "A Dangerous Affair," with Sally Blane. Ralph Graves' last release was "Mate Hari" with Greta Garbo. His next picture will be a football picture. Ramon was born Feb. 2, 1900, in Durango, Mexico, is 6 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was married in 1926, to Mary Wilson, and has one child.

Frances T. F. If I had time and space to answer all your questions about "who married and divorced which," I'd have a corner on the Hollywood matrimonial market. Nils Asther's wife is Vivian Dun- can. Alice Joyce's first husband was Tom Moore; her present one is James Regan. Charles Farrell is Virginia Valli's second husband. As far as I know, Claire Wind- sor has not remarried since her divorce from Bing Crosby. Brooke's first wife and one of his sisters is Mildred Evelyn, a former English actress. Gloria Swanson was mar- ried in 1913 to his fourth husband, Michael Redgrave. Formerly, it was Betty Lee Wallace. Farn- beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaize. A new little Farmer recently made her debut.

Merry Jerry. If I had the whis- tling humor of Will Rogers, I'd be up in the air and wouldn't write about this. He was born November 4, 1879, in Oobaugh, Indian Ter- ritory. He was educated at Haskell School at Neosho, Mo., and at the Kemper Militar- y Academy. He married Betty Blake. They have three children, Will Jr., Mary, and Jim. Will, the oldest, is 18. Mr. Rogers has been aboard seven or eight times. His latest releases are "Ambassador Bill," "Business and Pleasure," and his next will be "Down to Earth."

Blonde Crazy. Are you trying to do a Jimmy Cagney? Why not give the bru- nette a chance? He is in two pictures this month. His brother is Rudolf Seiber, a German motion picture director at Paramount's Joinville studios in Europe. Glad you admire Charlie Chaplin. He has made a great many of his own films, but also has written and directed a number of different and musical comedies. He was born Oct. 8, 1905, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He has a golden singing voice and a nice personality.

Jack-in-a-Box. Book! I'm not afraid of you, the Rover Boys, or Noah Beery. Irving Pichel should be named Pichel-ett, has given some of the finest acting of the past year in "The Right to Love" with Ruth Chatt- terton; "Murder by the Clock," an American triumph; "The Road to Reno," "The Cheat" with Tullah Bankhead, and "Two Kinds of Women" with Miriam Hopkins. Phillips Holmes. Irving was born in Philadelphia, Pa., is over 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, has brown hair and brown dark eyes. His wife, Violette Witter, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and brown dark eyes. They have three boys, Wilson, 11, Julian, 9 and Marlowe, 3.

Jane C. K. The young physician in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was Robert Young. He was born Feb. 22, 1907, in Chicago, III.; is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He will appear in "The Wet Parade," the picturization of Upton Sinclair's "Babbitt," and "The Smiling Lieutenant," and "Rosalie" with Myrna Loy. He has been married for three years. His screen appearances have been in "The Big Pond" and "The Smiling Lieutenant," with Maurice Chevalier; "The Sap from Syracuse," and "No One Man" with Carole Lombard.

B. L. Lane Chandler, who played with Clara Bow in "Red Hair" in 1928, is playing in Westerns now. Lane is among our good actors who has not yet had the chance to star for him. He may be able to see his best. His most recent film is "The Hurricane Horseman," with Marie Quillan, sister of Eddie Quillan.

Esther M. W. To tell you all I know would take too much space but I'm willing to tell you what you may think of it. He is 22 years old, Charles Rogers is 25, and Alice White is 24. David Rollins was born July 25, 1901, in Kansas City, Mo. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He was born in Olathe, Kans. He has black hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. Nancy Carroll has blue eyes, auburn hair, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and was born in New York City. Alice White was born in Paterson, N. J. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

Johnny Wise. You'd have to be do all you tell me you find time to do. Ronald Colman's new release is "Arrossmith" with Helen Hayes, who made so many fan pictures. He is about to start his new picture, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, in Richmond, Sydney, Australia, was born Brown. He has brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. When war broke out in 1914, he was among England's "First One Hundred Thousand" and was disabled in the battle of Messines. Re- ceiving a discharge for disability he went on voyage of the British ship, "Pendennis." He made pictures in England and tried the stage again before coming to America in 1920. He landed with only $37 in his pocket; af- ter many months of hard work he came to his last dollar when he was offered a stage engagement. His first American film was with Lilian Gish in The White Sister.

Bing Bor. So you're the town's big shot who goes back to the Windcrux in old hats—may hat's off to you. Warner Baxter made pictures as far back as 1921. "Old Arizona" was his first all-talking picture. His more recent releases are "The Squaw Man" and "The Cisco Kid." His next will be "Widow's Mite" with Sally Eilers. Warner was born March 29, 1891, in Columbus, Ohio. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was married in 1917 to Winifred Bryson. They have no children.
Douglas W. It's interesting to note how many young boys and girls love Marie Dressler in pictures—and that pleases Marie—she told me so. The youngsters carve little statues for the snappy necking stuff; they want something wholesome, something big—well, like Wally Beery and Marie Dressler; and more films like "Skippy," "Hello, Father" and "Tom Sawyer".

And between you and me, Douglas, the grown-ups like those pictures as well as the kids. I'm scared to look at "The Champ" with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper is worth seeing the second and third time, if you ask me, but did you?

Ve ra C. After hearing from Buddy Rogers' father that he was born August 13, 1905—Buddy, not the father—you ask me if this is correct—for goodness sake! Why not write to the boy himself and get the awful truth from him, if you don't believe Rogers Senior?

G ladys of Ontario. You think my department helps to make SCREENLAND the best-moving magazine published. I'm all a-titter with bruises and my beret is sizes and sizes too small, all due to that goodly praise. Now for the sisters and brothers of the picture you ask about. Lo retta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young are sisters; Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are both Noonan's; from the well known family we have Josephine and Joan; the Costello family has Dolores and Helen; Nancy Carroll and her sister Terry called "The Personal Maid." and on your right we have the Moore family, Owen, Tom and Matt.

Frieda O. I have never discussed the religion of the stars. To tell the truth I am not curious about it myself so long as they provide us with fine entertainment, and we get our money's worth, don't I? I do know that many of the players are regular church attendants and are fine citizens. Who can ask for anything more?

J une S. As far as I know, Doris Dawson uses her own name in pictures. Her mother was Emma A. Dye and her father is B. X. Dawson, non-professionals. I haven't any recent picture releases of Doris' to tell you about. She was born in Goldfield, Nevada, on April 16, 1909. She has red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 103 pounds. She appeared in 1928 in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" with Richard Barlinness and Molly O'Day.

A. S. M. Will your question be answered eventually? Why not now so here goes! Phillips Holmes won the SCREENLAND Honor Page in the August issue of 1930 for his fine performance in "The Devil's Holiday" with Nancy Carroll. It was his first big role and since then Phil has been going strong with every assignment. Write to the Circulation Dept. for that issue.

Phyllis A. L. L. You haven't cornered all the admiration for Lew Ayres—hundreds of other fans are that way about him, too. He married Lola Lane in the fall of 1931. His most recent picture is "Hickory Dickory Dock" and "Earth" with Anita Louise. Nils Asther's latest picture was "The Sea Bat," his first talking feature. You'll be seeing him again on the screen, though.

Violet D. Your request for full casts of releases in 1923 goes too far back for me to remember, especially as they were not included in that year's best or even second best. Ben Alexander, the talented youth who is just 18 years old, played in "Are These Our Children?" and in "All Quiet on the Western Front." George O'Brien is not married, but Olive Borden was married on March 26, 1931, to Theodore Spector.

Emily H. Many of the stars give their ages but fully as many do not, so when a birthday is requested and I fail to give it to you, please don't hold that against me. Lilian Tashman does not reveal her age but she looks no younger than that. She did not play in "Manhandled." It was a silent film of 1924 with Gloria Swanson, heading the cast. Lilian's first films were made in 1927, with a list too long to give in this column. Gloria Swanson was born March 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. Her fourth husband is Michael Farmer, whom she recently presented with a daughter, named Michele Gloria.

Q uestion Mark. Leatrice Joy was married on Oct. 22, 1931, to William Spencer Hooks. Beverly Hills business man; Dorothy Mackail to Neil A. Miller, coon er, on Nov. 3; Tom Moore, divorced from Alice Joyce and Renee Adorée, was married Oct. 27 to Eleanor Merry; June Mc Cloy to Schuyler C. Schenck on Nov. 11; Constance Bennett to Marquis de la Falaise de la Condray on Nov. 22, and Richard Dix to Winifred Coe on Oct. 19.

N athanial T. Sometimes our radios are kind to our ears but you'll find your favorite, SCREENLAND, is always kind to your eyes. Mary McAllister was one of the 1927 Wampas Baby Stars; Sally Eilers and Olive Moore were the 1928 favorites; and Sally O'Neil was of the 1926 group. The 1921 Baby Stars are Anna Louise, Marian Marsh, Joan Marsh—not related—Marion Schilling, Rochelle Hudson, Karen Morley, Sidney Fox, Joan Blondell, Judith Wood, Frances Dee, Frances Dade, Constance Cummings and Barbara Weeks.

Alice K. I've found it's not so much how much you say, it's how you say what you say. Myrna Loy is on contract to M-G-M but she was loaned to Fox for "Skyline" with Thomas Meighan, Hardie Albright and Maureen O'Sullivan. Myrna is 25 years old. She has green eyes, titian-colored hair and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Andre De Segurola was a grand opera singer before he was a news editor. Jackie Cooper, another high stepper in films, though only 8 years old, is something to run a mean temperature over. His "Skippy" started him up the ladder and there's no stopping that kid now. Have you seen his great performance in "The Champ"?

Edith O. Lupe Velez is not married to Gary Cooper and is not engaged to John Gilbert, John Miljan or Ivan Lebedeff. Lupe was born July 18, 1910. She has blue eyes, brown straight hair, tall and weighs 115 pounds. She plays with Lawrence Tibbett in "The Cuban Love Song". She dances the rumba with a Cuban orchestra and Lawrence sings The Peanut Vendor in the film as it has never been sung before. Lupe is now in Zieg feild's "Hot-Cha" on the stage.

Lucy H. Nils Asther fans will be glad to hear the grand news that he is to appear in "The Last Laugh." He made the silent version of it with Marion Davies in 1928. Nils is 31, 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair, and brown eyes. He is happily married to Vivian Duncan and is the proud father of little Evelyn Duncan Asther.

Burton L. W. Many screen players have to employ secretaries to answer their fan mail for they receive hundreds of letters every week. The most popular of this star, the more fan mail. It's a regular massed job just to open that much mail so don't feel unkindly towards your favorite if she has not written to you personally—thank your lucky stars she sent you a photograph. Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910, in N. Y. She is a natural blonde with golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is not married or engaged.

Janet J. If I knew why love grows cold in the glaring, or why producers don't put our favorites among the stars, I'd go on the air about it, not that it matters. Dolores Del Rio was selected for "Evangelino" because they felt she would fill the part—however, if you want a blonde Evangelino, I'll see what can be done about it the next time it's filmed, if ever.

Anne C. You are always welcome to my department—write as often as you like. John Lodge was chosen to play in "Sun set Pass" with Jack Holt and Nora Lane. John was born in England and was on the London stage and in pictures before he came to America. He is married.

J ulia S. Dolores Costello Barrymore was born Sept. 17, 1901, in Pittsburgh, Pa. At the age of five she played in pictures with her father, Maurice Costello, who was a screen favorite in those days, and with the late John Emury, a popular comedian. Dolores is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has hair of a pale golden color with reddish tints. Her eyes are grey-blue with a touch of dark lashes. Her only picture since her baby was born was "Expensive Women." I doubt if she will appear on the screen again. She is perfectly happy to be Mrs. John Barry more.

Ladies and gentlemen—Spanky! That's the name of this new re cruit to Our Gang—and doesn't he look capable of earning his expressive sousbriquet!
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By Patricia Gordon

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BUT HERE'S THE SAFE, EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY TO REDUCE FAT, AT THE SAME TIME BUILD GLORIOUS HEALTH PERFECTION AND PHYSICAL ATTRACTIVENESS.

Surplus fat not only detracts from a woman's appearance but it's dangerous to one's health as physicians constantly warn. Insurance Statistics show where overweight actually shortens life and one can readily see why:

Excess fat overloads and puts a dangerous strain on the heart, kidneys and liver and they wear out before their time. Overweight makes you old before your time because it slows down all body processes—so better start to-day and get rid of unhealthy, beauty-robbing fat!

What KRUSCHEN Is—Why It's So Successful

Just as important as it is to banish fat—so it is necessary to employ the PROPER means—a SAFE, sensible method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking with skin wrinkled and flabby. How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning before breakfast fills this need!

Kruschen, used and prescribed by many physicians in their own practice, is the HEALTHY way to reduce. It works most effectively because it's a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly—which assist to clear out poisons and fat-forming wastes from the system—which enliven, invigorate and tone up your entire body.

Before the first jar of Kruschen is empty you'll be overjoyed. Skin becomes clear and blemish-free. Kruschen builds up strength INSIDE and OUT. You enjoy greater activity of body and mind—feel younger and won't you be pleased at the loss of fat your scales show. Many men and women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Carl Wilson of Manton, Mich, writes: "For 3 months I've been using Kruschen and have lost 43 pounds—taken 6 inches from hips and 6 inches from bust."

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight—so I immediately started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 jars, I now weigh 165 and never felt better. It's a tonic as well as a reducer."

Mrs. Florence Loftus of Boston, Mass, writes: "After taking Kruschen 4 months, I reduced from 165 to 127 and feel fine!"

Mrs. Edith Speers of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm taking my third jar of Kruschen—my weight was 236—now I'm 185. I eat anything I want, from fat meat to candy. I feel fine. Kruschen is the only thing ever did me any good!"

Mrs. Hazel Peel of Akron, Ohio writes: "Have been taking Kruschen 3 weeks and reduced my hip measurement from 32 inches to 44 inches so you can see how it's helping me."

Mrs. O. J. Kohman, Mariners Harbor, S. I., N. Y, writes: "I reduced from 234 to 162 lbs, in less than one year by taking Kruschen and never felt better than I do now."

A jar of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) costs but a trifle at all leading druggists through the world. For REAL results and your HEALTH'S sake—demand Kruschen Salts—accept nothing else!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does it"

Depicting chic slenderness so essential in wearing 1932 styles. You, too, can achieve trim, slender lines—just be faithful to your "little daily dose" of Kruschen.
PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE
The screen's most popular sweethearts in a tender story of youth during THE FIRST YEAR of married life...Janet and Charlie have never been more captivating than in this, their happiest and sweetest romance.

The FIRST YEAR

Adapted from Frank Craven's stage success produced by...
Directed by William K. Howard

A FOX PICTURE
Big Personality Number!

Personality! It rules the raves—it rules Hollywood—it rules everything! Without Personality you can’t be a screen star—or a featured player in every-day life! Screenland, the Personality Magazine of the movies, is exploring this exciting subject for you. William E. Benton, famous facetologist, begins in this issue his absorbing researches. His Hollywood Personality Chart on Page 17 will fascinate you. And next month you will want to read his intimate analysis of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Confessions of Hollywood’s Gayest Divorcée!

And speaking of Personality—! You must have it in abundance to earn the title of the gayest divorcée in the screen colony! Who is she? Watch for the next issue of Screenland—her confessions will be featured. Remember—September Screenland, on sale July 26th.

Don’t Miss our Hollywood Personality Chart in this Issue!
COUNT THE HITS

Number 1
“CAUGHT SHORT”

Number 2
“REDUCING”

Number 3
“POLITICS”

AND NOW those furiously funny females

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

in (what this country needs)

PROSPERITY

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!
ASK ME!

Head Man This Month!
And for many, many months! Weissmuller, Gable, Montgomery bring on the palpitations but John Barrymore goes on forever. "The Moon and Sixpence" will be his next picture.

By Miss Vee Dee

Jack Barrymore Fan. The name of Barrymore has been synonymous with stage fame for more than a century. Wait a minute! This was due to John’s and Lionel’s clever great-greates. John is the best known of his generation of the illustrious family—excuse me Lionel and Ethel, but truth must be served. John was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on February 15, 1882. As a boy his ambition was to be an artist. But the lure of the stage was greater. He made his stage début in Chicago and his success was assured. The most notable of his stage roles was “Hamlet.” His appearance on the screen in “Arsène Lupin,” with his brother Lionel, created a demand to see the brothers together. It may become a habit, for you’ll see them again in “Grand Hotel.” Another late release of John’s is “State’s Attorney” with Helen Twelvetrees.

S. R.—Movie Fan. If you’ll read the story of Greta Garbo in “Mata Hari” with Ramon Novarro, told in pictures in the March, 1932, issue of Screenland, you’ll get a better idea of the character she portrayed than I could tell you in this limited space. Garbo was born September 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. Kathryn Crawford is not related to Joan. Kathryn uses her own name on the screen and Joan’s was given her by a popular vote of movie fans from all points of the compass. Joan’s real name is Lucille LeSueur.

Anne M. W. What has become of Fred Scott of “The Grand Parade” and “Swing High”? That’s what we’d like to know, too. He sang delightfully, had no end of good looks and then left us flat—come on back, Fred; the folks are asking for you.

Margaret. I’d like to give you an account of all the bright youngsters now playing on the screen but it would take pages to do them justice. To begin with, there’s Spanky, the freshest member of “Our Gang”; Dickie Moore; Robert Coogan; doing good work in “The Miracle Man.” Two older boys, Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage, are winning honors in a recent release, “Young America.” Ben Alexander is 18 years old; Anita Louise is about 16, and Jackie Cooper is eight.

Key of New York. You hope I’m not as funny looking as I am funny in my column! Olive Borden was married some time ago, but is separated now, and returned to the stage. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, on March 23, 1908. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not the adopted son of Mary and Doug but Doug’s own son by a former wife, Beth Sully.

A Warner Baxter Fan. Here is a message to Warner Baxter. “We want more Baxter pictures—plenty more—we don’t care how we get ‘em but we want ‘em.” Now it’s up to the Fox Company. “Daddy Long Legs” with Janet Gaynor is still a favorite with the Baxter fans. His latest releases are “Amateur Daddy” with Marion Nixon and “Man About Town” with Karen Morley, Lilian Bond, and Conway Tearle. Mrs. Baxter was Winifred Bryson, formerly an actress, who gave up her screen career to become the Missus.

M. G. You have the right idea about awaiting your turn in this busy department—learn to wait and amaze your friends. Nils Asther has appeared in two new pictures and if the fans have a word to say about it, and why not, he will be heard and seen in many other films. He played with Robert Montgomery in “But the Flesh Is Weak,” just a small role; but in “Letty Lynton” with Joan Crawford he has a stronger part, though an unsympa-

(Continued on page 94)
"The OLD DARK HOUSE"

WEIRD!

Travelers on a mountain road overtaken by a thunder-storm and torrential rain, seek shelter in a mysterious old mansion. It is full of queer characters and uncanny happenings. A remarkable picture with a remarkable cast.

BORIS KARLOFF
MELVYN DOUGLAS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
GLORIA STUART
LILLIAN BOND and others

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

From the novel by J. B. Priestley

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President
CENSORSHIP BEGINS AT HOME!
(First Prize Letter)

At present all the newspapers, movie magazines and various other publications carry complete reports on all the featured films. All parents who can read are able to judge the pictures under their proper classifications, such as Gangster, Horror, Love, Children, etc. There is no sane reason for children under sixteen seeing films not intended for them.

Why should producers be boggled with various forms of censorship when the whole matter could safely rest with the responsible parties—the parents? Books on all subjects are published and placed within the reach of young people. Why pick on the movies?

Give Hollywood a break!
Zerelda Morton,
901 Roache St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

IS THIS TRUE?
(Second Prize Letter)

As the weather grows hotter, so does the nation-wide censorship debate! Some films are banned, others are cut, and the air grows thick with cries of “Protect the young,” “Abolish sex,” and “Art for Art’s sake.” And of course our legion of pen-pushing fans are right in the melee! One particularly sound piece of sense about censorship wins first prize.

The super-critical fan is put on the spot this month—and high time! Then there’s much discussion about movie titles, stars, and other questions of the moment.

The rave-artists are out in full force, too, with plenty of floral pieces for Joan Crawford, now at the top of her career, and Johnny Weissmuller, who’s just begun. “Grand Hotel” gets a generous hand, as do the talkie “Miracle Man,” “The Wet Parade,” and other recent hits.

Have your say, too—this is a grand free-for-all! And there are prizes for the four best letters—$20, $10, $5 and $5, respectively. Write 150 words or less, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Roses and Razzes, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

The newest Hollywood Thrill! See Page 51.
to dream. And if some poor soul, whose eyes are dead like a daub of paint before the artist has endowed it with life, can slip into a darkened theatre for a couple of hours and gaze into Gable’s eyes, long to pat young Doug on the head, or look in wonder at Lionel Barrymore, I call that worthwhile!

Long live the movies!

Ruth E. Stivers,
245 East High Street,
Lexington, Kentucky.

HOW ABOUT IT, JOHNNY?
(Fourth Prize Letter)

We love to make heroes, and Johnny Weissmuller seems to be the next in line for promotion. (Or is it denomination in some cases?) At any rate, the superhero of “Tarzan” should make a gorgeous idol for a time. An earnest young man suddenly caught in the toils of public acclaim!

Place your bets, folks! Will he stay a “natural”? The game is on, and the chances look about even. Johnny scores a great big success with his very first feature; and this is going to affect him, unquestionably. The question is, How?

So get a grip on yourself, Johnny. We believe you have the stuff in you to remain in Hollywood!

Hilda S. Bailey,
310 Washington St.,
Hampton, Va.

CONTAGIOUS CRAWFORD!

I want to pay a tribute to that very fine little actress, Joan Crawford—not only for her recent acting triumphs, but also for her amazing development from a somewhat jittery jazz-singer to the magnetic personality she is today.

I know of no other star who has attained in a few years the enviable position which Joan holds in the hearts of her fans. Unless I am very much mistaken, a few more successes will put her at the very top of her profession. Why not another picture with Clark Gable? I can think of no other couple who seem to bring out to such a degree the greatest and best in each other. Their love scenes are exquisite. Here’s success and love for Joan—a great artist and trouper!

Elizabeth Avery,
2066 Maryland Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

MORE MIRACULOUS THAN EVER!

About that masterpiece, “The Miracle Man”!

Here is a picture—powerful, sincere, dramatic—that defies all criticism. A stone, almost, marking the tremendous strides taken by the new and greater movie, since the comparatively recent advent of meritorious pictures.

When the silent version of this great story of faith, miracles and regeneration was unfolded, sometime ago, we thought: “Never will such another picture be filmed, not in a thousand years!” And now we are thrilling to the 1932 version—richer and more convincing by far, even, to those who will always cherish a bright memory of the earlier, silent version.

This epochal picture has destroyed all old standards—and has given us a metaphoric mental yardstick by which to judge the “master” pictures and “master” casts of the future!

T. Nelson, Jr.,
1030 Second Ave. So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

(Continued on page 98)

Curves, Today,

ARE AS IMPORTANT AS COMPLEXIONS

Now longer can we dare ignore our figure. Dame Fashion has decreed that feminine curves must show themselves—whether in sports togs or in the clinging, revealing evening gown.

Fortunately, these modern clothes require the figure of normal womanhood. To be chic, we must retain our health and beauty while reducing.

A primary rule of health is proper elimination. Otherwise, sallow skins, wrinkles, pimples, premature aging, loss of appetite and energy may result.

Faulty elimination is caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" and Vitamin B. You can obtain both of these dietary necessities in a delicious cereal: Kellogg’s All-Bran. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonsfuls daily will prevent and relieve most types of improper elimination.

How much better it is to enjoy this delicious “cereal way” than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Another thing, All-Bran furnishes iron to build blood, and help prevent dietary anemia. Tests show that All-Bran contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef-liver.

Enjoy as a cereal, or use in making fluffy bran muffins, breads, waffles, etc. All-Bran is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer’s. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

“CHARM”

Painted with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special names for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in “fashion close-ups” wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. G-8, Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, “CHARM.”

Name:
Address:
Herbert Brenon gives grand beach parties at Peter Pan Cottage. Try his "California Stuffed Lobster" recipe

Hernard has the director's eye for intriguing backgrounds when he picked Malibu Beach for his all-year-round home and the scene of many of his parties.

Built at the edge of the beach, on a stretch of white sand, and the Pacific beyond that, Brenon's home, called Peter Pan Cottage, has a setting for entertaining that is ever-changing and always beautiful.

The director has become famous for his outdoor parties. A long strip of close-cut grass and flower gardens is set with umbrella-shaded tables for luncheons and teas. A day spent out of doors—in the surf, along the beach, and on the Brenon tennis courts—develops ravenous appetites, which are dealt with by such menus as stuffed lobster, sausage and fried pineapple, perhaps stuffed rib chops with apples, and dainty sandwiches and salads.

Mince lobster meat as finely as possible, adding the coral if there is any. Cream butter and flour in saucepan and when mixed add one cup milk and cook to a thick sauce. Add salt, pepper, lemon juice and nutmeg. Mix well. While still hot, add lobster and spread on plate to cool, having mixture about 1/2 inch thick.

Clean shells and fill with mixture. Sprinkle top with cheese and bread crumbs, mixed with small pieces of butter. Serve with quartered lemon and parsley.

The California lobster, Brenon explains, is known as spiny lobster. It does not have (Continued on page 93)

Recipes for many of these appetizing dishes have been wheedled out of Herbert Brenon's cook and are printed here.

**CALIFORNIA STUFFED LOBSTER**

Boil lobster.
3 tbs. butter
3 tbs. flour
grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 egg
bread crumbs
and Parties

Lucile Gleason playing hostess at her ranch picnic to Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Neil Hamilton, Ruth Weston, Russell Gleason, Mrs. Ken Maynard, Lilian Bond, Ken Maynard, and seated are Orville Knapp (Evalyn's brother), and Don Cook.

And the Gleasons rough it on their twenty-five acre ranch. Um-mm, that chocolate cake Lucile bakes!

NEXT to the view, which includes a magnificent panorama of California mountains and long stretches of valley, Lucile Webster Gleason's cake brought forth more pleased exclamations than anything else when the Gleasons gave their first picnic party after acquiring their 25-acre ranch.

Less than a half hour's drive from Hollywood, James Gleason found the old ranch while exploring country roads one spring afternoon. He immediately saw it as an ideal place for the pasturage of his seventeen polo ponies.

Mrs. Gleason was equally enthusiastic. In the first five minutes her eyes lighted on the ranch, she was mentally hauling long picnic tables and benches from the city to place under the wide spreading oak trees surrounding the house, and planning picnic luncheons and suppers and breakfasts.

Russell Gleason spied the miniature polo field on the ranch and his recent interest in the game took new incentive.

So they took the ranch. And almost immediately began telephoning invitations for their first picnic party.

“When you have once had a ranch for entertaining you will never be without one!” laughed Mrs. Gleason, as she cut and served huge portions of the chocolate and coconut cakes, about which more will be heard later.

Whether you are being sold a home in Beverly Hills, or a ranch in San Fernando Valley, Mrs. Gleason has discovered that the tactics of Hollywood real estate men are exactly the same.

“I'll never forget the incident when we were house-hunting after arriving in Hollywood,” related Mrs. Gleason. “A salesman showed us the house we later bought and remarked, evidently as the chief selling point: ‘And this place is only ten minutes from Henry’s Restaurant.’

“After living in hotels and trains most of our lives, we buy a home where we can have our own cook and favorite recipes and they try to sell us the place because it is only ten minutes from a restaurant!”

When the Gleasons were going over the ranch, the salesman pointed out this and that feature, coming to his climax of “And this place is just—”

“Oh, we know,” spoke up Russell, “it’s just twenty minutes from Henry’s!”

The ranch is the beginning of a dream James Gleason has had for years. It is based on his belief that Southern California possesses the ideal climate for breeding a fine type of polo pony. It also furnishes an excellent alibi, according to other members of the family.

When there is something (Continued on page 95)
Hello, Leslie!

Just want to tell you that you're on our Honor Page!

Howard proves it once more! Hollywood has called him back to do the romantic roles he plays so charmingly on the stage. And now, in "Reserved for Ladies," he shows us that they did the wise thing.

Leslie Howard and Elizabeth Allan in this British-made picture personify all that is clever and graceful in polite English comedy. Leslie is back in Hollywood now—how about Elizabeth?
And so are you, Elizabeth, for your charming performance in "RESERVED FOR LADIES"

She has everything that is asked of our light comedienne of the American screen. Will Elizabeth Allan join the ranks of Hollywood's glamorous ladies? Just wait and see!

Here's a big hand across the sea for another picture charmer—Elizabeth Allan of England. If you saw her gay and gracious performance opposite Leslie Howard we need say no more. Hollywood, you sent for Lilian Harvey—why not this new and equally delightful English girl?

Watch for Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom"—on the screen soon, for RKO

He made them believe it! Endowed with humor and finesse of the most amusing sort, Leslie was at first relegated to ordinary roles in American pictures. Then he brought all his unique charm to "The Animal Kingdom" on the New York stage—and now he's done it again in a picture. No wonder Hollywood took him back—on his own terms!
Movie star, to producer: "Please, Mr. Blotz, my husband and I would like to have a baby."
An Open Letter to Cagney

I liked you, second, when I met you because you are utterly unlike every other actor. You didn't kid yourself. You were in demand, but you still got a kick when a big burly truck-driver snarled traffic on Sixth Avenue for the sake of yelling, "Hi, Jimmy!" Yes, you were pretty nice. I remember your phoning your mother first thing when you came into town—"Hello, Mom," you said. And I remember particularly a conversation you and I had on the subject of "Going Hollywood."

We were saying that so many actors couldn't keep their heads out there. A frown puckered your forehead—you looked like a worried faun. "I hope that doesn't happen to me," you said, as if it had just occurred to you. "I hope I don't change." And I said, "You won't."

Now what I want to know, Jimmy Cagney, is this: Have you?

Now, now. Don't get excited. Stop cursing out of the corner of your mouth. I just asked you a simple question. And the reason it came up is your own fault. You've gone on strike. If you don't get more money from your studio—$4,000 a week, the story goes—you're getting out of pictures.

Is this so? Now wait a minute. You're James Cagney, famous for what? For "The Public Enemy," and "Taxi," and "The Crowd Roars," and "Winner Take All." If James Cagney made those films, then those films just as certainly made James Cagney. The last-named feature is now being released. Unless, you say, you get the money you want it will be your last picture for a long, long time. And you'll go your way merly cashing in on your Hollywood fame. For how long, Jimmy? How many months will your picture prestige carry you? And then what? Think it over. Your fans are many, but their memories are short.

Meanwhile, Warner Brothers may give in. They gave in to you before. And if they do, it'll be nice. No matter what happens, you've given us some swell shows. Nobody can take that away from you. But I wish you'd sit down and talk tough to yourself. Somebody should. You say you're satisfied with your stories and direction—it's just the money.

Jimmy, is that nice? That sounds more like "Going Hollywood" than anything else.

Now go ahead and hit me!

Delight Evans

DEAR JIMMY:

I'm going to give you h--l!

I know you, and I know that no matter what the rest of the world may think you aren't so very different from those parts you play on the screen. You're supposed, you know, to be two very different men. One, the rough, tough Cagney people pay to see in pictures. The other, the charming, quiet, cultured chap who works out his characterizations carefully and relies upon a very active intelligence and technique to see him through. Well, you're charming, all right, James Cagney; and you're quiet—you speak slowly and softly; and you're cultured—I mean, you read books and you study and you even think. But underneath—under those layers of civilized reactions and sense of humor and study, you're still Cagney the Cave-Man, the Menace. You're a fighter. You are even, I might as well come right out with it, good and tough.

Now before you clench that fist and mutter "Why, you little ——" through your teeth, listen a minute. I like you. I liked you first for your excellent acting.
Is Your Personality Like Your Film Favorite’s?

Consult Our Personality Chart

by Wm. E. Benton

Carved in the enduring rock above the doorway to the Delphi Temple in Greece are the words, “Know Thyself.” In ancient days people came from afar to this great Grecian temple to learn of their personalities and their probable fate or expression.

In this age of turmoil and change modern man is even more eager to know of the potentialities of his personality. Nowadays we have the spectacle of thousands of people with the sheer character to make many thousands of dollars a year from that strange, almost intangible something dubbed by Elinor Glyn as “It,” but in reality an understandable sum total of physical and mental qualities known as Personality.

It has been my good fortune to discuss “It,” or Personality, with Elinor Glyn and hundreds who have “It” in abundance and are cashing in on it in millions. The strangest thing about it all was this: Those whom the box office had proved to have “It” in abundance were most eager to have me read their character and sum up their strengths and weaknesses, so that they might still better know themselves, be themselves, and last but not least, be cast for the type of part they could play with most convincing naturalness.

Harold and Mrs. Lloyd, and a hundred others, have eagerly furthered my efforts to promote the study of Personality among the motion picture people. None other than that Dean of Directors, and casting director extraordinary, David Wark Griffith, has encouraged me on numerous occasions to make this study an amusement. He said that “95 per cent of the people want to be amused, and only five per cent want to study in a serious way.” So I want to dedicate this Personality Chart to David Wark Griffith, for I think it is this casting director par excellence who has perhaps discovered more of the million-dollar personalities than anyone else—who has done the most to teach character analysis in the most pleasant way imaginable.

Merely attend the theatre and see any well-cast modern motion picture. For instance, “Tarzan the Ape Man.” It took a strong, well-developed body like Johnny Weissmuller’s to make you feel that Tarzan lived. Maureen O’Sullivan, with her tip-tilted, almost snobbish, social nose and strong chin, was the society girl with many trunks of clothes that brought a laugh at her entrance, but through her courage at a crucial moment won your heart. Well, in all pictures that are compellingly natural in cast you will find yourself learning to believe your eyes in character analysis.

This is a Personality Chart using forty-eight features of real personalities, each feature the strong note of that actor’s or actress’ face. Will Rogers is nosey—a nose for news. Marie Dressler surely has a hospitable, full-lobed ear. How she loves to cook for her friends! Last but not least, the full-browed and strong-jawed Garbo with intelligence shown in full brow, and great determination shown in her strong jaw. A combination ideal; a keen brain beneath a full brow and a strong jaw to give the strength to fight for success.

Your personality is worth as much to you as anyone’s, and by comparing yourself feature by feature with those of the stars you can and will know more about your fund of “It,” or Personality. You can “know thyself,” then be yourself, for health, wealth, and happiness.

The world always has and always will award its biggest prizes to strength and beauty. Beauty and harmony are shown by those types of features. Strength of character is indicated in strong rugged features.

May you have your share of both!

YOUR OWN PERSONALITY—HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW IT?

Knowledge is Power! Find out about your character and your possibilities through these three modern branches of human analysis:

1. Faceology. Study of the features. Send your photograph—or, if you do not have a small snapshot which can be sent in an ordinary-sized envelope, simply jot down the numbers which correspond with your facial characteristics on the Personality Chart. This will help to give a correct analysis of your personality.

2. Graphology. Send sample of your handwriting. A dozen words are sufficient.

3. Numerology. Send your full name—including given name—and your birth date.

Send these indexes of your character with your name and address and twenty-five cents to:

William E. Benton, c/o SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. and you will receive a comparative analysis of yourself through the medium of these three sciences that will entertain and—what is more important—help you.
Screenland's
Hollywood Personality Chart

Designed and Copyrighted
By William E. Benton

"Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world."
—Cervantes' "Don Quixote"

Certainly, if we could all be as well chosen for our parts in real life as the moving picture stars are cast in their screen roles, life would be far more successful and happy.

Find your personality through the real stars of the motion picture world.

Directions:
Find the type of nose most nearly resembling yours, then push a pin through the star nearest it.

Next, find the lips closest in appearance to yours, and insert pin through the star near it. Do the same with the chins, jowls, necks and back heads. On the ears, you may not find the type of ears on your type of back head, in which case punch pin through two stars—the one on account of the ear shape and the other because of the back head.

Push pin through star at each feature. Then turn over page and see what the personality chart says of you.

Read sections pointed out by arrows you have punched.
Ramon Novarro's high crown, Pride, firmness, dignity, sense of responsibility. Uncompromising ideals. Alert, intense, ambitious, self-confident.

Mona Maris' crown shows great appreciation of public opinion. Loves grandeur, display, pomp, color, ceremony. Keenly sensitive to praise.

Ricardo Cortez' crown—firmness, pride, a feeling that one is captain of one's soul. Such natures often misunderstood. Strong-willed.


Janet Gaynor's high crown, spiritual, sensitive, inspired. Religion important to such souls, without strict ritual. Often disillusioned.

Eric Von Stroheim's crown—high, full, Self-confidence, dislikes interference. May go to great depths and heights. Intense, self-centered.


June Clyde's musical, angular ear indicates great appreciation of technique in music or romance. Calm, cool—controlled emotions.

Buster Keaton's ears and large back head. Friendliness, fondness for children and pets; greatest happiness through friends. Highly emotional nature.

Lelia Hyams' wide-lobed ear and curly hair. Receptive, eager, fond of music. Spontaneous, harmonious. Loving, but demands understanding mate.


Marie Dressler's full-lobed ear. Natural leaning toward creature comforts. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, tolerant. Tendency to mother everybody.

Irene Dunne's short nose shows a balanced nature; mentally and physically healthy, wholesome, matter of fact. Solicitous, cheery.

Johnny Weismuller's athletic neck. Powerful, dextrous, magnetic, vital. Fair, acquiescent, romantic, dextrous. Encourages to health by example.

Anita Page's slender neck. High-strung, nervous; mind-over-matter type. Wary, changeable. Mental and physical health are interdependent.

Wallace Beery's full neck. Bohemian, boisterous; is convivial, assured. Generally acquires wealth. Loves comfort. Worldly; extravagant tastes.

George O'Brien's jaw and shoulder altogether athletic. Will to physical exertion exceeds mental. Such natures concentrate on sports. Restless.

Constance Bennett's flat, wide jaw. Singleness of purpose. Will stronger than body. Happiness depends on good judgment. Inclined to obstinacy.

Gary Cooper's jaw is wide, strong, showing tenacity, patriotism, found on frontiersmen. Pliable on non-essentials, stubborn on essentials.

Vivienne Osborne's jaw indicates vivacity; sense of the psychological moment to grasp opportunities. Found on diplomats. Somewhat extravagant.


Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s straight brow shows accuracy, resource, artistry. Endowed with keen observation and constructive ability. Very dextrous.


Joan Crawford's arched brows and full eyes. Loves life in all phases; talkative, persuasive, enthusiastic. Great imagination.

Claudette Colbert's brows, crotchetous, gay, talented in music and dancing; creative, possessing initiative in all the dramatic arts. Varying moods.


Clark Gable's brow, very active, observant, artistic, mechanical, better understanding of things than of people. Love of facts. Occasionally tragic.

Charles Bickford's nose. Emotional, abrupt, combative; varies quickly from mud to glad. Best in outdoor action. Sometimes pugnacious, but frank.

Ruth Chatterton's nose. Poetical, intuitive, inspired in the arts. Does well through artistic cooperation. Often supersensitive; emotional.

Sylvia Sidney's nose. Social type, ambitious, creative, sensitive; quick actions and judgments. Best in idealistic surroundings. Snobbish tendencies.

Richard Barthelmess' nose. Practicality, constructiveness, love of motion by all means of travel. Direct, serious minded. Somewhat militant, but fair.

Marion Davies' nose. Capricious, optimistic, intuitive; absolute knowledge, literally and figuratively a good mixer with all people. Carefree spirit.


Sarcastic tendencies.

Vill Rogers' nose. Politie, acquisitive; zealous student by observation; mechanical, reasoning, purposeful; suggests pioneers and explorers. Newfangled.


Elena Landis' lips. Appealing, affectionate, variable. Likes nurtured praise. Found on most actresses. Loves free expression in arts.

George Arliss' lips. Reserved, supersensitive; infinite patience in preparation for achievement. Prim, precise; aristocratic but considerate.

Lewis Stone's stiff lip. Law, order, equity, fairness. Legal type of mind. Handles others' affairs well. Often dogmatic, but fair.

Maureen O'Sullivan's chin. Willful, adventurous, crusading, achieving; great courage. Often found on military and athletic leaders. Independent.


Joan Bennett's sloping chin. Shows love of peace. Such people are usually lovable, easily led but never driven; somewhat dependent.


Rose Hoban's long chin. Strong individualistic; bends but does not give in. Strong extremist, good or bad. Puritan or rebel.
HIT-MAKER!

OF SLIGHT stature and slim build, the boyish executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Irving Thalberg, reminds one of this new "controlled explosion" gasoline they use in airplanes. Relentless force encompassing smooth motion, guiltless of jars. His is the guiding mind, the driving force which pervades the production activity of that great organization. Yet he never blows up, never even raises his voice. Nor is he often seen on the sets—unobtrusive power. Nevertheless his influence appears in every production.

Thalberg has the slender hands, the deep eyes of the artist, and the whiplash brain of the business genius, combined with an unerring instinct for drama.

He can sit at a preview, that psychological clinic of the mass mind, watch the audience, return to the studio and reassemble the film, and turn an imminent failure into a sure-fire success.

He will often astound an author by injecting new brilliant ideas into a script with a magic touch, while conferring on a story. His mind seems to have an amazing capacity for thinking about six things at once.

This man looks almost frail. His nerves are always keyed to a high tension, yet always under control. He walks up and down restlessly while figuring out a problem; toys with a fountain pen, or draws little figures while discussing a contract with an actor. An agreement is reached, Thalberg jots down a memorandum on a pad and with a laconic "Sign here!" the matter is settled.

Yet he is human, too—he finds plenty of time for helping to straighten out personal woes. And his home life with Norma Shearer and the baby is a greater romance to him than any he has ever filmed on the screen.

Young Irving went to public school in Brooklyn and learned shorthand and Spanish, which enabled him to get a job in an export firm. His first connection with films was an office job with Universal in New York. He was soon Carl Laemmle’s secretary, rising swiftly to general manager. Then he went to Louis B. Mayer and remained after the consolidation now known as M.G.M. His first laurels were won upon his launching of such films as "Merry-go-Round," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and later "The Big Parade," "Ben-Hur," and "The Merry Widow," for all of which he was the guiding genius.

Talkies to add to his string were "Madame X," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Trader Horn," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—culminating with his greatest achievement, "Grand Hotel," which was Thalberg’s conception from start to finish.

All this prodigious energy and accomplishment is achieved on a vegetable diet for the stomach, symphony music for the senses, newsreels for brain nourishment. He loves to travel, but begrudges the time away from the studio—hence the newsreel taste for vicarious journeyings.

He is usually to be seen in a blue serge suit. Now men with a penchant for blue are invariably strong in the artistic interests—there’s an affinity between blue and imaginative minds.

A human little touch is his habit of bringing his young son with him in the car when he comes to work in the mornings—they live by the ocean in Santa Monica. And he’s as normal as the rest of us in his naive delight in the amateur movies he takes of Norma and the baby at home. If the truth were told, he probably considers these his real chefs-d’œuvre.

He doesn’t like to be called "the Boy Wonder"—but we can’t help it, that’s what he is.

That’s Irving Thalberg!
How They Love in Hollywood!

In short, the dear chap must be the perfect second fiddle, an incomparable foil for her charms, without ever for a moment jeopardizing the supremacy of the starry siren.

So you will realize that there is no surplus of supply in this delicate field. The few really desirable leading men are urgently coveted by competing women stars.

So far Clark Gable heads the list. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies have a great time angling for his services as a professional lover in their pictures. Rivalry is keen. So far Joan Crawford has secured Gable most often, but M.G.M. finds it necessary to keep the peace by doing him out in turn, as impartially as the rigs of the arguments permit.

Once Clark Gable becomes a star in his own right, his coveted charms as a leading man would be apt to fade—unless he could be persuaded to sacrificial considerations as Ramon Novarro was when he stepped off his own starry pedestal to play the rather negligible rôle of Garbo’s lover in “Mata Hari.” No one seems to realize just how magnanimous Ramon was in the concessions he made in that picture.

Robert Montgomery runs Clark Gable a close second on the Metro lot, even if he has been conceded some starring vehicles on his own. But Robert, you see, has infinite tact. Tact is such a precious asset in this field. Hence it was reasonably safe to co-star Robert with Norma Shearer in “Private Lives”—clever enough to let Norma seem a little more clever. It is the same with Joan Crawford in “Letty Lynton.” His name is second to Joan’s in the electric lights—just sufficiently less im-

THERE is, of course, a “leading man” in every film that stars a beauteous lady. He is an enormously important person, mainly because he must not only make love to the lady but it must seem perfectly reasonable that the lady should seem to be whole-heartedly responsive in at least some part of the story.

Hence certain very definite qualities must be his. He must have sex appeal. He must be reasonably manly and good-looking. He must be able at least to seem devastatingly interesting. He must be a first class actor—yet not so good that he steals the lady star’s best scenes. He must be old enough to make the star appear a little younger, yet young enough to stir romantic im-

pulses, not alone in the heroine of the story but in the breasts of feminine film fans.

The leading screen lover, of course, is Clark Gable—how the ladies fight for his compelling support! Clark tries to do the sporting thing and give them all a chance in turn.

Nils Asther “came back” strong as Joan Crawford’s lover in “Letty Lynton.” He combined just the right amount of romance with deference to the star—so now the others are after him for their pictures, too!
Important to meet all requirements in proper fashion.

Ever since Wallace Ford managed to attract attention as the condemned soldier in "Abraham Lincoln," his stock has sailed upward. Three ladies have shown a marked interest in his professional charms—Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Anita Page. He was only the second lead in "Possessed," but he became the leading man with Jean in "The Beast of the City" and with Anita in "Prosperity." Here is an interesting case in which the studio yearns for the rising éclat of a young man, so that there will be someone besides Clark Gable for their stars to wrangle over! The only trouble is that Wallace is not quite tall enough to make slightly tall heroines look delicately petite. Only the little girls can be counted upon to put their o.k. on Wallace in romantic rôles.

Conrad Nagel can always be depended upon to be a thoroughly gentlemanly leading man—for which reason, poor chap, stardom has passed him by. Conrad is the right height, the right age, a good actor, a competent lover—but he never exactly carries audiences away to the point where they forget the lady is the star of the picture.

Nils Asther is staging a come-back. He, too, appears in "Letty Lynton." Didn't Joan rake in a fancy array of nice men for that picture? The studio tells us that Shearer has also tagged him and that other studios have been dickering to borrow him.

Joel McCrea has almost reached Gable's class as a screen lover. Ever since his success with Constance Bennett in "The Common Law," R.K.O. has been parceling him out amongst (Continued on page 84)
Little Girl—Great Big House!

Sylvia and Sheraton—both genuine! Miss Sidney, very new, and her huge Sheraton piece, very old, co-star in this home photograph.
If you like Sylvia Sidney, you'll like her new home. Read all about it here

By

Hale Horton

Sylvia Sidney's new Beverly Hills home is causing as much comment as Connie Bennett's child and very little more is known about it, hence the attendant gossip proves varied and strange.

Some sleuths place the number of rooms at fifteen, while others say twenty—thirty. Some brand it austere, forbidding, uncomfortable, while others praise its intimacy, its perfect taste and mellow livableness. Some cheer the swimming pool, others pan it. "And my dear," they whisper, "she lives in it all sole alone. Tsck!"

The facts are that Sylvia recently leased a spacious, twelve-room house out in Beverly Hills, the spot all good stars pick when they click. And since she furnished it by herself the house seems to have absorbed much of her personality. For example, it emanates a spirit of "Well, here I am; shorn of all sham and superficialities; warm, human, individual, artistic and comfortably independent. If you like me just as I am, I'll be happy to have you come over sometime. Otherwise, I'll try and get along without you." So if you fancy Sylvia Sidney, you'll like her house. And vice versa!

Sylvia lives with her mother, although at the moment her mother happens to be visiting in New York; as Sylvia says: "Father needs her once in a while, don't you think?" And while she entertains lavishly, living on a rather elegant scale, there's no reason in the world why she shouldn't, for Sylvia deserves success and everything that goes with it. She served a severe apprenticeship on the stage, and after being in Hollywood barely a year has blossomed into one of the country's most popular screen actresses.

"But I'm a long way yet from becoming a star!" she'd have you believe. Nevertheless her talent has brought her everything dearest to a young woman's heart: success, wealth, independence, adulation, a Beverly Hills mansion equipped with an outdoor play-room and swimming pool, servants, suitors, and things like that—while but a comparatively few years ago during her obscure childhood she was miserably unhappy. "A perfect rags-to-riches-story!" I reflected as I drove on out to her house. But Sylvia proved a big disappointment.

"You can't write that sort of thing!" she protested.

"I never dressed in rags. And never to my knowledge have I missed a meal. No, not even one! My father always made a decent income from his dentistry work, and while we didn't exactly run around in limousines

Sylvia Sidney and her new Beverly Hills home. Twelve rooms—and lots of expensive California scenery.
Sylvia Sidney’s “at home” to her Screenland friends for the first time in her characteristic new house. Come on over!

we had a comfortable apartment down in Greenwich Village plus the ordinary necessities of life. Furthermore the family were delighted about my going on the stage and helped me all they could. So except for my school days, life’s been happy enough. I don’t suppose I’ll ever be perfectly happy,” she added after a thoughtful pause. “Perhaps my moodiness forbids, or maybe it’s just because I’m never quite satisfied—but anyway I’m reasonably contented with my existence and probably always shall be.”

Indeed visible aspects seemed to indicate that she was almost blissfully contented as she rested on a couch in the living-room of this new house of hers; a home which she needs as vitally as she does the emotional outlet of the screen, a home around which her very life revolves; for unless studio pressure is brought to bear she refuses to appear in public. One reason being that she prefers to stay home and “just mooch around” as she puts it: another that she rather abhors being gossiped about, perhaps reflecting cannily that little girls seen about in public places get nothing but questionable squibs in the gossip columns, while those who work hard and stay home at nights are rewarded by long life stories. At any rate Sylvia works hard and stays home, and during her one short year in pictures has received more publicity even than Garbo.

“I’ve always had a home of some sort,” she explained. “I’d be lost without one, without a place of my own in which I can be utterly alone when I feel in the mood. And when these moods are upon me I seldom grow lonely, as I can spend hours just mooching around, or reading, or amusing myself at the typewriter in the study. And some evenings I’ll turn on the radio in the living-room, and light the fire, and lie down on the couch and do nothing but dream for hours. I’m terrible,” she added. “I seldom get to bed before two in the morning.”

Occasionally she enjoys being immersed in the light-hearted laughter of friends; and, disliking the mob one finds in cafes, she invariably uses her home for hurling her lavish dinners. “When I go to public places,” she pointed out rather reluctantly. (Continued on page 82)
When Lewis Stone came on the screen as the District Attorney in "Letty Lynton," the audience at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway, New York, broke into applause. They didn't expect Stone—in a comparatively secondary part—toward the end of the picture. But were they glad to see him! And he carried the film to a triumphant finish

A Sharp Silhouette of Stone, the Unstarred Star


Driven out of beach home by oil well that gushed in backyard. Poured royalties into valley home and U. S. bonds. Use to hunt rabbits where Roosevelt Hotel now stands on Hollywood boulevard. Camped out where the Chinese Theatre now stands. The old Jim Jeffries bar his favorite haunt in the days of the Belasco Theatre where he was the rage. Drove one of the first four automobiles in Los Angeles. His antics caused first vehicular ordinance to be passed, prohibiting speed over eight miles an hour. Never got a speed ticket since and never had a chauffeur. Imbued with the traditions and zeal of precision of the army. Will put down a newspaper and walk all the way across a room to straighten an askew picture on the wall. Believes in discipline and punctuality. But rebels at domineering tyranny. Always with the under-dog. Won't give or go to Hollywood parties. But is genial host or guest at impromptu gatherings. Has little patience with bridge. Still knows his cues in Kelly pool. Owns and rents some twenty-six houses in and around Holly-

(Continued on page 83)
Heartaches of Million Dollar Stars

THERE are plenty of sob stories in Hollywood of starving Shakespearian actors, of decrepit old actresses, of decent young stenographers and nice high-school boys who have been thrown on the human dump heap.

But there are also sob stories about the stars. For instance:

Ramon Novarro began to save his money ten years ago. He was guilty of only one extravagance, and that was a beautiful house in the fashionable part of Los Angeles, a house with a private theatre in it and all that. Otherwise he lived as wisely, as circumspectly as a New England banker until his savings were perhaps a million dollars. Then, realising that he was not a business man but an actor, he hired a financial expert to take charge of his money and invest it for him. And what happened? Well, according to reports, the investments went over the dam!

And so Novarro, though he is still a star and receives a good salary, lives simply and sensibly in his big house. He has his mental wounds and his nightmare of economic anxiety like the rest of us.

After "The Big Parade" millions of women tried to see in their husbands and admirers (whether dog-catchers or millionaires) something a little like John Gilbert. And this adoration for Gilbert lasted many years, until the talkies came.

Then they put him in the talkies and he made many of them, looking as handsome as ever, smiling as dazzlingly, in huskies' uniforms and African pith helmets and in tweed plus-fours. But something has been wrong, and his following has steadily fallen off. Now he still has a salary of ten thousand dollars a week from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But that will end soon, and perhaps he will be out.

John Gilbert offered to play opposite Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel" for nothing, in a desperate effort to recover his popularity. But he was refused. John Barrymore took his place.

They have explained it by saying that Gilbert's voice is unsuitable, that it is high-pitched and cannot even be improved mechanically. But that cannot be the entire explanation. Perhaps it is that with talking pictures, everything goes much more slowly so that audiences can study a man's face and acting with deliberation; and the nervous, thin, rapid Gilbert, so charming when photographs kaleidoscopied by quickly, is not so absorbing to the eyes as Gable, for example, with his slow dimples and heavy shoulders. Or perhaps it is that flashing, lively men have gone temporarily out of style and that slow, handsome brutes have come in. Anyway, Gilbert is having his share of humiliation. Most men escape these pangs of withdrawn adoration. Only fading female beauties know how bad they are.
You’ve heard about the sorrows of the Hollywood unknowns. But how about the rich and famous? Here are some of their sob stories

By

Brenda Ueland
and

Ned Williams

can. Afterward they were still friends, and seemed to be more dependent upon each other than ever, like two orphaned children in a hostile country. Then Jaime Del Rio went to Europe, fell sick in Germany of pneumonia. We remember so well Dolores’ frantic telephonings, her remorse, her loneliness. Jaime Del Rio died there.

Then Dolores started working again. Soon she became sick herself, and was ill for so long that production was stopped and her contract cancelled.

A year and a half ago Dolores Del Rio was one of the biggest stars in the business. She appears to be coming back now, what with “Bird of Paradise” and she is still a star. But she is a sad, emotional, (Continued on page 86)
Garbo

What the author of "Grand Hotel" thinks of the world's most-discussed actress. Here are Miss Baum's impressions of Garbo, given for Screenland readers

By Mortimer Franklin

Though I did not meet this famous actress personally during my first sojourn in Hollywood," Miss Baum, in fact, belongs to that select company of persons from whom Garbo has run away in full flight. "But I know what a great artist she is; I have watched her work; I have seen her deeply satisfying portrayal of a character that I created. And anyone with such depth of soul and such emotional genuineness could not be so completely lacking in sincerity.

"After all, how can one blame her? When you have seen Hollywood, lived in it and been a part of it, such an attitude is not hard to understand.

Garbo's far-famed aloofness, Garbo's storied insouciance, Garbo's celebrated hermitage of the soul!

Are they genuine, springing from a unique and hyper-sensitive personality that cannot withstand the clamor of the mob but seeks always to withdraw into its shell?

Or is all this languor, all this secrecy, all this shunning of the limelight, merely, in the parlance of the day, an "act" designed to make the world gape in astonishment? An old, old question, battleground of many pros and ever so many cons; but now re-illuminated by a fresh point of view on the part of an analyst whose grasp of human character is surpassed by few.

"Garbo really means it," is Vicki Baum's verdict. And, as the creator of dozens of intensely human characters, author of one of the greatest stage and screen hits of recent years in which the glamorous Scandinavian was starred, and observer of Garbo at Hollywood, she is in an unparalleled position to judge.

"Yes, Garbo means it—that is my impression, even

The blinding spotlight that is continually turned upon the famous people there, day in and day out, early and late, is enough to make even the least sensitive person rebel.

"Garbo is not the only player of renown who has shrunk from the uproar that surrounds all movie stars. Look at Miss Dietrich. I knew Marlene well when she was starring in German films. I remember with what zest she used to take part in the gay social life of Berlin. But when I met her again in Hollywood I found her comparatively subdued, in spite of the reputation for getting around that she still seems to have. When I spoke to her about it she replied, 'It is altogether different here, Vicki. When your every little word and gesture is flashed around the world you don't feel much like appearing in public when you don't have to. I'm sick of it!'"

A similar frame of mind was revealed to Miss Baum by Ann Harding. "I asked her why she had chosen a secluded house high up on a hill in which to live. 'It isn't high enough,' was Miss Harding's reply. 'Not that there is anything wrong with the people in Hollywood,
"Really Means It!"

Says Vicki Baum

Dark-eyed, blonde and smiling, Vicki Baum upsets tradition by being a most personable young woman as well as a gifted writer. She's going to do more stories for the films—and since seeing her "Grand Hotel," you know what good news that is!

but one does crave a little privacy, and the only way to have it here is to get away entirely by yourself."

"My admiration for her is complete," said Miss Baum, her darkly glowing eyes flashing with pleasure at the memory of Garbo's portrayal of her Grasia Kasia in "Grand Hotel." "She is every inch an artist, pure and unspoiled. To watch her face, tragic and vivacious by turns, and her graceful flowing movements, was for me a great experience.

"I feel as though I ought to be deeply thankful for having experienced the same piece of good fortune twice. When I sat in the theatre and saw my first unfold on the New York stage, done as I had dreamed it, I said to myself, 'Here is the supreme thrill of happiness at last.' Then, when I witnessed the film opening, with Garbo playing the rôle of the great dancer after my own heart, I felt that thrill for a second time.

"No, I did not meet Miss Garbo. One day, before 'Grand Hotel' had gone into production, as I was walking on the Metro lot I saw a figure in the distance which I recognized to be hers, evidently bound for the 'Mata Hari' set. As soon as she realized that I was coming toward her she scurried around the corner of one of the lot streets, and was gone.

"On another occasion, while 'Grand Hotel' was being filmed, I wandered onto the set, happily innocent of the rule that is rigidly observed when Garbo pictures are being filmed. Soon I was gently taken aside by someone who whispered in my ear that 'Miss Garbo does not permit any visitors on the set.' So I withdrew. I found out later, however, that Miss Garbo did not realize that I was the author of the story."

"Grand Hotel," one learns with pleasure, is only the first of a number of screen stories from Miss Baum's typewriter which presently will be revealed to American audiences. For she likes America quite as well as America likes her, and she intends to adopt American citizenship, make her permanent residence here, and answer the importunities of the Hollywood script departments as well as she is able. When interviewed in New York shortly after the opening of her first and star-spangled photoplay, she already had two new screen stories on the fire, one for Paramount and one for M-G-M. By July 1 she will have departed for the Coast, there to fill a contract.

About Miss Baum's appearance one thing seems delightfully wrong. That is to say, she is altogether too attractive to fulfill the traditional standards for writing ladies of imagination and creative ability. Contemplating the straight nose, purposeful chin and direct gaze, the head of bobbed blonde hair forming a striking contrast to the very dark, eloquent eyes, one sets her down as handsome, with a mental note of gratitude at her escape from mere prettiness. For the comparatively brief time she has spent in this country her command of English is truly remarkable. Very rarely does she hesitate for the exact word; but (Continued on page 83)
The Hollywood Charm School

Class in charm, attention! Look at and listen to your screen teachers—they know all the answers. Why shouldn't they? They're the outstandingly lovely girls in the world today.

Garbo's eyelashes are probably the longest in the world but even Garbo does not disdain helping nature along by adding a few silky artificial lashes for close-ups.

It takes Elizabeth Allan's lissome figure to face the camera in trimly tailored lingerie. Keep slim!

The English pith helmet and the Chinese coolie hat are worn by Maureen O'Sullivan and Una Merkel—well, Hollywood girls dare try anything!

If you're the least bit the sweet-quaint type, try wearing a sunbonnet. Joan Marsh's is of pink and white checks.

You'll be "different" on the beach in a bib-topped pajama suit and one of these huge sun hats, says Leila Hyams.
Wear your initials as accessory decorations. See Madge Evans' on her sports hat and bag.

The Hollywood girls are wearing "star" novelty jewelry. Maureen O'Sullivan's are red, white and blue.

Not just another evening wrap—Gloria Stuart's white kid jacquette carries out the quaint charm of her white Irish crochet gown.

It may make the censor-minded call for their smoked glasses but never mind, says June Clyde—at the end of the day relax in coolth and comfort.
Follow the filmy way to loveliness! The movie girls know better than any others the short cuts to charm. Trail along!

Mary Carlisle shows how three gay bandana hankies can be used to fashion a beach suit, one forming the backless bodice, two for the shorts, and a fourth for a pert top-piece.

Jeanette MacDonald stresses keen attention to detail. Note Jeanette's very smart hat matching her silk sweater suit, and her trim gloves, just the right length. Jeanette is just one of the many Hollywood stars who have earned for the film colony its world-wide reputation for chic and charm.

Coiffures for profiles! Do you give enough thought to the side view of your hair-do? Study your profile, don't just concentrate on the full-face view you meet in your mirror. Notice how Tala Birell, above, has very cleverly softened the classic contour of her head by coaxing little ringlets around the ear. Joan Bennett has a babyish profile, therefore she prefers a more sedate coiffure than most girls of her age.
You like Elissa Landi, don't you? You like her for her beauty, her intelligence, and her fine acting. But most of all you admire her flawless grooming. Elissa looks always as if she has just been tubbed, finger-waved, manicured!

If you have a round face don't feel that life has branded you just a "nice, jolly girl." Consider Joan Blondell. Joan's face is round, all right, but she has learned all the tricks of pleasing the camera so that she can be taken with the proper degree of seriousness any time she feels like it. Like Joan, if your face is cherubic, you can learn to pose so that you need never have that Kewpie look! See how cleverly Joan uses that bit of fluffy collar!

Beauty in the bath! This particular beauty is Benita Hume, the English actress who appears with Leslie Howard in "Reserved For Ladies." Why not select the same scent in your bath salts, sachet, soap, and dusting powder that you prefer in your perfume? The smartest Hollywood girls believe in choosing one scent and sticking to it. Pick the perfume that best expresses your own personality. (And if you're smart you'll change your personality often, just as Garbo does in every new picture!)
Beaton Shoots the 1932 Stars!

Look long at these portraits! Because Cecil Beaton’s next appearance may be before the camera instead of behind it.

Beaton’s Impressions

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By Evelyn Ballarine

Possesses a background as interesting as his photographic studies. He’s about twenty-nine years old, handsome, and what a sense of humor!

Hollywood fascinates yet bores Cecil Beaton. However, he would like to live there for at least six months out of the year, and spend the remaining six months at “Ashcombe,” his country home in England—and he’ll probably do just that!

“Hollywood is a grand place to rest and be peaceful,” says Mr. Beaton. “There’s nothing else to do—no night clubs or legitimate theatres to speak of, and most of the parties are a great big bore.” In (Continued on page 93)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Tom Mix and Tony in “The Rider of Death Valley.” (Universal.)
The Newest Hollywood Thrill!

Here he is! You've been asking for him! Ever since you saw "Tarzan" you have clamored for more—and more—about Johnny Weissmuller. He tells his life story exclusively to SCREENLAND readers. It begins here. You'll like it.

By Ida Zeitlin

GAWD, whadda physique!

Eyes glowing, cheeks scarlet, lips parted, and aged about 17—she sat on the edge of her seat in the movie theatre, unconscious of the people about her, unconscious that she had spoken, unconscious of everything but the magnificent young god on the screen before her, striding through the jungle on legs like two slender columns. Torn from her by sheer intensity of feeling, by what she instinctively recognized as a perfect work of God, her ecstatic tribute was breathed forth upon the listening air—not to mention several pairs of appreciative ears:

"Gawd, whadda physique!"

But why single her out? Aren't they all?—saying it, singing it, shouting it—from the exultant poten-
tates of M.G.M. to the last little stenographer who imagines she's just getting a kick out of a new movie star, and doesn't realize that she's the eternal fem-
nine kneeling in worship at the feet of the eternal
male. All but the kids. They're crazy about the pic-
ture—and why shouldn't they be? It was made for
them. But TARZAN? They take their TARZAN for
granted. He's big and broad and strong? Of course
he is. He can leap from trees, and fight with lions and
gorillas and outswim a crocodile? Well, what are you
getting excited about? If he couldn't do that, he
wouldn't be TARZAN. That's what the kids might say, if you could get them to say anything.

But not their mothers and sisters. Oh, no! Having
outgrown their childhood simplicity, TARZAN is no longer
TARZAN to them, but a man with a flawless body, six feet
three inches of brawn and muscle moving with ease and
power and grace before their delighted eyes, broad-
shouldered, slender-hipped, an ideal of masculine
strength and beauty—a new hero, literally fallen from
the skies, with "Gawd, whadda physique!"

More "Tarzan" thrills!
Johnny will make three new jungle films soon.
He brought a fresh brand of excitement to the screen as "Tarzan the Ape Man," thrilling fans and sophistcates alike. He's a virile, refreshing
personality, and his life story, which begins here, is more fascinating than fiction. Hollywood calls him "the big new thrill"—and so do you!
“Tarzan”—man of the jungle, brave, strong, un fettered, free. Created by Edgar Rice Burroughs, he has been the hero of many novels. And now the 1932 movie audiences welcome him as something new, spontaneous, natural. Here is Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan, in an exclusive impression by the well-known camera artist, Hal Phyfe.

Well, will you believe me, you who have seen him and watched that superb body of his in play, if I tell you that he was once a child whose “physique” caused his mother days and nights of black anxiety, a nice little boy who had a habit of keeling over and fainting for no good reason that anyone could discover?

“Not that I ever was really sick,” Johnny assures you earnestly, hastily looking about for some wood to knock (and not going on with his story, let me inform you, until he’s found it). “Just grew too fast, I guess. Tired easily. I was always over a head taller than my kid brother and only a year older.”

Johnny doesn’t waste words. He seems shy and boyish—younger than his years—and my guess is that he’s about as soon face the gorilla in his picture as an interviewer.

Many movie stars say they hate interviews. Some of them probably do. With others it’s part of a lofty pose. Johnny is capable neither of loftiness nor of posing. He doesn’t say he hates interviews. Why say the obvious? But you get the impression that his “Strange Interlude” self is muttering somewhere inside of him: “I’ve got to go through with this stuff because the Publicity Department says so. O.K. Let’s make a clean job of it, for I hate a sloppy one. But for Pete’s sake, let’s do it fast and get it over with!”

So he turns his eyes upon you—grave as the eyes of a child—and like a well-mannered boy tells you nicely and politely what you want to know, however fervently he may be wishing you elsewhere. What’s more, he has a terse and graphic way of describing events that have interested him, so that he all but writes your story for you.

He surprised his mother and father by being born in Pennsylvania en route from Austria to Chicago, where they were going to join his grand-parents. In Chicago, the family—consisting of his parents, grand-parents, an uncle, himself and, a year later, his brother—occupied a
comfortable two-story dwelling and owned a horse and buggy, and one of the first things Johnny remembers is being bawled out for playing with the horse.

"Should've bawled out the horse," Johnny explains with an engaging grin. "I couldn't've hurt him."

His father went into the brewery business and before long was owner of a flourishing saloon.

"Mom never wanted us kids to go to the saloon—but we'd sneak out, and Pop was always glad to see us. My uncle was the mean one, though. 'I'll fix this kid!' he says to himself one day, and he gets hold of me and fills me full of beer. I don't know how much he poured into me. I was seven years old, so maybe it only felt like a lot. But, boy! was I drunk! I remember sliding downstairs on my ear, yelling: 'Ra-ay! Hoo-ray! R-a-ay!' Then he carries me home and dumps me in my mother's lap.

"'Here's your darling son,' he says, 'he'll never go near the saloon again!'

"Well, maybe it sounds like eyewash, but I tell you I never touched beer from that day. I had a dread of it. And my uncle gave it to me. You know," he went on, the glint of amusement vanishing from his eyes, "he's the kind of guy who'd shove you into the lake to teach you to swim. It's all wrong. It's the worst thing that could happen to you. Twenty percent'd never go near water again. The fear's in 'em." He frowned. "Something ought to be done to fellows like that."

It was apparent that Johnny could tolerate the sin of getting a 7-year-old drunk more easily than a sin against his beloved sport. After all, what does it matter so much whether, in after years, one drinks beer or gets along without it? But to Johnny Weissmuller—with whom swimming has been less a career than a deep and abiding passion—to make a boy dread the water is to deprive him of a priceless birthright.

Yet there was a time—strange as it seems to him now—when water to Johnny was just something to drink and, when obliged, to wash in. He was Hans in those days and his brother was Pete, by one of those inexplicable whims that govern nicknames, for he had been christened Peter John and his brother John Peter. He was a long, skinny, angular little boy, growing up contentedly in the orderly Austrian household into which he had been born, stowing away the Viennese goodlies with which his troubled mother piled him, but remaining unchangeably long, skinny and angular. His bones were covered by skin and muscle, but the flesh refused to grow on them. Those were his fighting days, and those were also what he calls his "praying" days.

"We used to go to a kind of private school," he told me, "where they'd pay as much attention to the way you behaved as to what you'd learn. And was I a saint! I was always thinking about pleasing God. I wouldn't do this and I wouldn't do that with the other kids, because I was always asking myself, would God like it, and most of the time I thought He wouldn't!

"I was forever praying. Anybody used to swear at me, I'd go to church and pray for him. I'd go to church every morning before school and pray and do my stuff. Then my head'd start going round and I knew I was going to faint. I never could figure it out, but I knew when I got that funny feeling in my head I was going to faint and nothing'd stop me. I'd hold my hand up, and at first they wouldn't bother with me. Put your hand down, Johnny," they'd say. "I'd put it down and flop over. Pretty soon they knew what was going to happen, so when they saw my hand, they'd tell me to sit down. I used to think God might get sore at me." Johnny grinned, "for fainting in church. But there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

"We had to quit that school on account of a fight. I'd never fight. They told us we mustn't fight—God hated it—so I didn't fight. But one morning during the recess, some big kid got into an argument with my brother and hit him. I don't know what got into me, but I just went over and smacked him one. I forgot all about pleasing God. I was going to kill this guy. He hit my brother. If he hit me, I'd be satisfied to run away. But he hit my brother.

"So I smacked him one and I saw his nose was bleeding, and I was tickled to death. He was a big, heavy fellow, but I was thin and fast. I'd hit him and back away, hit him and back away. One good wallop would've finished me, but he couldn't reach me. I'd smack him and back away, till finally he had me backed down a whole block. Then someone stopped us. That was all right. He had a bloody nose, and my hand was all bruised and covered with blood, but we shook on it.

"Then we got back into the classroom, and when the teacher spotted my hand, he wanted to know what I was doing.

"'Bumped my hand,' I told him.

"'You're lying, Johnny,' he says.

"'Well, then, I thought that was enough sinning for one day, and I'd better tell the truth.

"'Sorry,' I said, 'had a fight.'

"Then he got an eyeful of the other fellow's bloody nose.

"'Oh, (Continued on page 88)
Reviews of the

By

Delight Evans

Melvyn Douglas is Garbo's leading man in "As You Desire Me"—her farewell film?

As You Desire Me
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Garbo's farewell film? Maybe; maybe not. But don't miss it, for any reason, for it is a distinct departure for Greta. And I don't mean only the platinum blonde wig. Some, by the way, will call it silver. I don't see the difference, myself. And I don't like it. But fortunately Garbo does not wear this coiffure throughout the picture. She has never been so charming as she is in the last scenes of this new film. She is so young and so very lovely. It's really a dual rôle—Zara, the heroine, is first revealed to us as a tragic, weary woman, and finally, a girl again, in love. And Garbo plays her always with great artistry. The supporting cast is pure platinum. Eric von Stroheim slashes his way through a brutal rôle. You'll enjoy seeing Owen Moore again. Melvyn Douglas is a most convincing lover. But it's Garbo, the Girl, who will fascinate you.

State's Attorney
Radio Pictures

Dear Mr. Barrymore: I want to tell you how much I like your new picture. I—Oh, sorry! That's my fan letter. This is my review. As a matter of fact, there is very little difference, because I am a John Barrymore fan since "Grand Hotel," so that any criticism of "State's Attorney" will read pretty much like a rave for its star. If you, too, have gone Barrymore, don't miss this film. It's all J.B.—quizzical smile, whimsical eyebrows, marvelously modulated voice, and Charm—lavished upon a rather routine melodrama about one of those very brilliant, very unromantic movie lawyers. I'm told by experts that the legal procedure in this picture is dizzily peculiar to Hollywood. But once you admit that, you can sit back and savor the satiries of this great Hamlet-gone-Hollywood. Yes, I'd say see it. Helen Twelve-trees is excellent, and Bill (Stage) Boyd and Jill Esmond ring true.

Young America
Fox

I'd ballyhoo this one as a picture for children to see if I thought this wouldn't keep them away. What I mean is, it's a picture fit for the family to attend in a body, and it's good entertainment, too. A wholesome story about real boys who are always misunderstood by their elders, it is concerned chiefly with the problems of an orphan, called "the worst boy in town," who is hauled into juvenile court for "borrowing" an automobile. He explains that the car was parked by a fire hydrant and he didn't want the owner to get a ticket, so he moved it six blocks away! Tommy Conlon makes this boy a believable youngster—neither a Hollywood hoodlum nor a too-pat trusper, but interestingly real. Ralph Bellamy is another actual person as the kindly judge. Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon are good, too. And you'll like Raymond Borzage, a new youngster. He can thank his uncle, Director Borzage—and that's a good idea. Thanks, Frank, for a refreshing show.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

YOUNG AMERICA
LETTY LYNTON

STATE'S ATTORNEY
WINNER TAKE ALL

AS YOU DESIRE ME
RESERVED FOR LADIES
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Gives Original Slants on This Month's Outstanding Screenplays

"Letty Lynton" is a personal triumph for Joan Crawford. Nils Asther is good.

Letty Lynton
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

An unqualified triumph for Joan Crawford! This girl has been a star for a long time, and she has given some fine performances. But never before has she shaken you up and worried your emotions and swept you off your critical feet as she does here. Gone are most of those annoying mannerisms and superficialities. She forgets to pose—and acts. And I have no hesitancy in predicting that Joan Crawford will by this time next year be the First Girl of the Films. Sorry, Greta, but I thought you were going home. "Letty Lynton" is high-class hokum, so exquisitely directed and beautifully acted that it achieves superlative entertainment value. Letty loves and suffers and sins and stones, with the aid of brisk dialogue and handsome backgrounds and smart clothes. Nils Asther is devilish and dashing as Letty’s bold, bad weakness. Robert Montgomery is at his ingratiating best as the boy who reforms her. Lewis Stone, Louise Closer Hale, and May Robson are perfect in their parts.

Reserved for Ladies
Paramount

See this and you'll admit that sheer charm is slowly winning its way on the screen. Here's a deft and delightful English comedy—oh, it’s light as thistle-down, and it has practically no plot to speak of, but every minute of it is good fun. It's the sort of thing they said the films could never do—the stage was the spot for polite humor. But, thanks to the smart dialogue and the charm of Leslie Howard and his admirable cast, "Reserved for Ladies" is appealing entertainment for everybody. At the Paramount in New York, where I saw it, Howard won his audience completely, and a more assorted audience would be hard to find. It's the romance of a nice head-watcher and a rich, sweet little snob, with complications by a beautiful Countess and a democratic king. Here's proof that England can make pictures for American audiences—particularly if Leslie Howard is in them.

Winner Take All
Warner

Character study by Cagney! I'm not promising you'll "like" it. A stupid, punch-drunk pugilist with a bashed-in nose and cauliflower ears is not an endearing personality. But how Cagney plays him! If you want acting, here it is. You know your James as well as an electrical firecracker that this role will come as a shock—until you realize you are meeting a brand new character, just a dumb fighter. First you see this down-and-out on his way West to regain his health and keep out of trouble. And then comes Love—almost. He challenges a local champ to get money for the Girl; then he returns to ring triumphs in New York, where one of those screen society gals takes him up. That last fight where he is watching the clock so that he can catch up with Miss Park Avenue before she sails for Europe, is the battle of the movie century. Marion Nixon and Virginia Bruce assist.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Ramon Novarro in "Huckle"
Nils Asther in "Letty Lynton"
Garbo in "As You Desire Me"
Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton"
James Cagney in "Winner Take All"
Tommy Conlon in "Young America"
John Barrymore in "State’s Attorney"
Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies"
Elizabeth Allan in "Reserved for Ladies"
Wynne Gibson in "Strange Case of Clara Deane"
IF YOU believe in signs you will find it exceedingly difficult to interview Ruth Chatterton during the time she is working on a picture. It isn’t easy even to see her, although some several million fans are agreed that she is easy enough to look at, any time and any place.

Punctuating that vast and quiet space inside a Warner sound stage upon which Miss Chatterton and company are known to be working, are permanent painted signs which face every entrance and which read:

"Absolutely NO visitors allowed on this set. Only those actually working on this production permitted on this stage."

So, if you can read, interviewing Miss Chatterton during working hours is obviously impossible. Perhaps the next best thing—perhaps even a better thing—would be to interview one of the few who are allowed on that set, someone who works with the aloof Miss Chatterton every day during all the weeks of production.

One thinks first of the director, William Dieterle. He is a friendly, sensitive, smiling chap, as big as a door and as busy as any two men you ever saw. Much too busy, it becomes evident, to give time or thought to an interview about Ruth Chatterton, even if he would consent to it.

The other players, the actors and actresses who work with the lady in question, offer possibilities. There is George Brent, who has won the coveted role of leading man to Miss Chatterton in her two most recent pictures. There is Lois Wilson, Paul Cavanaugh, Barbara
Here's the real low-down on Ruth Chatterton! What do those initials mean? Read the story!

As told to John Carlisle by George, the "juicer"

Leonard, or Ivan Simpson. If they would talk, freely and confidentially, what a story they might be able to tell!

But each of them is working to make his or her own rôle stand out as distinctive and important, paying much attention to his own job and very little to the star. If they talked it would probably be about themselves, not about the impregnable Miss Chatterton who basks in cultured ease behind a battery of "keep away" signs.

The cameraman, who might be excellent as a source for Chatterton copy, is kept in a state of continuous agitation by Dieterle, who finds new and amazing spots for the camera between each "take." The script clerk, the set dresser, the two assistant directors, the man who handles the microphone boom and the "gaffer," the last named being the "straw boss" of the electricians assigned to the set, are all absorbed in their various and equally important duties. The "gaffer" is particularly busy. He is standing in the middle of the set, giving orders to unseen individuals who are, you learn later, running around on the cat walks high up among the rafters of the stage, changing the lights.

"Light 'em all!" he yells and then as the set is flooded with light from above he starts barking a series of running orders.

"Number two! Pull it down! Lower! (Continued on page 92)
Harold Lloyd's New Beach House

Here's the Lloyd abode as it appears from the front gate. With all those sun umbrellas and comfy chairs about the premises, it doesn't seem as though anyone would be either hot or bothered while at the Lloyds'.

Mildred Davis Lloyd and husband Harold lolling on the sands in front of their lovely new beach cottage. Harold has just completed his latest comedy, "Movie Crazy."

Here it is at Santa Monica, where Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, and Mary and Doug have homes, and where Jackie Cooper says he wants to build one—when he can afford it!
Here's just a part of the living room—the bright chintz sofas flanking the fireplace might be called "the spirit of summer at the beach." The flowers add a bright touch, too—and there's the grand piano, just in case some friends drop in for an evening.

A view of the Lloyd front porch overlooking the Pacific. The Lloyd guests come out of the surf and eat! Note the coffee table, and in the background, the cupboard containing some of Harold's prized hand-painted china.

Another view of the porch which runs across the entire front of the house. Spacious? Not at all—it's just a little cottage by the sea! There's plenty of nice Pacific Coast sand for the little Lloyds to make pies, build castles and dig for buried treasures.
See Red with Jean Harlow

At last we learn what a red-headed mama can do!

RED-HEADED WOMAN" is here! And Jean Harlow as a red-head has changed her whole personality. She has banished a lot of funny little inhibitions. For, believe it or not, being a "platinum blonde" with the general implications that go with hard metal, had begun to get on Jean's nerves. She wanted to prove she could be a fiery actress, with seething emotions and all that. But we, and the studios, had saddled a platinum complex on the poor girl.

But now—! The red wig is youthful, diabolically cute, insidious. Somehow, too, it makes Jean look more petite. There's one scene which will have to be handled subtly for all its wild abandon, when Jean discovers that all the people who attended her elaborate and slightly nouveau-richey party and left early on the pretense of a committee meeting, went over to the ex-husband to talk about it with malice and derision. Jean is undressed for bed at the time, but out she flies and hurls herself with white-hot fury into the rival party. Don't miss it whatever you do, it's a new unsuspected Jean. One could feel Director Jack Conway's sigh of triumphant satisfaction as she cut loose and spake her little mind. That's what red hair can do for a girl!

We were afraid, at first, when we heard that girls like Colleen Moore had been tested for the role, that the character of the ambitious little small town stenog who vamps her young married boss into divorcing his wife, might be softened up and prettied a bit. But instead Jean plans a thoroughly selfish little hard-boiled fury. Anita Loos has done her scenario job well. Oh, she's a most reprehensible character, is Jean—but don't you believe there is anything cold or platinum about her in this picture.

Anita has introduced a chauffeur love-affair that wasn't in the original story, but this chap is fully justified when it comes to the gem of a satirical ending. Oh, no, we won't give that away—it's too delicious a surprise finale and is worth a priceless "last laugh" when you see the picture.

Chester Morris is the seduced husband. How men love playing seduced-husband parts! The original Bill of the story was a bit weakish. (Continued on page 92)
Ringing the Bellamy!

That's just what Ralph has done in Hollywood—and now he's among the best bets for male stardom

By Garret Fox

RALPH BELLAMY was sitting on a desk in a very comfortable room discussing "Grand Hotel.

"I went to sleep twice during the picture. I think I must be the only person in Hollywood who doesn't consider the picture up to snuff. You see, Grusinskaya in the book is old, tired—her face has been lifted. The Baron, after his first night with her, discovers this and his heart swells with sympathy. Yet Garbo gives none of this."

Now, young Ralph is an actor through and through. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home to join a Shakespearean troupe. His family was very much against his becoming an actor, but ever since he saw "The Wizard of Oz," he suffered from a longing for the stage.

He toured the middle-west for three years playing every sort of part possible in a Shakespearean company. At one time he was playing Othello and was also the stage carpenter. Later, he had his own stock company which played through the middle-west with one and two night stands.

But in 1930 New York found him knocking at the gates of Broadway. After small parts in "Town Boy," "Holiday," and "Coquette," along with a good many uncomfortable moments, he secured an outstanding part in "Roadside." This paved the way for Hollywood.

Joe Schenck signed a contract with him and immediately brought him to Hollywood. Due to a slight misunderstanding Ralph was not used and within a very few months the contract was broken by mutual agreement.

Bellamy, slightly confused and a little baffled by his initiation to movieland, proceeded to start out on a freelance career. His first pictures were "The Secret Six," "The Magnificent Lie," and "Surrender." The last was a Fox production and met with so much success that he was put under contract immediately by that company. His current picture, "The Woman in Room 13," with Elissa Landi, is winning him new laurels.

Ralph, himself, is a tall, well-built young man, approaching his early thirties. His hair is light brown, while his eyes are blue and have a way of seeming to be interested in everything going on. He doesn't suffer from the handicap of being too good-looking, but radiates an easy personality which is much more attractive. He enjoys tennis and riding but since he has been on the Fox lot they haven't given him much time to indulge in these pleasures. Old books are precious to him and he reads biographies and classics with a relish.

Bellamy has only been in Hollywood a little over a year, but seems to be enjoying it immensely and making a very favorable impression. He has ideas, too!

For instance, he considers the stage was getting along very nicely until it became ultra-sophisticated. Now he believes the pictures are suffering from the same complaint.

"The average person is interested in the more simple things, things that he himself understands—life that is a part of him. I believe that, although people flock to the theatres, they are not necessarily satisfied with the pictures but rather more interested in what the individual star is up to."

Ralph looks forward to many changes and developments in motion pictures within the next few years. The production end of the game has already seen many such changes, and he believes that the pictures themselves will be vastly different—the camera will be a much more efficient piece of mechanism (Continued on page 95)
She has been a success and a failure, a hard-luck kid and a hit!

IN THE City of Cinderellas—Hollywood—there are so many Horatio Alger stories of rags to riches that they have become common. No longer do Hollywoodians gasp in amazement when an unknown boy or girl is ballooned suddenly from poverty to the tallest screen pinnacle. It has happened hundreds of times in the past; it will continue to happen in the future.

Were I asked to point my finger at the Cinderella-girl who has been the most fortunate in Hollywood, I would set my aim upon Marian Nixon. On the other hand, if I were asked to designate the girl who has been the most unfortunate, I would again choose Marian Nixon.

You will demand: How can she be the most fortunate and the most unfortunate; sugar cannot be both sweet and sour? I answer: Sugar came from the cane, and cane from the seed, which was not sweet. And Marian has shared in ill fortune of most disheartening sort, and she has also tasted good luck from an overflowing bowl. She has been a success and a failure, and a failure and a success.

Ten years ago she was poor, unmarried, ambitious, and she was not happy because she wished to be wealthy, married and successful. Today Marian is wealthy, married and successful, but she still is not happy. There remains just one thing that she wants. You wonder what it can be. She has more money than she can spend, an estate in Beverly Hills, a swimming pool, beautiful clothes and furs and jewels, and a husband who is devoted to her and to whom she is likewise attracted; what more can the girl desire?

Marian Nixon wants to take part in a motion picture to which she can point proudly. She is unhappy because, in her entire career, she has not appeared in even one picture that was outstanding.

That is why I say she is unfortunate. Any woman who is not happy is unfortunate. I knew that even before Marian told me.

"But surely these other good things that are yours more than atone for your single unsatisfied ambition," I said.

She shook her head. "At times I am so unhappy that I would gladly exchange all of my wealth and luxuries—everything except my Eddie (her husband, Edward Hillman)—for a part in a great picture. What have I accomplished, after all? When I began my career, many years ago, I wanted more than money; I wanted to achieve a goal. I wanted to do big things. I have not done them. There is not a single screen rôle to which I can look back with pride. When I meet my friends at parties, I hear them talk so proudly of their big successes—the picture they will always remember. I cannot join their talk because I have no such picture; not even one."

Who are these friends who speak of their pictures so proudly? They are Marian's intimate chums: Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Mary Brian, Joan Crawford. No
She's the luckiest girl in Hollywood—and the most unfortunate!

By
James M. Fidler

Marian has the soul of an artist, and the wisdom of a clever business woman, but insofar as her career is concerned, the wisdom can no more control the soul than the mind can regulate the heart in love. Even though her wisdom had gained her more millions than Henry Ford, the soul would still be unsatisfied, for commercialism can never alter the purpose of a true artist—like Marian. She will never be happy until she has starred in at least one big motion picture; in fact:

“When I have played in a picture I can be proud of, I will retire and have babies,” she told me.

Big motion pictures have always remained just around the corner from Marian. Eight years ago she was under contract to the Fox Film Company. On the eve of her selection for the principal rôle in “Seventh Heaven”—the part that Janet played—Marian’s contract ended, and she left Fox to become a Universal star at a much greater salary. She lost “Seventh Heaven.”

She remained with Universal throughout that company’s most uninspiring period, when not one really good picture was produced by that studio. Since then, she has missed by fractional inches a number of big pictures. Richard Barthelmess, who admires her as an actress, has cast her opposite him three times, but on each occasion the story selected by Dick was a poor one. Had Marian been fortunate enough to appear with Barthelmess in “Patent Leather Kid,” “The Last Flight” or any other one of the star’s big pictures, she might be happy today, rather than unhappy.

Even in marriage, Marian has had her unhappiness, as well as her happiness. (Continued on page 91)

is Unhappy

wonder Marian is unhappy when they talk of their careers. Janet has her “Seventh Heaven” and “Sunrise” and “Daddy Long Legs.” Sally has her “Bad Girl” and “Dance Team.” Mary has “The Virginian” and “It’s Tough To Be Famous.” Joan has “Dancing Daughters” and “Possessed” and “Letty Lynton.” But Marian hasn’t one picture to which she can return grateful memories.

Very recently a friend asked Miss Nixon why she did not succumb to the wishes of her husband, who wants her to quit her career and go with him to Southern France, where he will build a chateau for her. Marian only answered that she is not yet ready to retire from the screen. She smiled when she said it, but I was amazed to see tears in her eyes. Not until that moment did I realize how sincerely and how deeply Marian feels the hurt of working so long and tirelessly for a goal that she has failed to achieve; may never achieve.

Marian can wear chinchilla-trimmed negligees in private life, but she revels in getting up at six to play poor little girls. Read the story for the explanation!
IT HAS been said that behind every man's success may be found a woman responsible for his accomplishment.

In the case of Melvyn Douglas, the latest screen hero to set feminine hearts palpitating, it was not one woman, but many women, who moulded his character and influenced his life. Not only women individually, but women collectively and in the mass.

Looking at Melvyn today—talking to him—one is conscious of his overwhelming virility, his intense masculinity. Over six feet tall, blond, blue-eyed and lithe, there is little about him to suggest the important part that feminine influence has played in his interesting career.

In fact, I don't think Mr. Douglas himself is aware of it. Subconsciously—without his sensing it—his personality and attitude toward life have been affected by the female of the species.

To begin with, Melvyn was born in the South—Macon, Georgia, to be explicit. On the surface that means simply in a small, rather sleepy little town where life flows smoothly and placidly with scant interest in the affairs of the world at large. But in reality, it means more than that. It means that his life began in a land dominated by women. Oh, not aggressively, to be sure. But softly, insidiously, in the apparently ineffectual manner that Southern women have always adopted to clothe their quest for the things they desire.

Therefore, his early boyhood was spent in what might be termed a "matriarchy." Of course, his father was living, a kindly, gentle instructor of music in one of the colleges of the vicinity.

But Melvyn's first impressions are of a household in which his mother was unquestionably the most important person. The affairs of the church sewing circle and weekly whist club were of infinitely greater moment than the infrequent events that occurred among his father's musical friends.

When Melvyn was about six years old, his father accepted a position as music instructor at Ward-Belmont Seminary, one of the South's most exclusive academies of feminine learning, located in Nashville, Tennessee. It was there that Melvyn's feminine associations were extended.

"I started school at Ward-Belmont," he explained. "Of course, I was just of kindergarten age and it didn't make very much difference to me whether my classmates were boys or girls. But after the first year, it began to seem funny to me that I was the only boy in a school of over five hundred girls.

"I'd pass other boys on the street and I'd ask my mother why none of them came to Ward-Belmont, too. Or why I couldn't go to the same school that some of them attended. However, it didn't really matter to me and I think before long I rather enjoyed being the only boy among so many girls." (Continued on page 89)
FROM the stage to radio, from radio to the stage—so moves the amusement pendulum in America today. More than twenty of the air’s foremost performers today are doubling behind the footlights. Most of them dash in and out of the screen and recording studios at the same time. They are the New Rich, the most prosperous of all the toilers of the land!

Those whom radio lifted from obscurity to stardom almost as quickly as you can say “by special permission of the copyright owners” now find themselves on the vaudeville or movie theatre stage for the surprise of their lives. Artists who flocked to radio to escape the rigors of the road find the rigors increased. But they don’t complain. The work is too profitable.

The microphone parade today is a far cry and a long train ticket from the comfortable studios where travel-tired trouper sought relief from one-night stands and assorted dressing rooms. And so we have radio joining hands with the stage in the dizziest dance to fame ever known to America’s amusements.

It was only a little more than a year ago that radio discovered Kate Smith as a vaudeville balladeer. In that time her popularity has reached a state in which a typical day embraces not only broadcasting but four metropolitan theatre appearances, singing in the swankiest of the night clubs, speaking as a luncheon guest of honor, posing for photographs, meeting interviewers, and acknowledging mail as mountainous as that peak over which her songwriters’ moon is forever coming.

Her feverish activity finds a counterpart in the life of others who have achieved box-office names via the studios. Morton Downey, Tony Wons and Jacques Renard not so long ago closed in Baltimore a vaudeville tour which took them to the leading cities of the Middle West and during which they performed on the air six times weekly. If you’re craving statistics you may know here and now that in the past year and a half Downey has sung 4,100 songs on the air alone!

It was also Baltimore that (Continued on page 90)
Huddle
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Ramon Novarro is surprisingly good as a football player. This is an entirely different rôle for him and he scores a touchdown. Novarro plays a poor Italian lad who receives a scholarship to Yale. The film concerns itself with Ramon's change of environment, his education, making the football team, and winning Madge Evans. Henry Armetta is excellent. Ramon does fine work.

The Woman in Room 13
Fox

Murder, suicide, and blackmail are the ingredients mixed for this film. Result—fair entertainment. But Elissa Landi makes up for that. She looks lovely and her acting is excellent. Elissa divorces Ralph Bellamy (in the picture, of course) and wrecks his political career—at least Ralph thinks so. So Bellamy devotes his time trying to wreck Elissa's marriage to handsome Neil Hamilton.

The Trial of Vivienne Ware
Fox

This is a directorial feat! Hats off to William K. Howard for his clever camera tricks, and for the action and suspense he sustains in a rather mediocre story. Joan Bennett is lovely as the heroine suspected of murdering her play-boy fiancé. Allan Dinehart, from the stage, is keen. ZaSu Pitts, as a sob-sister, and Skeets Gallagher, as a radio announcer, supply the laughs.

The Strange Love of Molly Louvain
First National

Swell comedy-drama. Lee Tracy plays a wisecracking reporter, and Ann Dvorak a shady lady who gets involved in a gangster-police fracas, but you won't take it too seriously—Tracy sees to that with his fast patter. Ann Dvorak is excellent as Molly Louvain, the "tinsel girl." The acting honors are shared by Tracy and Ann. Richard Cromwell plays a nice boy nicely.

Two Seconds
First National

Depressing melodrama. This sordid tale of a riveter who murders his dance-hall wife is not a very happy selection for Edward G. Robinson. Awaiting a murderer's end in the chair, Eddie reviews his life and misfortunes in "two seconds." Robinson over-acts. Vivienne Osborne, as the dance-hall girl, does excellent work. You'll like good-looking Preston Foster.

Trapeze
Harmonie

Introducing Anna Sten, whom you'll see in our American pictures soon. She's pretty, and a good little actress. Reinhold Bernt plays opposite her. The picture has a circus background, and is reminiscent of "Variety," Emil Jannings' silent classic. There's a jealous husband, a perilous trapeze trick, and lurking tragedy. This is a German film but the dialogue is translated for you.
The Strange Case of Clara Deane
Paramount
Bring along at least three hankies—how you'll weep at this melodrama! Wynne Gibson suffers right into fame. She's great! Pat O'Brien plays a villain—and what a meanie he is. The story is one of those mother-love tragedies reminiscent of "Madame X" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." But Wynne's fine acting is her own brand—you'll like it!

Amateur Daddy
Fox
If you like good old-fashioned romance—here's your dish. Marian Nixon is the newest screen Cinderella. When Marian's film father dies he extracts a promise from bachelor Baxter to take care of his four youngsters. There's a nasty villain who wants Marian's ranch because he knows there's oil on the premises. But fear not, Warner Baxter is around. Baxter and Nixon are grand.

Behind the Mask
Columbia
A "horror" melodrama with Jack Holt as a heroic secret service man. Holt gets his man and the girl, Constance Cummings. The story is unbelievable but will hold your interest if you like 'em gruesome. There's a villainous doctor who is the head of a dope ring. You'll see a couple of cold-blooded murders—and Boris Karloff menacing around. A good nerve tonic.

Love Is a Racket
Warner
This exhibit has its moments of excitement, although the story is confusing. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a trifle too bland, is the newspaper columnist in love with a stage cutie played by Frances Dee. A racketeer is murdered and Doug conceals the traces. But what was Ann Dvorak doing in Doug's apartment, and why was she wasted on such an absurd role? See what I mean by "confusing"?

The Tenderfoot
First National
Here's a new slant on the tenderfoot—this time it's a westerner who's a tenderfoot on Broadway. It's Joe E. Brown's best comedy. See it and hand yourself one big, long laugh. Joe comes to Broadway with twenty thousand dollars and a desire to produce a show. Lew Cody takes the money and makes a producer out of Brown—and then the fun begins! Pretty Ginger Rogers is the heroine.

Sky Bride
Paramount
Thrilling stunt flying and corking comedy! Hooray—Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie are teamed again! Arlen accidentally kills his pal, Tom Douglas, in a plane crash, with the result that Dick loses his nerve. It takes Oakie's best comedy, Virginia Bruce's beauty, and Bobby Coogan's appeal to help him regain his self-confidence. Arlen and Oakie are okay!
You-all Know her, Suah 'Nough!

Here's a close-up of "Li'l Kentucky" Merkel, the girl who put art in an accent—yes, suh!

By Peggy Hart

It'S all very well, but when studio after studio hands a bright girl a contract and then politely fails to take up the first option a few months later, it can be discouraging!

But we have the interesting demonstration that "a snub's as good as a smile" in the case of gallant Una Merkel. Una has positively thriven on snubs.

Remember how they hailed her in Hollywood when she was first snatched from the stage cast of Frank Craven's "Salt Water" in New York? "The outstanding film personality, one destined to go far in her work. Miss Merkel will be a star within a year," beamed Sol Lesser. "I am convinced Miss Merkel is on her way to stardom," opined Joseph Schenck. That was when she played in "Eyes of the World." But when the time came, somehow the studio failed to take up her option.

It was David Wark Griffith who first cast a favorable eye upon Una, when she doubled so successfully for Lillian Gish—in a picture that was never released. However, Griffith did give her the part of Ann Rutledge in "Abraham Lincoln," at the same time declaring her "the greatest natural actress now engaged in pictures."

But, you see, Una was wise in her day. When I interviewed her then, she dimpled modestly and remarked that she only hoped she could live up to it. No one, she said, could call her beautiful, and she hoped they would give her comedy rôles, where people were not thinking of how one looked all the time. I decided then that she was a sane young person, with her head very much screwed on the right way 'round.

So when her contract with United Artists was not renewed—after all the public compliments—it didn't break her heart.

Instead, she held up her gallant little head, stuck it out, and was soon signed with Fox for six months. After "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor, and one or two other parts, Fox likewise failed to take up her option, while smothering her with compliments.

"Another snub!" thought Una. "Never surrender!" But Metro was soon to recognize her talents, and now, with three months to run on this contract, before the option time comes up, Una is the smart-cracking room-mate of Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman," and having the time of her young life. For she adores comedy and character rôles.

It was her performance with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives" that won her this last contract. Then she appeared in "Huddle" and was loaned to Universal for "The Impatient Maiden." (Continued on page 95)
Bright Boy!

A stage, screen and radio veteran at 22, Eric Linden is just getting under way

By

Robert Baldwin

But it is evidently no handicap to have a working mother. It makes nice boys more eager to get out and help. Eric began by being a star pupil at school—simply swept through class after class, and got through Columbia University in two years, where he was the youngest student. No dawdling over studies for Eric; he was too impatient to be out in the world helping mother.

It was at the University that the Theatre Guild "discovered" him. It's quite thrilling to be discovered by the Guild. And it helps Broadway to do a bit of swift "discovering" too, so before he was twenty this clever boy had won success in such New York stage plays as "One Way Street," "Flight," "Backaroon," and then followed a precious season with the Berkshire Players.

The luck of the boy! Blest if a good company didn't take him to Paris, where he appeared in such shows as "The Road to Rome" and "The Barker"—always as the juvenile lead.

"I loved Paris," confides Eric. "Had a marvelous room for $11 a month. Decided I wanted to be a writer and did a play in my spare time. It wasn't produced! But I'm still fond of it—it was all about a female racketer with a beautiful daughter, brought up knowing nothing of her mother's nefarious activities. I wanted to take a place I found at $300 a year on the Riviera and live the life of a secluded playwright and all that."

But instead, this boy's whirling career called him back to Broadway, and there his performances attracted the Hollywood eye.

(Continued on page 97)
Some are good, some are not. This beauty article tells you about the "New Wrinkles" you'll want to adopt and those to avoid

By

Margery Wilson

YOU can just pat yourself on your sun-burned back if you are able to keep up with all the new wrinkles this season. It is a summer of discoveries and novelties. What with machineless permanent waves, blue and green mascara, and hand-painted shoes—well, it's come to a point where if anyone walks up to me (or swims up to me) and says "Here's a new wrinkle," I feel like issuing a warning that it had better be good!

What, have you discovered a tiny, new wrinkle around your eyes somewhere? That would cause your heart to skip a beat, wouldn't it? But why have a pleasant summer spoiled by such a discovery? Get rid of it! It is an uninvited summer visitor that may remain too long.

What can you expect of your poor skin if you sit around squinting in the glare, holding the muscles around your eyes in a thousand tiny folds while the sun bakes them into that position? And along with the squint you invariably pull your cheek and mouth muscles into a shape that resembles an irritated badger. Result, a thickening of the contour from your nose to the corner of your mouth and a coarsening of your mouth line. Just a summer complaint, to be sure, but it will remain for this and other winters if you do not smooth it out before it becomes permanent.

These little summer wrinkles are no respecters of youth, either. They appear on the freshet of seventeen-year-old faces sometimes—faintly, of course, but marking the spot where they will return and return like a criminal coming back to the scene of his crime.

Just slip those smooth, tapering fingers of yours into a rich, oily eye-cream or muscle oil and start right in to uproot them. Using the cushions of your fingers as tiny hammers you can "sculpture" your face into normalcy and even improve on that.

Work in from the temple to the nose under the eye and then back across the lid. Every single tap helps to smooth and revivify this delicate
area. Use nice little dainty love-taps, beauty-loving taps. The skin about the eyes is thin and requires gentler treatment than any other part of the face. Be careful of using liquid astringents around your eyes. The strong ones may tend to shrivel this delicate skin. The astringent should be in oil or cream.

Most of the special eye-creams are made of very fine oils treated so as to penetrate the extremely small pores in this thin, delicate skin. A regular nourishing cream can help smooth and revive the skin itself, but cannot usually penetrate to build up the underlying tissues.

While you are patting and stroking to get rid of the new wrinkles you are also doing definite good to your eyes. The stimulation brightens and strengthens them. Leave on some of the cream while you put several drops of refreshing eye-lotion in each eye. Now go on with your wrinkle erasing.

The Hollywood stars have a way of using eye-drops that doesn't muss their make-up in the least. Lots of them have a small bottle on the set so they can use it just before close-ups to give their eyes that lovely glistening, moist look that is so appealingly feminine. With a finger of the left hand they pull the lower lid down a trifle, just enough to form a little cup; into this they put several drops of lotion from a dropper. Then they roll the eye round and up and down until the soothing liquid has reached every point. Carry a little bottle in your bag to refresh your eyes when motoring or any time you are tired.

Lovely eyes are very damaging to the male heart. Take care of yours! Keep them bright and clear. Beautiful, melting eyes are so appropriate with the new pinks and blues for evening. Aren't you glad they're in style again? We're all tired of the stare of bold eyes.

After a day of sport, or shopping, when you are fagged and yet you must be lovely for some special reason, give yourself the following treatment: Slide into a hot tub (yes, even in summer). While the warm water is relaxing you and "evening" your circulation, put on your eye cream and pat it in as I explained at the beginning. Put nourishing cream on the rest of your face and neck. Use your eye drops. Now lie back in the water and put cool pads saturated in witch-hazel over your eyes. You can buy little bags of astringent herbs for this purpose, too, if you prefer. Relax, for as long as you can—five minutes, anyway. Then remove the pads from your eyes and sit up. You are ready for some face-reviving secrets. Listening?

Here is a stunt that will add life and strength to your eyes, as well as depth and brilliance. Directly beneath the inner end of the eyebrow there is a notch in the forehead bone that houses a nerve. By placing the thumbs over this nerve and gently massaging it, you can stimulate and brighten your eyes almost instantly. This helps to give your eyes "that look that lies in woman's eyes and lies and lies and lies." Just a few brief seconds is enough for this—and be very, very gentle. To make your eyes appear larger and to (Continued on page 97)

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**Write for Beauty!**

You may have all the beauty help you need from Margery Wilson, our charm editor, who is a beauty herself. Make her department your guide. If you wish a personal answer, just write to her and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Adrienne Ames takes effective measures against those last squints of summer that bring fall wrinkles.
GOOD News! Lilian Harvey, the foreign film girl Screenland "discovered" and told you about, is coming over from Germany to act in American films. We almost feel as if it were our idea, inasmuch as we were the first to feature her on this side of the water, in a story which appeared in our June issue. Lilian, who gave such a delightful performance in the German-made "Congress Dances," is of Anglo-German parentage. She has been signed by Fox, and is expected in Hollywood in October. Her name is already mentioned for the film version of "Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's operetta which Fox will produce. Don't disappoint us, Lilian—we're for you!

Garbo's plans? At this writing she is supposed to be on her way home to Sweden; on the other hand, she also is said to have signed another year's lease on her Hollywood house. Still another story insists that all of her belongings have been removed from the Metro lot, the inference being, of course, that she is through. The question, as everyone knows, has been whether M-G-M would double the $7,000-a-week salary on her recent contract and pay her $14,000 on a new one, or allow her to quit and make good the famous "go-home" threat.

The preponderance of opinion here, however, is that the studio will come across with the $14,000—and furthermore, that it has intended doing so from the very start. If such is really the case, all the sound and fury of uncertainty about the outcome of the matter will prove to have been just one more smart publicity stunt.

Rumors about Mickey Mouse are still flying fast. The latest is that Mickey threatens to go home to the hole under the pantry floor because he was turned down for the leading rôle in "A Church Mouse."

Will Rogers tried out a new Garbo gag in a recent broadcast, but returns from the listeners indicated that they didn't care much for it. The story Will was stuck with was that Greta is not Swedish at all, but a former Ziegfeld Follies lass whose real name is Una Hendrickson. Well—Will was only playing. Remarkable, though, how staunchly the Garbo lady's admirers stick by her when anybody tries to get sassy.

So Jack Gilbert is going to try marriage once again! It was one of the surprises of the season when Jack announced, coincident with the beginning of work on his own story, "Downstairs," that he was engaged to Virginia Bruce, who plays opposite him in the picture. The wedding will take place, he said, immediately after he receives his final divorce decree from Ina Claire on August 15.

Although Jack had been seen occasionally with Virginia, he likewise had been seen with various other girls, and had given no indication that his affections had centered in any one direction. This, if nothing happens to change his plans, will be his fourth marriage, all of them with picture girls. His first wife was Olivia Bunwell, who never rose much above the extra ranks. His second was Beatrice Joy; and then came the famous and ill-fated match with Ina Claire in 1929. For Virginia, who is about twenty-two, the contemplated marriage will be her first venture.

When Paramount suddenly decided that they had to have Herbert Marshall, the engaging English actor, for the rôle opposite Marlene in "The Blonde Venus," Marshall was playing on the Broadway stage in "There's Always Juliet." But Paramount couldn't let a little thing like that hold up production, so they "bought out" the show for the remaining five weeks of its intended run, and summoned Marshall to Hollywood post haste. Flattering to Herbert, to say the least—but don't be at all surprised if he proves himself fully worthy of it!

Things are going nicely with Cary Grant, if anyone should ask you! Such things, for instance, as a nice new Paramount contract. It all started when Cary made his film debut in "This is the Night," and it continued when he gave a fine account of himself in "Sinners in the Sun" and "Merrily We Go to Hell." Now he has a featured rôle in "West Pointer." Well, we told you last month that he was a winner, didn't we?

Cary stems from the Broadway stage, where he
played in "Nikki," "Boom Boom," "Street Singer," and other productions.

Get set for more of "Tarzan!" Johnny Weissmuller, the big ape and elephant man, is getting ready to spring some more of his jungle tricks in a series of three more pictures, written especially for him by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the "copyright owner." The girl who is to bear the brunt of his jabs and shoves hasn't yet been chosen at this writing, but she will probably be Maureen O'Sullivan. Incidentally, "Variety" just recently spotted this sign on a New York picture house: "Tarzan the Ape Man with Johnny Weissmuller and Nice Women."

Here's a thrill for John Wayne fans—and that means quite a number of you. John is very busy these days on a series of eight Westerns, which are being produced by Leon Schlesinger. The pictures will be released throughout the country by Warner Bros.

It seems almost unfair that an actress as charming as Elissa Landi should also prove to be an authoress of no mean ability. The publication by Doubleday-Doran of Elissa's third novel, "House for Sale," has proved it. The work received considerable attention from American critics, who generally agreed that Elissa, while no towering genius of the pen, is possessed of an authentic literary talent which, if normally developed, may bring her fame second only to her renown in the picture field. "House for Sale" is the story of a typical English upper-class family in the decade following the war. In her handling of many diverse characters and the conflicting relationships among them Miss Landi shows a really admirable insight into human nature as well as an expert knowledge of how to tell a story. All in all, it's a performance that does credit to the intellectual side of Hollywood.

Clark Gable and Wallace Beery in a talkie version of "The Big Parade." That sounds like a real picture! Clark, of course, will play the John Gilbert role if the plans go through, and Wally will be the roughneck doughboy played by Karl Dane in the silent version.

Big news for local pie-bakers! Hal Roach announces that he will bring back the slapstick comedy in earnest, using some of the comedians who made things hum in the good old Sennett days. A new series called "Taxi Boys" is planned, and Bert Green, humorist and author of "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator," will work on the stories and gags.

Any doubts as to whether Gloria Swanson would continue to make pictures were dispelled when the announcement came out that she would star in a new story called "Perfect Understanding." This doesn't mean, however, that Gloria...
Whoops! When Jackie Cooper blew into New York on a visit, he made a bee-line for a children's playground to make whoopee with the rest of the kids.

will return to Hollywood—not just yet, at any rate. The picture will be made in Europe and released in this country by United Artists. Rowland V. Lee, of Hollywood, will direct. Part of the story will be filmed in Southern France so little Michele Farmer may enjoy Mediterranean breezes.

Neither Bob Montgomery nor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems able to arrange a vacation which fits in with the holiday plans of his wife. Consequently, when both these lads found themselves once again with lone vacations in prospect, they decided to get together, rent a yacht, and go fishing.

Paramount finally persuaded George M. Cohan, famous producer, author and actor of the stage, to lend his multifold talents to the screen. His first picture will be a political satire, "The Phantom President." George, you know, is the man who made his country's flag famous on the stage.

"Old-timer" Jackie Cooper has been making a personal appearance tour. With him on the trip went his mother and (whether or not by Jackie's request we don't know) his teacher. He proved an ingratiating little guy in person. And crowds followed him wherever he went.

Maureen O'Sullivan has taken a small house in Hollywood for the first time during her two years here. Maureen is entertaining an old-time girl friend, and felt that an entire house rather than an apartment was necessary. She says it's the first time she has really had a home in Hollywood.

When Connie Bennett was making "Two Against the World" she had the nice task of picking two leading men. (Incidentally, it requires quite a girl to need two leading men.) At all events, the two lucky gentlemen are George Brent and Allen Vincent.

An intimate offstage view of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, accompanied by Norma Shearer. Clark and Norma play the leading roles in the talkie version of O'Neil's "Strange Interlude." See Norma's cute new little-girl bob? And don't the Gables look happy together—what about those divorce rumors?
Everyone Livingston, (Right) 300,000, a just enough, upon when next weeks, This Begins.” She plays the role first as a young girl and then as a middle-aged woman, marked by years of suffering! It’s a great characterization! (Right.)

Loretta Young had just decided she needed a much-earned vacation, when she was called upon to star in “Life Begins.” Strangely enough, however, she found that in nearly all the scenes she was required to stay in bed. This went on for three weeks, and seemed the next best thing in the absence of a vacation.

Eva Moore, who plays the character lead in “The Old Dark House,” was visited by her young daughter, Jill Esmond. Jill is under contract to Fox while her mother works on the Universal lot.

In this same picture the oldest actor in Hollywood is to be seen. He is John Dudgeon, 102 years old. He plays the part of an invalid, but he himself is healthy, and still going strong. “Radio Patrol,” on the other hand, boasts the youngest actor in the person of Lorraine Markley, 14 days.

We’re chuckling a bit at the expense of Margaret Livingston, who, you remember, used to brag that she had reduced her 287-pound bridegroom, Paul Whitman, to 187—just banished 100 pounds neatly. Margaret, on the other hand, used to be a prize slinky vamp. And now—well, we wager she can’t shop in the Collegiate Department any more! Margaret and Paul blew into Hollywood looking very jolly. Paul says even his hat-size has shrunk, too! But the movie offers hovering on the horizon should help fix that little matter!

Al Jolson pranced around these parts in a yachting cap, until he was mistaken for a Catalina Island doorman. Then he decided to become a landlubber again.

Clara Bow’s ranch, usually referred to as Rex Bell’s ranch before the wedding, is 300,000 acres. So if Clara’s new venture into pictures doesn’t pan out, she won’t exactly be homeless and penniless and all that. However, we’re predicting that Clara will stage a fancy come-back in “Call Her Savage.”

Little Colleen Moore’s party transcended all others for social distinction. She dared to give it on a Saturday afternoon after the matinee and before the evening performance of her stage play, “The Church Mouse.” Hence she was a tired little hostess, but bravely beaming as ever. She had opened up her house after her return from the East with her new husband, Al Scott, and wanted to show them both off. Everyone famous in films seemed to be there—and no one wanted to go home. So
Colleen slipped off back to work and left Al to see it through. Lots of people were still there when she got back from the show at midnight. Colleen, you know, won her Metro contract on the strength of her stage work in "A Church Mouse."

Because of the Olympic Games to be held in Los Angeles this year, many stars have decided to spend their vacations at home—so many of them have friends among the contesting athletes for one thing. They won't be able to pry Will Rogers loose from the City of the Angels during this period, he vows. George O'Brien, Lew Ayres, Charlie Farrell, Dick Arlen, Warner Baxter, Gary Cooper, Richard Cortez, Ben Lyon all declare there's no place like home this year.

Claire Windsor, who recently appeared in a stage play here, is seen everywhere with a handsome young Mr. Reade. Claire wears dashing French veils which drop below her chin these days, and is giving Lil Tashman some sartorial competition.

Barbara Stanwyck had ample opportunity to demonstrate her prowess as a fire-fighter during the filming of "Mud Lark." There is one scene in which a wheat field is set on fire. The fire got somewhat out of control, and Barbara grabbed wet sacks and helped put it out. Next day she turned up at the studio with her legs all bandaged from the burns she had received.

"Mud Lark," by the way, seems to be a jinx for Barbara Stanwyck's leading man, George Brent. During the early stages of the picture, a horse he was riding threw him, which resulted in a few days in the hospital. Then, in a fighting scene with Lyle Talbot, Lyle pushed him over a barrel, with disastrous results. And finally, to cap the run of bad luck, he singed all his eyelashes and brows off helping to put out the fire with Barbara.

Ann Dvorak, up-and-coming young lady now with Warners, has a novel way of constantly changing her personality. Since starting her career she has played in seven pictures and each time with an entirely different hairdress. She claims she has not found a way to do her hair which completely satisfies her—but secretly we found she wishes to entice the public with a different appearance each time.

Not only that, but we found Ann had another accomplishment. When "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" was in the making Ann had to sit down at a piano and bang out a jazz number. As there didn't seem to be an appropriate piece handy, young Miss Dvorak proceeded to dash off a very fitting number entitled "Gold Digger Baby"—and can she sing it?
Ethel Barrymore was surrounded by Barrymore males when she stepped off the Chief at Pasadena, en route for Hollywood to appear in talking pictures. For she brought her two sons, Sam and John Colt, with her, and was met at the station by John and Lionel, fond brothers. The plan is that the entire family shall appear in one film.

When someone asked Ethel if she would be nervous appearing on the screen, naughty brother John interposed with, "Not on your life, she'll be found right up in front of us!"

Ethel, however, looks very delicate and frail, and did not leave her drawing-room throughout the entire trip.

So Joseph Schildkraut and Elsie Bartlett have made up for the last time. Joe has now married Mary Mackey, rich American society girl.

Elsie and Joe were separated and made up again so many times that this marriage came as a sharp surprise to the film colony.

At this writing 'tis said Norma Shearer will do Katherine Cornell's rôle in "The Brownings of Wimpole Street" under the United Artists banner. At the same time Katherine herself is in town doing the stage version and Norma is a constant attendant in the audience.

Diane Sinclair, handicapped by being a Philadelphia society girl, nevertheless makes the grade. She is being borrowed by U. A. from M-G-M to play a lead with Eddie Cantor, right after bursting into success with Lionel Barrymore in "Washington Whirlpool." Sammy Goldwyn is all aglow with his new field.

Although Diane is American she was born in the southern hemisphere and so has many Latin charms to augment the U. S. kind. And she's dark—not another blonde.

Like Ann Harding and Jeanette Macdonald Diane gained her dramatic experience with the Hedgerow players of Philadelphia.

Jackie Cooper says he is going to get even with Garbo—intends to hide his face next time she comes around!

Harry Holloway was giving a tea for Marguerite Churchill and Anita Louise, Vivienne Osborne, Estelle Taylor, Thelma Todd, Lila Lee, Irene Purcell, Evalyn Knapp, Franklin Pangborn and many others were in attendance. Jan Rubini rendered some delightful numbers on his violin, and Thelma Todd and Estelle Taylor did their best on the rhumba.

Speaking of teas—Hollywood has gone in for a good many of late. What with Harry's and Colleen Moore's and others, it is becoming the popular social event. Mary Pickford accused Hollywood men of becoming quite tea conscious—well, why not?

Gary Cooper, erstwhile Montana cowboy, has quite a cosmopolitan air about him since his return from a six-
month's trip abroad. He took in most of Europe and parts of Africa. It is rumored that he brought back an English valet with him, but he prefers Italian tailors to the British. Hence many suits, ties, dressing gowns, and what have you.

Hedda Hopper is Panzy Peete's mother in "Speak Easily," the Saturday Evening Post story which Buster Keaton is making. And the naughty girl has a make-up as near like Elsie Janis' late mama as possible.

Doug Fairbanks tells us there is an Englishman living in the island of Papeete whose entire budget is 90 cents a week! And he smokes occasionally, too. Picture shows in Papeete, Doug says, show pictures over three years old. One newsreel he saw depicted the inauguration of President Harding.

Will Rogers wears a powdered wig and knee breeches in one scene of his next picture!

Jack Gilbert has announced he intends to become a director. Why not, since he has already shown us he can be an author?

Miss Maria Sieber, the Dietrich baby, made a formal call on Miss Barbara Lyon, the Bebe Daniels' youngest unmarried daughter. Maria was allowed to hold Barbara all by her very own self, and was in ecstasy.

While Chester Morris is working on the "Red-Headed Woman" set at M-G-M, his dad, William Morris, and Buster Collier's dad, William, are both working on the same lot with Lionel Barrymore. These three veterans like to congregate in Chet's dressing room and reminisce, so Chet is getting steeped in memoirs these days.

Dear little Ying Wong, Anna May's sister, is radiant with triumph. While Anna was away on a vaudeville tour, Ying was chosen by W. S. Van Dyke to go on that long, chilly year's trip to the farthest point in Alaska in the Arctic Circle, to be the leading lady in "Eskimo." And she did it without the aid of any "pull" from sister or anything. This picture is to be an epic of the Far North, and Van Dyke was not only preparing for a year's supplies, planning portable igloos for the cast to live in, studying maps, having the boat overhauled and all the rest of the manifold details of such a trip, but he was trying to pick a cast that could be depended upon to smile in the face of bitter cold and hardships and still remain on speaking terms with one another. Ying was the very first to be selected—so that is testimony both to her talents and her good temper.

Plenty of steam! John Boles, one of the fastest tennis players in the film colony, gets a real wallop into his forehand drive.
Incidentally, Van Dyke is going into this undertaking with no illusions. He knows it's going to be uncomfortable—and he sighs for the lovely home, the garden in full bloom, the servants, and all the other luxuries of life he is leaving behind him.

Anna May Wong returned from a successful vaudeville tour to hear she was first choice for the great role of the wife in Pearl Buck's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, "The Good Earth." If that materializes it will be the greatest role of the year, and Anna will swim in envy.

Cecil DeMille is going religious again. He has decided to make "The Sign of the Cross" into a picture, as well as re-vamping "The Ten Commandments" for talkie purposes. Remember, he also made "The King of Kings" and "The Godless Girl." And, except for the last, they were all great financial successes.

Now that Paramount has decided to film "R.U.R.," the robot play, there are some caustic remarks to the effect that it should be easy to cast. You see, the story is all about mechanical men—but it's a thriller, so make no mistake on that score.

Of course they have all kissed and made up again now, but during the three weeks in which Marlene and Josef on the one hand, and the Paramount studio on the other, were issuing snooty ultimatums against each other, we must admit that "The Blonde Venus" got some swell publicity.

Are they going to shelve that brain-child of Von Sternberg's, both his and the studio versions, in the cause of peace? They are not. They wouldn't risk missing the stampede to the theatres to see that show, no matter how much whose pride was involved now. No, siree! So they're going ahead full blast, with Herbert Marshall in the male lead.

When Tallulah Bankhead was asked if she was engaged to Joel McCrae, she said, "How ridiculous! I have only met the man once."

Which is exactly what Constance Bennett said when she first returned from Paris and was asked about Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, her final split with Gloria. So there you are!
The Truth about Cosmetics

EVERYTHING you need for your summer vacation in one bag! This is Helena Rubinstein's contribution to your summer convenience. In a stunning silk moire bag she has put generous sizes of Pasteurized Bleaching Cream, Skin-Toning Lotion, Sun and Windproof Cream, Sunproof Beauty Lotion, Sunproof Powder, Waterproof Rouge, and Sunburn Oil—all for $6. Upon request any one of these items can be changed for her deodorant. And there you are, beautiful and safe no matter what you do or where you go. Rubinstein's waterproof rouge is also salt-water proof, and that's saying a lot. Special directions tell you just how to use the protective aids for best results. It's comforting to know that even while you are dashing to the train or boat you can drop off somewhere and simply say, "I want Helena Rubinstein's Vacation Beauty Kit," and your complexion shopping is done.

Waterproof things are in great vogue this summer. But the new Eye-Teh waterproof mascara is a real protection any time of the year. Just the thing to wear to an Ann Harding picture because you can cry all you please without smearing your eyes or smarting them. And being impervious to tears means that you can swim with Eye-Teh mascara just as safely as you can wear it effectively in the day or evening on dry land. By the way, have you seen the new white raincoats? And that makes us think of umbrellas.

Did you know that freckles are just tiny umbrellas that a sensitive skin opens up to protect the pores from the burning rays of the sun? A make-up foundation will save the necessity of this discoloration of the skin's pigment. Max Factor makes a lovely one that is very popular at the studios. Did you ever stop to think that Max Factor's things are subjected to the "constant" test of professional daily usage? Pretty good test, too.

Tying up with Miss Wilson's "new wrinkle" article elsewhere in this number, I take great pleasure in announcing some new discoveries in this department. Jacquet's make-up cloths, forty in a cellophane package for 50 cents, will delight the woman who just doesn't feel thoroughly clean when she wipes her cold cream off with tissues. You know how it is—you don't like to use a good towel each time—and yet a make-up towel kept around until there isn't a clean spot on it is an unsightly affair. So Jacquet's thoughtful conceit of cutting up the softest of soft terry cloth into small handkerchief squares solves this problem beautifully. They are inexpensive enough to be thrown away after use, but if you insist they can be laundered and (Continued on page 84)
Answering your question: "What pictures shall I see?"

Class A:

★ AS YOU DESIRE ME. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Garbo's last film—maybe! She gives a glamorous performance in a worldly role which takes her from youth to a world-weary woman with platinum blonde hair. Medely Douglas and Erich Von Stroheim are interesting support.★


★ HUDDLE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Ramon Novarro, as a Latin college boy, scores in this rousing football film. Here's a great comedy. Vincent-Midge Evans is the girl. This is a Ma Baker.

★ LETTY LYTTON. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Joan Crawford at her very, very best in this melodrama about a modern maiden, who becomes involved with a 'baddie.' Nils Asther. Robert Montgomery is better than usual. Nils Asther is good, too.★

★ RESERVED FOR LADIES. British. A light and thoroughly charming picture with Leslie Howard giving a grand performance. You'll like Elizabeth Allan and Benita Hume. Don't miss this British picture.★


★ STATE'S ATTORNEY. RKO. John Barrymore plays a criminal lawyer brilliantly and Barrymore is in his prime. Helen Twelvetrees gives an admirable performance as his "heart," and Jull Esmont is interesting. Recommended.★

★ TARZAN THE APE MAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You're sure to enjoy this jungle thriller. But if you'd want to see Johnny Weismuller do some of his splendid swimming. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charm.

★ THE CONGRESS DANCES. UFA. Utterly unexciting foreign picture. English version. You'll be whistling the songs and talking about Lilian Harvey, the heroine. By all means, see it.

★ THE MIRACLE MAN. Paramount. One-time silent classic retains most of its glamour in talking. It's well done and directed by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney and John Wray.

★ THE MOUTHPIECE. Warner Brothers. Dust off that idol—You'll want to see Warren William, even though he does play a lawyer who defends bad, bad crooks. It's a good picture. Sidney Fox again.


★ YOUNG AMERICA. Fox. A film about so-called "bad boys," and the juvenile courts. You'll like the two youngsters, Tommy Cookson and Raymond Boragze. Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy, Boris Meren, and Doris Kenyon are fine.★

Torchy's in trouble again! Ray Cooke is amusing as the movies' star office-boy. This is a scene from his latest educational comedy, "Torchy's Two Toots." You'll like it.

Class B:

AMATEUR DADDY. Fox. If you like nice old-fashioned romance—here's your dish! Warner Baxter is made guardian of Marian Nixon and three youngsters. Baxter and Marian are grand together.★

BEHIND THE MASK. Columbia. If you like'em gruesome you'll go for this. Jack Holt is the secret service man here, Roger Karloff the menace, and Constance Cummings, the heroine.★

LOVE IS A RACKET. Warner Brothers. Columbia, racketeers, stage cuties—and there's even a murderer. But still it's only mildly entertaining. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays the newspaper man, Ann Dvorak opposite.★

SKY BRIDE. Paramount. Thrilling air stunt, as well as comedy. Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie, Virginia Bruce, and Bobby Coogan. Of course, see it!★

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION. RKO. The rise of a family from the Ghetto to fame, then their voluntary return to the Ghetto for happiness. Ricardo Cortez is excellent in the role of a surgeon. Irene Dunne and Anna Appel are also good.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE. Paramount. A sure-fire tear jerker. Wynne Gibson's splendid acting in this mother-love melodrama puts her right up in the big-time class. Pat O'Brien is good as a bad man.★

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN. First National. Swell comedy-drama. Lee Tracy is cooking as a newspaper reporter. Ann Dvorak is excellent as a "tinsel girl." See this one.★


THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE. Fox. The splendid direction makes this murder-mystery picture a treat. Joan Bennett makes a lovely heroine. Ziska Potts and Skeets Gallagher for laughs.★

TRAPEZE. Harmony. This will introduce Anna Sten, whom you'll be seeing in American pictures soon. It's an interesting film with a circus background. A German picture, but the dialogue is translated for you.★

Short Features:

ADMISSION FREE. Paramount, Betty Boop, the cartoon cutie, in a penny arcade. A better-than-average cartoon.

CHOO-CHOO. Hal Roach. "Our Gang" on a train. The kids get loose a flock of animals in the baggage car and do a lot of other mischievous things. Good for many hearty laughs.

HOLLYWOOD LIGHTS. Educational. The adventures of three Hollywood girls in search of a break. They find it after several amusing adventures. Nice work by Rita Flynn, Virginia Brooks, and Tat Mace.

HOLYMEN OF INDIA. Featuresette. A trip through India. Scenes of natives gathering for religious celebrations. Ten minutes of fascinating stuff.

LET'S EAT. Universal. Oswald, the cartoon hams his book for fish and ends up by catching a bear. But bear, bear—in fact, a whole herd of them—uses it from him. Fairly funny.

REMEMBER WHEN. Vitaphone. Very amusing revival of 20-year-old popular dances such as the women's suffrage parade and the start of the historic voyage of the Lusitania. You'll enjoy it.

ROLE 'EM AND WEEP. RKO-Path. This is different. Wrong sound effects are introduced. When a horse galloping you hear the sound of an airplane. A stage coach sounds like a locomotive. It's amusing.

TORCHY'S TWO TOOTS. Educational. Torchy is in trouble again. He gets fired—four minutes—but does a good deed for his boss and all ends well. Ray Cooke is the amusing Torchy.★

* Reviewed in this issue.
★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.
"I always meet people who pretend they're my friends. Their whole basis for friendship being that we went to the same school or that we once met each other years ago, probably quite casually, or for some equally superficial reason. Friendship," she believes, "should be based on mutual respect and affection, and there should be a sincere quality to this affection. I get bored by sham and pretense. And since I'm so busy at the studio that I scarcely have time even to see my real friends, you may be sure that I have no intentions of allowing the others to waste my few leisure hours. In self-defence all my entertaining is done at home, on invitation only."

Having neither false modesty nor false pride, Sylvia takes an intense interest in the business of running her home, even to personally supervising the marketing. She loves to browse for meat, canned goods and vegetables, much to the astonishment of the neighborhood kids who worship her from a distance as one does some unattainable but occasionally indulgent goddess.

Sylvia's scorn for superficialities and sham motivated the simplicity which predominates throughout her house. At first glance it does seem rather austere, and there's no question but that it's more sparsely furnished than the average Beverly Hills mansion. She not only eliminated useless nick-nacks, but with startling originality she dared drop all pretense of furnishing her rooms with pieces even remotely dating each other, allowing shining modernity to mingle with the mellow beauty of age. That is, except the bedrooms. "They're French," she said. "But I'm not sure what period. I guess maybe they're a modern French. Anyway I picked the furniture out myself and I like it."

That, briefly, is the manner in which her entire home was furnished. It seems to have been tossed together with a sort of cockeyed ingenuity. And on the whole, the result is unusual, but after absorbing the atmosphere of the place one discovers that a certain mellowness warms its spacious austerity. An impressive lack of furniture, every picture, was purchased for some distinct purpose and lends to the general air of comfort and livableness.

"Sylvia's bedroom is the only room where I gave myself carte blanche with the frills," she confided rather apologetically, and she showed me through a suite comprised of a large, intimate boudoir in which one finds Sarah Bernhardt's dressing table, and a subdued study with a modernistic desk and typewriter. Not to mention an exciting bath. The entire suite is equipped with adequate lounging facilities. "It's fun being sick up here," she sighed. "There's room for so many things. Suffice chairs and couches and plenty of room to roam around in. I almost wish I were sick right now!"

And from the look on her face it seemed that nothing in the world would give her so much sheer pleasure!

Two sides of this bedroom suite are flanked by a balcony from which Sylvia, should the mood assail her, could dive down into her swimming pool or pancake flat on the roof of the building housing her playroom.

Keeping up a Beverly Hills establishment equipped with four servants, a swimming pool, and two high-powered cars calls for no little monthly expense, especially when one goes in for lavish entertainment. And when you add Sylvia's penchant for traveling and clothes you might think her expenditures would strain even a movie star's salary. Briefly, they do. She doesn't save a red cent; and when this writer showed surprise, she retorted: "How much do you think I make a week, anyway? Of course I try to save something occasionally, but it never works out. Saving money is nice to talk about, although—well, anyway, I put my money back into circulation, and if more people did that the country would be better off! I'll be making money for a few years yet, and when my earnings decrease, I can always live on a smaller scale." And with that she dismissed the subject.

In spite of Sylvia's highly emotional nature, she takes her material success with a cool, calm, almost stubborn, satisfaction. On the other hand her mother gets pretty excited about it all. When the first set of servants wrecked a brand-new limousine, running off with the household groceries and part of the furniture, Sylvia's mother was the first to get all panicky, while Sylvia herself remained calm and unmoved, leisurely hiring new servants, ordering the limousine repaired, purchasing new furniture and replenishing the larder.

A strange, talented young woman, this Sylvia Sidney, whose personality is as deeply imbedded in the furnishings of her home as it is in her throaty laughter, laughter which starts with an odd, devilish, little grin, hovering for a moment in indecision, as though in doubt as to whether it should develop into laughter or tears—and when it decides on laughter Sylvia becomes as irresistible as a May morning. Then occasionally she'll go moody on you, moody and uncertain and one thinks of a sultry summer's night with heat-lightning and the scent of strange flowers. This element of uncertainty it is that precludes the possibility of your ever being bored by Sylvia or by the house that Sylvia leased!

Now that Jean Harlow has gone red-head, Paulette Goddard is maintaining the platinum blonde standard. You'll see Paulette in Hal Roach comedies.
Garbo "Really Means It," says Vicki Baum

Continued from page 29

if she cannot find it at once she keeps on trying, and will brook no substitutes. Only once during the entire interview was she forced to admit herself baffled—"What is this for keeps?" she asked puzzled, in reply to a carelessly worded question.

Film stories, it appears, will remain only a part of the busy Miss Baum's activities, and her work in the novel form, in which "Grand Hotel" originally appeared, continues unabated. In little more than a year she has published two novels—"Martin's Summer" and "And Life Goes On," and completed a third, built around Holly- wood, which is on the verge of publication. What is more, she expects to have still another completed by the time she reaches Hollywood—and to sandwich in occasional short articles or stories between!

"It is not at all difficult," she naively told a slightly flabbergasted interviewer, "though you have to keep at it incessantly if you want to get anywhere. Here in New York, especially, there are so many, many demands on one's time. (As though to remind her of the many demands for the fourth time during the interview.) "People are always wanting to crowd in upon you—to steal little bits of your time that are so precious."

"When working I sometimes dictate to a sengrapher; but more often I use this little typewriter—we are such old friends." She indicated a diminutive German-made portable machine, equipped with strange, fascinating gadgets. "But I am quite at home with your American machines, too," she added quickly, with evident eagerness not to slight any product of her newly-chosen land.

Back in Germany, in the pre-"Grand Hotel" era, Miss Baum's days were no less crowded than they are now. Not content with being the editor of three widely-circulated women's magazines (the largest piqantly named "Um"), she also wrote novels in her "spare time," to say nothing of rearing her two young sons, Wolfgang, now aged 15, and Peter, now 11. This fairly full program, however, did not sfall the energetic lady one bit.

"It is all a matter of organizing your day. In the morning the first task was to get my boys off to the gymnasium—it is what you call a 'prep school' here. I believe—on time. I made it a rule to be up by 7 o'clock, saw that the boys were scrubbed and dressed neatly, had breakfast with them and my husband, and then hustled them off to school. In the sum- mer, before breakfast, we would all go in for a swim off the beach near our house."

Then came the office, and work until six in the evening. And when Vicki Baum says "work" she wishes it understood that she means just that. Editing three magazines is, after all, no child's play; and once she sat down at her desk and began the day's routine nothing was allowed to intervene until the day was over.

"I would reach home by 6:30 to join my family at dinner," she proceeded, "and after dinner and an hour or so of relaxation I would put the boys to bed, reading to them or telling them stories until they fell asleep. That was a pleasure that I could not deny myself, especially when the boys were little.

"By eight o'clock I was ready to begin my writing—and for the rest of the evening, unless there were extremely pressing social engagements, I devoted myself to the part of my day's work that I loved best. Really, it all worked out quite smoothly—the most difficult problem I had to solve was fitting in a session with my hairdresser."

Kappelmeister Lert, Miss Baum's musical husband, remained for a long time calmly unimpressed by her literary achievements. When she first started writing novels he smiled indulgently as at a harmless whim, making no objection but evincing little interest. When her novels were published he could not be bothered to read them, even when they began to attract a degree of notice. Finally, in desperation, she dedicated a novel to him—then he simply had to read it!

But now that his wife and her writings are world-famous, with an income in proportion, Herr Lert is ready to concede that the little lady really has something after all!

Stone, the Unstarred Star

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wood. A keen trader. You've heard of the chap who could have made a fortune if he put his money in Las Angeles real estate before the boom? Stone is that fellow.

Never reads press clipping. A walking library of information and statistics. An omnivorous reader. Knows every book in his tremendous library. Has a way of folding his hands when he chats. Watch it, next time you see him on the screen. Can read your mind like a book. All the most accomplished actors can grate with grimaces. Never blows up in his lines. Needs no rehearsals. Has a patient tolerance for upstart girls and directors. A wealth of ready wit. Nobody can tell a story quite as he can. Was one of the town's most versatile red-paint artists in the good old days of Janske's Grill and the Bristol Cafe. Can't tolerate embryonic geniuses who whine. No one ever saw him needing a shave. Not even a barber. Regards and cherishes his money, but never gives it away. A man of education, he flatters and back-slappers. Don't ever fidget with the radio dials when he's around. Has a stable of horses and a坦克bark arena on his grounds. His daughter, Barbara, his pal on hikes and hunts. Older daughter, Virginia, on New York staff.

The Wallace Beerys among his most frequent house guests. You should hear him tell of his early adventures in the freighting industry. And about the time he borrowed the mounted policeman's horse in Chicago. Without telling the policeman about it. A devout lover of good music and good fiction, his interest in the theatre has never waned. Yet he harbors no ambition to return to it. Can't stand suspenders and girls who giggle. Refuses to put periods to their sentences. Likes to climb under his automobile and get dirty.

Does his own gardening and runs a tractor to cultivate his truck garden. Always reads the items at the bottom of the newspaper first. Has the bursts of dressing rooms. Indulges in few personal vanities. But succumbs on sight of new pajama tints. Has safety valve temper. Which has spared the life and limb of countless I-remember-you-when hounds in public places. Never wears make-up on the screen. And he's a dutiful husband—he's never late for dinner.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mrs. Le Sueur—or Joan Crawford and her mother. Notice the striking resemblance. Joan is busy at work on "Rain."
How they love in Hollywood

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How they love in Hollywood

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The Truth about Cosmetics

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merous studios sent out ultimatums like queens—they must have Leslie. But Leslie gracefully lifted his hat and went back to the stage until such time as it suited him to return. He is scheduled to play opposite Ann Harding in the screen version of his play, "The Animal Kingdom."

Melvyn Douglas stands high in the estimation of Gloria Swanson, Claudette Colbert, Lupe Velez, and, failing Leslie Howard, Ann Harding. That's a pretty good variety of girls to stand in with! Spencer Tracy can receive the o.k. of such deserving damsels as Joan Bennett, Ann Dvorak, Sally Eilers and Doris Kenyon, any time he wants it—in spite of the fact that one wouldn't exactly call Spencer handsome. However, he has shown a vast aptitude for leading to, but never imperil-

A Anita Page is going to wear these earrings when she goes to the 1932 Olympics. Note the Olympic insignia on the earrings.

ling, a lady star's best scenes in any picture he has played in.

Chester Morris and Neil Hamilton both enjoy the approbation of the glamorous ones. Chester Morris is said to be Billie Dove's pet leading man—remember what fun they had in "Cook o' the Air?" Now Jean Harlow treats him scandalously in "Red-Headed Wo-

man."

Joan Bennett entirely approves of young Donald Cook in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" and now he's about to be seen in "After All." He has won consistent approval since he came to Hollywood from the New York stage eighteen months ago, but of course, when he appeared in pictures with male stars such as Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," and John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius," his star wasn't so much a mushroom. But watch Donald, the girls are getting interested. One reason for this is that Donald has worked at a wide variety of jobs in his young life, including even self-feeding, pinnoce-

meat, and subscriptions to magazines, so he sort of knows life and lots of other kindred girls. He also helps in his love-making psychology no end. This also goes for Neil Hamilton, by the way, who formerly worked in toy and munition factories, and this second fiddle fellows are apt to strike for more personal glory, and pull a Harry Bannister on the studio. That's when the real test will be—perhaps the very few good leading men ever prove successful stars.

put back into service. It is an undeniable satisfaction to wipe your face with a cloth, isn't it?

Another grand convenience that you won't be able to live without is the new Bauer and Black "Cotton Picker," which is a good-looking box in cool colors, with a hole in the top just large enough to allow you to pull the right amount of cot-

ton through to use for skin tone, astrin-
gent, or eye pads. It is positively surgical in its guaranteed sanitation. No dust can reach you... but then cotton is of little use if fresh as you pull it out. Just the thing for the medicine chest as well as the dress-

ing table.

Something else exciting in the cosmetic field, and by the way, it is something for which I have begged for years, is the new Outdoor Girl powders—one for dry and normal skins and another for oily skins. We certainly owe the Outdoor Girl people a debt of gratitude. All faces cannot use the same sort of powder any more than they can use the same creams or soaps. And now that it is summer and your face may be more oily and shiny than in winter you will be glad to choose the powder made for such a condition. Three cheers
"I'M OVER"

Alla Nazimova

"I'M 40"

Viola Dana

"I'M 30"

Jean Harlow

"I'M 20"

Screen stars keep the charm of YOUTH

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to keep youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is a marvel, that soap. For years I've used it."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so white that no other soap can rival it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢
gentle, easily-wounded girl whom gossips will always try to tear to pieces.

Even Mary Pickford has her troubles. All her life she has worked so hard to be a serious, admirable, dignified person. She has educated herself. For years she has had French tutors; she has studied hard and seriously. The result is that she is as cultivated and high-minded as an amba-
sador's wife. But all this is colored by brother Jack and sister Lottie Pickford. Jack's marriages and divorces have fur-
nished newspaper copy. The Pickford name, thanks to Mary's great fame, is irresistible. This is terribly hard on Mary, whose life is so coume l fant. It is not only because it humiliates her, but because Mary loves these two, and suffers like a mother over their doodies.

About five years ago Conway Tearle was, to the women in America, a Ronald Colman or a Clive Brook. He was the romantic older man—strong, silent, pipe-smoking, his hair graying at the temples; a strong mouth and (as lady fiction writers would put it) eyes that were "whimsical." A magazine editor once told me to in-
vestigate Conway Tearle and write about him because his fascination for women was reputed to be spooky, queer, superhuman.

Well, one day the studio asked Conway Tearle to take a cut in salary. Now when that happens there are two things one can do. Take the cut, or refuse to take it. We have heard stars argue about this intermin-
ably. Some argue that to take a cut means the end; they stop putting money in your pictures; they stop giving you pub-
licity; in a subtle way you begin to slip in the opinion of the studios, directors, and yourself.

Conway Tearle refused to take the cut. He guessed wrong. For an entire year he was absolutely ignored by the studios. He now works only occasionally. We hope he is a bigger comic now.

And Theda Bara! In all the years that have elapsed since her success, she has been absolutely bedevilled by a desire to get back

into the movies again. Day after day she contacts the directors, writers, moving picture

people, other stars, in order to get in a picture again. Her name still has great value. The public is still interested in her. She is still dark, voluptuous, and handsome. Many directors would be glad to put her in a picture. But this is what happens:

At the beginning of her interviews Theda is humble, acquiescent and reason-
able; she is offered a part, perhaps a very good part. Then they begin to discuss salary and other matters.

At this point, immediately Theda Bara is changed into the haughtiest of movie

queens. Because she is Theda Bara, her salary must be enormous. The picture must be focused on her. And when they show her that this is impossible, she sails out and the episode is closed. Only Theda, the next day, begins again her searching for stardom.

Sometime ago it was arranged for her to play a two weeks' engagement with a Minneapolis stock company. She was to play the modern version of "Camille." She accepted. She was delighted to do it. Everything was arranged. She was to leave Los Angeles for Minneapolis early in November. The stock company sent her a railroad ticket and a compartment. A compartment! Such telegraphings that brought on! Such commotion! She must have a drawing-room, so that she could bring her personal maid.

But the stock company refused. The manager had done all he could for her. When he refused, Theda, as usual, became the maudlin empress and the whole deal was off. The next day, we suppose, she was meekly looking for work again.

And she does not realize that her acting is a little old-fashioned. She played "Fata

Lore," a stock company in Oakland. When she appeared on the stage, she pos-
tured in the old solemn way that had once made her so impressive; as "Salome." But times have changed. If she would only permit herself a little practice in second-fiddle parts she would probably be excellent.

Theda Bara is married to Charles Bra-
bin, an excellent director, and she is well off and not in need of new shoes, like so many of us. Nevertheless it is an "obscure story"—this passion of hers to act, and her temperament that spoils everything at the last minute. And the funny thing is that this temperament is due to some memory and is not her actual personality at all. Actually, in all other ways, she is a wise, endearing and beautiful woman.

Fifi D'Orsay is the girl who is too much for Hollywood! She is French, born in Montreal, and she got into the movies via the "Greenwich Village Follies." She has talent, vitality, liveliness, a wonderful, tire-
less bounce. When you visit her house her antics are incessant and very funny. She is on the table, the piano, the bookcases, singing, mimicking, dancing. "Bouncing running clownishness. I have seen Greta Garbo's beautiful slow eyes swivelling around the room at Fifi, in amazement and admiration. But—

Fifi's carryings on are so continual and exaggerated that she is misunderstood. A leading director was very much in love with her, and asked her to come to his way. But her antics, according to report, broke up the idyll. It is too bad. She has been advised and scolded by friends. It seems she is a good, promising, potential movie star, she is spending her time mostly mak-
ing personal appearances.

There is Sally O'Neill who, people used to say, was the reincarnation of a dead kitten. She spoiled things by it. Three or four years ago she was "way up. She was a cute-looking, helter-skelter Irish kid. But she was so irresponsible that she nearly drove the directors crazy. For example, if in a certain scene she was supposed to wear a certain bracelet, she lost the bracelet. When the director asked her where it was, she would reply carelessly, "I don't know." Finally the studio paid a woman fifty dol-
ars a week just to keep the right clothes on Sally and see that the right costumes were set.

During one picture the studio promised to buy her anything she wanted if she would only attend to business. When the picture was finished she bought a new Lin-
coln and charged it to the studio.

"You promised to give me anything I wanted," she explained in her happy-go-
lucky way, when the salesman telephoned the studio to verify the charge. "Well, I thought I'd get a Lincoln."

But her charming ways cost the studio so much money and were so hard to work with, that she was dropped. A funny girl. We have seen her come into the studio: she comes along, mouth open, not looking to the right or left, and shouting "How are ya? How are ya?"

Latterly Sally, too, has been trying to come back. Good luck.

Charles Farrell had a contract with Warner Brothers and they gave him un-
appealing parts, putting him in pictures with Kin-Tin-Tin, and so on. And then Warner Brothers released him. After a spell of no work, Fox finally took him on at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week and his wardrobe.

They made "Seventh Heaven." There was a raging furor of admiration for Charles Farrell throughout the country: a convincing, touching, engaging, debonair
young actor. The public could not get enough of him. But because his contract read seventy-five dollars a week, that was all he got. And it was a five-year contract. It was only after a long time that this was remedied.

Richard Cromwell was a nice-looking, hard-working young man who supported a large fatherless family—a mother and younger brothers and sisters—by making life masks of stars. There was quite a rage for them for a while. Then Stuart Walker met him, and through Walker's influence he was given a test for "Topable David." He won the part. At that, the studio made a fan of him, and there was a find. He was given an imperial triumph—sent to New York with press agents, driven up and down Broadway in a big, shiny car with his name plastered all over it. He was given a speech to deliver at the theatre where his picture was showing. Thousands of dollars were spent to establish him as a star.

And after this hurrah-ing he went back to Hollywood to go to work (as he thought), acting for the moving pictures. He moved his little family up from Long Beach, where they had been getting along well enough for years in a small, weather-beaten cottage. He got them a house in Hollywood.

What happened? For six months he had no parts. Then they gave him a role in a sea story with Jack Holt. But his career wasn't very flourishing.

However, there is a happy ending to Cromwell's story. Marie Dressler, who is so kind-hearted and has a feeling of responsibility for so many people, gave him a good part in "Emma." Now the public likes him and wants to see him. Studios tend to become more considerate when this happens. And Cromwell is now in demand.

Charlie Chaplin is abroad somewhere—an interesting life, no doubt, paying calls on famous men and potentates—but just the same it is unproductive and forlorn. A talented man must keep working or his graph of importance and self-respect slides down hill rapidly. Perhaps he will never come back to America. Hollywood, which loaded him with such much vexation and sadness, has done this to him.

First there was the death of his child that ended his marriage to Evelyn Nesbit. "Little Mouse," he called this child. Some place in Hollywood there is a small tombstone with the inscription on it, "Little Mouse," and no more than that.

Then he married Lita Grey, who was very young and with all the good impulses of the young. But this marriage didn't last. The divorce was as madcap as such things can be, full of recriminations. Lita Grey Chaplin got eight hundred thousand dollars. Chaplin loves his children—no one has more feeling about children than he; a man with less of it could never have made his pictures.

He came back to Hollywood once to make "City Lights," and his followers were grateful for it; and his new followers, the high-brows, the "Chaplin-the-great-artist-of-the-people" high-brows, applauded it. But it was a silent film, and, strictly speaking, out of date. And the pathos of Chaplin's career is that it does not end with the poetic sadness of a Chaplin film. "City Lights" had no longer his wan emanation with eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, which could break your heart and make you die laughing at the same time. A thousand sorrows under crystal chandeliers, the English tailors, valets, bartenders, the sun baths on the Riviera, and prosperous middle age, all showed under his weathered and greasy suit. His last picture?

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you did," he says. "Hold out your hand!"

"They used to smack us over the hand with a ruler. It didn't hurt, and the kids never paid much attention to it. But I don't know. Maybe I thought my hand'd had enough punishment for one day, and maybe I was all excited over my first fight. Anyway, I stuck my paw out and when I saw the ruler coming down, I pulled it back again. Well, the teacher got sore. He made a grab and I started to run. Was I a dumbbell!" Johnny paused to chuckle.

"I ran all around the room with him chasing after me. When he caught me, he was so sore that he whacked me across the back with that thing. He didn't mean any harm, but he got me in a bad spot, and I went out like a match.

"My brother told my father, and he burned up. He chased down to the school, looking for this teacher. Lucky thing he couldn't find him. Anyway, he took us out of there and put us in another school. That was when I changed from mamma's little angel to a bad boy. No one there to worry about whether you were good or not. Only a lady teacher and she didn't care much. I was twelve then, and I learned fast. Anybody'd swear at me, I'd swear back at 'em. I'd fight anybody, I'd fight the champion of the school."

Johnny's eyes were looking backward, and they seemed to be seeing pleasant things.

"Yes, we had a lot of fun. I don't think we were spoiled, but we got pretty much what we wanted. If Pop said no, we'd ask Mom. She was a peach, my mother — looks and everything — slender, red hair — my mother's beautiful." Johnny's voice softened.

"We laugh together now when we get to talking over those days. We tell the old man we're in shape from the lickings he gave us. I remember one Sunday morning — my mother gave me a dollar to buy something. But there was a new Doug Fairbanks picture showing, and I was nuts about Fairbanks."

"So I said to my brother: 'Listen, Pete. I've got a dollar and I'm going to see Doug Fairbanks. If you want to come in on this with me, now's your chance. Because we're going to take a latching when we get home, and a good one. What do you say?"

"Pete said O.K., so we bought some candy and soda. We thought we might as well spend the whole dollar and take what was coming the picture three or four times, and it was night before we got home. First thing we saw when we walked into the house was my father sitting there with his hand all bandaged up. He went to the ball park looking for us, and a ball caught him square on the head." Johnny had been controlling his mirth with difficulty during this recital, but now it got the better of him and his shoulders shook.

"Boy, did we get it! We took real punishment that were. Then Pop sent us up to bed. 'Don't give them anything to eat,' he told my mother. So we didn't get anything — until about an hour after he was asleep.

"It was in Lake Michigan that Johnny first learned to swim. He was standing at the water's edge one day, watching a life guard out among the waves and wondering what kept him up.

"Must have a boat under him," he concluded.

But when someone told him that it was possible to move about in the water as freely as on land under one's own power, the knowledge came to him like a blinding revelation. It excited him so that he couldn't talk or think of anything else. He dreamed of it by night and brooded over it by day.

"I've got to learn to swim like that life guard," he told himself fiercely.

His parents encouraged him. "The exercise will put some flesh on your bones," they thought.

He bought water wings and taught himself. He curried favor with the life guards by running their errands, by bringing them bottles of pop and presenting them with his father's best cigars, and in return, they would give him pointers. He swam with his gang, carefully observing the technique of all who were better swimmers than himself. He'd pick out one fellow to beat, and when he had trained himself to the point where he could beat him, he'd pick out another.

Little by little he outstripped them all, and little by little his body began to fill out. His mother would smile when she looked at him and tell him to "go swim some more."

Teaching himself in this way, he learned enough to make the Y.M.C.A. swimming team. He began winning wooden medals, which he gave to the girls. The medals didn't impress his mother. His swimming didn't impress his mother, except as it contributed to his health and strength. It was just one of those things that kids did.

"Won a race today, Mom," he would tell her when he came in for his supper.

"All right," she'd say. "Sit down and eat." Or: "That's nice. What does it make you, You're still Johnny Wessamuller to me."

He was sixteen when, swimming in Lake Michigan one day, he heard someone call to him. Looking up, he beheld Bill Bachrach, famous swimming coach of the Illinois Athletic Club and an unapproachable god to Johnny.

"Come over to the Club tomorrow, kid," the god said carelessly. "I want to watch you swim."

Incapable of speech, Johnny nodded dully, and stood knee-deep in water, gazing spellbound after Bill Bachrach's radiant figure until it vanished in the distance.

NEXT MONTH: How Johnny became champion swimmer of the world, and "Tarzan the Ape Man."
Women Have Been Kind to Melvyn Douglas

Continued from page 64

This was inspired the feeling that was later to lead Melvyn to the heights of motion picture stardom. The adulation that he received at his first early school days instilled in him the wish to do something that would allow him to retain his position of popularity and prominence. It was then that he began to evolve an interest in acting—though he didn't call it that at the time.

In order to get some of his feminine playmates to do so, he would plan childish shows in which he portrayed both hero and villain, while the larger female role was a neck shirking for him to rescue them from dire peril.

Melvyn's Southern—and feminine—education, as well as his would-be histrionic career were both interrupted precipitately when the elder Douglas resigned his position in Nashville and moved his family to the old red state of Nebraska.

For the next few years Melvyn's life adopted a more conventional trend. He entered school in Lincoln, finally attending from High School there and matriculating in the State University.

However, his college career was not an uninterrupted one for two reasons. First, because he hated the drudgery of long hours of study—which he felt might be so much better employed on pleasure and amusement. (The typical feminine viewpoint, if we would but admit it!)

Second, because of his anxiety to go on the stage. At the age of fifteen, which had its inception back in those days when he and the girls of Ward-Belmont staged their childish theatricals had crystallized during the following years. Melvyn had determined to become an actor in earnest.

"My father refused to listen to my hopes and plans," he said. "There had never been actors in our family and, with the accepted attitude of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, he felt that it would be disgraceful to have his son go on the stage.

"On the other hand, my mother encouraged my ambition—in secret, of course. She knew some recite speeches from Shakespeare's plays and tell me that she knew she would be proud of me some day. I was a little father's girl, I knew that she approved of what he considered my mad dream!"

So, in still another way was Melvyn's life altered by a woman. Had it not been for that early understanding and encouragement, he might never have had the perseverance to continue his plans for a theatrical career.

During Melvyn's second year in college, when he had just begun to get a taste for the romantic aspects of theatricals, the war broke out. Seeing it in an opportunity to escape the restrictions of further college life, he joined the army and was sent to training camp.

Fortunately for his dramatic aspirations, his military career was short lived. Before he had the opportunity to offer his handsome countenance as cannon fodder, peace was declared and young Mr. Douglas was at liberty to pursue his life in civilian channels.

He rejoined his family, who had by this time moved to Chicago, and began in earnest to fulfill his first dream of getting himself a real job on the stage. The first thing I did was to look for Bill. He coached me for almost a year, then organized a Shakespearean repertory company in which I toured the middle west for the rest of that season, playing the leads.

"My mother was delighted, as I continued to improve (or so it seemed from the notices I received), she began to win my father's approval for me.

"Next season I made another Shakespearean tour, this time with John Keller. When that ended, I returned to Chicago for a rest.

"While there I conceived the idea of forming my own company, a sort of semi-professional outdoor theatre. However, I did not turn it out successfully. As a result, I decided that acting rather than managing was my forte and returned to the boards.

"For the next few years I played in stock in several small towns of that section of the country, working awfully hard to prepare myself for tackling Broadway sooner.

"It was here again that a woman played an important part in Melvyn's career. Jessie Longwell, a director of the Detroit stock company, has been the training school for many of our best thespians, heard of Melvyn and sent him for to join her troupe. He remained with it for seven months, after which period he crashed Broadway.

"William A. Brady, who always kept an eye on Miss Longwell's company, noticed him and offered me the role of Ace Wilfong in 'A Free Soul'," said Douglas.

"It was a swell part and gave me every opportunity to show what I could do. It differed from the same role in the motion picture which starred Norma Shearer, and in which Clark Gable played my own part. In the stage version, Ace was a sympathetic character and won the girl, as he had done in the book.

"However, as the play itself was not very successful and closed after a short run.

But Melvyn's feet were firmly planted on the ladder to the stars by that time. All he needed was a few more boosts—which several lovely ladies were instrumental in supplying for him.

Laura Bainter and Miss Gahagan had seen him in "A Free Soul" and requested him for her lead in "The Silver Cord." He followed that with the portrayal of the debonair young officer in "Love's Triumph" under Mary Nash's command.

"Pay Bainter was the next to influence his career, when she secured him for the lead opposite her in "Jealousy." This was the play which set the whole country talking because it utilized only two characters, Miss Bainter and Melvyn Douglas.

"Re-Capture" was his next play and during its run, David Belasco saw him and offered him a contract for the lead in "Tonight or Never."

"He signed me on one condition," Melvyn explained. "Which condition was that I be acceptable to Helen Galagan, one of his regular stars who had already been assigned the feminine lead.

"Mr. Belasco told me he wanted me for the role but that I would first have to meet Miss Galagan and obtain her permission before the final signing of my contract.

"Those were anxious moments for me as I sat in Belasco's office waiting for Miss Galagan to arrive. I had heard of her, of course. She had played on Broadway under the Belasco banner for several years and was noted for her beauty as well as for her ability. I was afraid she would be off and so I took a deep breath and faced her. I was right—forty-five minutes later she signed the contract.

"But when she came into the room, my nervousness left me at once. I felt as though we had known each other for many years."

(Continued on page 91)
Radio Royalty

Continued from page 63

recently swelled vaudeville receipts in a desire to glimpse the Boswell Sisters and Alex Gray in an unusual billing. And Baltimore, my brethren, was once known as a poor show town. Yet, it bestows heavy patronage upon the enuns of the other who bring their talents to the stage. The harmony trio and the baritone, sponsored on the air by cigarette caliphs, alternated appearances in the Maryland city while commuting between broadcasts in New York. And that isn't all, as the name singer says, Baltimore was also the scene of the stage debut of Vaughn de Leath, pioneer warbler of radio blues.

Latest of the radio headliners to take to the road are Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, dispensers of nonsense, who sprang from the local renown of Buffalo to coast-to-coast fame. Nothing damns this pair in their trapping of the grotesque. They make the commonplace seem as spectacular as they make the spectacular seem commonplace. They take a serious item in the news, twist it about in such a fashion as to show it up in all its fundamental ridiculosity. They've clicked on the microphones and no mistake. The result? The talkies are soon to get them, too. Trust the talkies!

There's Arthur Tracy, known as the Street Singer—an intriguing billing even if it does reflect the imagination of a studio press agent—whose sudden radio stardom is duplicated in the glow of Broadway lights. To say nothing of the lights in the hinterland.

There is Bing Crosby, of the ho-do-do-do accents, making a clean sweep of every branch of the amusement world in less than a year since he came east to the magic microphone. It pays to be able to sing ho-do-do-do just as it paid Rudy Vallee to sing heigh-ho everybody. Crosby seemed almost a permanent fixture at New York's Paramount, meanwhile crooning on the air for various commercial programs. Came eventually a tour of theatre dates which is taking him all the way to Hollywood where he is to decorate a talkie feature as he has decorated numerous talking shorts over the past year.

There is Crosby's chief radio rival, Russ Columbo, of the la-da-da-da accents, who, too, is combining broadcasting with stage appearances. At present he is weaving hot-chas from a dance band in the lower reaches of Westchester County, permitting patrons of a road house (there are some left) a close inspection of him as he voices Con Conrad's contribution to psychiatry, "You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love.

Vallee has found the stage lucrative, so lucrative that he intends, a spy informs us, to refuse any and all night club enterprises which may beckon him. Broadway revue producers found him a drawing card and Broadway critics found him a pleasingly restrained, if awkward, performer.

There are Ben Bernie, most skillful of the wisecracking jazzbos; and the comedy team, called the Sisters of the Skillet, who expose to ridicule the numerous household advisers that clutter the morning microphones, drawing imposing fees from both the radio and the stage.

There are others able to confine their doubling to short distance sights from the studio to the theatre. The list includes Cliff Edwards, Jack Benny, Ben Alley, the Landt trio and White, Burns and Allen.

Today, the team of Burns and Allen are probably the foremost symbols of effortless comedy on the radio. They get over by the sheer simplicity and sincerity of their personalities, the freshness and originality of their patter. Their success has led to a general scramble on the part of the broadcasters and their commercial sponsors for entertainers who are or have been connected with the Broadway parade.

There was a time, my comrades, when Broadway and its stars abandoned hope upon entering the radio gates. Or if they didn't, the listeners did. The latter stepped their ears, attracted by the glamour of the names, but they were quick to run, not walk, to the nearest exit once the names began to do the talking.

Broadway just didn't click on the air. And chiefly because it refused to regard its work seriously. It looked upon radio as a racket. It knew it had the talent. All it wanted was a guest appearance or two to prove it to the people in the parlors. It would knock them off their chairs or know the reason why.

It didn't take the Broadway stars long to know the reason why. They came ill-prepared. They came believing that what was a wow at the Palace must necessarily be a wow in Podunk Center.

They retreated to their old haunts, meanwhile setting to work the sort of ambitious of them—to master a technique which had sent obscure figures with no theatrical experience to the dazzling heights of household names. They have mastered the technique for the radio camps are now filling up with Broadway top stars.

Bend your ears in any direction and what do they catch? They catch the voices of Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor and George Jessel and Harold Lloyd and Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee and Jack Benny and Burns and Allen. They are, as we've said before, the increasingly inevitable names of Burns and Allen, and Blossom Seeley and Jack Benny and Belle Baker and a host of others.

It all comes down to a matter, so a leading rajah of radio told me, of tempo. They have been trained, these Broadway stars in the tempo—where the timing of jokes, of laughs, of songs and dances. The radio glorifies tempo. Therefore, it is easy for them to adapt themselves to it.

As the person of talent has ever an advantage over the one devoid of it, you can see for yourself that the Broadway performer, once he has mastered the microphone, is destined to reap the greater and more permanent rewards in the new amusement pastures.

First of the Broadway figures to click in radio was Eddie Cantor, but not until he set earnestly to work, studied the airways, prepared special material. Others copied his example, went about the task of adapting themselves to the new art. So entered Ed Wynn, at present the most popular comedian on the air.

Wynn stayed away from radio until he was sure of himself. And while radio fails to capture the high art of his pantomime, it does convey some of the man's rare mad- ness. He's up to all his old tricks of the theatre, and he has added some new ones appropriate to his present labor. Among the latter is a refreshing kidding of his commercial sponsorship. In short, he makes ballyhoo palatable.

Similarly, radio has given listeners a new Jessel, a new Richman, a new Dowling. You'd scarcely recognize them as the same entertainers who marched so cocksurely to the microphone some months ago. They have learned that comedy without effort, that sincerity and simplicity pay on the air. How they pay!
None other than Miss Greta Garbo selected him for her lead in her latest—and possibly last—picture, "As You Desire Me." Now Garbo, as everyone knows, can have almost any leading man she wishes in her pictures. The fact that she selected Melvyn from among all the other Lotharios of Hollywood, is just the final proof of that young gentleman's attractiveness to women.

"As soon as I completed the Garbo picture, Anne Harding summoned him again to steer her through "Westward Passage," her present production. So, it would seem that during his comparatively short career, Melvyn has had more than his share of parts opposite the most glamorous stars of the cinema. Swanson, Harding, Colbert, Velez and even Garbo have been the charmers to whom he has made love before the camera.

While in Hollywood Miss Gahagan, his wife, rates second to none in matters of glamour and charm. Above the average height, statuesque, with pale white skin and olive-black hair, Miss Gahagan might serve as model for one of the beautiful Amazons of old. She is attractive to all men—but only one man is attractive to her. Her husband, Melvyn Douglas.

Melvyn's ambition is to continue acting until he has passed the age of popularity with the public, then to turn his talents to directing.

"Helen and I hope some day to have our own theatre, something on the order of the way Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have the Theatre Guild. Of course, we feel that that day is a long way off. We both hope—and believe—that we have many years of active acting before us."

"Interesting work—a lovely wife—a future which beckons with unlimited possibilities—what more could a man ask from life?"

At the moment, I couldn't think of anything more that Melvyn might need to sweeten his existence. But of one thing I am sure. Melvyn will never be done thinking of something further that he wants, some lovely lady will step forward and arrange matters so that he attains his desire. They always have.

Why Marion Nixon is Unhappy

Continued from page 63

Hillman, a wealthy Chicago business man, is her second husband. He is a distinct opposite to her first—Joe Benjamin, a prize fighter. That first marriage poured a tremendous portion of hurt into her life, and she almost wrecked her career; in fact, it brought about the discontinuance of her Universal contract. Had she not divorced Benjamin, Marian might never have had the opportunity to appear before a camera. Even her divorce made trouble for her, when Benjamin threatened to sue. Then she was forced to Myrna Loy's legal protection against her caveman tactics.

Hillman is trying to make all that up for her, with devotion and gifts and thoughtfulness. He has bestowed on her the beautiful home in which they live, the swarming servants and all the trappings that law and money can buy.

But even an adoring husband cannot give Marian the one big motion picture part that means so much to her happiness.
See Red with Jean Harlow
Continued from page 60

They let Chester be a real man's man, by gosh! Chester has one scene with Jean in a telephone booth—the smallest set for a love scene ever devised. Whoopie! They had to shoot it twenty-six times—after which the developing room sagaciously remarked that every damned one of them was extraordinarily convincing! We hope to put ideas into people's heads, but one just can't help wondering how much of that sequence will remain intact after it has been exposed to the purifying gazes of the various censors.

Lewis Stone is Chester's smooth wise old father, who does a little knife menacing later on. Henry Stevenson, British actor imported from New York for this, his first talkie, plays the millionaire with a taste for red-headed minxes—and has a most satisfying time of it. He, too, rates a love scene with the new Jean.

Una Merkel as the beauty-parlor roommate of Jean, is having plenty of opportunity to reveal all her talented comedy, tough, cynical, but awed by her chum's effrontery and outrageous success in getting everything she goes after. Leila Hyams as the gracious, poised, averted but undeclared wife is winning plenty of cloy, too.

At that fatal party, Jean wears a staggering gown of silver, which weighs pounds and pounds. She dare not sit down in it, so they have erected a sort of ironing board with a little table just beneath which she can rest standing up between scenes. Rest? Jean looks utterly exhausted at the end of that scene—but it's triumphant exhalation!

O. K. R. C.—R. C. O. K.
Continued from page 57

Flood it out! Silk it! Number three! Catch the end of that nugget and Flood it out on the door! Tie it there! Bring a baby here! Spread it! Better use an oil! Tie it off! Kill number four! That'll do! Save 'em!

The lights fade, leaving the set in a kind of grey twilight. The men on the parallels above who have received and executed these strange orders are electricians known more familiarly in Hollywood as "juicers."

Once the lights are set for a scene under the guidance of the "gaffer" and with the approval of the chief cameraman, a "juicer" is free to watch the actual making of the picture below him. He does all his work between scenes. During the time the players are actually working the "juicer" sits, aloof and aloof, forming those opinions about people and pictures which he may never have a chance to express.

Barbara Stanwyck once pointed unexpectedly to the "juicers' row" above her set and said:

"Those men up there—some of them know more about making pictures than some of those in front offices do. They know what's what. If you can satisfy them—your a success!"

But mostly these men suffer or applaud in silence. A star or a director may, on occasion, ask the opinion of a script clerk, a hair dresser or a "stand-in" about a scene, but there is no record of anyone ever having suspected that a "juicer" might have an opinion at all. In the rush and bustle of production the quiet men above the sets are apt to be forgotten entirely.

George is a "juicer." He's juiced for two of Miss Chatterton's pictures and he has ideas.

"From up here," says George, "everybody is the same size. I mean the star doesn't look any more important than anybody else. Of course they get more light and the best spot. They all have peculiarities. Now Miss Chatterton down here has a funny tilt to her nose. You know it? Sure, everybody knows it."

"Yes," depreciatingly, "we could iron it out. Yeah! Put light enough on her from the right direction and it would straighten right out. Kill the shadows, see? But she won't have it. Now her first picture here they started to do to that until she saw the rushes. She wouldn't have it. That tilt's her stock in trade like—like Arliss' monocle or Bill Powell's high collars or Barrymore's profile. We had to quit ironing it out.

"She's wise. She's high and mighty on the outside, maybe, but she's a trooper in here. She works. None of the boys here thinks she's ritzy. Look at her now. She's talking to the still cameraman and the property boy. Ed doesn't even take that cigar out of his mouth, see. He ought to do that, though. But he doesn't know any better—and Chatterton won't let on. Not her. She's smart. He's working hard for her, see, and she appreciates it."

She chews gum. She chews a lot of it. Maybe she doesn't chew it when she's a grand dame on the outside but in here she's herself. She chews and I bet she enjoys it.

"You see that brown case down there, on that low parallel? If you look close you'll see there's just two initials on it. On the top of it."

"Them's royal initials on this set. Man, oh man! You know how the kings and queens marked everything 'R.' or something? Well, R.C.O.K. is just as much around here. When she initials anything 'R.C.' it stays initialed! She's sure of herself, all right. When she approves of anything, a change in script, a new dress, a set design or anything else she just writes 'O.K.R.C.' on it. I guess that carries weight with the front office.

From the shadows of the stage roof George watched the making of a short scene, a scene in which Miss Chatterton, seated at a cheap boarding-house table, merely registered her lack of interest in a story another woman boarder was telling. Director Dieterle, his loose white gloves looking like cotton mittens from that height, waved his approval.

"Thanks," he called. "Now we make ready for a closeup of the same scene."

"Up here," said George, "we can tell the minute a new player steps into a scene whether they're a bet or not. And a trooper looks the part from all directions, even from above. But a young player, or one who won't ever quite make the grade, shows up from here like anybody's business. They turn the good side to the camera and let go in every other direction. They put up a front as best they can but the back and the side and the top view ain't so impressive.

"But you just watch Chatterton. She's an actress from all directions—including up."

George's name really isn't George. And all of these observations weren't made in the course of any one hour on the Chatterton set. Week after week, during production, "George" has sat silently above Ruth Chatterton, cataloguing her in his mind. He has sat that way and thought like that through an untold number of productions.

He is one of "those men up there" who know a lot about motion pictures.

If you want a story about Chatterton doing the making of one of her pictures you had better let "George" do it. He takes those royal initials that means so much on the Warner lot—"O.K.R.C."—and turns them around.

He says it should read "R.C.O.K." That's a "juicer's" opinion of Ruth Chatterton.
large claws like the eastern lobster and is milder in flavor. It is found from Santa Barbara, California, south, from October to March.

SAUSAGE AND FRIED PINEAPPLE
Mound flai sausage cakes 1/2 inch thick. Cook cakes until brown on both sides in a heavy, uncoated skillet. Drain cakes on absorbent paper and keep warm in oven. Cook slices of pineapple quickly in the sausage fat, drain, and arrange on large platter with the sausage. Laid sauce can be cooked and served the same way.

STUFFED RIB CHOPS
WITH APPLES
6 rib pork chops 1/2 inch thick
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 tbs. butter
1 tbs. minced onion
1 tbs. chopped parsley
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. savory seasoning
dash of pepper
1/4 sliced red pepper
3 tart red apples

In stuffing—cook celery, onion and parsley in butter for a few minutes. Add bread crumbs and seasonings and stir until well mixed. Wipe chops with damp cloth. Cut pocket in each chop from top. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper; rub lightly with flour. Place meat in hot skillet, turning fat edges down at first and then browning both sides. Fill each chop with stuffing, skewering edges together with toothpicks. Lay stuffed chops on rack in baking dish with cover. Place 1/2 apple, cored but unpeeled, on top of each chop. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Lift chops and apples together from oven to hot platter and remove toothpick skewers. Garnish with parsley before serving.

OPEN TOMATO SANDWICH
Place a thin slice of firm tomato on a slice of white or whole wheat bread if desired, the sandwiches can be rounded, slightly larger than the tomato slices. Sprinkle with salt and place a small mound of mayonnaise in the center. A sliced olive in the center adds to the attractive appearance of this sandwich.

OPEN COTTAGE-CHEESE SANDWICH
Spread cottage cheese around the outer edge of raisin-nut bread, buttering beforehand. Fill center with preserves or jelly. A sprig of parsley in center of each sandwich is very effective.

Being an Irishman, Brenon approves of the St. Patrick Sandwich, which is made as follows:
Cut thin slices of bread and spread with creamed butter and seasoned split-pea pulp. Cut thin slices of cheese the same size as the bread. Stamp out a shamrock from the center with a cooky cutter and place the cheese on top of the bread and pea pulp. Th green pulp shows through the cut in the shape of the '40s.

With a menu of heavy meat and fish dishes, Herbert Brenon always prefers a light salad. He is very fond of one containing very thin slices of cucumber, chives, caviar and watercress, stirred lightly with a small quantity of French dressing and heaped on crisp lettuce leaves. A dish lightly tossed in a teat delight at Peter Pan Cottage. One little secret changes it from simply a bowl of popcorn to something to delight any epicure.

"We always use a heavy skillet with a top for corn popping," Brenon said. This is a bowl of corn cut hot and several tablespoons of butter added. When it is melted, the corn is put in. In this way the butter completely saturates the corn during the popping process. It is delicious."

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thetec one. Walter Byron was born June 11, 1902, in Leicester, England. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 163 pounds. His first American screen appearance was with Vilma Banky in “The Awakening.” Later pictures were “The Yellow Ticket” with Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore; “Shop Angel” with Marion Shilling and Anthony Bushell, and “Vanity Fair” with Myrna Loy, Barbara Kent and Conway Tearle.

J. J. W. You’d like my job, would you? I didn’t win it through a “300-words-no less” contest but by sheer, and how sheer, force of personality, no more, no less. Lois Moran was born March 1, 1909; Madge Evans, August 1, 1909; Marian Marsh in 1913; Marilyn Miller, September 1, 1900; Loretta Young, January 6, 1912, and Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911.

Varconi Fan. Of course I’m a good sport—you lean on me—I’ll not let you down. Victor Varconi is an actor of wide experience on both stage and screen, having had many years of European stage popularity. He was born March 31, 1896, in Kivusand, Hungary. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His last films were “Men in Her Life” with Lois Moran and Charles Bickford, and “West of Broadway” with John Gilbert.

John L. Who said the hard-riding boys in Westerns have gone out of business? There’s Tom Mix and Tony, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson, Bob Custer, Bob Steele, Tom Keene, and your favorite, Tom Tyler. Tom was born August 8, 1907, in Port Henry, N. Y. Two of his latest releases are “Galloping Thru” and “Two-Fisted Justice.” By the time you read this, “The Man From New Mexico,” Tom’s new one, will be released.

Mildred W. “Peter Pan” has not appeared as a talkie. Betty Bronson was Peter in the silent screen version. Playing with her were Mary Brian and Esther Ralston. Lily Damita, Roland Young, Charlie Ruggles, Thelma Todd, and Cary Grant are in “This is the Night,” a sparkling comedy—and does it sparkle? Lily was born in Paris, France, on September 10, 1904.

Midgie. In writing to the stars, tell them in your own original way how much you like their work, but it isn’t necessary to enclose clippings from your home-town papers. Make your letter short and to the point, if you have any. Many times a photograph is the result, unsolicited. Fredric March has stepped high, wide, and handsome since he appeared in “The Wild Party” with Clara Bow. One of his late releases was “Strangers in Love,” from the story, “The Black Rode.” He played twin brothers. Kay Francis was the girl, and Stuart Erwin gets and gives some swell laughs.

Doreen R. If you find it difficult to remember the weights of your favorites, what would you do in my place, with hundreds of pounds to remember? Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds; her sister,riz, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and tips the scales at 118 pounds.

End P. Many of our old favorites who appeared in the brilliant tnutshes a few years ago are now bravely waiting and hoping for a come-back. Good luck, old timers! Charles Ray and May McAvoy played in “The Fire Brigade”; Elmer Fair and Bill Boyd in “The Yankee Clipper,” and Colleen Moore and Tully Marshall in “Twinkle Toes.”

Bubbles. Nancy Carroll’s latest releases are “Broken Lullaby” with Phillips Holmes and Lionel Barrymore, and “Wayward” with Richard Arlen. Nancy is 25 years old and weighs 156 pounds. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She was divorced from her first husband, Jack Kirkland. Bolton Mallory is husband number two. John Moore is back in Hollywood after a two year vacation. She has the approval of her new husband, Al Scott, to make a film come-back. Metro has signed her to a long-term contract.

Lorraine T. Anita Page is a very busy girl but she might find time to reply to a cleverly written letter from you. Go ahead. Anita is 21 years old and not married. I warn you, take a supply of “nicknacks” when you see her in her latest release, “Night Court,” with Phillips Holmes, Walter Huston and Noel Francis. Walter is the “old meanie” and Noel helps to make life miserable for Anita. Ramon Novarro’s next picture is “Huckle.

Mary C. Barry Norton has been making foreign versions of several of the popular American films of the English spoken picture was “Dishonored” with Marlene Dietrich. Barry was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentina. His real name is Alfredo de Braband.

Mrs. E. S. T. With all the world crying for musical pictures again, the producers must hear the request. But there is only one “Desert Song,” one “Love Parade” so it’s up to some musical wizard to come forth with something just as good. Carlotta King, who played with John Boles in “The Desert Song,” was not signed for another picture, but John has gone on his way merely from one film to another; “Seed” with Lois Wilson, “Careless Lady,” with Joan Bennett, and his next is “Back Street” with Irene Dunne.

Ella May H. I can’t guarantee that my column will cure love affairs, runs-in-the-stockings, that tired feeling or what-have-you but if you get out of it as much as I put into it, I’ll be happy. Richard Arlen is 32 years old; Nick Stuart is 26; Ralph Bellamy is 28; Robert Young, who is one of the newcomers who will be a star, is 25, and Charles (Buddy) Rogers is 20. Buddy is one of the head-liners in the New York Ziegfeld show, “Hot-Cha!”

Mrs. R. E. A. You say that everything is looking up—but looking up what? The late Lon Chaney, and Anita Page were in “While the City Sleeps.” Ramon Novarro, Ralph Graves, and Anita Page appeared in “The Flying Fleet” and John Miljan played in “The Terror.” Cary Grant has the new film, “Have Love, I Have,” the handsome chap who sang so delightfully in “This is the Night” with Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, and Roland Young. Cary was born in Brooklyn and he has black wavy hair, dark brown eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 172 pounds.

Mary R. N. John Boles started on his picture career when he appeared with Gloria Swanson as her leading man in “Loves of Summer.” Among his other films were “Bride of the Night,” “Shepherd of the Hills,” “Bride of the Colorado,” “What Holds Men,” “We Americans,” and “The Last Warning.”

(Continued from page 56)
Cup #15: while Jimmie is having her way, a clementine is about to be added (for anyone who does not have the facilities themselves).

The chocolate cake that won as many converts as the ranch view is prepared by Mrs. Gleason as follows:

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 2 squares chocolate
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups flour

Cream shortening with sugar. Add melted chocolate, beaten eggs, milk, and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in two layers in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

For frosting and filling, melt 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler over hot water. Stir in 1 cup of condensed milk. Stir over boiling water five minutes until it thickens. Add one tablespoon water. Cool cake before spreading on icing. If a butter-cream flavor is desired, use four squares of chocolate.

Mrs. Gleason suggests, as a variation in the chocolate icing, adding three drops of peppermint oil instead of the one tablespoon of water. For the coconut cream cake, Mrs. Gleason uses this old, time-tried recipe:

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/3 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 6 tablespoons milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternating with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat until each addition is smooth. Bake in a greased tin in a moderate oven about 25 or 30 minutes.

For the frosting, stir together 1/4 cup condensed milk and 1 cup shredded or moist coconut. Add gradually 1/2 cups confectioner's sugar and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until creamy. Allow cake to cool before adding frosting. Sprinkle heavily with coconut.

When two cakes of this type are used for a picnic, the rest of the menu can be reduced to an extremely simple one. Mrs. Gleason explains. Chocolate and coconut are both nutritious, and to balance the lunch all that is required are extremely thin butter sandwiches of whole wheat, Russian rye, and French bread, served with firmly cut-up vegetable salad, coffee and lemonade.

Another dessert which has never failed to be popular at picnic parties, Mrs. Gleason has found, uses day-old white bread as its foundation.

Cut slices of bread 3/4 inches thick. Trim off crusts and cut each slice into strips 3 inches wide by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with cream or condensed milk, roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Place in pan and brown carefully under low gas flame, or toast on a fork over coals.

"These little cakes can be made over a campfire individually as desired and are perfectly delicious, either warm or cold."

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The Gleasons' Ranch Picnic - Continued from page 11

Ringing the Bellamy! - Continued from page 61

You-know-her, Suah 'Nough! - Continued from page 68

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John was born October 27, 1899, in Greenville, Texas. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and gray-blue eyes.

The Joy Girl. Of course you are welcome. Colleen Moore was born August 19, 1902, in Port Huron, Mich. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and has reddish brown hair and one blue and one brown eye. No, there isn’t even a faint or thin chance of your Miss Dee entering the picture game; I’m too busy answering questions. Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905. She was married to Rex Bell on December 3, 1931. Clara makes her screen come-back for Fox in “Call Her Savage,” from Tiffany Thayer’s novel.

Helen W. Dorothy Mackaill and Mary Nolna are 5 feet 5 inches tall; Josephine Dunn is 5 feet 3 1/2; Billie Dove and Caro Lombard are 5 feet 6 inches; Dolores Costello Barrymore is 5 feet 4 inches; Betty Compson is 5 feet 2 inches; Gwen Lee, 5 feet 6 1/2, and Jetta Goudal is 5 feet 7 inches.

Gene C. As far as I know, the female stars use lipstick in their make-up but don’t hold that against them. So do I use lipstick? Nancy Carroll was born in New York City 25 years ago, has been married twice, and is the mother of a pretty daughter, Patricia. Your favorite, Barbara Stanwyck, has the leading role in “So Big.” A fine cast of well-known players appears with her, among them Bette Davis, Dickie Moore, Guy Kibbe, Hardie Albright and the new leading man, George Brent. Ruth Chatterton has Brent as her leading man in her first Warner picture, “The Rich Are Always With Us.”

Edward A. You want to know everything I know about Loretta Young and more if I can give it. What-a-man-Edward! Loretta is the youngest of three sisters, all of whom have achieved recognition on the screen. Her sisters Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young are both in pictures. Loretta was born January 6, 1912, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She played with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in “I Like Your Nerve,” in “Taxi” with James Cagney, in “The Hatcher Man” with Edward Robinson, in “Play Girl” with Norman Foster. Watch for an exciting story about Loretta in next month’s Screenland.

Mrs. E. Y. I have rounded up several stars who were born in the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia. Among them are Eleanor Boardman, Janet Gaynor, John Barrymore, Eddie Quillan and his sister Marie, George Bancroft, Edmund Burns, and Douglas MacLean. From San Francisco come Barbara Leonard, Carmel Myers, Aileen Pringle and George O’Brien.

Anna S. Away back in 1926, William Haines played with Eleanor Boardman in “Memory Lane,” and in 1927, he appeared with Claire Windsor in “A Little Journey.” Billy’s latest release was “Are You Listening!” with Madge Evans. Anna Page made her first screen appearance with Billy in “Telling the World.”

H. de Mello. Honolulu wants information about Paddy O’Flaherty. There are you Paddy? Patsy Ruth Miller has been making pictures for an independent company, Ricardo Cortez has been cast in some of the best box-office bets since pictures have begun to talk. His latest is “Symphony of Six Million” with Irene Dunne, Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appel.

Babe, L. I. City. You like my blurb, do you? Blurring as it should be done is my hobby. John Gilbert is an American, born in Logan, Utah. His next offering will be “Downstairs,” from his own pen. Ralph Morgan appears in “Disorderly Conduct” with Spencer Tracy and Sally Eilers, and with Warner Oland in “Charlie Chan Carries On.” Mr. Morgan was born July 6, 1888, in New York City. He was educated at Trinity School, N. Y., Riverview Military School and Columbia University. He practiced law for a year but turned to the stage and for the past twenty-two years has played everything from juveniles to character leads. In 1931 he was signed by Fox for the screen. Mr. Morgan’s latest picture is “Strange Interlude,” with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

Paul L. A. By referring to Screenland, you will find many interesting pictures and comments about your favorite players, for your scrap-book. A list of all of Gary Cooper’s pictures would take too much space but here are his earliest ones: his first important role was with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in “The Winning of Barbara Worth.” Doyle was born “It,” “Children of Divorce,” “Wings,” “Arizona Bound,” “Nevada,” “Beau Sabreur,” “Docmad,” “Hail A Bride,” “The First Kiss,” “The Showboat Angel,” “Wolf Song” and “Lilac Time.” Ramon Novarro’s earlier releases were “The Prisoners of Zenda,” “The Maltese Falcon,” “The Midshipman,” “Ben Hur,” “The Student Prince,” “The Road to Romance” and “Forbidden Hours.”

B. M. Newbury. The author of “The Younger Generation” is Fannie Hurst. The film was produced in 1929 (a silent), with Lina Basquette, Ricardo Cortez and Jean Hersholt as the principals. The popular song, “Paradise,” was from Pola Negri’s picture. A picture John Barrymore is the Baron and brother Lionel is Otto Kringlein, the bookkeeper in “Grand Hotel.”

Miss Elizabeth W. As far as I know, Norma Shearer has no thought of retiring from the screen. Her new picture is “Strange Interlude” with Clark Gable. Norma was born August 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She was married on October 6, 1927, to Irving Thalberg. Their son, Irving Jr., was born August 24, 1930. Norma’s first screen appearance was in 1920, a small part in “The Stealers.” Since then she has made screen history with some of the most popular films produced. She was never a Wampas Baby Star.

Tom and Frank. Fay Wray is still the wife of John Monk Saunders. Fay is in the cast of “The Most Dangerous Game” for RKO. Billie Burke was born May 14, 1904. Her first screen role was in “Polly of the Follies” with Constance Talmadge in 1927. Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901. Buddy Rogers deserted Hollywood for Broadway, where he can be found in Ziegfeld’s musical show, “Hot City,” and in his spare time he conducts a dance orchestra at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and while resting he croons for NBC.

Back Jones Fan. You think we don’t do right by your favorite—you want a whole page devoted to him. We’ll try to remedy that. Buck was christened Charles and was born in Vincennes, Indiana, about 41 years ago. He is 5 feet 11 1/2 inches tall, weighs 173 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. He is married and has a daughter of thirteen. His latest films are “The Deadline,” with Loretta Sayers, and “The Range Feud” with John Wayne and Susan Fleming.

Anita Page on the porch of her cottage at Manhattan Beach, California. Anita lives at this beach cottage all year round. Anita has just signed a new nice contract with Metro.
Bright Boy—Continued from page 69

In the meantime, the ambitious lad was also broadcasting over the radio, if you please, as a singer.

"Did you have any time to fall in love?" I wanted to know.

Eric grinned. "I'm afraid I did. There always seems time for that. I had two frightful cases. Actually left home for a week on account of one of them. But now...

well, I guess I've lived so fast that I've outgrown girls of my own age. I prefer older, more experienced women now," he explained, resuming that this is just the phase every bright boy of twenty or so goes through.

Eric stands five feet nine inches high, and weighs 140 pounds. He has wavy brown hair and large intense brown eyes. For all his "experience," his chin is still youthful, his manner boyish and naive. He's a rugged youngster, revels in all kinds of out-door sports.

His Hollywood manager is W. B. Hawks, Bessie's husband. Whether it was Hawks or Eric's own charms, the fact remains that Eric has been rushed through six pictures since coming to Hollywood.

"You know, I won my Hollywood contract on the Lord's Prayer," says Eric. "I was broadcasting on a Tuesday when they sent for me. They told me to take no soap and do nothing dramatic. So the most dramatic thing I could think of was the Lord's Prayer, so I sung it up to the hilt."

Well, you've seen him with Cagney in "The Crowd Roars"; and "Love-Starved" with Helen Twelvetrees; and "Road House Murder" with Dorothy Jordan. Next came "New York Town" (they'll probably change the title of this) with Joan Blondell, in which he is the wide-eyed boy from Indiana with $11,000 who strikes the big city, a wild love affair, and a "big lesson." R.K.O. has Eric on a five-year contract, with the usual option clauses. He's already getting a little restive about salary. Because, as he explains, he just must put his older brother through college, and give him his chance. Another older brother is an engineer, and his sister is married. Eric is an animal proudly.

"My sister has two boys, seven and nine years old. I get no end of a kick out of those kids. It was seen taking them to the zoo, for instance."

Eric is a popular youngster around the studio where they insist he is "so modest." But I think Eric knows he's good—he's just discreet and diplomatic enough to avoid getting swallowed up by it. Besides, once he gets a lot farther along by being a nice earnest modest chap that everyone wants to hand a little boost to.

And don't forget Eric is a September baby born under the sign of Virgo—apt to be practical, discriminative, critical, very industrious—and highly intelligent. They have plenty of poise—and poise is a valuable asset in Hollywood! These cool-headed fellows have a distinct edge on the temperamental, excitable ones.

Eric says he's going to be a playwright yet. His head is teeming with ideas for plays. He would like to be in the Noel Coward class, writer, actor, producer. He still feels that inspiration would flow in the $300 a year retreat on the Riviera!

Summer Lines—Continued from page 71

enhance their color use eye-shadow of a shade becoming to you and your gown. Apply the shadow heavily at the lashes, blending it well up on the lid so there is no distinguishing line. Make-up is seldom noticed if it is artistically applied. Just a touch is sufficient in the daytime. At night, when lights kill color, a little more gives accent.

Now to return to our sculpturing process: Use the middle and ring fingers of both hands to flatten out the puffed and squashed muscles that run from the nose to the corners of the mouth. Begin at the top press firmly (upward) along this line, moving the fingers slightly down each time. Don't drag the muscles down. The object is to flatten them. Then there is less danger of the wrinkle that follows in the crevice of that muscle. Don't fool yourself by calling it a "laugh-wrinkle." There is nothing to laugh about when there is a wrinkle appearing. While it is entirely possible to remove deep-seated ones, it is infinitely easier to keep them away as you go along.

You can spend as much time as you can spare doing this, but be sure to ration it and it will be time wisely spent. Keep these muscles well-exercised so they will not begin to 'break' too soon. This vigorous pressing will bring out and freshen the flesh. Use scents of nourishing cream and plenty of energy here. Now press firmly under the cheek bone from nose to ear. Isn't that the old world caress that fans find? Don't use the feel of the thumb as a fan fanning nerves you didn't know you had. This gives your face new life at once. Wipe off the cream. Spank your face smartly in skin-tonic. Take a cool shower and then you are as good as new—body rested ready to be alert and graceful; eyes refreshed ready to be captivatingly expressive; face glowing with the stimulation of new life. If you don't have a good time, it's your own fault.

After using creams, never wipe your fingers on a towel; wipe the excess cream onto your elbows. The towel doesn't need it—your elbows do. Do the same thing with excess hand lotion; then you will never need to give your elbows any special treatments. Just because you can't see them doesn't mean you can neglect them and get away with it. A soft, smooth elbow is a delightful addition to a woman's charm—and so easy to have-economical, too. Each of us knows.

Well, do my eyes deceive me—what about that brown line between your eyes? Oh, have I offended you? You haven't one? You mean you think you haven't? That's easily understood, for you never see yourself frown. Most of us frown unconsciously more than we realize. Watch your face when you are trying to remember something. You'll frown a lot every time. The effort of concentrated thinking makes its pucker of your brows. I can't imagine why, but we do. Then, of course, the summer sun makes you frown to shade your eyes. You wouldn't dream of accusing you of frowning because of irritability or impatience, but you have seen others do it, I'm sure.

In any event, send your little, sculpturing, hammering fingers up to your forehead to shape it into happy smoothness. Stroke your forehead too—and out—and let your thoughts follow that pattern. Send them up above discord and pettiness and out to include others in interest and sympathy. Then you will be giving yourself a beauty treatment within as well as without. The combination will make you charming.
A BUDDING STAR?
She is as beautiful as Constance Bennett, as sweet as Janet Gaynor, as natural as Ann Harding, and as dramatically sincere as Greta Garbo.

I have seen her in just one picture—"The Rainbow Trail." She played opposite George O'Brien, and her name is Cecelia Parker.

If she is offered the right roles I believe she will be a great star within a few years.

Eleanor Merril, 4649 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

TUT! THEY'VE LEARNED SOME NEW WORDS!
A few of the reasons I no longer attend the movies:
"Oh, yeah? Well, get a load of this!"
"What am I supposed to do, bust out cryin'?"
"I was never more serious in my life!"
"Says you!" "Says me!"
"Ya double-crossin' skirt—Bam!"
"My sweet? !?"

Mrs. Robert H. Quinn, 140 First St., Mechanicsville, N. Y.

NOTHING "WET" ABOUT THEM!
After viewing "The Wet Parade," all I can say is, let's all give Dorothy Jordan and Robert Young a large bouquet! In the sympathy and understanding with which they "lived" their parts, they can make some of the older and more experienced players sit up and take notice.

The rest of the cast was excellent also, but the fine restraint with which these two endowed their parts, when they could so easily have made them either ridiculous or melodramatic, show them to be players of rare ability.

I should like to see them together again in something equally good.

Della Matteson, 280 South Fifth East Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ALL RIGHT—WHO'S ARGUING?
Some people, it seems, are beginning to think that Charlie Chaplin is a back number. But is he? Then why did the police have to use tear gas to keep the crowds in order in Los Angeles when "City Lights" had its first night? And why has "City Lights" taken in millions of dollars?

I'll tell you why. After fifteen years or more on the screen Charles Chaplin is as great a figure as ever. His style of comedy will never grow old. Chaplin in those baggy pants, floppy shoes and rakish derby is still the best-known figure in the screen world.


WAIT! HE'S JUST BEGUN!
Please let me express my great admiration for a new star whose work is truly deserving of praise. Who? Why, Johnny Weissmuller, of course!

Anyone who saw him in "Tarzan" will heartily agree with me. His portrayal of that super-hero left no room for criticism. Ideally suited to the part, he gave a perfect performance. I saw this thrilling picture three times, and could view it again with as much enjoyment. Johnny has made the nation Tarzan-conscious. Here's hoping he'll continue playing the great he-man in every one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, at the head of the same cast that made "Tarzan" what it was.

Marion Phelan, 152 Plaza Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

THOSE INSTRUCTIVE TALKIES
Most people attend the movies simply to be entertained, but for me the pictures serve also as a theatrical training school.

As a dramatic coach, I find it is very helpful to be able to study the actual facial expressions, poses, and vocal intonations of the screen players, to say nothing of the many ideas I get from the pictures in regard to costumes and scenery.

A bit of superb acting in one of our recent high school assemblies was wholly inspired by the character portrayal of the mother in "Broken Lullaby.

Finland and its players have made all this possible for girls and boys who are financially unable to go to dramatic schools.

May the movie world continue to present these splendid opportunities!

Emma Jane Williams, 287 High St., Berlin, N. H.

THE MEN WHO COUNT
The fans usually go into ecstasies and rhapsodies over the merits of their favorite stars. However, I believe that some of the praise should go to the real geniuses of the screen—the directors.

Of course, I enjoy the stars. I appreciate the charm of a Norma Shearer, the power of an Edward G. Robinson, the variety of a Ruth Chatterton, and the finesse of a George Arliss. But the men at whose shrines I worship are the Ernst Lubitsches, the King Vidor's, the W. S. Van Dylkes. It is their artistry, their brains, their vision, that are responsible for our screen masterpieces.

To these directors I feel that I owe an eternal debt of gratitude. I feel toward them the admiration and esteem that I give to a fine artist, sculptor, or writer. They are the men who lift us out of ourselves and satisfy our yearning for beauty and joy.

Pearl Custer, 315 League St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Summer! yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look always lovely

by Patricia Gordon

Summer... with old ocean beckoning down the white sands... limpid lakes mirroring forth joy... slim young bodies flushing into caressing waters. Summer... calling you to a thousand activities... whispering of romance in night silence... thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim... no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's arders... no shiny nose. You must remain serene, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer...

"Summer-Proof" Make-up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a summer-proof make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, use Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect.

Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the most clinging powder ever made—and which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. This is really a new, sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for two weeks' use—to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Face Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging set in its unusual box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful—all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your real "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness unfailingy.

get this Week End Set—SPECIAL

The Popular Week End Set for this Coupon and 25¢ (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three Creams in liberal attractive sizes. Also beautiful, new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago
Dept. A-3048. Enclosed find 25¢ for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name: ________________________________

Street: ______________________________

City and State: ________________________

In Canada, 93 Church Street, Toronto
ONLY genuine Maybelline can give you truly alluring eyes

Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant, sweeping lashes. What a difference they do make! They transform eyes into brilliant, flashing, bewitching pools of alluring loveliness—wonderfully expressive.

But such lashes seldom come by birthright. They must be acquired. The NEW Maybelline gives the desired natural effect instantly. With perfect ease too, and without smarting the eyes or smearing. It's tear-proof. Moreover, its continued use tends to stimulate lash growth, ever adding to the actual beauty of the eyes as time goes on. Obtain a package of the NEW Maybelline. Black or brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter. You'll see, after trial, why millions always insist upon the genuine. Perfectly harmless. Send ten cents and coupon for Trial Size.
Marlene Dietrich as “The Blonde Venus”
Her Most Daring Rôle

See Story Inside

Why Joan Crawford “Gets” You!  Hollywood Goes Olympic!
**MOST AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER EVER ATTEMPTED!**

**WITOL'S COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**
A wonderful hair and scalp cleanser. Also by removal of excess oil and dandruff. Very popular. Price, 75c.

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This cream is at the rage now. It is having deep pore cleansing properties. It helps keep skin soft, smooth and youthful looking. Price $1.00.

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Gives hair that natural looking body and brilliance. Delightly perfumed. Price, 75c.

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Clean and fresh skin white, every day. It promotes health, very pleasant, as if the skin had been bleached. Price, $1.00.

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Double Strength! Aide healing, prevents recurrence, and deodorizing. Price $1.00.

**WITOL'S BRILLIANTINE/GLOSS**
Gives hair that natural body and brilliant, natural glow. Price, 75c.

**WITOL'S NEW SKIN FACE POWDER**
Gives skin that smooth, clear look and the complexion that youth like persons appreciate. Delightfully perfumed. All Shades. Price: $1.00 in large box.

**WITOL'S FLOWERS OF SPLENDOR**

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BARBARA Stanwyck in "The Purchase Price"

If she thrilled you in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit", wait until you see Barbara Stanwyck flame through this torrid romance of a night club torch singer.

Beautiful! ... Seductive! ... She has everything—and uses it! ... Lives violently—and loves passionately!

See the most vibrant star on the screen in the scorching story ten million fans demanded for her ... Hear her sing for the first time! ... It's a double thrill you won't forget!

with GEORGE Brent

The sensational new find of "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "So Big".

LYLE TALBOT—HARDIE ALBRIGHT
Based on the story by ARTHUR STRINGER
Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

Watch WARNER BROS. for the new season's big thrills!
THE SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

September, 1932

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By Popular Request: Hollywood Personality Chart Page 13
A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!

For the first time you hear the hidden, unspoken thoughts of people!

**Norma Shearer**

**Clark Gable**

**IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA**

**STRANGE INTERLUDE**

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN • RICHARD DAIN • MAY ROBSON • MAE REED • O'SULLIVAN • TAD ALEXANDER • HENRY E. WALTHALL • MARY ALDEN •

Together again! They thrilled the world in "A Free Soul." And now Norma Shearer and Clark Gable enact their most powerful love drama!
Write, and cash in—the best letters win!

BRIGHTENING THE CORNER
(First Prize Letter)
I am a nurse, working among the patients cared for by the City of New York.
Ninety-nine out of a hundred at this hospital are over sixty years of age, and every one is an ardent movie fan. The main topic of conversation from one end of the day to the next is what the stars are doing and who is the best actor or actress in each one’s opinion. These poor, unwanted dependents on the City’s charity pore over the movie magazines that are all too infrequently supplied by the social workers. It is pitiful to watch how eagerly they seize upon the latest news from the film capital.
May I add my thanks to SCREENLAND for bringing to these unfortunate people the means of making their lives much easier to bear and adding romance to otherwise dull and tedious years of existence?

Helen Docharty, R. N.,
Nurses’ Home,
Neurological Hospital,
Welfare Island, N. Y.

TRADING TALENT FOR TREMENDOUS TALKIES
(Second Prize Letter)
This idea of obtaining stars to fit roles by studio borrowing and exchange is a very sensible solution to an old problem. Another step forward is the combining of stars for super-productions. It’s co-operation that gets results.

That producers have decided to co-operate for the good of pictures is proved by Metro-Goldwyn’s exchanging Gable for Fredric March of Paramount. Each studio now has the right man for the story to be produced. Consequently, both these pictures have a better chance for success than in the old days of “You keep your stars and we’ll keep ours.”

Casting is of paramount importance, always. By borrowing, new combinations of stars are possible. Now we are to see Gable and Miriam Hopkins together. Splendid!

Congratulations to the producers for this common-sense attitude. Pictures are bound to gain from it.

Hal Field-Hargrave,
1064 E., 14th St.,
San Leandro, Calif.

OFF THE “SINGLE STANDARD!”
(Third Prize Letter)
Is there anything to be done about the way in which the players are being “typed?” I’d like to see them given an opportunity for a little versatility.

For instance, there’s Will Rogers. Why must he always play a rough and ready American who’s a good soul at heart? There’s always romance on the side, and a vamp; and as usual, Will resists the vamp. I’m weary, too, of the long procession of ladies-man pictures in which William Powell has been appearing. And there are Crawford’s shabby lady vehicles, and, for a period, Norma Shearer’s free-souled women.

Maybe it’s all right, and I’m all wrong, but personally, I’m beginning to rebel against the “standardization” idea.

Kerry Kavanaugh,
6220-37th Avenue N. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

(Continued on page 94)
Powerful!

"BACK STREET"

with
IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF "CIMARRON"

with
JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

Directed by JOHN STAHL
WHO MADE "STRINGLY DISHONORABLE" AND "SEED"....

Written by
FANNIE HURST

IMMORTALIZED ON THE SCREEN
with a great supporting cast, including:
Zasu Pitts, June Clyde, George Meeker,
Doris Lloyd, William Bakewell, James Donlan, Paul Weigal and Walter Catlett.

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA  Carl Laemmle
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
An Old English Custom

WHILE sharing the enthusiasm of the people who came to America from England to establish their homes, Lilian Bond thinks it regrettable that the settlers did not perpetuate the old custom of afternoon tea in the new land. One of the most gracious and restful features of the whole day, thinks the English actress who continues to cling to the tea hour since she has come to Hollywood to make pictures.

When luncheon has been a very light meal, Lilian enjoys a soft-boiled egg at teatime, served in the shell in an egg cup.

"When I first came to the United States and noticed the large cups Americans used for their breakfast egg, I thought goose eggs must be used over here exclusively!" said Miss Bond. "Even though I have been in this country for some time now I have not grown accustomed to removing the eggs from their shells before starting to eat."

Thin bread and butter sandwiches may be served with the tea eggs. Better still, butter and roll thin slices of white and whole wheat bread.

Cucumber sandwiches are very refreshing for a summer tea, and simple to make, Lilian says. Peel cucumbers and put on the ice until very crisp. Slice and chop fine, adding a little vinegar. (Continued on page 93)
$6000 REWARD FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

YOU can be the detective in this astounding crime thriller!...

Tune in on this absorbing drama, to be broadcast over the nation-wide NBC RED NETWORK in six thrilling weekly episodes beginning Friday, August 26th at 10:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving time...ALL BUT THE FINAL CHAPTER will be given on the air.

WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author...

"THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

RKO-Radio Picture featuring
RICARDO CORTEZ
KAREN MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE
ERIC LINDEN

HEAR IT ON THE AIR! SEE IT ON THE SCREEN! Get into the detective game!...it's fun!

CONTEST JUDGES
O. O. McIntyre, Albert Payson Terhune, Montague Glass, Peter B. Kyne, James Quirk, Julia Peterkin

Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing contest rules, prize list and complete list of stations broadcasting this story from your local theatre, or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.
Ask Me!

Audrey C. Three cheers and a hoopla! Clara Bow is coming back. She has signed with Fox Films to do “Call Her Savage.” Her leading man may be her husband, Rex Bell, as Clara has given out the statement that if she ever made another picture, friend husband would get the part. The famous red-head in a good story will pack ’em in at your favorite theatre, so watch for the date, boys and girls, and give the Bow baby a big hand. Clara was born July 29, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has agate-brown eyes and red hair. She was married on Dec. 3, 1931, to George Beldam, known on the screen as Rex Bell.

Taito N. of Japan. Sorry I haven’t a permanent address for Edwina Booth—she is a free-lance player and it’s hard to keep up with her. She was making a serial when I last heard of her. Edwina was born Sept. 13, 1909, in Provo, Utah. She has blue eyes and blonde hair. Your other favorite blonde, Jean Harlow, was born March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has deep blue eyes and platinum blonde hair. By the time you read this, Jean will be Mrs. Paul Bern.

Herman H. R. There isn’t anyone I’d rather say nice things about than Wynne Gibson, who recently appeared in “The Strange Case of Clara Deane.” Can you forget her work in “Ladies of the Big House” with Sylvia Sidney? She was born in New York City, has red hair, grey-green eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 103 pounds. Wynne has played in “The Gang Buster,” “City Streets,” “The Road to Reno” and “Two Kinds of Women.”

L. S. With so many new faces appearing in films and often not given any billing, it’s difficult to know to whom you refer in “Arsene Lupin.” George Raft is the new convincing menace who is causing many a heartache among my gentle readers. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has a beard in “Blood and Sand,” one of Valentino’s successes. Raft isn’t married. Bramwell Fletcher played with George Arliss in “The Millionaire.” Gary Cooper is back: from his long African-and-all-points-east-and-west vacation and will be seen in “The Devil and the Deep” with Tallulah Bankhead.

Cinema Hound. Woof-woof! You may bark your way into this department as often as you like. Chant of the Jungle and That Wonderful Something is Love were the songs used in Joan Crawford’s film, “Untamed.” In Garbo’s picture, “Tonight or Never,” Melvyn Douglas and Alison Skipworth contribute much to the enjoyment of the film. Tell Me Tonight is the popular song from Gloria Swanson’s picture. The next Swan-song will be “Perfect Understanding,” in which Gloria’s husband, Michael Pumper, will play opposite the star.

Dan S. Alice White has added to her long list of screen friends by appearing in the flesh and some stunning powers him vaudeville for several months—then back to the screen for Alice, so look out for her.

By Miss Vee Dee

See Page 13 for Hollywood Personality Chart

Clara Comes Back

Clara has been off the screen for over a year but her legion of fan friends haven’t let her down. Well, here she is back again—wink, grin, and all! Clara’s comeback picture is “Call Her Savage,” for Fox.

She was born August 28, 1907, and was christened Alva. She was originally a brunette with brown hair and eyes but for screen reasons she became a blonde. Mary Nolan was born Dec. 18, 1905. Her real name is Mary Imogene Robertson. She is not making films right now.

Esther W. It’s true that Neil Hamilton is a clever amateur magician. Didn’t you read the magic series Neil wrote for us? Neil uses his own name on the screen. He was born Sept. 9, 1899, in Lynn, Mass. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His new picture is “What Price Hollywood,” with Constance Bennett. His popularity as one of the screen’s featured players has placed Neil in many of the best releases to date, including “The Sin of Madelon Claudet,” “Tarzan,” “The Wet Parade,” Warner Baxter is 39 years old, has dark brown hair and eyes, is married to Winifred Bryson, and is one of the most popular actors in Hollywood.

A Good Friend. You wouldn’t let me on that, would you? John Gilbert’s name in real life is John Pringle, born July 10, 1897, in Logan, Utah. His first wife was a Miss Burwell, the second was Letatrice Joy, third was Ina Claire, and now he is reported engaged to marry Virginia Bruce of the stage and screen. An original and unusual fan letter often gets into the hands of the star and is answered personally, so go ahead and write!

Albert T. You are looking for Jackie Coogan and Philippe De Lacy in more pictures, are you? These screen youngsters will grow up. Philippe has not made a picture since he started this heavy growing process. Stories are not often available for youngsters who have reached this stage of their career but give the lad’s time and they may be the stars of tomorrow. Both Jackie Coogan and Philippe are in school. Dickie Moore and Betty Jane Graham appear in “No Greater Love” with Alexander Carr, Richard Bennett, and Beryl Mercer. Dickie has been signed for “Our Gang” comedies.

Patty C. John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has grey eyes and brown hair. He has a peculiar habit of lifting his left eyebrow, which is characteristic of the Dress, his mother’s family, which he most resembles. John’s father was the famous Maurice Bar-
rmore; his mother was Georgianna Drew, and his uncle, John Drew of stage fame. His latest releases are "Grand Hotel" and "State's Attorney." John, brother Lionel, and sister Edith will be seen on the screen together in "Rasputin," for M-G-M.

Sam Weller. Where the Dickens have you been all these years? Robert Montgomery keeps right on rollin' along into one good picture after another. His latest were "But the Flesh is Weak" and "Letty Lynton." Robert is 28 years old, has brown hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall. He was married on April 14, 1928, to Elizabeth Bryan-Allen. Fredric March is 34 years old, married to Florence Eldridge, a former stage actress, who appears in screen productions occasionally. Fredric is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He is in "Merrily We Go to Hell" with Sylvia Sidney, Adrienne Addon, and Skeets Gallagher.

Heavenly Twins. Can anyone on earth rate that title and be on speak-easy terms with the rest of the world? "New Morals for Old," the picture you ask about, was from the stage play, "After All." Margaret Perry of the original stage production heads the cast with Robert Young, with good support from Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crewes, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Kathryn Crawford and David Newell. Margaret Perry was born in Denver, Colo. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and green eyes.

Bettez II. This could be called a cinema research department but we won't call our selves names—you can do that. Lupe Velez's real name is Lupe Villalobos. Her mother is Josephine Velez, a former opera singer. Lupe was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Dolores (Lolita) Del Rio uses the name of her first husband. Del Rio, on the screen. She was married to Cedric Gibbons on Aug. 7, 1930. Her latest release is "Bird of Paradise" with Joel McCrea. Conchita Montenegro, was born in San Sebastian, Spain. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. She speaks French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English, the latter with a decided accent.

Sunshine Sally. You may hang around my door any time you like. Greta Garbo's latest release is "As You Desire Me." With her in it are Melvyn Douglas, Erich Von Stroheim, Hesla Hopper and Owen Moore. The man you love to hate is, of course, Von Stroheim. Owen Moore has made many new friends with his clever handling of Tony. How did you like Greta as a platinum blonde?

Red Head. It isn't a question of mind over what's the matter, but where can one see the best picture in town if they're all the best? Think that over and give me your honest opinion if any. Helen Mack who plays in "While Paris Sleeps" is on contract with Fox Films. She was born Nov. 13, 1913, in Rock Island, Ill. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has auburn hair and sparkling brown eyes. She was on the stage as a child, playing with Roland Young, William Hodge, and in several of George M. Cohan's plays.

Dorothy H. I haven't any new side-light to give you on Kent Douglas. He hasn't made a picture since he deserted the screen for his first love, the stage. He was born Oct. 29, 1908, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is 6 feet tall and has hazel eyes and blonde hair. He is not married and his real name is Robert Douglas Montgomery—no relation of Robert, M-G-M's Montgomery.
Norma Shearer, we salute you for your superb performance in "Strange Interlude"

IT'S a "Strange Interlude" in the lives of motion picture audiences, this splendid screening of Eugene O'Neill's play. We don't know how popular it may be, but we do know that this Honor Page, with our deepest bow, goes to the star of the show, Norma Shearer, for the most intelligent performance given on the screen this season.

Frankly, we are in a quandary as to this Honor Page. At first we were going to give it to Constance Bennett for her best performance in "What Price Hollywood?" Then we reconsidered and decided that Lowell Sherman had earned it with his best performance in the Bennett picture. And then we saw "Strange Interlude." And there was no further question in our minds. Norma Shearer—although she has won this Page twice before—has won it again through sheer ability. She is the only girl in pictures who could play Nina Leeds in girlhood, in motherhood, in middle-age, in old-age—and make you believe it. Miss Shearer's portrayal is acting of a very high order.

At the right, Norma Shearer as a charming matron. Isn't she lovely? As we look at Norma as she will look in her own young-middle-age, we are more than ever convinced that Irving Thalberg is a lucky man, and that Irving, Jr., will always be proud of his mother. "Strange Interlude" presents its characters first in youth, then in the fall of their lives, and finally in old age. It's an intensely interesting screenplay.

This dignified lady, under the art and the make-up, is Norma Shearer. Boys and girls, here's an actress!

Right, one of the final scenes of "Strange Interlude" in which Nina, now an old woman, at last understands her son (Robert Young).
"Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world."
—Cervantes' "Don Quixote"

Certainly, if we could all be as well chosen for our parts in real life as the moving picture stars are cast in their screen roles, life would be far more successful and happy.

Find your personality through the real stars of the motion picture world.

**DIRECTIONS:**

Find the type of nose most nearly resembling yours, then push a pin through the star nearest it.

Next, find the lips closest in appearance to yours, and insert pin through the star near it. Do the same with the chins, jowls, necks and back heads. On the ears, you may not find the type of ears on your type of back head, in which case punch pin through two stars—the one on account of the ear shape and the other because of the back head.

Push pin through star at each feature. Then turn over page and see what the personality chart says of you.

Read sections pointed out by arrows you have punched.
Ramon Novarro's high crown, Pride, firmness, dignity, sense of responsibility. Uncompromising idealism. Alert, intense, ambitious, self-confident.

Mona Maris' crown shows great appreciation of public opinion, Loves grandeur, display, pomp, color, ceremony, Keenly sensitive to praise.

Ricardo Cortez' crown—firmness, pride, a feeling that one is captain of one's soul. Such natures often misunderstood, Strong-willed.


Janet Gaynor's high crown, spiritual, sensitive, inspired. Religion important to such souls, without strict ritual. Often disillusioned.

Eric Von Stroheim's crown—high, full. Self-confidence, dislikes interference. May go to great depths and heights. Intense, self-centered.


June Clyde's musical, angular ear indicates great appreciation of technique in music or romance. Calm, cool—controlled emotions.

Buster Keaton's ears and large back head. Friendliness, fondness for children and pets; greatest happiness through friends. Highly emotional nature.

Leila Hyams' wide-lobed ear and curly hair. Receptive, eager, fond of music. Spontaneous, harmonious. Loving, but demands understanding mate.


Marie Dressler's full-lobed ear. Natural leaning toward creature comforts. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, tolerant. Tendency to mother everybody.

Irène Dumont's short neck shows a balanced nature; mentally and physically healthy, wholesome, matter of fact. Solicitous, cheering.


Anita Page's slender neck. High-strung, nervous; mind, voice-matter type. Wiry; changeable. Mental and physical health are interdependent.

Wallace Beery's full neck. Bohemian, boisterous; is convivial, assured. Generally acquires wealth. Loves comfort. Worldly; extravagant tastes.

George O'Brien's jowl and shoulder altogether athletic. Will to physical exertion exceeds mental. Such natures concentrate on sports. Restless.

Constance Bennett's flat, wide jowl. Singleness of purpose. Will strong over body. Happiness depends on good judgment. Inclined to obstinacy.

Gary Cooper's jowl is wide, strong, showing tenacity, patriotism, found on frontiersmen. Pliable on non-essentials, stubborn on essentials.

Vivianne Osborn's jowl indicates vivacity; sense of the psychological moment to grasp opportunities. Found on diplomats. Somewhat extravagant.


Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s straight brow shows accuracy, science, artistry. Endowed with keen business acumen and constructive ability. Very dearest.


Joan Crawford's arched brows and full eyes. Loves life in all phases; talkative, persuasive, enthusiastic. Great imagination.

Claudette Colbert's brows, credulous, gay, talented in music and dancing; creative, possessing initiative in all the dramatic arts. Varying moods.


Clark Gable's brow, very active, observant, artistic, mechanical, better understanding of things than of people. Love of facts. Occasionally tragic.

Charles Bickford's nose. Emotional, abrupt, combustive; varies quickly from mad to glad. Best in outdoor action. Sometimes pugnacious, but frank.


Sylvia Sidney's nose. Social type, ambitious, creative, sensitive; quick actions and judgments. Best in idealistic surroundings. Snobbish tendencies.

Richard Barthelmess' nose. Practicality, constructiveness, love of motion by all means of travel. Direct, serious-minded. Somewhat militant, but fair.

Marion Davies' nose. Capricious, optimistic, intuitive; absorbs knowledge, literally and figuratively a good mixer with all people. Carefree spirit.


Will Rogers' nose. Polite, acquisitive; zealous student by observation; mechanical, reasoning, purposeful; suggests pioneers and explorers. Newly nosy.


George Arliss' lips. Reserved, super-sensitive; infinite patience in preparation for achievement. Primm, precise; aristocratic but considerate.

Lewis Stone's stiff lip. Low, order, equity, fairness. Legal type of mind. Handles others' affairs well. Often domineering, but fair.

Maureen O'Sullivan's chin. Wilful, adventurous, crusading; achieving; great courage. Often found on military and athletic leaders, Independent.


Joan Bennett's sloping chin. Shows love of peace. Such people are usually lovable, easily led but never driven; somewhat dependent.


Rosa Hobart's long chin. Strongly individualistic; bends but does not give in. Strong extremist, good or bad, Puritan or rebel.
WHAT IS THIS RAFT MENACE?

GEORGE RAFT! You've made him a star in record time—two pictures. You asked me to find out about him for you. A pleasure! He came to New York just at the right time. Paramount cannily rushed him east to play a week at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway—the same street where "Scarface" was playing a few blocks down. Raft played five shows a day—practically lived in the theatre. So I called on him between shows. Next time he is in town he is coming to my office to call on me. I think I'll charge admission.

First, I saw him in the stage show. Introduced and kidded by that grand clown, Ken Murray, Raft was one of the three stars on the bill, the other being Mary Brian. Raft—white suit, sleek black hair, all lithe, pantherish grace—sauntered on, strangely at ease on that stage dedicated to adagio and "personal appearances." He took part in the clowning yet stood curiously apart from it. Then he decided to dance. The audience leaned forward as one woman. There was a hush as Rubinoff's boys swung into a slow hot rhythm. Slinkily, with a certain good-humored insolence, George Raft began to dance.

And what a dance! Remember Valentino's tango in "The Four Horsemen"? Wait—I'm not comparing them. Raft's dance was a 1932, hot Harlem rumba. It was modern—and as primitive as a jungle moon. But in Raft's dance there was some of that same arrogant grace that Rudy used to have. And the audience, to a woman, was won. Take back your terrible wholesome heroes of the great outdoors, their expressions said, and give us a Raft of George. I didn't ask the men what they thought.

Later, I took the elevator to the dressing-rooms. Ken Murray yelled "Hello!" Mary Brian smiled. And then into a crowded room where, surrounded by cameramen and reporters and pretty girls, George Raft sat, sombre and unsmilimg, doing his coin-flipping trick from "Scarface"—only using a ring instead. It's a habit with him.

Not since Valentino have I seen an actor's dressing room like Raft's. Pretty women—one a blonde beauty well-known to Broadway; a hovering secretary; solicitous friends. Chatter and color and, in the center of it, an enigmatic man with sleek hair and quiet courteous manner and an inexplicable rare smile. It reminded me of a Valentino tea—that dates me but what do I care?—when a girl walked off with Rudy's shaving-brush as a souvenir.

Raft is poised but unassuming. He seems a little surprised to find himself important. As he flipped the ring it rolled out of his hand. Down he went on his knees to find it.

"How do you like this personal appearance?" I asked.

"It was a surprise to me," he answered. "They asked me to hop a train for New York. 'But what can I do?' I wondered. Then I thought, 'Well, I can dance,' so I did that. Now I'm going back. I'll do a picture called 'Night after Night.'"

"How about 'Blood and Sand'?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know about that," he said. "It would be hard—no one can ever follow Rudy, and I'd hate to try."

"I liked your big scene in 'Scarface,' where you slump to the floor," I said. I meant it.

"Give Paul Muni credit for that," he answered. This Muni credit was no news to me, but Raft didn't know I knew it. I liked George from then on.

I believe Raft will be the greatest male personality draw in motion pictures if he is given the right stories—a male Garbo, and how George Raft will hate that. But we'll like it!

Delight Evans
The kings and queens of screenland join real royalty in cheering the Olympics, staged this year in the movie capital. All the world has gone athletic, with Hollywood in the lead!

Hollywood Goes OLYMPIC!

By Gail Hall Wright

Did Johnny Weissmuller make the Olympics popular or did the Olympics make a hero out of Johnny?

Whoever wins, we can't deny that symptoms of Olympic fever began making headway in Hollywood directly the blaze of its three hundred synthetic Christmas trees gave way to the glow of patriotic colors in the smart shop windows; sports frocks suddenly flaunted national hues; evening gowns went Greek; slippers went sandal and Hollywood maidens discovered how becoming were the snappy new shorts!

The fever spread to the stage of a national epidemic when Johnny flashed across the screen, swinging from tree to tree, swimming, diving, lion-fighting. Olympics—Johnny! Johnny-Olympics! Then and there it became smart to be athletic. Stars went into training for primitive roles. Competition became hot and heavy on the tennis courts and in swimming pools. Everyone began brushing up on his games of this and that so that the finer points of the Olympic events might be better appreciated. By-ways and side-ways teemed with cycling maidens, pedaling blithely along in tune to radioed handle-bars.

Radio, itself, added impetus to the general interest by trotting forth half a dozen famous stars to tell the world about the glory that was Greece and the glamor that is Hollywood.

Marlene Dietrich spoke to her “freinds” in Germany; Claudette Colbert “parlait” to France; Dolores Del Rio “habla” to listening Spaniards; Maureen O’Sullivan kidded Pat through the “Mike”; Jill Esmond painted an alluring picture for the English, and Will Rogers admonished the world to come and bring “its customer” along.

The world straightway believed its ears—and incoming trains, boats and busses have since been packed with those who would see the athletic and the movie stars.
at one seeing—all of which is pretty soft for those talented ones who can boast of being able to satisfy their customers with one look. Stars with Olympic records are top-hole-ace-high—nothing less than one hundred percent out here now. Even the prizeful owners of lesser championship medals have dusted them off, polished them up and are displaying them with gusto. Silver cups have become objects of interest rather than mantel adornments or receptacles for stray cigarette ashes. Production schedules have been arranged so that screen players will have time out for the games. Yes—Hollywood is taking its Olympics seriously.

In many ways the Olympics of two thousand years ago were similar to the games of the tenth Olympiad now being held in California. The infant Olympics were cradled in the sacred valley of the Eleans, flooded by golden sunshine tempered by cooling breezes from the distant snow-capped mountains. The olive, the orange, the date and the fig tree offered sustenance and shade, while the waters of the Mediterranean, even as those of our Pacific, entranced the dreamer, the poet, the lover of beauty, all the while luring the devotees of water sports.

Worship of bodily perfection prevails in California today no less than it did years ago when the Olympic heroes became national idols and the games were regarded as sacred. Even our standards of beauty are the same: the glow of health under sun tanned skins, grace, vigor, radiant vitality and clear complexions. The ideals of sportsmanship that inspire our athletes come as a heritage from these early heroes. Even the spirit that prevailed during the games themselves, when all the cities of Greece laid down their swords and peace reigned, is evident now when the interest of the world centers on the Los Angeles' Olympics and the nations are temporarily united in this common bond.

The competitors of old were housed in special quarters designed for them—as witness our Olympic village! And, even as today, vendors were everywhere about, blocking the view, trampling the toes, blasting the ears. The Greeks, however, seemed to be a bit more esthetic in their taste than are we, for the wares that found favor with them included cosmetics, fruit and fine oils for the hair. But then, of course, they knew nothing of ice cream suckers, pop and the succulent hot dog.

As to the honors bestowed upon the conquering heroes? Well, there are certain (Continued on page 90)
From Riches to "Rain"

How can the sensitive Crawford play hard-boiled Sadie Thompson? You'll want to read this intimate analysis of the girl whose character and career spell D-R-A-M-A

JOAN CRAWFORD has a million dollar personality, yet she is a natural-born rebel. Like all the world's most interesting personalities, she is a rare combination of mental, spiritual, and physical contradictions.

One does not have to be a character analyst to see beauty and character in her face. They speak from every feature.

Joan Crawford's great starry eyes are easily her most outstanding and attention-compelling feature. They would seem too doll-like to a portrait painter; they would delight a cartoonist because they are easy to caricature, but they are too compelling to be easily subdued in a portrait without losing the likeness.

The things most compelling in the mental and physical make-up of real people are beauty and harmony of feature, plus character or certain strong features that command attention—a large nose, or out-thrust chin. So a face full of soft curves, one running imperceptibly into another, in the forehead, eyes, and nose, like our subject's, is beautiful and harmonious; but the strong wide chin shows strength of character. Contradictory! But speaking a subtle language of beauty and strength that helps to "get" you.

If your eyes resemble Joan Crawford's, they will mean as large an ingredient in your personality as they do in hers. They spell spontaneity, eagerness, talkativeness.
BENTON DISCOVERS
JOAN'S REAL PERSONALITY!

Let him discover yours!

Read this fascinating analysis of Crawford. Think it over. Then ask yourself, "How well do I know my own true character?" Turn to Hollywood Personality Chart, Page 13, this issue. William E. Benton, famous faceologist, is here to help you. Find out about your character and your possibilities through these three modern branches of human analysis:

1. **Faceology.** The study of the features. Send your photograph, or if you do not have a small snapshot which can be sent in an ordinary-sized envelope, simply jot down the numbers which correspond with your facial characteristics on the Personality Chart. This will help to give a correct analysis of your personality.

2. **Graphology.** Send sample of your handwriting. A dozen words are sufficient.

3. **Numerology.** Send your full name—including given name—and your birth date.

Send these indexes of your character with 25c and stamped addressed envelope to William E. Benton, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York City, and you will receive a comparative analysis of yourself that will entertain and help you.

Sadie Thompson is one of the most colorful heroines of all time. The late Jeanne Eagels created her in the original stage production. Gloria Swanson played her in the silent screen version. Now Joan Crawford gives us a Sadie Thompson—some say the most vivid of all.

On the same face with a large full-lipped mouth their owner will often be accused of talking too much! What they say in jest is often all too true, therefore the mention of it may hurt.

Music, language, imitation of voices, come all too easily to people with such eyes, causing an irresistible desire to imitate. As little girls the owners of such eyes find themselves all too fascinated by the funny voices of the strange people who come to call, and frequently amuse and sometimes shock their elders by their spontaneous imitations.

The high-arched brows above these great eyes lend an elfin sprightliness and expression of wonder, a childish delight in color and change. All who share these tip-tilted brows have a flare for the colorful and spectacular, and even as tiny tots are much concerned that their ribbons, dress, and shoes harmonize in color tones.

Oh, but here is a contradiction in face and nature that is as pronounced as the unexpected actions such opposite emotions evoke. Joan's strong tomboy jaw and the desire for physical action it suggests would cause her to go from the sublime to the (Continued on page 80)

The sleazy white fur, the hat with a feather, the many bracelets—can this be the same Joan who gave us "Letty Lynton"? That's William Gargan, from the Broadway stage, as the marine.
ROUGHING it on Cecil DeMille's yacht!

This is the way Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Robert Montgomery spent their summer vacation. Did you know they were pals? They have been ever since Bob was Joan's hero in "Untamed." Leaving their wives behind them—or rather, as Bob puts it, having been run away from by their better halves—they chartered a boat and put to sea together.

Two screen heroes in search of real life thrills. And what excitement they encountered!

Laurence Olivier, the tall, handsome young Englishman whom RKO-Radio plans to present in romantic roles this season, is the third member of this stellar trio. They are the three musketeers of Hollywood, invariably going places and doing things together.

"The Three Mad Romanoffs" was the descriptive title which they awarded themselves when they started on their cruise. Doug was about to start a Russian picture, and got his two buddies so enthused over the good old days of the czar that they all acquired a royal Russian complex!

Now the statement that they roughed it on DeMille's yacht needs a little explaining. They sailed with a four-piece orchestra and no wives, you know. All of which, insists Bob, might be misconstrued.

"It sounds positively Roman to hire C. B.'s yacht. One immediately gets an idea of a huge ship, full of De Mille interiors. Loads of luxury and beautiful girls in every nook!"

"The truth is that the Seaward is a comfortable, classy boat. But it's not elaborate nor so very large. We found we could charter it for less than it would cost to stay at some hotels."

"As for women? It was a masculine vacation. A husbands' holiday. Joan Crawford had been ordered to Catalina on location for 'Rain,' and Mrs. Montgomery had gone East to visit her sister, who was expecting a baby." Jill Esmond, Larry Olivier's pretty actress wife, was also busy.

"The orchestra? Yes, we started out with one. But let Doug explain that!"
Hollywood Husbands on Holiday! Read this exclusive account of the unique vacation of Doug, Jr., Bob Montgomery, and Laurence Olivier

When these venturesome movie males left Hollywood, they wanted a complete change from the artificialities of studio life. But such adventure—yes, even stark terror!—as they experienced was beyond anything they had anticipated.

Fighting for their lives through breakers twelve feet high, adrift in a tiny boat through the dark hours of a moonless night in shark-infested waters, deep-sea diving into a strange new world, answering the frequent calls of all hands on deck—this was roughing it!

"Bob and Larry used to go to the Russian Art Club in Los Angeles with me," Doug relates, "so I could absorb the proper atmosphere for 'Revolt'. We became so enthused and sentimental over the romance of Russia's yesteryears that we read all the books we could dig up on the subject. Even wrote fan letters to that grand duke who recently turned author!

"We love the sea, wanted to do something different for our vacation, and hit upon the idea of hiring a yacht which we could take wherever fancy led. In a moment of absent-mindedness we had invited the four-piece Russian orchestra at the club to go along. Were we surprised when they took us up and met us at the dock!

"We didn't pay them. Just offered them a chance at a free cruise. The first two days out they all got so violently seasick that we had to land them! That was the end of our orchestra!"

Larry had a last-minute call to work, so he missed the first week of the fortnight jaunt. He flew down to Ensenada, Mexico, to get aboard. What a reception he received from his pals! Only two such playful friends as Doug and Bob could have concocted that sort of a greeting! But that comes later in this account.

Unlike the way in which Doug, Sr., travels—in much style—these three young heroes did a lot of the actual work involved in running the yacht. Sailing short-handed with a crew of only five, they had to pull and haul the sails whenever a storm hit them. And they ran into plenty of unusual weather!

Every day was crammed with interest. Eddie Knopf, the writer, went along, but he had to return to the

"Roughing it" on Cecil DeMille's yacht! Fairbanks, Montgomery, and Olivier chartered DeMille's boat for a complete change from the artificialities of studio life. And then they ran right into romance-material for a dozen exciting movie scenarios. Read in this story how Young Doug narrowly escaped death, with no director to guide him.
Three Hollywood actors trying “to get away from it all” run into the most thrilling moments of their lives! Don’t miss this

studios before the rest. Boxing and swimming were the regular sports of the trio. They wear berets, these boys, but what a wallop they pack! Each scored knockouts when they connected with one of their pals in their sparring. Hard as nails, they kept each other in constant training.

The most terrible hours of Doug’s life will always emphasize the memory of this trip to him. He came so near to drowning and being eaten by sharks that he gave up all hope of ever getting back to civilization alive!

“I know now exactly how it feels to face death,” he says, “and it’s certainly no joke. Before Larry joined us we sailed down the coast of Lower California. My thrill of a lifetime came when we anchored the yacht five miles off-shore and went in our little power launch to try and get a wire through to Larry.

“The shallowness of the water made it necessary to anchor away out. Bob, Eddie, and I started for land in the launch, which was in reality a sturdy row-boat with a motor attached. We headed for the so-called ‘Bay of the Five Wonderful Hills,’ having learned that a channel led the only way through the breakers to this bay. The village of San Quintin (pronounced Sancanteen) was ten miles inland, up a river. The channel there was marked by low wooden stakes that stuck about a foot above the water level.

“Armed with gun and camera—the Hollywood influence!—we ran into breakers six feet high as we attempted to find the right place to avoid them. There was a long, flat peninsula on either side of the bay with

See Doug, Jr.’s smile? It wore off while he was living through the most terrible hours he ever spent—all on his “vacation”!

Fairbanks the second tries walking under water! If Joan had been on that trip would Doug have dared to do this?
I had decided we'd have to sleep under the wharf, the skipper appeared. He presented the clearance papers which explained our presence and then the real thrills began as we started back for the yacht!

"We had to find our way out to sea through the channel. It was pitch dark, no moon, and no signs of the yacht. Our launch ran aground several times before we got to the breakers. I was steering and, as you may have heard, this particular coast-line is noted for its profuse sea life.

"We ran into a school of porpoise! They're about ten feet long, the size of baby whales, and they swim under and all 'round us. Once I had my elbow over the side and some guardian angel warned me to move it. Half a second later a shark made a grab at me!

"No scene," Doug is sure, "that I've ever played in a movie has ever been nearly so hair-raising as that night. The rain was coming down in torrents, Eddie bailing out the water as fast as he could. We banged at the porpoises and sharks with our oars as we tried to keep from going aground.

"Several hours of that and we got to the breakers, bouncing like a cork. That's when I gave up all hope of getting out of the fix alive. The first time I've ever been absolutely scared to death! Breakers at least a dozen feet high washed over us. The sharks were trailing beside us and the tide was so strong we couldn't steer the boat. Lurching and swaying and bailing water out constantly, we drifted parallel with the breakers for some three miles.

"Then—thank God, we accidentally found the way through the breakers. The entrance to the channel shifts with the tide. But when we got past the breakers we couldn't find the yacht! What a sensation that was!

"With our tiny motor using up precious gas, we buffeted around for what seemed two hours. Looking for a yacht in that oh-so-dark Pacific! Finally, we spotted its lights and ran completely out of gas a hundred yards away. Maybe you think we weren't hauled aboard with sighs of relief from everyone!"

Nerve? You bet these screen heroes have plenty of it. Imagine how frantic Joan and Doug, Sr., and Mary would have been had they known. They say the best way to prove a friend's stamina is to take him far away from civilization and watch him face a crisis. Doug and Bob proved to each other that memorable day that they had he-man courage!

When they'd recuperated, (Continued on page 88)
"YOU marry a man's virtues, but you have to live with his vices!"

Loretta Young insists that adage is truer than ever today. And as movieland's prettiest and most popular ex-wife, she ought to know! "Hollywood is a grand place," she contends. "To live, and—if it must be told—to love! The joker is this. One has to take care to do both intelligently."

Those who know Loretta most intimately say that she is now going through that settling-down process which hits "play girls" at a certain age. In a far less spectacular way, Loretta is doing a Joan Crawford. This Young beauty has always been externally genteel and ladylike. Emotionally she has experienced much.

Currently she is out of love and hard to date. She has moody weeks like these, occasionally, when she fancies herself the lonesome Garbo type. Then, like the cinematic Dietrich, she's falling in love again despite all protestations that she never wanted to. Just can't help it!

Less than a month ago she met an attractive young man—not an actor—and within a week became terribly sentimental. As she was listening to his altar call, she felt mental growing-up pains and remembered her unsuccessful marriage to Grant Withers. She hesitated, and wisely.

In another few days she'll probably be sighing over a new would-be flame. Wondering and worrying what she should do. When he phones, she'll have her mother and three sisters in a spasm of excitement. The folly of sitting by the fireside on these summer nights will be readily apparent to her!

"Being a divorcée puts a girl in a peculiar spot," Loretta tells me. "Not only here in the picture crowd, but in any social group. You've lost your youthful illusions. You're awakened. It's a continual battle between your emotions and your common sense.

"The outside pressure is terrific, too. Everyone—at least in Hollywood—believes devoutly that you can't wait until you capture a new husband. Engagement rumors run wild. You are certainly man-crazy, and—should you deny it—you are branded unholy.

"When you go out on a date, the men think that since you are a divorcée you are 'knowing.' It's a hectic existence!" Loretta admits. "But darned if I'm sorry I'm leading it!"

Nineteen, gorgeous-looking, impetuous but dignified, this lovely semi-star is even more of a draw in person than she is in celluloid. By unanimous consent our gayest "ex." A grand girl with a perfect sense of humor and aplomb equal to a carload of Murad addicts. The local idea of an A-1 "date."

Life is one picture and one (suspected) engagement after another for her. She was Lon Chaney's heroine in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at fourteen, and has been assiduously rushing from lead to lead ever since that auspicious break. Not a publicity-made favorite, but an actress of increasing ability with a following that grows steadily.

Her social activities began at thirteen! Always a jump ahead of her fellow-femmes when it comes to boy friends, she was the fairest blossom of them all at that tender age. While other girls were making the transition from grammar to high school, Loretta was sporting high-heeled shoes, evening frocks, and an astonishingly grown-up attitude. She's been gracing the Grove, the Roosevelt, the biggest premieres, the most select parties for practically a half-dozen years.
Gayest Divorcée!

By Clark Benjamin

Love and learn, says Loretta Young, the girl who was a bride at 17 and a divorcée at 18!

Currently Loretta Young is out of love and hard to date! Sometimes she is lonely as Garbo. Again, like the cinematic Dietrich, she's "falling in love again—can't help it!" Below, the new home in Beverly that Loretta built with her movie earnings. She lives there with her mother and three sisters.

Maybe you suppose a girl whose days have been filled with work and whose evenings have been preoccupied with admiring men would be blasé, weary, shallow. An overblown rose. A victim of prematurity.

Loretta is living proof that a movie studio is a swell place to raise a lady! Her mother raised her to be a star, and knew what she was doing. The result is an overwhelming success.

There hasn't been time for a fashionable finishing school or college. Loretta has never attended public school, either. Until she was (Continued on page 82)
George Brent can't be branded as a "screen lover" no matter how well he plays those love scenes. He's too real. Here he is in a studio moment with Barbara Stanwyck. That's director Bill Wellman's curly head.

Beginning

The Real-Life Story of George Brent

George Brent has no pictures to illustrate a story of his childhood in Ireland, except a very pleasant mental one, filled with memories of hot peat fires in big chimney places, gorgeous shadows on smoky kitchen walls, and a pipe-smoking grandfather who told him stories.

If you stick a pin in the very middle of the map of Ireland you will be within shouting distance of the place where George Brent was born—on a certain March 15. A family of four welcomed the new son: his father and mother, John and Mary Brent, an older sister, and a grandfather.

The Brent place was near Shannonbridge, an ancient town at the junction of the Shannon and the Suck rivers, but not near enough for the young Brents to attend the town school. They went, instead, to a two-room country schoolhouse, known as a "National School," less than a mile from their home, where forty noisy children kept two teachers busy trying to preserve a semblance of order.

The Brent homestead was a substantial place with many acres of grazing land, woodland, and fields, and a great old stone house with fabulously thick walls and perilously steep slate roofs. George liked to pretend that the old house was a fort and that he had been left there alone to defend it to his last breath against a host of invading British. Perhaps his family, the grandfather in particular, did not do all they might have done to dissuade the boy from his make-believe ambushings of an ancient enemy! The right to take pot shots at Englishmen, real and imaginary, seems part of the heritage of every Irish boy born south of the River Shannon.
Rousing adventures of an actor whose screen career can never be as colorful as his own experiences.

Chapter I.

As told to Carlisle Jones

by

George Brent

But not all of the boy’s tender years were spent in such warlike operations. There was work to be done, and George was soon expected to do his share. As a little boy he was put to herding sheep, with the help of the dozen sheep dogs kept for that purpose. He was taught to ride almost as soon as he learned to walk and peat digging and raking and potato planting occupied other busy months.

For eight months of the year the boy discarded shoes and stockings. He roamed the banks of the lazy Shannon hunting for the best spots to catch pike and perch, and in the spring of the year salmon during their annual “run” to the spawning grounds. Sundays and evenings, those almost endless summer evenings in Ireland, were reserved for football and field hockey and foot-races and cross-country endurance tests.

In winter there were rabbit hunts and neighborhood social gatherings and long evenings in front of the fire listening to the stories his grandfather told of the g’lory which had been Ireland’s in the long ago. He told him of legendary Irish heroes and of lost Irish causes and of living Irish hopes. And slowly, surely, he instilled into the boy’s mind a passionate love of country and a stubborn will to independence which has never left him.

When George Brent was seven his father died, leaving the mother, grandfather, and a little girl and a small boy to carry on. Now more than ever, it was necessary that the boy work. There were hogs to feed, cows to milk, horses to care for, sheep to dip and shear. In the summer many weeks were spent in the bogs digging, “footing” and “stucking” peat for the next winter’s use. The Brent house was large and it (Continued on page 86)
Meet Chee-ak, the "Clark Gable of Eskimo-land"—his love-making causes the icebergs to melt for miles around!

With "Igloo" bursting upon us in all the majesty of its grim arctic drama, made on a shoe-string expedition by young Ewing Scott, and with W. S. Van Dyke setting forth for the same ice-bound location, with a half-a-million budget, to make "Eskimo" for M-G-M, another world's fastness is opened up for screen fans.

The Van Dyke expedition, leaving as it does with every modern equipment and generous funds, for that remote blizzardous place 500 miles within the Arctic Circle, is under no illusions. Van Dyke expects a thousand hazards and frustrations to beset his valiant company.

"It'll be cold, uncomfortable, often dangerous, and the company will probably come back fed up on each other," says Van Dyke.

"You bet it will," grins young Ewing Scott, who achieved "Igloo," now a Universal picture, on painfully meagre funds, in the face of soul-searing hardships, bitter physical pain, sullen natives, an influenza epidemic, three appalling blizzards, a missionary-storekeeper right out of fiction, and an assistant who wept and moaned, cursed and whined, directly the little heroic expedition was beyond civilization.

Ewing Scott is a Los Angeles boy who broke into the picture game as a technician when a mere kid in 1920. But it was his good luck to work with the late F. W. Murnau on three pictures, thus firing his desire...
The actual account of the filming of a grim drama in the Far North

for the remote and unusual. Murnau himself was to have made an arctic picture in 1928 called "Frozen Justice." Ewing was sent ahead to prepare the way. But three of his companions, Capt. Jack Robinson, Charlie Clark and Virgil Holt were lost for four hideous weeks.

"We hunted for them by plane twenty-four hours a day," remembers Scott, "and when we finally rescued them they had been without food or shelter on the ice for 22 days. So the Fox studio recalled us all, after $45,000 had been spent, rather than risk more lives."

Which, however, did not prevent Ewing dreaming of an arctic picture. He tried to sell the idea, but was turned down by every producer. He had kept in touch with Chee-ak, however—and saved his pennies.

Now Chee-ak is a full-blooded Eskimo hunter, young, and Apollo-like in physique. He was educated in a missionary school at Kotzebue, Alaska, and spoke English.

cause you see, there was a little dictator, whose authority was almost absolute in that bleak and barren settlement. He was the missionary, who also kept a store. Directly he discovered we were not a rich Hollywood subsidized expedition—that, in fact, there was a pretty drastic financial stringency—his interest in us changed. It appeared there would be no room for us at the warm mission."

But a dark angel was to rise upon the horizon to ward off despair.

"He was the whitest man we found up there—and he was a negro! He had lived up in that God-forsaken place for 24 years. He had had three Eskimo wives and regiments of children. He found us a warm shack at a nominal rent, and even loaned us an old stove left behind by Amundsen several years before. Several times after that, when we were in desperate straits, this fine black man gave us cheer and encouragement," tells Ewing.

"Another one of my worst (Continued on page 88)

A newsreel man had discovered him, and he was to have been the hero of that frustrated "Frozen Justice."

So when Ewing Scott had $5000 saved up, he sallied forth with one assistant and Chee-ak to materialize that arctic dream of his. He had written a corking good story. He had an unquenchable faith in the dramatic and adventurous lure of such a picture. So February, 1931, saw them leaving civilization behind.

Ewing has kept a remarkably intimate diary—a little too recklessly frank for publication. It is the record of a tremendous personal struggle against diabolical and well-nigh insurmountable odds.

Arrived at Fairbanks, Alaska. Fate started its knavish tricks. Airplanes were essential to cover the last 1200 miles. The only available ones were out-dated types and the owner didn't want to hurry, anyway. Likewise $3000 was his lowest estimate. Consider the hole that would make in $5000 capital—before they'd even got started!

"I beseeched, haggled, dickered. Almost wavered in my resolve, especially as my assistant lost his grit about now and wept for home. But the Governor of Alaska wanted some diphtheria anti-toxin taken to Point Barrow—the farthest north settlement. That decided me to risk it—humanity on the side of my own desire. That anti-toxin assured us some sort of a welcome. We arrived alive in spite of the ancient planes, but not without the lash of fear and mortal anxiety on the way.

"Our welcome was short-lived," sighs Ewing. "Be-

Where icy winds sweep the frozen landscape, and 60 below is hot weather. Scott built his igloo village amid terrible hardship and suffering.

Below, Chee-ak, the Great Lover of the Frigid North. It is through his torrid personality, some say, that the Aurora Borealis derives its warm colors!
He Was a Kid Himself!

And he hasn’t forgotten it. That’s why Norman Taurog has achieved such wonders in directing child actors

By

Peter Long

Jackie Cooper was mad. Good and mad. He sought out uncle Norman Taurog on the set, and drew him to one side. Jackie is a normal little boy, and he has his mads and his sulks like any other little Skippy. In response to the director’s sympathy, the outraged Jackie confided:

“I don’t want to be President of the United States when I grow up!”

The man who won the Motion Picture Academy Award for directing the best picture of the year, “Skippy,” knows his kids. He became as indignant as Jackie. Some well-meaning assistant had told Jackie that if he didn’t do his work right that day, he would never grow up to be President.

“Don’t you worry, Jackie,” sympathized the director. “You don’t have to be President. Personally, I think you’re going to be the best baseball player in the world.”


The rest of that day the little trouper worked like a

Norman Taurog’s Rules for Directing Children

1. Study each child’s nature and disposition.
2. Achieve discipline through kindness.
3. Win the child’s confidence.
4. Appeal to his sense of fair play.
5. Never show favoritism or arouse jealousy.
6. Don’t be indifferent to his problems.
7. Never trick or frighten children.
8. Don’t overwork them.
10. Don’t over-emphasize the importance of money.
trojan to play his scenes perfectly. Cried real tears and never dropped a line. Growing up to be a better baseball player than Babe Ruth is something to work for. Norman Taurog understands kid psychology.

Fortunate indeed is the man who never forgets that he was once a boy. Mark Twain never did. Neither have Booth Tarkington, Sir James M. Barrie, Percy Crosby and Norman Taurog. Twain, Tarkington and Barrie have made our childhood live again in books and plays; Crosby in cartoons and Taurog in motion pictures.

Of late Taurog has forsaken kid pictures for the more relaxing field of comedy. As a veteran of pictures he knows the grave danger of being typed.

"Besides," explains Taurog, "I feel just as much at home directing Wheeler and Woolsey as I do Jackie Cooper. In temperament, kids are like comedians, and comedians are like kids. Big things seldom bother them; little things upset them terribly.

"If there is a difference it goes something like this: Jackie Cooper doesn't want to be President of the United States, but both Wheeler and Woolsey have always wanted to be President!"

This wisecracking should definitely prove that Taurog is as much at home directing comedians as kids. But—getting back to the ten cardinal rules for directing children in pictures. After watching Taurog direct, plot, connive, cajole, manipulate, humor, coax, threaten, promise, soft-soap and act a part with such clever youngsters as Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Jackie and Robert Coogan, Jackie Searl and Junior Durkin, I have come to the conclusion that making a real kid picture is the toughest job a man ever faced.

Garbo, Gable, Chatterton, Crawford, Bankhead and Barrymore have nothing on those six kids for individuality and temperament. What the kids lack in technique and understanding they make up in naturalness of emotions.

The director and I were sitting at ease on the set watching Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan and Jackie Searl playing catch with their pals, the prop men and electricians. It was one of the frequent recess hours with which this wise and understanding man indulged his "children."

"Let's take your rule one," I said. "Okay,"

agreed the director, "look at each one of those three kids. As different as day and night. In many respects, they're just as individual as the brilliant grown-ups. I study each child's nature and disposition thoroughly before I attempt to use them in a picture. If those kids didn't have 'something' they wouldn't be so appealing and successful. Lacking maturity, children's emotions are elemental. They can't talk up—or talk back—to grown-ups who are telling them what to do. How then can one understand kids unless one is sufficiently interested and patient to penetrate the barrier of childish reticence? Boy, you'd be surprised at what you find out, and what they sometimes think of their grown-up bosses."

I'll bet. All parents reading this story might well ponder over Taurog's words, because I know of no one who has made a more complete study of children.

"Naturally," continued the director, "each youngster must be handled in a widely different way. For example: Jackie Cooper IS Skippy. He's a normal boy. He likes to boss his playmates if he can get away with (Continued on page 81)
Not the Romantic Type?

You saw him in “Scarface.” Now meet the real Paul Muni—the most extraordinary actor who ever signed a Hollywood contract!

By
Laura Benham

I've never known a gangster—I don't want to know one! I've never seen a killing—I don't want to see one! I didn't want to make ‘Scarface’—and now that I've made it, I am not sure I like it!

It was “Scarface” himself speaking—or rather, Paul Muni, the soft-voiced young actor whose performance in the title rôle of “the gang-picture to end all gang-pictures” had electrified the entire nation and brought him to the immediate attention of motion picture fans all over the world.

Seated opposite him in one of Manhattan's smartest restaurants—watching his kindly brown eyes break into tiny crinkles as he smiled—noting the generous mobility of his wide, humorous mouth as he ordered luncheon with the discrimination of an epicure—it was difficult to realize that this, then, was the man who had made the ruthless, relentless “Scarface” live and breathe.

For regardless of what he has done in the past or what he may accomplish in the future, Paul Muni will always be identified by his characterization in that picture. His years of struggle for recognition on the stage, his two previous—and ineffective—efforts before the cameras all count for naught beside the terrific power and stark brutality of his portrayal of Tony Camonte.

No one is more aware of this than Muni himself—and it disturbs him. It is in complete conflict with his philosophy of what acting—is what it means to the actor.

For Paul Muni is different from the average Hollywood actor in that he takes his acting—not himself—seriously.

“No matter what others may say—how they may scoff at my views—to me, acting is still an Art,” Muni began, his eyes grave and serious. “I am an actor because I love the work. It is creative and enthralling. I want to continue being an actor—but I do not want my future to be limited, my potentialities stifled, by becoming restricted to one type of part.

“That is why I didn't want to play ‘Scarface’—why at first I refused even to consider doing it.

“Now that the picture is released, my worst fears are justified. I have received numerous new picture offers—and most of them have been for other gangster, racketeer rôles!”

“But Mr. Muni, many of Hollywood's foremost actors have become famous and successful because of their ability to identify themselves with certain types of characters. And despite the fact that they always complain of being cast in rôles of one type, world-wide popularity and financial reward usually manage to assuage their grief,” I murmured wearily. After all, I had heard other actors voice somewhat similar views.

“Are you talking of other actors—or of other personalities?” Mr. Muni countered. “There is a vast dif-
for September 1932

No! Just a Great Actor

Above, Muni in "Seven Faces"—count them, seven! And every one is Muni. This was one of his films for Fox.

Muni the man. He is a sincere artist and a very real person.

As "Scarface"—most ruthless characterization in movie annals.

Below, a scene from "Scarface" in which the gangster and his sister face death.

ference, you know. Too many individuals are called great actors—when in reality they are great personalities.

"I think there should be two definite classifications—actors and personalities. In the former category we should place Lionel Barrymore, Greta Garbo and even John Barrymore, when he chooses to leave off being John Barrymore and become the character he is supposed to portray.

"In the latter class belong persons like Buddy Rogers, Clark Gable, and others whose popularity seems to be the result of personal magnetism rather than any ability to 'act' in the real sense of the word.

"The word 'actor' is taken far too lightly," Mr. Muni continued, warming enthusiastically to his subject. "Real acting consists of more than looking handsome or having sex-appeal as you call it. If

the majority of persons who are called actors are examples of the true definition of the word, then I don't want to be called an actor!"

This, from the man whom Rufus LeMaire, acting director of Warner Brothers Studio—and certainly a capable judge—had only a few days before called the greatest actor in the world today.

Indeed, Paul Muni has few rivals in the theater or on the screen as far as real characterization is concerned. And there are few who can boast his intensive training or thorough background.

Muni was born in a small village just outside of Vienna. His father and mother were struggling young thespians who emigrated to America when Paul was four years old.

"I was just so high," he held his hand along the top of a saltshaker to illustrate, a merry smile (Continued on page 84)
Gary’s Monkey Shines!

Toluca (“Chimp”) Cooper, starring in an interview, confesses her itch to be an actress

By Mortimer Franklin

NOW be a good ‘little galie,” wheedled Gary Cooper, climbing up on the mantelpiece after his adopted infant, “and give a nice interview.”

Toluca, the baby girl chimpanzee which Gary brought home from the African jungle, tossed a couple of rare antique vases out of the window and scuttled down to make faces at her interviewer.

“Well, how do you like America, Palooka?” I began.

“Toluca,” said the chimp, eyeing me uncordially.

“America’s all right—it’s very homelike. All those bulls and bears and jack—”

“Other animals,” corrected Gary.

—and other animals you have here remind me of the dear old jungle. And say, I must compliment you on your gorillas—they make the old folks at home look like a lot of college professors.”

“Toluca has ambitions,” said Gary proudly. “She wants to be a child movie star, don’t you, Tolu’?”

“I’d certainly love that,” acknowledged the chimp, gnawing my ear reflectively. “And after all, why not? I see a lot of kids on the screen who haven’t half as much sex appeal as I’ve got.”

“Well, how would you break in?” I inquired. “By monkeying around the studios?”

Tolu’ gave an indignant screech and unravelled the mainspring of my watch. “Don’t you monkey me—I’m a full-bred chimpanzee, descended from an aristocratic old family of South African chimpanzees. Aren’t I,
Hop Aboard the band wagon with Major Ann Dvorak! Ann, resplendent in her drum major's costume (what there is of it), leads the Big Parade of the younger and prettier girl stars of the day.
The Lady known as Lil in a new coiffure and a new hat. Her hat is the last word from Agnes herself! It's of gossamer white tulle, fashioned in bandeau effect; it leaves the crown of the head exposed, but veils the eyes with a wide mesh black veil.

LIL'S NEW CLOTHES

Presenting Miss Tashman in first glimpses of the new Fall fashions

Lilyan personifies the spirit of Autumn in her daytime frock of brown-and-white checked crêpe, with collar of white satin. She wears a pert brown beret of stitched felt, and enormous gauntlet gloves of white doeskin. Her shoes, belt and bag are of brown alligator skin. On the belt is a gold buckle with her initials, L. T. L., engraved in square-cut design.

Lilyan likes this luscious flesh-colored, demurely cut satin night-robe. Real rose-point lace fashions the tiny cap sleeves and is lavishly applied around the hem and through the bodice.
La Tashman’s favorite new evening gown is of dull black crêpe. (Remember, dull fabrics for fall gowns!) Its only ornament is a clip of brilliants at the front of the V décolletage. The bodice is cut in a soft fold across the shoulders, to give that broad look so to be desired.

Aren’t these quaint lounging pajamas? The blouse is of cream-colored lace, has a tiny Peter Pan collar, and ties with a small black bow. The trousers are of black transparent velvet.

Schiaparelli designed this new black wool coat. It is cut on svelte, diagonal lines.
SIDNEY FOX, Hollywood's brief moment of old-fashioned charm, has been chosen to play the ingenue rôle in "Once in a Lifetime," in which Hollywood takes a good, loud laugh at itself.
HAROLD LLOYD finds full play for his side-splitting antics in "Movie Crazy," his first picture in over a year, in which Harold plays a hopeful young studio gate-crasher, with Constance Cummings as the girl.
YOO, HOO! How do you like Kay Francis' wave? America's own slinky sorceress of the screen greets the fans who have elected her one of their favorites among the clever and charming actresses of the current cinema.
Standing on top of the world! Little Gloria Shea is just starting her screen career, but here she is right up on top already. Gloria supplies some of the warmth in the forthcoming "Three on a Match."
An example of good form! Virginia Bruce, pretty blonde actress and fiancée of John Gilbert, gets in shape for the big international athletic contest by practising discus throwing.

A tennis moment in the life of Marion Davies! Marion, who is an inveterate tennis player as well as a leading Hollywood hostess, is about to give us a sample of her service.

What's a couple of "bucks" between friends? Gene Raymond, who sits his powerful charger like a rough rider, would make an impressive showing in any horsemanship contest. Gene is one of the star riders of the picture community.

Regis Toomey is another athlete turned movie star. He used to be a crack half-mile runner on the University of Pittsburgh track team, and competed in the National A. A. U. meet in 1920.

He could show 'em a thing or two! Johnny Weissmuller, who was Olympic swimming champ in 1924-1928, will be on hand to watch the aquatic events with the critical eye of an expert.

The "Olympics" Spirit
Look out below! There'll be a big splash in just a moment, when Johnny Weissmuller tosses his friend, Stubby Krueger, into the pool.

Competition! Herman Brix is the holder of a world's record in sprinting, but he'll have to go some to show more zip than Joan Marsh and Mary Carlisle.

Having his fling! Joel McCrae, who looks like a perfect all-around athlete, has won intercollegiate honors as a javelin thrower, shot putter and discus thrower.

Speaking of champs, Irene Dunne holds an enviable record as a golfer. Hollywood has many enthusiasts of the sport, but Irene is the only one who ever achieved the miracle of a hole in one!

So full of the Olympic fervor is John Boles that he decides to combine two sports in one. Here's John doing a running high jump over the net in the midst of a game of tennis.
The Original Platinum Blonde greets you! Her hostess gown of lovely white lace features interestingly puffed sleeves that are caught in elbow-length cuffs, and a clinging body line ending in a graceful train.

Jean Harlow at her desk answering some of that fan mail which she received from her excellent performance in "Red-Headed Woman." Note that Jean is her original platinum-blonde self again.

Jean Harlow—Mrs. Paul Bern—at Home

Jean Harlow Bern and Bleak, her Great Dane, below, in the Bern living-room waiting for hubby and master, Paul Bern, to come home to dinner.

Charming—both the girl and the glimpse of her living-room! Jean is wearing a coral velvet negligee.
Here's an attractive setting for Harlow's pulse-raising charm. After you've taken a good look at Jean in her chiffon pajamas, notice the beautiful details of Jean's boudoir.

Jean near the fire-place—no study in contrasts! The new matron in her handsome living-room awaits the arrival of guests. Her husband, Paul Bern, is an associate producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Mrs. Bern will continue her screen career at that studio.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Bird of Paradise." (RKO)

Filmed in Hawaii
IT HAPPENED so suddenly, Hollywood had no opportunity to
approve or disapprove; in fact, it happened so suddenly that even
Jean Harlow and Paul Bern were left slightly breathless.

One Sunday evening, Paul dined with Jean's family at her home,
as had been his custom for many Sundays. Without warning—unless
a crimson blush that inflamed his face, neck and ears may be termed
a warning—Paul said to Jean, “What do you say we get married?”

She paused between spoons of soup to answer, “Sounds elegant to
me.” Just like that, while mamma and papa sputtered soup, and then
beamed.

The next day Jean and Paul went to the county clerk's office and
applied for a license to wed. A few days later, they were married.
There was no long engagement; in fact, no engagement at all. Paul
didn't give her a ring until after they had applied for the license.

Except for a brief automobile trip to a nearby California resort,
there was no honeymoon. Within a few days after their wedding cer-
emony, which took place at her home with only the family and a few
friends present, both Jean and Paul were back at the studio and en-
gaged with their business duties.

I talked with Jean a few minutes after she returned from the license
bureau. She was a bit frightened, somewhat amazed, and tearfully
happy.

“I'm terribly in love, and oh, so lucky; he is such a fine man,” she
said. Of course, all people in love say such things, but it is a fact;
Paul Bern is a fine man. He is one of the most respected, most be-
loved men in Hollywood. Jean Harlow is lucky.

“We've known each other for three years,” (Continued on page 92)
HER hair may be a woman's crowning glory but in Hollywood it is also a man's! A head of thick hair is more to be desired—almost—by the male populace than great riches.

How could these great lovers of the screen go on and on, like Tennyson’s brook, playing juveniles until they reach their dotage, if they were bald-headed? There seems to be some psychological reaction at work in the minds of the public that connects a receding hair line with old age.

Herbert Howe tells of an incident in connection with Richard Barthelmess and his hair. Dick went down to a barber shop for a haircut. He came back with the air of a man condemned. “Good God,” quoth he, “the barber says I'm losing my hair. What will I do? I mean to say, I can't make any money bald!”

You see? Butchers and bakers and candlestick makers may sigh regretfully as they pluck the hairs from their brushes, but in an actor's life it's a real tragedy. Let one of the latter notice a loose hair on his shoulder and
Not only the girls are beauty-conscious! The leading men must must preserve their pulchritude and appeal, too. Read how they do it in this amazing story

he goes scurrying to a scalp treatment place like a rabbit before a pack of hounds.

These places used to abound in Hollywood like igloos at the north pole. The competition was keen and it was necessary to produce results quickly. Gradually the trend of the big shots has been to one place—Helen Clark's.

Helen is a wily little woman with bright blue eyes and a mop of hair that a Chow might envy. She is only about five feet tall but she's got muscles like a Samson—or so it seems when she starts to work.

Her shop has about sixteen chairs like those in barber shops, except that these are on rubber wheels. They throw you into one of these chairs, put some stuff on your head, let you down into a reclining position, turn the light on while your head bakes, thrust a magazine into your hands and there you lie for an hour or two.

The first time I went up there, Helen thrust a book of detective stories into my hand. "I don't like murder stories," I protested.

"You'll like these," she retorted shamelessly. "They're simply hair-raising."

The shop is usually crowded so it is necessary to place two chairs back to back under the same light. If the two occupants know each other, as usually happens, the Friday Sewing Circle has nothing on Helen's place when it comes to dishing the dirt.

Occasionally a couple of wits get together and one memorable afternoon Johnny Hines, Eddie Buzzell, Gene Markey—Joan Bennett's husband—and Joe E. Brown swapped wisecracks for a couple of hours to the delight of the other customers.

I recall another afternoon when Eddie Buzzell, who had been acting as announcer for a radio station, breezed in.

"Ah," drawled Gene, "Eddie the broadcaster."

"Sure," said Eddie. "More broads have been cast out of my apartment than any in Hollywood."

"Interesting—if true," Gene murmured and added, a moment later. "Where you living now, Eddie?"

But to get down to this business of treatments. Helen has been studying scalps and their ailments for more years than she'll tell you and has finally evolved her own theories and treatments. You can adapt them to your own needs.

"You see," she explained, "most of the trouble comes from the pores getting clogged up. People see dandruff in their hair and they only know it spells 'trouble'—but they don't know why. Dandruff is caused by the clogging up of the pores so the roots of the hairs cannot throw off the impurities. These accumulations of impurities—or 'eliminations' as we call them—take on top of the scalp and eventually begin to peel. That's what is known as dandruff.

"Each hair is encased in a little nerve like a coil. The hair root is a sort of flower (Continued on page 91)
The Blonde Venus

Can a woman be in love with two men at once? Marlene Dietrich, as "The Blonde Venus," gives you a startling new angle on an age-old problem

Fictionized by
Mortimer Franklin

THE professorial old doctor hummed a tuneless measure, put up his stethoscope, and regarded his patient impassively.

"You work with radium, don't you?"
"Yes, sir, I'm a commercial chemist—that is, until I lost my job about six months ago."
"And since then?"
"Since then I've been carrying on experiments at home on a process by which radium products can be used without danger."
"Hmm. That would be great, if you could do it.

Dr. Pierce looked up at the ceiling for a moment, saying nothing. Then:
"You've got one chance, Faraday. There's a German specialist named Holzapfel who's had some success with cases like yours. It's only a chance—but you'd better take it. The whole thing, trip, treatment and all, could be done for about fifteen hundred dollars."
Ned Faraday smiled bitterly as he rejoined his wife. "Fifteen hundred dollars for a chance to keep on living—and here I've been wondering how to pay the rent!"

"Johnny, do stop sliding back and forth that way."
"I can't help it, Mama, I'm a swimming cham-peen."
"Well, hold still a minute and let me get at your ears."
"Oh, Mama, I just changed. I'm a fish now. Hey, what are you doin'? Fishes don't have their ears
When Helen became "The Blonde Venus!" How the same girl, thrust by force of circumstances into the life of a cabaret dancer, came to know a different life than she had ever led before. Could she remain true to her ideals?

washed."

"Why not?"

"Because they don't have ears."

"Well, this one has."

"No fish has ears. You ask Dad. Oh, Dad!" And so, far into the evening. At last Johnny's young mother, her lovely, symmetrical face made even more comely by the flush of warmth attendant upon the struggle, heaved the boy out of the tub and handed him over to her husband.

"Ned, you give him his supper, will you? I've got to fly."

"Helen, I wish you weren't going to do it."

"Don't be silly, darling. We need the money, and I can earn it. I know you don't like the idea of my singing in cabarets, but after all, that's what I was doing when we first met."

"But in Berlin—you were a student—that's different!"

"Well, it's a good thing I learned how to pay my way, because I'm going to earn some money now. You've got to go to that specialist, Ned—and you said yourself that three hundred dollars would be enough for a start."

Ned sighed, and began the process of introducing Johnny's supper into him, while Helen went off to dress.

To Helen, whose experience as an entertainer had been confined to the rather sedate dancing and singing of a German outdoor cabaret, her first night as a song-and-dance girl at the not too respectable Magnolia Club was full of surprises. The agent through whom she had obtained the job, one Ben Smith, had in spite of himself been impressed by the cool beauty of her face and the graceful lines of her figure, particularly the legs. Dan O'Connor, owner of the Magnolia Club, had caught his enthusiasm after giving Helen a tryout, and was presenting her as "The Blonde Venus," a new feature of his floor show.

"This place don't look so fancy, but I got a swell..."
The daring drama of "The Blonde sensational picture,

"You think too well of me. I came here to ask for money—three hundred dollars, to be exact."
"Did you expect to get all that just by asking for it?"
"No—but I’ve got to have it. My husband is very sick—he must go abroad or he’ll die." She started for the door. "I’m afraid I’m very stupid as a gold-digger."
"Wait a minute," Townsend thrust three one-hundred dollar bills into her hand. "You made a big hit in the show tonight. Tell your husband O’Connor gave you a contract at a hundred a week, with three weeks’ pay in advance. And—no, you needn’t stay. Some things become worthless when you pay for them."

After Ned Faraday had sailed for Europe, on money whose source he happily never suspected, Nick continued to see Helen frequently. He insisted on giving her a check for the balance of the amount needed by Ned, and enough besides to permit her to give up her cabaret job and continue to make a home for Johnny. During the six months Ned remained in Germany, slowly regaining his health, Nick asked nothing of Helen except the privilege of friendship with her and Johnny, to whom he had taken a deep liking.

This evening, while Helen was busy preparing dinner, Johnny burst into the Faradays’ little flat, clinging to Nick’s hand.

"Mummy, we just saw ‘Peter Pan,’ and there were pirates in it, and a little boy who could fly, an’ everything—"

Helen, laughing happily, caught him to her.

"Johnny, we’ve just had a letter from father. He’s well and strong again. He’s going to stay in Europe to do some experiments for a couple of months, then he’s coming home."

"We ought to celebrate," said Nick, with a quiet smile.

"We will! You’re staying for dinner, Nick, and we’ll let Johnny sit up late."

After dinner Nick rose to go.

"Will we see you tomorrow, Nick?"

"No. You and Johnny don’t need me any more now. So—goodbye."

"Goodbye?"

"Yes. I can’t come here any longer, pretending to be just a friend. I—I’m in love with you, Helen—I have been for a long time. Oh, Helen, let’s go away—to—"
Venus,” Dietrich’s newest and most told in fiction form

gather. I’m mad about you.”

“Leave Ned and Johnny? Oh, no! You’re right, Nick—it must be goodbye.” He turned away, took his hat. “I wish I’d never met you,” he told her with sudden bitterness.

“Oh, Nick!” She turned to him quickly, full of sympathy. Then he had her in his arms, kissing her as she had never been kissed before. “Helen—darling—I can’t give you up entirely. Come with me, if only for a little while. We’ll leave Johnny at my house for a few weeks—I’ll get a nurse to take care of him.”

“This is a terrible thing for me to do,” she whispered, close to him. “Worse than what I was planning to do when I first met you—because then I didn’t care for you—and now—”

* * *

The weeks that followed were intensely happy ones for Helen and Nick. So happy that the inevitable end came almost as a sudden shock.

In their rooms at a quiet little summer hotel Helen packed her things, preparatory to returning home.

“When do you expect him back, Helen?”

“In two weeks—or maybe a month. There ought to be a letter waiting for me at home.”

Nick took her in his arms. “Helen, I can’t bear losing you. Stay with me. You can’t throw away your happiness out of a sense of duty to a man you don’t love.”

She broke away from his embrace. “No, no. That isn’t true. I do love Ned.”

“Then what about me? You can’t deny that you love me. Do you mean to say you can love two men at once?”

“Yes—that’s quite possible, Nick. What’s happened to me is true of a great many women. They fall in love, they get married, they’re very happy with their husbands—perhaps they have a child. And all the time there’s a side of their nature that’s never awakened until they meet someone like you. Then they are able to love both.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Nick said harshly. “All I know is, if you go back to him, we’re through for good. Love two men at once! Why stop at two? Why not three, or six, or a dozen?”

“You’re right, Nick,” Helen replied coldly. “We are through. I’m going home to Ned.”

But no longer was there to be any home with Ned. Helen went back to find him already at the apartment—he had changed his plans and come home earlier, to find the place empty, and his cablegrams of a week before, announcing his departure from Europe, unopened. Helen, unable and unwilling to lie to him, told him the entire story of what she had done in his absence, and
this town and was seeking information from the police. Charley bailed her out and took her back to her dingy hotel room. Beaten at last, Helen, sobbing bitterly, gave him Johnny to take back to his father, and accepted some money which Nick had sent for her. Then she disappeared again.

The placid, unhurried atmosphere of Berlin, where Helen had gained her first experience as an entertainer, again proved kind to her ambitions. Under the name of Maria Hiller, keeping to herself and shunning all communication with America, she rose rapidly from chorus girl to popular music hall dancer, then finally to outstanding stardom on the Berlin musical stage as "Die Blonde Venus." Fame and riches now were hers, but nothing of real happiness. Johnny was across three thousand miles of ocean, faring she knew not how.

Soon came offers to go on the New York stage—impressario Biefeld of the New York "Follies" was particularly importunate. At first she refused; then the ever-present thought of Johnny made her succumb.

New York's theatrical and social elite turned out in full force to see the "Follies" début of "The Blonde Venus," sensational star from Berlin. The newspapers abounded in descriptions and photographs of her—and some of these reached the inquisitive eye of Master Johnny Faraday, now installed in the home of his successful father with Anna Meyers, an attractive young woman of indeterminate status, who ostensibly was housekeeper and nurse to Johnny.

Tonight Ned left home to lay before a university board of trustees his new discoveries in the field of radium; and after Anna had tucked Johnny safely into bed she departed to pay a brief call on her mother nearby. Johnny promptly hopped out of bed, dressed himself sketchily, and ran down to the street clutching an advertisement of the "Follies" opening torn from a newspaper. A sympathetic taxi driver, half believing his incredible

where she had obtained the money for his cure. As simply as possible, she tried to explain to her husband that she had gone off with Nick not as a price which he exacted for saving Ned's life, but because she had wanted to—because she found it possible to harbor a place in her affections for two men at once.

Ned listened to her contemptuously. All he could realize was that his wife had lived with another man—and the fact that Helen and this other man had saved his life was as nothing in the face of the injury he felt. Finally, in a mounting rage, he turned Helen out, bidding her bring Johnny to him and then leave them for good.

A distraught and haggard but hauntingly beautiful young woman and a little boy of five tried their best to be comfortable in their day-coach seats as the train sped toward Baltimore. Leave Ned? Yes—but never Johnny. He was all Helen had in the world now, and she was going to keep him.

From city to city she fled, soon learning that it was unsafe to stay in one place for any length of time, for Ned, claiming legal right to the boy's custody, had put the police on her trail. At first, with her striking beauty of face and form, she had small difficulty in earning a living as a cabaret dancer in the towns in which she stopped—until first one manager, then another, recognized her as the fugitive woman whose picture had been broadcast by the police; and she realized that it was no longer safe to show herself in public.

Her meagre funds dwindled—hunger stared her in the face. Her own hunger—and, much worse, Johnny's. There came a night when she could no longer bear to look at his pale, thin face, his wasteful eyes. A steady, drizzling rain was falling outside. Helen went out and strolled along the street. After a few blocks a rough-looking man passed her. She stopped, looked at him, smiled, and walked on. He turned and followed her. She let him take her arm and walk to the corner with her—where he suddenly seized her, dragged her to a police box, and telephoned headquarters. Caught at last!

At the station Helen found Charley Blaine, Nick Townsend's sharp-eyed factotum, who had trailed her to
story that "The Blonde Venus" was his mother, drove him to the theatre.

* * *

Helen, finishing her first dance number of the evening, skipped off the stage into the wings to thunderous applause. About to return for an encore, she turned at the sound of voices and saw Johnny earnestly engaged in an altercation with the doorman and a couple of stage-hands. "But she's my mother, I tell you," proclaimed Johnny. Then, as he espied her, "Oh, mummy—I'm here!"

With a cry of joy Helen carried him off to her dressing room, ignoring the audience's frantic appeals for an encore. The two were soon joined by Nick Townsend, who came around backstage from the audience. For all three, and especially for Johnny, who had happy memories of good times with his grown-up friend, it was a glad reunion—until the door was flung open, and Ned charged in.

"Anna called me up—I thought you might have run away and come here," he berated Johnny. Helen begged him to allow her, at least for a time, to have possession of the boy who so obviously wanted and needed her; but Ned was adamant. All he would grant her was a few moments alone with the boy to bid him farewell, during which Ned waited outside her dressing room.

As he paced up and down near the door Nick Townsend approached him.

"Say, Faraday, I wonder if you know my friend Charley Blaine? Charley's a great hand at finding out things—he tells me you've got a young and (Continued on page 92)"
Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

Strange Interlude
Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer

A big bouquet to Metro for daring to produce this Eugene O'Neill drama—and producing it with integrity and intelligence. I'm not one who breathes deeply when the O'Neill name is whispered—but I do think it's about time Hollywood discovered our First Playwright. M-G-M, the old pioneers, have done it again. Their "Strange Interlude" is as good as the play—in some departments, even better. Norma Shearer really stars as Nina Leeds, the O'Neill heroine with her "four men"—husband, lover, friend, son. Ralph Morgan is superbative as Charley. Clark Gable, Alexander Strickland, and Robert Young are excellent. The "asides" you've heard so much about are more effective than you'd think. Restrained, highly intelligent, beautifully directed, the production is a credit to the screen, and you should see it when it is "road-showed" to your town.

Bring 'Em Back Alive
RKO

"Bring 'Em Back Alive," Frank Buck's adventure movie, is grand entertainment for everybody.

Jean Harlow gives a gay performance in "Red-Headed Woman," with Chester Morris and Leila Hyams.

Red-Headed Woman
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Let this red-headed woman make a fool out of you—oh, those St. Louis Blues! It's a picture as gay in its way as Rudy Vallee's favorite song. And it presents Jean Harlow, for the first time, as an actress. She is a surprise! All the platinum and other blondes will go red-head now. Not a family picture, children, so try to keep your parents at home. The film follows Katherine Brush's novel with satirical improvements by Anita Loos, who, fed up with blondes, gives red-headed women their due. Harlow plays the hot-cha stenographer with social ambitions. She wins Chester Morris away from his wife, pretty Leila Hyams; but the town won't accept her on any terms. So she sets out for the big city and bigger bank-rolls. See this for sheer amusement. Jean plays a mean part so cleverly that you can't help liking this wild red-headed woman.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

STRANGE INTERLUDE
BLESSED EVENT
RED-HEADED WOMAN
THE DOOMED BATTALION
WHAT PRICE
HOLLYWOOD?
BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic
Gives Original Slants
on This Month's Out-
standing Screenplays

Lee Tracy plays a columnist in "Blessed Event," with Mary Brian opposite. It's good fun.

Blessed Event
Warners

"O-kay, Hollywood!" You did a good job with this one. The rapid-fire film begins with a bang, and there's an always amusing and occasionally dramatic celluloid presentation of the life of our modern Samuel Peeps—now don't all shout "Walter Winchell" at once. Lee Tracy plays the ace columnist and gives you an insight into the methods used by the Manhattan keyhole artists to gather their daily gossip. There is his hilarious feud with a crooner; his defiance of gangland's Big Shot; and his punch line which leads to tragedy. "Blessed Event" is a field day for Tracy, with Mary Brian doing nicely as the heroine. Don't miss the crooning Dick Powell from radio; you'll see and hear more of him, and it will be all right with you. He's a Buddy Rogers with a sense of humor. This is the best of the cycle of newspaper-columnist movies. Tracy is a great screen bet.

The Doomed Battalion
Universal

"The Doomed Battalion" is that "different" picture some of you have been looking for. See it.

The Doomed Battalion
Universal

A good many of you have written to me moaning that there's nothing "new and different" on the screen. Just for you here is a picture that is new, and refreshingly different. It's as clean and impressive as the snows in the Tyrolean Alps where the story is laid. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the screen before. For pictorial beauty it is the film of the month, and in drama, too, it is outstanding. An Austrian battalion in the World War must hold their strategic position on a mountain-top even though the Italians are about to blow up their stronghold. A scout undertakes to ski to the village below where the enemy is quartered to discover the exact time of the explosion—the battalion's only hope. Here is drama—no Hollywood heroics, but real suspense. The vigorous Luis Trenker, the lovely and capable Tala Birell, and Victor Varconi are three of a splendid cast. See this.

Constance Bennett's best picture is "What Price Hollywood?" in which Lowell Sherman also scores.

What Price Hollywood?

RKO

You'll enjoy every foot of this film. It presents a brand-new Constance Bennett—sparkling, charming, no swank, no broad-A—just very real and very appealing. Connie completely wins you as the Brown Derby waitress with movie ambitions, who kids a famous director into giving her a chance. She makes good, gets married to a rich man, has a baby, is divorced, becomes involved in a juicy scandal, is forced to retire—and then wins back her domestic happiness, with a new career just around the corner. It might be the story of any one of a dozen screen stars that Adela Rogers St. Johns has written. It's brilliantly directed and acted with fascinating "inside" glimpses of the real Hollywood. Lowell Sherman, as the genially drunken director whom his little "find" tries to save, gives the finest man's performance of the month.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event"
Guy Kibbee in "The Dark Horse"
Ralph Morgan in "Strange Interlude"
Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude"
Warren William in "The Dark Horse"
Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman"
Laurence Olivier in "Westward Passage"
Edmund Lowe in "Attorney for the Defense"
Lowell Sherman in "What Price Hollywood?"
Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood?"
Portrait of a Director

SCREENLAND believes its readers are interested not only in the stars, but in the men behind the scenes—the giants who make the movies. Here, then, is an intimate impression of Paramount's ace director, Ernst Lubitsch

By
Margaret Reid

Lubitsch, the man who gave you "The Love Parade" and "The Smiling Lieutenant" caught by the camera on his own set while he is planning the next scene. This is Lubitsch the worker, with the inevitable cigar!

Ernst Lubitsch doubts that he would have been a successful director had he not been first a musician. His opinion is that music is the art upon which the other arts most depend. See the Lubitsch hands, at the right.

On the Lubitsch set the most arresting and least important-looking person is a little man with a dark, merrily wicked face, a lank strand of black hair hanging over his right eye, a big cigar rolling restlessl from one side of his mouth to the other. He never gets in anyone's way and during the taking of a scene wanders rapidly about back of the cameras, beaming, talking to himself, glancing occasionally at the action. Much of the time, he appears to forget that he may sit down until someone shoves under him a chair marked "Mr. Lubitsch."

His thick eyebrows beetle over lively, knowing black eyes. His large nose hooks over a wide mouth which, when he smiles, turns up at the corners until it is an inverted arc of merriment. No amount of lotion will keep his black hair from falling into his right eye for more than a moment. His impeccably pressed clothes rest on his stocky body with a niceness that is nearly dapper. His swarthy skin shines, always as if freshly scrubbed, like a russet apple.

His is the genuine and authentic "Lubitsch touch." It is interesting that this phrase is applied almost solely to Lubitsch's work. A scene may strike the critical observer as "Chaplinesque," or as "reminiscent of Vidor." But if it suggests the work of Paramount's fiery little Berliner, it is inevitably noted as a "Lubitsch touch."

No accidental cliche, the phrase aptly conveys the delicacy with which he gives sharp point to individual scenes and which is the piece de resistance of his work.

Lubitsch doubts that he would have been a successful director had he not been first a musician. His opinion, his insistence, is that music is the art upon which the other arts must depend.

When he was five years old, he began experimenting with the piano that stood, neatly decorated with crocheted doilies and wax flowers, in the tidy sitting-room of Herr Lubitsch's Berlin home. His parents, a little uneasy lest this practical use of a hitherto decorative object be childish fiction which should be disciplined, nevertheless permitted little Ernst to play quietly at the piano every day. When he began to pick out tunes he had heard and make them intelligible, his family's vigilance relaxed a bit, became amused indulgence which failed, however, to develop into a decision to give him lessons. When, a few years later, he acquired a cello, their amusement increased, although they listened to his "pieces" with surprised pleasure.

His rebellion against all rules governing learning and thinking began, he says, as early as eight or nine years. He hated school, hated the enforced study of things he cared nothing about, hated the pressure placed on his mental processes and of which he was even then aware. Stubbornly wanting to learn and think for himself, he was no better a little boy than he should have been, a bit difficult around the house (Continued on page 83)
Johnny swims into Fame!

Read how Weissmuller became the world's champion swimmer and "Tarzan" of the films, in this second part of his life story

By
Ida Zeitlin

THAT night—the night of the day when Bill Bachrach had said, "Come to the Club tomorrow," thus offering Johnny Weissmuller a glimpse of heaven—that night Johnny couldn't sleep. He thrashed around in his bed, pounding first one side and then the other of his hot pillow, muttering to himself: "Go to sleep, you chump! How're you going to swim if you don't sleep?"

All to no purpose. Red-eyed, his heart thumping between dread and fear of what the day might hold for him, he watched the dawn break, then leaped out of bed and dressed. And anyone who was interested might have seen a tall, slim, beautifully-built boy prowling for hours around the walls of the Illinois Athletic Club—a boy in whose superb figure it would have been difficult to recognize the wobbly little Hans of a few years back.

The morning having reached a respectable hour, Johnny finally managed to push himself through the door.

"Mr. Bachrach told me to come round," he croaked to the attendant in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere down around his ankles, while in his heart of hearts he waited for someone to appear and throw him out.

"Kid wants to see Bachrach," announced the attendant, as if it were the most natural thing in the world instead of a miracle. And treading on air, Johnny presently found himself face to face with the deity, under whose directions he went floating to a locker and back.

"All right, kid. What's your name? Johnny? Let's see you swim a hundred yards, Johnny."

Johnny's eyes gloated over the pool—"Boy, what a tank!"—while Johnny's body shot obediently into the water. His heart was hammering, his blood was throbbing, his head was in a whirl. He started off at top speed, in a frenzy to show this guy what he could do. Ten yards, and he began to tire—twenty, and he was short of breath—thirty, and each stroke was torture—forty yards, and he was done. It was a crushed and dripping young figure that stood in the center of the pool, waiting for the bolt to strike.

"How many yards did I tell you to swim?" came a dry voice from above.

"A hundred," whispered (Continued on page 78)
Constance Cummings needs no double when she goes aquaplaning—right out in deep water where the battleships anchor, too! Connie is breezing along in pictures with the same dash—she is the feminine lead in "American Madness," with Walter Huston and Pat O'Brien, for Columbia Pictures.
HOT Off the Ether!

SCREENLAND presents the latest news and chatter about Radio favorites

SOF'T music, Maestro Whitman! Play the Wedding March from "Lohengrin" for the marriage of the Radio to the Talkies. Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, Arthur Tracy, Burns and Allen, the Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway and his jazz band, the Four Mills Brothers and Donald Novis have all said “I Do”—or rather, have all signed contracts to appear in “The Big Broadcast,” for Paramount.

* * *

More proof of the alliance of the movies to the radio! Warners have made “The Crooner” with David Manners in the leading rôle. They wanted Rudy Vallee for the picture but contracts prevented.

* * *

We Thought You'd Like to Know:

That Rudy Vallee likes to read Western stories.

That Walter Winchell left school in the sixth grade—and at thirteen was a singing usher in a movie house in Harlem.

That Russ Columbo is one of twelve children!

That Rabinoff's violin is worth $10,000! Mr. Rabinoff was born in Russia, and his first job in America was selling newspapers.

That the folks who portray the characters of small-town "hicks" in "Friendly Town," the rural skit, attract a large audience at the studio when they broadcast. When we were there, the girls were dressed in evening gowns, the two colored boys wore minstrel suits, and Laddie, the Scotch youngster, was dressed in Kiltsies!

That Ozzie Nelson, orchestra leader, was a football star during his college days at Rutgers. Later he was a football coach.

That the home of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit in Long Meadow, Massachusetts, is called "Dunrovin." Catch on? It means "done roving." For years Sanderson and Crumit trounced all over the country in their vaudeville act. Then came the radio—it gave them an opportunity to "unlax," as Amos 'n' Andy would say, and settle down in a nice comfy home.

That Bing (Continued on page 93)
PARAMOUNT wanted Herbert Marshall for "The Blonde Venus" opposite Marlene Dietrich. Herbert wanted to play in the picture but there was his stage contract to be considered. Paramount got what they wanted and Mr. Marshall got what he wanted—production has already started on "The Blonde Venus." You see, Marshall was playing in "There's Always Juliet" on Broadway and was under contract to Gilbert Miller for the run of the play. Whereupon the Paramount picture people asked Mr. Miller to figure out what his normal profits would be for the next five weeks. Then they made a grand gesture—they wrote Mr. Miller a check for the amount, closed the show, and Herbert Marshall left for Hollywood!

Want some facts about this actor? He was born in London, May 23, 1890. When he was twenty-one he made his début on the English stage. He played on the stage for several years—and then came the war! Herbert was badly wounded but resumed his stage career again in 1918. He came to New York in 1925 and played in "These Charming People" on Broadway. Since then he has been appearing on the London and Broadway stage, and making pictures both here and abroad. You'll be making him one of your first film favorites. He's an aristocratic Menace!
New Morals for Old
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A drama depicting the conflict between conventional parents and modern children. Laura Hope Crews and Lewis Stone are the old-fashioned parents opposing Margaret Perry and Robert Young, who want to break the family ties and "live their own lives." There's nothing very exhilarating about this film. Laura Hope Crews gives a good account of herself.

The Man From Yesterday
Paramount
This one is about the husband who was wounded in the war and later was reported dead. The wife remarries and is very happy until—you've guessed it—her husband comes back! Clive Brook is splendid as "the man from yesterday." Claudette Colbert, as the wife, does her best work. Charles Boyer plays the second husband. Brook paves the way for a happy ending.

Is My Face Red?
RKO-Radio
Another Broadway columnist yarn. This time Ricardo Cortez plays the reporter who knows all, sees all, and hears all. He's the bright boy who would do anything to scoop the town. His real "heart" is Helen Twelvetrees, who plays an actress, but when a deb comes along he promptly discards Helen. But Helen finally wins out. Good picture, and fine work by Cortez.

Society Girl
Fox
Jimmy Dunn as a pugilist, in love with Peggy Shannon as a society girl, with Spencer Tracy thrown in for excitement, sounds like an A-1 picture. But somehow it doesn't quite make the grade owing to a thin story. Dunn is properly hard-boiled, and Peggy is more than adequate. But it's Tracy, with his rough-house, amusing performance, who cops the honors.

Bachelor's Folly
Wide World
Herbert Marshall and Edna Best co-star in this English-made screen version of Edgar Wallace's play, "The Calendar." Marshall is altogether charming as an irresponsible bachelor who loves the wrong woman, Anne Grey. Edna Best, in a somewhat weaker part than Marshall's, is nevertheless very effective. The story rides along pleasantly. Herbert and Gordon Harker are grand.

Is My Face Red?
RKO-Radio
Another Broadway columnist yarn. This time Ricardo Cortez plays the reporter who knows all, sees all, and hears all. He's the bright boy who would do anything to scoop the town. His real "heart" is Helen Twelvetrees, who plays an actress, but when a deb comes along he promptly discards Helen. But Helen finally wins out. Good picture, and fine work by Cortez.

Thunder Below
Paramount
The menace-ful Tallulah Bankhead again proves her ability as a vivid and stirring emotional actress—but the jinx of so-so pictures still pursues her. This time she's the girl in one of those tropical triangle things. Tallulah's splendid acting makes the story plausible, and Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Ralph Forbes are equally able. When do we get a real Bankhead picture?
Here’s Hollywood!

What your film favorites are really saying and doing

ELISSA LANDI has a penchant for cats. She also owns a large house and vast estate. With so much room, Elissa picks up stray cats and takes them home. Now it happens that the Fox wardrobe and property departments maintain a small army of felines to combat the rat problem, and recently it was discovered that the studio cats were diminishing in number. Investigation revealed that Miss Landi was innocently removing them to her home, whereupon an indignant studio manager protested, and she had to return her pets.

Will Rogers, with a sly grin, remarked: “If she’d start with the right kind of cats, she’d find it unnecessary to import them.”

COLLEEN MOORE fans will welcome her back to the screen in “Flesh,” but the Dutch hob and kiddie clothes will be missing, for Colleen will appear as a dignified society girl.

J. E. BROWN had his tonsils removed. Afterwards, the cavern-mouth comedian described the operation to Jimmy Cagney.

“The doctor just stepped into my mouth and lifted them out,” Joe related.

JOAN MARSH and Jack Oakie, at a certain Hollywood party, were told about a wealthy playboy who owned a number of polo ponies.

“I could go for him,” lisped Joan.

“You like men with horses?” she was asked.

“No, but I like horses,” she returned.

“Where can a guy learn to fish?” Jack interrupted.

AND there’s Buster Keaton’s favorite story. It seems that a fellow said to a friend, “Here is a photograph of my wife on a horse.”

The friend looked at the picture carefully, before he replied, “I see the horse, but where is your wife?”

The fellow grabbed the photo and glared at it. “My gosh,” he cried, “she’s fallen off again.”

CONSTANCE BENNETT receives a monthly average of twenty marriage proposals among her fan letters. Many of her would-be suitors enclose photographs of themselves, a number of which bear endearing autographs.

Some of her distant lovers profess wealth; others confess poverty. All are certain they could make her happy.

All of them calmly disregard the fact that Miss Bennett already has one perfectly good husband.
The livest gossip department in any screen magazine

CALL it SQUALLY-WOOD, what with new babies arriving faster than they can be recorded. John Blythe Barrymore, Jr., weight six pounds and ten ounces, took his place beside Dolores Costello on June fourth. The day previous May McAvoy gave birth to a tiny heir; her first. Mary Astor, Carmel Myers and Florence Vidor also had business visits from Dr. Stork.

Sue Carol's baby is expected late in July, with both Sue and papa Nick Stuart hoping the date will be the twenty-eighth, their fourth wedding anniversary. Other prospective mothers are Helen Twelvetrees, June Collyer, and Mary Carewe. Rumors also insist that Norma Shearer may soon welcome her second baby.

MERIAN C. COOPER, directing "Kong," a picture with a prehistoric background, approached a property department employee with the query, "Have you a mastodon?"

"Thought I had one once," props answered. "They was gonna operate on me 'til they discovered it was just a ear-ache!"

WEDDING bells and "Here Comes the Bride" will harmonize for Claudia Dell and Eddie Silton, her agent, during the month of August. If working arrangements can be made, they will honeymoon in Europe.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER and his wife, Bobby Arnst, agreed that on occasions each would go out with other than his or her legally wedded mate. The agreement was made because Johnny's new rôle of great film lover demands a certain amount of "being seen about," and he thought it would be unfair for him to go while Bobby remained at home.

While Johnny was in New York, Mrs. Johnny made it a point to go to the Coconut Grove with a "boy friend." In order to make certain that her husband knew of the event, she wrote him a letter and had it signed by everybody she knew who was at the Grove on the particular night.

ON A warm California day, a scene in which red-headed Peggy Shannon fought for her virtue against the advances of Stanley Fields was being filmed. Again and again the scene was photographed, but on each occasion something went wrong.

"You better get it this time," Peggy said to the director.

"How come?" he how-comed.

No, not a "sister act!" It's charm-Alice Joyce, erstwhile screen favorite who is now Mrs. James B. Regan, and Alice Moore, right, her daughter by her first marriage.

Another stage veteran succumbs. George M. Cohan vowed he'd never heed the Hollywood call, but—well, you know how it is yourself! He'll appear soon in "The Phantom President."

"A couple more fights," Peggy retorted, "and I'll give in!"

NORMA SHEARER is acting as official hostess to the swimmers attending the Olympic games in Los Angeles. Her choice for the rôle recalls to mind the fact that...
several years ago, Miss Shearer tried out for the Olympic swimming team at the Hotel Shelton in New York City. It was there that she was seen by a motion picture producer and given her first film job.

LIFE turned Bert Wheeler topsy-turvy during the past few months. He is separated from his wife, has parted company with Robert Woolsey, his acting partner for years; is reported to have lost most of his fortune, and finally lost Dorothy Lee, his screen opposite, who refused to appear with him on a personal appearance tour.

Renee Adoree, after two years in an Arizona sanitarium, where she made a remarkable and courageous fight for her life, has been pronounced cured of tuberculosis and is again in Hollywood. She will soon return to the screen.

It would be unfair to mention her name, but a certain very popular feminine star attends previews of her pictures armed with stop watches. She times the screen footage of her supporting cast to convince herself that she gets the lion's share!

That comical Polly Moran smile won't be lost to the screen, after all. When Polly went to a dentist and had her teeth straightened, the studio claimed that the repairs robbed her of much of her comedy. So Polly had a set of hollow teeth made that are exactly like her own real teeth used to be. Now she slips them on whenever she steps in front of the camera and presto, the Moran grin is back in all its crooked glory.

Irene Dunne's visit to New York turned out to be a dud. She made complete arrangements, purchased her ticket and drawing room accommodations, packed, and told her friends goodbye. She sent her trunks away, checked through to New York. At the station, however, Irene was met by a studio messenger, who informed her that she could not go, because the starting date for "Thirteen Women" was being advanced, and she would be needed for the picture.

Here is a new answer to the question, "What becomes of the motion picture stars of yesteryear?" They turn paid gossips.

Eileen Percy is a newspaper columnist, a position she has held for months. And now Julianne Johnston, best remembered for her work opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," is broadcasting a movie gossip feature over the radio.

His name cannot be divulged, but not long ago Maureen O'Sullivan was wooed by a man generally disliked in Hollywood. In his wooing days, he was referred to as "O'Sullivan's heel."

Hollywood bank closings or business failures always bring about many amazing stories of screen star losses, most of which are grossly exaggerated. But some anecdotes connected with such financial disasters are true, and among them is that which concerns Jean Harlow. A week prior to the closing of the First National Bank of Beverly Hills, Jean received a check for sixty-five thousand dollars for her personal appearance tour. She deposited the entire sum. Two days before the bank failure, intuition caused her to withdraw sixty thousand dollars, which she placed in her safe deposit vault.

An example of quick thinking concerns Constance Bennett and the same bank failure. The day before the institution closed, Connie deposited a Warner Brothers check for thirty thousand dollars. That evening she heard the bank would...
GENE FOWLER, the wit, playwright and scenarist who left Hollywood in a huff, declared before his departure that "nothing is on the level in the film colony."

"Not long ago my kids captured two skunks and brought them home," Fowler went on. "I couldn't make them give up their two pets. At last I paid a man to come to my house during the night and remove the animals, and to dig holes under the boxes in which they had been imprisoned. Next day I pointed at the holes and told my youngsters the skunks had dug their way to freedom.

"I couldn't even be on the level with my own children."

CUPID, the Archer, has reason to be contented when he looks Hollywood way. Many romances are budding beautifully.

A charming young love affair is that between Rochelle Hudson and Hal Franklin, son of the theatrical magnate.

Tom Brown, Universal's eighteen year old star, is mooning about town with Dorothy Dix. Terribly young, and terribly serious.

Constance Cummings and Cecilia Parker are matching wits and charms for the favor of Carl Laemmle, Jr.

JEAN HARLOW, by the way, may be a woman of the world to fans, but she's still "baby" to mama and papa.

Jean blushed a brilliant crimson when her mother called her "baby" in the presence of several writers and two important M-G-M studio executives.

DO YOU know that George Brent's motion picture future is menaced by eye trouble? George has undergone several operations, and he suffers terribly from the glaring studio lights. For relief, he sits between scenes with his eyes closed.

BUSTER KEATON owns a huge St. Bernard named Elmer, which he keeps at the studio. Despite great quantities of food that Buster feeds Elmer, the dog is always hungry, consequently he haunts the doors of the studio kitchens.

Not long ago, Elmer broke into Marion Davies' bungalow kitchen and completely demolished a luncheon prepared for the star and her guests. Buster called upon Miss Davies at once, full of apologies.

"Besides, every dog is entitled to one bite," pleaded Buster.

"One bite?" cried Marion, "Your dog ate an entire luncheon for six!"

"Well, one bite for Joe E. Brown," compromised Buster. "Can I help it if my St. Bernard's mouth is small?"

GRETA GARBO'S retirement, if such it proves to be, may be Karen Morley's good fortune. Studio officials indicate that she will be given an opportunity to replace the exotic Garbo.

SARI MARITZA, who was born in Tientsin, China, of an English father and Viennese mother, intends to complete her "worldliness." She is studying to become a naturalized citizen of the United States.

In LIEU of an engagement ring, John Gilbert gave Virginia Bruce a gorgeous diamond wrist watch.

The day preceding Virginia's engagement announcement, she was just another leading lady, but the day following her happy news, she was in such demand that interview dates were being scheduled for her two weeks in advance.

CADIZ, Ohio, where that screen scorcher, Clark Gable, was born, has issued postcards, bearing views of the town, and the
SCREENLAND suggested that Hollywood send for Elizabeth Allan, charming English actress—and that’s what Hollywood did. But Elizabeth has other plans; she married W. J. O’Byren, her good-looking manager.

Over the top! That’s where pretty Harriet Hagman, new blonde screen girl, is all set to go. She played with Ricardo Cortez in “Is My Face Red?”

DO YOU know that the so-called wax discs on which motion picture sound is recorded are made of ordinary laundry soap? A paraffine and soap base are the principal ingredients. This should at least assure the world of clean pictures.

DORIS KENYON and Onslow Steven-son are that way. This is the first love interest exhibited by Doris since the death of her husband, Milton Sills.

Now that Edna Murphy and Mervyn LeRoy have started divorce proceedings, Mervyn admits he will wed Ginger Rogers when his divorce becomes final.

Playing the romantic leads in Universal serials inspired the young hearts of Lucile Brown and James Flavin, who announced their engagement.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave rumors of their separation a rude jolt upon the occasion of their third anniversary. Joan was on “Rain” location on an island off the coast of Southern California, and Doug, Jr. insisted that his studio grant him a personal holiday in order that he might airplane to the island and spend the day with his wife.

Doug, Jr. presented Joan with a diamond necklace featuring a pear-shaped pendant, an emerald and moonstone bracelet, a stunning handbag and an assortment of smaller gifts. Joan gave him a platinum watch-and-cigarette lighter, a gold identification wristlet and several less costly presents.

THE final note in pessimism is William Haines’ declaration that “in 1935, people will be looking back on the 1932 boom times.”

INSTEAD of following the examples of scores of stars who moved to the beach for the summer, Dolores del Rio moved the beach to her Brentwood Heights home. Truckloads of sand were hauled to her estate, until now she has a private beach more than one hundred feet long and seventy feet wide, completely surrounding her swimming pool. Umbrellas, chairs, robes, a volley ball court, ping pong table and other seaside equipment has been installed.

ARLINE JUDGE enjoyed a five-dollar joke at the expense of her husband, director Wesley Ruggles. Wes constantly teased Arline at openings because curious fans would say, “There go Wesley Ruggles, the director, and his wife.”

So at a recent opening, Arline employed a young man to stand near the ropes, and when she and
Foiled! Joyce Coad, youngest entrant in the International Women’s Foil Championships, fences with that veteran swordsman, Doug Fairbanks.

Wesley passed, this fellow said, very loudly, “There goes Arline Judge. Who’s the guy with her?”

IN HOLLYWOOD they are called “dressing room sleepers.” They are the stars who have Malibu homes for the summer, but who have fitted their dressing rooms with beds, so that when they work late at the studio, they sleep there. Since most dressing rooms have showers, heat and all the comforts of home, there is little inconvenience attached to the practice. Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Bette Davis and Wynne Gibson are among the “dressing room sleepers.”

DIPLOMACY is a plentiful talent about the studios. Although Gary Cooper named his chimpanzee “Tallulah,” the press department insists that the name is “Toluca.” Oh, well, they sound alike.

THOSE cut-out puzzles that you played a few years ago (perhaps you called them jigsaw puzzles) are popular in Hollywood. The stars are putting together puzzles that range from small, simple affairs, to large pictures cut into thousands of pieces.

Constance Bennett gave the first picture-puzzle party, at which thirty-odd guests were present. Instead of bridge, there were tables on which were piled the pieces of puzzles. Prizes were given the players who completed their puzzles first, and a booby prize went to the last table to finish.

Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Neil Hamilton, Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are a few of the stars who are jigsaw puzzle faddists. Proving that it is not entirely a game of the stars, Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg and Samuel Goldwyn are addicts to the craze.

JIMMY DURANTE says the reason more foreign stars don’t say “Ay tank aye go home” is that many of them “don’t tank.”

THE first eight-cylinder Ford to arrive in Hollywood was a gift to Will Rogers from Henry and Edsel Ford.

EVEN the higher officials of the Paramount studio were prohibited from going on the sets where Marlene Dietrich was filming “Blonde Venus.”

The reason was that Marlene, in this new picture, returns to undraped poses such as brought her to fame in “Blue Angel.”

RITA LaRoy, playing a disguised Garbo in “Hollywood Speaks,” imitates the Swedish star’s dress, mannerisms and speech. One night she said to the director, “Ay tank aye go home.” He thought she was joking and answered, “Okay.” When the time came for Rita’s scenes, she had gone home!

AN ARTIST painted Clark Gable’s picture and attempted to sell it to the star. When Clark showed disinterest, the artist took his masterpiece home and enlarged it.
the ears to a ridiculous size. He then disposed of the portrait to Lew Cody.

A PIECE of press agent copy from Paramount: "Narcolepsy, a queer disease reputed to cause a feeling of drowsiness after kissing one of the opposite sex, was today branded as a figment of the imagination by Hollywood motion picture stars. "Inquiries made at the Paramount studios reveals that if an ailment such as narcolepsy existed, Hollywood stars would suffer from a perpetual epidemic of sleeping sickness."

WILLIAM POWELL and Carole Lombard placed their house in the hands of a real estate agent with orders to rent it. The wide awake agent went right out and signed tenants to a lease, but neglected to inform the Powells of his action. The day before the new tenants planned to move in, Bill and Carole were serenely unconscious of the fact. They learned the awful truth eighteen hours before the new people's lease began, and they had to move their belongings between dinner one night and breakfast next morning.

LAST month Rochelle Hudson graduated with high honors from the world's smallest high school; she was its only pupil. The school held class at the RKO studio, where Rochelle has been a star pupil for two years. At her graduation, Miss Hudson received a diploma that is recognized by all state colleges and educational institutions.

ELY CULBERTSON has been contracted to star in a series of educational bridge pictures. Immediately following his next picture, Richard Dix will leave Hollywood on a belated honeymoon trip to Europe. Boris Karloff's publicity agent calls that Southwestern state Karloff-ornia. . . Ricardo Cortez is said to be nursing a broken heart following the recent marriage of Glen Helen Winnett, Los Angeles society girl with whom Rick was seen constantly for many months. . . . More than eighty applications for roles in RKO's chain gang picture were accompanied by prison records. . . . Clara Bow and Rex Bell vehemently deny rumors of a marital rift. . . . Clark Gable was ordered to give up polo after his second accident on the field. . . . That romance between Mae Clark and Henry Frenich is icy.

JACK OAKIE says times are so hard his studio is planning to advertise Marlene Dietrich's million dollar legs as half million dollar legs.

IT IS reported that Charlie Chaplin has two million dollars on deposit in a drawing account at a Hollywood bank, but he has not written a check in more than two years.

Of course, Chaplin, if he really has that amount in the drawing account, may have an arrangement whereby he receives interest. If not, he has lost more than $140,000, which two million dollars would earn in a savings account in two years.

JOAN BLONDELL threatened to quit motion pictures if George Barnes, the cameraman to whom she is engaged, was not assigned to photograph "Central Park."

The point of her demand was simply that the picture is being filmed in New York, and Joan and George plan to be married in New York's Little Church Around the Corner some time in August.

JACK DEMPSEY and Ted Hayes were near fistfights over Lina Basquette, when Teddy took her to a Hollywood party and Jack escorted her home.

Hayes vowed it was a spite move on Dempsey's part, because they parted enemies years ago. On the contrary, Dempsey and Lina admit a fondness for each other that may end at the altar.

ROSCOE ATES doesn't stutter, actually; it is all a pose for stage and screen. But when he stood in line to shake the hand of President Hoover recently, he

How do you like Anita Page's Pandora evening bag? There's room for powder and powder puff, mad money, and a hankie. The bag is covered with Irish lace, and shows a slender gold chain.

Here's one of those heavy picture pow-wows, otherwise known as a story conference! Director Wesley Ruggles is telling the cast of "Roar of the Dragon" what will be expected of them when the cameras begin to grind. Find Richard Dix, Gwili Andre, Arline Judge, Zasu Pitts—and who else?
thought he would "put on his act." When Roscoe's turn came, he thrust out his hand and began "Goo-goo-good mimmim-mimmim -

"The act wasn't so successful, for before Ates could finish his greeting and get his laugh, he was pushed along and other men were grasping Mr. Hoover's hand.

**Jackie Cooper's** personal appearance tour netted him many new honors. Among other things, he became an honorary member of the New York Police Department, an honorary first class boy scout in the same city, an honorary member of the Chicago Fire Department, and an idol of the children at a Chicago Orphanage, where he made a personal appearance.

**Ann Dvorak** is dissatisfied with her Warner Brothers contract. She was first under contract to Howard Hughes, but that eccentric young millionaire sold her to Warners. After several "hit" films, Ann felt entitled to an increase in salary.

Someone asked her if she was superstitious, and she replied: "Well, I know it is bad luck to walk under a ladder, because I did and next day the studio took up my option."

But we are advising Ann, right now, not to "do a Cagney."

**Munna Gombell** and David Blankenhorn, who were Irene Rich's husband, are expected to announce their engagement soon . . . That Dorothy Burgess-Clarence Brown engagement is now past history . . . Howard Hughes has given a diamond sparker to Marian Lansing. Eastern society girl . . . On physician's orders, Lila Lee takes a rest between pictures to prevent a recurrence of her recent long illness . . . John Gilbert and Will Rogers have rival cacti beds beside their studio bungalows . . . Elissa Landi's husband, John Lawrence, is leaving his law practice in England to visit his wife at her new sixty thousand dollar Hollywood estate . . . When Claudia Morgan and her husband are divorced, there will likely be wedding bells for Claudia and Charles Butterworth . . . Douglas Churchill, wit and scenarist, describes Hollywood "the psychiatric hospital for art" . . . Estelle Taylor refused to pose as auctioneer at the sale of her household "for sentimental reasons."

**DO YOU remember Robert Warwick?** If you do, you are at the age where you're forgetting to put the correct number of candles on your birthday cake, for Warwick was a matinee idol nearly a score of years ago. Bob makes his first screen appearance in many years in "Without Shame," in which he plays Helen Twelvetrees' father.

*Both* Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne were stricken to bed with severe sunburns when the beach season opened.

Fortunately for their peace of mind, they were told by a skin specialist that sunburn, if not too severe, is healthy, for the reason that it does away with dead skin.

By the queerest of coincidences, on the day that Verree Teasdale, M-G-M's new star, simulated suicide for a scene in "Skyscraper Souls" by jumping from a window supposedly high above the street, an old family friend actually ended his life in Chicago by leaping from an upper floor of a towering office building.

Next thing we know, Jack Oakie will be a prize fighter. Jack is leaving Hollywood soon on a theatre appearance tour. His act will be a four-round boxing exhibition.

When the idea was first conceived, it was planned that Oakie should box hometown boys in cities where he will appear. Somebody decided that it would be something awful if one of the home-towners should lay Jack on the canvas, so it was finally deemed wiser to employ a permanent sparring partner. If there's any punching to be done, Oakie will do it.

More smiles from Cupid:

Gilda Gray trembles (ecstasy, not her dance) when Harry Hervey visits.

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Johnny, wishing he hadn't come.
"Can't you do what you're told? Get out and rest. Then swim a hundred yards."

While Johnny rested, he called himself hard names; then, somewhat calmer, sized up the situation. "Go slow," he told himself, and by sheer force of will subdued the turmoil in his blood.

"Go slow, go slow, go slow," he kept it up like a refrain as he dropped into the water and forged surely and steadily ahead. And having made his goal without any difficulty this time, he was rewarded by a curt: "O.K. Now have your fun and come down again tomorrow. And keep out of my sight till then."

Thus Johnny entered into training and paradise. He had to forget everything he knew.

"Hey, stop that!" Bachrach would yell at him. "What d'you think this is—a contest for crabs?"

At first Johnny thought it was silly, and though he would laboriously back and pull, back and pull, wiggling his feet according to Bachrach's instructions, he was silently thanking his stars that none of the gang was around to see him making a jackass of himself. But he soon got over that.

When he wasn't swimming himself, he was sitting pop-eyed at the water's edge, watching the champions of the day—Norman Ross, Harry Helfer, James Handy—doing their stuff.

"And I figured," said Johnny, "that if he was good enough to be the papa of all those champs, he was good enough to go ahead making a jackass out of me!"

Then came the day when Bachrach said to him; "Do what I tell you and I'll make a champ out of you."

After that Johnny knew no law but Bachrach. His life revolved around the pool. Everything else was a shadow. He begrudged time out for school, for food, for sleep. If Bachrach said "O.K.," Johnny trembled. If he said, "You're not so hot," the world turned black. Bachrach's instructions were his sacred tablets. He would repeat them, run to the back and write them down, study them, brood over them. Just as formerly he had watched and imitated and tried to outswim the fellows in Lake Michigan, so now he watched and imitated the champions in the pool.

Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. Johnny Weissmuller swam for his lunch. "Beat your record and I'll buy your lunch," Bachrach would tell him. If he swam a hundred yards in 55 seconds one day, he'd have to do better the next or pay his own check. He didn't pay it often. The record at that time was 54 seconds. Johnny made it, then bettered it.

Bachrach would try to rattle him. "You'll never make your lunch today," he'd jeer. "You're going to get hooked this time!" Then he'd round up a willing audience and tell them to go the limit, so that Johnny would be swimming not only against time but against an uproarious gallery, hooting, making bets, yelling insults, working to get his goat. Sometimes they succeeded, more often not, until finally Bachrach was convinced that, razzed or not, Johnny could make the pace.

"Hello, mom," he'd say when he got in at night. "Bachrach likes me. I had fun today."

"That's good," his mother would answer. "Feed all right? Hungry?"

One day Bachrach presented him with a silk swimming suit for winning a hundred-yard sprint. "Hi," said Johnny to himself, "must be serious, or he wouldn't be handing out silk swimming suits."

He was soon to find out just how serious it was. While Johnny had been acquiring technique, lowering the record time of 54 seconds for a hundred-yard sprint, Bachrach had been keeping him under cover. Now he was ready to spring him on the National Championship Meet in Duluth.

And spring him he did with spectacular effect. Johnny, entered for the fifty- and hundred-yard dashes, arrived in Duluth a stranger, a green kid to whom no one but his coach paid the slightest attention. He left, winner of both events, breaker of the hundred-yard record, holder of the National Championship title, possessor of the National medal, the news sensation of sports pages all over the country.

"It ain't nothing," said Johnny, "just the old sheetonu papers in dismay. "We don't believe it. No one could have beaten Duke Kahanamoku. They must have used rubber watches."


And Johnny was content.

Only in the Weissmuller home was there a notable absence of enthusiasm. Pop Weissmuller's attitude might have been summed up in the words: "So what?"

"He saw my name in the papers," John n explained, "but he didn't know what it was all about. Pop figured if you did something good, you got paid for it. I wasn't making any money, so it couldn't be anything, and the papers must be crazy."

Nevertheless, he went on winning races and breaking records. The 1924 Olympics were in the offing and he meant to get to them.

"I swim my fool head off," he said. "I knew that every extra practice gives you an extra pull. In case the other guy has an extra spurt up his sleeve you have it too. I used to break the Olympic record every day in practice. If you do it every day, you're bound to win. It gets mechanical. Some swimmers don't know what pace to set. They get in good shape, but they don't get the pace. That's the important thing."

"My folks wanted me to go to college, but I couldn't see it. Schooling meant nothing to me," said Johnny with engaging frankness. "I was going to swim. I was going to the Olympic games and win the championship of the world. I had it in the log. All I had to do was go over and take it." He frowned at the memory of how unreasonable people had been. "Having the record and all, any guy will have done it. Been a boozah not. And I could have talked Pop over all right—Pop was O.K.—if it wasn't for a bunch of uncles and cousins butting in and putting ideas in his head."

It was Bill Bachrach who finally put the uncles and cousins to rest. It was Bill he saw. Mr. Weissmuller. He didn't spout to him about the glory of athletics nor his duty as a citizen to let his son swim for his country. They were two solid business-men who understood each other. He explained exactly what Johnny's standing in the world of sports was and how the prestige of an Olympic championship might help him in later life. Mr. Weissmuller capitulated.

Guy Ribbee and his attractive young wife moved out of doors for tea during a recent hot spell in Hollywood.
"All right, if you say so, Mr. Bachrach," he conceded at last. "I just don't want this swimming business to make a burn out of the one we had before.

"I promise you it won't," said Bachrach.

"And that," grinned Johnny, fixed everyone with the team, and left for Paris and trained there for six weeks. Then came the day of the races. I wasn't worried about the swimming end. I knew I could have been doing it every day for months. But you might get a cramp. You might get a mouthful of water. You might get caught in the towel. You might get a stomach-ache. Those are the things you worry about—you can't beat a man when you have a cramp in your stomach.

He was entered for the 100-meter and the quarter-mile races and he was also on a relay team and was waiting for the gun to pop for his first event, he thought his knees would cave in under him. Then came the shot, and the second stroke to the water, his nervousness vanished as by magic. Now he was safe—calm, strong, and sure of himself in his natural element. He set his pace and watched the field, and there was never a moment when he had any doubt of the outcome. He won his race, and he won it hands down, and he broke the Olympic record.

That was Johnny's big moment—the climax of his life, the crown of the athlete's career. Standing in the center of the pool, the water dripping over his head, and his "insides shacking," he watched the American flag being run up for first place. And as the band broke into the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner and everyone stood at attention, Johnny, his heart bursting with pride and happiness, saluted the flag which he had sent to the top.

He sent the American flag up twice that day and helped to send it up a third time. He broke two records and received the official title of world's champion. Duke got second, and Honolulu pulled no cracks this time about rubber watches.

He had done what he had come over to do. He could go back home without feeling apologetic.

Back in America, he kept right on swimming. He entered two championship races every year, one indoor and one outdoor. He was incomparable. He accumulated records and medals. His family—to the last uncle and cousin—went around bragging about him. His mother decided that she would make a trip and watch the prodigy of her performance, since others seemed willing to pay good money for the privilege. So well did she enjoy the performance that she watched him thereafter as often as possible and he, big kid that he was, would run to her seat to kiss her before each event.

So it went on for four glorious years. Life was one high holiday and Johnny approached the think I'm the luckiest fellow in the world," he told his mother. He piled triumph on triumph and when he swam in the Olympic games at Amsterdam in 1928 and once more, which needed no proving—that never had the world known such a swimmer as Johnny Weissmuller.

At home again after the 1928 meet, Bill Bachrach sent for him. "I guess you know what I'm going to tell you, kid," he said. "We've got enough, Johnny. You've got enough out of swimming. Now get to work. Glory's O.K., but there's no percentage in it. And besides, try this, try this—"

"Remember, whatever you promised your father." Johnny had seen it coming, and Bachrach's word was law to him now as it had always been. Whatever pans he may have felt he kept to himself. He got a job as contact man for B.V.D., helping them first to design a swimming suit, then acting as a sort of entering wedge to open doors through which the salesmen might slip in after him.

He was opening doors in Los Angeles a couple of years later, and putting in his spare time at the Hollywood Athletic Club pool. As he was punching the bag one day in the big gym adjoining the pool, the wrestling instructor sauntered over and eyed him thoughtfully.

"Say, Johnny," he suggested after a while, "why don't you go over to Metro and try out for 'Tarzan'? Everybody's doing it. They might do worse than take you.

"Fine!" said Johnny. "I always had an idea I'd like to go into the movies. Who do I see?"

The other considered, "Tell you what I'll do. I'll get Cyril Hume, the adaptor, over here and see what he thinks."

Cyril Hume looked Johnny over and thought he was "swell." Then tests were made—of Johnny running barefoot, of Johnny jumping off trees, of Johnny vaulting over logs. They took his word for it that he could swim! The tests were run off before the executives and Van Dyke, the director, and they agreed with Hume that Johnny was swell. Contracts were signed and the picture started.

"I was glad, but I wouldn't let myself get excited over it," said Johnny. "I didn't know if I could do it or not. I just wanted a chance to make that one picture and see what happened. Either I'd be good, or terrible. If I was good, O.K.; if not, I could always go back to B.V.D. They were willing to let me try. They were fine about it.

"It wasn't hard to do the picture. All that running and jumping business was right in my backyard—and when it came to the love stuff, all I had to do was follow the director. 'Look into her eyes,' he'd say, and I'd look. Or, 'Smile,' he'd say, or 'Give her a poke,' and I'd do it, and the camera's grinned. It was a cinch—I expect the next to be harder.

"Yes, they all seemed pleased with the results. There was only one person who wasn't—and that was my mother. She saw the picture and almost passed out. I called her on long distance and she started to cry on the 'phone—thought her darling boy was going to be killed by lions!

"I don't know where I'll land, but I'm not worrying about that now. I'm having fun. I always got the breaks. I always did the things I liked to do." His face turned grave. "I think I'm one of the luckiest guys in the world." And Johnny knocked wood.

Many of us do the same thing—apologetically, with a smile of tolerance for our own superstitions. Johnny performs the rite with a childlike earnestness which is most appealing. He has the simplicity and honesty of his simple, self-respecting ancestry. He's without a trace of pose or pretentiousness. He knows he's the best swimmer in the world—take it or leave it. He has ample reason to know it—26 national records, 7 world's records, which remain unbroken. He doesn't know whether he's an actor or not. Nobody does. In 'Tarzan' he simply did what he was told, and it was easy. Because 'Tarzan' was a bowling success doesn't mean to Johnny that's a great actor. Whether he himself is going to be a bowling success still remains on the knees of the gods. He can only hope so. He can only thank his lucky stars that so far he's had the breaks. He can only knock wood in an effort to keep them.

Go to it, Johnny! We know just how you feel. And what's more, the thousands of fans you've made through a single picture are knocking wood for you too!
Why Joan Crawford "Gets" You
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ridiculous in the twinkling of an eye. Imagine her, or this type of little girl, today or yesteryear all decked out for Sunday School in ribbons, lace and pretty shoes, all harmonious and colorful. Imagine such a little girl seeing some boys picking harvest apples high in a gnarled old tree. How quickly would the rebellious tomboy spirit indicated by the strong jaw be evoked—then a climb in the tree, a spill, and many a tear and scratch and a disheveled little tomboy going home. Is she sorry? No, she is hopping mad!

In a grown woman such a strong jaw beneath so short and curling an upper lip denotes another startling contradiction. A love of the great outdoors, sports and games on land and water, but a hatred for rules and regulations. Swimming, boating, hiking, and perhaps all such free sports would delight such natures most. Golf or tennis could start out blithely, but the minute overgrown friends begin to improve her stance, suggest which club, do it according to rules, regulations, etc., then you would hear some frank, free criticism and outspoken rebellion against too much dependence on form, technique or regulations. Such natures do not care a hoot for formality, but love color, dash, freedom.

In a world full of people with inhibitions, fears, complexes, there are millions who are subconscious rebels and dream of breaking all the rules, but they have been so tamed by circumstances that they seldom act the rebel much as they would love to.

As the face speaks a universal language, they recognize in Joan Crawford some of the impassioned love of freedom, liberty, expression that led another Joan, the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, to don men's clothing and lead the armies of France to victory.

Repressed people are and always have been thrilled by a beautiful rebel. So that helps to stir interest in her. Don't think that Joan Crawford rushes around Hollywood drawing attention to herself by her wild acts of expression. No, she is the little tomboy girl she spoke of—but she has grown up, and the long road up to stardom has not been a bed of thornless roses. She has been misunderstood, misquoted enough to learn through sheer will, to be sure she is among friends before she releases her tomboy nature. I am told that at parties around her wood she often acts more like an obscure little actress than the shining star she is. She is still a humble struggler at heart.

Being an extremist, she is either the life of the party among those with whom she can be herself, or at more formal parties she simply has nothing to say and says it very quietly. Yes, this is another contradiction; she might be likened to a racing car that has no low gear so must be towed around the cities, but on the track it wins out.

When success comes to most people they lose their sense of proportion, but when they carry in their own personality such a multiplicity of warring characteristics as Joan Crawford, they simply can't take themselves too seriously.

The soul that looks out from those somewhat feline eyes has seen a lot of life and knows that one has to develop the mind and heart, but one needs a career and home and family too.

The career came first, then the happy home, perhaps. When and if the family arrives the career must be held in check, perhaps put on hold. The family may demand more than the career demands of the person. In the professional world one cannot be everything, has to make choices. Not that the Jean Crawford toward whom we are inclined to react poorly is not a person. She has all the characteristics that make her real, has them in abundance, but she lacks those fundamental traits that make a person complete. The Jean Crawford, in our modern society, is complete, but she is not the person we need. She needs a career, and home and family too.

I remember seeing a director and cameraman work for hours with an Indian type of girl with dark bovine eyes. At last the camera man, a fiery temperamental Italian, yelled at the poor girl struggling to emote real tears—"Who tells you you can act, you cow-eyed beauty? Somebody gotta take you and break your heart, and then you can act!" Then the poor girl really cried enough to fill the scene.

Joan Crawford was first a good imitator, but she had heartaches and heart-breaks, and so could act long ago without such tactics. But the thing that comes across to you and "gets" you in her acting is the little rebel in her nature that will not be suppressed, and that is best expressed in the type of part that she made big in "Grand Hotel."

Now as Sadie Thompson in "Rain," playing the part of an outcast at war with all society, she should come into her own. It should be her masterpiece. Not that she is limited to such parts, because so dual a nature can play a great variety of parts convincingly.

Could the divine Garbo fear anyone usurping her throne while she vacations in Sweden, I am sure Joan Crawford would be that one. Not that she looks like Garbo or acts like Garbo. No, the reason that Joan Crawford makes you feel the play is real is because, like Garbo, she knows herself, is herself—and so makes you feel that through full free expression you, too, can succeed in making your dreams come true.

Marian Davies effects a striking contrast with this blue fox for worn over her white crépe evening ensemble. The fur encircles the arm-holes of the jacket, with the heads of the skins joining at the back.
He Was a Kid Himself!

Continued from page 31

it. That's fine. Jack is a square-shooter, honest and loyal, and if he can hold down the homely job if I can't, that speaks well for his possibilities of becoming a real man when he grows up.

I have always appealed to Jack's sense of humor. It gets a lot of mileage when we don't seem to be getting anywhere. Once when I had been held up on location, facing the loss of another dollar, I sheared a thousand dollar in exploitation. I put it up to Jack. He and the rest of the kids were getting restless and I couldn't get certain difficult scenes because of their maddening Jack's sense of loyalty to the company and to me. I told him that if he would round up the other kids and get down to work, it would save my job. And I promised him a dollar! What in the world could a mere dollar mean to a youngster like Jack Coogan who makes more money in one year than the President's salary? I voiced my skepticism to the director.

Taurog laughed. "Why, man," he said, "a dollar in the pocket means more to Jackie Cooper or any other kid than the vague thousands of dollars he has in bank. He understands a dollar. That will buy a lot of ice cream and candy, you know. Or, maybe a football or baseball." "To get back to the location incident," continued the director, "Jack rounded up the rest of the kids, including a score of Mexicans we were using for atmosphere, and we finished our final day's work in record time. They paid strict attention and did everything right because Jack had put them on the spot, just as I put him on the spot."

Here's the pay-off. When Taurog returned to the studio he didn't have the opportunity to give Jack the dollar. Next day when Taurog was sitting at an open office window conferring with Louis Lichten, the supervisor, they noticed the little man with the curly locks and the curly mustache in front of the window. He was whistling and kicking his feet, boy-like. He was obviously trying not to be embarrassed, but he kept on strolling back and forth, whistling. Taurog let him go for a while. Finally, he had an assistant ask Jackie if he was looking for someone, or wanted something. Jackie hemmed and hawed and twisted. "Well," he finally said, "Mr. Taurog promised me a dollar if I get all the kids to work hard and finish those scenes, but if there's going to be a misunderstanding about it, it's okay with me. I don't mind losing that dime I had to give the kids. I'm working for the company." Of course, Jackie got the dollar. But, as a member of the xoray group would be highly commended for the same attitude. "He sure earned that dollar," confided the director. "Rounding up all those other kids was a tougher job than those Borax wagon drivers used to have rounding up the twenty mules." "Yes," in another confab came Robert Coogan. "Will he repeat the success of his "big brother" Jack? "Yes," he said. "He's just a child now," said Taurog. "He's a affectionate little boy who must be handled solely by kindness. He isn't old enough to reason out problems, so the best way to overcome the inattention of the child. Bobbie acts only for the praise of his pals, the rest of the gang can't get the hundred dollars to play a scene right. I simply get one of the stage-hands to tell him that he's not so hot. Or, if worst comes to worst, I'll fire his best pal, the prop man. Kids do not like to be fooled. They resent it. So to make the threat good, I actually fire the prop man, send him home, and the next day I let Bobbie persuade me to hire his pal back again. Is he a good boy then?"

The more I talked to this director the more I came to realize why he made "Skippy" and "Sooley" and "Huckleberry Finn" and other real kid pictures. Jackie Searl came under our observation next. Here is the kid "villain," the youngster who is always running to tell "mama" or "pa" on the other kids. Why, I've heard folks coming out of theaters talking indignantly about that hussy kid! "Jackie Searl is one of the nicest little boys imaginable," the director assured me. "And what an actor. He's as high-strung as a race horse, and as sensitive as a great artist. He can't stand criticism, but neither can he stand the idea of others being made goats for his mistakes. So, when I bawl the other kids in a scene out for his mistake, he snaps out of it right away. He's a sweet little fellow!"

Jackie Coogan, Alitz Green and Junior Durkin are much more grown up, of course, but Taurog thinks they're grand little thespians. All three are exceptionally conscientious in their work and can sometimes shame the grown-ups by being perfect "studies" in their lines. Some parents might readily take a few lessons from the infinite patience this director takes in handling his little charges. Picture what exhaustive consideration and genuine love of youngsters is necessary to achieve such results as were evidenced in "Skippy," "Sooley," and Taurog's other kid pictures. Win their confidence, discipline by kindness, and appeal to their sense of fair play, and you will get obedience and loyalty in return. Those are a few of Taurog's rules we might all give heed to.

"I never show favoritism in handling Jackie Cooper, Bobbie Coogan, or Jackie Searl," he says. "Although Jackie Cooper is my nephew, he has to toe the mark with me to get an even break. If I buy a baseball, or a toffee, or an ice-cream cone for one, the other two get the same. Thus, their jealousy is never aroused. And one must never hurt their feelings by a mature indifference to their kid problems, I try to listen attentively and help them work things out."

"To break a promise to a youngster is not only cruel, but a fatal error. They never forget nor forgive deception of this sort."

Picture theater-goers who wonder how the directors get such remarkable results from the screen children will be interested in this enlightenment. The youngsters are never over-worked. Every attention is paid to their health. Taurog frequently calls a recess hour during the working day when he sees their charges getting tired. After the relaxation of play they are back at it fresher than ever before.

Nor are results ever obtained by tricking or frightening the children. Taurog is contemptuous of such practices, which, it must be confessed, were used by some heedless picture-makers in the old silent days. Until wiser heads prevailed a few promising child careers were utterly ruined because the youngsters came to shy at a camera as a dog at a gun that had frightened it. Today, picture producers and directors must be commended for their painstaking care and treatment of the kid actors. They get better care and attention than do most kids at home.

Incidentally, the successful parents of these successful children are not the pet-tiferous kind that once infested Hollywood. They have common-sense. Mrs. Cooper, the Coogans, the Searls and others must be complimented for the conduct of their children.

Although Norman Taurog refuses to be caught in a cycle of kid pictures, because he happened to win the Motion Picture Academy Award for "Skippy," he has a soft spot in his heart for the kids who rode along to fame with him. He would like to direct Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and Tarkington's "Seventeen" some time in the future.

Driving home one night from the studio I saw Norman Taurog playing base-ball in a vacant lot in Beverly Hills with Bobbie Cooper and some of Jackie's small pals.

T'll bet when Norman was a kid he was Skippy, too!
Confessions of Hollywood's Gayest Divorcée

Continued from page 25

fourteen she went to a convent. Lessons were dragons. Smart as a whip, she hated the dull, obvious routines. When she signed a picture contract, a private tutor was engaged to substitute for the average person's high school training. That suited her lots better because the tutor emphasized those things pertaining to acting. Many a girl's life has been blighted by a foolish marriage.elope in haste and repent at leisure—that's been Loretta's luck. She flew out of the state with Grant Withers and stuck to her choice for a year. Did disillusionment ruin her disposition? Not a speck! After the first ecstasies wore off, she realized mother had known best. That she had leaped into something which wasn't what she'd been led to expect. That, in other words, she'd scored a sad, sad error.

"I'm an ornery soul who can't be told," Loretta explains. "Marriage taught me what I couldn't have learned by mere advice. Although mine was a mistake, I'm not sorry I was wrong. I'd do the same thing again!"

"Living—if you're a normal, healthy person—is fun. It should be. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not advocating a follow-every-impulse campaign. I'm simply saying that, personally, I'm so inquisitive and stubborn that I have to burn my fingers to believe there is a fire."

"Of course, I was unhappy when I found that my marriage was failing. I'd had dreams about the perfect man. Well—naturally I was upset for awhile.

"I have always tried to control my external reactions, however. Just once I lost my temper. That was on the set several years ago. Afterwards I was so ashamed of being such a fool that I've never publicly given way to my feelings since.

"The modern girl who earns her own living has no right to indulge herself by brooding over her unhappiness. Men don't go around crying over spilled milk. Women who desire respect as business equals of men are not those who demand alimony or

intend loudly. Today working women know that they must pay for everything they get.

"Don't be a whiner if you want to interest men. I am firmly convinced that above everything else men look for the qualities of a good sport in the girl they choose as a sweetheart. Feminine frills are important to a man. But no man really wants a woman who isn't 'regular.'"

Divorce, to many a tragedy, has been beneficial to Loretta.

"Even an unsatisfactory experience is worth-while to me," she says. "My ideas of men were silly, immature. I had to learn about them someway, and I'm not able to weep over my break-up with Grant. Sob sisters' stuff to the contrary!"

"The one thing Hollywood cannot understand is that I can get married again."

(Nope, Loretta, not when we see you falling in love again—and again!)

"I've just moved into a lovely new home in Beverly. Mother, Polly Ann, Sally—my sisters—and I have one round of good times. It's just like it was before I married Grant. The house is full of young people and everyone's merry. Only—I'm acquiring a new sense of values!"

"It's shocking, yet true, that I don't have as many dates as I did when I was thir—teen! (Only because you're getting aged and particular, Loretta!)

"Then I thought I was a social flop if I wasn't invited to a dance every Friday and Saturday night. Until I was jolted by my marriage experience, I wouldn't pay any attention to a man who wasn't handsome and who wasn't an excellent dancer. Those two things were my main requirements.

"I had to love and learn. Now I'm still attracted by a good-looking man. But I've found that a dashing line, a startling physique, and a handsome face aren't half so important as the really fundamental qualities.

"Surface glitter no longer fools me. I like men with ambition, with business ability—who have done praiseworthy work and who are aiming still higher. Who talk well because they have something to talk about. Who read widely and understandingly.

"I used to accept dates just to be going out. Well, I've been—it! And I've seen what a waste of time some company is! Now I won't go out unless I especially enjoy the person who asks me."

Do divorcees really have to put men in their place oftenier than unmarried girls? Are they expected to be faster than the un-married?

"Yes," claims Loretta. "Men are sure that we want love. They assume that we are miserable, are eating our hearts out because we no longer have husbands. Don't. They are much more apt to presume with a divorcée for this reason. But believe you me, the modern lady, can 'talk I go home' and frequently does!"

The constant procession of engagement rumors which flurry around her do not bother her. They are often so far-fetched as to be absurd. The reports that she and Grant are to re-marry are unfounded. He has been in vaudeville and living in the East. Loretta never hears from him. When they parted it was forever.

"Most of my so-called engagements are like the Ricardo Cortez one," she declares. "I went to a movie one evening with him—the only time I was ever out with him alone. We met at various parties once in awhile. We'd played together in a picture and naturally had become friends. What a spicy yarn that was for the columnists! More inside dope that was news to me!"

Take all life offers you. Convert the mistakes into helpful hints for behavior when a similar situation arises again. This is Loretta's philosophy. She was born with the yen for exploring, investigating on her own. Always she's wanted to be an individual who could look in any mirror and say proudly: "You're a success. You are independent. You stand on your own feet!"

No wonder she loves the movies. They don't bring her heartbreaks. She wouldn't consider any other kind of work for a minute. Acting is her notion of joyous self-expression. The studio offers that fantastic, surprising, ever-new cycle of happenings that she adores. She never plans definitely. When under long-term contract one can't.

Paris is as much a dream city to her as it is to most people. She's never even had time to go to New York! Periodically, she hopes to get away to thrill over the sights of the Great White Way. Invariably the casting office concludes she's to do a new picture.

When she was four she did her first acting, in a Fannie Ward picture. After convent hours she studied classical dancing and so impressed her youthful idol, Mae Murray, that Mae tried to adopt her.

Loretta's mother was left a widow with a son and three daughters to bring up, Loretta being the youngest. The luxurious colonial home which the star of the family has built for them all is a far cry from the boarding house which Loretta knew as a child. It is a wish-come-true for the devoted mother who took in boarders and worked ceaselessly for her little brood.

"Tiny" Jones, little English "bit" player, is David Manners' favorite extra.

Introducing Lyle Talbot, who in turn is doing his best to introduce some new masculine appeal to the screen. His first appearance was in "Love Is a Racket."
Portrait of a Director

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The gambler brought blue skies to his studio with the success of a long series of two-reel comedies—written, directed, and acted by Lubitsch.

Those were the days when a director had no corps of assistants or cutters or supervisors. He designed his own sets, told the cameraman how to light his picture, and in Lubitsch's case, wrote his own story. His days were a delirium of chaos and continual emergencies, but somehow he evolved a crude, experimental form as he became increasingly familiar with the mechanics of his new medium. Impatient with the corridors which at that time fenced the motion picture, he was constantly ferreting out new technical possibilities.

His series of two-reelers, with Lubitsch as writer-director-star, became so popular that he was promoted to features. His facility continued to develop and eventually he was asked to do a drama. At this, he balked. A champion of the importance of comedy, of its high status in the field of intelligent craftsmanship, he harbored a profound contempt for the third-rate dramas then being employed by the movies. He refused to do a comedy until he was offered "Carmen," with Pola Negri, the sound dramatic ingredients of which story tempted him to make his first experiment in drama. Working with this picture, released in America as "Gypsy Blood," encouraged him to continue on to "Madame Dubarry," with Negri and Emil Jannings, which America saw as "Passion."

Now internationally known—and definitely committed to directing rather than acting—he directed "Conquest," his biggest stars until that inevitable hand reached across the Atlantic and snatched him to Hollywood. Brought over by Mary Pickford to do her "Rosa," he thereafter went to Warner Brothers, and thence to Paramount, where, ever since, he has been an integral part of the Paramount scene.

Although for the most part identified with comedy, he is almost equally at ease in such vital dramas as "The Patriot" or "They Murdered Me With Lace." He is equally inexpressibly as "Broken Lullaby." One says "almost equally at ease" because there is a general reluctance to relinquish him to drama even for one picture. That gay, stiletto-pointed "Lubitsch touch" is impossible of approximation by the most sanguine imitators as it is instinctive demand by the wasteful rapturities of more than one nation. The particular method he created with "The Love Parade," first musical film to show purely cinematic form, became crystallized in the superb "Monte Carlo." And ever since, out of all Hollywood, only Lubitsch has been able consistently to evolve a bilateral and expressional sense that is uniquely the telling screen's.

It is studio legend that the happy actor is the Lubitsch actor. First making sure he knows his players thoroughly, their capacities and temperaments, Lubitsch himself demonstrates to them exactly what to do, but acts in his own individual way. He demands no histrionic miracles and never attempts to force a player into an interpretation of which he is congenitally incapable. He works on his people eighteen or twenty times until he gets exactly the nuance he wants, but since it is a nuance which he knows he can produce eventually, there is a minimum of nervous tension.

He writes a good portion of every script himself. He cuts every inch of his own film and supervises the scoring. It is especially in the cutting that he devises the musical form which he considers his specialty in a smooth-flowing picture. He is subject, on the set, to inef-frent furies which rocket and subside quickly, leaving his paradoxically satiric and cherubic face smiling as widely as before. Between scenes, he usually sits at the little piano which is always placed in some corner of the stage and plays—Zozart or Gershwins, as the fancy moves him—with a touch and skill belying his lack of training. During a scene, if he is not amusing about behind the cameras, he is crouched beneath them, watching the action with demoniac intensity and unconsciously acting out every inflection and gesture and expression.

His stocky body is hard as nails from daily work-outs with a trainer and from habitual rigorous swimming. He appears incapable of sitting upright in a chair—after five minutes or so of conversation inevitably sliding around till his legs hang over the arm, with innumerable conversational excitments which catapult him to his feet to pace the floor as he talks. He has a profound relish for good food, fine liquors, lovely women, good music—a profound dislike for the vulgar, phoney, cheap or stupid. He is the little god of Hollywood's German colony—so unfortunate compatriot has ever left his presence without a substantial check and a pat on the shoulder that has no slightest hint of condescension in it. At intervals he is reported engaged to Oma Munson. He loves gayety, humor, and is depressed by those parties dependent on excess cocktails for their fun. He is restless but not neurotic, excitable but not hysterical, mercurial, but not moody. He is impatient of the shackles placed on movies, of the assumption that the public is mentally adolescent, but voices few of the complaints common to most of his contemporaries. This because he has, probably more than any other director, magnificent fun making movies.

Ruth Chatterton surveys her new bangs. She wears this white taffeta evening frock in her new picture, "Children of Pleasure."
danced across his face. "Of course I don't remember much about the next few years."

"But according to my parents—and they should know—I travelled from small town to small town, playing with a few other theatrical children whose parents also were members of the troupe, but mostly watching my mother and father rehearse their lines—and watching, too, all their performances.

It was when he was eleven that Paul made his first record. One night his parents' company found itself minus a man to play an aged, character role. Casting about for someone, anyone, who might serve for the occasion, Paul was conscripted.

Of course, many actors have made their debuts when even younger than that—but in juvenile roles. That was the first—and only—time on record that anyone eleven years old has made his initial stage entrance in the role of a decrepit gentleman of eighty!

Once he had tasted the thrill of appearing before the footlights, Paul's fate was sealed. From that time on, he had no thought other than the stage.

He became a regular member of the company and continued touring the "tank town" with his parents. Always in character parts.

"I wasn't the romantic type," he explains. "Even as a young man of nineteen or twenty, I never played heroes. I had started out in character roles—I had learned all sorts of makeup—so I was always cast in older parts."

In 1913 his father died and Muni and his mother "carried on" alone. They remained in various obscure stock companies for several years, then came to New York and joined the Yiddish Art Theatre.

That was a group of players operated on a co-operative basis, somewhat like the haughty Theatre Guild. Their headquarters were in Greenwich Village and working there was an education in itself.

It was while he was working there that he met Bella Finkel, the lady who is now his wife. She, too, is an actress, but makes rather infrequent appearances on the stage today. She is satisfied merely to be Mrs. Paul Muni.

"How did you happen to meet your wife, Mr. Muni?" I inquired, ever on the alert to hear about romance.

"Why, she was cast in a play opposite me," he replied after a moment's thought.

"And was it a case of love at first sight?"

Mr. Muni looked slightly outraged at what I am sure he considered my rank impertinence. Even so, he answered my question with true courtesy.

"No, I don't think you could call it that. In fact I don't think there is such a thing as love at first sight."

"We may be attracted to someone as soon as we see them. Later, if the attraction has lasted and deepened into a very real affection, we are wont to say that it was 'love at first sight.'"

"While in reality, it was something that changed and grew and developed into love. There are many phases of love, you know. That is why, if love is real, it will last. It will survive the changes of both the individuals and the relationship. And why, if it is not real, it will die."

Just a Great Actor

Continued from page 33

For as the individual changes, love must change, too. It must grow as the character grows. It must keep pace with the relationship between the two persons as that develops, too.

"I was attracted to my wife the moment I saw her, yes. But the love that I have for her now is a thousand times deeper, more profound, than the momentary attraction I knew then."

And Paul Muni says he is not romantic! Nevertheless and despite his present-day seriousness and calm thoughtfulness about love, it was only six weeks after the day they met that he and Mrs. Muni were married.

In retrospect, he is philosophical about that, too.

"We married when we did because all things were propitious. Several times in the past I had been attracted to girls. I had even thought—fleetingly—of marriage as a rather to be desired state. But something had always intervened."

"Either I had to go on the road with a new show, or I didn't have enough money at the time, or the girl I liked would go away."

"When I met Bella, I was just starting on a summer vacation. I had a couple of months off. I had some money saved from the past season of work. I wanted to get married—and I was in love."

"It was love, you know, because it has lasted for eleven years."

After his marriage, Muni continued his work with the Yiddish Art Theatre, later leaving them and going into various stock companies on the road. Finally, he secured an engagement in Boston, the best break he had received to date.

It was while he was appearing there that he attracted the attention of Sam Harris, one of Broadway's best-known producers, who happened to be in town and witnessed one of his performances. That gentleman immediately offered Muni a contract and the chance to play the lead in "We Americans" on Broadway the following season.

The rest is theatrical history.

Muni was a sensation in that play, repeating the next year with a hit-performance in "Four Walls."

Winfield Sheehan, who was then vice-president of Fox Film Corporation, saw him in that play and induced him to sign a contract with Fox. The fact that he made his screen debut at such a time, when sound was in its initial stages of development, is one of the few regrets of Muni's life.

"My first picture, 'The Valiant,' was far from satisfactory. However, I consoled myself with the thought that its shortcomings were due largely to the fact that I was not familiar with camera technique."

"But my next film, 'Seven Faces,' was even worse. I found that a beautiful little story had been sacrificed to the fine art of ballyhoo. Because I knew how to make up, the entire film was based around that fact—the fact that I was to look like seven different persons. Which was a fine angle for advertising and publicity purposes."

"To me, make-up is important only insofar as it can aid in the delineation of a character. To boost about the fact that one knows how to assume different make-ups is to desecrate the art of acting."

"Acting must come from within. When I am planning to portray a character, the first thing I do is to try to understand the thoughts and feelings of that character. The actions will then take care of themselves. (Continued on page 89)
TEENS - TWENTIES - THIRTIES - FORTIES

Which star is nearest your age?

"I'm 18"
VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm 27"
DOROTHY MACKAILL

"I'm 38"
ETHEL CLAYTON

"I'm 20"
JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 40"
IRENE RICH

"I'm 34"
BEVERLY BAYNE

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

Screen Stars declare—and these pictures prove it

Which one of these lovely favorites is near your age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We must keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty very carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beauty? "We use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

Why don't you try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

Lux Toilet Soap
took great quantities of the dried peat to last through even the mild Irish winters. Bare-footed, bare-headed and stripped to the waist, the boy cut, spread, "rickled" the strange fuel until it was dry and ready to haul by donkey cart to the walled enclosure that circled the house and stables. There it was piled in a great stack, as big as a house—enough to last a full year.

Potato-digging and burying was another task which occupied young George. Once the tubers were out of the fields a long shallow trench was dug and filled with the bulky crop. Strips of sod, four inches thick, were spread over this mound of potatoes to protect them from the frost and one of the boy's daily duties was uncovering a temporary supply of potatoes for the family's use. The sprouting remains of the crop were uncovered in the spring, cut into seedlings, and planted by hand.

A second family tragedy interrupted this simple Irish country life and started Brent on the high road to adventure which he has followed ever since. His mother died. That was in 1915. England was at war. Ireland was filled with unrest and internal troubles. It was decided to send George and his older sister to America to live with an aunt in New York. They sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. Philadelphia, on the day that two other steamers were torpedoed off the English coast.

It is curious to note that though Brent returned to Ireland later, he never went back to the scenes of his early boyhood. Left an orphan at eleven, George Brent said his final farewells then to the peat bogs and potato fields, the quiet pools of the Shannon where the fish were, and to the thick-walled house which had defied so many imaginary Englishmen. The Philadelphia had a stormy, dangerous passage. There was rough weather and high seas and there was the constant fear of submarine attack in certain zones. Brent remembers the trip chiefly for the fact that one night he was not allowed to undress and that very night an electrically lighted sign, reading "American Line," was hung over the sides of the speeding vessel.

In New York young Brent was put into school and made to stay there. At fourteen he was five feet, ten inches tall, and was frequently mistaken for twenty. He attended the Dwight Preparatory School and the High School of Commerce and later the Rand School. Basketball became his favorite sport. One day he was carried away by the floor and made a particularly spectacular clash. The doctors said it was concussion of the brain and decided to operate. They removed the mastoid bone and Brent lay in bed for several days of uncertainty, announced that the boy would live.

The recollections of his long convalescence as strong as ever and two inches taller. The following June he left New York with another boy, on foot and with fifty cents in his pocket. They tramped through New York state and into Connecticut where Brent found work in a lumber camp, passing logs on the line to the saw mill. It was heavy work for a boy just past fourteen but no one knew he was that young and no one could have guessed it from his fine physique. He was paid five dollars a day.

The following summer he found work at fifty cents an hour helping to wreck Camp Upton, where thousands of American troops had been quartered the year before. The third summer, when Brent was sixteen, he sailed to Liverpool, to the British port. It was a farm owned by Italians and the experience is memorable to Brent for two reasons. He earned enough money to pay his way back to Ireland and he learned to like spaghetti!

Meanwhile the boy's New York schooling had taken some unusual turns. He joined the Pearson Club where Frank Harris was lecturing on any and all subjects, so long as they were radical, and young Brent absorbed these doctrines like a sponge. An Irish grandfather had prepared the soil for the seeds of radicalism which Harris planted.

At the same time a young Irish priest, fired with enthusiasm for prospective Irish freedom, became Brent's closest friend. So when the priest sailed on the Carmania for England, late in 1920, George Brent sailed too, his passage paid with the money he had earned picking and packing apples the summer before.

Arriving in London, Brent went to live with a cousin, whose father, a brother of John Brent, had been in the British army, serving in India. The priest went on to Ireland where he accepted an offer to teach in the National University at Dublin and from there he began to write with letters urging the youth to come to Dublin for school and political purposes.

After four months in London Brent went to Dublin and entered the university there. A few months later the same priest, who was to figure spectacularly for a time in Brent's life, took the boy to the Abbey Theatre and introduced him to those responsible for that unique experiment in Irish drama.

Brent became interested. He occasionally played a part, a small part, and they became less and less important as Brent apparently was not interested in acting. Then he was missing from performances entirely and though these absences were never commented on, it was obvious he could not be trusted with an important rôle.

As a matter of fact his fellow-players knew well enough why Brent was absent on these occasions. The same young priest who had persuaded Brent to come to Ireland and who had introduced him to the Abbey Theatre management and had given him his first smell of grease paint, had introduced the eighteen-year-old boy to Michael Collins, revolutionary leader, and Brent had undertaken one of the most dangerous occupations in the world, that of dispatch carrier between Collins and De
Valera, famous leaders of the fighting Irish.

It was a reckless, fascinating life. Ireland was enjoying a vindictive civil war. England was pouring troops into the troubled country, trying, vainly, to bring a semblance of peace to the bloody island. Those Britishers which the boy Brent had ambushed so often in play from behind the thick walls of his birthplace, were now marching through Dublin. Brent wasn't ambushing them, but he was doing his share to make their stay both dangerous and useless.

Even today the actor is wary of telling too much of those experiences. The average life of a dispatch carrier at the time lasted, the last week was six weeks. The pay was good and risks were great. When asked where and when and what messages he carried Brent's face becomes a steely mask. "I'll never tell you," he says flatrly. "Perhaps I don't even remember. Naturally I carried dispatches without always knowing their contents."

For reasons entirely aside from his dispatch carrying Brent was dismissed from the university. A free-for-all fist fight in which a faculty member and his own good friend, the young priest, received a couple of black eyes, was the immediate cause of the termination of Brent's collegiate career.

He stayed on in Dublin, however, spending all the time he could at the Abbey Theatre, absorbing the atmosphere there and gradually becoming absorbed by it. He still carried dispatches from Dublin to Belfast and sometimes to Glasgow, but each succeeding trip became more dangerous and led more certainly to his ultimate undoing at the hands of the British.

Then, on August 22, 1925, Michael Collins was ambushed and killed. The eighteen-year-old dispatch carrier knew that the time had come when he must move and move quickly if he wanted to save his liberty and perhaps his life. It had been great fun while it lasted, but neither an English court-martial nor an Irish jail appealed to him. He fled to Belfast and then to Glasgow with the English intelligence service close on his heels.

For a time he lived in Glasgow. A too-curiously landlady aroused his fears again and he left his quarters in the middle of the night and made for England, hoping to confound his pursuers by entering their home territory. At Land's End he found a tramp freighter ready to sail for Montreal and he hired a leaky motor boat to take him out to it. There was a breath-taking moment when he leaped from the motor boat to the rope ladder hanging over the freighter's side and another when he faced the captain after he had climbed aboard.

But the captain proved to be an acquaintance and a sympathetic fellow with a liking for any Irishman in distress, so Brent found himself on the way to America a second time.

He was broke and faced with the necessity of earning a living. As the pokey old freighter plowed westward Brent tried to map out his own future. He could, with the help of relatives, and work of one kind or another, be sure. He might go into a bank, or study law, or try newspaper work as his older sister was already doing.

But none of these things really appealed to him. The smell of grease paint was in his nostrils, the memories of happy days, and nights in the Abbey Theatre were already crowding out the more thrilling recollections of his experiences as a dispatch carrier.

When he landed in Montreal his mind was made up. He took the first train for New York. He knew what he wanted.

George Brent had decided to become an actor. Next month, read of his experiences on stage and screen.

WHY does a woman use perfume? You may have one opinion; your friends another. Here, we believe, is the real reason, for many charming women endorse it. They say: "Certainly a nice perfume attracts nice men. The creatures are observant. You can't blame them for preferring the girls who are most exquisite. The clever woman lifts herself from the mass by the right accents in grooming, as well as dress. That's why she is cleaver!"

Every smart woman can find among Coty's score of lovely Perfumes a few definitely her kind. Inginue floral fragrances; sparkling odours refreshing as sea-breezes; or sophisticated and alluring as Paris. And — because so many modern women prefer Coty, the prices are modest: $2.20 to $27.50; purse size: $1.20.
The Story of “Igloo”

Continued from page 29

aggravations was that the whales and walrus and seals seemed to have an un
canny instinct for keeping out of sight all
the week and showing up in gorgeous
photographic array on the Sabbath. But
that missionary absolute forbade the natu-
rites to work on Sunday. He made them
go to church, and us, too — hinted that
would be an inevitable lack of co-operation
if we failed. We went.”

Finding a prehistoric arctic maiden to
play opposite Chee-ak was another con-
trived experience. It seems that femin-
inity in Eskimo-land is not Garboesque!

“They look at you with absolutely ex-
pressionless faces,” says Ewing. “How
we worked on them, just to get the grim-
mystery — of an Indian’s, Chee-ak’s charm which finally won my girl into a near-smile. So I changed the story to give her things to look wooden about.
I was always changing the story.

“There were those awful blizzards! Three times we built an igloo village out of ice blocks, and three times it was swept away by a snow Lizard. I got sort of
dogged about it after a while, even if I was
burning up with the ‘flu, with my tem-
perature around 99.5.

One day the whales elected to run on a
week-day. Such a chance dare not be
missed, so he saith forth with Chee-ak and some other Eskimo and some gor-
geous sequences — but came back twenty
tounds lighter.

There was a terrible day on which the
ice began to melt ahead of the scheduled
season. Would the igloo village melt and
be demolished for the fourth time? And
of some of the clothing, breaking, as-
tounding ice scenes must be secured.

“I was getting on a bit better with the
natives by then,” relates Ewing Scott. “I
think they had begun to understand me, to
half-way sense what I wanted, even to like

He-Men without Women

Continued from page 23

they sailed back to Ensenada to pick up
Larry, who flew from Hollywood. Arriv-
ing first, Doug and Bob arranged with the
mayor and chief of police to give their
mutual pal a thrill, too.

Dicing British-bred, Larry still talks with
a strong English accent, which his two
friends love to kid. When he arrived at
the airport, he was met by the police, ar-
rested and thrown into jail. For being an
Englishman! Poor Larry was terribly
distraught. After allowing him an op-
portunity to argue with the impassive
Mexicans who were speaking English, they
gallantly rushed to his “rescue!”

With the third “Mad Romanoff” aboard,
they directed the Scoundrel north to Santa
Barbara, where they went in for aqua-
planing in a big way. Incidentally, they
took some pretty spills! Sailing around
the Igloo, they had a hard
hit by a gale that swept huge waves over
the whole yacht and sent water pouring
through the portholes.

“Well, that was a good one,”

Doug remarks. “We
tore up on deck, wild-eyed. Two hundred
yards ahead of my boat was the Igloo. I
had a minute they all went out and it was pitch
black all around us. We were startled out
of our wits. It couldn’t be land and if it
had been a boat the lights would have

stayed on.

“What do you suppose it was? A battle-
ship holding secret practice! We’d cruise
right into the midst of things.”

“Off Avalon we tried deep-sea diving,
and boy, that was a novelty! If you’ve
never worn one of those fancy hats and
gone down forty feet below the surface of
the water, you have a real adventure com-
panying it! We went only our trunks and
and when Bob was down there all by him-
self and saw a shark swimming fifteen feet
away, he rather wished he’d worn the whole
outfit.

Bob has one of those small movie
and took a lot of amusing pictures with
which to entertain the three wives
these evenings. Doug took the snapshots
you see accompanying this article, and they
prove that as a photographer — he’s a swell
hero!

Already Bob, Doug, and Larry are talk-
ing of a similar cruise for next summer.
Bob is all for trying Alaskan waters, and
from the enthusiastic way “The Three Mad
Romanoffs” recount this vacation jaunt I
wouldn’t be at all surprised if they started
for the North Pole now! They all lacked this
time was a stowaway, and — er,
if they don’t see me first I may be able
to tell you how a screen hero acts when
face to face with a polar bear!”

By CHARLES ATLAS

THEY used to think there wasn’t
much hope for me. I weighed only
97 pounds. I was a sickly scare-crow.
Then I discovered Dynamic Tension.
It gave me the body that twice won the
title: “The World’s Most Perfectly
Developed Man.” Now I make you this
amazing offer: At my own risk I’ll give
you PROOF in just 7 days that my
same method can make you over into a
NEW MAN of giant power and energy!
No “ifs” — “ands” — or “maybes.” Just tell me
where you want handsome, steel-like muscles.
Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?
Are you short, winded, peepish? Do you hold
back and let others walk off with the prettiest
girls, the best jobs? Give me just 7 Days! I can
PROVE that Dynamic Tension — without any
pills, or unnatural diet or apparatus that may
strain your heart and other vital organs —
can make you a healthy, confident, powerful
MAN! In just a few minutes a day!

Free Book!

Mail coupon NOW for my illustrated book,
“Everlasting Health and Strength.” Tells all
about Dynamic Tension. Shows actual photos.
It’s a valuable book! And it’s FREE. Send for
your copy today. Address me personally: Charles
Atlas, Dept. 65-Y, 133 East 23rd Street, New
York City.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 65-Y
133 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proofs that your system of Dynamic Ten-
sion will make a new man of me — give me a healthy,
boodky body and big muscle development. Send me your

Name

(‘Please print or write plainly)

Address

City

© 1932. C.A.U. THE STORY OF "IGLOO"
"Therefore, make-up has nothing to do with the inner workings of a character. It helps the public to visualize the character that is in all. To the actor, it is nothing or influence him one way or the other."

Mr. Muni feels that this tendency to capitalize any fact or angle that lends itself to publicity can be traced to the great falling of the motion picture industry.

"Instead of concentrating on good stories with real actors to portray them, companies produce phaenomenal, interior pictures to try to save money. Then, realizing that they have on their hands a probable 'flop,' they expend huge sums on exploitation and advertising to try to save the public.

"The same money would be better—and more profitably spent on improving the product itself. Then, the public would not have to be urged to see it!"

After what was to him a disastrous motion picture advent, Muni returned to the New York stage, taking new lessons for himself in "The One Man." It was soon after that play closed that he received the offer to make "Scarface."

Howard Hawks, who had been signed by Howard Hughes to direct the picture, was casting about for a leading man. Suddenly he remembered Paul Muni, whom he had known while both of them were working on the Fox lot.

When he talked to Muni over long-distance telephone from Hollywood, that gentleman was entirely uninterested in Hawks' proposition. The best that Hawks could get from him was a promise.

Thought, and a lengthy discussion with his wife, caused Muni to agree to take a test for "Scarface."

Immediately he viewed the test on the West Coast, Hawks called Muni again and asked him to take a second test. This annoyed Muni, who didn't want the role especially, anyway. His answer was to step into his car and drive away alone.

When he returned after several days' tour through upper New York state and Connecticut, he found that his wife had been uninterested in any arrangements for his second test. As a result of which, he was soon aboard a train speeding west!

"Scarface" more than lived up to expectations. However, before it was nationally released, Muni had returned to Broadway and was appearing in "Counselor at-Law," the Elmer Rice play which was one of the hits of the '31-'32 season.

Then, "Scarface" swept the country—and Muni found himself in demand.

Virtually every company in Hollywood offered him a contract, but Muni was loath to leave the stage again. Finally, though, Warner Brothers offered him a part which really interested him, the lead in "I Am a Fugitive," the Georgia chain gang story.

"My wife and I decided that I might as well make other pictures, as long as I can do the sort of parts in which I believe."

"For that is the important thing to me. Not fame, but not popularity and lots of money. Of course, I like to make money—everyone does. But whether I make lots of money or little, I don't always get along and live."

"If I can afford the things I desire that will be fine. But if I can't, I won't be unhappy over it."

"After all, Bella and I have something that is above all price. We can be happy together whether rich or poor. Why should I worry over money?"

And this was from the gentleman who says he isn't the romantic type!
points of similarity! Winners of yore were formed into triumphal processions, wreaths of sacred laurel were placed upon their brows and palm branches in their hands. The winners in our events are more often to be found behind the scenes. The nearest studio where a movie contract is placed in their hands. Special openings were made in the city’s walls for those Greek heroes. We presented them with keys to the city in much the same spirit of devotion.

Scupltors made statues of them, and when we scan the records of the movie stars who have arrived via the athletic route, we cannot deny that such a comparison holds.

Hollywood counts among its “Olympians” Johnny Weissmuller, who holds every world’s swimming record from the fifty yard dash to the one-hundred yard. He has won thirty-nine national championships and has broken seventy-five world speed records. He was the American hero of the 1924-1925 Olympics, with the gold and fifty medals. He is now, as we intimated before, sweeping the country in “Tarzan.”

Then there is big Jim Thorpe, every boy’s idea of what a hero should be. He is rated as the greatest all-around football player the world has ever known. He represented the United States in the Olympic games at Stockholm in 1912 and gave the finest demonstration of athletic prowess that has ever been witnessed in the history of the games. He won the pentathlon and 8412 points out of a possible 10,000 in the decathlon. Later, due to a technicality, he was deprived of his Olympic standing, but his name is entwined with Jimmie’s in the screen debut, for Universal, in “Batting with Buffalo Bill.” He has also taken an important part in “Hold Em’ Jill,” an RKO production that has done well.

Charlie Paddock, runner-up in four Olympics, will live forever in the hearts of all sports-minded Americans. Kids and their Dad’s both grew up with him as part of Christy Walsh’s All-American sports series. Paddock makes these pictures for the good of the Olympics and the youth of America. He will not sacrifice his amateur standing by accepting compensation. So here’s to Charlie. Long may he be sprint!

Paul Lukas competed in the Olympics at Stockholm in 1912 as a wrestler. Representing Hungary, of course. Paul does not use the technique of a wrestler when he is making love but such an athletic record leads us to believe that we don’t really know our Paulie to the best of our ability.

Tom Tyler, Universal’s choice for the ideal Buffalo Bill, covered himself with glory as a weight lifter in recent Olympics. Besides, he is an ardent sportsman.

Harvey Perr, light-weight fighting champion of the world, captured diving honors at the Amsterdam Olympics. Warrors can’t live by not eating alone. He’s not only a trainer but as an actor. He trained James Cagney for “Winner Take All” and then played opposite in fighting scenes.

Ever hear of a speedboat? Can you picture him as Denmark’s champion bicycle rider? He won that title at the age of twenty. Today, he is head of the Danish Olympic Games commission, appointed by the King of Denmark.

The first American athlete to win in the Olympic preliminaries in 1920, but was incapacitated by a broken ankle which he was in the position to acquire in the last stages of the tryouts. He later rated his ability in other lines, however, and consigned him with a contract. He remains one of the movie heroes, Holly-wood abounds with champions in almost every field of sports. Russ Saunders, All-American football star from the University of Nebraska, will be a strong candidate at Warners. Johnny Mack Brown is another All-American football player whose picture is desired by followers of the acting art as well. Irene Dunne has the official certificate to prove that she is one of those rare individuals skillful enough with golf to make a career of it in one. George O’Brien has an athletic record few can equal. As a boxer he won the light-heavy weight championship of the Pacific fleet, when a mere junior in the game. Also a star marksman, expert swimmer, and can ride plain or fancy. He also offers stiff competition in roping.

Joel McCrea received intercollegiate honors as a discuss thrower. He also has medals to show for his shot putting and javelin throwing. And he was captain of his football team in college.

Kay Francis isn’t at all ashamed of having broken the record for the one-hundred-yard dash when she was seventeen. She ran it in twelve seconds, which still remains a record for anyone of that age.

Of course Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Bill Tilden have told the world that it wanted to know about basketball, golf and tennis by means of features and shorts. And the four horsemen of Notre Dame, Elmer Layden, Jimmie Andrews, Harry Stuhldreher, were prevailed upon by Universal to give us all a football treat with “The Spirit of ’76.”

No one needs be told of the golfing ability of Douglas Fairbanks but we wonder if his public realizes how good he had to be to actually win the United States Golf championship. That was quite some achievement as you must realize if you know your British golfers. As a rule Doug does not play competitive golf, however.

Regis Toomey was a sprinter on the University of Pittsburgh team; as a colleague 880 runner he competed in the National A. A. U. meet at Pasadena in 1920.

Wallace Beery has the only transport pilot’s license in the film colony and Ben Lyon and Clarence Brown the only army licenses.

Tom Mix, of course, got his start through his prowess as an athlete. He began by joining the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch. He won the title of champion boy at the Frontier day’s celebration at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and followed that by taking the world’s boxing championship. After that he was made

Ken Maynard has a dozen silver buckles and medals won for trick riding and roping. He was also a fair wrestler. He held the world championship for trick riding, awarded during the Chicago fair.

Tom Brown was given an engraved watch for saving a drowning boy at Peeksill, New York, when he was nine years old. He is now a senior member of the Red Cross Life Saving Service, after passing severe tests in 1920.

And climaxing them all, Will Rogers—polar player of international repute, rope-thrower, and gum-chewer!
pot at the bottom of the coil and the hair grows through that. People say their hair comes out by the root—but it doesn't. That little, almost imperceptible ball at the bottom of a hair is not the root. It is the accumulated elimination. Now, when the follicles clog up the scalp cannot function normally and, as a result, the nerves atrophy. My job is to get the follicles open and stimulate those nerves.

"To do that, we use a mixture composed largely of nerve stimulants (any doctor can recommend them) and scalp purgatives. This is rubbed on the scalp and we put you under a powerful lamp with healing and curative properties.

"The object of baking you under a light," Helen went on, "is that heat has a tendency to expand the follicles. It makes your scalp relax and start throwing off the impurities. These stimulants and purgatives we have rubbed in, penetrate to work on the nerves and minute blood vessels which nourish the auricular tissues. When you lie there quietly you're relaxed—the same as when you sleep.

"If you have to give yourself these treatments and no light is available, hot towels wrapped around the head will answer, provided they are kept up long enough. They're not quite as good as the lights because when the latter are used, the air can get to the scalp at the same time.

"After your scalp is sufficiently relaxed and stimulated, we remove as much of the old eliminations and impurities of the scalp as possible. That is the most beneficial part of the treatment.

"You can, if you wish, listen to some of these strong be-men of the screen yowling for mercy. Helen removes the eliminations with short, quick strokes of a comb. The combs she uses look like any others but when you feel them you know they've been specially sharpened for use as instruments of torture.

I took Richard Cromwell up there once. Helen started scraping, a beauteous smile on her face. Dick started squirming. A startled sound like a heat escaped him. It was followed shortly by a low moan. Helen scraped on. A succession of scalp-scrapes rip the air. "If you'll let me go," Dick begged, "I'll promise to come in every day for a month." A truce was called.

Nor is Dick the only one who finds it tough going at the start. I've heard Reggie Toomey, Joel McCrea, Donald Dillaway, John Darrow, Reginald Denny and even the silent Gary Cooper and the sophisticated Ivan Lebedeff scream for mercy. Ivan has bare heads with pins sticking them in the wrong places.

Once Helen was scraping Gravino Gordon, while he was in a white chair. Gravino addressed me: "Will you come over for dinner on—?" Helen dug a little deeper and the date in set was lost in a scream even a hungry writer couldn't interpret.

The torture over, the hair is washed: first with a soap composed largely of the same stimulants of which the magoo is made (although any strong soap will do). That's rinsed out and two washings with a pure castile follow and then the last—a soap whose chief ingredients are sedatives.

The hair is dried and one of the assistants gets a whack out with anothor a comb. Some of the girls employ a motion similar to Helen's and others have their own ideas of how a head should be treated. Regardless of who you are, when one of those girls scrapes, she scrapes. About the time you're ready to pass out and are afraid you won't live, a tonic is rubbed into the scalp that brings you bolt upright in your chair. It feels exactly like a strong astringent on a fresh scar from a cut. When the stinging subsides, a comb and brush are thrust into your hand and you totter weakly to a glass in an effort to pull yourself together.

But the treatment gets results. A photograph of Johnny Hines hangs on a wall, autographed "To Helen Clark—She makes hair where the sun shines!"

Reginald Denny, May McAvoy, Louise Dresser, Emma Dunn, Joel McCrea, Purnell Pratt and numerous others have given her photographs bearing testimonials.

Frank Albertson generally comes in with his wife and mother and they make up a quiet little party in one corner. On one occasion I took Billy Bakewell and Russell Gleason up there. For once Billy's pansies were stilled, a few nights later he called me up in the wee small hours. "Dick," he demanded in a worried voice, "are you sure that place was all right? I've just got in and I notice a lot of funny looking little white things in my hair."

You see, that magoo on your head under a strong light starts the scalp eliminating and throwing off the accumulations of who knows how many years. The scalp starts peeling, which is exactly what it should do. But Billy is always worrying.

Cly Bartlett (Alice White's big moment) and the Marquis de la Falaise (Constance Bennett's) frequently change ideas while baking.

El Brendel is apt to drop in for a treatment and forget his Swedish accent. Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown and Donald Dillaway can be heard several times a week up there, demanding of each other, "Are you and the same old about—?" and Walter Byron has become so relaxed he forgets—sometimes—to worry over whether he was or wasn't engaged to Dorothy Mackaill before he married Neil Miller.

The rank of importance of her customers means little to Helen. She has a reputation for live recitative, from where the sun shone, and, apparently, as long as she does, her clients don't hold the manner in which she does it against her!
Jean Gets Married

Continued from page 51

It took a red-head to capture Mr. Bern, Jean went on, laughingly. "When I changed to a red-head, he called for Misses. Perhaps there is a moral there for blondes!"

Jean will continue with her career. In time, she says, she will have both babies she wants; but not yet. Not until she has plenty of leisure time to devote to her career will go ahead uninterrupted; in fact, she is more likely to remain on the screen now than she was a few months ago, when she left Hollywood to make her personal appearance tour. She took no one into her confidence then, but she admits now that when she left Hollywood, she had no intention of returning. She was disappointed in her work, she was unhappy because of her contract with Howard Hughes, she was tired of small parts. But as she smashed theater record after theater record on her tour, she took a new interest in her career, with the result that she was happy to return to Hollywood for "Red-Headed Woman."

A few words about the man Miss Harlow will marry will be of interest to Jean's devoted fans. Paul Bern is an executive with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and that he is a capable man is testified by "Letty Lynton," "Strange Interlude," and other pictures that were produced under his guiding hand.

Bern is older than Jean—he is 42—but he is youthful in mental outlook. He is one of the most popular men in Hollywood, kind, tolerant and understanding, and has devoted much of his life to the troubles of others.

He is one of eighteen children, and was born in Wandsbeck, Germany. He came to America at the age of nine. Poor, unable to speak English, and swayed by the strange customs of this country, Bern endured great hardships in his toilsome struggle to success. He is swarthy of skin, his eyes are brown and soft. He is a striking opposite in coloring to the very blonde Miss Harlow.

When I left Jean's house, I passed for a moment on the veranda gazed down a very long, very steep flight of steps that led to the street below, where my car was parked. Jean looked at those steps also, then turned her eyes toward me and smiled. "Another reason I'm happy to be married," she confided, "is that Paul and I will move into a new home. I'm tired of climbing those damned stairs."

Now turn to the fotograpricv pictures in this issue of the Berns' new home.

The Blonde Venus

Continued from page 59

good-looking and very friendly housekeeper."

"What are you getting at?" Ned flared. "Hadn't you better let Helen have the boy, old man?" Judging from what I know, the law would hardly uphold you as a fit guardian for him—and think of the awful publicity for a rising young scientist if the case should happen to come into the courts."

Ned blustered awhile—then gave in.
Without a goodbye either to Helen or to Johnny, he stalked out of the theatre.

Nick returned to Helen and told her of her husband's sudden change of mind. "Thank you, Nick, thank you," was all she could say, tears dimming the lustre of her eyes.

"And by the way, you're going to marry me, you know," he replied. "Oh, then you've changed your ideas?"

"No—but you're not in love with two men now!"

"Not now—but possibly—some time—"

Nick was holding her close once more. "I'll take a chance!"

---

Faded Gray Hair

Women, men, girls with faded, gray, pitted hair, stunned and gray, and pale and listless in the face, try the new treatment for gray hair and make a spectacular discovery—"SHAMPOO-KOLOR". No pain or mess. Take only a few minutes to lather brains into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPOO-KOLOR". No "dye" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free booklet.

Waxless Charcoal, P. Vallinpty, Dept. 28, 23 W. 30th St., New York City.
An Old English Custom
Continued from page 8

salt and pepper. Spread between very thin slices of buttered bread.

The best tea, according to Lilian, is when the tea pot is scalded first, and then
leaving the tea in the pot, one tea-
spoon for each cup and a spoonful for the
pot, not more than three minutes.

Marmalade is always on the English
tea table, to be spread on thin slices of
toast or biscuits. And watercress in little
dishes serves to garnish sandwiches, for
those who wish.

Miss Bond likes tomatoes for tea, lunch,
or breakfast. For tea she often takes
medium or small-sized tomatoes, cuts them
in quarters and serves a section or two
on each plate, with bread and butter sand-
wiches. Is it any wonder English girls
have gorgeous complexion.

Even on camping and fishing trips, Lilian
Bond insists on observing the tea hour, a
ceremony which is, in this instance, re-
duced to the utmost simplicity. The tea
making is intrusted to one person, while
the balance of the menu calls for indi-
vidual consideration—bread, butter, and
sandwiches is made up by each, according
to her preference.

Although Lilian has neither the time
nor the inclination for a great deal of ex-
perimental work involving stove and cook-
book, she has learned from her mother,
who is an excellent cook, two recipes for
muffins, of which English people are so
fond.

**English Muffins**
1 quart flour
1/2 teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 pints milk.

Sift together flour, sugar, salt, and bak-
ing powder. Add milk, mixing into a
smooth batter. Have griddle heated evenly,
grease it and lay on muffin rings. Half
fill them and when rising well up to top
of rings turn over carefully with cake turner.
They should not be too brown, just buff
color. When cooked, pull each open in half,
toast delicately, butter well and serve on
folded napkin.

**Blueberry Muffins**
1 pint flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter
1/2 cup sugar
2 small teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
1 cup milk
1 cup berries.
Mix as for plain muffins. Add berries last, dusting them with a little flour. Bake
in muffin pans in hot oven.

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British India. Postage to India is 5 cents.

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**Can you answer these Beauty Questions?**
Continued from page 67

5. Do you "paw" your face?
   Is the beauty of your countenance screened by your hands? I hope you
are not one of those persons who tug at their chins, continually prop up
their heads on their hands, pull their noses! No nice hand is lovelier to
see than the glove and play of thought on a human face. Keep your
hands off yours!

6. Are your pores fine and healthy?
   The skin you love to touch always has fine pores. A healthy pore
is able to expand and contract, thus giving the skin a firmness and elas-
tic that makes for that desirable silken texture. Thorough cleansing,
cool water, ice and patting keep the pores exercised and healthy.

7. Does your hair arrangement flatter the shape of your face?
   It should. Let the width at the temples show regardless of anything
else. Study your face and try to imagine how a sculptor would ar-
range your hair to bring about harmony of line and a clear coun-
tenance.

8. Is your chin lifted courageously?
   I hope so! It keeps your throat-
line young. And when your head is
up you actually have more courage.

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We Have Just Sold Seven Stories
for our clients to the Talking Picture Producers in Holly-
wood. Some of these may be just as available, writing ac-
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stories are fine, but low budgets are pressing the market. It is therefore to
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Will be on sale Aug. 27th
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SATINMESH is a marvelous new liquid, pink and soft, so enticingly scented you would almost think it was perfume—which drips down into the pores and draws out every bit of dirt, then cools and cleans them leaving a fresh and exhilarating sensation. Finally, you discover that you have a silky powder-base which makes your powder smooth and clinging.

Alma Woodward, who created this new New York beauty sensation has decided to let other girls help spread the news. Once you try it and let your friends try it, you will be debased without question. I mean, you can't help it! So why not make money with Alma Woodward?

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HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR OWN PERSONALITY?

William E. Benton, SCREENLAND's fucrologist expert, can help you to read your own character and discover your possibilities. Read his brilliant analysis of Joan Crawford on Page 18 of this issue—then consult the Personality Chart on Page 15. You will find it instructive as well as entertaining.

Roses & Razzes
Continued from page 6

IN SHORT, HE LIKES HER!

(Fourth Prize Letter)

To me, Elissa Landi is the quintessence of all loveliness. She has the charm of Garbo, the tragic yet tender melancholy of Dietrich, the passion of Swanson, the divine figure of Joan Crawford, and the sweetness of Janet Gaynor. She is, first of all, a woman who thinks and breathes and loves, not as a stage-struck clothes mamiok, but as a woman whose soul is in her work. Then why, oh why, must producers remain blinded to her charms! Give her a role—a great role in an epoch-making picture! Imagine her in a story of Elizabethan days—say as the tragic, lovely, erring Mary Queen of Scots!


WE'VE FOOLED YOU!

I have resisted the temptation until now to write to you. This letter concerns the critics that review the pictures.

Why is it that they always compare a picture of an actor to something he has done before? Gaynor's pictures are always compared to "Seventh Heaven," and Crawford's are measured by "The Love Parade." Now that there are a number of old, worn-out machine guns from abandoned gangster pictures, I think it would be a good idea to line up the critics and move them down so we wouldn't have this constant harping on the past.

If you print this letter, which I'm sure you won't because you've critics on your own staff, just sign it, "A Square Deal." "A Square Deal!"

521 Second St.,
Cresson, Pa.

IT MAKES HIM WANT TO FIGHT

In the July issue of SCREENLAND I saw something which made me wonder as to the intelligence of his creator, besides arousing my long dormant fighting instinct. It was "Roses and Razzes Department, and it read: "Gable in the role Valentina portrayed in 'The Four Horsemen.'"

In spite of yourselves, you will have to admit that Valentina was in a class by himself. Ah, one point in my favor! His features were strong and clean cut, and he de
dicted good breeding besides personality. He had a magnetic "something" about him that was irresistible. There was a hint of the ethical in his make-up. He had a beautiful body, wore unusual clothes exceptionally well, and could dance like nobody's business.

My imagination is not expansive enough to visualize Gable in any of Valentina's roles—and as for the tango—well, that's another point for me!

Dustill Tupper,
40 Henderson Road,
Normandy, Mo.
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 77

Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper are seen together too often for it to be mere friendship.

Anta Page and Dr. Cyril Wright are romancing. She met him when her mother was in a hospital last year.

Another hospital romance is that of Evelyn Knapp and Donald Cook. When she was ill, he visited her; when she had an accident and was in the hospital, she visited him. From this exchange of visits sprang love.

STILL speaking of hospitals, Dorothy Sebastian was laid up following a minor operation, but that didn’t keep her from celebrating husband Bill Boyd’s birthday. She invited Bill and his friends to the hospital.

MAY ROBSON celebrated her fiftieth anniversary as an actress in July. Colleen Moore’s contract stipulates two six-weeks vacations annually, which she will spend with husband Albert Scott, New York broker. Dorothy Jordan admits her much publicized romance with Don Dillaway was a typographical error. Untrue rumors of trouble between Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli started when he was seen alone at a hot springs resort.

Both Joseph Dowling and Tyrone Power, original title roleists of the two productions of “The Miracle Man,” are dead.

Estelle Taylor, idle since her neck was broken in an automobile accident, has been given medical permission to return to work.

Hardie Albright, by official agreement among Hollywood’s young men, brews the best beer in town. Jean Harlow made the first payment on a new fifty thousand dollar home. Dickie Moore almost went on strike because he had to spend a full day having his ears washed for scenes in “Blonde Venus.” Garbo, reports state, is of such nervous temperament that perspiration can wring her clothes from the finish of a dramatic scene.

MAUREEN O’SULLIVAN went through the production of “Tarzan” without a murmur, acting beside lions, elephants, tigers and apes. But when a tiny spider dropped on her shoulder in the studio, she promptly screamed and fainted.

GEORGE M. COHAN (pronounce his surname with two syllables, please) is in Hollywood for “The Phantom President.” Cohan is the foremost exponent of musical comedy on the American stage.

This is his first visit to California since he appeared on the Los Angeles stage when he was a boy. His amazement at the city’s growth, and his wonder at the beauty of the studios, were surpassed only by his regret that the hotel in which he had made his home many years ago has been razed.

Cohan likes to walk, and he found the California weather ideal for a four mile journey to and from his hotel and Paramount studio almost daily.

Anita Moore has been romancing. She has started a friendship with Virginia Valli, and she visited her hospital a few days ago.

Sari Marita has caught the Hollywood pajama fever, although the little English girl is a comparative newcomer in the screen colony.
ANOTHER Hollywood visitor is Ethel Barrymore, who is more familiar with the film city. Miss Barrymore is the stage opposite of Coban—she is the principal exponent of footlight drama.

The occasion of her trip to the West is her picture, "Rasputin," in which she will co-star with her better-known-to-movie-fans brothers, Lionel and John (or should it be John and Lionel)?

Studio officials have sought for years to coerce Miss Barrymore into talking pictures, but until the very wise Louis B. Mayer suggested to her that he would make a picture with the three Barrymores, she refused to listen to screen offers. There is a possibility that the second generation of the family—Ethel Barrymore Colt, John Drew Colt and Samuel Colt—may also appear in the picture. That would make six of them, and perhaps, to fall upon a wicked pun, you could not bear more Barrymores.

A FEW weeks ago a newspaper photograph of Baby Peggy Montgomery, now grown to young womanhood, was followed by nearly two thousand letters from fans who wanted to know why she did not return to the screen. Those two thousand writers, and probably many more thousand picture-goers, will be delighted to learn that Peggy returns to the screen in a series of newspaper two-reelers, "Jerry of the Journal."

THE reason Kay Francis was a day late leaving for her vacation was that she refused to depart without a permanent wave, and she allows only one operator to attend her hair. It happens that this particular girl was away on a one-day vacation, so Kay postponed her departure twenty-four hours.

SEVENTEEN years ago, "Tiny" Sanford swung open the then new gates of Universal Studios. Among the sight-seers who paid a quarter to enter was Ralph Bellamy. Recently they met again at the same studio. Bellamy as an actor in "Airmail," and Sanford as a ditto in The Finishing Touch."

CAN you guess why Karen Morley suddenly switched to low-heeled shoes? You can't, so here is the secret: Karen was wooed by a tall aviator, but her interests abruptly switched to a young business man, not so tall. In fact, when Karen wore her high-heeled shoes, she could peek right over her smaller escort's head without much effort. He didn't like that, so Karen stocked her wardrobe with a quantity of low-heeled shoes!

ONE of Jean Harlow's hobbies, now that she is wealthy, is evening gowns, and thereby hangs a story. Not long ago, after Jean had been disinherited by her wealthy grandfather, and before she skyrocketed into important money as an actress, she owned but one evening gown, and everywhere that Jean went, that gown was sure to go. That she was painfully conscious of her limited wardrobe was indicated by the fact that she often joked about it, although it was not difficult to understand that her jokes had a touch.

You should see her wardrobe now! The platinum-red head is making up for lost time with a vengeance.

BOBBY ARNST, who is Mrs. Johnny Weismuller, made theater appearances in the West while he was public appearing in the East.

While Hollywood discusses the rumors that they may separate, it is almost pathetic to witness the adoration Bobby has for her strapping big husband. She says that if his sudden movie success affects his head, he will get over it. Meanwhile, she will stand by and wait for him, and she knows he will come back to her.

In New York, Johnny revealed that he and his wife had agreed they would go out with other people. The experiment has been attempted before, never very successfully.

WINNIE LIGHTNER, the oh-so-slapstick comedienne, may not be that funny to her husband, George Holtry. Winnie filed suit for divorce.

KENNETH McKENNA, before he left for a vacation, started a rabbit farm; that is, he purchased two rabbits, and expects to have a rabbit farm by the time he returns!

IF CHARLIE CHAPLIN persists in making a comedy only once every two years or so, his former wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, will see to it that the family name is properly preserved.

Mrs. Chaplin has signed a contract by which she and her two sons, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., age seven, and Sidney Earl Chaplin, six, will appear in a group of pictures. And what will Charles Sr., do about it?

JACK DEMPSEY and Lina Basquette are appearing in an act touring a Western circuit of theaters . . . Richard Barthelmess has departed for a vacation in Scandinavian countries . . . Constance Bennett and Marquis de la Falaise (in Hollywood they're Connie and the Marqu) will go to Europe next fall . . . the Spencer Tracys are expecting a stork visit in August . . . Clara Kimball Young was severely injured in an automobile accident but is recovering . . . Joan Bennett and Elissa Landi had adjoining hospital rooms for several days, Joan with throat and Elissa with eye troubles . . . Charles Buddy Rogers spent two days in Hollywood on personal business, then returned to New York . . . Maurice Chevalier is vacationing in France.

THINGS that don't sound right: George M. Cohan, who writes all that swellelegant music, cannot play a piano.

Dick Arlen, who starred in several Westerns, had to be tied on the horse for his first picture of that type.

FOLKS who expected Robert Young to nurse a broken heart over Virginia Bruce's engagement are disappointed; Bob's gone. Gertrude Michael went away, and Joan Crawford was ordered by her physician to
strike mustard and condiments from her diet, lest she ruin the lining of her stomach. . . . Lola Lane was rushed to the hospital for a sudden appendix removal. . . .

If you wondered about Charles Ray, he is making a stage tour in "House Beautiful" . . . Owen Moore and Katherine Perry have been having domestic trouble, but at this writing all is smooth . . . Mae Clarke, after the long illness, will be able to resume work about September first . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has a collection of turtles and snakes in specially built quarters at his home. . . . Clark Gable purchased a house in Beverly Hills . . . Roscoe Arbuckle will star in a two-reel comedy for Warner Brothers in an attempted come-back. . . . Dorothy Lee is personal appearing with Tom Waring. . . . Thieves took two wire-haired terriers, valued at $50, from Helen Twelvetrees' Hollywood kennels. . . . Ann Harding, vacationing in Northern California, was dealt out two speed tickets by as many motorists in as many days. . . . John Gilbert suffers from spasmodic appendicitis attacks and may have it taken out.

NEW England Sylvia Sidney and Southern Miriam Hopkins lunched together and enjoyed the same food. But when they ordered, Sylvia said, "To-mah-to salad and pump-kin pie," while Miriam asked for "To-ma-to salad and pun'kin pie."

SOME pictures to anticipate, and why:

"The Big Broadcast," because it will feature, in addition to Bing Crosby, the following important radio stars: Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, Donald Novis, Burns and Allen, the Mills Brothers, Cab Calloway's orchestra and Arthur Tracey.

"Rasputin," because it will bring together for the first time in motion picture history Broadway's historical Royal Family, the three Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel—count 'em, three.

"All-American," because the cast will include a score of famous football stars, among them Frank Carideo, "Moon" Mullins, and J. J. O'Brien of Notre Dame; Ernie Pincert of Southern California; "Red" Cagle of West Point; Ernie Nevers of Stanford; Lee Hanley of Northwestern; Fred Sington of Alabama; and F. Lenihan of Yale.

"Smilin' Through," because the charming Norma Shearer will be wooed by three—count 'em—leading men, in the persons of Leslie Howard, Fredric March and Ralph Forbes.

NOT to be overlooked among new Hollywood arrivals is Mae West, most famous for her "Diamond Lil" on the New York stage. If you are curious to see Mae, whose plays "about life" have caused New York police considerable worry, you will see her soon in a picture titled "Night After Night," with George Raft.
HORNED toad races, with each entrant sponsored by a movie notable, is the current craze at Malibu Beach. The opening derby of the season was won by Script, owned by Betty Williams, a scenario writer. John Boles' entry, Deserl Song, ran second, and Hold It, owned by Richard Wallace, director, took third place.

NOW Lilyan Tashman has re-decorated the interior of her Beverly Hills home, and the color scheme is pink and white. One can't help chuckling to think of Edmund "What Price Glory" Lowe peeking from beneath pink sheets and muttering, "Sze You!"

INCIDENTALLY, you fans who enjoyed seeing La Tashman on the stage, when she made her recent personal appearance tour, can consider yourself fortunate you saw her the first time, for she has vowed she'll make no more tours, because the one just finished almost brought about a nervous breakdown.

PERHAPS you read about Marie Dressler's hurry and bustle about moving into her new home. As a matter of honest fact, Marie went to Santa Barbara, and the moving was attended to by her faithful negro couple, Mayme and Jerry Cox. Mayme and Jerry have been with Miss Dressler for nineteen years, and Marie wouldn't exchange them for all the servants in the world. Nineteen years ago, when she discovered them broke and jobless, she gave them temporary positions. They were so grateful and capable that Miss Dressler kept them, and now she is helpless without their aid.

AT LAST you may know why Lew Ayres and Lola Lane do not have a baby. Lola wants one, but Lew is unwilling. He says she is too young, and he also thinks they should wait until they have been married a few years. When they have weathered the first few and difficult years and their marriage appears to be a lasting success, they will consider babies, Lew declares.

WHEN Barbara Bebe Daniels (Ben's and Bebe's) posed for her first publicity pictures, which comprised a photograph of Barbara Bebe and a young lion cub drinking milk from bottles, a delay was experienced because the lion refused to drink the milk until it was properly heated. What's that about temperament?

JOAN BLONDELL—purple locks. She dyed her hair blonde several months ago, and recently decided to let it return to its natural shade of brown. Something went wrong and Joan emerged with purple hair. Miss Blondell had to have all her hair cut off, and her recent pictures were done with wigs.

THINGS that may never happen:
That John Gilbert-Virginia Bruce wedding.
That Lilyan Tashman-Edmund Lowe divorce.
That Garbo retirement.
Popularity for Janet Gaynor as a sophisticate.

MOVIE stars come from here and there. And the studios have been looking "here" for it—that is, seeking home talent.
RKO staged a studio beauty contest. Lucy Hopkins, a secretary in the sound department, won the contest and an acting contract.
Dorothy Wilson, a stenographer in the script department of the same studio, messengered a script to a director, who recognized her screen possibilities and gave her an acting job.
Sandy Roth, an assistant director, was given an acting job in "Liberty Road."
But on the contrary, RKO reached across the continent to Miss Bennett's School for Girls, at Millbrook, New York, to sign to a contract Miss Betty Furness, graduate of the '32 class.

**Good nightie! This is how the modern girl looks in her 1933 night dress.**

Joan as the cutie of the kerosene-lamp days. How do you like this modest muslin gown?

The nightie of yesterday. Joan shows how a young girl looked in her accordion-pleated gown and boudoir cap.
How Lovely, How Exquisite!

Do they say that of you? Does the whispered word echo back to you that your cheeks are silken, smooth, of the tone of translucent pearls? For you is there glorious assurance of color that dares be youthfully sparkling because it is softly natural? Are your lips an enticement of red worked in the magic of precious softness? And your eyes... do they hold mysterious shadows, the allure of promise and sophistication?

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ters—as it's sure to do sooner or
later—and someone asks, "Is it true
that Garbo's new contract calls for
$15,000 a week?" or "When will Clara
Bow make her come-back film?" you'll
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this month—and every month. Watch
our gossip pages for your screen news.
Read our feature stories, every one
with a fresh, novel slant. Look at our
pictures of stars—all posed especially
and originally. SCREENLAND brings
Hollywood home to you.

May we present Mr. James M. Fidler,
our Hollywood reporter? He's young
and handsome enough to be a screen
juvenile, but he prefers writing. Hol-
lwood knows him and likes him—and
how he knows his Hollywood and his
stars! You'll enjoy his stories in
SCREENLAND—you can depend upon
Fidler for the genuine inside stuff.

He has Hollywood's private
phone numbers!
HAROLD LLOYD

in

"MOVIE CRAZY"

with

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

Happiness for Millions Everywhere! ... Entertainment for Everybody! ... You'll laugh and forget your troubles! ... the King of Comedy at his Very Best! ... Fresh, fast, gloriously funny! ... See it -- sure!

A Paramount Release
Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation
Roses and Razzies

What Price "Movie Morons" Now?

What do you say, Hollywood—can you live up to your audience!
SCREENLAND is proud of the fact that our readers are intelligent and well informed. They are not the average moviegoer who is not critical, who will see any movie regardless of quality and be satisfied if the story is a good one. Our readers are not the average moviegoer who will vote "Yes" without reading the review.

The screen is a medium where the audience are not only watching a story, but are also entertained. Movies should be entertaining as well as enlightening. Movies should make us laugh, cry, and feel. They should be a reflection of our lives and our world.

But what do we, the audience, demand from the movies? We demand that they be honest, truthful, and true to life. We demand that they be well made, well acted, and well directed. We demand that they be entertaining, but not at the expense of our intelligence.

Will Hollywood give us a literary festival on the screen? Will they offer us a challenge to think? Will they give us a reason to be proud of being a part of this great medium? Will they give us a reason to be a part of this great medium?

We have with us this month another choice of books and materials for those who may want to be more involved in the movie industry. We have a selection of books and materials for those who want to learn more about the movie industry. We have a selection of books and materials for those who want to learn more about the movie industry.

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ATTENTION, MR. PRODUCERS!

(First Prize Letter—$20)

There seems to be a great demand for talkie versions of such classics as "Les Misérables," "The Three Musketeers," and so on. This idea is all right, but why not a little experimentation and pioneering? First there is Charlotte Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." This hauntingly beautiful romance against a background of stark moor country would be a grand vehicle for Garbo and Gable. In place of "Oliver Twist" I would vote for "Barnaby Rudge," Dickens' tale of the Gordon riots. Then there is Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," a much better thing to my mind than either "Les Misérables" or "Notre Dame."

All in favor say "Aye." Then go to your nearest movie cathedral and see and hear Mickey Mouse or Krazy Kat in

"Strangers May Kiss—But Who Cares?" Frank Tully, 20 New Street, Danbury, Conn.

OH, THOSE ACCENTS!

(Second Prize Letter—$10)

Well, the flesh may be weak, but the accents are the things that are driving me to distraction! I don't mind a few accents here and there, but in Robert Montgomery's picture, "But the Flesh is Weak," there were three different accents! That's too many for one picture. First there was Montgomery's American accent; then there was the English accent; and on top of all that the heroine spoke in an accent which she claimed was Viennese. I have no doubt it was Viennese, but I couldn't understand a word she said. All those different modulations of the voice, so distracting and confusing, helped make a weak story even weaker.

How about passing a law limiting each picture to one accent?

Katharine W. Herbert, 4 Bayard Street, Larchmont, N. Y.

JOCULAR JABS À LA OETTINGER!

(Third Prize Letter—$5)

Ramon Novarro: Sir Galahad with his halo cocked over one eye.

Clark Gable: Markham's "Man With a Hoe" in evening clothes.

Constance Bennett: Little girl in big sister's best dress trying to look just too bored with it all.

Marlene Dietrich: Mechanical doll giving the illusion of beauty, which someone forgot to wind up.

Lew Ayres: Rodin's "The Thinker" walking in his sleep.

Ronald Colman: Swift and darkly dangerous water, three inches deep. Bathing reserve, concealing—nothing!

Richard Barthelmess: The perennial college boy. Everlasting youth, too whimsical for words.


PAGE MR. THACKERAY!

(Fourth Prize Letter—$5)

Miss Sidney Fox as Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair!" There is a combination to make friezee movie addicts sit up. "Vanity Fair" has everything but bootleggers and machine guns. It does not need those. Sex, war, love, insanity, social scramble, gambling and gold digging (to mention a few) should be enough for anybody.

And if the role of Rebecca does not delight little Sidney Fox firmly to the Milky Way of Hollywood stars, I shall do something desperate like—well, swearing off the movies.

Give an excellent little actress a break in a part that should bring her the Motion Picture Academy award. Make another "Grand Hotel" of "Vanity Fair," with Miss Sidney Fox.

A. J. Paar, 6843 Clyde Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 13)
IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF
"CIMARRON"

with

JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

Directed by JOHN STAHL

Fannie Hurst's
POWERFUL HUMAN
STORY IMMORTALIZED
ON THE SCREEN

Waiting—always waiting
—in the shadows of the
back streets . . . longing
for the man she loves . . .
asking nothing, receiv-
ing nothing—yet content
to sacrifice all for him.

WHY?

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
ASK ME!

You're asking about Jean Harlow, Janet Gaynor, many other favorites this month—and Miss Vee Dec is answering you!

Jean M. Hot-chà Harlow is this month's rave winner. Everybody is talking about Platinum Blonde. Jean's tremendous hit in "Red-Headed Woman." Her real name is Harlean Carpenter. She was born in Kansas City on March 3, 1911. Jean is five feet three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and her eyes are a grayish-greenish blue—yes they are, too! Jean recently married Paul Bern, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive. You'll probably see La Harlow next in "Red Dust," with John Gilbert. And that's not all—Anita Loos is writing a story especially for this Original Platinum Blonde called, "Ritz Bar"—and besides that, Jean is scheduled to do "Lulu Belle," the sensational stage play in which Lenore Ulrich starred on Broadway.

Gaynor Fan. Janet has been hitting the high spots with the fans to rank high in these columns again. In "The First Year" you'll see a new Janet with new bop, new grown-up manner, and everything but, after all, the same smile. Janet was born Oct. 6, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa. A tribe over 5 feet, she weighs 100 pounds and has golden brown hair and brown eyes. At the beginning of her screen career she played extra rôles for six months and was then cast for the lead in a two-reel comedy. This was the beginning of her success which led to the never-to-be-forgotten role of Diane in "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell. She has played in "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Pigs," "The Johnstown Flood," "Two Girls Wanted," "Christina," "Street Angel," "Sunrise," "Four Devils," "Lucky Star," "Man Who Came Back," "Merely Mary Ann," "High Society Blues," "Delicious," and "Daddy Long Legs." Janet was married on Sept. 11, 1929, to Lydell Peck. (And still married!)

Mr. J. P. S. I believe George Arliss, as the pianist in "Man Who Played God," played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. "A Successful Calamity" is the latest Arliss opus. Mary Astor is the screen wife and Evelyn Knapp plays the daughter of Mr. Arliss.

Roberta K. In "The Guardsman" Lynn Fontanne played a Chopin nocturne. I think if you love Chopin as Lynn did, just what nocturne was it? You want to know if Fredric March actually played the organ in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Roberta, you do ask the most embarrassing questions! Your favorite, Fredric March, is to appear with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Thru." Freddie's wife, Florence Eldridge, is in the cast of "Thirteen Women" with Irene Dunne and Myrna Loy, along with ten other femme players.

Cuban Boy. Your letters are charming. Line up: Cuban Boy, for the class in weights and measures of your favorite stars. Ruth Chatterton is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds; her eyes are blue and her hair is brown. Norma Shearer has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Charlotte Greenwood, the big cut-up, is 5 feet 9½ inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Marie Dressler, whose name is a household word, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs around 200 pounds, and has brown hair and green eyes.

Helen C. Little Dorothy Jordan is neither Russian nor Scandinavian, but a real American, born in Clarksville, Tenn., on August 9, 1910. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She made her professional début in musical comedy and entered pictures in January, 1929. Her next release is "The Cabin in the Cotton" with Richard Barthelmess, Loretta Young and Sally Eilers are not sisters. Loretta has two sisters in pictures, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

Clarence W. You want to be a Western (Continued on page 92)
Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

He has bedroom eyes— and a nose for news...

Predicts babies like the weather bureau predicts the weather...

Sells scandal by the square inch—and cleans up in the shock market...

Sees all—knows all— and tells everything!

WARNER BROS.
set another new style in picture production by bringing you the sensational New York stage success

"BLESSED EVENT"

with LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN

DICK POWELL
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

The private life of the man who abolished privacy... The lowdown on the Gossip King whose name bounced from Broadway 'round the world!... Take the Los Angeles Times' word for it—"it's the best screen entertainment seen in many a day"... By all means watch for your theatre's announcement of this great hit.

WARNER BROS.
will bring you the new season's biggest thrills!
BY
Emily Kirk

Try This!

SALLY’S STUFFED PEPPERS

2 tbs. ham fat       1 1/2 cups steamed rice
1 small chopped onion 1/2 cup bread crumbs
1/2 tsp. salt         1/2 cup finely chopped ham
Dash of pepper      Milk

Melt the fat in a frying pan and add the onion, salt, and pepper and heat together for several minutes. Add the rice, bread crumbs and ham and moisten with milk until the mixture is of the right consistency. Use to fill peppers. Place in a shallow pan, with a small amount of water, to bake until the peppers are soft enough to pierce with a fork. Serve hot.

Then place them in a shallow pan and set them in the oven. Allow them to bake until it is possible to pierce them through the center with a fork. After the potatoes are thoroughly baked the contents are removed and treated as mashed potatoes. Season well and add an egg and some bread crumbs. Mix thoroughly and stuff back into the shells. Set in oven for a few minutes.

YOU know Sally Eilers, the actress—now meet Sally Eilers, the cook! Sally Eilers Gibson isn’t exactly a domestic person but she does have a cooking specialty, and that specialty is—stuffed peppers! When Sally gets a stuffed pepper yen, Hooter (that’s another specialty—Sally’s special name for husband Hoot Gibson) and all the boys on the ranch are in for a treat.

Sally admits that she can’t cook anything fussy or elaborate. And besides, she likes plain food. She gets all the other kind of food she wants when she dines out.

Another of her culinary delights is baked stuffed potatoes. And here’s Sally’s recipe:

BAKED STUFFED POTATOES

6 potatoes       1/2 cup bread crumbs
1 egg            1/4 cup scalded milk
2 tbs. butter    1/2 tbsp. salt
Sprinkle with paprika

Prepare the potatoes by scrubbing them thoroughly.

When the Cook’s Away

Sally Eilers likes to go into the kitchen and stir things up!

Sally Eilers has a secret weapon in the kitchen: Baked stuffed potatoes à la Eilers! Sally likes plain food and when she cooks it’s always some good wholesome dish.
Now... is the ideal time to REDUCE

The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days

If you dread the time when you will wear the new Fall Frock, because of fat, bulky hips—START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your hips. Note our money-back guarantee... Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded.

Reclay your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips... and be comfortable, too... for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every move you make.

This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle works constantly while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing fat with even move you make.

The Perfolastic will not chafe, itch, or irritate the skin. Its special inner surface of satined cloth protects the body from the skin. Soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh, every moment you wear it. And one of the reasons the girdle reduces so quickly, it can be worn next to the skin.

Don't wait any longer—act today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not an efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to be a penny—try it for 10 days—the send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results—and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage.

The coupon brings you FREE BOOKLET and sample of the Ventilated PERFOLASTIC RUBBER.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 7310, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial offer.

Name

Address

City State

"I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"

After convalescing from severe illness this spring, I found I was losing considerable weight. So I put on a considerable weight. My physician advised me to restrict my weight and reduce fat or 3 pounds every two weeks. I started and got my girdle. You might be interested to know that I reduced almost twenty pounds.

MISS JEAN HEALY
29 Park Ave., New York City

"I REDUCED 2 INCHES"

I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle. It seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the correct inch, I have been reduced almost 1 inch. I think this is perfectly marvelous. My friends are so happy with the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE
Ry, New York
Screenland

Walter Huston, you win! For your fine portrayal in "American Madness"

Sincerity! It shines through Huston's best screen performance

Looks as if Walter is pushing away our laurel wreaths! And he would—he's that modest. There's no more splendid actor on stage or screen. And in "American Madness" he gives the truest characterization of his celluloid career.

In fact, we argued the point with Paul Muni. Of course Muni won—he knows more about acting than we do! And we give in gracefully and admit that—while in the past Huston's portrayals may have been over-theatrical at times—in this new picture he makes up for everything. He has created a character—a brilliant business man, honest, upstanding, who sticks to his ideals through a hard fight. Hail Huston!
Roses & Razzes
(Continued from page 6)

Producers, your long, weary, world-wide search for a second Valentino has ended—you have found him! He is George Raft. Please give Raft some more good pictures—he deserves them. You who have seen "Scarface" have witnessed one of the best dramatic performances of the year: the death scene of George Raft. His clumsy gestures—just a poignant look, and presto! half the thrill of "Scarface" had been put over. Let's have more interviews about Raft—he's worth it!

Lillie Higgins,
2834-61st Avenue,
Oakland, Calif.

ELECTIONEERING FOR JOAN
Why all this excitement because Greta Garbo doesn't broadcast her future plans? Garbo is undoubtedly a great actress. But if Garbo goes, she goes—and it is up to us to elevate someone else to the position she leaves vacant.
In my opinion, Joan Crawford wouldn't need much elevating to fill that niche admirably. She can emote at least as well as Garbo; and to me she is much more human and alive, reminding one of a smoldering fire that bursts into flame occasionally. Crawford can fill the place left by Garbo to overflowing with her own individual personality, and not by imitating the Swedish star.
When bigger and better stars are seen, Crawford will lead them!

Hermina Boehr,
R. F. D. 6,
Milford, Mich.

SOMETHING NEW—A "TARZAN" RAZZ!
I can't help but wonder how many others were disappointed by the latest film version of "Tarzan of the Apes." It was beautifully done, but my Tarzan has always been a super-man. I like to imagine him as having a body like a Greek statue or developed musculously like the best of our modern muscle enthusiasts at least.
My den is decorated with pictures of men who have developed their bodies into an acme of strength and grace, and I have striven with some success to emulate them. Imagine then my disappointment in finding that with hundreds of men with perfect physiques to pick from, the powers that be had given this steller role to a younger whose physique barely equals my own!
Fred J. Gamble,
Toppenish, Wash.

SOME PERFECTLY GRAND IDEAS
Hollywood has hundreds of beautiful girls, but only one Sylvia Sidney. A girl who never depends upon close-ups—an actress who isn't afraid to act! I'll match Sylvia Sidney any day against the finest German and Russian screen artists.
And by the way—Roscoe Arbuckle stutters on the screen, and hundreds of little boys try to imitate him. Ah, yes, the screen is a terrible influence on the kids. So keep your wife at home and she won't be thinking about Clark Gable.

Rexford Grant,
Box 7,
Duncan, Okla.

(Continued on page 85)

IN THE new styles, Paris pays tribute to the healthy figure of the average American girl. These new fashions accent the youthful, feminine curves.
To some of us, this means reducing. But when dieting, care must be taken not to harm beauty.
When the reducing diet lacks the proper "bulk," faulty elimination develops. Eyes often lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow and lifeless, and other complexion troubles may appear.
Laboratory experiments show that Kellogg's All-Bran furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies Vitamin B to help tone the system. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables. All-Bran is also rich in blood-building iron.

The simple, workmanlike clothes of active sports
... the intricate, fitted lines of evening...

Dorothy Mackail, lovely blonde screen star, has the figure to wear them both.

Enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonsfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than unpleasant pills and drugs.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger, without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"CHARM"
Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special means for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. G-10, Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name
Address
The Editor's Page

Watch your step, ♦ ♦ Ann Dvorak!

THIS editorial is dedicated to all sulky Hollywood girls, and to Ann Dvorak in particular.

Ann, you're a smart young thing—pretty, spirited, promising. You made a personal hit in "Scarface." You've become increasingly popular in several pictures. Hollywood considers you one of the best bets among the younger screen players. But, Ann Dvorak, you have not yet "arrived." And I think you should get wise to yourself—while there's still time.

Two years or so ago you were just one of the hundreds of Hollywood strugglers. Glad to get a job as a dancer in "The Hollywood Revue." Gladder to be made assistant on the Metro lot to dancing Director Sammy Lee. Coached Joan Crawford and other Metro stars for their movie dances. Worked hard. Made good. But all the time thinking—weren't you? — "Wish I could get my chance at acting!" Then Karen Morley helped you get a test, and "Scarface" was the result. Life suddenly opened up to you. People pointed you out. When Warners grabbed you for their pictures, no less a personage than Ruth Chatterton got down on her hands and knees to peek into the set where "that new Dvorak girl" was working. Fans pronounced your name a dozen different ways, but they pronounced it, which was what counted. More power to you, we all said. Romance, too. You eloped with Leslie Fenton. Your real friends said, "It's grand. She'll make him happy. He'll make her a great actress." The future looked as rosy as an extra's cheeks after a bawling-out by a third assistant director. And then—something happened to you. In a Barrymore it's temperament; in a little, new actress it's—something else. You came to New York with your husband, and why not? A honeymoon. But it began to look more like a business trip what with newspaper interviews quoting you complaining about your salary and Hollywood producers being slave drivers and all. A honeymoon—with the bride saying, "Why, a baby in one of my pictures earned more than I did"; and the groom, "There are other companies besides Warner Brothers." It was a rude shock, Miss Dvorak. Doing a Cagney? Anyway, it was "see my lawyer," and you went to Europe, shaking off the sordid dust of that commercial Hollywood.

And now let me tell you something! Success must be earned. Joan Crawford worked eight years in Hollywood to win the fame she has today—eight pretty hard years, too, with Joan striving and slaving to make good. She had her flurries of discontent, I know—but she was wise enough, or
Warning to Hollywood Girls!

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton. Theirs was a real screen romance—they acted together in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," fell in love, and eloped. Now they have left Hollywood flat for foreign parts. Ann signed up to play in a British film, with Fenton opposite. Will they stay in England, or will they come home to Hollywood? It's our guess they will be back.

humble enough, not to let them sweep her off her path. She was afraid to do "Rain"—but she did; and Sadie Thompson is her greatest performance. And Crawford is still humble, and a little scared—even today. That's why we love her. Barrymore and Arliss, Barthelmess and Garbo, Shearer and Helen Hayes—years of hard work built their solid success, and nothing can take it away from them. James Cagney, the rebel, who won screen fame so swiftly, is still, at this writing, "resting."

You, Ann Dvorak, are not yet important enough to get away with it. And when you are important enough, you won't want to. The motion picture industry is bigger than you are. It can get along without you, but you can't, excuse me, get along without it. Because no other profession in the world can give you so much. Granted that your salary of something like $250 a week isn't much for Hollywood, it was more than you'd ever made before—and it would be only the beginning for a bright girl like you. If you are really good you have a long career ahead of you—it's not necessary to make big money fast. Give yourself a chance!

And don't forget how Paul Muni came to the studio at six o'clock some mornings to help you with your work in "Scarface." Muni, who has been an actor since he was a kid; who knows what it means to work hard over a period of years; who is only just now coming into the fame he so richly deserves. You can learn a lot from him.

You may wonder why, since I feel this way about you, I take the trouble and the space to spank you. It's because I think you have real stuff. That's why I say to you, Ann Dvorak, "Be a trouper!!"

Delight Evans
"I'M NO GIGOLO!"

Says George Raft

"Call me rough-neck! Call me taxi-dancer! Call me ham actor, if you wish.

"But, listen, friends: Don't call me gigolo!"

By James M. Fidler

IN "THE VIRGINIAN," the title rôleist says to Trampas, "When you call me that, SMILE!" He delivers this ultimatum directly after Trampas hurls an insulting term that begins with son and doesn't end with shine.

Likewise, George Raft boils when the term gigolo is applied to him. That's his fighting word. Of course, Raft will fight at the drop of a hat, even during his most peaceful moods, and if there is no hat to drop, that is all right, too—George will fight regardless. But he is particularly pugnacious when he hears himself called gigolo.

"I am not a gigolo! I never was one! I will punch the nose of any man who says I am or was—try me!"

Thus, in no uncertain terms, does Raft deliver himself. Furthermore, he declares that the American public confuses the definition of the word. A gigolo, in this country, has come to include practically all men who earn their livelihood in professions that depend strictly upon feminizing trade. The original and true meaning was descriptive of a class of males who were supported by women; in other words, kept men. This meaning was gradually broadened to include young men who married wealthy old dowagers.

"One writer stated that I glorify the gigolo," muttered
Here's the frankest story ever written about a motion picture actor

Raft. He spat savagely, as if to clear his mouth of a bad taste. "Can you glorify a sewer rat? I know only disgust for such men; why would I exalt them?"

"To be frank, I recently rejected one of the finest motion picture stories I ever read because my rôle would have been that of a gigolo. Had not such an unfortunate publicity blast made it appear I was once one of the breed, I might have taken the rôle and perhaps won renown. But I don't want to be known as a gigolo, and I am positive that the picture, combined with the publicity that has been broadcast, would confirm me in the public mind as a first-class kept man!"

The term gigolo was first applied to Raft when it was learned that several years ago he worked as a taxi-dancer in a public restaurant-dance palace. It was his duty, as one of several gentlemen employed by the management, to dance with unaccompanied feminine patrons who felt the urge of Terpsichore. For this duty, sometimes pleasant but more often irksome, he received a ticket for each dance. At the end of an afternoon or evening, the management paid him for his tickets; the more tickets, of course, the more money. The majority of ladies who danced were middle-aged and homely; the sort of women who must pay. Few were good dancers; most were clumsy; many were fat. When Raft went home each night, he soaked his numbed, trampled feet in hot water, after which he rubbed them with olive oil.

"But I was no gigolo," he insists. "I earned an honest living. As a taxi-dancer, I made seventy-five dollars or more every week. As a clerk in a store, I might have earned twenty-five. Whatever else I may be, I am not dumb; I'll take seventy-five in preference to twenty-five any day, provided it is honestly earned."

Raft learned patience when (Continued on page 89)
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Talks about the MOVIES!

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Governor of New York State and Democratic Nominee for President, is a movie fan even as you and I! His favorite film stars? Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat!

"One motion picture makes the whole world kin! "That is what I sometimes think when overhearing my own children conversing with young people from far distant parts of the country for the first time. To hear them chattering away among themselves you would think they had known each other always, when perhaps they have just met. The pictures they have seen in common have served to introduce them, and given even the shyest child among them something to talk about.

"This is one of the strong points in favor of the cinema, I think—its power to bring children together—and adults—and nations.

"It is one of the great unifying forces, along with the radio and with aircraft, that is bringing the countries of the world close together. It belongs to the timeless, spaceless era, the new world, that is dawning. And yet its basis—the pictures—is as old as the race. Communications were written in pictures before there was an alphabet."

The speaker was a tall, gracious woman with quantities of sunny brown hair which she wore caught into a wide barrette of filigreed gold at the back of the neck, and piled high on the crown of her head. She was a type who would command attention in any gathering, not alone because of her height and dignity of bearing, but for her charm of manner, and the warmth of her smile. Such a smile, it was, as could only well up from depths of kindness and human understanding.

You would guess at once, on looking at her, that she was a woman who would deeply care if a child were unhappy or felt left out. Or if an adult were ill at ease. Or a nation felt misunderstood.

Just now, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for she it was who was speaking, was seated before a pile of partially answered letters, a picture of cool and collected efficiency in a simple dress of lavender flowered silk. Her sleeves reached trimly to her wrists, so as not to interfere with action, and the heels of her black tie pumps were comfortably low. We were at the offices of the Women's Division of the Democratic Committee for the State of New York. Activities in connection with Governor Roosevelt's coming campaign for the Presidency of the United States were under way. Telephones jingled.
The first interview ever given on the subject of motion pictures by the late President Theodore Roosevelt's favorite niece, who may be our next First Lady!

By Betty Shannon

Says Mrs. Roosevelt:

"Motion pictures are a relaxation for persons who need for a while to have their minds taken off their work and filled with something entirely new and refreshing. Pictures carry people through hours of seeming crisis when anxious waiting would avail them nothing. They even make glum men laugh, which is often no little achievement!"

Typewriters clicked. And pleasant-faced women office workers slipped noiselessly in and out on important-looking missions.

Mrs. Roosevelt had consented to talk to me about motion pictures, though she modestly felt that she knew very little about them for a person in whose home pictures are shown on the average of one night a week, sometimes more often. The Executive Mansion of the Governor of New York at Albany has its own talking picture projection machine, where Governor Roosevelt sees pictures as often as he wishes.

She just never could keep the stars straight, she said, except Mickey Mouse, who is a great favorite with her husband, and Krazy Kat! And she was hopeless about the titles of pictures and who played in what. She was the same way about the theatre. Her friend, Mrs. Henry J. Morgenthau, Jr., daughter-in-law of the late ambassador to Turkey, with whom she often went to the theatre, was quite in despair about her!

"I am just that way," said Mrs. Roosevelt. So many of us understand what she means.

"I have always been so busy that my opinions about the motion pictures are mostly off-hand," she added, almost apologetically. "They are based on discussions and conversations with many persons, and on just what I have seen and heard as I have gone here and there."

When you stop to realize what "here and there" means to this favorite niece of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, and what types of mind it is with which she has discussed the movies—you know that the subject is safe in her hands. She has gathered her data from the most varied circles. She has always moved in the most distinguished society, but has been interested in the humblest. Statesmen of world renown, financiers, farmers' wives, school children, social leaders and foreign dignitaries enter into her life in never-ending stream, and with equal welcome.
There are many reasons why it is important for the Governor of a State to have a projection machine where he may see pictures privately. Sometimes it is for political reasons. Sometimes it is to help settle a dispute as to whether a picture should be passed by a censor board.

And always it makes possible a pleasant and easy means for a busy man to find diversion himself and to entertain his friends without going away from home.

Governor Roosevelt never goes out in the evening, unless to some supremely important function. His daily schedule is very heavy. But he usually manages to see pictures once a week at least. Often there are guests with him. When the Roosevelt children are home for the holidays or for some special celebration such as their father’s birthday, which is a great occasion in the Roosevelt home, there is usually a film celebration.

“I am a school teacher, you know,” she said, smiling. “I leave Albany every Sunday night during the school term to spend three days a week teaching girls American History and Economics. So frequently I am not at Albany at all, when pictures are being projected.”

Governor Roosevelt is especially fond of news-reels, I learned from his wife, and of cartoon comics. Master Mickey Mouse is very much at home in the hall on the top floor of the Executive Mansion where the picture showings are held, and where the screen is viewed from the depth of spacious chairs and comfortable lounges.

In fact, Mickey Mouse could truthfully say that Governor Roosevelt and he are pals, I suppose. He is called in on many a night when the New York Legislature is in session to help his friend the Governor while the time away when he has to sit up for telephone reports and important communications. Mickey and Krazy Kat are both very popular with His Excellency, as they are with the Roosevelt children. Though it cannot be said that he has been able to make heavy inroads upon the affections of the mistress of the Mansion. Perhaps it is because so excellent a housewife just cannot like mice in any guise!

George Arliss is a much admired visitor to the gubernatorial screen at Albany. The yearning voice of Al Jolson has “mammied” down the wide Colonial staircase into the front hall more than once.

The spectacular drama of prison life at Sing Sing, “The Big House,” had a showing before the Governor. “Young America,” with Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon, and Tommy Conlon, has also been shown at Albany at the Executive Mansion. As has “Cheaters at Play,” with
"fans' right in my own household, you see," concluded Mrs. Roosevelt, after telling me these many things. "And I think I understand a little what it is that motion pictures do to so inspire the fervent attachment of the people.

"They amuse and entertain, of course. They are a tonic and relaxation for persons burdened with a sense of care and responsibility, who need for a while to have their minds taken off their work and filled with

something entirely new and refreshing. Pictures carry people through hours of seeming crisis when anxious waiting would avail them nothing. They divert thought from self, and restore a sense of proportion. They even make glum men laugh, which is often no little achievement!"

It is natural that Eleanor Roosevelt should think of the pleasant, helpful ways in which motion pictures have added their share of benefits to humankind. She has always loved to see people happy. (Continued on page 86)
"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright," sang the poet—and well might his subject have been Marlene Dietrich! Benton tells you why. Read his intimate analysis.

DIETRICH—The Lady and the Tigress!

By William E. Benton
Tawny hair, slanting eyes, smooth, feline grace—she's the Blonde Tigress! Get this new and revealing angle on Marlene from Character Analyst Benton and compare it with your own qualities.

You have never seen her in a position that she did not seem as graceful as a tigress, be it in repose or quick but quiet action.

Think of all the people you know with the almond-shaped eyes of Dietrich—do you know of any who are dull and stupid with such eyes? You do not. The chances are that, those who come to mind with such eyes are clever, alert, controlled, and can do a great deal with the least apparent effort.

You might do worse than take a look into the mirror at the windows of your own soul. If your eyes are as widespread as Marlene Dietrich's—that is, so wide between the eyes that there would be room for an eye and a third, put yourself down for a most unusual person, for the great majority of the world's population have just the space of the width of an eye between the eyes or a fraction less. She is literally and figuratively broad-minded, but very level-headed and balanced about it.

"Cats," you know, have a marvelous sense of taste, touch and balance. No matter (Continued on page 79)

LET BENTON SHOW YOU YOUR TRUE PERSONALITY!

All human beings are alike, yet each is distinctive—unique. Your features, if properly analyzed, can furnish the key to your real character and possibilities. William E. Benton, SCREENLAND's faciologist, can perform this vital service for you through these three modern branches of human analysis:

1. FACEOLOGY. The study of the features. Send your photograph—a small snapshot which can be sent in an ordinary-sized envelope.

2. GRAPHOLOGY. Send sample of your handwriting. A dozen words are sufficient.

3. NUMEROLOGY. Send your full name—including given name—and your birth date.

Send these indexes of your character with 25c and stamped self-addressed envelope to William E. Benton, SCREENLAND Magazine, 43 West 45th St., New York City, and you will receive a comparative analysis of yourself that will entertain as well as help you.

Marlene Dietrich in a tender scene with Dickie Moore in "The Blonde Venus." Here the most attractive feline characteristics are brought out in the lovely star's acting—the graceful posture, the cuddling, purring movement, the love of things domestic.
Charlie

Scoop! SCREENLAND gives you the first intimate story about the Chaplin children, who will soon be seen on the screen

By Ida Zeitlin

The two subjects of this story—Sydney Earl Chaplin, nicknamed Tommy, and Charles Chaplin, Jr. Read every word of this interview! It is the most enchanting we have ever given you.

I am no child-fan. Children embarrass me, I don’t know what to say to them, and I’d much rather leave them than take them. But I defy the surliest misanthrope to spend an hour with Charlie Chaplin’s boys and come away without a smile in his eyes and a sense of warmth around what was once his heart.

I should like to share with the readers of SCREENLAND the delight of my experience in meeting the Chaplin children. And I think I can best do that by taking you with me and trying to show them to you as I saw them that hot day in New York, just after their return from France whence they had been brought to be launched on their screen careers.

I ring the bell of the hotel room, and wait. The door is suddenly flung wide to reveal two small figures, armed with boxing gloves, and clad in brief summer suits—one yellow, one blue. Two pairs of friendly dark eyes are raised to mine, and the slightly taller of the figures—the one whose front teeth are missing—does the honors. “I’m Charlie—he’s Tommy—please come in.”

Their grandmother, Mrs. Grey, emerges from the bedroom, where she’s been packing. Tiny and dark, with short curling hair, a gentle manner and a deliciously soft voice, she looks much too young to be anyone’s grandmother.

I ask her how Tommy came to be Tommy, since his real name is Sydney Earl. “Oh,” she replies, with a shrug which must be a heritage from her Spanish mother, “only because he’s such a tomboy.”

The children listen with grave attention for a moment, then go about their business. Neither shy nor forward, and utterly unselfconscious, they seem to take everything
for granted. If, through all your short life, people have crowded about you and asked you questions and taken your picture and inquired about your daddy, it becomes as much a matter of course as eating and sleeping; though even then you might conceivably balk in the end, as Charlie did, and cry to your grandmother: "I'm tired of them taking pictures of me, Nana. Haven't they taken enough?"

At first glance, the boys seem to me so much alike that I feel I might have difficulty in telling them apart, except for the difference in height and those front teeth! The same lustrous brown eyes—not quite the same, either, for Charlie's have an attractive Oriental tilt—the same silky brown hair, the same delicate chins and sensitive mouths and delectable baby contours—even though they are six and seven; the same clarity of enunciation, the same admirable choice of words, the same excellent manners. But this surface similarity fades on very brief acquaintance, to reveal two distinct and distinctive personalities.

A tall grizzled Irishman enters. "That man's a detective." Charlie looks up from his stereoscope to volunteer the information. "He's watching me, in case anything happens to me." Then he buries his nose in the stereoscope again.

The detective and a newspaper man had taken them to the Zoo that morning to have their pictures taken. They had been given peanuts and popcorn to feed to the animals. Charlie hadn't been sure at first that he wanted to stick his hand right under the wet mouth of a deer, but Tommy had leaped at the chance. It was Charlie, though, who, having conquered his timidity, quivered with happiness as the deer licked his outstretched paw. "See! He likes me now!" he cried rapturously. "He's nice, isn't he? He's a nice little animal, isn't he? When I come next time, he'll know me." His voice broke with excitement.

He's telling his grandmother about it now, his eyes kindling. "I fed a little calf right in his mouth, Nana. I fed him this way. He liked me." That's obviously the all-important thing to Charlie.

"The man brought me a bird," Tommy contributes.
Read about the two little boys who will carry on the Chaplin name in pictures

"but his tail fell off. He took our picture with popcorn and then we ate some." He eyes his grandmother speculatively, not quite sure how this piece of news will be received. "But not peanuts, Nana," he added virtuously. "I told him to not give us any peanuts."

Tommy is lively and venturesome, where Charlie is reflective and reserved. With Tommy, to have an idea is to act on it, but Charlie will think twice before he moves. Tommy is restless, turbulent, independent—Charlie is sensitive, high-strung, and craves affection. Nothing is safe with Tommy—his toys have a habit of breaking apart in his hands. Charlie's clothes are always folded neatly at night and his small shoes placed carefully side by side. Tommy would sleep sweetly, says his grandmother, through an explosion, but there aren't many nights when she isn't awakened by an apprehensive little voice from Charlie's bed: "Are you there, Nana?" And only on being reassured, does Charlie fall asleep again. Charlie has his father's troubled temperament—Tommy, like his mother, is equable; and if signs mean anything, life is going to be considerably harder on Charlie than on his little brother Tommy.

Tommy's grown tired of rolling two perfectly good apples around the floor, and comes to sit cross-legged in front of me.

"Now you have to speak a little about me," he suggests. "I like trains."

Charlie joins us. "And I like boats. Big boats to cross the ocean with."

These children know how to make things easy for the interviewer.

"I like big buildings," Tommy says helpfully. "I like the Empire State building."

And he looks at his brother to indicate that it's his turn now.

"I have been to the Zoo," Charlie chimes in obediently. "I saw a monkey and a little calf." Oh, that "calf" that has found her way deep into Charlie's heart! "I put my hand right in his mouth. It was the mama calf. It felted good."

Tommy decides it's time to branch off.

"We used to live in Bronxville—years and years and years ago—before we lived in France."

"We had a chauffeur." Charlie's eyes turned dreamy.

"His name was Albert—the chauffeur's name."

"We had a cook too." (Continued on page 78)
Another Hollywood Conquest!

By Elinor Guthrie

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Magic word, Beauty! Packed with lure and promise for all girls, everywhere—and particularly girls who, at the movies, see themselves in the speaking shadows of Joan Crawford, or Connie Bennett, or Claudette Colbert. "See" themselves—until they get home and glance into a mirror, and find that, despite a resemblance, something has come between them and the personality they dreamed of achieving. Here is where Elinor Guthrie steps into the picture—SCREENLAND's picture. Born in New Orleans, educated in a French school in Switzerland, and in Virginia, editor of a magazine for American débutantes, an enthusiast of Hollywood and the screen scene, Miss Guthrie makes her bow as our new Beauty Editor—with a new and exciting idea. Let her tell you about it.

W here have I been all my life? I have believed for years, in my smug Eastern way, that really smart trends in fashions, manners and make-up, all had to originate in either Paris or New York. I used to think that a Park Avenue débutante was the final say in "chic," good looks and luxuriousness just because her clothes were designed by the leading Parisian or New York modistes, and her parties were staged with the finest music, flowers and catering which the town could provide. Her name appeared in the society columns of every paper at least three times each day. There she was, surrounded by an admiring throng of relations and new friends. And I thought this was fame—success—in fact, everything that a girl's heart could desire!

Well, I'm sorry, I take it all back—I've gone completely Hollywood! This is what happened: One night last winter I went to a party given by some friends here in New York in honor of a "big movie star." It became terribly smart for the society crowd to rush the leading lights of the stage and screen. I was frightfully excited at the prospect of meeting and actually talking to a real screen personality. It gives you a strange and wonderful sensation to see someone in the flesh whom you have gazed at for hours in the movies. The great lady had brought with her two or three other moving picture people and gradually, the whole topic of conversation at this typical New York party became Hollywood!

Suddenly a great urge took possession of me to go out there and see for myself all those wonders—find out all about the pictures and the stars and how they created the magic which they do. I fortunately managed to have quite a long chat with the gorgeous guest of honor and before the evening was over, she had invited me to visit her! Was I excited? I jumped at it, and within a week, was on my way to Hollywood.

To begin to tell you of the worlds that opened up to me during my three months' stay in that amazing place would require a thousand pages, so I shall just touch the high-spots this time, and perhaps later on, I shall gradually be able to describe some of the fascinating things which I unearthed out there.

I met everyone, and like an idiot, couldn't help falling in love five or six times—(Continued on page 90)
YEARS into the tomorrow, when Mary Pickford and Rudolph Valentino are but memories in the hearts and minds of motion picture fans, their fame will live on, for proud home towns and staunch fans have found countless ways to perpetuate the names of their favorites.

Future generations will stare at street signs and wonder why boulevards were given their names, (just as you now wonder), but probably few of them will understand that Pickford Avenue in Hollywood commemorates the world’s love for Mary Pickford, and that other stars have been similarly honored in Hollywood and elsewhere, some of them in far corners of the world.

Dix Street, less than two blocks from the business center of Hollywood, bears silent testimony to the success of Richard Dix. In Claremore, Oklahoma, birthplace of Will Rogers and Rochelle Hudson, Rogers Boulevard is intersected by Hudson Drive, and both were named for the screen stars. Ramon Novarro has a street named for him in the town of his birth—Durango, Mexico. In Great Neck, Long Island, there is a Genevieve Avenue, which was named for Genevieve Tobin. It is crosssed by Vivian Boulevard, named for Miss Tobin’s sister. The two actresses were so honored when they were prominent on the New York stage.

In Paris, France, a prominent thoroughfare bears the last name of Lily Damita. Brook Avenue, named for Clive Brook, penetrates one of London’s thriving suburbs. Other streets in foreign countries have been named after Emil Jannings, (Jannings Drive in Berlin, Germany); Ernest and David Torrence, (Torrence Avenue in Edinburgh, Scotland); Maureen O’Sullivan, (Maureen Place in Cork, Ireland); and Barry Norton, (Norton Street in Buenos Aires, Argentine).

Two screen notables have had airplane landing fields named for them. In California, the Beery Airport is a prominent commercial field. The Auto Club of Southern California has stationed hundreds of highway direction signs within a radius of one hundred miles of Beery Field. Rogers Airport, situated in middle Kansas and used by transcontinental fliers and mail planes, honors the name of Charles “Buddy” Rogers, who was born in the state.

An entire community in Los Angeles, known as Roland Square, will probably stand for centuries as a mark of honor to Ruth Roland. While the property was originally owned by the former serial star, and was subdivided by her own organized company, the name was officially agreed upon by city officials of Los Angeles.

Gary Cooper goes Miss Roland one better—he has a town named in his honor. When the village of Sunny-side, Montana, decided to perpetuate the name of its home-town boy by re-naming itself Gary, the cowboy star journeyed by airplane in order to be present on the day the new name was officially dedicated, and it was Cooper who nailed the new title board to the side of the depot. Gary’s ranch is situated close to the newly named township.

While many stars have been honored by song writers who named popular tunes for them, it remained for Claudette Colbert to be glorified with a waltz composition that is likely to live into musical annals. “Caudette” was composed by Vincent de Rubertis, a member of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and was played...
How the stars of yesterday and today are having their memories perpetuated by worshipping fans
The Story of “Sad Face” Zasu Pitts

Tearfully funny, tragically comic, Zasu Pitts became a female "Merton of the Movies" endowed with true acting talent!

By S. R. Mook

EIGHTEEN years ago come Michaelmas or maybe it was St. Patrick’s day or even St. Valentine’s and it might have been sixteen years or seventeen — neither the accused nor this biographer having much of a head for figures — Zasu Pitts dashed into the grocery store in Santa Cruz, California, seized a box of currants with fluttering hands and started out with them, murmuring something to the astonished grocer that sounded like "Charge it."

She’d been living there (in
SCREENLAND gives you the first really intimate life story of an amazing actress who is better loved than many stars

Santa Cruz, that is, not the grocery) for a number of years, had looked over the crop of local boys who'd made good—and also those who hadn't—decided there was nothing to any of them, had talked things over with her mother and come to the conclusion the next best thing to matrimony was a starring career in the movies. Maybe they had even decided the career was preferable to matrimony but the latter was closer to home and seemed easier of accomplishment so if there had been any likely prospects she might have been content with second best for her life's work.

Fortunately the boll weevil had hit the Stalwart Youth crop in California that year and it was the realization of that gave Zasu the frustrated look she still wears.

A day was set for her descent on the film capital and Zasu was all packed and rarin' to go when she suddenly realized she hadn't put up any currant jelly for the winter. She looked at the clock and was sure she wouldn't have time to do it before the train left. Her hands started fluttering—first towards the clock, which she thought she might set back a little, and then towards the door that opened into the street that led to the grocery. The door was closer so the currants won.

She got them on the stove but didn't have time to finish her cooking so she left her mother weeping and the berries stewing while she took the train to Los Angeles.

Established in a tiny apartment in downtown Los Angeles, she started looking for the work that never came. Directors took one look at her and asked her to please go home to mother. But that wasn't Zasu's plan. She wrote cheerful letters home and moistened the envelopes with tears. On days when she was too blue and discouraged to look for work, she amused herself by riding the escalators in the large department stores. When that palled she took to the fast elevators in the tall buildings—eleven floors up and the same number down.

Then someone at Universal saw her and thought the tragic look in her eyes was funny. They thought they recognized in her a female "Merton of the Movies" and gave her a test. They were right. Zasu thought she was being dramatic and the executives thought she had Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton backed off the map.

That test was probably the most unusual hundred feet of film ever run through a camera. They gave her a shawl and a rag doll and told her to hop to it and strut her stuff. Zasu was tired from the strain and seized a rocking chair that happened to be on the set. She sat rocking and crooning to her baby. Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby hadn't been discovered then so I suppose you could call Zasu the original crooner.

Everything was very happy and peaceful when her supposed-to-be husband bounded in with the startling news that marriage irked him. As an afterthought he added that he was leaving her flat. Zasu took the news sitting but its import brought her to her feet.

There were no microphones in those days so she didn't have to worry about blowing out a fuse. She emitted long and lustily. In fact, you might say she emitted at the top of her lungs—and the salt air of Santa Cruz had developed them to an ex- (Continued on page 80)
Screenland

Screamies

A cock-eyed view of Movieland, as seen by our caustic cartoonists

"No, we won't shut up—we came here to enjoy ourselves!"

"I hear he's going to Hollywood to see if he can bring Mickey back alive."

IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEWS
(With apologies to Vanity Fair)
Frankenstein's monster versus Jimmy Cagney
The assistant cameraman who draws seventy-five dollars a week and sometimes picks up a little extra!

"I'll take this one for the mother part or I just won't play!"

Assistant to the Assistant of the Assistant Casting Director: "So sorry, but I'm afraid you're really not the type."
George Brent Crashes Through!

When Ireland became too hot to hold George Brent, he found new excitement in trying to "crash" the New York stage. Read how the movies discovered him—at his own suggestion!

He sought the career of an actor—and found it one big obstacle race. Part II of his life story tells what he did about it.

By Carlisle Jones

It began to look almost too easy. One played a while in stock companies and then one was called to New York and given leading roles on Broadway!

He played one season in the Bronx and another in Brooklyn. He even saved a little money. Then he let it be known he was available for roles in New York productions. He made the rounds of the agents and booking offices. He waited as patiently as his Irish nature and his hectic youthful training would permit.

When his money was gone he signed again with a stock company and went on the road. He repeated this procedure again and again, holding out for a New York role each time until his funds were exhausted and then accepting the first offer to play in stock that came along.

So it happened that Brent, in 1924, was sent out in one of the numerous road companies which were taking that modern day box-office miracle, "Abie's Irish Rose," to the "hinterlanders." Brent played Abie. He played Abie for a year and ten months throughout the middle west. He played it in theatres, halls, churches and barns. He played it in big cities and in small towns. He can name the principal theatre and hotel in every town of any size in Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri or Colorado.

It is these audiences and hundreds more like them in all parts of the country, where Brent has played in stock, which the young actor hopes will remember him when they see him playing roles in talking pictures. He believes that if they like him and his work on the screen his future will take care of itself.

A year and ten months of steady work let Brent return to New York late in (Continued on page 82)
WHAT Makes Hollywood Exciting?

We’re telling you, right here on these pages! First, last, and always, there’s—LOVE!

Different kinds of love! Lilyan Tashman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., show you the passionate product in "Son of Russia"—right. "Downstairs," John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, sweet tender love. Below, tropical love, posed by Douglas Fairbanks and Maria Alba, from "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." Below that, Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead, loving romantically in "The Devil and the Deep."

AH, LOVE!
A Certain Beautiful Brunette

Name, Claudette Colbert. Studio address, Paramount. Home address, try and get it. Telephone number, over Norman Foster's dead body. But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, Claudette is just about the loveliest of the dark-eyed ladies who vie with the blondes and the titians in making Hollywood the most exciting place in the world. See Claudette's brand-new bangs? New excitement!

Eugene Robert Richee
Good is exciting because it fools its critics. Just as you are thinking that it
thing new and different to offer you, along comes a screenplay with Aline
Ghorn in the cast. And you sit up and take an interest again. Miss Mac-
ke, like most interesting Broadway personalities, has sold her soul to the movies,
'e glad of it. She has given splendid performances in the past in "Five Star
and "The Mouthpiece," and she will give more in "One-Way Passage" and
"Once in a Lifetime."
And she is enough for most people. We don’t need to tell you why Marie one of Hollywood’s major excitements. She has won, at sixty, the fame at the fortune she so richly deserves. Dukes and diplomats and internation social leaders visit Marie when they come to Hollywood. Studio prop b adore her—and so does Marion Davies. And you, and you. See her next "Prosperity," with Polly Moran.
It takes Hollywood to stage a come-back like Colleen Moore's! The little girl who made a million a year in silent flaming-youth pictures featuring her Dutch bob and pert smile was licked by the talkies. So she went on a long stage tour, studied, worked. When she came back to Hollywood she was ready. Look at her now! A new person, smart, poised, modern. Metro has signed her, and her first "come-back" film will probably be "Flesh," with Wallace Beery. Real-life drama and heartache; struggles and success? Hollywood has 'em!
Fascinating Newcomers

Herbert Marshall, noted English actor from the stage, adds his ability to Paramount pictures. You'll see him in "The Blonde Venus," with Dietrich.

Maria Alba is the oh, so tropical heroine of "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," the picture filmed in the South Seas by Douglas Fairbanks, the first.

Vivian Gaye came to Hollywood from England as Sari Maritza's manager. Vivian is so pretty and charming she has been signed for films, herself. Watch for her.
Lovely Sheila Terry is a Warner discovery. She is playing small parts in "Son of Russia" and "Two against the World"—but just wait!

The latest chapter in that exciting serial, "Hollywood Success Stories," features Dorothy Wilson, below. One day, as script girl at the RKO-Radio Studio, she typed the script for "Fraternity House." Next day she was selected to play the lead opposite Richard Cromwell! Looking at her, we don't wonder.

Here's real excitement! Half the leading ladies in Hollywood would give at least three cherished close-ups to play opposite Cary Grant. Cary grins—like this—and gives good performances in "The Devil and the Deep" and "The Blonde Venus." So far he is completely unattached, just another reason for fresh excitement in Screen Town!

Hollywood is a never-ending pageant of new charm, new talent, new thrills!
Hollywood specializes in girls—gay, gorgeous, grand; lovely, luscious, languorous. Adrienne Ames, above, is Hollywood's prize patrician. She is a rich man's wife who likes to work! Her next film is with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, titled—probably tentatively—"Guilty as Hell."

Grace! Only her name is Claire—Claire Dodd. She may be no Duse, but how she adorns Paramount pictures! Claire came to Hollywood from the Follies, like Billie Dove and Marion Davies and so many other screen beauties.

The hot-chi charmer at the right is, of course, Joan Blondell, one of your film favorites. Her new picture, "Central Park," with Charles Farrell playing opposite, will probably be filmed right on the spot, in little old New York.
Girls!

Here's real excitement for you! Claudette Colbert poses for the camera in a bathing suit for the very first time. Her Paramount contract says she is not to be asked to pose for what Hollywood calls "leg pictures." But in the balmy air of Hollywood La Colbert forgot all about that clause to give us this gorgeous picture. Thanks, Claudette.

There are a good many Hollywoodians who persist in the opinion that Anita Page is the most beautiful blonde in town. We are not taking sides or anything but we must admit that we can't, at this moment, think of a prettier blonde than Anita. She has a real acting rôle in "Skyscraper Souls."

The answer to the question, "Why does Hollywood have to send to Europe for talent?" Sari Maritza has that certain lure that only little imports seem to give us. Wait until Paramount gives Sari a girl-sized part and watch her fulfill the promise of her "still" pictures—of this grand study, for example. Maritza is the youngest member of the "foreign menace" club.
Sometimes it's safe; often it's better to duck when you see that sign, "Stars at Work!" But whether all's quiet on the western front, or one of your celluloid favorites is battling with her director, you can count on sufficient excitement when you visit a Hollywood studio. What? No, we can't get you a pass. We are not Will Hays. But the pictures on these two pages are almost as good as a personally-conducted tour of the leading studios. Study the big "spread"—it is one of the best studio pictures you'll ever see.
The large picture shows Connie Bennett and her leading man, Neil Hamilton, taking final orders from Director Archie Mayo before the shooting begins on the court-room scene for "Two Against the World," for Warners. See Connie's pleased grin? She likes this picture. Then look at the others: upper left, Barthelmess making a scene for "The Cabin in the Cotton." Next, a Manhattan speakeasy set for "They Call It Sin." Then Billie Dove and Marion Davies in "Blondie of the Follies." Finally, a stunning view of a lavish set for "Son of Russia."
Originals!

Positively no copies here—distinctive personalities, distinctive designs in dress

Dash! Daring!

Fur the smart woman! Kay Francis made Hollywood gasp when she emerged with this excitingly new fur cape-wrap of red fox, with the skins arranged in a round effect across the shoulders.

Verree Teasdale—very smart turban. The chapeau is of black velvet, with black net nose veil. Wear your corsage of gardenias on the front of your frock, if you want to be a fashion step ahead of the other gals!

Barbara Weeks, right, favors brown for fall. The only splash of color in her ensemble is her novel and gay plaid taffeta scarf. And that's an idea!

A late 1932 version of the sailor hat is introduced by Lilyan Tashman. Just one of the things she picked up in Paris.

Long black suede gloves—good! Claudette Colbert wears a bracelet with brilliants, too. Note that our Cover Girl this month, Connie Bennett, wears gloves like these.
For the young sophisticate, Loretta Young suggests this very formal black chiffon and tulle frock. The heavily frilled and puffed sleevelets give that broad-shouldered effect. See the gracefully flaring semi-train. Loretta is growing up on us!

Get your evening wrap to match your gown. Leila Hyams' cape-wrap is of pale green velvet. Leila's wrap is made like Kay Francis' fur wrap. And there are those gardenias again, this time on the shoulder.

If you haven't a checked street suit you'll be out of the fashion parade. Patricia Ellis' suit is of black-and-white zephyr wool. With it she wears a white sweater, black hat, and a black patent leather belt.

Adrian designed this small black toque for Karen Morley, left. Hats still seem to be tipping toward the right, says Adrian, the noted Metro designer.

Another black hat! But how do you like Leila Hyams' black and white striped scarf? It matches the wide lapels of her jacket.

Marian Nixon's hat is one of the loveliest we've seen. She wears it with her Sunday night supper frocks. It's of black lace and net and tilts pertly over the right eye.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Nancy Carroll and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in “Son of Russia.”
"E-E-E-E-E-YOW-OW-OW-OW-OOOOH!"
Did you ever hear Constance Bennett scream like that in a picture? Or Ruth Chatterton? Or Kay Francis? Or any other favorite star of yours?

"Of course I have," you will say. "And I was pretty frightened, too."

Well, you heard nothing of the kind!

Connie Bennett never has screamed in a picture. Nor has Ruth Chatterton. Nor Kay Francis. Nor a lot of these other high-strung ladies.

Yes, here we are, breaking another illusion like an old meanie. Connie Bennett cannot scream, nor can the other ladies just mentioned. Not a good scream in any of 'em.

Consequently, pretty little Alice Doll has a job.

When Constance Bennett comes face to face with the murderer in her next picture, "Two Against the World," she goes through all of the frenzied, hysterical motions of screaming. Believe it or not, she didn't utter a sound. Not a peep.

"When I scream," she explains, "all that comes out is something like an 'ee-cee-ek'." To prove it, she gave a demonstration. Then: "You see? And if I really do scream as loudly as possible I can't talk again for hours."

"Don't scream," advised Director Archie Mayo. "It would be much too expensive. We'll send for Alice Doll. She'll scream for you—and how!"

Months ago, during the filming of John Barrymore's "The Mad Genius," Director Michael Curtiz shot a theatre panic sequence. A feature of which, of course, was screams, shouts, yells and wails.

That was when Alice Doll's amazing talent was discovered. Up to then she had been hiding her shrieks under a bushel—a bushel without sound effects!

After the young player had been put before the "mike" and had screamed long and loud and in varied degrees of agony she was put down on the studio casting office records as an "A-1 Official Screamer For Screaming Sequences."

Simply because a star's voice is too valuable a thing to risk in the middle of an expensive production. The human throat is a delicate contraption and in some people can be easily damaged by straining.

So it came about that Alice Doll, whose throat seems to stand up well under the strain of repeated and unholy screams, has screeched for the Best People of Hollywood. She varies her cries to fit the personalities and the voices of the lovely ladies she screams for.

Ruth Chatterton is not often confronted with the necessity of screaming in her roles. In "The Rich Are Always With Us" not a peep was called for, but in her latest, "The Crash," Alice Doll was summoned to raise her voice to the skies for La Chatterton.

Barbara Stanwyck is the champion screamer among the ladies of the screen and therefore has never used Miss Doll’s vocal pipes. In "The Purchase Price" you will hear Barbara scream long, loud and repeated. It's dandy. Before the sequence was photographed Director William Wellman murmured words to the effect that he didn't think she should risk her voice; that maybe Miss Doll should be sent for.

"I'll do my own screaming," Miss Stanwyck said. And that was that.

Loretta Young screams her own screams in pictures, too, a high, immature scream which promises in time to reach really admirable proportions. Joan Blondell owns a scream which will posi- (Continued on page 94)
What about Clark Gable Now?
MEET Clark Gable today!
This he-man with dimples; this gangster who went heroic by feminine demand; this most desired of all current screen lovers—where does he go from here?

His powerful performance in "Strange Interlude" has clinched his right to stardom. Unofficially M-G-M's biggest male draw for the past six months, he is on his own for the first time in the just completed "China Seas."

What is Hollywood doing to him? How has this amazing whirl from obscurity to the foremost position in the talkies affected him? Can he possibly live up to all the grand breaks he has had so far? And, to be personal, is it true that fame is splitting up his second marriage?

Some other stellar men about town have been saying, "Poor Clark! We feel sorry for him. No one could keep a level head with all the publicity and adulation that have been showered on him!"

Logical, but after you meet and talk to Clark Gable you're ready to answer, "Sour grapes!"

Hollywood has affected him, certainly! What's more, he's man enough to admit it. But the change is a sensible, admirable one!

Every actress yearns to play opposite Gable. Every honest male star recognizes the potent appeal Clark exerts in pictures. And you and I know that he is one of the best topics in any social gathering. The Gable craze can be likened only to the Valentino boom of yester-year.

I wanted to know what he, himself, thinks of all the excitement he has stirred up. Learn his own conception of how popularity has altered him. There's nothing quite so authentic as letting a man speak for himself.

The first thing he said was the most unusual statement I've ever heard from the lips of a star. I've interviewed most of them, and Gable is the very first who ever announced, "I haven't done anything big yet!"

This from the fellow who has teamed with Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Davies—and won equal honors with these long acclaimed ladies!

"I have never carried a pic- (Continued on page 81)
Joan Grabs the Bennett Spotlight!

Sister Connie has our cover—here's where Joan stars

By Helen Harrison

the central figure of at least two famous triangles—but in her quiet, wide-eyed manner the little blonde sophisticate has plucked Hollywood's (and points East) most eligible bachelor with all the ease she has consistently exercised since, at sixteen, she left the confines of a French convent to marry John Martin Fox, then matriculating at an English college.

That was five years ago—enough time for an upstanding Bennett to annex a wee daughter—Adrienne, blonde elf—named for her grandmother, to divorce her husband, time indeed to declare she was "through with romance," and then to figure prominently in the John Considine-Carmen Pantages triangle. There are those who have felt Carmen, as Mrs. Considine, came off the victor in that hot-cold-luke-warm-hot-again romance—but I share the opinion of most that Joan had ceased to care, or else there might have been a different ending to that story. Considine, you will recall, was the one to first sign Joan to her contract, when she was immediately cast opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." She had had other plans then, had actually studied interior decorating and endeavored to persuade her mother to go into business with her. Since then exterior decorating has been Joan's line—and what grand curves and divine color schemes she has accomplished.

At all events, last autumn Joan found herself wholehearted and single—long-distanced daily by a famous political play-boy and a first-water critic, and shortstopped nightly by several of California's most regal Romes!

Back in 1929, when Joan was seriously considering the movies as a means of earning her sarouks and sables, a nebulous triangle was forming across the continent.

Ina Claire, blonde, beautiful, and bewitching had done just that to Gene Markey, gifted magazine writer and coming premier scenarist. For many years Ina and Gene had been a familiar pair at the Algonquin, and week-ends at Ina's beautiful Portchester manse were unfailingly graced by the certain charm of Markey. Here, on the broad lawns of Westchester, Ina would sit, a script in hand, her lovely dogs grouped at her feet—Gene figuratively so—the centre of admiring friends, and it seemed to those who knew them best that life would go on so forever—that Ina Claire (née Fagan), the sensation of the 1912 Follies, the scintillating star of innumerable Broadway successes, would soon be Ina.

On Hollywood's marry-go-round Joan Bennett has pulled the golden ring!

True, on the spirited chargers that so gaily pirouette to a mad jazz rhythm, vaguely reminiscent of Mendelssohn, one only goes round-and-round—grasping at new rings, hopeful that the next will be better than the last, throwing the past aside for "just one more chance."

Joan Bennett Fox Markey, at twenty-one, has been
Markey, and Gene's bachelor days would be at an end.
And then another famous star, the recent husband of
Leatrice Joy, the adored of Garbo, twisted that papier-
mâchê triangle into a coiled hat!

It was in the summer of that same 29 that prosperity,
the Claire-Markey combine and Wall Street all took a
nosedive. Ina had been signed by Pathé for two pic-
tures and was sent to the Coast to begin "The Awful
Truth." Gene followed soon after, stopping off at
Chicago for some trousseau miscellany. It was there he
received a preview of "The Awful Truth"—the horrible,
irrefutable reality of his shattered romance—Ina Claire
had married John Gilbert!

There are those who believe Gene had dallied too long,
but I do know it was thought by those "in the know"
that Ina's previous marriage and more recent divorce
had violated Gene's religious scruples. It may have been
that time was needed to reconcile Gene's Catholicism to Ina's
situation—and that Ina was irked. Yet there may have
been other reasons—for Joan, Mrs. Markey that is, is also a
divorcée!

Gene was deeply shocked and sincerely hurt when Ina
Claire married John Gilbert, but he's a swell person—sporting,
regular. He became a
friend of the Gilberts, was en-
tertained by them and entertained
them. And then the
Gilbert romance ended in a
draw. But where was Gene?
Writing in Hollywood. And
where was Ina? Appearing
in Paramount pictures. And
where, indeed, was Joan?
Working for Fox.

It was at the home of the
Marquis de la Falaise de la
Condraye that Joan and Gene
met, the home of that other
glamorous Bennett—Con-

Some of the Bennetts at play. Joan's mother (now
Mrs. Eric Pinker); Joan herself; Gene Markey, her
husband; and Sister Connie. Don't the Markeys make
an impressive couple?

stance. And that, children, is how that started.
One cannot help wondering if Joan's blonde beauty
was not, at first, reminiscent of Gene's former love. Both are
blondes, both are women who dress exquisitely,
are abundantly intelligent, the natural companions of
men of fastidious discernment. Ina, with her wise,
twisted smile, delicately cynical; Joan with her disarm-
ing pont, her almost naive glance, seem very different
types of women—yet they are both inherent sophisticates.
Joan is a 1932 edition of a still young Ina.
As for Joan—Markey, she felt, was at last a man to
trust and to believe in. Her loss of faith in men was
real when her first marriage proved disastrous. Still an
adolescent, in spite of her participation in adult life, Joan
was as malleable as are most
young girls of sixteen, and the
unhappy turn of events to her
romance plumbed unsounded
depths in the soul of this im-
pressionable girl. Her rom-
ance with Considine was prob-
able a rebound from her
divorcement. She was find-
ing men again. Finding life
and its eternal riddle intrigu-
ing. When she was apparently
jealous, inconsiderate, and
sometimes even conspicuously
dramatic, her conduct must be
condoned as that of severe
readjustment. To me it
seems that neither John Fox
nor Considine were really men
in Joan's life. They stand,
rather, as ideals of a romantic

girl's first love and as the re-

birth of romance. Markey
seems surely the first real

(Continued on page 84)

The mother of the Bennett girls, the former Adrienne Morrison, photographed with her volatile young daughter on a recent visit to Hollywood.
Screenland’s Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Reviews of the BEST PICTURES

This Month:
- Congorilla
- Lady and Gent
- The First Year
- American Madness
- Million Dollar Legs
- Washington Masquerade

The laugh picture for your list! It’s wild, it’s crazy, it’s goofy. It’s just utter nonsense. But it’s funny. Don’t ask me what it’s all about because I don’t know—there’s no rhyme or reason to it, but there’s something better—there’s satire, slapstick, and the funniest gags concocted since Chaplin turned genius on us. The picture begins in the mythical kingdom of Klopstockia and ends in Hollywood, at the Olympics, in one broad jump. As the President of Klopstockia, W. C. Fields gets the lion’s share of laughs. Jack Oakie, as the Fuller brush man from America who must devise some way to make $8,000,000 for the crazy country before he can marry the President’s daughter, pretty Susan Fleming, is grand as only Oakie can be. Lyda Roberti plays Mata Macree, “the famous spy no man can resist,”—yes, it’s all as silly as that—in highly amusing and pictorial manner.

The most human picture of the month! I don’t care how critical you think you are, there are certain scenes in this film that will get you. Take a dumb prizefighter, a night-club lady who loves him, have him lose the fight, have her stick by him, have them both overcome by a little orphan, and what have you? Hokum? Maybe. But the very best hokum. And when George Bancroft plays the ex-champ, and that clever Wynne Gibson plays the girl, and when they both squeeze every drop of sentiment from every scene, then you give in, and join me in enjoying “Lady and Gent.” It’s much too slow, and some of the dialogue is too smart-cracky, and often Bancroft has you worried that he is “going up in his lines,” as we say on Broadway; but you’ll like most of it. Miss Gibson is the real star of the piece.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

By Delight Evans

If I like a picture, I'll say so. If I don't like it, I'll tell you why I don't. I'll rave if the picture or performance rates it, but I am not afraid to speak my mind. You'll find corsages on these two pages, but you'll smell cauliflowers, too. I can promise you unbiased and absolutely authentic reviews because I go to see the pictures I talk about. Every review is real, not written from a synopsis or studio hearsay or publicity material. I make no claim to review pictures before they are finally edited because I believe you are interested chiefly in what is going to be set before you on your local screens. I'm still a movie fan, myself!

D.E.

The most timely picture on the screens today! Metro has made this melodramatic smash for our Presidential year—smart showmanship. You'll see Washington putting on its most spectacular shows, and Lionel Barrymore giving a great performance against the background of national politics. He plays a United States Senator whose high ambitions crash under the pressure of intrigue and the wiles of a glamorous woman. Karen Morey plays the gal, and becomes in one graceful leap the screen's most intelligent siren. Here's a temptress with brains, something quite, quite new in movie circles. Barrymore plays magnificently one of his finest roles. "The Washington Masquerade" is not only smooth and excellent entertainment. It's a tonic for tired Americans. See it and wake up!

If a good old word hadn't been so overworked, I'd use it right here. "American Madness" comes pretty close to being a genuine—here I go—epic. It has not only the required "epic" number of extras, it has power, sweep, and imagination. And it strikes home to the heart of every one of us. Instead of a "Grand Hotel," here's a bank that is cross-sectioned and exposed. Why, there's drama here; and heartbreak; and romance, too. Walter Huston plays the president who built his business on faith; who believes in character before commercialism—and who has the courage of his convictions even when a run threatens to destroy his beloved bank. I can't begin to tell you how much authentic excitement director Frank Capra has found in his theme. The "run" is one of the real celluloid thrills of the month.

Your adventure movie! By all means, see this. It's the first sound picture from the Dark Continent. And it is FUN. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have apparently cast off their dignity as pioneer screen explorers and just set out to have a good time, and to give us one. They succeed! Here is natural, unposed beauty—the loveliest "scenic" shots ever made in Africa. Here is genuine comedy—two pygmies trying to light a cigar with safety matches—serious, mysterious to them; a howl to you. Here is excitement—a charging rhino. Here are actual sound effects. Here are the originals of those "Tarzan" gorillas. And here, most of all, is the real thing—you know it, you feel it. The Johnsons never descend to tricks. If they can't get a legitimate thrill, they have a laugh instead. Round up all the children in your neighborhood and give them a good time at "Congorilla." And don't forget to see it yourself!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
HOT off the Ether

SCREENLAND's gossip about popular Radio personalities

By Evelyn Ballarine

Her Songs Satisfy

All the "Queen of the Radio"—she's Ruth Etting! She's charming, she's blonde, she's slim—and oh, yes, she sings! Grab your hat and gloves and let's dash over to the Columbia Broadcasting Studios and see La Etting "in the flesh" as she serves "Music That Satisfies."

Tonight she's wearing a blue print crêpe dress—very simple, but very smart; a red hat and a red bag are the only bright splashes of color in her otherwise subdued ensemble.

Ruth dislikes rehearsals—she'd much rather go on the air "cold." Ruth looks sad and wistful herself when she sings songs like that. Immediately after Miss Etting is off the air there are a series of telephone calls from her Broadway friends who never fail to listen in.

Remember Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson when they were in the movies? Well, now you can hear them clowning over the air every week. The boys "dress up" in character even though television is still "around the corner."

O.K., W. W.!

And now over to the National Broadcasting Station to see and hear Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter. Okay! Walter Winchell! Go ahead and give us an earful. Every Thursday night is Winchell gossip night. Instead of sitting around the fire and swapping gossip, as of old, it's smart to gather 'round the radio and let Winchell spill some of his swelllegant stuff about the great and the near great.

Walter is prematurely gray. He used to be a vaudeville actor. And he doesn't care who knows that he was kicked out of school in the sixth grade!

* * *

Have you been listening to those two clowns, Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson? They're on the air every Thursday night with Rudy Vallee. And "darned" if they aren't making a comedian out of Rudy. They're positively contagious!

* * *

Let's have a look at "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd." "The Gloom Chasers!" of the air. The plump lad with the rosy cheeks is the "Colonel," and the rather serious chap standing next to him is "Budd." Budd usually acts as stooge for (Continued on page 94)

Here's Walter Winchell, the one and only "W. W.," ace Broadway columnist, and the inspiration for all those pictures we've been seeing lately about the newspaper column writers.
THE Warners came out of Russia when The Little White Father ruled right smartly with a Cossack whip and Siberia was a finishing school for dissenters.

There was plenty of gold in Russia at that time, but it was difficult to chip nuggets from the frozen assets. Warner, Sr., understood that conditions were brighter in America, a land of milk and money. He decided that the Warner clan would thrive on the milk and money, also a bit of the cream from the top of the bottle. Unfortunately, he did not live to see how thoroughly the cream agreed with his offspring.

Kindly Providence guided the Warner patriarch to Baltimore where the gentlefolk, in common with those of other cities, were out their shoes on stone pavements. Shoes, as he knew from his own experience, for he was on his way to becoming the father of a family of twelve, were a basic necessity. He would serve the needs of the public, as well as those of his immediate dependents, by way of a shoe-repairing shop. Provided no one else wanted the leather, he could rely upon home consumption.

If only the far-sighted Baltimorean could have a peep into the closets of his sons, Harry, Jack, and Albert, today! They have the shoes, so to speak, with never a patch nor a rundown heel to mar them. But the Warner boys have worn out a lot of pairs on their climb from the cobbler’s shop to the crest of the motion picture mountain. One of them, the stout-hearted and much-beloved Sam, who marked the path in the earlier days, died before the summit had been reached.

Harry M. Warner, who shouldered the responsibilities laid down by Sam, in addition to those he already carried, is the electrifying energy behind the names of Warner, Vitaphone, First National, wherever you may see them: sparkling in lights on the marquees of theatres, flashing from screens, catching your eye from billboards as you spin along concrete highways. He is president of so many corporations and a director in so many more that there is no need to name them.

Harry has held the money-bag when it was light as a balloon and when it was heavy with coin. In the transitory life of the motion picture, it has filled and emptied with the rapidity of an hour-glass. But heavy or light, Harry has stepped briskly along, living in the present and the future and tingling with the joy of the struggle.

Seated in his New York office, a sort of conning tower from which he surveys and directs a wide variety of interests, there is a touch of the Wall Street broker about his alert personality that expresses a new type in the amusement and commercial world: an international showman, a sort of three-in-one combination: showman-realtor-banker.

Harry knows the show business from the Broadway-Hollywood angle; but that is (Continued on page 60)
It was Betty Compson, one of the prettiest blondes ever seen on the screen, who said: "I have a sweetheart in every part!" Here's Betty with Hugh Trevor, when these two were believing their own love scenes.

By James Marion

Studio Sweethearts

There are three distinct classes of romance in Hollywood. First, there is the old-fashioned, hand-in-hand love that leads eventually to the altar. Then there is the "secret love" that seems to go nowhere in particular—but to the divorce courts in general. And there is the third, that keeps Hollywood and the gossips on tiptoe, and makes for all the silly rumors that continually exude from the film city. This last but decidedly not least type of romance is hectic but seldom permanent. Hollywood has a special name for stars in this group: Studio Sweethearts.

To Betty Compson must go credit for the discovery and exploitation of this new and handy idea. Betty's disclosure of studio romances has given Hollywood's famous sons and daughters a new method of whiling away otherwise weary hours during production of pictures, to say nothing of the publicity accrued. It all began with Miss Compson's remark to a very stunned and astonished writer:

"I don't know what I would do without my studio romances. I have never made a picture that I did not fall in love with some man in the cast. None of these harmless affairs ever lasted beyond the length of the production, but I think all concerned enjoyed them thoroughly. Nothing really serious—just like the sailors: I have a sweetheart in every part!"

With that explanation, Betty answered all the gossip about herself and Hugh Trevor, Grant Withers, and other leading men. In addition, she supplied the rest of the boys and girls with either an idea or an excuse. Since then? Well, let us see!

Take Joan Blondell and George Barnes, the Goldwyn cameraman. They met during the production of "The Greeks Had a Word For Them." Joan, always considered cute and talented, but never beautiful, was suddenly transformed into a gorgeous woman on the screen, and George, the cameraman, was the reason. Another studio romance, whispered Hollywood. True, Joan and George seldom went out in public, but they constantly lunched together. One day a newspaper reporter saw them and immediately published a "reported engagement." That was unfortunate for the reason that Barnes was in the process of getting a final divorce decree, so Joan denied a pending marriage. She and George were not seen together so much after that, but—you want to know a secret? They are to be married soon! Joan admits it openly, and as soon as her George is free to wed, she'll be Mrs. Barnes.

But here's one that will show you how trivial some of them really are—and how soon they stop and start again! Take the case of Lupe Velez and Lawrence Tibbett. That romance developed out of a playful attempt
Some Hollywood stars have “a sweetheart in every part!” Others live happily ever after. Read about both kinds

on the part of the vivacious Mexican to show the rest of the cast in “The Cuban” that she could turn the heart of the famous singer. It had been said that he was afraid of women—that he wanted no more of women after his divorce. Lupe was sure that she was able to make him fall and fall hard!

She tried, at first, to break down his natural reserve by saying things that would either make him laugh or embarrass him. He went her one better on every occasion by coming back with a fast retort that would leave Lupe sagging on her heels. With the net result: She fell for him instead! Every day they were seen to rush up to each other with a good-morning kiss. Luncheon? Always! Lupe even followed him into the men’s barber shop and held one hand while he had the other one manicured, “Lupe and Larry have it bad,” said the best of the insiders. But hardly had the studio romance reached the point where everyone in town was talking about them and conjecturing as to when they would become secretly married—when Lupe went off to New York on the same train with John Gilbert! That’s how permanent they are—now they are and now they aren’t. Maybe it is all done with mirrors.

If you will recall, Lupe and Gary Cooper started their romance during the making of a picture called “The Wolf Song” in which they played together! At the start they were just Studio Sweethearts. No one expected that romance to survive the length of the production, but it did, and more. That is where this type of romance has Hollywood fooled! So many of them flash on and off during a picture schedule, Hollywood expects all will end with the final camera crank.

Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea, according to a once hot rumor, were to take the long plunge down to the altar. Gossip actually had this couple married. Joel was seen lying on the sands in front of Connie’s beach place at Malibu with none other than the famous blonde lady herself. They were seen dancing, dining, first-nighting, and what have you. Oh, it was a hectic romance all right. And what happened?

Connie ups and marries the Marquis! We can’t say at the moment whether or not this started out as a studio romance. Surely they were both working at the same studio, and were together a great portion of the time while this was possible. But we are inclined to believe that they were really in love long before they worked at the same studio—in fact, we are inclined to put a bit of credence in what (Continued on page 84)
What's the Matter with Farrell?

He's all right, says Hardie Albright!

Hardie Albright, the author of the story on this page, is also one of the most ingratiating among the younger male actors of the present-day screen.

They bow out here in Hollywood to five magic words. Assistant Directors, juice men, even executives like to hear them thundered in their ears.

Casting Directors are not interested unless the Hocus Focus is pronounced over the head of an applicant. They are indeed words of Black Magic. The words mean nothing and never make sense—but that is probably why Hollywood adores them!

Suppose you are introduced to a casting director and your representative says, "A great star in silent pictures," or "A well-known society debutante," or "Played many seasons in stock." In answer to any one of these statements you would receive a cold swaying of the head in a longitudinal direction and it would be rude as only a Hollywood-trained head can be. Why not, then, be in the fashion, ask your representative to put his nose high in the air, and in a very superior manner announce "From the New York stage"? Those, dear friends, are the five magic words!

Almost every outstanding star, every featured player in pictures today, has that label, and how many actually have the right to it?

Have you ever stood on a busy corner and looked up into the sky until you had a crowd doing precisely the same thing? Then perhaps you feel some of the cynical enjoyment that a small group experience at this moment having once said, "He was good in silents but he has no stage experience," about a certain young actor. I said it once because I believed (and still do) that one can't sell lunch wagons one day and the next be an actor. There are certain lessons to learn and they must be learned well. When the Graduation Day comes, however, I say give the worthy pupil his diploma.

John Gilbert realized the tragedy of having his voice recorded in a higher pitch than his public demanded. There was another excellent silent picture star, the hero of this tale, who reasoned that a voice can be trained and developed. It meant long hours of voice culture, exercises, scales, development of muscles never before used. It meant two years of untiring concentration, lung and abdominal control, diction—that fly in so many ointments—whole plays had to be learned verbatim. The least of all, it required some five thousand dollars! These hazards were all surmounted by the finest display of driving force I have ever seen. My money always goes on the horse with the urge to win even though his opponent has the better blood line. The desire must be there. To work as long and as steadily as this silent star did shows a burning desire to be a good talking picture actor.

Romanticism was a quality that the silent screen portrayed admirably. Who among us can forget the soothing forgetfulness of a masterpiece such as "Seventh Heaven." The talking screen can ill afford to part with this elusive emotion.

It was my very great pleasure to witness a performance filled with qualities I have seen experienced stage actors labor for years to attain. You were conscious of a pleasing, varied voice, not a studied one. There was an impromptu quality that comes only from an inspirational moment. The conception of the characterization was erudite and filled with mannerism that rounded the portrait into a living, breathing (Continued on page 94)
What's the Matter with Gaynor?

By Garret Fox

Want your Janet to "go modern"?

SO JANET GAYNOR wants to be a sophisticate! Wants to graduate from frills and curls—from demure manners and gentle, soft speech. In "The First Year" she plays a modern bride, with Problems.

How do you like it, fans? Do you think she is making a mistake? Frankly, we do. Janet in "Seventh Heaven," in "Sunnyside Up," in "Daddy Long Legs," stood alone, in a class by herself—untouched even remotely by any competitor. Janet as a knowing young modern would be just one among many. The screen abounds in young ladies who can portray cultivated charm, sophistication, and savoir faire, and, through long experience, can do it better than Janet can hope to for a long, long time.

"Winnie" Sheehan, head man on the Fox lot, seems to feel that way about it, too. At any rate, we hear that he intends putting the little Gaynor back into the roles that made her famous—the "Seventh Heaven" type of roles of her palmy days. If you ask us (all right, then ask us now!) it's a wise decision. Janet Gaynor is a clever and competent actress in any type of rôle—but if Janet wants to keep her very roomy niche in the fans' hearts, she will give them the kind of pictures in which they learned to admire her, and in which she has no peer. Mr. Sheehan's choice for Janet's return to the simple life is "Tess of the Storm Country"—and that, as you know, is doing the thing up brown.

So good luck, Janet—let's see you make Tess the kind of girl she was meant to be. And in the future won't you try to remember that good old proverb: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to Gaynor the things that are Gaynor's!" And—remember what happened to Mary Pickford!

One of the few great "love teams" of the screen. Janet Gaynor, sweet and demure, and Charlie Farrell, handsome and manly, made movie history in many a picture of the sweetness-and-light school. From "Seventh Heaven" on, their films have been popular smashes. Will they go on together?

Is "The First Year" the last of the Gaynor-Farrell romances? Charlie has been "borrowed" from Fox by Warners for "Central Park" opposite Joan Blondell. Janet will star alone in "Tess of the Storm Country." Will you fans beg to see Janet and Charlie reunited?
"Ho, hum, another day! Well, life is just one thing after another for us members of a big acting family. Guess I'll start off by giving 'em one of those stern matinee-idol looks—have to live up to the family traditions. Yes, sir, I've certainly got responsibilities!"

He's a brand-new Barrymore—and here's what he thinks about

"There's that cameraman again—I suppose he wants me to do a few poses. Well, may as well take it big—I've got my public to think of. I'll let him have a little of the old John Barrymore profile. Wish he had a movie camera instead of a still—I feel like wiggling my toes."

**Fresh Heir!**

Presenting John Blythe Barrymore, newest member of the "Bib Parade." Look well at this youngster, for as his Aunt Ethel said, "That's all there is, there isn't any more."

Text by
Mortimer Franklin

"Huh, that's funny! Been eating my fingers all day, and I've got just as many as I started with. Dad seems terribly interested in my hair—says he thinks I swiped that wig he wore in "Svengali." Well, why shouldn't a he-man like me have a thick head of hair?"
"Tee, hee, hee—ouch! How would they like it if I tickled them like that? Don't care so much for this babyish business—wait till I grow up to be six months old, I'll make 'em treat me like a regular guy."

"Mother and Dad are a couple of good skates—they certainly seem to get a kick out of me. Guess I'll give 'em a nice smile—may as well humor the dear folks. Say, if I'm as wonderful as all that I wonder why the stork didn't keep me, instead of giving me away to them like they say he did."

"Humph, they didn't give me a tumble. Guess I'll have to re-hearse that a little more, then I'll panic 'em—a Barbymore never gives up. Well, I've done a pretty good day's work, guess I'll knock off now. Feeling a bit tired, anyway—tomorrow I'll—z-z-z-z . . ."

"Humph, they didn't give me a tumble. Guess I'll have to re-hearse that a little more, then I'll panic 'em—a Barbymore never gives up. Well, I've done a pretty good day's work, guess I'll knock off now. Feeling a bit tired, anyway—tomorrow I'll—z-z-z-z . . ."

"What, no bottle yet? Guess I'll have to turn on a little of the family temperament. Ee-ee-yow! Uncle Lionel thinks he can do some pretty snappy ranting around, but just wait till he gets a load of one of my big emotional scenes!"

"Doesn't Mom keep a tight hold on me, though! What does she think I'll do—jump my contract and go to Europe? Say, I wonder why they don't hurry along that bottle. I understand an actor is expected to keep away from the bottle—but not me! When I want something I want it!"

"Tee, hee, hee—ouch! How would they like it if I tickled them like that? Don't care so much for this babyish business—wait till I grow up to be six months old, I'll make 'em treat me like a regular guy."

"Mother and Dad are a couple of good skates—they certainly seem to get a kick out of me. Guess I'll give 'em a nice smile—may as well humor the dear folks. Say, if I'm as wonderful as all that I wonder why the stork didn't keep me, instead of giving me away to them like they say he did."

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AND NOW FOR

The Ghost Walks
with Nancy Carroll

Listen to some real Irish folk-tales of the spooky season

By Ruth Tildesley

How would you like to go to a Hallowe'en party held in a haunted castle in Ireland?
That's the spot Nancy Carroll chooses for her ideal party whenever the Fates permit.
"I'd like to give it in Castle Ree," she bubbled, "My mother used to live near the old ruins of that castle and she's told me so much about the spooks that were supposed to walk there. Maybe Castle Ree would be too dilapidated for hospitality, but anyway we'd have a haunted castle.

"In Ireland, you know, nobody dare go out the night the ghosts walk—they all stay home and cover up their heads—but we'd take plenty of holy water with us and be careful what we said about spooks, and perhaps the bad spirits would go out and do their haunting somewhere else and only the fairies would come.

"We'd all believe in fairies that night. My father truly believes in them. Do you know, when he was here visiting me I was terrified for fear people would laugh at him and break his heart? I gave a party for him one night and he was telling us about fairies and how close he came to seeing them, and someone asked why it was that no one sees fairies here.

"'God love ye,' says he, 'Fairies live in Ireland. They can't cross water. Ireland is an island and that's where they're bound to stay.'

"One night when he was a little boy, my father was sitting on the doorsteps with his parents and all the other children." Nancy's voice sank to a thrillingly low note, proper to all ghost stories. "Through the dusk they began to hear the music of a band.

"That'll be the Killarney band!" says his mother, pleased, and began to keep time with her knitting needles.

"The music came closer and closer and they watched for the band to come marching down the road. But no band came. When the music was very close and not a soul in sight, my father's mother got up and ran indoors and all the other children followed her. They were all afraid to wait for the Little People.

"But my father was a brave boy and his father was a brave man, so they stayed there together on the doorstep, with their hands and their feet and their hearts turning to ice the while. When the music was right opposite them there in the road, my grandfather bowed his head in his hands, but my father stared straight at the place where the trumpets were blowing, and the fifes shrilling, and the drums going rub-a-dub-dub—and not even the dust stirring under the Little People's feet.

"I'm sending my mother and father back to Ireland now—their first visit in thirty (Continued on page 89)
HALLOWE'EN!

Mr. Mouse, that gay Hollywood social light, goes to Pickfair for advice on Hallow-e'en parties

Mary and Mickey

BECAUSE Mickey Mouse is Mary Pickford's favorite movie actor, he went out to Pickfair with me to consult her about a Hallowe'en party. 

"But I've never had a Hallowe'en party!" protested Mary.

"My little-girl memories of the night are all mixed up with Guy Fawkes' Day, which is celebrated in Canada on November 5th. You know the old song:

"'Remember, remember, the Fifth of November! Gunpowder, treason and plot.
I see no reason Why gunpowder treason Should ever be forgot.
Up the ladder, down the hall, Half a crown will save us all!'"

"The two days were so close together and we did the same things for both. We children used to run wildly about the neighborhood, crying: 'Shell out! Shell out!' and the grown-ups would have to come to their doors and give us apples and sweets. Little racketeers, that's what we were!

"Then we would reward them by making horrible noises or putting tick-tacks on their windows. Only I never had the courage to do the actual dirty deeds. I played 'jigger' for the bobbies—I think you would call it look-out for the cops here.

"At home we celebrated with taffy pullings. Poor Mother used to spend days afterwards getting the sticky stuff out of my long curls! I remember what fun it was to try the taffy in cold water to see if it was ready, and how grimy it got from small dirty hands, but how delicious!"

"Then we used to bob for apples and try to bite fruit hung in doorways. We did something else in which our small noses came out covered (Continued on page 86)"
Reliable Reviews

Skyscraper Souls
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A "Grand Hotel" idea, a not so grand result. The entire film takes place in a skyscraper office building which houses a bank, swimming pool, penthouse apartment, and big business men on the make for stenographers and models. Warren William plays cleverly the rôle of the ruthless owner of the skyscraper. Maureen O'Sullivan is a stenographer temporarily lured by his wealth.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Fox
One of the great sob stories of modern times comes to the talking screen—and if you like it, here it is, done to the hilt! Marian Nixon plays the rôle of Rebecca competently, though her smartly-cut features do not make for the ideal poor-orphan type. Ralph Bellamy, when he escapes from the general air of saccharinity, is excellent as the benevolent young doctor.

Roar of the Dragon
RKO-Radio
Chinese bandits, plenty of shooting, a nasty villain, a mysterious heroine, and hero Richard Dix. The youngsters may go for this because of the action, but for the more sophisticated tastes it is not recommended. Richard Dix is as good as the story allows; Gwili André—she'll remind you of Dietrich—in her picture début, looks promising but gets few opportunities to act.

Miss Pinkerton
First National
A faithful screen version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery novel, but somehow not as exciting as we expected. There's a murder, of course, with everyone suspected, even Joan Blondell, who plays a nurse with Sherlock Holmes tendencies. George Brent is the handsomest screen detective you've ever seen. Joan's good, but we wish she'd be her wise-cracking self again.

Igloo
Universal
Let lovely scenes of the frozen north soothe you if you are fed up with the usual film fare. "Igloo" has moments of marvelous pictorial beauty, and it is an authentic account of Eskimo life. Polar bears and walrus, a baby seal and a real, live Eskimo beauty will entertain you. Don't expect much excitement, unless you are susceptible to the charms of Chee-ak, that Gableskimo.

The Purchase Price
 Warners
You'd have to have plenty of imagination to enjoy this unbelievable yarn. Barbara Stanwyck, as a "torch singer," marries a farmer, George Brent, in order to escape the attentions of a New York rackets. Brent—the polished, debonair lover—is hopelessly miscast in an uncouth rôle. Even Barbara Stanwyck's good acting doesn't help.
of Current Films

Make Me A Star
*Paramount*

Stuart Erwin in a role that fits him like a glove. And he plays it big. It's "Merton of the Movies" brought up to date. Stu is swell as the movie-struck country boy who crashes the studio gates, thanks to Joan Blondell. Why Joan was borrowed from Warners for this film will always remain a mystery. It's a Hollywood crime to squander her talents in a small-time rôle.

Madame Racketeer
*Paramount*

Alison Skipworth, in keeping with her character in the picture, a lady crook, steals this picture. As the "Countess of Auburn" Miss Skipworth is priceless. The story is amusing throughout. The "Countess" returns to her family who think she is a missionary, after serving a long term in prison—and then the fun begins. George Raft is good in a supporting part.

Jewel Robbery
*Warner*

A light, sophisticated, naughty comedy about a bored Countess and a gay crook who steals her jewels. The most amusing scenes are those in which Kay Francis, the countess, helps the suave Powell to dodge the police. The dialogue is smart and so are Miss Francis' clothes. The plot is slightly reminiscent of "Raffles." Powell and Francis, together again, are grand.

Aren't We All?
*British Paramount*

Despite poor sound treatment, this picturization of the well-known Lonsdale comedy proves gay and sparkling entertainment. The acting is adroit, and Lonsdale's lines scintillate—when you can hear them. Gertrude Lawrence plays with charm and spirit—but Hugh Wakefield, as the gay old rounder, gives a delightful performance which is the "most beautiful steal of the month."

Unashamed
*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Based on a recent front-page murder, it is the good acting of the cast that makes this entertainment. Particularly Helen Twelvetrees' portrayal of a wealthy girl infatuated with a gambler, Monroe Owsley, who is later shot by her brother, Robert Young. Interesting court-room scenes with Young on trial for his life and Helen refusing to come to his defense. Yes, all ends well.

Mild stuff.

Stranger in Town
*Warner*

A rural comedy-drama with Chic Sale as head-man. Chic is the small-town big-shot who owns the grocery store and runs the post-office. All is serene until a chain store grocery opens across the street. Romance rears its head when David Manners, manager of the chain store, and Ann Dvorak, Chic's grand-daughter, fall in love.
Here's Hollywood

A CURRENT Hollywood story concerns a famous actress, her about-to-be-divorced husband and her husband-next-in-line—it would be cruel to tell names, but no harm in guessing. The trio was about to start to a Hollywood party, but the wife (or fiancee, if you prefer) began fussing about which car to use.

"Can't you stop her fussing?" begged the husband-next-in-line.

The about-to-be-divorced husband permitted himself a sly smile. "That's your job now," he murmered.

Live—New—Colorful
"Chatter"

SINCE Jean Harlow signed her real name to her marriage license—Harlene Carpenter McGrew—Hollywood has coined a nickname for the gal. She's Dangerous Jean McGrew!

LUPE VELEZ' new automobile has the longest wheelbase of any car in Hollywood... Estelle Taylor, unable to sleep at the beach because the wild waves pounded, surrendered her Malibu home in midsummer... Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt, married and divorced, are romancing again... Georges Barnes presented Joan Blondell with a brooch set with four diamonds and as many rubies... Mona Rico and James N. Crofton, millionaire sportsman, were secretly wed in Miami, Florida... Colleen Moore, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson may usually be found at Marian Nixon's barbecue dinners... Here is gratitude: Gloria Stuart, who won entry into the movies through her efforts on the Pasadena Community Playhouse stage, recently gave her services free of charge to that theater.

Here is the hot Hollywood news of the moment! Exclusive picture of Claudette Colbert going wicked in the Cecil De Mille film, "The Sign of the Cross," as the wife of Nero! Well, it's only a short step from that costume to a De Mille bathtub.

Screen News
From our Special spy!

GARY COOPER was approached by a girl and boy selling automobile polish, and they put up a pitiful hunger tale. Gary gave them a dollar, then decided to see what they'd do. He saw them enter a restaurant, and through a window he watched them devour a meal as though they had not eaten for days. Cooper was so touched by the scene, he called a waiter and sent them a five-dollar bill.

Claudette Colbert as Poppaea in "The Sign of the Cross."

GARY COOPER was approached by a girl and boy selling automobile polish, and they put up a pitiful hunger tale. Gary gave them a dollar, then decided to see what they'd do. He saw them enter a restaurant, and through a window he watched them devour a meal as though they had not eaten for days. Cooper was so touched by the scene, he called a waiter and sent them a five-dollar bill.
What are they saying? What are they doing? SCREENLAND gives you the genuine “inside” gossip

DEAR LILYAN TASHMAN: That trick you staged in the Brown Derby was clever. Don’t think we failed to see you enter the restaurant, clad in fashion’s latest. Unfortunately, you were behind a group of Iowa tourists; few could see your new clothes.

We wondered what you would do about that, and you didn’t keep us in suspense long. You know, you could have ordered a telephone brought to your booth, where you might have talked without being seen or heard. Instead, you walked the length of the Brown Derby and used the instrument at the front end. You dialed a number, then turned and faced your audience. Believe us, nobody missed seeing you.

But did you know there was a large speck of soot on your nose? Of course you didn’t, for you only staged the show: how could you know God would write in a funny line?

BRUCE CABOT fell into the nicest job in Hollywood. In order to have opportunities to study his make-up on the screen, Bruce volunteered to play opposite RKO newcomers in test scenes. A short time after that, the studio placed a dozen girls under stock contracts, and part of their tests included romantic sequences with Cabot.

NILS ASTHER is perturbed because his daughter, just learning to talk, concentrates on the word “no.” Nils had so hoped she might grow up to be a movie star.

A FUNNY STORY is told about Herman Mankiewicz, the writer. When B. P. Schulberg was head man at Paramount, Mankiewicz went to his office about once a week and resigned. Schulberg always laughed—and that was that; Herman returned to work.

Schulberg left Paramount and Emanuel Cohen took over his duties. One day Mankiewicz burst into Cohen’s office and shouted, “I resign.”

“But Cohen doesn’t know how to laugh,” the writer told friends who later asked him how he lost his job.

HOW well do you know your screen and stage favorites! How many of the following “trade lines” can you place in the mouths of stars who uttered them: “I got a million of them!” “Yes, Mr. —” “Is Everybody Happy?” “Ay tank ay go home.” “Colossal.” “You ain’t heard nothing yet.” “Mammy!”

If you know your stars, those quotations should make you think of: Jimmy Durante, Cecil B. DeMille, Ted Lewis, Garbo, John Gilbert, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford had retired one night, when Doug suddenly shouted from his room, “How much money do you carry in your pocketbook, Mary?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “A few dollars, I guess.”

Doug immediately made her promise to place twenty-five or thirty dollars in her purse. “Don’t spend it,” he warned. “Keep it there. During these hazardous times, hold-ups are common, and highwaymen have been known to kill or injure victims who have no money. If they find a few dollars in your pocketbook, they’ll likely be pleased and will do you no bodily harm!”

Recognize her? It’s your tiny pal of yesterday, “Baby Peggy,” back on the screen as Peggy Montgomery, and all grown up at the age of thirteen!

“A Farewell to Arms”—though it doesn’t look much like it! Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes are together in this torrid romance of the war, filmed from Ernest Hemingway’s novel. Gary will be seen as a dashing captain, and Helen as a pretty war nurse.
Southern drawl to complete her disguise.

Not even other members of her party recognized Ann, although before the evening drew to a close Miss Landi pierced the disguise. As for director Mamoulian, he almost insisted that she should visit his studio for a movie test.

Other highlights of the opening were: Clark Gable took an extra, a chum of his poorer days; it’s nice that Clark has not forgotten old pals. Norma Shearer was lovely when she appeared on the stage in coral and pink, with puff sleeves that seemed quaintly old-fashioned; but she hasn’t a stage voice, and could hardly be heard back of the fifth row. Several thousand fans waited until past two o’clock to witness the departure of the stars. Ralph Morgan, a screen newcomer, received the most applause when the cast was introduced. Clark, Ralph, and Norma refused to make speeches, but the audience insisted, so Miss Shearer did her best (see above). Only two ermine wraps were in evidence. Hollywood gals are perking up!

The kid who isn’t from Spain—but she doesn’t give a bad imitation! It’s Dorothy Layton, new little charmer in Hal Roach’s company, and formerly of the stage.

**AN ASSISTANT supervisor,**

offers “Slim” Summerville, 

“is a mouse learning to be a rat.”

**LOTS** of film come-backs for old friends of former stars. In addition to the return of Billie Burke in “Bill of Divorce-ment,” and George M. Cohan in “The Phantom President,” you may greet former favorites as follows:


**THAT** crooked studio cashier who was sent to jail for seven years for embezzlement has got the seven year hitch,” chuckled Stuart Erwin, and ducked in time to evade a ripe tomato.

**THE** depression has struck Hollywood, making it necessary to cut down on everything, including first nights. The only one since “Grand Hotel” was “Strange Interlude.”

The highlight of the evening was the attendance of Ann Harding in disguise! In a party of four, who were Alexander Kirkland (who accompanied Ann), Elisia Landi and Rouben Mamoulian, the director. Miss Harding wore a red wig and was not recognized throughout the evening, even though she was introduced to numerous friends by the name of Mary Archer, “of the Virginia Arches,” Kirkland added. Miss Harding assumed a
IT WAS a dull day, and Marian Nixon wasn't feeling too full of pep. Director Al Santell was striving to make her cry for scenes in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." But Marian could summon no tears.

"What would you do?" asked Santell, suddenly inspired, "if you begged your husband for a new fur coat and he said no?"

Marian smiled. "I'd order it anyway!"

How rich is Charlie Chaplin, commonly believed the wealthiest screen star? Estimates extend from five million to twenty million dollars. One story has it that Chaplin keeps two million cash in a drawing account at one Hollywood bank.

But when the Los Angeles tax assessor estimated the value of Charlie's taxable securities at $7,668,578, the comedian did a literal nip-up and entered a counter-plea in which he contended its actual value is only $1,657,316. Either way you look at it, it's still a lot of ough-day!

Are you one of the frantic fans? That is the name given them by Joan Crawford. Thousands of them saw Joan off for Europe on the Bremen, and in the rush of admirers, the star's expensive new gown was mutilated beyond use.

James Cagney registered at a New York hotel under his wife's maiden name. Despite this, he was recognized and mobbed by fans. Jimmy lost all the buttons and had the pockets ripped from a chamois sports jacket.

The season's most cutting remark is that of the lemon-tongued critic who wished to know "if the players had doubles for their thinking scenes in 'Strange Interlude'!"

The tough guys are getting all the breaks this movie season. A glance down the list of popular masculine stars reveals the names of Clark Gable, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Chester Morris, Paul Muni, Ralph Bellamy, Spencer Tracy and George Bancroft among the leaders.

What with the batterings of these hombrettes, Hollywood's lovely damsels are black and blue, and it's a dull day when no feminine star is handed a knockout wallop on the chin.

It is pleasant to witness the return of John Gilbert to his old, jaunty self. Three years ago a series of harsh blows robbed him of his confidence, and he was
BECAUSE she wore a bathing suit in "What Price Hollywood," Constance Bennett has become the innocent center of heated discussions. One faction claims that the picture, which reveals Connie in a charming, lovable characterization, will do much to win her new friends. The other faction contends that Miss Bennett's figure is nothing to go into raptures about, and that the bathing suit sequence in "What Price Hollywood" will do more harm than other scenes can repair.

The puzzling question is: Why did the producers insist on a bathing suit? She could have worn lounging or beach pajamas without affecting the meaning of that particular sequence.

IF YOU are quick-tempered, take a leaf from Irene Dunne's book—a book titled "Not One Word." It teaches temper control. Irene carries it with her constantly, because she has a quick temper. When she is angered, instead of speaking she opens her book and reads a few lines.

"NEW PATCHES for Old Romances," should be a thriving business in Hollywood. Recently repaired troubles include:

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn report their quarrel settled.

Bon voyage! Richard Barthelmess takes his family on a trip to Northern Europe—excluding the Scandinavian! They'll be back in September.

Greeting a popular American couple in England. Left to right, Jill Esmond, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Heather Thatcher, Laurence Olivier, Joan Crawford, and Noel Coward.

transformed into a dazed cynic, uncivil and ungrateful. His disappointing talkie début, his terrific crash of finances in Wall Street, and the loss of his health proved near disastrous.

Following those troubles, Gilbert turned hermit. He shunned public appearances, and even secluded himself at the studio. If his love for Virginia Bruce has lifted Jack from the depths, the lady deserves a national vote of thanks.

THAT Panama Canal trip taken by Alice Joyce and Blanche Sweet proved to be an adventure. Before they bought their tickets in New York, a friend, employed by a steamship company, advised them to purchase second class accommodations. "I can fix things with the ship's purser," he said, "so you'll get first class staterooms the minute the ship leaves harbor. You'll save a lot of money."

So Blanche and Alice bought tourist tickets and got aboard. That day their friend lost his job with the steamship company, and the two ladies had to make the entire trip second class.

A SAMPLE of Groucho Marx's sense of humor! When Joe E. Brown was in the hospital, following removal of his tonsils, Groucho sent him a gift box containing salt crackers, popcorn balls and peanut brittle.

JACK OAKIE attended a Los Angeles theater where vaudeville had recently been revived. He sat quietly through a dull opening act, but as the second group of performers labored through a monotonous routine, Oakie's patience ended and he turned to his companion.

"It's true," he said mournfully, "motion pictures have robbed the stage."

Dorothy Hale (right), new screen beauty. And will you look at that coat—it's the same model that Jessica Barthelmess and Joan Crawford fell for?

When Billie Dove was "glorified!" Now she plays a Follies girl in "Blondie of the Follies," with Marion Davies.
ANN HARDING has a problem. As long as her name remains on the side of her airplane in letters so many inches tall, she will be permitted a big income tax reduction chargeable to advertising. However, when she makes long journeys, she can have no privacy because the name on the fuselage announces her arrival at various airports.

Loretta Young comes to New York to begin a personal appearance tour. Look what she's reading—"The Sweet Cheat!" And so Young!

JOAN BENNETT doesn't mind admitting that she owes her present success to poverty. A few years ago, following her divorce, Joan was moneyless and jobless. She was too proud to throw herself back on her parents, so when she was offered a New York stage job, she accepted with alacrity. In so doing, Joan relinquished her lifelong ambition to become an interior decorator.

CLARA BOW has long wanted to direct pictures. She recently told friends that following her screen come-back, she will megaphone several Westerns starring Rex Bell, her husband.

Every studio has its official greeters—players who welcome visitors and pose for photographs beside them, and who attend dinners and make speeches.

Most visitors to M-G-M are photographed with Anita Page or Marion Davies, while Conrad Nagel makes the studio speeches. Greeters at other film plants include Minna Gombell at Fox, Loretta Young at First National, Sidney Fox at Universal, and Fredric March and Wynne Gibson at Paramount.

Greeters are selected with an eye to their trustworthiness. We shudder to think what might happen to distinguished studio guests if some Hollywood pranksters were on the welcoming committees.

Wash day! Hasn't Sally Eilers an attractive "line," even off the screen? She got them last Christmas from Panty Claus!

What grace, what beauty! In "Horsefeathers," which the Marx Brothers are broadcasting over a nation-wide network, Groucho is a football tosser.

THERE death of Florenz Ziegfeld, world's famous theatrical producer, was a shock to Hollywood, where he had many friends. Appearing opposite each other in "Farewell to Arms" are Helen Hayes, who is five feet tall, and Gary Cooper, who towers six feet, three inches. They're called Mutt and Jeff. Sharon Lynn returns to the screen in "The Big Broadcast," Lina Basquette suffered painful but not serious injuries when she fell from the stage into the orchestra pit of an Oakland theatre. Eddie Cantor, autographing books, said "I'd better do this before they see my next picture." One of Maureen O'Sullivan's ex-suitors asked for a date and was told, "I'm only going with Jimmy Dunn now." Bing Crosby received more than 600 original songs from amateur writers in seven months, but all were returned unopened. Ann Harding spends $450 monthly for protection; she has a night watchman, day watchman, night gateman and a guard for the Harding child.
THE return of Janet Gaynor to simplicity in her screen vehicles is not unspoken. Janet was fully convinced she would never do sweet girls on the screen again, but when she learned that Marian Nixon and Joan Bennett were to be starred in pictures originally planned for herself, she got cold feet. Then she saw herself in "The First Year," and she decided she was not as pleased with the Janet Gaynor of that picture as she had previously imagined she would be. So she went to the studio heads and told them she had made a mistake. They forgave her and now the charming, unsophisticated Miss Gaynor of old will return to us.

JAMES GLEASON was starring in a comedy, a burlesque of Tom Mix. One day the two met at the studio, both clad in chaps and spurs.

"Well, Jim," drawled Mix, "stealing my thunder, hey?"

"Na-a-w," retorted Gleason, "just borrowing it to go with my lightning."

HOLLYWOOD mixes its people oddly. A few months ago Constance Bennett leased the Beverly home of Adela Rogers St. Johns. The writer visited the star for the purpose of a linen inventory, and was allowed to cool her heels for a half hour while La Bennett completed her morning toilette. Miss St. Johns was offended, and a brisk emittance sprung up between them, resulting in a harsh magazine criticism by the authoress.

Now who should be writing Miss Bennett's screen stories but the same Adela Rogers St. Johns. Connie's two recent pictures, "What Price Hollywood" and "Free, White and 21," came from Adela's pen, and the two ex-enemies are now bosom friends.

IF RICHARD DIX'S married life doesn't endure, it will not be because his parents set him a bad example. Dick's mother and father recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The entire Dix clan congregated in Hollywood to commemorate the happy occasion.

Here's a new telephone gadget which enables Adrienne Ames to talk all she wants to without getting "telephone arm."

A CERTAIN motion picture executive’s offices are ornamented with autographed pictures of various stars. If the stars are under contract to his studio, their photographs hang on the walls of this executive's private office, but if they are not under contract, or are about to be discharged, their pictures may be found in the outer reception room.

Red-headed Peggy Shannon wears this cool costume in a not-so-cool role in "The Painted Woman," in which Spencer Tracy and William Boyd also are featured. How do you like the new-model "shredded wheat" gown?

Beito Davis and Warren William, fresh from Hollywood, arrived in New York for a brief visit before starting out on a personal appearance tour.

Meet "Diamond Lil" Mae West, who created this lurid role on the New York stage, is in movies now.
A GROUP of men lounged about a Beverly Hills garage recently, discussing the ingenuity of modern motorcars and engines. One of the men, a tall, good-looking fellow, seemed to be well versed on his subject, and carried on an interesting talk about advanced camshafts for speed, double carburetion and forced gasoline feed. Presently this fellow dived under the hood of an automobile and illustrated his talk by pointing out various motor parts. When he emerged, his face and hands bore smudges of oil and grease. The marks were still there when he finally said goodbye and left in a Ford coupe.

The group stood looking after him.

"That guy Clark Gable is a swell egg," one of them said, and all nodded agreement.

SIMILARITY of names causes considerable confusion in Hollywood. There are two William Boyds, two Robert Montogmerys, two Edmund Lowes and two Hugh Herberts.

"They're getting on each other's bills," said Walter Hiers.

Carol Lee Stuart, seven pounds, four ounces of baby girl, was born to Sue Carol at two-thirty on the morning of July 18th.

Before Sue became a mother, friends jokingly asked papa Nick Stuart, "Will it be a boy or a girl?"

"What else could it be?" Nick demanded.

A CERTAIN exclusive Hollywood golf club that once lifted its nose at the motion picture industry and denied actors the right to become members, has fallen from its high horse. Recently a number of prominent stars have received invitations to purchase memberships. So many on the old club roster lost their fortunes in the market crash, it was found necessary to seek new members—and more money. Needless to say, the stars got together and rejected the club's second-hand invitation.

Things that may never happen:

That threatened Constance Bennett retirement.

That Clark Gable divorce.

A movie come-back for Alice White.

A wolf at Charlie Chaplin's door.

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Here's a new idea in tee carriers, introduced by Dot Layton, that is sure to be appreciated by every golfer.

Myrna Loy, looking more exotic than ever, as she appears as one of "Thirteen Women."

When "Footlights" (the play, not the picture) opened in Los Angeles, Hollywood turned out to witness the local stage debuts of Dorothy Lee and Claudia Dell. Unfortunately, and despite the clever efforts of Misses Lee and Dell, the play was pretty awful.

The next day Robert Montgomery told a friend about it. "The opening chorus came on and sang a college song in which the words Rah, Rah, Rah occurred several times," Bob said. "They should have sung Rau, Rau, Rau!"

Several guests, enjoying a buffet dinner at the home of Marie Dressler, were startled by a terrific crash. The cook had dropped a tray of dishes. A would-be witty member of the party peered through the door and asked Marie, "Did you drop some dishes?"

"No," Miss Dressler answered, "just dropped the setting out of my ring."
“The chauffeur served and drove,” Charlie persists. “And his name was Albert—he was the chauffeur.” For some reason Albert has made a lasting impression on Charlie.

In France they say Tommy, “we lived at the Pension Gittel. That’s a French name.” He pauses courteously, to make sure I have it. “It isn’t so nice as America. There aren’t very many lights. There are almost not any lights in France.”

Charlie has been eyeing me thoughtfully. “Parlez vous Français?” he asks suddenly.

I admit to a slight knowledge of the language—which I discover instantly was a great mistake. For they break into a rapid patter of French that’s completely beyond me. They talk with astonishing ease—considering that they were abroad only nine months—and, to my inexperienced ear, with a perfect accent.

Tommy has caught my comment to that effect and, cocking an impish eye at me he clammers over the back of his grandmother’s chair, he proclaims in what is intended to be a deep bass: “Je p-r-r-r-rounouchis r-r-r-s heuncon.” (I pronounce my r’s very distinctly.)

Meanwhile Charlie has burst into song. “Au clair de la lune,” he carols. “Mon amie Perrot,” gruels Tommy.

And so they go through the charming French nursery rhyme, Charlie singing in a high, sweet, serious voice—Tommy tumbling and laughing and clowning, to amuse himself primarily, and if his audience is also amused, so much the better. He picks up a long stick—the stick on which his broken bird had once flown—and hands it to his brother.

“Do a Charlie Chaplin,” he commands. Charlie hangs back bashfully for a moment, but is finally persuaded. With an adorably shy half-smile on his face, he starts toward us from the back of the room, his hands turned slightly outward, twirling the stick between his small fingers, and aping so perfectly that worlds-renowned trick for one of hysterical moment I almost expect to see the stubby feet shuffle past before my eyes in a pair of familiar, flat-footed shoes.

“Shall I do the monkey now? Shall I do the Chinaman?” Tommy chomars.

“Le singe! Le singe!” (The monkey! The monkey!) Charlie claps his hands. He hasn’t yet learned that no actor should willingly relinquish the center of the stage to another actor.

But if Charlie is good, Tommy is uncanny. He hunches his shoulders slightly and his mouth takes on the protruding, bony structure of an ape’s, as he starts pattering around what must be a cage, one hand plucking rapidly at his side, the other circling incessantly about his mouth.

He stops and laughs and is a little boy again. Then, with his fingers, he draws the corners of his eyes upward. Next second, all the life has died out of them. They’re gray—old—tired. His mouth says, His face is drawn. He shuffles slowly down the room—an age-weary, haunted Oriental. It’s a little masterpiece. It must be seen to be believed.

It’s evident that Tommy has created an impression. But his wise Nana takes a look at Charlie and smiles. “Tommy can’t walk like his daddy at all, though,” she says.

“No,” Tommy concedes amiably. He thinks it over for a moment. “Because I’m a little pigeon-toed,” he decides.

Charlie’s tired now. He climbs into Conchita’s ample lap—Conchita is the Spanish nurse the children had in Bruxelles three years and years and years ago.

She begins rocking him and singing a gay Spanish tune.

Tommy, sparring the empty air, stands listening for a second and his eyes begin to sparkle. One arm rises in a graceful curve over his head, the other hand is poised seductively against his hip, and a scintilla in boxing gloves pirouettes about the room to Conchita’s melody. But make no mistake. Tommy isn’t showing off. His response to that music was as spontaneous and lovely as a flower’s response to the sun.

The children talk readily of their father. It seems almost strange to them to see little of him, and almost as little of their mother, who has been touring in vaudeville for several years. They accept the fact, as children do, and are still too young to ask questions that can’t be easily answered. They carry their father’s phrases high about with an appetite they know is a great movie actor, and they’ve seen “City Lights.”

“I liked the part where he ran all around the boxing man,” Tommy says.

“And I liked the part where he had a bell tied around his neck, and every time the man did punch him, the bell used to ring.”

The New York newspapers featured the story that Mr. Reilly, Director of Safety for Fox, who had been sent by the film company to watch the Chaplin children, was guarding them against possible kidnapping by their father—a story which distressed Mrs. Grey painfully. “It’s ridiculous and untrue,” she protested, almost in tears. “There’s no sense in such things. Please tell me, Madame,” she says, “Mr. Chaplin sees the children. They’re very proud and very fond of their father. We’re all proud of him.”

And she couldn’t be thinking of that earlier moment, when she had said to me with such fervor that there was no doubting her sincerity: “In the old days—when we lived with him—we used to feel and adored the ground he walked on.”

How their father feels about this screen venture is, I suppose, nobody’s business. The only report to hand was that among my eager ears from any reliable source is that he commented somewhat cryptically: “They don’t have to do it.”

On my way out Tommy escorts me to the telephone to call up the editor. I get the office and wait for her to come on the line, and I note a glint of wickedness in his eye as he raises his angelic face to mine, and I see his hand stealing toward the receiver hook.

“If you jiggles it, I warn,” he says, “I’ll have to get my number all over again.”

“He ponders that for a second. “But you could get it again, couldn’t you?” he asks anxiously.

“Yes, I could,” I admit, “but it would mean a little more trouble.”

A hurt look steals into his eyes. “A little more trouble doesn’t matter. If you couldn’t get it again,” he assures me earnestly, “I wouldn’t do it. But anyone can take a little more trouble.” And so guile does he make me feel that I all but beg him to please jiggie the hook.

In September they’re to start work on a picture for Fox, in which their mother will play the lead—a film version of the play, “The Little Teacher.” What waits for them on the screen it would be foolish to try to predict—the children of that other little boy who walked the London streets, ragged and half-starved, looking for something to do so he could eat—and of the dark-eyed girl he found years later, playing in front of her door—the girl whom he made an angel in “The Kid,” and then her wife. But as the director succeeds in capturing one-tenth of the natural charm which is theirs and which turned me all but mad, and then the Fox Company will find tomes themselves with a sensation on their hands.

Watch for them, anyway. They’re well worth watching for—Tommy, the gay one, and Charlie, the wistful one.
how they are mauled or manhandled they always land on their feet. If you, too, have this width between the eyes and a head as wide at the temples as Marlene Dietrich's, you too will have this sense of balance and harmony.

Did you ever note in the pictures and busts of great musicians this tendency to breadth to the head? Had Dietrich chosen music, especially musical composition as a career, she might have had equal or greater fame and fortune than she has won as an actress.

Now I suppose you wonder what connection there can be between the cat tribe and music. Well, cats may not be far enough evolved to sing, but they are the worst harried and most earnest midnight serenaders! Charles Darwin, the father of the theory of Evolution, could show us most interesting things about the aeon-long efforts creatures make to do the thing that they eventually master. Dogs bark, lions roar, for all the world to hear and know their feelings. Cats and tigers use their vocal ability to show their personal feelings toward one another.

Some people, like dogs, make a great show of their loves, hates, fears; their barking shows their momentary feelings. The whole cat family can wait quietly, patiently, until the proper moment; then, achieving the object of their stalk, one may hear nothing more than a most contented purr. Rub a cat's fur the right way and you can hear her try to sing a song of happiness; do the reverse and she has quite efficient ways of showing her displeasure. They say dogs worship men, but cats do not; certainly the Royal Bengal Tiger seems to reserve all feelings of love for the mate.

Marlene Dietrich is a harmonious though somewhat inscrutable personality who would have made an ideal Priestess in the Temples of the Cat Goddess of the Nile.

In this mechanistic, bombastic age of noise, contusion, hate, one with her felicest personality awakens a response in the breast of millions because of the subconscious feelings of harmony, softness and a perfect adaptation to place and time.

To best understand personalities sometimes it is best to compare them with their direct opposites. Consider person with the round eye and bland stare of a gazelle or deer—they are often guileless, staring in open-eyed wonder at a world full of things they cannot master or understand.

Try this interesting experiment: open your eyes as wide as you can, if you are all alone; go before the mirror and let your mouth drop open, too; then, while holding this admittedly stupid expression, try to think, plan, decide, and you'll find the minute you are doing so your expression has slipped or changed to a more cunning or cat-like one.

Perhaps you think I am a cat lover or a Dietrich "fan," but I am neither. As a character analyst I find this study of animal traits and a physical comparison of people is extremely useful. It's fun for anyone interested in personality and it's unconscious or conscious betrayal in words and actions.

Dogs have evolved from the ancient wolf ancestor into man's best friend and protector. Mmethinks tabby, though, was in the house and by the hearth long before that shaggy enemy was allowed past the kitchen door. For she has the most cunning and ingratiating personality.

How did the cat ingratiate herself into the hearts of men? By a thousand graceful feminine wiles. Watch a cat who has decided to adopt your hearth and home. Graceful posing, pretty purring, and an uncanny capacity to appear and disappear at the most opportune times.

Marlene Dietrich suggests the beautiful blonde Royal Tigress, not the ruthless biter of mankind. Don't forget the man-stalking tiger is the outcast like the rogue elephant.

Marlene Dietrich has a splendid, somewhat pointed chin, so she has the courage to fight for what she believes to be right for herself and loved ones. If you have a chin like this you too have the courage to pioneer.

The live, tawny hair tells a story of a somewhat happy-go-lucky independent inner nature. There is an institute, in fact, there are many of them in Germany, where if you sent one hair of your head they would put it under a most powerful microscope and tell your racial type, about your health, probable occupation, and a world of interesting and most intimate things about your personality.

Your nose tells more about you than any feature, however, and shows the most constant impressions or desires of your nature. If yours is wide-winged and somewhat retoussé, like our subject's, you too will be one of strong but controlled emotions. Some of the world's greatest coquettes have such noses.

If you have ever watched a pussy cat rub up against someone whose favorable attention she wanted you were amazed at tabby's ability to gain favor tactfully. There are a great many things to be learned from every feature of every creature. You never saw graceful swimming water fowl without webbed feet.

Human Engineering is a most fascinating study and if Marlene Dietrich's parents had taken her to a character analyst as a little child the potential, musical and dramatic traits of great promise would have revealed themselves most surely.

Marlene Dietrich is only one of the earth's millions of interesting personalities. You may be her opposite in everything, yet achieve a life as interesting through knowing and being yourself just as she has. You may have an inferiority complex or the reverse, but in either case it should be understood and harnessed for your success and happiness here and now. You could do far worse than get the truth about yourself if only on suspicion that you too have the potentialities of a great personality.
The Story of "Sad Face" Zasu Pitts
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Zasu collected herself, reluctantly relinquished the rag bag which she felt had been a mascot, and turned an expectant face towards the discriminating group that had gathered to watch her test. Her surprise, when they offered her $35 a week to play in comedies with Flora Finch, could be imagined. Hunger knows no pride, however, so she took the offer.

In a few weeks they told her she wasn't funny enough and gave her the air. She cried all the way home on the street car and her tears continued on through the day and all through the night. The next morning the man who had fired her called her up and told her it was just a joke—they wanted to see how she'd take it.

She returned to work, somewhat subdued but grateful. A few weeks later she left again—this time of her own accord—and proceeded to the Mack Sennett studio.

"What chance," she asked, addressing the generator, "do you think I'd have of a) bathing beauty?"

He looked up and down and up, stroked his chin and shook his head regretfully. "Not a chance," he announced.

"Thank you," said Zasu.

That settled and off her mind, she proceeded to the Chaplin Studio, and Charles Spencer told her under what conditions for six months she remained in her dressing room from early morn till eve but was never called on a set. Edna Purviance's dressing room adjoined Zasu's but the leading lady never vouchsafed her a "good morning." Zasu had nothing to do but sit in it.

At the end of six months she concluded that sitting in a dressing room was never going to get her before the public—"even before producers—to she left Mr. Chaplin flat and started out again on the road she hoped would lead to electric lights that spelled "Zasu Pitts" in large letters above theatres.

Griffith signed her for "The Greatest Thing in Life" and then decided she was too much like the Gish girls. After many weeks of rehearsals she was told the master had unbounded confidence in her future but no further use for her at the moment. She was through—out!

Then an independent company saw her, thought she looked funny and gave her a chance. After that, Marshall Neilan signed her for a part in "The Little Princess" starring Mary Pickford. That was the turning point for Zasu.

She was cast as "type" and used for all sorts of parts where awkwardness was required. She played with Florence Vidor in several pictures and furnished an excellent foil for Miss Vidor's patrician liveliness. Then Brentwood Pictures got hold of her and featured her for two years in small-town comedies. The pictures were cheaply made but they suited her peculiar type. She exercised a potent heart appeal

on the public and her fame grew. Also her following.

An independent company was organized and signed her a starring contract with them at a salary of $1,000 a week. Then she went home on a visit.

She walked down the street to the house where she had spent her childhood. It was a white frame affair with bay windows and the yard was overgrown with weeds. "You'd never guess from the way it looks now," she ventured, "that I had one of the prettiest gardens in town. Raising flowers was my hobby and I had them set out in neat little beds. People used to tease me and tell me my garden looked like a cemetery.

She turned away from the house and continued her stroll. Presently she encountered the editor of one of the papers.

"When they told me the big salary you were to get," he greeted her, "I didn't believe it. But when I saw the contract I certainly gave you a spread in the paper."

"You certainly did," Zasu agreed. Of all the praise heaped on her since then it is doubtful if any closer to her heart than that one item in her home-town paper.

She went back to the hotel at peace with the world. One of her childhood dreams, at least, had come true: she was occupying the best room in the best hotel in town.

Returning to Hollywood she waited for the company to start work on her first starring picture—an opus that was not to present small-town life for small-town theatres but one that would present her as an ingénue with ruffled dresses and all the accompanying frivories. She received her thousand a week for a few weeks and then her backers dissolved and disappeared.

Improvident by nature, she hadn't laid up a cent. She had bought an expensive car, laid in a wardrobe suitable for the parts she had believed she was to play and bought perfume and powder sufficient for the student body of a seventeenth century boarding school for girls.

When her bubble burst she was left to regard her recent acquisitions with a contemplative eye and wonder "what to do?"

Almost a year later she reluctantly came to the conclusion that the people at Universal had been right: she must be funny. This point settled, she curled her hair, donned a portion of her million dollar wardrobe and sauntered forth to look for a job. Any kind of acting job she could get.

Someplace along the road she had married Tom Gallery. They finally persuaded some San Francisco business men to back them and made a picture called "Pete-Jane." It took them two weeks to shoot and cut it. Following the completion of the home-grown vegetable, she worked in "For the Defense" and "Is Matrimony A Failure?"

Then she retired to await the coming of her baby. It turned out to be a girl whom she promptly named Ann and she has a fit if she sees it spelled with an "e" on the end. Sometime later she completed her family by adopting "Sonny"—a waif whom the late Barbara LaMarr had previously adopted and who threatened to be left homeless a second time when the latter passed on.

After the birth of her baby girl, Von Stroheim cast Zasu as the lame and tragic Princess Cecilia in "The Wedding March." It was a triumphal procession for Zasu. She scored a tremendous hit in the part and Von Stroheim to this day contends she is one of the greatest potential tragediennes on the screen.

In typical movie fashion the producers ignored her in the new field and insisted upon her playing comedy parts. She was soon disporting herself opposite Wallace Berry in "Casey at the Bat" and "The Big Sneeze." Asked how she could be content to return to comedies after the success she had achieved in drama, Zasu eyed her interrogator wistfully. "Nobody dropped me on my head when I was little," she ex-

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What about Clark Gable Now?

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...a previous marriage attend private schools in the East and spend their vacations in California.

“Mrs. Gable and I are thrilled with our new home,” he told me with an enthusiasm that belied the trouble-making gossips. “We have always lived in apartmants, but I’ve wanted a house all along. When we came West we stored our furniture in New York. Mrs. Gable went East and had it shipped out. We’ve had to shop for more to fill the house. And has that been fun!”

The new place in which they just got settled last month is in Beverly Hills. They are renting. The report that they had bought a lot in Benedict Canyon near the Harold Lloyd estate and would build there is wrong.

Suppose you hadn’t had a home since you were sixteen and had been on the move the following seventeen years. Then you’d understand what this place means to Clark. He has tenanted all sorts of boarding-houses and apartments ever since he left Cadiz, Ohio, as a youth.

Margaret Livingston’s Colonial House, in which the Gables had an apartment last Winter, was luxurious. But it wasn’t the same as a home of their own. Besides, Clark loves to putter around a yard. He hopes the neighbors won’t raise their fgrnettes when he waters the lawn or digs in the garden on his free days.

I asked him what he intended to do with his movie money.

“Travel!” he immediately replied. “I’ve covered a good deal of the United States while working at different kinds of jobs. I want to be able to go anywhere the spirit wills, and in comfort. Right now I’m saving as much as I can to guarantee a steady income in the future. We aren’t going in for the traditionally lavish Beverly manner! After I get enough salted away to take care of rainy days, we’ll start to see the world in style.”

His salary is said to be $1,500 a week, which promises on each of his films isn’t nearly so large as his popularity warrants—in comparison with the other stars. It will be gradually upped, though.

Clark Gable is not the fashion who worked as a glorified extra in several plays which starred Lionel Barrymore on the Los Angeles stage.

“The movies have taught me many things,” he says, “I had never had a really nice home, for instance. The idea didn’t appeal to me. I didn’t particularly care to settle down in one place. Mine was a case of ignorance being bliss! Now I want a home, permanence. I have learned to appreciate the comforts which money buys.

“In another way I’m happier, too. I have the time to get out of doors and take up sports. Husky ever since he worked as a lumberjack, Clark was so busy keeping the wolf from walking in his door that he never had a chance to play tennis and golf. He has, the direct, determined method in which he quickly became interested in these two games is a tip-off to his character.

The average star would be instructed with all the quietness of a Hollywood first night. But Clark didn’t go to a roof-top club where his advent would be a signal for a crowd to rally round. He found that the one-armed janitor of his apartment house had once been a fine tennis player. And he and the janitor went daily to the public courts in a Beverly Park!

He decided that he ought to be adept at golf. The other afternoon a friend of mine chanced to see him patiently taking a lesson at an inconspicuous little course near the Beverly High School. No flourishes for him!

“If I can’t do it well, I won’t do it!” This is one of his pet remarks. He has enough Dutch stubbornness in him to mean it. You read that the studio wouldn’t allow him to play polo because it was too dangerous? The real truth is that Clark tried it and it was apparent that he wasn’t cut out to shine in that sport. He refused to be mediocre, so he quit.

His grace on a horse was acquired for his first talkie. Clark was so anxious to get started in pictures that he gladly accepted the role of a hard-riding cowboy in ‘The Painted Desert’ when he had never ridden a horse in his life! By the time production began he was cantering about with the aplomb of one to the saddle born.

How do you think he learned to ride? By going to a stylish academy? Not Clark Gable! He hired an old veteran of the range to teach him.

At M-G-M they tell me that Gable is not the least conceited. Stellar starrockets are quite apt to acquire superiority complexes. Probably Clark keeps his feet on the ground because he worked so long and so hard before his big break came. He wasn’t just a pretty boy, inexperienced and callow. He played in third-rate stock companies and on Broadway, was an extra in silent films.

When he was an unknown actor he covered the walls of his bedroom with photographs of his favorite stars. He idolized them. Now he is at the top of the theatrical ladder himself. It is not the sincerest form of flattery. It looks like he’s bound to stay up. Every rival studio has unearthed a second Gable. Hol-

Richard Dix’s mother and father recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. And they live in Hollywood, too. The lady at right is Rich’s sister, Mrs. John Compton.
George Brent Crashes Through

Continued from page 34

1925, with a comfortable bank balance. He wasted but little time and money hunting for a New York rôle. When none was forthcoming he organized a stock company of his own and went on a scouting expedition to find a likely location for it.

He found what he thought was a promising field for a permanent stock company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and he signed a lease for a theatre there which bought him the first two weeks of the twenty-eight weeks. He brought his new stock company down from New York and opened it.

The ensuing six months Brent puts down as the blackest days of his stage career. Week by week the New York bank balance dwindled. Time and involvement ran a merry race for twenty-eight weeks. It was a draw. Brent paid off his company for the final week, made his last payment for rent and closed the books. He was twenty-two years old and broke again!

An unhappy venture into matrimony added to the complications of this failure. It lasted only a month and ended in separation and divorce. Brent himself never mentions it. His friends understand that he made the marriage in the confident hope of a successful stock company, a woman older than himself.

Once again Brent went on the road in stock instead. He saved his money, and when he had a little ahead, he organized another stock company of his own. The Pawtucket experience had taught him something about finances and he became a prudent producer. There were no other sheriffs in the ofing.

Florida and New England were the new fields for his operations. Meanwhile, in 1928, he got his first New York chance in a play called "The K-Guy." It failed miserably, and Brent went back to stock and the road.

He turned up in Denver with the world-famous Elitch's Gardens' stock company in the summer of 1929 and was acting there for seventeen roles. The assignment brought his total number of parts played close to the three hundred mark.

Some of these parts were at the rate of three new roles a week.

Deaver liked the tall, black-haired, hazel-eyed, Irish leading man and made no bones about it. The Elitch Gardens have graduated many famous players in their day and that engagement was actually the turning point in Brent's career.

Fortune didn't exactly fall on his neck right then and there but things did look up a bit after the Denver engagement.

The first sign that his long apprenticeship in stock might bring results after the Denver appearance, came when he was offered a role in the Broadway production of "Those We Love," by John Golden. It was a short-lived success, however, but his own work won him a place opposite Alice Brady in "In Love, Honor and Betray." Clark Gable was in the same cast.

So, too, was Robert Williams, whose promising career in pictures was cut short by an automobile accident four years ago.

Under the management of Al Woods, who had produced "Love, Honor and Betray," Brent made the first of three disasters. He was brought into Hollywood in a high role in the cast of "The Man Who Came Back," but he found Charles Farrell already playing the rôle when he arrived in Hollywood, and after numerous "tests" he was finally assigned to a smaller rôle in "Under Suspicion," with Lois Moran.

He began writing frantic letters to Al Woods urging the producer to call him back to New York for a chance to play in "A Farewell to Arms." He was eventually called back but too late for a part in that production and instead he played a rôle in another which closed when Woods went into bankruptcy.

Brent went back to Hollywood. There were several false starts. Eric Von Stroheim wanted him for a leading part in "Blind Husbands." Brent was enthusiastic. But the picture was never made and Brent played other inconsequential parts in almost forgotten productions. He was tested, he says now, for every good part that studio had in mind. But he never quite landed it. Meanwhile his friend and friendly rival, Clark Gable, had turned out to be a sensation. Only a few months before, in Hollywood, Brent and Gable had compared notes as to who was the more discouraged. Gable had won.

Just between us Britshers! Herbert Marshall, popular English actor from the stage, and Adrienne Allen, also a daughter of John Bull, must have a lot in common to talk about.

But now it was Brent who was discouraged. To add to his unhappiness he developed eye trouble and had to go east again for medical consultation and an operation on his eyes. His sister, the wife of Victor Watney, then the editor of The New American and a well-known writer in her own name, took Brent to her home in the Adirondacks and nursed him back to health.

Once recovered it was necessary for him to start planning his career all over again. He made the rounds of the booking offices with the hope that something was impossible. Stock companies were returning to New York with discouraging reports about New York productions being opened and closing with disheartening promptness. Brent had never had a New York success and he knew Hollywood well enough to know that nothing would raise his stock there so much as a smash hit on Broadway.

But there were no smash hits available and so Brent left his name and prospective Hollywood address with all the producers and started back to Hollywood.

"But I can fly back in ten days, if anything comes up," he told them.

But nothing came up. In Hollywood an agent told him that he had arranged for the actor to make a test for Warner Brothers studios on a certain day.

"I'll be damned if I will," yelled Brent. "Tell 'em to buzz off with that." So Brent made another test. He made it earnestly and he made use of all the talent he had. He turned in the months since he made the first of the multiple screen tests for one company and another. Then he went home to see if there wasn't some mail from New York.

In due time a little group of executives, directors and players gathered in a Warner Brothers projection room to see the results. Seven weeks had been thrown away. Brent had said his little say on the screen and had demanded: "Where has this man been all his life?"

The rest is Hollywood history in the making. In rapid succession Brent was given leading rôles opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," in particular.

Brent had never known any good to come out of a screen test but this time he thinks they are unfair, foolish, and perhaps unnecessarily cruel. So he received a real shock when the agent called him by telephone and broke the news that Warner Brothers would consider signing him for a part opposite Ruth Chatterton and perhaps to a long-term contract.

What Brent didn't know was that Ruth Chatterton, who had looked at screen tests of various players for two days running, had stood up in the projection room and said he would sign her for a part opposite Ruth Chatterton and perhaps to a long-term contract.

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What Brent didn't know was that the rest is Hollywood history in the making. In rapid succession Brent was given leading rôles opposite Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, and again with Chatterton. There are plans for him to be featured in leading rôles in his own right in the near future. He rented himself a better clothesman on Toluka Lake and moved in with two wire-haired terriers and "Joe," a handy man, and the house that he received the first cloudburst of superlatives which welcomed his appearance with Miss Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," and which proclaimed him the "magnificent actor" as one of the screen "finds" of the decade.

It was his first real taste of fame. He was twenty-eight—and for practical purposes, still broke.

George Brent is convinced that whether he succeeds or fails—and it doesn't seem to be in the latter view at this moment of time—what he gains is the rest of the people of Denver and Pawtucket, Weeping Water, Oklahoma, and the Adirondacks. He feels more than anything else with the people of New York, even though he admits that a New York stage hit would have speeded up his screen career considerably. He wants to hear from the outlying precincts. He is convinced that as they go for motion picture personalities, so goes the nation.

Mr. Brent has a road with him and some three hundred rôles are behind George Brent's present success. And further back, are eighteen years of adventurous living and an Irish ancestry that is rich in tradition and proud in spirit. And that, Miss Chatterton, is where George Brent has been all your life! And from now on this is in your hands—another studio romance that turned into the real thing.
Ethel Clayton is lovelier than ever

Actually growing more attractive every year! Look at these pictures—they tell you plainly that it is possible to keep youthful charm, to grow lovelier, through the years. If you know the secret.

Ethel Clayton does and she says: "I am 38 years old and don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman need fear added years any more—if she knows how to take care of her appearance.

"Women on the screen, of course, must keep their youthful charm, and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years now I have used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than it was years ago."

This is Ethel Clayton's secret of complexion beauty—such a sure and simple way to guard and keep youthful charm!

It is Hollywood's favorite beauty insurance. No matter what your age, you will want to make it yours!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the official soap in all the big studios.

Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle—so beautifully white—that no other soap can rival it.

Broadway's favorite complexion care

Not only in Hollywood, but on Broadway, too, the stars protect the beauty of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

So enthusiastic are they about this luxurious soap, it is found in the dressing rooms of the Broadway theaters, and in theaters all over the country.

And so when the fascinating stars go on the road, they can still use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Surely you will want to try this gentle beauty care!

Lux Toilet Soap
Studio Sweethearts
(Continued from page 61)

Joel used to say when questioned on his romance with Connie, "I think that Miss Bennett is really much in love with the Marquis. I don't believe she has a real, serious thought for me. That will show you just how matter-of-fact studio romances really are most of the time. Joel and Connie were involved in a studio romance while Connie and the Marquis were al-
ready in love.

Mention of Studio Sweethearts cannot fail to conjure up the names of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. We have often alluded to the fact that theirs was not but a casual studio romance, but the world chose to believe differently. It has since turned out that they were actu-
ally in love with other people at the very top of their private studio romance. Janet and Charlie were together during the making of several pictures. Hollywood liked the team off the screen just as well as the fans liked them out! Thus it is an easy matter to understand how their casual romance developed into a hectic bit of headline material. Those who still protest their views to the effect that these two are in love are just the type of peo-
ple who don't believe in signs—after all, they are married, and not to each other.

And how about Frances Dee and Josef Von Sternberg?
There is a cute little scumble to un-
tangle! As you will no doubt remember, Von Sternberg, the director, is the gentle-
man presumed to be so violently snitten by Marlene Dietrich. This is attested to by the fact that she was named in Josef's former wife's suit for alienation of affec-
tions. They were seen at every event of any importance for weeks on end. Then came the filing of the six hundred thou-
sand dollar suit. It was probably thought best for Marlene and her director to give up their fire-a-tees, at least for the time being. So, a studio romance developed between—Frances Dee and her director! Just a momentary flutter of the heart, nothing more. Von Sternberg began tak-
ing Frances all of the places he had for-
merly taken the beautiful German star. They were together constantly on the set and off during the production of "An American Tragedy." There was quite a good deal of talk to the effect that she was cutting out Marlene entirely—but now that the picture is finished and released the romance, if any, came to an end.

You remember the hectic love that de-
veloped between Loretta Young and Grant Withers during the filming of "Too Young to Marry." The kids eloped despite the strenuous opposition of Loretta's mother, and all went well for a while. Then it began to look as if Mother knew best. The Young-Withers romance went on the rocks, with Loretta getting a divorce.

But a studio romance that looks as if it might last is the alliance of Jack Gilbert and the pretty blonde Virginia Bruce. She was assigned the role of leading lady in Jack's picture, "Downstairs," adapted from the star's own story, and Jack proceeded to fall in love with her. She is an en-
tirely different type from the former Mrs. John Gilberts and half of Hollywood is betting that she will make the tempera-
mental Jack happy.

Then there's the studio romance of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Their romance started at Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer studio, and continued until they had reached the altar. This marriage is one of the points of interest in Holly-
wood—because it is a happy one. The colony is apt to be caught "pointing with pride" to this romance at any moment. It all started on that certain Christmas Eve when Norma finished working at eleven o'clock and was climbing the long stairs to her dressing-room with the thought that perhaps everyone else in the world was enjoying a sane night-before-Christmas. When she reached her dressing-room she looked out the window and saw her boss, Irving Thalberg, still working at his desk across the way. Hardly had she taken notice of this comforting fact when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Thalberg, who called to wish Miss Shearer a very merry Christmas. From then on it was con-
sidered a studio romance until the time came for the actual wedding.

And so Norma and Irving foiled the town and went in the Studio Sweethearts a little better by becoming man and wife. However, this is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. Most of our very best Studio Romances are just out for the ride—merely a method of passing a few hours together. The main reason you and I hear anything about them at all, is the fact that the "whispering chorus" works day and night spreading the news. Every season is rush season among the studio romance gossipers! And it's not advisable to place bets on these romances.

Joan Grabs The Bennett Spotlight
(Continued from page 55)

person to find worthy love in Joan's heart.

When their engagement was first an-
nounced, one of Gene's closest friends wrote him in sincere opposition. It is characteristic of Gene that he was deeply hurt but could not understand—cannot be-
lieve—this first wife shall not always be his.

Joan, who has never concerned herself much with matters religious, although brought up in convents, has embraced the belief of her husband, and to climax the domestic scene the three-and-a-half-year-
old Adrienne is an adored and adoring third in this newest triangle!

Let no one be deceived. Gene as a hus-
band, talented, well-bred, fits admirably into the Bennett picture; that of Richard Bennett, the father, and his second wife; of Adrienne Morrison, the mother, now Mrs. Eric Pinker; of Constance and her Marquis; of Barbara, the brumette Ben-
ett, and her radio-famed husband, Morton Downey. But Joan, the darling of the gods, and the certain despair of all men, will, in the future, be a somebody to reckon with. At twenty-one, on the very threshold of life, she has already crowded two normal lifetimes. Will she be satisfied to bask in her continued screen success, in matrimony, motherhood and abundant money? It is certain, as a Bennett, the limelight will be hers, probably the Bennett spotlight. One hopes that Gene will share its glamour. One can think of Joan as very young, very beautiful, self-willed. What, after you have seen the new Joan, a deeper, more womanly Joan in "Salomey Jane," do you think?

Joan Bennett, whose favorite colors are blue and white, expresses her personality by having her new Malibu Beach home decorated throughout in those hues. Here's Joan in her living room—and, oh yes, she's dressed in blue and white!
Roses & Razzes
(Continued from page 13)

MUNI WINS!
This is anent your four candidates for the Honor Page in your July issue.
Greta Garbo gave a brilliant performance in "Grand Hotel," but her integrity and artistry never waver, and I for one would not slight her past performances by singling her out for this one.
Ann Dvorak was a revelation in "Scarface," but she has still a long distance to travel between mere histrionics and brilliant portrayal.
George Raft established a complete departure in the portrayal of a gangster bodyguard and I admired his finesse throughout, but I also admire Lilyan Tashman's finesse in delivering a wise crack. Adrienne Allan's finesse as the "other woman" and Andy Devine's finesse as a burley weakfish, so why discriminate?
Ah, but Paul Muni! What a power—what an actor—what a sex menace! To him belongs your banner of recognition and to him alone. Paul Muni wins!
Betty Belos,
44 Vernon Street,
New Haven, Conn.

A BRITISH BOOST FOR BRENT!
What are the producers thinking about?
In a day when we are deluged with sophisticated pictures they forget Evelyn Brent, a fine actress and one of the first to break away from the tradition of namby-pamby heroines.
Miss Brent is beautiful even when she scowls, and for this reason she has been typed. Again and again I have watched her compress her handsome features into an expression of gloom, to emerge at the end of the picture to tell some unfortunate person exactly what she thinks of them.
I am a fan of hers and could see these outbursts forever; and I ask you, Mr. Producer, who else could have maintained popularity in such roles?
Give Evelyn a little fun! Let her tease somebody for a change! Why, even Greta Garbo has chased round a table in "Susan Lenox!"
Muriel Henderson,
Brighton,
Sussex, Eng.

FOR A GAME TRouPER
There have been many interesting "come-backs" but none so interesting as that of Lila Lee. Here is drama — reconciliation, suffering, tragic sorrow. And in spite of all, she is still game, still fighting. Over two years ago she renounced her career at the height of her fame for the slim chance of regaining her health. How many of us would have had the courage to give up everything Lila Lee had at that time?
It has been a long, hard struggle and now she is back fighting still harder for a place in the movies. She is making the games, the diaries, the greatest and hardest "come-back" ever made in the movies.
Come on, fans, let's do our part and make her "come-back" the most successful ever!
Lillian Telander,
Mora, Minn.

Darling,
You're the girl you used to be!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.
... Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it fades your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair undetectably with Notox—an entirely new way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous...
Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the hair shaft—colors the hair where nature does... Notox shades duplicate Nature's own. And remember, Notoxed hair can be washed, waved or sunned just like natural hair.


•六年 for free booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. 5, 55 West 46th Street, New York

Inecto Rapid NOTOX
Colors hair inside where nature does
Ever since she was a young New York society girl, before her gay wedding at which her uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, then President, gave her away, she has been devoted to humanitarian work. Shortly after her debut, she began doing social settlement work. "When I was in New York," she told "Junior Leaguers" to enter the welfare field. And her interest in philanthropy has never lagged. All through her married life she has kept it up, and has trained her children to observe the same point of view.

The Christmas Tree Party held by the Governor's Family for the Children of an Albany orphanage is a celebrated annual event. Governor Roosevelt trims the tree. But this is only one of the many activities of this sort undertaken by this gracious family.

Mrs. Roosevelt contrives by some amazing economy of time and energy to do the work it would ordinarily require three or four women to do. She not only manages her large household in the State Capitol while at the same time directing her New York menage at home, but she also heads a company formed by herself for the purpose of manufacturing replicas of early American furniture made by the country basket weavers belonging to Governor Roosevelt's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, "Hyde Park." This truly beautiful furniture—the mahogany Colonial desk before which Mrs. Roosevelt was seated was a sample of it—is sold and distributed in New York City through the 'Hyde-Kill Shop.' And she teaches, as I have mentioned before, three days a week. Mrs. Roosevelt is vice-president of the famed Todhunter's School, where she adores her classes and is adored in turn, by them.

I asked Mrs. Roosevelt, if she used motion pictures with her teaching.

"I presume most of the large private schools are equipped with motion picture projection machines, though I am not informed on the subject," she replied. "We at the Todhunter's School, do not have projection equipment. Our membership is limited to only 100 pupils. But we do frequently ask our pupils to see special pictures at the theaters that we think will broaden their outlook and be of educational advantage. Or we take them to see the pictures ourselves. There are countless splendid film productions of literary masterpieces and historical subjects. This type of picture is being used to advantage in many schools. At Groton, where my younger sons are now studying, the Yale 'Chronicles of America' Series is shown as a visual supplement to American History courses. Such pictures are of the greatest help, and also much more interesting."

Mrs. Roosevelt said that she and Governor Roosevelt were both very greatly interested in educational and rural education, and seeing life made more interesting to people living on the back country roads who were shut in during the winter. She said that they felt that the motion picture would be of inestimable value if for no other reason than the contact with the world and with important personalities that they bring to isolated people. They wish that every crossroads school could be equipped with projection facilities so that country children might be inspired to achievement by seeing what the world beyond their own country road is like.

A tall, graceful young woman with curling blonde hair and a charming smile, entered the office breezily to pick something up. "This is my daughter," Mrs. Roosevelt said, introducing the winsome caller, Mrs. Curtis Dull. I saw this daughter again a few days later in the same office occupying her mother's chair and busily assisting at the details of a new magazine called "Baby's" which her illustrious mother, with not enough other things to keep her busy, has agreed to edit. She said the first motion pictures she remembered seeing were at children's parties, when she was a little girl, Mrs. Dull is the only daughter of the Franklin Delano family, and now has two children of her own. The other four Roosevelt children are boys.

A trusted secretary was waiting to take the answers to the correspondence which had accumulated while the Governor's wife had been away to speak at Chatanooga, where she had been the guest of the wife of the great inventor of the motion picture, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison. So we said farewell.

"Motion pictures have a great work to do in the world," said Mrs. Roosevelt thoughtfully as we shook hands, "that of bringing away the differences between people and bringing to light their similarities, their oneness. Because of their great possibilities for good, we must guard against their equal possibilities for evil."

I thought that when a child has a party, no one should ever say "Don't!"

"I helped Gwynne decorate and we had punch and Workman caught that day's sheaves of corn everywhere. Gwynne fixed up a most gruesome-looking ghost in the room where they were. It was the most ghost stories, and when they'd told all the blood-curdling tales they knew, Gwynne sent
them up to the attic, one at a time, and halfway, someone grabbed them! They loved it.

"But Gwynne is sixteen now and much too old for Hallowe'en.

"They will grow up, won't they? I had a letter from Baby Peggy the other day. Have you seen her? You have? How strange she should have grown so tall! She was the tiniest baby. Her father brought her to the studio hanging on his wrist—yes, really, on a little silken leash that could lift her right off the ground. We all fell in love with her.

"You'd laugh at her letter. She spoke of 'she' as a 'come-back.' A come-back at fourteen! She said she had been a good actress 'as a child.' A dear little letter.

"Yes, Mickey, I'll tell you about that party! If I have one for my picture friends, we won't wear costumes. Picture people are bored with dressing up. Hollywood has given several masquerades or costume parties, but they are all failures.

"The non-professional gets a great kick out of pretending for one night to be someone else. He loses all his inhibitions and plays like a child, or flirts to his heart's content. But to picture people, costumes mean work, no less.

"I might make a note on my invitations that clothes had better be taffy-proof, because everyone who comes will have to pull taffy. Perhaps we'd better provide teeth-protectors, too, since they are all to bob for apples.

"Of course we'll play 'Murder.' Charlie Chaplin is a star at that game. You know his funny little face? He pouts his lips out and tries so hard to look innocent, but he's nearly always the murderer and we convict him. For some reason, I'm always the judge. I don't want to be the judge, but that's how it turns out. Douglas is usually prosecuting attorney.

"The last time we played, a young girl had been shockingly murdered in a belfry. Charlie was organist of the church. The only clues were a hair ribbon and a small trinket; but somehow the keys to the organ led us to Charlie. These keys were found in a very suspicious spot, and though Charlie fought hard he was convicted.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mickey, I'm going to decorate for the party! That's half the fun of it. I would have big pumpkins with lights inside at the gates of Pickfair, and a broomstick at the door—that's to keep the witches out, you know, and all guests must step over it. But some of the witches will be inside, lurking in dark corners. And we'll have a skeleton. And black cats for luck. And a ghost, if I have to impersonate it myself!"

Mickey Mouse and Mary went into conference then about menus and place cards and how to word invitations, and I left them in the flowered wonderland of Pickfair.

But let me tell you a secret. If Mary could give a Hallowe'en party without publicity, I know what she'd do.

She would invite all the children in the Juvenile Hall who are under the supervision of the Juvenile Court, and make the party a day-long affair, with bathing in the pool and games on the lawns as additional attractions.

Those small prisoners touch the little star's heart.

"I remember," she told me, "I sent dolls and vanity cases to them one Christmas—dolls for the younger ones and the cases for the older girls. Some of those older girls are mothers at fifteen! And do you know, nearly all the girls asked the matron if she thought I'd mind if they took the dolls instead of the vanities. Poor little souls, starved for the things that belong to childhood!

"I went to work when I was five. I missed some things, too."

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The Story of "Sad Face" Zasu Pitts

Continued from page 80

plained. "I've got to live and I want to make money. Once I laid off for two years trying to be an ingénue and there were no takers. If they won't pay me money to try, I'll take it to the bank." Then, "I think they're going to bring out the old 'Lord Byron of the Broadway.'" The director had wanted another actor for the part, had lost interest in the film when he couldn't cast the hero he wanted, but finally had to employ Charlie, as well as Zasu, had troubles.

Wit is Zasu's forte and Bob was taken along so, in case both of them talked at once, there'd still be someone to listen!

"I've never played a role where I was supposed to cry all the time in George Olsen's night club—no, but not ol, the crowd. For once Zasu's status as a comedienne stood her in good stead: she didn't have to worry if she got wrinkles or if the late hours showed in her face. People would laugh at her no matter how she looked. She was always worse. She never thought they looked funny; she thought they looked funny."

"The only time I felt a sense of really being an actress was that one time. I was cast in this small role in George Olsen's night club in Hollywood, the character's name was Melodies. They'd given me a pair of black gloves and a black hat and I was supposed to sing 'It Ain't Nothing But a Thing Called Love.'"

"I got into this role and I didn't know how to sing the song. I didn't know how to hold the gloves and the hat. I was trying to pull it off and I was laughing." She had to laugh off the part and she did, but she had the part.

"The next day I was working in the studio and I was trying to think of another line to do it with. And I said to myself, 'What am I going to do with this? This is my first real part.'"

"I decided to cry. I mean, really cry. I've always been a natural crier."

"I was supposed to be crying on the screen and I was really, really crying. And the director came up to me and said, 'You know, Zasu, this is the first time I've ever seen you cry on the screen. You're a natural crier.'"

"And I said, 'Well, thank you. I've always been a natural crier.'"
years—and they're so excited, God love em! I've never been there, but from all they glance to the door, stammering something about more wood for the fire. But he doesn't get more wood. He gets a bottle of holy water and runs back quickly and throws it at the Story Teller, and the dreadful creature vanishes in a whosh of smoke!

Nancy's own red-gold curls stood up a bit, too, and her bright blue eyes were twice their usual size.

"I'm horrifying myself!" she chuckled.

"Everybody who comes to my party must enjoy being horrified, because that's the fun of Hallowe'en.

"I'll never forget my first Hallowe'en. We lived in New York, but in summer we'd go to New Jersey beaches, and this year we'd had such a marvelous time at the beach that mother took us down again for Hallowe'en.

"We were dressed in sheets and everywhere you looked it seemed as if there were ghosts. Finally Father made us all sit around in a ring, and he turned out the lights.

"He began to tell a story about a man who had been murdered in that very house, and how his spirit always came back on the nights that shades go walking to try to gather up bits of his former body.

"He's here in the room now," says Father, in a terrible whisper. "These are his teeth!" And we passed the teeth from hand to hand—they were remnants of beans, but they felt like teeth and everybody shrieked.

"And this is his hair!—That was corn silk, there's a fine fuzz that feel so real."

"And these are his eyes!—And what do you think that was? GRAPES! All plumply from being in the ice-box. I won't forget the feel of them if I live to be a hundred!"

"That's the sort of entertainment my guests will get at the haunted castle party!"

"I'm no Gigolo," says George Raft. 

he was a taxi-dancer. He learned to grit his teeth and maintain an expressionless face while he counted the money in his pocket. He acquired the taciturnity that marks his work in the motion picture "Scarface." If you have not seen that screen drama, by all means do, for it will introduce you to Raft as mere words can not.

Many of the women he danced with were married. They were middle-aged wives who thought themselves wicked when they sneaked away for an afternoon of dancing. No doubt their husbands were trotting younger females elsewhere. But as many more of the women were not married, and from many of these Raft received magnificent invitations to become a gigolo. Some promised fine homes, servants, all the money he could spend; in short, the same promises that society ladies of times proffer pretty young girls. In both cases, the older ideas are similar.

Some young girls accept old men's invitations. Anything can happen. So some dancers yield to the promises of old women; Raft did not. As far as fat old dowagers were concerned, he was a youthful innocence. Young Ladies? Well, let us return to our subject. The idea!

Raf t refused all such vicious propositions because he possesses an inborn respect for himself. In all fairness to him, it is unjust to term him a gigolo today. In his own words, spoken somewhat bitterly, "I have been given the ill repute without the reward that might have been mine had I done something to deserve the name." It is not right to call a man a thief until the proof is irrefutable.
if you could see some of the Hollywood heroes "in person" you wouldn't blame me!), went to all the parties, watched the fascinating girls on the set, in their dressing-rooms, and at home; I knew a lot broke down and like the grand girl that she is, let me in on a lot of real low-down as to how and-so-and-so makes her eyes look like that, how so-and-so got her famous figure, how so-and-so makes her eyes look like every man on earth raves about and—oh, I'm literally popping with it all!

Because so obsessed with all these intriguing things that I made the decision then and there to "go into the business"—to learn everything there was about cosmetics, make-up, hair, body grace, (which included, of course, taking off here and adding on there), the right sort of clothes to wear for certain effects and so on. I could hardly wait for the day when I would get home, armed with all these things—and goodness knows, they are the closest things in the world to a girl's heart—and really "do my stuff". But, although I knew this knowledge was a source of tremendous power to me personally. That didn't fully realize how thirsty other girls were for it, until I returned to my old familiar, every-day life. My friends who knew what I had been doing began calling me up and descending upon me in droves. They would sit, pumping me for hours until I was actually hoarse trying to answer all the questions they wanted to ask.

In the light of my newly acquired wisdom, I was simply amazed. They all began to talk about the same old inevitable and they would try to get certain effects, but the way they went about it! Suddenly a great light dawned: These girls knew practically nothing at all. Best to bring out their good features and subdue their bad ones. They were all rather attractive and smart in a perfectly uniform way. which they had certain regulation rules for make-up and that was that. In addition, the worst set-back of all for them was that the only time they firmly believed that beauty was "God-given" and that fate had not been kind to you on the day you were born, there was nothing on earth that you could do about it.

Well, you can imagine what this was to me—fresh from Hollywood where beauty is glamour is created every day, where the art of developing personalities for the screen is just part of the day's work. After years of gawking at hundreds and literally thousands of girls in order to bring out every ounce of beauty and personality that is in them, it would be well-nigh impossible to find a girl who could come through that mill unaltered.

For Hollywood has taught me this one all-important lesson: that good looks, charm and glamour are absolutely essential, and the grasp of every intelligent and clever girl. The rudiments of beauty with which she is born are only the foundation upon which her skill builds; that her personality. Hollywood is rather cruel to unattractive girls because it is impatient —it knows that unattractiveness these days is associated with ignorance, laziness, or negligence. Now, in most cases which I have encountered, the cause is ignorance, for there are few women in the world whose vanity isn't sufficient to lash them into action provided they know what steps to take.

I was so fired with ambition to make every girl I meet as completely perfect as she individually can be that it takes all my self-control to prevent me from actually speaking to strange girls on the street, or the subways, beseeching, "Oh, my dear, please don't use that shade of lip-stick or powder" or "Why, oh why, don't you use more softening creams on that fine and perishable skin?" And so on, ad infinitum. So, I shall pour it out to you, (in small doses of course) and once and for all prove to you that it is a modern sin not to be utterly ravishing!

You are going to see some of the wonders that Hollywood knows, so well unfolded in these pages and before long, the screen stars will have to look to their laurels for we'll all be devastating! I'll be right here next month—please watch for me.

Thank him for the Talkies

Continued from page 59

not enough for an industry that recognizes no boundaries. He is something of an expert on real estate values, knows the foreign market and can play ball with a banker on his home grounds. He started counting pennies when he and his brothers sold newspapers on the streets of Baltimore, getting an early training in highly competitive salesmanship that helped him in the years of the oil strike when the invention was his chief product.

From the selling of papers, Harry graduated to the sales force of a wholesale meat company, whereas Sam hitched onto the payroll of the Erie railroad as a locomotive fireman. It was Sam who started the family on the royal path to power after he had viewed "The Great Train Robbery," then being exhibited through the middle west as a tent show. He called a council of the Warners; surmised something new and profitable was about to develop, and suggested that they all chuck their jobs and step out with a motion picture company.

The first Warner theatre (in reality just a hall furnished with chairs rented from an undertaker) was in Newcastle, Pa. "The Great Train Robbery" was the first Warner all-star attraction. Sister Rose joined the troupe as pianist; Brother Jack, as the mere you-know-what; Brother Albert, as general utility man, and Brother Harry, as general manager in charge of finances. Brother Sam took a print of "The Great Train Robbery" on tour.

For a time, nickels and dimes bulged the pockets of Treasurer Harry. But peremptory orders of the citizens of New York reminded Mr. Harry that he mustn't get too comfortable. His heart sickened at the terror of "The Great Train Robbery," and he faced the necessity of offering something new, which presented more of a problem than he had foreseen. The General Film Company, the most powerful trust that the motion picture business has, had its eye on the little irregular little independents. The Warner boys might go back to selling papers, for all they knew. The film business that came to New York had tasted the rich blood of the movies and was just beginning to fight.

After a set-back in the first round, he returned with the assurance "the picture business has gone through the years of Four Years in Germany," which placed him and his brothers among the favored few who made money out of the World War. Profits on the Gerard film took the hard-working boys to the tinselled


**WAKE UP YOUR SKIN**

Reveal its TRUE BEAUTY

When you have straightened out your new look . . . added that final touch to your hair . . . given your one dollar bill . . . already at the last once-over . . . seen in the mirror and ask yourself honestly whether you are doing justice to the beauty that should be yours. No matter how gorgeous your clothes are . . . your most fascinating appeal is a healthy, glowing complexion. Are you allowing it to lie dormant beneath your skin. Wake it up! Bring forth all your femininity and charm that is the heritage of woman. You have it. Don't let it sleep any longer. All Hollywood knows the secret . . . and you, too, can be absolutely fascinating.

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**AIDS TO BEAUTY**

Jamie Variété is a brand cream that reduces in every respect and further every purpose of foundation cream, cold cream, cleansing cream, pomade cream, astrigent cream, nourishing cream, 'Red Eye' Creme Variété may be applied in chases of all kinds that contain any waxes to harm the skin.

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We have just sold seven stories for our clients to the Talking Picture Producers in Hollywood. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories. Original photo and ideas are what is wanted. All major studios in N. Y. C. and Hollywood only active market. It is therefore to your advantage to deal with a recognized HOLLYWOOD agent. Established since 1917, we are experienced and know market requirements. No a school—no courses or books to sell. Manuscripts may be submitted in any form. Revisions, copyrights, and submission to studios. Send for FREE BOOKLET to: M. S. COHEN, 1210 California Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Ask Me
(Continued from page 8)

cowboy star in the movies, ride the plains and wild horses, and watch the dew drop over the sage brush, do you? Sorry, but my personal influence with the producers would never land anyone in the movies or even the sage brush-bunch as I'd like to assist you. Gary Cooper is 31 years old and not married. Lew Ayres is 22 and married to Lola Lane. Warner Baxter is 41 and has been married to Winifred EMerson since January, 1917. Clive Brook is 41 and is married to Faith Evelyn, formerly an actress on the London stage. Richard Dix is 38 and was married to Winifred Cole on Oct. 19, 1931. John Boles is 31 and has been married for a long time to Marchelle Dobbs.

Hilda G. You saw some one who resembled Robert Montgomery in "Hell Divers" for he was not in the cast. Stars do not appear as extras or play "bit" parts after they have attained stardom. Greta Garbo's latest release is "As You Desire Me." Clark Gable's new picture is "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer. There's a grand Gable story in this issue.

J. S. P. I'd feel like the lost-and-found column in the Daily Stoopnagle Star if I failed to settle a dispute or two. Carmelita Geraghty was Mary Pickford's sister in "My Best Girl." "Cowardly Lion" has his name changed to "Lunamond Love," and Zasu Pitts were in "This Thing Called Love." "What Men Want" was released in 1930 with Pauline Starke, Barbara Kent, Ben Lyon, and Robert Ellis in the cast. Buck Jones is about 41 years old; Ken Maynard is 37.

Jim. Bramwell Fletcher was the young son of the Petrie family in "Daughter of the Dragon" and Frances Dade was his sweetheart. Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead are starred in "The Devil and the Deep." Your favorite, James Cagney's latest release is "Winner Take All."

Bunny S. Your favorite villain Ralf Harold, has several competitors in the "Crepuscue" market; Paul Muni, George Raft, and Boris Karloff, to name three. Your pet raven, Ralf, answers to the family name of Wilfer. He was born May 17, 1889, in Pittsburgh, Pa., is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. He has been married five years to a non-professional. Ralf spent 12 years on the stage before he hit in the big pictures. His latest releases are "Winner Take All" with James Cagney, "The Secret Witness" with Una Merkel and William Collier, Jr., and "The Tip Off" with Eddie Quillan, Robert Armstrong, and Ginger Rogers.

Phyllis A. L. When in doubt about ages, weights and measures of your favorites, consult my department—I'll also throw in the color of hair and eyes, without extra charge. Lewis Frederic Ayer (Lew Ayres to the screen audience) was born Dec. 28, 1906, in Minneapolis, Minn. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair, weighs 152 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. His first screen appearance was with Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." His recent picture was "Night World" with Mae Clarke and Nils Asther's appearance. His new film is "Washington Masquerade."

Helen L. Still the cry goes up for pictures with Leslie Howard. But just wait, gentle readers, you'll have a chance to applaud when he appears in "The Animal Kingdom," his recent stage success, and in "Smolin' Thru." Sari Maritza, the comedienne from Germany, makes her American
bow with Gene Raymond and Marguerite Churchill in "Forgotten Commandments."

Just Betty. Another new friend is given a hearty welcome—how you'd like us as we know we'll like you. Melvyn Douglas was born April 5, 1901, in Macon, Ga. He is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. His wife is Helen Gahagan, famous Broadway actress. His first name was Walter, but after Greta was named, his family felt he would be better known as Melvyn. His sister, Kathleen, is also an actress. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs 112 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Huckle." Billie Burke has been playing in "The Animal Kingdom," and has picked to play opposite Sadie Thompson. A new leading man, William Gargan from Broadway, who had been playing in "The Animal Kingdom," was decided to play opposite Sadie. Don't lose a good night's rest over him, girls, he's married. In the supporting cast of "Rain," there is another newcomer to the screen, Kendall Lee, who plays the wife of Matt Moore; and other well-known players are Walter Hinson, Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi, and Walter Catlett.

June P. Joan Crawford has been doing some lively swapping from one grand pic to another since she appeared in her first release, "Sally, Irene and Mary." She was Sally. Joan's next will be "Rain," in which she has one of the most coveted roles of the year, Sadie Thompson. A new leading man, William Gargan from Broadway, who had been playing in "The Animal Kingdom," was picked to play opposite Sadie. Don't lose a good night's rest over him, girls, he's married. In the supporting cast of "Rain," there is another newcomer to the screen, Kendall Lee, who plays the wife of Matt Moore; and other well-known players are Walter Hinson, Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi, and Walter Catlett.

H.W. and H. High Wide and Handsome—are you? Junior Durkin is Junior to us and so why not to you? He is about 17 years old and a real boy. Jackie Coogan has not announced any future picture plans. The Alitzi girls have been doing personal appearances. They will be ten years old next birthday, on October 22. Her next picture will be "Little Orphan Annie." Joan Crawford is 24. Charlotte Henry was born March 3, 1914, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Price. Anita Louise (Fremault) was born Jan. 9, 1917, in New York City. She has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes, is a gifted pianist, plays tennis, lances, rides, and speaks several languages, including French, German and Spanish. Not married. Anita, your friends want to see you again, so jump into a good part and we'll do the rest.

Miss H. C. S. Young, "dream man," Buddy Rogers, hasn't made a picture since "This Reckless Age." He was on the New York stage in a Ziegfeld show, "Hot-Cha!" and is now doing radio work. But to refresh your memory about Buddy—he was born Aug. 13, 1905, in Olathe, Kansas. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. He has a younger brother and two sisters and his parents are living. Tom Tyler's latest release "Man from New Mexico" with Caryl Lincoln. Frances Dee is not married.

Roy W. Tom Keene was born on a farm in New York but doesn't tell us when. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobbies are horseback riding, swimming, and tennis. He won a silver cup at Holby Dursey, and several prizewinners in races, with his horse and green eyes. His real name is Winona Sammon. She is married to Alan Davis, the actor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s latest releases are "It's Tough to be a Fool" with Mary Brian and "Love is a Racket" with Ann Dorval and Frances Dee. "Revol" is Doug's next.

M. L. M. Constance Bennett, our Octo- ber Cover Girl, was born October 22, 1903, in New York City. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs about 99 pounds. She was educated in private schools in New York and in Paris. Connie played with Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neil in "Sally, Irene and Mary" in 1928 for M-G-M. Madge Evans was born August 1, 1909, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Huckle." Ramon Novarro, and the new play may be "The Young Man" with John H. Young, and probably Harry Langdon.

Virginia Ruth. You want to hear something nice about Greta Garbo? Tish, tish! I only know nice things about her. She has the most beautiful face I have ever seen. Her work in "As You Desire Me" was the best of her screen career, many believe. Clara Bow will make good in her new picture, "The Bad Man," and that's saying something. After an absence of months from the screen, Clara will make a grand comeback. Her last picture, "The Devil's Advocate," was shot by Wallace Ford was born in England, is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He was educated on the stage as Gever went to school a day in his life. His first picture was "Possessed" with Joan Crawford. L. and F. From the number of inquiries I have about Barry Norton, something should be done about his absence from the screen. If "Disharmonium" were handled so skillfully and the world at large hoped to see him again in something bigger and better. He was born in Buenos Aires, South America, on June 16, 1905. His real name is Alfredo de Birahen. Typically Latin in appearance, he has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, and weighs 168 pounds. He has a charming personality. Not married.

Nova Scotia Fan. "Blondie of the Fol- lies" is the title of Marion Davies next picture, if the producers don't change their minds. Robert Montgomery, Billie Dove, Zasu Pitts, James Gleason, Jimmy Durante and Clyde Cook. I'm not in touch with film clubs—sorry I can't tell you about one in connection with Robert Montgomery. His latest release was "Letty Lynton" with Joan Crawford.

No Name. Without your signature, it's difficult to address you, but "Hello!" and how have you been? Sometimes a picture is signed "No Name" and reappears for future use but I don't know just how or when "Step-daughters of War" will be put to use. Warner Bros. will make three pictures a year for a period of two years for Warner Bros. Her two first are, "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "The Crash," both with the new leading man, George Brent, who will probably be Mr. Ruth Chatterton by the time you read this.

Just Me. You'll be my slave, for life and how I've wanted a slave, if I will use my influence with the editor to print a full page picture of myself along with names. Her next picture is "After the Rain" with Spencer Tracy. Peggy was born Jan. 10, 1909, in Pine Bluff, Ark. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, and has blonde hair and green eyes. Her real name is Winona Sammon. She is married to Alan Davis, the actor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s latest releases are "It's Tough to be a Fool" with Mary Brian and "Love is a Racket" with Ann Dorval and Frances Dee. "Revol" is Doug's next.

The Hollywood Wants New Ideas! Producers are looking for the unknown writer for Original Stage Plays, and they are hoping for "TALES" producing, short play ideas, suitable for "Radio" production. You are invited to submit ideas. Full details are given in THE MOVIE STORIES. The New extended edition of THE MOVIE STORIES will be published in October. Write for full details.

For October 1932
Hot off the Ether
Continued from page 58

Stoopnagle. The guests in the studio during "The Gloom Chasers" broadcast have a grand time. But they have to keep suppressing their laughter, so that you all can hear the gags. The boys are good.

And now for drama! Over to the "Crime Club" and see what "dirty deed" is being done, or who killed Cock Robin? This time we sit in the Control Room. M. Orson Liebermann, the handsomely testimonial letter reader of that program, explains how the sound effects are made effective. (Just a moment before we go into our disillusioning act.) It is as good a time as any to make a radio or talkie discovery. We nominate Mr. Liebermann! He's tall, dark, handsome, and has a swell voice."

Ready to be disillusioned? Well, the action supposedly took place at a tea in the English mansion of "Sir something or other." Only two of the principals were speaking into the microphone but many voices could be heard in the background. That trick was done with a phonograph record. Also the clatter of dishes could be heard. That bit of atmosphere came from the sound technician's table. He had several cups, saucers and spoons which he would click together every once in a while. And here's the pay-off—the climax was a crash through a door to trap the murderer. The realistic din heard was simply a few small, ordinary peach baskets—yes, the kind that hold about a quart of peaches—being stepped upon by those sound technicians!

But on the other hand, those are real canaries you hear singing on the Cicero Program. It isn't a mechanical miracle, so the sound-men can't take the bows for this. You hear ten canaries who sing under the direction of their mistress, Miss Elizabeth Freeman. Miss Freeman teaches the birds to follow melodies by playing them on phonograph records (the melodies—not the birds!) countless times. It takes three years of hard training to teach the canaries—the birds are taught when they are very young. Even then some birds-never learn to do it.

And the moral is, if any: You never can tell!

** Screaming Beauty **
Continued from page 51

"The efforts of the film advertising departments to be sensational," says Kay Beckwith of Seattle, Wash., "are ridiculous. If Cinderella's romance ever comes to the screen it will probably be billed as—"She Latticed With a Prince—The Searing, Soul-Slaughtering Story of a Kitchen Maid!" How about—"Sin-Sin-Cinderella!"

Clever?
"You're telling me!"

Silver Scren 10¢
"The largest newsdealer sale of any screen magazine"

More Reviews
Continued from page 89

White Zombie
United Artists
This, meant to be a super-super shocker, doesn't shock. According to Haiti tradition, a "Zombie" is a living corpse from which the soul has departed. Madge Bellamy is made a "Zombie" by Bela Lugosi, ex-Dracula. But you won't be able to take it very seriously.

Kris
First Division
Excellent scenery here—the picture was filmed on the beautiful island of Bali, with a cast of native Balinese. It isn't a travel film, but a somewhat too melodramatic love story. The heroine of the film is charming, and the hero is a husky lad with a Tarzan physique. You'll get those Bali blues when you see this gorgeous Paradise.

Radio Patrol
Universal
Glorifying the American policeman. You'll see heroic cops killed; gangster fights; you'll hear sirens scream and machine guns bark! It's exciting in spots, but you've seen stories similar to this. Lila Lee makes her comeback here. She's lovelier than ever, but her role is very slight. Acting honors are divided between Russell Hopton and Robert Armstrong.
Mystery Ranch
Fox
Here's a typical Western thriller, for those who crave it. There's nothing particularly new or startling about it; but George O'Brien makes a properly dare-devilish hero, and Cecilia Parker is appealing as the girl. O'Brien in the process of falling the villain, shows some excellent horsemanship. The picture throughout is photographed with exceptional beauty.

The Man Called Back
Tiffany
A nicely acted and well directed drama. Conrad Nagel comes through with a fine performance as a doctor who was all washed up but who comes back strong, with the aid of charming Doris Kenyon. But it's John Halliday's picture. As a philandering husband, he's immense. The high-light of the picture are the stirring court-room scenes.

Is Your Chest Line Too Full?

Are you embarrassed by a large, flabby bust? Do you want to reduce the size of the sag and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Just send your name and I'll show you how to reduce your bust measure, quickly and easily.

DON'T let lumps, flabby breasts spoil your figure! Don't allow that extra fullness about the chest to make you look old and settled. It is so easy to regain the slim, trim figure of youth. My new "PRESCRIPTION-20" treatment banishes fat, remodels the form. Simple, harmless—fights with lumps and excess fullness. See how it can be applied. Send $2.00 today, or 100 envelopes, 2 for $3.00, Valuable Free Hydroline Booklet. Write today, UNDER PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 1-A, 222 W. North Ave., Chicago.

Let Me Tell You How, Free!

Mail the coupon or write and I will send you complete information in confidence, without obligation or obligation.

DORIS KENT, Dept. GC-10

80 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE INFORMATION in confidence about your case, and way to reduce the bust.

Name

Address

Town State

Don't miss this wonderful opportunity. Write your name and address today.
GET THAT CORN with Blue-jay... Write a limerick and WIN $100


Write a limerick about Blue-jay and mail with Blue-jay box top (or pencil trailing) to Bauer & Black, 222 S. Dearborn, Chicago. $100 first prize, ten $5 prizes, for best limericks received by November 15, 1932. Duplicate prizes for tying contestants.

WRITE A LIMERICK LIKE THIS

Until I got rid of my corn
I wished that I'd never been born.
I groaned and I cried,
The Blue-Jay I tried
And now all my agony's past!

(Edith Neubert, Harvey, Ill.)

THE LIMERICK

N. E. TAMM

There were two very nice eggs
And in the oven they stood.
When the air was
Frothing and bruised
They were sent to the mud.

Dancing masters! Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton try their hands at directing the chorus of “Speak Easily,” the comedy in which they will clown together. Won’t Garbo be jealous, now, eh, Jimmy?

IS THERE a motif behind the Fox Company’s consistent firing of actresses rumored engaged to George O’Brien? Perhaps studio heads recognize his attractiveness as a bachelor.

Whatever the truth may be, it is a fact that four girls who were once under contract to the company, and were reported engaged to O’Brien, were released from their contracts. In the order of their romances and dismissals, they are Olive Borden, Marguerite Churchill, Conchita Montenegro and Cecelia Parker.

THAT Maurice Chevalier divorce surprised Hollywood, because up to the very minute it was announced, nobody dreamed of serious marital trouble in the French star’s household.

After the newspapers carried the announcement, a well-known Hollywood columnist was seen running about town, frothing at the mouth. “My reputation is ruined,” he was moaning. “They’re the only couple in pictures I haven’t rumored about to separate.”

LOWELL SHERMAN’S first public appearances since his divorce have been in the company of Geneva Mitchell, ex-Follies girl... Andy Devine, Universal comedian, is separated from his wife but she refuses a divorce; she is Catholic... Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Cecelia Parker have turned off the heat... Maybe there’s a laugh in the changed name of the defunct Bank of Hollywood building; its new title is The Equitable Building... Gloria Shea accidentally thrust her hand through a window pane and several stitches were necessary... Edmund Lowe owns a cherry tree ranch in California... Clark and Mrs. Gable are among the most constant patrons of the various night clubs around Hollywood... Bing Crosby’s middle name is Lilis, but don’t dare use it... William Powell gave Carole Lombard a pair of Dachshunds on their first wedding anniversary... Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler have buried the hatchet and will do a new comedy together... Katherine Hepburn, Broadway actress, recently captured by the movies, will give Lilyan Tashman competition for “best dressed actress” honors.

CECIL B. DeMILLE chose Elissa Landi for a role in “The Sign of the Cross” because, he says, “there is the depth of ages in her eyes, today in her body, and tomorrow in her spirit.”

Sort of a chip off the old block of the ages?

ELISSA LANDI endangered the sight of her left eye when she idly swung a rose stem and a thorn penetrated the iris... Hoot Gibson gave Sally Eilers a gorgeous diamond brooch on the second anniversary of their marriage... Dorothy Wilson and Eric Linden are Hollywood’s newest lovers, although he paid no attention to her when she was a studio secretary... Irene Dunne and husband E. H. Griffith spent her summer vacation in Honolulu... Arline Judge’s baby should arrive in December... Constance Bennett lost the first legal step in her agent’s suit to collect $16,000 commissions the agent alleges she owes... Gwili André is studying to lower the tone of her voice and Americanize her broad English, following previews of her first R-K-O pictures, in which she was difficult to understand... Richard Dix bought a camera and snapped three dozen pictures of his family, but forgot to adjust the lens; the negatives turned out black... Jimmie Dunn kiddingly answered telephone calls...
in the Fox publicity department, and demanded of calling editors why they wasted so much time; pandemonium reigned until the joke was explained to the editors.

AND now we have the Tarzan swimming suit for kiddies! They're cut in imitation of Johnny Weissmuller's scanty costume in the picture, and are featured by a New York department store. A "Tarzan yell," we understand, is thrown in with each suit.

IS ANN HARDING a terribly lonesome and unhappy woman, as an aftermath of her divorce? Current gossip in Hollywood indicates that Ann's broken melody of love has left her bitter. Whether or not this is true, it is a fact that she has become a social and business recluse second only to Garbo. She has no telephone in her home, and she often leaves Hollywood, unaccompanied, on cross-country automobile tours.

HARPO MARX read in Walter Winchell's column, that New York City makes $800,000 a year on its garbage. "Huh; shoe string movie producers make more than that," Harpo harpooned.

THE rumor floating around Hollywood to the effect that Howard Hughes is engaged to Mary L. ("Timmie") Lansing, pretty New York society deb, is regarded skeptically by "Cholly" Knickerbocker, gossip columnist of the manor. Writing in the New York American, "Cholly" observes, "Certainly no formal announcement of the betrothal has been made here in New York by Timmie's parents, the Cleveland C. L difficoltys, of 3 E. 94th St., and 'Brookhill,' Salisbury, Conn., and until Mr. and Mrs. Lansing broadcast the news I, for one, decline to believe Timmie is engaged to anyone."

TOMMY LEE and Virginia Cherrill, romancers a few years past, are at it again. Tommy Lee, McIntyre, the columnist, refused an offer to make a radio broadcast at $6,000 a night... George M. Cohan wrote a song titled 'We Need a Man' and it was played at the Democratic convention. Illiana, former Rich star, has divorced her radio announcer-husband, Lionel Nicholson... That first movie serial, 'The Perils of Pauline,' is to be re-made... Russell Hopton's lad is photography and he has snapped pictures of scores of stars... Estelle Taylor invoked the aid of the sheriff's office to collect salary due for an independent picture in which she starred... Ann Dvorak didn't want to play in 'Cynara,' so without telling the studio, she accompanied her husband, Leslie Fenton, on a sea trip...

OF COURSE, everybody knew that Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes would be divorced, after which she would wed George Brent. But most people expected Ruth would file suit in Paris. Instead, Ralph sued in Reno, Nevada.

Brent and Ruth selected the month of August for their marriage. August appears to be quite the nuptial month this year, for other couples who chose the same calendar period for weddings are Joan Blondell and George Barnes, and Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert.
THERE are four kitchens on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio grounds. One is the general commissary kitchen, that supplies food for the big studio restaurant. Another is the kitchen situated back of the executives’ quarters; there food is prepared for studio chiefs. The other two are attached to the bungalow of Marion Davies and John Gilbert, and are used daily by private chefs who prepare meals for those two luminaries.

THE naked archer by the bow and arrow is running rampant in Hollywood. New hearts pierced by his arrows include: Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, resuming an old love; George E. Stone and Betty Gillette. Dorothy Lee has finally concentrated on Marshall Duffield, and when Dot concentrates, they give in. Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper's love thermometer has jumped to about 200 degrees.

TO BALANCE Dan Cupid's activities, "Dat Of Davil Divorce" has stuck his nose into several family affairs: Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton are no longer one.

Rumors of trouble in the Owen Moore-Katherine Perry household gain strength. Edna Murphy received her divorce from Director Mervyn LeRoy. William Powell and Carole Lombard are reported to be on the verge of a split—but they have denied it. Ralph Graves and his wife are now the once-were-weds.

EVERY noon, when he is making a picture, Will Rogers lunches at the same table in the Fox studio café, and about him gathers a small group of friends. Rogers never fails to read his daily syndicated wire, which he dispatches from the studio shortly after noon. If the group laughs, Will acts as pleased as a bashful boy, blushing under his tan and rubbing his mouth and chin shyly.

HOLLYWOOD's only "No-man" has fallen victim to his own immovable opinion. Warner Baxter employed Ed Marcel to tell the truth about his work on the set, and Warner stressed the fact that if Marcel became a "Yes-man," his job was ended. Recently Warner decided that his man Friday's salary was too large, so he asked Ed to take a cut. "No!" replied the employee, and now Baxter is minus a "No-man."

NOTHING is quite so complete as a Barrymore squelch, no matter by which Barrymore. Ethel was enjoying a motion picture program the other day, and a voice-reel of Alfred E. Singer was shown. In his brief talk, Smith used the word "first," but pronounced it "foist."

"What grammar!" a smart-alec behind Miss Barrymore scoffed. "Foist! That guy would have no more chance to be President than me." Her Royal Stage Highness turned and regarded the speaker in the aloof Barrymore manner, "Than I, is correct," she murmured.

MANY humane stories are told about Roscoe Arbuckle. Among them is a tale of his generosity years ago, when he was a Mack Sennett star. Friday was Venus was in the same spot on her birthday as on Garbo's... Lionel Barrymore greets Karen Morley with "Hello, actress"... Clara Bow introduced twenty pounds in thirty days... Hundreds of girls wrote to Jean Harlow to ask if she thought they might find husbands if they changed their hair to red... Tada Birell forgot to take her props when she went to a release; because she was foreign she was detained several hours by the immigration officers when she attempted to return... Mary Astor, husband and baby returned to Hollywood, where Mary plans soon to resume her screen work.

SOME pictures you should see, and why: "Tess of the Storm Country," because it returns Janet Gaynor to unsophisticated roles, in which she excels. "No Bed of Her Own," because it will present two of the screen's most interesting Somebody's, possessed by Miriam Hopkins and Clark Gable. "The Sign of the Cross," because it marks the return of the old Cecil B. De Mille—extravaganza, Roman bath, spectacular and all. "Walking Down Broadway," because Eric von Stroheim directed it, which should be sufficient recommendation.

GARY COOPER told this story in the café: "I have a friend who constantly moans about his inability to get a job, but instead of looking for one, he plays or sleeps all day long. He is like the darkey who reported, 'Ah done went fishin', boss, an'. When he gits back, de wulf at mah do' is skeek an' fat. De onles' way ah can figger, is dat Oppo'tunity come to knock at mah do' and de wulf et 'im!"

R-K-O studios asked one hundred critics throughout the country to name the thirteen most glamorous women of screen history. The thirteen who received the most votes were: Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Barbara La Marr, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio and Marie Dressler.

The critics did not adhere to the strict definition of the word glamorous, of course. It is difficult to discern why Janet Gaynor and Norma Shearer were not named, as long as the voters were permitted to broaden the meaning of glamour. Others who might have been given more votes are Alla Nazimova, Pola Negri and Betty Compson. Today, the latter is more prominent, but once they occupied the same pedestals on which the Garbos and Crawfords are now poised.

TWO interesting women appear in a film titled "Bill of Divorcement." Billie Burke, screen actress some years ago and the widow of Flo Ziegfeld, is one. The other is Katherine Darragh, who comes of a socially prominent New York family, and is said to be worth sixteen million dollars in her own name. Miss Burke, at the height of her career, was one of the most beautiful women ever known to the stage or screen. She is still lovely. Miss Hepburn is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Bored with social duties, she decided to pursue a useful career, and chose motion pictures.
CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Catch the spirit, the jovial freedom, of this beautiful new fashion... rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it... the individuality... and the difference that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoilt the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened?... how can you vary the old idea... and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge does not blot out the skin. The natural color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has secretly any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is retained when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this natural color, Princess Pat adds. Thus the beautiful tints imported by Princess Pat rouge seem to come from within the skin.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing bare. It does what no other lip rouge has ever done; colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible, permanent. Allroul'd lose it.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is another requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had just one shade—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. But the shade remained the same. You couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw. Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For two effect, use Princess Pat Tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

A MAKE-UP KIT FOR ONLY 10c

This famous introductory kit contains rouge and lip rouges in just ten weeks in a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and book of two copyrighted beauty secrets. The kit is simple for using and good. An extraordinary offer: send in to acquire you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.

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