Grand Duchess Marie of Russia Writes about "Rasputin"

The Five Stages of JOAN CRAWFORD'S Life

JANET GAYNOR'S Lost Romances
Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but allure, the essence of life’s thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make your eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It’s easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurement is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.
What a FOOL she is!

Never fails to use Lipstick—
Neglects her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

It has never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth—or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are your teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm—or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent’s disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth—and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you’ll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn’t be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
April, 1933

THIS MONTH Vol. XXVI, No. 6

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF KAY FRANCIS.......................................................... Charles Sheldon
AN OPEN LETTER TO LILIAN HARVEY..................................................... Delight Evans 17
JANET GAYNOR'S LOST ROMANCES......................................................... James M. Fidler 18
WHAT! DO THEY REALLY LOOK LIKE THIS? Curiosities............................ Hans Flato 20
THE FIVE STAGES OF JOAN CRAWFORD'S LIFE...................................... Ann Randolph 22
EXPOSING HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST "TRIANGLE"....................................... Ben Maddox 24
MY MOST MYSTERIOUS FRIEND............................................................. Robert Montgomery 26
GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA WRITES ABOUT "RASPUTIN"........... Ida Zeittin 28
A DIRECTOR LOOKS AT THE STARS. George Cukor.............................. 32

PERSONALITIES:

SPRINGTIME FOR CONNIE........................................................................ 11
FROM STENO TO STARLET, Malvina Britton............................................. 12
ANN HARING'S "OLD HOME WEEK"......................................................... 13
MASTER MUGG, Spencer Tracy............................................................... S. R. Mook 34
CONFIDENTIAL, Wallace Ford................................................................. Mrs. Wallace Ford 51
THREE WEEKS WITH NEIL HAMILTON.................................................... Mae Clarke 52
LOOK OUT! HERE'S THE NEW JUNGLE MENACE, Buster Crabbe........... 54
WHO SAID "NO MORE THRILLS"? Richard Halliburton............................. Mortimer Franklin 61
HOLLYWOOD'S MOST INTERESTING WIDOW, Billie Burke...................... Ada Patterson 66
IS IT SAD TO BE FUNNY? Zahe Pitts, Slim Summerville........................ 67

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Hollywood Highlights

Premiere of "Cavalcade," In "Lighter" Vein (Kay Francis), In Darker Mood (Joel McCrea), Bright Bows—Guy Girls—Peggy Parted Hollywood Prefers Impromptu Fun, Those Guys '30's Taming the Wild Capers. Suave-handed Showee, A Spring Idyll (Bette Davis), Torrid Teasers! Gloria Stuart, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

THE PUBLIC BE HEARD. Letters from the Audience.................................. 6
ASK ME... .............................................................................................. Miss Vee Dee 8
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS............................................................. Mary Lee 10
HONOR PAGE.......................................................................................... 14
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES........................................................ Delight Evans 56
WHAT LIES IN EYES? Beauty................................................................ Margery Wilson 58
HOT OFF THE EBERR............................................................................. Evelyn Ballariné 60
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL........................................................ 61
RELIABLE REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS............................................ 64
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD, Screen News......................................................... 68

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Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings...

Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.
The Public Be Heard!

Listen in—then speak out

BIG IDEAS!
(First Prize Letter)

Some people object to the movies on the ground that they "put ideas" into our heads. Well, so they do! There are many ideas that they put into our head. For instance, when I see that swell actress, Lilian Tashman, I long to wear clothes like hers, and with her poise, when I see the glamorous Dietrich I long to have the charm and the shapely legs of that fascinating gal. I wish I could look as sweet, and have such a sunny smile, as Janet Gaynor; a musical voice like Ruth Chatterton's; and just half the pep that bubbles from Clara Bow. I see the goodness of the world in Crawford's eyes; and hope I can grow old as beautifully as Norma Shearer did in "Strange Interlude.

There are a few of the ideas that pictures put into our head!

Helen Raykovitch, 1814–19th St., Huntington, W. Va.

FILM "FOOD" FOR THOUGHT!
(Second Prize Letter)

I am disgusted with the critical attitude taken by many so-called moviegoers and the inconsiderate manner of the films. The only majority are the slavery of the pictures.

How many would visit a restaurant and permit the waiter to select a meal for them, without consulting their tastes? The picture menu at the local theatres necessarily cannot be as varied as the menus at the restaurant and yet, if the manager's selection fails to meet his patron's taste, the movies are condemned as impossible.

You'll always find a crowd collecting where the 1933 Bow makes her appearance. Here's what happened when Clara and her handsome husband, Rex Bell, stopped off on their trip to England. The Britons loved it!

Consult an edition of SCREENLAND and select your picture diet as you would your food. By avoiding pictures you are fairly certain will not be to your liking, you will find that the standard is improving (in your imagination), and everybody will be satisfied.

John F. MacDuffee, Portland, Me.

WELCOMING THE NEW BOW
(Third Prize Letter)

The old question, "Can Clara Bow Come Back?" has at last been answered. It seems to me that in "Call Her Savage" she has "come back" in the most significant sense of that term. There isn't any of the bip-swinging, hair-tossing hoydenishness that characterized her earlier pictures. Instead she gives us a poise, sureness and sincerity that show she is developing into a mature, emotional actress. The vital, vivid personality that has endeared Clara to all of us still glows with its old fire, but there is something there beside "spit-fire" qualities. I never was a real Bow fan, but "Call Her Savage" has completely won me over. I especially enjoyed the moments in which she lives up to her name of "Dynamite."

Josephine Behan, Pawtucket, R. I.

(Continued on page 92)
1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW

with ROBERT MONTGOMERY
WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE
Directed by JACK CONWAY

Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
ASK ME!

Be "in-the-know" about your favorites

By Miss Vee Dee

Gargan Fan. So the actor you would go through fire and water for is big Bill Gargan. Joan Crawford went through "Rain" with him and are all the girls jealous of Joan! His first screen appearance was with Claudette Colbert and Edmund Lowe in "Misleading Lady." Remember him? He plays the makeshift butler, Regan, in "Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard and Ann Harding and with what charm—he doesn't act, he's real. William played with Leslie Howard on the Broadway stage in "Animal Kingdom" and made a big hit and he's doing the same "big-hit stuff" with us movie fans. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., twenty-seven years ago. He is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and auburn hair. His face isn't scarred as it appears in "Rain" and "Animal Kingdom"—the studio manufactured the scars for the roles he played. His wife is Pat Kenny, who before marrying to Bill was with the "Scandals" and the "Vainies" on the New York stage. They have a three-year-old son, Barrie.

Jowtantno. Tom Brown is too busy carving out his career to be very much "that way" about the girls. As for his preference for blondes or brunettes, I think he likes them both. Wise Tommy. Arletta Duncan played in "Back Street" with Irene Dunne and John Boles and in "Night World" with Lew Ayres.

Lil. Short and sweet, eh? Your movie hero, Phillips Holmes is under contract to M-G-M and his first film for Metro is "The Secret of Madame Blanche" with Irene Dunne.

Madeline. When is the co-starring team of Gaynor and Farrell not a team? Each star seems to be tuned in with some other star but don't blame Mickey Mouse and Minnie. Janet's and Charles' last emoting together was in "Tess of the Storm Country." I'll bet there will be Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster and others in "State Fair." Janet is a trille over 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds and Charles Farrell is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. "Seventh Heaven" has never been released as a talkie. Nina Mae McKinney lives in Hollywood when making films and in New York while appearing in revues.

Joan A. K. I've been called all kinds of nice things but an M.D. has not been in the list. However if you're the patient and I'm to relieve the brain storm, I'm your Doctor. My information says Anita Louise was born January 9, 1917, and who am I to doubt it? Constance Bennett, the eldest of Richard Bennett's three daughters, was born October 22, 1905, in New York City. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs about 102 pounds. Connie is still making pictures and has not gone to live in France as you have been told.

Francis F. I settle all arguments or disputes free of charge so step right up and get settled. John Barrymore played in "The Sea Beast," a Warner Bros. production of 1926. It rated as one of the best pictures of the year. Playing with him was Dolores Costello, who is now his wife. Henry Garet was Czar Alexander of Russia in "Congress Dances." I do not know of a fifth Marx brother in pictures—Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Zeppo are all there are—there isn't any more on the screen. The fifth brother, I hear, is in the dress business.

Vic. Norma Shearer may have been given world release in 1932. "The Student Prince" has been adapted for sound but the fans are still hopign.

Old Timer. You're right—some of the best character portrayals are done by men and women who have spent many years on the stage—real seasoned troopers. Walter Connolly, who so beautifully played the father of Carole Lombard in "No More Orchids," and Arthur Byron, the film father of Madge Evans in "Fast Life," are both from the stage and come close to stealing the whole works.

N. C. If you'll turn back to the January and February issues of Screenland, you'll find the interesting life story of Warren William Krech, better known to the stage and screen as Warren William. He was born in Aitken, Minn., on December 2, 1895. He has been happily married for twelve years. It's interesting to note he appeared several years ago in a silent serial with Pearl White, called "Plunder." One of his greatest stage successes was in "The Vinegar Tree" with Mary Boland. He has appeared on the screen in "Honor of the Family," "Expensive Women," "The Woman from Monte Carlo," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Mouthpiece," "Dark Horse," "Skyscraper Souls," "Three on a Match" and "Employees Entrance" with Loretta Young and Alice White.

(Continued on page 82)
Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT!

WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street"... Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one!... Gripping story of playgirls and payboys... Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music... Gorgeous pageant of beauty pulsating with passionate rhythm... Filled with surprises!... The Greatest Show of 1933!

42ND STREET

WARNER BROS': Sensational Musical Hit!
Coming to your theatre soon... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year

14 STARS
WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL

200 GIRLS
Directed by LLOYD BACON
The TRUTH about

Cosmetics

News and views of beauty helps

By Mary Lee

More news! And it’s really news when a house like Coty decides to make, for the first time, a loose powder case. (Yes, that’s it in the picture on this page.) It’s really quite exciting. Let me tell you about it. The original was executed by Cartier, no less, if you please, in Paris. And now these exquisite copies are within the purview of ordinary mortals like you and me. No pun intended! It is described accurately as a slim, platinum-toned oblong, with smart accents of black and red, proudly carrying the regal-looking Coty crest. Stunning but ever so practical, with a brand-new idea that you’ll love. The powder supply is in the little left-hand compartment. In the center is an ivory-material powder-well into which a few grains of powder at a time roll when you tap the side gently. Thus you have no waste and muss. When the case is closed a spring closes the powder compartment tightly. On the right is a dainty, evening edition of the Coty lip-stick, the cover of which is fastened to the compact. When you use it you simply pull the filler out with one hand—so you need not lay the compact down while you touch up your lips. A great convenience in a public “powder room”! I almost forgot to tell you that the dainty puff in the case is swansdown. Isn’t this your dream of your ideal compact?

Speaking of dreams—well, I may as well warn you, I’m about to slide into an ecstasy over Coty’s newest, brand-newest, and, I think, grandest perfume. There it stands in the picture in all its slim, aristocratic desirability. The package and the bottle so perfectly exemplify the perfume itself. They have called it “La Fougeraie au crepuscule”—(Ferns at Twilight)—a poetic accuracy. It is important without any trace of heaviness. It is elusive, yet pervading. It has that freshness, that cleanliness that helps a woman seem well-groomed, yet it is infinitely more. Feminine, warm, yet spicy and cool. Well, I give up! Describe it yourself—if you can. You’ll probably just roll your eyes heavenward and breathe a long “A-a-a-ah!”

Coty apparently is just bursting with new ideas for nineteen thirty-three. As if that compact and perfume were not enough to put Coty on everyone’s lips (that one slipped, too!) they add to the array a beautiful new box of powder scented with the new perfume! You’ll want to keep the box right on top of your dressing table. The softest gold and ivory colors flecked imaginatively with tiny cream bubbles, it stands on four little red feet like a small replica of a treasure chest. No tucking that box away in a drawer. You probably know the excellence of Coty’s powder, but if you haven’t tried it in the new perfume you haven’t enjoyed the dernier cri in lovely toilet accessories.

Let’s be intensely practical for a moment. What is the real condition of your skin? Is it beginning to dry and “break” around your eyes? Marie Earle has a special eye treatment designed to nourish and tone these delicate tissue that will not absorb ordinary oils. An especially fine eye cream which is a gentle astringent as well as a food is used in connection with the Marie Earle herbal eye-packs. These little bags which look like tiny sacks of tea are dipped in hot water and laid over the eyes while you relax for ten minutes or more. When these are removed, the eyes seem toned and brighter. Puffy eyes, hollow eyes, and wrinkles disappear gradually but surely. It also clears (Continued on page 93)
Three-quarter-length coats have come into their own—capably assisted by Constance Bennett. And gray is still the winning color! Connie's coat of heavily ribbed wool is enriched by the luxurious silver fox scarf.

Springtime for Connie!

Connie's spring bonnet is a jaunty, shiny, brimmed black straw elaborated with black crêpe. Miss Bennett will wear this costume in "Our Betters."
From Steno to Starlet!

Mozelle the actress. Seems a director needed a cutie, looked around, saw Mozelle, and said, "You're in pictures." And now Miss Brittone can't decide which of her two jobs she likes better—so she keeps them both! Smart girl.

HERE'S Hollywood's latest little Cinderella, Mozelle Brittone, 22-year-old assistant to the casting director at Columbia Pictures studio, who is known as a great "pinch-hitter" when it comes to jumping into roles. Coming to Hollywood from Oklahoma City four years ago, Mozelle shunned pictures to take a job on the stage in "Girl Crazy," when that musical went on the road with Ginger Rogers. Returning to the screen city, Miss Brittone accepted an office position, and later became casting assistant. But when the studio needs someone of her type in a hurry, Mozelle drops her notebook and telephone and leaps into make-up. Another Alice White?

Mozelle at her every-day job as assistant to the Columbia casting director. Can she be business-like?

Right, Mozelle Brittone stealing a scene from Alan Dinehart in "As the Devil Commands." Other Columbia Pictures in which she has appeared are "Man Against Woman," "Air Hostess," and "Child of Manhattan." Keep watching her!
Ann Harding’s “Old Home Week”

Ann talks over the good old days with Jasper Deeter, in whose stock company she learned to act years ago. To the training of Mr. Deeter, who has been the discoverer of many outstanding actors, Ann graciously attributes her own success.

Inside the Hedgerow Theatre, the little temple of Thespian Art at Rose Valley, Pa. Miss Harding renews her acquaintance with the stage on which she played her first parts. Note the light-hearted informality with which the little auditorium is equipped.

The charmingly rustic exterior of the Hedgerow Theatre. The play in which Ann Harding made her stage début here, Susan Glaspell’s “The Inheritors,” is revived by the Hedgerow Players each season, and Ann came back to play her old part without rehearsal!

The staunch patrons of Jasper Deeter’s Hedgerow Theatre sat upright and gasped one recent evening when the former star of the troupe, a girl known as Ann Harding, walked onto the stage in her old rôle in “The Inheritors.” For them it was the season’s big thrill; and for Ann, back at the old stamping ground where she had learned her ABC’s of acting, it was sheer joy. During Miss Harding’s brief visit the theatre played to packed houses every night.

After four days with the troupe, during which she continued performing in her old vehicle, Ann was called back to Hollywood to begin work on “Declasse,” voting it the happiest vacation she had spent in years.
"Magnificent!"
"Exquisite!"
"Sublime!"
"Noble!"

These are just a few of the adjectives showered by the New York critics upon "Cavalcade"—and they are all accurate!

_N._

**To the Great Cast of**

**"Cavalcade"**

_and particularly to Diana Wynyard_

_we present this Honor Page_

---

**The Great Picture of our Time!**

_N._

NOEL COWARD wrote a play called "Cavalcade." It was a success in its native London. Fox Films bought the screen rights and proceeded to make a picture in Hollywood. People shook their heads sadly, "It's too British," they said. "It'll never get over. And who is this Diana Wynyard, anyway?" They went on mumbling while Fox poured over a million dollars into a splendid and lavish production. Those same people, today, are saying: "What did I tell you? 'Cavalcade' is the picture of the year. And this Diana Wynyard—I always knew she had the stuff." "Cavalcade" is not only the picture of the year, but of many years. It is by far the greatest talking picture ever made. It is universal in its scope and appeal; it is masterly in its direction and acting. It makes Diana Wynyard a star, establishes Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor as peerless performers, and enhances the reputation of Clive Brook. All honor to Frank Lloyd, fine director.
"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"

... writes Miss Jean Healy!

Too miraculous to be true? That is what they all say... until they try it. THEN they tell us: "I reduced 9 inches"; "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"; "The fat seemed to have melted away"... and so on through hundreds of enthusiastic letters.

You don't have to take our word for it. We want you to try it. Test it yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if, without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, return the girdle and your money will be refunded without question, including the postage!

REDUCE QUICKLY, EASILY, AND SAFELY!
The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body into more energetic health.

And it is so comfortable! The perforations ventilate the body, allowing the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

DON'T POSTPONE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS—ACT TODAY!

Act today! Away with the excess fat that makes the smartest, most expensive dress look dowdy! Each day you delay sending for a Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is a day of beauty thrown away. Read what these four women say about Perfolastic— they have found new beauty this marvelous, quick, safe way. What Perfolastic has done for them it will do for you so simply, so quickly, that you will wonder how you ever endured those excess pounds.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET. SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER FABRIC, AND DETAILS OF OUR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

We Want YOU TO TRY THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

...if YOU DO NOT REDUCE WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS...it won't cost you one penny!

PERFOLASTIC

41 EAST 42nd ST., DEPT. 734, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on our part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, FREE sample of Perfolastic Rubber and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

City...........................................State................................
You against the Rest of Womankind
your Beauty • your Charm • your Skin!

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see... to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it’s the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin’s best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN
Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is the soap for the feminine skin. Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!
DEAR Miss Mlle., or Fräulein Harvey:

You’re so tri-lingual I don’t know what to call you.

Never mind. It isn’t every movie star who knows how to talk in three different languages. Why, some of them haven’t even learned to talk in one.

It won’t matter. You’re set to be a sensation in any language. I thought so before I met you. Now I’m sure of it. SCREENLAND had “discovered” you over here, in the June, 1932, issue, with a rave notice of your “Congress Dances” and an attention-calling article by Rebecca West. I suggested then that some smart American producer should sign you for Hollywood. And now you’re here.

The most important star in all Europe. So I expected a brittle sophisticate, bored with her first glimpse of our “prohibition Amedica.” And then you walked in—dainty, fragile, all smiles and apologies for being two minutes late. You shocked me—you did really.

Somebody showed you that issue of SCREENLAND, and you looked at it and beamed, “Why, I thought nobody knew me over here!” And then you read the bit where Rebecca West said, “Beside Lilian Harvey, Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett seem as if they were cut out of tin.” “Ooh,” you squealed, “how terrible!” But you looked a little pleased, too.

So here you are, too good to be true with your white and pink and gold angel prettiness, and your soft voice, and your dance’s grace, and your exquisite manners. (I hope they won’t get rusty in Hollywood.) You showed me, gaily, the farewell present from your friends—a gold cigarette case with a map of Europe engraved on it, each capital dotted with a real jewel—a ruby for Paris, an emerald for Berlin, a sapphire for Budapest, and so on—and then, across the gold Atlantic, a big diamond for Hollywood! These Continentals!

And you ate. Thank heaven for a movie actress who likes her food. Meat and noodles—two helpings of noodles, too. You have an unvarying weight of ninety pounds. You smoke freely; admit you enjoyed doing Harlem with Ernst Lubitsch; that you like Maurice Chevalier, who owns the next estate to yours on the French Riviera; that you’d like to “die” just once in a film, preferably as Mimi in “La Boheme”; and for the rest of the time you’re satisfied to be yourself in light, gay, bitter-sweet pictures.

There’s glitter about you: bringing over your own costume designer, and twenty trunks, and a maid, and your own white Mercedes complete with chauffeur; and one of the dozen biggest diamonds in the world, and bracelets to match. It’s all true—I saw them; and I met Joe Strassner, brilliant young German who designs everything you wear. And still you, yourself, have more sparkle than your biggest diamond. It may be personality. It may be technique. Whatever it is, I wish more actresses had it. I’m tired of long languorous ladies with lifted eyebrows and drooping mouths. I’m fed up with posturings and pseudo-sophistication. I welcome you, Lilian Harvey, because you’re the true sophisticate who conceals boredom, if any, with a marvelous gaiety. And you’re Hollywood-proof. What, after all, does a swimming pool mean to a star who’s had the whole darned Mediterranean?

An Open Letter to Lilian Harvey from Delight Evans

The Editor’s Page

Here’s Lilian Harvey! You’ll see Europe’s screen sweetheart soon in her first American movie, “My Lips Betray,” for Fox, with John Boles. In the circle above, on the left, a close-up of Lilian leaving Germany—the crowd cried, and she cried, too. Right, cheering up as she reaches New York. Come right in, Lilian—we’re expecting you.
Janet Gaynor's Lost Romances!

The strange love tangle in the life of Hollywood's sweetest star

Will love return to Janet Gaynor? She has left her real-life husband, Lydell Peck; and her screen sweetheart, Charles Farrell, has left her! Now she plays opposite Lew Ayres in "State Fair," from which a love scene is shown, below. The close-up is Janet's latest photograph.
M
ost fairy tales commence with Once upon a time, and this little story shall be no different.

Once upon a time—a few years ago when I was young and in love, and Janet Gaynor was younger but perhaps not in love—I asked of her: “What would you do if your sweetheart or husband were suddenly taken from you?”

I sought her answer in an effort to modify a void in my own heart—the girl I loved had just been lost to me.

For a long minute, Janet weighed my problem in her girl’s heart and mind, and then:

“I don’t know,” she said. “Perhaps I would feel like dying.”

Within the past few weeks I have had reason to remember those words. When two romances went out of Janet Gaynor’s life within a few days of each other—when she lost not only her husband, but also the screen sweetheart with whom the world has long believed her in love—I recalled that very young, very wistful girl of several years ago, who looked at me from eyes that did not quite comprehend, and said:

“I don’t know. Perhaps I would feel like dying.”

Yes, as surely as the sun loses its power at nightfall, Janet has lost two romances. Perhaps, unlike the sun which returns at dawn, neither of her loves will come again. If this be true, then a mite of a girl to whom romance seems such a necessary element to happiness will be left alone—horribly, dreadfully alone.

Who—or what—will refill those minutes that a few weeks ago were occupied with her husband, Lydell Peck, and her screen sweetheart, Charles Farrell?

Of course, one half of her loss was by her own hand; she thrust her husband away from her.

But the other half—perhaps she would rather it had not happened?

It did happen, though, and by her voluntary ejection of Peck from her life, Janet innocently removed Farrell. How? Simply by reason of the peculiar circumstances that surround the relationship of Janet and Charlie. If Janet should be seen with Farrell now, or possibly for some time to come, there likely would be gossip—vile, meaningful gossip from which even as sweet; decent folk as these two are not immune.

Because of this, Charlie cannot return to her side, even if he should so desire. They cannot be friendly on studio sets, as they were when Janet had a husband to protect her from gossip. They dare not appear so devoted when they dance together in public places, as has been their custom in the past.

No. Janet must go on alone—temporarily, at least. Does she feel like dying? Does she, too, recall those words she spoke to me several years ago?

Of Janet’s two romances, that with Farrell predates the other. She met Charlie in 1924, when both took casual parts in a Hollywood benefit show, “The Writers’ Revue.” They did not meet again until 1925, when they were cast together in “Seventh Heaven.” It was during and after production of this picture that they fell in love.

Until early in 1929, their romance was interrupted, and it was a love affair that apparently had the approval of the entire world. I do not believe anyone doubted that Charlie and Janet eventually would marry. That they did not wed during those blissful years may be traced to their mutual fear that marriage would endanger their careers. They were not sure that their screen romances would ring true if they were married; after all, there is no particular thrill in (Continued on page 88)
What! Do They Really Look Like This?

Ruth Chatterton, one of the films' leading practitioners of poise, takes on a new austerity under Flato's imaginative pen. Note the determination expressed in chin and mouth.

Bette Davis adds to her new and popular screen character as an irresistible sorceress—complete with drooping eyes, Garbo-esque lashes, and side-long look.

Paul Muni, above, emerges from the ordeal-by-Flato with a slightly satanic look, the left eyebrow raised in the very best "Scarface"-"Fugitive" manner.

You thought you knew all about Eddie Robinson's menace? Well, just gaze upon this striking version of a real good actor playing the part of a real bad man!

All smile and dancing eyes! That's Flato's characterization of the bonny, blithe Blondell. And you must admit that the clever caricaturist is right about Joan.

Rugged and rock-like, Warren William's sternly handsome features become almost Grecian under this artist's transforming touch. Barrymoresque? Don't say that!
Re-introducing some famous film friends of yours, as seen exclusively for SCREENLAND by the equally famous international cartoonist, Hans Flato

Our caricaturist neatly catches Joe E. Brown's capacious smile, though there may be those who'll claim that this drawing of it is an understatement.

George Brent's well-known suavity remains intact even under this artist's satiric pen. Sitting for this sketch, one gathers, must have bored Brent!

Flato turns Loretta Young's lovely face into a cold classical mask, with very modern maxfactor lips super-imposed.

No mistaking the cultivated Arliss features! In this caricature he appears thin-lipped and severe, without the softening grace of the Arliss smile.

William Powell, as debonair off the screen as on, takes on a touch of added insouciance when portrayed in the inimitable Flato manner.

Strikingly dramatic is this profile of Ann Dvorak, left, one of the bright-eyed charmers in "Three On a Match." Doesn't she look like one of those ladies of the traditional stage?
The 5 Girls who have been Joan Crawford!

1. The Hey-Hey Kid
2. Young Lady in Love
3. Dignified Matron
4. Tragic Actress
5. Girl with a Sense-of-Humor

By Ann Randolph
Crawford has been, in her short life span, five women! Here you'll meet them and discover new reasons for Joan's greatness.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S emotional life is divided into five definite and distinct phases! Unlike everyone else I know, she has not allowed one phase to overlap the other. With her usual sudden decisiveness she has been, in her comparatively short life span—five women!

The reasons that caused her to change thus, five times, came sometimes from outside things and sometimes from within herself. If you string along with me for a while and discover those reasons, you'll find some new facets in Joan's personality.

First of all, of course, there was the Hey-Hey Girl—and you're probably as sick of hearing her called that as Joan is, but it was such a characteristic stage that it can't be ignored.

Joan plunged herself into gayety because she had not had much of it before, and because she was bewildered by the Hollywood scene and did not know how to cope with it. She loved to dance and she loved the adulation of sleek-haired boys who told her she was swell. In a skirt that just missed her knees and a rakish hat pulled down over her reddish-brown hair, she made the Montmartre customers sit up and take plenty of notice when she and one of the youths in her entourage danced the Charleston or the Black Bottom.

Yet during all this time something in the back of her very amazing mind kept telling her that it was empty fun. One Christmas Eve during this period she watched all the gay folks at the studio and said, disconsolately, "What's the matter with me? I should be having a grand time, but I'm not."

And it was that very question that took Joan into the second stage of her emotional career. This time, you see, it came from within herself—the change. What was lacking? What did she need? And she discovered that what she needed was love—not just a lot of boys who told her she was "grand" and "a swell dancer" and "a wonderful girl"—but one man to love and admire her.

That was when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., came into her life. And Joan made a brisk change from the Hey-Hey Girl to the Young Lady Deeply in Love. Suddenly, she was happy—and she wanted everybody to know it.

So she and Doug were together every possible waking moment. She and Doug held hands in public and isolated themselves with the funny "double Dutch" jargon that got them so much publicity—publicity that eventually made Joan see that she had worn her heart too conspicuously upon her sleeve.

They did all the silly things that people in love do—the only difference being that they were picture people instead of a couple of neighbor kids and all the silly things they did got into print. How would you like having what you do when in love printed? I (Continued on page 18)
Exposing Hollywood's Latest “Triangle”!

Read about this newest—and nicest torrid trio

By

Ben Maddox

BUDDY, Mary, and Dick! A-a-ah!
Who's whose little who'sis? Who's whose turtle dove?

Suddenly these three romancers have become Hollywood's newest “triangle.” Their dates, thanks to the newspaper gossips, have the whole town on the guess.

For years Buddy and Mary have been playmates. They didn't “go steady,” but each was apparently “preferred” in the other's eyes. And then in barges that irresistible, singing, hotcha Dick Powell!

Marlene can wear the pants in her family, Garbo come back, and Joan Crawford revert from quiet evenings at home with the hook rugs to the dance places. What the local folks are concerned with is: Which of the two—Buddy Rogers or Dick Powell—is Mary Brian's real sweetheart? If both are carrying the torch for her, which has the inside track?

If you are faithful to your favorite columnist, you have been reading that Buddy and Dick are pitting croon against croon and trumpet against sax, to say nothing of madly mastering more instruments to impress her. All this excess energy for the love o' Mary, the little lass from down Dallas way, suh, who has shown a sophisticated world how to be nice and popular!

“I like Mary because she is a nice girl!” The new Mr. Powell raving. “Everyone admires her type. She's regular. She's natural and you can be natural with her. And she's a heck of a lot of fun!”

He made his screen debut crooning that tantalizing tune, “I'm Makin' Hay in the Moonlight—in My Baby's Arms!” And then went and fell for our nicest actress. Mary adores moonlight drives, but she's slow on the hey-hay. See how she converts 'em?

This “triangle” has been so carefully nurtured by the daily press that it actually assumed reality the other night. Mary attended Kate Smith's big party in the Cocoanut Grove with both boys. Were the people puzzled! Three was no crowd!! A new Hollywood love wrinkle!!!

Having known Buddy and Mary for nearly five years, and having made Dick's acquaintance recently, I finally swore I couldn't stand these rumors any longer. To check for certainty, I ups to them—and they ups to me. And we have their love lives all straightened out for you. So listen to this!

Buddy and Dick are awfully fond of Mary. They——

Shocking! Hollywood starlet attends Kate Dick Powell, actually beaming across the of both their dreams, sweet Mary Brian. Of movies” even by other actresses, but did
crave to take her lunching and dining and dancing—and driving. (Day or evening.) And to run over to her apartment whenever they can between official dates.

She, on her part, thinks the world of her old pal Buddy, and likewise enjoys Dick's company. But she isn't in love with either, or with anyone else. Yet! And so all three are actually free-lancing the love game.

Buddy, who used to set thirty as his matrimonial deadline, now tells me that he doubts if he'll ever marry. The infinite possibilities of a combined screen, stage, radio and television career entrance him. The idea of being tied down is unpleasant.

And Dick insists he has to click permanently in the talkies before he can dream of plunging again. He will plunge, though! Last December he was granted a divorce in Arkansas, having separated from his wife before he hit Hollywood.

Last Fall Dick's mother and father visited him in California and he rented a home one door away from Buddy's place in Beverly. What a break that was for the columnists! The two rivals picturesquely located as neighbors!

The right angle on this "triangle" is that Buddy and Dick are not gunning for each other, but are the best of friends. Either one might have been captured by Mary had she felt true love's pangs. She hasn't—so far.

According to some of Dick's confidants, he really has fallen hard for Mary. Buddy's intimates are divided. One group claims he has been in love with Mary for years, and the other declares he and Mary have known each other too long to turn romantic.

Meanwhile, I wonder if you have an accurate picture of the glamorous members of this "trio"? Dick is quite a bit like his screen self, but Buddy and Mary have been holding out on you. In their old silent days together at Paramount they generally portrayed themselves, Adolescent, naively charming youth. Remember that the years have crept up on them. The reason they've appeared less often on the screen of late is that they have been away from Hollywood for stage engagements, bumping up against a world that is different from (Continued on page 84)
My Most Mysterious Friend

How a phantom "guide and philosopher" pointed the way to a star's career

By
Robert Montgomery

As told to Hal Howe

Robert Montgomery today—the cool, self-possessed leading man for whose support lady stars vie with one another. In this frank bit of autobiography he tells of the struggles through which he reached his present pinnacle.

This is a real story from my actual experience. I’m telling it in the hope that my mysterious stranger may read it and know that it hasn’t been forgotten.

Robert Montgomery
A MYSTERIOUS Stranger, whom I scarcely know, has had more effect on my life—and success—than all my intimates combined. Yet, he has crossed my path only four times and on each occasion for a moment only as we measure time nowadays.

But the face and conduct of this individual has been indelibly impressed in my mind through the years and has vitally effected my career. I feel that I have not met him for the last time, and when our trails next cross, I mean to chain him down and delay him long enough to fathom his depth and the reason for his fateful entry into my life at certain times.

As a mere kid I worked as a machinist's assistant in the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad yards in Maybrook, New York. We had eighteen hour shifts, and often during lapses, my mate and I would crawl exhausted into the dead fire boxes of the engines and fall asleep for a cat-nap on the cold grates. During working hours I spent the majority of my time in the pits under locomotives.

When conditions were more normal, at the end of the shift, we returned to the "Y," and after a good meal sat about in the lounge room talking or reading.

One evening I found myself seated next to a stranger who had just arrived. There was something both arresting and interesting about him. He was of the type who might be anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age—and decidedly not of the type generally seen about railroad "Y’s." His clothes, though showing the wear of time, were neatly brushed and not exactly out of press. His linen was clean, and his tan shoes carried a polish that glossed over the tell-tale creases. A battered suitcase lay next to his chair.

"Going to stay on here and work?" I queried, to open conversation.

He turned and faced me. I noted his tanned skin, sandy colored hair, peculiarly shaped square-cut nose, wide mouth which turned up with a humorous quirk at the corners, and a pair of blue boring eyes that stared glassy-like, from behind thick lenses rimmed in steel spectacles. A face not easily forgotten.

He considered me intently for a minute or so. I met his gaze, smiling as ingratiatingly as I could. He finally spoke in a husky baritone.

"I do not think I will stay on. One comes here to eat and sleep, does he not?"

"Yes." I answered, "but then—"

He interrupted. "Yes, but then they arise the next morning after accepting the hospitality of the 'Y' and go to work in the yards. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that's the formula," I said.

"I do not think I will stay on," he reiterated. There was finality and a sureness in his way of saying it. "I shall move on to other places." He saw my look of disapproval and countered:

"I know what you are thinking, but some day, when you have lived as I have lived, which God forbid, and done the things I have done, you will consider my act neither ungracious nor ungrateful. You will, like me, take the gifts offered you and let it go at that. Tomorrow is a new day and new gifts will come. I have (Continued on page 80)
The Grand Duchess Marie, whose book, "Education of a Princess," won her the high regard of the American public. This glamorous royal lady has written for Screenland the fascinating review of the film "Rasputin."

Since the downfall of the Russian monarchy Russia's last sovereigns have been discussed, criticized and maligned by the entire world.

Not only were they severely judged as public characters but also as human beings, every detail of their private lives having been pried into and dissected. The unparalleled tragedy of their fate has attracted less sympathy than curiosity, innumerable fantastic and lurid tales have been spun around their names, unscrupulous tales purposely distorting history and misinterpreting

They told me it was impossible! That the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia would not write about "Rasputin," the motion picture based on actual events in Russian history in which her own family figured. That it was a subject too intimate, too painful. They were wrong! The Grand Duchess Marie was keenly interested in "Rasputin!"—and now I have the great privilege of presenting her exclusive review to Screenland readers! I believe it is the most amazing feature ever published in a screen magazine.

Delight Evans, Editor

When you see the scene in the film "Rasputin" in which the Empress leaves the train after bidding the Emperor farewell, note the two cossacks standing on guard. One of the two, the Grand Duchess Marie tells us, is an ex-member of the Russian Emperor's escort, and had performed the same duties in reality! Left, another scene which the Grand Duchess Marie found particularly poignant: the leave-taking of the Emperor and Empress, played by Ralph Morgan and Miss Ethel Barrymore.
MARIE of RUSSIA writes about "RASPUTIN"

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Read the review of "Rasputin" by the Grand Duchess Marie for her opinion of Lionel Barrymore's colorful performance.

facts.

For those who loved and respected them with all their failings but with qualities of mind and heart which set them far, very far above the average this attitude of the world is profoundly distasteful.

My reactions therefore when I first heard that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were planning to produce their own version of the tragic subject which is of such intimate concern to me, would not be difficult to guess.

Up to the present the names so dear to me had been spared by Hollywood although they were often made to figure on the screens abroad and always featured in the most unattractive fashion. I trembled at the idea of
"It was with no pleasurable feelings that I looked forward to the day when I would see strange people interpret familiar characters. I was preparing for the expected blow. Yet with it all, as the action developed, I found myself getting more and more interested in the spectacle, and by the time it had come to an end I was both deeply moved and above all relieved.

The two characters in the film I was most interested in, those of the Emperor and Empress, are treated without the prejudice and offensive exaggerations which in these fifteen years had become almost a tradition. For this I feel sure I can be thankful to Ethel Barrymore. She has succeeded in making a very dignified and appealing figure from a character consistently misrepresented. Her way of interpreting the Empress occupied my attention to the detriment of almost everything else on the screen and when she would leave it I waited for her return impatiently. She could not have been better.

Amongst numerous scenes many of which are highly dramatic there is one of a less spectacular nature that is.

Don't Miss this Memorable Review!

What does the Grand Duchess Marie think of Ralph Morgan, who plays the rôle of Tzar Nicholas? Her impressions are vividly and sympathetically told on these pages.

Lionel Barrymore and Ethel Barrymore in a scene from "Rasputin and the Empress," the screen drama which afforded the Grand Duchess Marie the unique experience of watching actors impersonate her own beloved sovereigns and the other characters who played their parts in the great Russian drama.

Striding his way across the opposite page is Lionel Barrymore, who many believe gives his greatest performance in the rôle of the baffling Rasputin. Does the author of our review agree?
forward to the day when I would witness the film. As I took my seat in front of the screen upon which I characters, live their lives, suffer their sorrows.”

nevertheless particularly human in its tragic simplicity. It is a scene during the war in which the Imperial couple are taking leave of each other before the Emperor’s departure for the front to take over the command of the armies. They are seated side by side on a sofa in the Emperor’s private railway carriage, and on his lap the Tsar holds a rug which he forgets to wrap around his wife’s knees. The words they exchange are few but they are heavy with sadness. Both realize the tremendous responsibility the Tsar is about to take upon himself, both know that there are few around them that they can trust. They are alone in the world and about to be separated, who had ever were away from each other for more than a day. The door is opened and they are told that it is time for the train to start. They rise and silently embrace; for a moment they cling to each other.

The scene changes. Through a large glass door you see the train; it is covered with icicles. Snow is falling. There is a whistle and the train begins to move. Against the background of departing carriages a figure appears which slowly walks towards the glass door; it is the Empress who has just said goodbye to her husband. She does not cry and her face in all its impenetrable rigidity is a mask behind which you can sense the consuming anguish.

The scene contains a detail which will only be noticed by a few who know and for whom its realistic qualities will therefore be all the more poignant. On either side of the door two cossacks in uniform stand on guard.

(Continued on page 96)
A Director 
looks at the 
Stars

burn through a scene of "A Bill of Divorcement." As the camera takes them, he watches, intent on every move, every gesture, every shade of expression that crosses their faces. His fingers curl, his face grows strained, you can almost see his nerves stretch and tighten. As Barrymore's hand creeps to his pocket to draw forth a pipe, his hand creeps to his pocket in a similar gesture. When Katharine Hepburn's slender figure, wonder and bewilderment in its eyes, steals down the staircase, his heavy, crouching body takes the steps with her, while his eyes widen with the feeling reflected in hers. Like any creator, he is striving with all his will to inject into the material in which he works his imagination, his energy, his passionate encouragement, and when he cries: "Cut!" the strain is evident in the perspiration he mops from his forehead and his eyes.

It was some months later, and after the triumphant release of "A Bill of Divorcement," that I had a chance to talk to Mr. Cukor.

"Well," he said, eyeing me warily across the breadth of a luncheon table, "I suppose you want me to tell you all about my love life. And I suppose you won't believe me when I tell you I love 'em all. That's right—laugh! I knew you would. Think I'm afraid to say anything mean for print, don't you? Well, to tell you the truth, I don't see much sense in it—and to tell you the truth

ROLL 'em, boys!"

We're on a set in the R.K.O. studios—making ourselves modestly inconspicuous—for visitors, though occasionally admitted, are never looked upon with high favor.

The scene has been rehearsed again and again and again—rehearsed till all the sense has been rehearsed out of it, and you wonder how the actors are ever going to get it back in again. There's been a rehearsal for lights. The make-up man has gone the rounds, repairing the ravages of excitement and perspiration. The cameraman has mounted his "dolly," his hand on the crank. His assistants hover helpfully. The sound men are at their machines. A dozen others whose duties are Greek to you are stationed in the ofing. The actors wait, tense and ready.

It is then that the center of all this activity, the hub around which it turns, the motor whose driving energy releases and sets it going, controls and guides it to victory or defeat—it is then that the man with the megaphone cries: "Roll 'em, boys!" and the cameras grind.

The director on this set is George Cukor, veteran of the stage, who with "What Price Hollywood" and "A Bill of Divorcement" leaped to the top of the directorial ladder of filmdom. Your first impression, as you watch him moving purposefully from one group to another, is one of bulk—a hefty figure of a man who, despite his heft, is remarkably light on his feet. Your second impression—if he gets close enough to you—is of a boyish face and kindly brown eyes shining behind horn-rimmed spectacles.

He is putting John Barrymore and Katharine Hep-
“Think I’m afraid to say anything mean about my stars for print, don’t you?” says George Cukor. Well—listen to this ace director tell the truth about some famous players

By Ida Zeitlin

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS JOHN BARRYMORE STORY?

“Listen, George,” said John at the first “Bill of Divorcement” rehearsal, “if I try to do a single hammy thing in this picture, kick me, will you?” Read more grand anecdotes about Connie Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, and other stars in this feature!

again, believe it or not, I’d have to rack my brains harder than it’s worth to find anything mean to say about the people I’ve worked with. Not the first-liners, anyway. That’s the funny part of it. Whenever I have had any trouble, it’s been with the little fellows.

“The others? Sure, they’re human—God help us all if they weren’t—sure, we have our spats and our disagreements—and sometimes they’re right and sometimes I’m right—but that’s not the point. The point is they’re intelligent—and to hell with the rest! They want to make good pictures—that’s all they want; so do I.—so where’s the argument?

“No—print or no print, I’m telling you that I’ve yet to come across a case, among any of the stars I’ve had under my direction, of what you people call artistic temperament when you mean pure cussedness—and I’ve had some whose reputations along that line were nothing to be sneezed at. Barrymore of the raring Barrymores—a gentleman and a prince; Bankhead—London’s spoiled darling—a kinder, more considerate person never lived; Connie Bennett—”

Mr. Cukor may have thought he detected a gleam in my eye which wasn’t there. I have no other way of accounting for the fact that at this point he wagged an accusing finger at me and whooped in disgust.

“Yah!! Connie Bennett!—eats a director with her dinner every night, doesn’t she? Well, let me tell you, there isn’t a girl in the world I’d rather direct than this same man-eating Connie Bennett!”


Mr. Cukor grinned—a sudden, young, disarming grin—and the blaze faded from his mild eyes.

“Excuse me for getting a little heated,” he said. “There’s so much tripe written about this business and the people in it that it’s sometimes hard to keep your shirt on.

“All right—let’s take Connie Bennett, for instance. She’s young, she’s pretty, she’s rich, she’s successful, she’s married to a French nobleman—a dramatic, colorful figure—good copy—so what do they do? They make a stencil of her and copy her to a standstill as a heartless, artificial, high-hat, fashion-crazy, luxury-loving butterfly and let it go at that, without taking the trouble to find out what she’s really like. Oh. (Continued on page 86)
LIKE Jimmy Cagney, he's a mugg on the screen, incongruously enough, and also like Jimmy, off-screen he's one of the most perfect gentlemen in Hollywood. It's hard to reconcile the two. More than one person has gone to see a Tracy film and come away fascinated by his boisterous rowdiness. More than one interviewer has gone to see him, expecting a riotous hour or two, and departed completely dazed by his quietness.

Outside of his family there is only one thing in the world that matters to Spencer—his career. I've never seen him that sometime during the course of the conversation he didn't suddenly sober and start worrying—either about the part he was engaged on at the moment or what the future held for him in the way of parts.

Once when we were sitting in his living-room, sunk in deep, soft-cushioned chairs with a log fire cracking on the hearth and the spacious lawns visible through the windows, he waved his hand to indicate the room and all it connoted. "This," he said, "is very bad for an actor. It gets you too used to luxury that doesn't last and makes you dissatisfied with your regular life when you go back to it. An actor's life is made up of hardships, and it should be—for he has to know that side of life in order to give convincing performances. This spoils all that. It makes you fat and soft and contented."

His "regular life" as he referred to it then was the stage. He has never been able to convince himself that he has any permanent place in pictures. If he hasn't it's the screen's loss. Jimmy Cagney once remarked to me that he considered Tracy the finest actor on the American stage. Jimmy's remark was no Hollywood gesture, either, for the two of them have barely a speaking acquaintance.

When Spence spoke of an actor's life being made up of hardships he literally spoke the truth. No one but God and Spencer and Mrs. Tracy know what he went through when he was getting started in the theatre. His family have always been well fixed but his father hadn't wanted him to go on the stage and Spencer wouldn't permit him to contribute to a career in which he had no faith. Spence made his way alone and unaided, except for the encouragement his wife gave him. They went from one stock company to another with barely enough funds to pay their railroad fare to the next engagement.

Once in New York, a few months before their first baby was born, Spencer lived for four weeks on what is known in the profession as "a rice pudding diet." In New York, for a nickel, you can get a bowl of rice pudding. It is very filling. He became such a connoisseur he could tell you which restaurant gave an ounce more than the others and which one put in the most raisins. Finally he discovered one joint that poured a little cream over the stuff and that made it more filling. He had one bowl a day.

Thirty cents they could ill afford went for Mrs. Tracy's meals. She had to have nourishing food on account of the expected baby.

After four weeks of that sort of thing he got a job in Elizabeth, N. J., with a stock (Continued on page 90)
Opening night of the film sensation of the season! The stars turn out for "Cavalcade," picturisation of Noel Coward's vast epic drama. Clive Brook, who has the leading male role, attended the Hollywood premiere with Mrs. Brook.

An important scene from "Cavalcade," the Fox Films masterpiece, with Clive Brook as Robert Marryot and Diana Wynyard as Jane Marryot, the two principal characters in the drama. The time is 1903, the occasion a formal ball. Beginning with the close of the nineteenth century, the picture traces the recent development of the British Empire down to the present day.

Diana Wynyard, brilliant new star, Genevieve Tobin, and George Raft, pictured below, added their share of glamour to the star-studded audience. Miss Wynyard is the lovely and striking actress from the English stage who has won unanimous plaudits for her exquisite work in "Cavalcade."

Hollywood Highlights

Hollywood is many towns in one. Sometimes it's gay, sometimes it's grim; one day it's soft and easy-going, the next it's hard-working, dead serious. We've caught the highlights of some of Cinema City's pet moods—follow them through these pages and you'll have an idea of what a many-sided town it can be!
In “Lighter” Vein

THREE guesses—or three hundred! Would you know the darkly intriguing Kay Francis in her blonde wig? Kay wants to make a picture in this startling new character; the studio says her nay. So they decided to leave it to SCREENLAND readers. How about it, folks? Write Kay and tell her what you think—or write us, and we’ll tell her for you!
In Darker Mood

Perhaps you never thought of the athletic Joel McCrea as the pensive type! Yet here he is, in pleasantly informal garb, with that far-away, wool-gathering look on his face. What's on your mind, Joel? Wondering how much longer it'll be before they star you in your very own picture, instead of placing you "in support" of all those lovely ladies?
Pretty hard to beat this combination of movie eminence! Mary Pickford, who graciously acted as Gary's hostess for the evening, is caught by the cameraman with Norma Shearer. Are these girls enjoying the proceedings—just have a look at those smiles!

One of the most mirthful of recent evenings was Gary Cooper's party. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and Lionel Barrymore were among his stellar guests—and there, peeping out from behind Lionel, is Elsa Maxwell, writer and belle vivante.

Bright Boys ~ Gay Girls ~ Peppy Parties!
Hollywood prefers impromptu fun

And, of course, the tantalizing Tashman was on hand to enrich the gathering with her well-accoutred presence. Lil, in a frock relatively simple but with her characteristic dash, trades chatter with Doug and Gary.

Must have been a good one Doug just told! The ubiquitous Fairbanks takes Norma and Freddie March aside for a few party pleasantries, with Leslie Howard and mine host listening in over his shoulder.
Jean Harlow skips across the border to Agua Caliente, Mexico, for a little family party. With her are her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello. Yes, that's mineral water in Jean's glass!

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, his wife, go in for fresh-air enjoyment at Santa Monica, where one of the season's important polo matches is being played. Charles has his eye on a high one!

Bob Montgomery, who has his own idea of fun, organizes a party for himself and his wife at the Santa Monica polo matches. Bob, who swings a mean mallet himself, is getting set for a critical close-up.

While some of her colleagues were celebrating the joy of living at home, Marquise Connie Bennett and her titled consort made merry on their own during a little holiday trip to Agua Caliente.

And here are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy embarking on a long spell of old-fashioned relaxation. They went off on a vacation trip to South America. (Going to brush up on your "S. A.," Spencer?)
Those Gay ’90’s!

Theme song—“Where did you get that hat”? Mae West plays a night-life queen in “She Done Him Wrong.”

We’re told this is the way men proposed in the naughty nineties. We don’t know—vass you dere, Sharley? Anyway, this is how M West and Owen Moore appear in “She Done Him Wrong.”

And all the while you thought Carole Lombard was an ultra-modern, super-sophisticated gal!

Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay! These are the girls who entertained the tired-businessmen back yonder in the days of the bicycle era.
With bustles and ruffles and pompadours galore,
The modern girl hasn’t a chance any more!

Irene Dunne as a late nineteenth-century beauty in “The Secret of Madame Blanche,” one of the forthcoming pictures in the current wave of costume "epics." You must admit that those ruffles, flounces and picture hats had a decided charm of their own!

Romance in lavender! Can you blame Richard Dix for being enchanted by the charming Wera Engels in her no less charming turn-of-the-century gown? Wera is a popular actress from Germany who makes her American début playing opposite Dix in "The Great Jasper."

The calico girl comes to life! Florence Eldridge, that good young actress who is Mrs. Fredric March, dons this dashing garb in Richard Dix’s backward-looking film, "The Great Jasper." Be careful with that new-fangled horseless street car, Florence!
Taming the Wild Cagney!

What—is Jimmy just a home boy after all?

Jimmy Cagney, looking ever so harmless and sedate, in the living room of his new Beverly Hills house. Almost devotional is this quiet room with the stained-glass designs in its windows. A reaction from James' screen character?

"A villa on the hill—a, and you," croons Cagney to Mrs. C., below, as they contemplate their not-too-modest domicile together. Jimmy has learned that, notwithstanding the Golden Rule, it pays to be tough. That is, of course, in picture roles!

One, two, three, four! Cagney, who more versatile an artist than you may have supposed, spends a good part of his spare time brushing up on his keyboard technique. The bad boy of pungent pictures really likes music, and takes his piano-playing seriously.
From the spacious windows of the Cagney home Jimmy commands an agreeable view of the surrounding foliage. But let's hope the softening influence of lush Nature doesn't smooth down those rough edges of his screen personality!

Jimmy, gazing up at the raftered ceiling, speculates on the height of his living room. Not exactly a little hovel, James, whatever it may measure! To those who compliment him on the proportions of his residence, Cagney nonchalantly remarks, "Don't mansion it!"

The charming patio—above—with its decorative fountain and fringe of trees and shrubbery, provides Mr. and Mrs. Cagney with an enjoyable spot in which to get a breath of the outdoors in private.

Here's the balcony scene in this domestic drama. Don't ask us how Jim got up here, but here he is—and no Juliet on hand to greet him! This high balcony, combined with the tall windows, lends an added note of spaciousness to the room.
Sun-kissed Shearer

NORMA SHEARER gives us delightful reminder that it’s always swim-time under filmland’s perennial sun. And so she dons her strictly 1933 bathing suit for a cooling dip. Who but Norma could look so warmly ravishing and yet so deliciously cool?
VERNAL poets, prepare to sing! You can almost feel the first warm promise of spring in this lovely scene. Budding grass, mossy rocks, a lilting stream—and sweetly pensive Bette Davis in rustic gown and lacy, floppy hat to complete the picture!
Snow what? Eleanor Holm thought she'd combine skiing with her swimming—and here's the delightful result.

Technocrats, attention! Here's a study in high voltage provided by Lynn Browning, new little girl.

Is it girlish charm you're strong for? Verna Hillie has it—complete with shy smile and ingénue gaze.

Gail Patrick, left, swells the ranks of brunette Hollywood charmers—and a very welcome recruit she is, too!

Getting away from it all! Alice White relaxes from the ardors of acting by seeking out a little corner all her own on the set.

Phyllis Frazer knows what to do for that tired feeling! This posture is good for heat waves, too!
Step right up, ladies—mount the ladder of fame, and Uncle Bill Powell will catch you if you slip. Reading from top down: Lynn Browning, Loretta Andrews, Donna Roberts, Toby Wing.

Right, Maxine Cantway, another new Warner pretty, gets all bundled up—in her fashion!

Here's a striking bit of youthful sophistication. It's Lona Andre, giving us the warm shoulder.

Spencer Tracy, the old softie goes in for art! He's puttin' the finishing touches on the pretty picture, while Stuart Erwin offers suggestions.

Helen Mann, following the poet's advice, laughs her golden laughter. It's a nice-looking laugh!
THE lovely blonde Gloria Stuart hasn't been in pictures very long, but she's here to stay—she has that "Universal" appeal! You'll see her in "Private Jones" with Lee Tracy, and in "The Kiss Before the Mirror," with Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas.
Like the Screen Stars... Dramatize Your Beauty with Color Harmony

MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

94% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistic)

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1. Start powdering at the lower cheeks and center of the face, powdering the nose last. Use correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.

2. To assure a completely powdery surface, press powder gently into the tiny lines around the eyes, nose, mouth, and chin. With Max Factor's Face Powder Brush, lightly brush away surplus powder and clear all lines. Thus, with Max Factor's Face Powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.

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Proven perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

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Carole Lombard in Paramount's
"FROM HELL TO HEAVEN"
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Compliment          EYES          HAIR          SKIN
Face...D Light...D EYES...D BLONDE...
Cheek...D Light...D Garn...D Color...
Nose...D Light...D Brown...D Complexion...
Chin...D Light...D Red...D

Average...D Light...D Brown...D

Hair...D Light...D Brown...D

Light...D Light...D Light...D

Dark...D Dark...D Dark...D

Brown...D Brown...D Brown...D

Red...D Red...D Red...D

Blonde...D Blonde...D Blonde...D

Color...D Color...D Color...D

Hair...D Hair...D Hair...D

Brown...D Brown...D Brown...D

Red...D Red...D Red...D

Blonde...D Blonde...D Blonde...D

Complexion...D Complexion...D Complexion...D

Make-Up...D Make-Up...D Make-Up...D

Address

City

State
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Joan Crawford in "Today We Live"
Confidential!

A swell actor’s “severest critic” reveals him to the audience

By Mrs. Wallace Ford

Wallace Ford’s life story is one of the most colorful in Hollywood. After running away from home repeatedly he became a boy actor at the age of 13. Today he is among the most promising young men of the current screen.

Martha Haworth Ford, who gives you this amusing close-up of her popular husband, is the daughter of a well-known actor and playwright. Her two main interests in life are Wally and their small daughter, Patty.

The little woman approaches this interview with knees that feel like pieces of string. My pencil trembles in my fingers, believe me, boys and girls, because Wallace Ford, the star of this picture, is the most important guy in my life.

He pays my bills, lets me drive his car, feeds me kind of swell, takes me places. So, you see, I must do well by him—or else!

I probably know less about the young man than, for instance, his director. He is constantly surprising me. That’s why I’ve cared about him in such a big way for so, so long. We’re doing this interview surrounded by fan mail, stamps and mild profanity, so don’t blame me if a flavor of nervous excitement creeps in here and there.

Wally is an amazing creature. His personality is as many-sided as a—well, it’s many-sided. He bears the anguish of a hickey on the end of his nose with admirable sangfroid. When I weepingly assure him it will be most apparent to the all-seeing eye of the camera, thereby destroying his sex appeal, he swears that the particular character he is playing wouldn’t be complete without a hickey on his nose.

I tell him his favorite dog has just died, expecting an outburst of sorrow, and he simply says, “Well, that’s life. Here today and gone tomorrow.” A true philosopher. But I say, “I dented the fender of our car today, just a teeny bit,” and he stalks from room to room bellowing like Hamlet.

He never does the thing you expect him to do, except in his work. He is the most whole-souled and conscientious actor I’ve ever met in my life. And he is a very good actor. I speak, not only as his best friend, but as his severest critic.

His eyes are blue, or are they gray? And very deep-set, with four wrinkles in each corner, brought on by a combination of laughter and the California sun. His mouth is rather large, but firm. His nose is largish, too, but a nice nose for a that. He has a chin of great determination and enterprise. He has well-set ears, sandy brows and lashes, shaggy brown hair and a nice 18 complexion. He’s enough taller than I am to make a good dancing partner. All this is beside the point, no doubt, but it matters to the little woman.

He calls our child “poodle-face,” and as she is the spit of her old man cut down to one act, this exonerates him from all pretty conceit as to his appearance. He knows she looks like him! Personally, I think they’re both as beautiful as arch-angels, but then, I’m prejudiced in their favor some of the time.

He cooks the grandest bacon and eggs in captivity, but won’t wash up his dishes unless you beat him with a broom.

He loves cold showers because they make him feel like a Spartan.

Wears turtle-neck sweaters whenever he can and often when he shouldn’t, because he hates buttoning and unbuttoning his shirt. Says he has to do it too often when he’s working. Plays what would be a darned good game of golf if he had time to practice.

Never has been seen with anything but a cigar as a smoke because when he was thirteen years old, some man told him only Susies smoked cigarettes.

Snores when he sleeps, although he swears he doesn’t. Usually clutches the blankets around his shoulders with such singleness of purpose that he leaves his tootsies out in the cold.

(Continued on page 96)
3 Weeks with Neil Hamilton

(Professionally Speaking)

By Mae Clarke

Our star reporter-actress, Mae Clarke! She played with Neil Hamilton in "As the Devil Commands." Here's her day by day rating of him as an actor and a human being.

LUNCHEON with some writers in Neil Hamilton's dressing room. Never met him before... arrive at noon... no one here... what t'do?... so I wait. Time to go over mentally what I think he'll be like. Let's see... healthy... nicely married... a very clean, well-groomed lad... steady and good performer... a perfect gentleman. Guess I'm about to meet a very nice person.

Ah, here he is... never was fawn more startled by hunter... didn't expect me... or know who I was... extremely polite and patient with the situation till I explained all. Had already ordered food... so after ordering for me too... sits down and applies grease-paint... has on a sweat shirt... and hair all mussed. Pleasant surprise... Absolutely unselfconscious... makes me feel so "at home" I straddle a chair, being attired in riding habit.

Finally arrive the writers... Delightful food... delightful repartee... delightful hour... delightful gentleman with a twinkle in very brown, deep-set eyes.

Time goes on... now a picture together. Hate to say his sense of humor is grrrand because it's a lot like my own... we laugh at the same things so we decide to interview each other and to rate the day's work with the famous star system. So here goes Mr. Hamilton's report daily from my standpoint. Getting a little shaky knowing I have the evil eye on myself too... Fortunately for this article we decided to do this after five days' work. Those five are set but from now on I don't know whether we'll trust each other. We shall probably be too too good with a tongue in the cheek and an eye on the stars. We have four stars...

"As the Devil Commands"—or as the director commands! Here are Mae and Neil doing a bit of dramatic emoting in a crucial scene for the picture. Did Mae retire to her dressing room to make notes?

Mae Clarke and Neil Hamilton making eyes for picture has grey temples naturally, with auburn hair—a very is the perfect outdoor companion—
An actress tells what she really thinks of her leading man. Read this
and learn how picture partners get on!

excellent, four . . . good, three; . . . fair, two; . . . poor, one. Here goes:

Thursday: Not actually shooting, but in the portrait gallery for advance still pictures. Entire cast gathered . . . all men . . . I the only girl. There for a while . . . I thought I was being ignored . . . several of my gags went unnoticed . . . but then men always gather when in majority to tell certain stories . . . since I contended with the same thing in "Front Page," guess I'll overlook it. Yes . . . I will . . . he just popped up with a match for my cigarette when I didn't think he even knew I wanted one. Oh, I'm so sorry I was critical . . . the poor lad has had novocaine for a few fillings and is really quite upset. We rush his pictures through ahead of mine so he can go home—and so to bed . . . All things considered, and being only half a day, I award two stars.

Friday: First working day . . . very pleasant about rehearsing . . . very courteous about which side I'd prefer entering on with him . . . both a little on the shy edge on account of first day and new acquaintances. And so as all first days should, I award four stars.

Saturday: Had to play organ and sing carols with oodles of kiddies, and Neil comes in to scene . . . puts his arm on my shoulder and sings too . . . we both get a little bored as we do it about ten minutes. I adore kiddies and especially these, but after a while, with fatigue and the heat making me a bit irked, I exploded to Neil: "Kids are swell, but after a while let me escape—for my part I don't want them permanently." He was sort of tolerant with me, but I realized I'd said something unforgivable in his eyes. I unearthed a terrific paternal instinct in the boyish Mr. Hamilton as he replied, "You evidently have none of your own." I was taken aback! Guess I've been forgiven—he's clowning and singing all wrong words to "Silent Night," for instance:

I am so warm,
Tired and fatigued;
I tank I go home,
And-in-a-nightie get rigged.

Or something just as ridiculous whilst I look saintly. Well, if that wasn't a task! But soon all jokes stopped and I could note the Hamilton nerves start to work and sort of slammed a few of the organ keys . . . it was

nearly six and everyone was thinking of the soup-to-be. And so Neil gets three stars.

Monday: Neil plays assistant to Santa Claus. Is really awfully good in the scene with the children. Has the nicest, "realist" laugh you ever did hear. sort of starts basso . . . a few musical tinkle, and then real loud. Wish I could do it. Am such an ape . . . usually steal one trait from everyone . . . so guess I'll try to make off with Neil's laugh . . . if I were a boy I'd go after that speaking voice of his . . . Can't describe it . . . it is too swell . . . you must hear it to know what I mean. Gets at you somehow along the spine, like music from a cello. Now don't get me wrong—I have no more crush on Neil than I have on a cello, but do you mind if I appreciate both? A four-star day.

Tuesday: I worked in the morning and Neil in the afternoon and night-shift. We only passed each other in hallways and alleys, so it looks like a dark night . . . not a star.

Wednesday: Up to date. Today (Continued on page 89)
Look Out!
Here’s the New Jungle Menace!

Buster (short for “Rib-buster”) Crabbe, Paramount’s jungle white hope, as Kaspa, the Lion Man, in “King of the Jungle.” The powerful lad is giving his lion roar.

The thrill that comes once in a young lifetime—right. The lioness discovers the child castaway—what will happen to him? It’s a new situation in screen drama.

A ripping, roaring threat to home and fireside! Compare “The Lion Man” with Tarzan, the “Ape Man”—who does more things to your blood pressure?

Before eating his spinach! This appealing baby lion becomes one of the boy’s pals and teaches him many of the ways of the jungle—giving him, as it were, a lion on the situation. And—

After eating his spinach! The lionette grows into a jungle lord—majestic in his flowing mane and powerful body, fearing nothing. It just goes to show what good little pussy-cats can grow up to be!
We're all cubs together! The child Kaspa, lost in the wilderness, becomes the foster-brother of these two grouchy-looking young lions, whose mother adopts and protects him as her own. "It's a beastly life," says he, "but I like it."

Trouble in Nature's paradise! Tragedy rears its head when the human jungle-dwellers go lion-hunting.

The herd of lions, Kaspa's friends, are trapped by the natives and penned in an enclosure. Their frantic efforts to escape are unavailing, and for a time things look pretty black for the lion populace. But soft—guess who comes to their rescue?

Kaspa, it turns out, isn't so far estranged from the human race as to be immune to the allurements of some lovely girl such as, for example, Frances Dee. It's Frances who, discovering the "Lion Man" in the jungle, awakens human love in his leonine heart. After various trials and perils he wins her for his own, and another outdoor saga reaches its happy conclusion.
There's just one word for this motion picture, and that is "magnificent." If I have ever used it before please forgive me. I should have saved it for "Cavalcade." Here is the finest talking picture yet produced—a beautiful, touching, and thrilling entertainment. Hollywood need never hang its head in shame again. All finger-pointing must stop at once! The movies have made a picture to be proud of. Noël Coward's play is British in scene but universal in appeal. It follows the fortunes of a high-minded English family from Victoria's day to this. And what drama the great Coward has found in the quiet lives of the Marr- ryots—Robert and Jane, their sons, and their servants. The acting is superlative. Diana Wynyard is first. But Clive Brook is perfect. Frank Lawton from England is a sensational juvenile. Ursula Jeans is charming. Three members of the original cast, Una O'Connor, Merle Tottinham, and Irene Browne, score. Herbert Mundin, splendid. Frank Lloyd's is a mighty directorial achievement. "Cavalcade" is an experience you must not miss.

A pleasant little piece, guaranteed to give you a good evening. Ernest Truex, America's premier light comedian, makes his talking picture bow and I hope you like him, because I want to keep right on seeing him in more movies. He is—what's that word?—inimitable. He can be whimsical, deft, and debonair, without causing cringes. And here he has a perfect part—that of a conscientious author of best-selling murder mysteries who blunders into real crime. A gloomy country house on a lonely road, filled with mysterious men and an uneasy atmosphere, is the setting. In wander Truex and Una Merkel as his fiancée, accent and all, and you know you're going to have a grand time. Truex is told he must prove he's good by concocting a perfect crime to "wipe out" an eminent citizen—or else. There's a time limit—suspend: there's romance—Ernest and Una are engaging lovers; and there's a climax that gives you more than your admission money's worth of thrills. Johnny Hines comes back creditably in the cast—welcome, Johnny. It's good to see you.

Hurry and catch "Rome Express"! I promise you an exciting ride. Your fellow passengers will keep you so interested you won't have time to look out the window. You'll meet a neglected wife—ah!—an eccentric millionaire, his meek secretary, a beautiful blonde movie star—oh, oh!—and other keenly drawn characters. They'll provide all the action you can ask. It's melodrama, and it's good, and it all happens on an express train, as you've guessed, en route from Paris to Rome. Conrad Veidt plays the meanest menace of the month—remember Mr. Veidt in some of our silent films? And how nice to see Esther Ralston on the screen again. She is just as lovely as you remember her, and gives a grade-A performance as the weary-of-publicity film actress who lies to save the man she loves from being wrongly accused of murder. Murder? Yes, murder, and more—it's never dull on "Rome Express." Congratulations, England, for sending over this interesting picture. It's your "Grand Hotel" on wheels, and good entertainment, the best you have sent us.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Extra Review of "State Fair" Fox

Just the picture to usher in the spring season! It is the most refreshing entertainment on the screens right now. "State Fair," from the hearty, human novel of Phil Stong, has the appeal and fragrance of youth-in-love and the peace and serenity of comfortable, chuckling middle age. The combination is sheer delight. Briefly, it's the story of the Frake family during the week of the big State Fair. Mother—Louise Dresser—exhibits pickles and mince-meat; father—Will Rogers—shows his prize hog, Blue Boy. Janet Gaynor, as the daughter, falls in love with a newspaper reporter, Lew Ayres. Norman Foster, playing his best role as the son, encounters temptation in the person of pretty Sally Eilers. They live and love as real people, not picture puppets. You really care what happens to them. And you'll relish every minute of it. Janet will surprise you with the sincerity and depth of her performance—she will win new friends here. Rogers is in his element—I've never liked him so much. In fact, you'll love the whole family. "State Fair" is the kind of picture we need. It's a lovely thing.

The Bitter Tea of General Yen Columbia

There's a tang to this entertainment that I like. Not the usual Oriental movie at all, it combines color with down-to-earth realism. If you have been disappointed with the various other Chinese cinema expls seen around recently, and I don't blame you too much, don't be discouraged—visit "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and see a different East-is-East drama, with subtleties as well as slant-eyes, and intelligent dialogue instead of pidgin-English smart cracks. Barbara Stanwyck plays a New England missionary in civil-war-torn modern China, captured by a bandit chief, played by Nils Asther. A definite promise of drama, and a promise that is handsomely fulfilled in the delicately shaded emotional conflict between the General and the girl. If the picture drags, and it sometimes does, there is more than enough romantic excitement to atone for the lapses. Nils Asther is superb in a grand role, and makes General Yen a fascinating, sinister yet sympathetic figure. It's an heroic portrait. Miss Stanwyck is colorless in comparison.

42nd Street Warners

Here's the first of your new musical movies! Some of you have been begging for them, so this is your big chance. "42nd Street" is a stunning, lavish, gay tune-picture. If those song-and-dance films to follow are as good, then it's a heap and it's so for a prance screen season. You won't be bored by all that endless footage that used to irk you in our first musical movies showing chorus gals marching endlessly up and down ornamental stairs; no—"42nd Street" has just enough chorus work to give it color. It's jammed with comedy and fast action, and human interest, too. A Cinderella story of the little Broadway nobody who steps into the spotlight and saves the show, it presents Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson's favorite tap dancer, a cutie who scores and will bear watching in future films. Bebe Daniels sings and looks grand, Warner Baxter is interesting, and George Brent and Dick Powell and others help. Brother and Uncle will be glad to hear that practically every pretty girl in Hollywood was engaged to make "42nd Street" a further pleasure. Highly pictorial, Masters!

The King's Vacation Warners

The family picture of the month! And everybody but grandma will like it. She won't, because I hear she insists upon seeing a Spencer Tracy or Jim Cagney or some other tough guy in every film; but the younger folks, fed up with realism, will probably welcome this bright trifle from Mr. Arliss. It isn't his best screenplay, not by a couple of "Disraelis;" but it isn't dull, either, and I think you'll enjoy it. Mr. Arliss plays a nice king who hates his throne job. He welcomes the revolution and happily goes back to his Old Love and the Simple Life. But even ex-kings can have their surprises. The Old Love, amusingly and decoratively played by handsome Marjorie Gateson, has acquired a regal bearing and a chateau with more pomp than the king's old palace. So—see it for yourself. Mrs. George Arliss plays the queen charmingly. Dudley Digges and O. P. Heggie are splendid: and Dick Powell and a newcomer, pretty Patricia Ellis, provide young love interest. Like all Arliss entertainments this picture has poise and dignity.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
D

O YOU believe in love at first sight? I do! By that I do not mean that love is discovered at once or not at all. I do mean that first impressions are the most lasting. I do mean that in the first glance between two people’s eyes an exchange of vibration occurs that attracts or repels. I have heard men say that when they looked into the eyes of the ONE woman their senses reeled in a swooning rapture.

Some people claim that intuition guides one’s decision at first glance—that the message, “Here is my fate,” is quickly carried from the eyes to the solar plexus which is supposed to be the seat of the intuitive brain. Others contend that love at first sight is purely a mechanical or chemical causation utterly devoid of romance.

Personally, I see a great deal of romance in the meeting of two people who have a chemical and mechanical affinity for each other. It seems rather as it should be—a perfect thing in an imperfect world. Why shouldn’t romance have its own law and order of chemistry and mechanics? Of course it has. And the eyes are the greatest allies of romance, meaning of course WHEN they are and IF they are.

The eyes may be the windows of the soul in the highest spiritual sense, but they are also our shop-windows into which passersby look to see if there is anything they want inside. So we should be sure that they display our personal and personality wares attractively.

What is the “drawing power” of your eyes? Are they magnetic and compelling? When people catch your glance, do their faces light up responsive? No? Why not? What is it you do or do not to your eyes that leaves people indifferent?

Life is too short and people are too busy to pay much attention to a girl who does not accent her good looks, particularly her eyes. Most of us have learned how to rouge and powder expertly, but so few women really know how to accent their eyes with telling effect. The secret is clever make-up, which means the best possible materials, and knowing how to apply them artistically. I’m going to tell you about both. And then I’m going to tell you the effect of colors on the eyes—which ones to wear for the best effect on the best beam.

Clever make-up intensifies the expression of your eyes. But you want to use something that is not only harmless but is actually beneficial to your lashes. If you are going to wear make-up on your eyes for hours at a time it might as well be doing some good besides being decorative. This is why I advocate Maybelline. As you know, it is not my policy to mention products by name—but I am so delighted with the new improved Maybelline that I feel I would be “holding out on you” if I didn’t tell you about it. It is so soft in color, and it now contains oils that keep the lashes soft and supple, so, of course, they don’t break off. And it is so simple to use. So waste no time getting a box of the new, improved Maybelline and see how new and improved you can make your eyes look. It is interesting to note how many different effects you can create with eye make-up.

For instance, if your face is too wide, your eyes too far apart or your nose too wide and flat across the bridge, put your Maybelline on heavily at the inside end of the lashes and put the faintest hint of brown eye-shadow on the sides of the bridge. This will give a narrower and higher effect, which will be enhanced if you will lightly pencil your brows drawing them closer together in the middle. The Maybelline Company also makes a dandy, convenient pencil and the smoothest sort of eye-shadow.

On the other hand, if your nose bridge is narrow and your eyes are too close together, put your Maybelline...
Lies in Eyes?

Margery Wilson says eye make-up doesn’t change your expression—it accents the one you have! Which of these expressions is yours?

heavily at the outer end of the lashes blending it to almost nothing at the inside line. To have the eyes appear well apart adds to one’s intelligence of expression.

See how make-up frames and accents the eyes of Joan Crawford, adding to their warmth, intensifying them until they become the hot, knowing eyes of Sadie Thompson and some of the other characters she creates. Now the same amount of make-up on Irene Dunne’s lashes simply intensifies the deep, womanly sympathy her eyes express.

The cool self-possession and aristocratic beauty of Joan Bennett’s conservative expression is made decorative by a dignity fringe of accented lashes. You can depend upon Joan for the proper thing and good taste.

The whole world sings sentimental songs about Irish eyes. In no one is the typical Irish mixture of tenderness and humor more personified than in Maureen O’Sullivan. Her eyes are wisely and well made up to enhance that appeal inherited from her Erin ancestors. The fascination of Spain is in the eyes of Dolores Del Rio via Mexico. Adding to their interest, something in their slant hints of an Asiatic ancestry perhaps a hundred years ago. Make-up enhances their dusky depths and lends a shadowy mystery to their gleam.

Patricia Farley, a newcomer, of whom Paramount expects big things, is characterized by her unusual eyes. Oh, so you have noticed it, too! I was waiting for you to discover that they are almost exactly the eyes of Gloria Swanson. So light in color that too much make-up would overshadow them, so, like Gloria, she uses—just enough.

These different types of eyes reflecting a number of personalities are well worth studying from the standpoint of make-up. Why not select the ones most like your own and experiment with the same effect in eye make-up? Even the stars do not use as much eye make-up in private life and on the street as they do in their pictures taken at the studio. But you can see where it is placed for the best effect.

When inside photography first became practical, the lights were very irritating to the eyes, “Klieg-eyes” meaning eyes made sore and blood-shot from the lights, was a common studio expression. Days at a time were lost on production while the stars’ eyes healed. I, myself, was totally blind for thirty-six hours with Klieg-eyes. It was Mary Pickford who told me how to cure them. Dear little Mary—always mothering people! Today, the lights are so improved that only their brightness is a strain—and even that is relieved by the use of certain incandescent lamps that emit a color ray.

The eyes are so extremely sensitive that they respond to every shadow of change within and without. This is why it is quite possible to change the rate of vibration they send out. The condition of your health registers in them almost immediately. They reflect constantly your disposition and character. The truly magnetic eyes are those that mirror complete well-being and look at the world with some eagerness and interest, understanding and tolerance. If you have not these qualities start at once to acquire them. Then instead of hiding your (Continued on page 92)
Hot off the Ether!

Intimate glimpses of Walter Winchell and other radio head-liners

By

Evelyn Ballarine

Bernie-Walter Winchell feud! So many gullible people were under the impression that it was a serious battle. Actually, Bernie and Winchell have been friends for twenty-five years. In fact, they went to school together. The gag started over a year ago. Walter, tired of hearing everybody being praised, thought it might be amusing to heave a few bricks at someone. So he and Ben got together and decided to take verbal socks at each other. Winchell even wrote the first crack about himself for Bernie, and he didn’t spare himself, either.

The page boy who escorted me to the studio in which Walter was broadcasting confided that the Winchell broadcast was a closed program—no visitors allowed. But when the “grey ghost” heard that I was from Screenland he at once issued orders to admit me. Magic word, Screenland!

When Irene Beasley sees “red” she’s happy! The long, tall gal from Dixie is extremely sensitive to color. For instance, she’ll never wear a black dress when she broadcasts because black subdues her, but red, good old red, does things to her voice. She dislikes pastel shades—nice, strong colors for her! Irene loves to drive a car. She dislikes people who make puns about her name such as “Beasley weather we’re having.” Calls herself a brunette even though her hair is a lightish brown and her eyes are blue. When reminded of the fact that she leans more to the blonde type, she comes back with a crack about having “a brunette point of view.” She’s a radio fan—and a Rudy Vallee fan. And she never misses a Burns and Allen program if she can help it. Irene has written several songs, and is now at work on a book about radio. It’s an answer to the many fans who write asking her how to break into the radio racket.

There’s more fun at the Jack Benny-Ted Weems broadcasts and rehearsals than on any other program I’ve sat in on. The boys in the control room who test the voices smart-crack back (Continued on page 91)
Who Said "No More Thrills"?

Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance" leads him to Hollywood!

By

Mortimer

Franklin

He's in the movies now! Having come face to face with most of the other great curiosities of the world, it was inevitable that Richard Halliburton sooner or later would get around to Hollywood. The man who scaled the Matterhorn, swam the Panama Canal, and lived with the head-hunters of Borneo might pardonably have hesitated before attempting the fastnesses of movieland; but the dauntless Halliburton was never one to quail.

So Halliburton and Hollywood met at last. The meeting, as it turned out, was an auspicious one; friendship ripened into love; and the result of the happy union was, as you might expect of two such personable parents, a photoplay entirely different from any that has yet been shown on the screen.

Eager for details of this latest of his exploits, I sought out the young author-actor-explorer-adventurer in New York, where he had temporarily come to roost. Without much prompting he discoursed at length on the four subjects nearest his heart, viz.: (1) Halliburton's books; (2) Halliburton's movie; (3) Halliburton's adventures; and (4) Halliburton, just Halliburton! Which, considering that this was what I had come to hear, was all to the good.

"Please don't get the idea that you are interviewing an actor," warned Richard, "just because I've made a movie. I made no attempt at histrionic effects in this film of mine; but then I didn't need to. Most of the picture consists of films taken of my actual experiences, and things happened so fast that merely to be there was to act in exciting melodrama.

"We did make a few scenes in Hollywood to give coherence to the story, which has a connected plot. But acting wasn't what they wanted from me. In fact, when I did begin to do a little emoting now and then, just experimentally, you know, the director would promptly shout for a cut and ask me (Continued on page 92)
That Glamor- or

Joan Crawford is probably the ideal Hollywood Star—Joan has become smart and dashing, but she is always very, very feminine. For example, note her new suit. Adrian's latest creation, it is simple without severity. We suggest you make notes for your own new Spring suit!

The gay little girl making up while she takes her ease is Dorothy Wilson, one of Hollywood's sweetest starlets. Dorothy was a stenographer before a discerning director made her a movie actress. It is interesting to us to note that Dorothy was such a knockout as a stenographer that one office couldn't hold her charm.
This Freedom?

Screenland's Glamor School this month presents the current Hollywood problem! Appealing and girlish—or sophisticated in the Continental manner? What do you think?

And now we go Continental! At left, Lilian Harvey, beautiful little blonde imported by Fox Films, as she looked when she arrived in New York from Europe. Lilian is wearing a suit with divided skirt. Like it?

Marlene Dietrich as she appeared at a recent Hollywood premiere. Yes, it's Marlene all right, with those famous legs encased in evening trousers, those shapely shoulders hidden by this severe overcoat, and that gorgeous blonde hair topped by an austere black felt. Will Marlene start a new style with this outfit? It's our guess that most girls will prefer to cling to their good, old-fashioned, becoming frocks and wraps.
The Mummy
Universal

Strong entertainment for strong nerves. That “Frankenstein” fellow, Boris Karloff, is this time a mummified ancient Egyptian who comes to life spreading horror wherever he goes. Interesting Zita Johann plays the modern girl who he thinks is the reincarnation of his Egyptian love. Karloff’s make-up is the most gruesome yet. And can he hand out the shivers!

The Island of Lost Souls
Paramount

If you’re a Charles Laughton fan—and who isn’t?—then you won’t want to miss this horror film; but park the kiddies in the nursery. Of course you’ll be interested in Richard Arlen and the Panther Woman but it’s really Laughton’s show. As a slightly mad scientist he tries to transform beasts into humans. Br-r-r! Don’t say we didn’t warn you!

Billion Dollar Scandal
Paramount

At last a good part for a good actor, Robert Armstrong—and how he plays it! A dumb masseur involved in big-time doings, he becomes a “hero” for a day when he exposes a group of crooked business men, but soon finds himself back on the old job with his old pals, gorgeously played by Jimmy Gleason and Warren Hymer. Obvious? Yes—but fast-moving and often very funny.

No Man of Her Own
Paramount

Whizz—bang—zip! This is the month’s torriest film. Clark Gable will leave the femmes limp after this one. Gable, who plays a card shark, breezes into a small town, meets Carole Lombard, and marries her on a bet. We won’t give the show away, it’s glamorous and gay and okay! Clark runs away with the film, but Carole isn’t very far behind.

No Other Woman
RKO-Radio

Irene Dunne brightens up a heavy story with her charm and splendid acting. The plot has her marry Charles Bickford, a mill-hand. With their rise to riches comes trouble in the form of seductive Gwili Andre. But the lovely Irene walks off with Bickford and most of the acting honors. Eric Linden is wasted in a small role.

Hot Pepper
Fox

Your old friends, Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg, are back again with some fresh, very fresh, gags and a few neat tricks, including Lupe Velez. Eddie is still out-witting McLaglen, and of course he’s “on the make” for all of Vic’s gals—but they’re pals, anyhow. This film has more spontaneity than their last effort—and you’ll enjoy El Brendel and Lupe’s looping.
The Half-Naked Truth
RKO-Radio
A swell show! It's different, it's fast, it's funny. Lee Tracy is a super-press-agent whose career rushes him from a carnival show to Broadway—and back again. Lupe Velez plays a hooch dancer who is transformed into a musical comedy star by publicity magic, only to find herself right where she started. Tracy gives a grand performance. Lupe—well, she's Lupe, and wow!

The Parachute Jumper
First National
Here's an exhibit which gets under way in grand style, then turns into old-time "aerial" hodge-podge. You'll like Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as the too-gay marine aviator who takes the jumps, but the story cracks up when he becomes a civilian and the gangster element enters. Doug and Bette Davis should be spared such high jinks, even though there are aerial thrills aplenty.

Employees' Entrance
First National
Warren William here plays powerfully a department store "superman" who builds a career on the ruined lives of his weaker brethren. Among his near-victims are Wallace Ford and Loretta Young, two of his employees who marry against his wishes. Thanks to excellent acting and a breezy humor in the writing, it's rousing adult entertainment. Alice White scores.

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Air Hostess
Columbia
A knock-down fist fight, a narrowly averted train wreck, assorted plane crack-ups, and scrambled romance are some of the excitement offered by this latest of the aviation films. Little that's new, but if you like an old-fashioned "meller" in modern dress, here's your dish. James Murray plays a swashbuckling flyer, while lovely Evalyn Knapp furnishes the heart-beats.

Tonight is Ours
Paramount
Ah, that Claudette Colbert! Oh, that Fredric March! They play in one of those charming, but trite, mythical kingdom films and make you love it. You know the plot—a queen who loves a commoner but must give him up because of duty to her country. You know there'll be a happy ending and what's more, you want it! Claudette is ravishing—and Freddie, well, swell!

Hard to Handle
Warner
You'll welcome Bad Boy Cagney back to the screen even though his come-back film is disappointing. It's broad comedy mostly, with the First Gentleman of Fisticuffs playing a high-powered promoter in love with a marathon-dance contest winner, Mary Brian gone blonde. Not meaty enough for Cagney. Ruth Donnelly grabs the laughs. What—no grapefruit?
Hollywood's most interesting Widow

How Billie Burke, single-handed and courageous, is fighting for new acting honors

By Ada Patterson

By her act she provided another example of the duty and glory of "carrying on." She earned the honor and esteem that the spectacle of courage always wins.

Hers not to flee the sunset state that had been the scene of her tragedy. Hers not to go east for permanent mourning. When her one melancholy journey was finished, the multitude of details ended, she would return and a Californienne be. Hollywood proclaimed her a thoroughbred!

Miss Burke has returned to the state of her actual origin. For while she was born in Washington, D. C., her father, the amiable clown, Billie Burke, derived from the State of the Golden Gate. His marriage to a widowed newspaper writer in Washington, D. C., and the birth of their child there, were merely incidents in his world wanderings. For with Mrs. Burke and his infant namesake he visited and amused folk, who wanted to laugh, in the larger cities of France, Germany, Austria and Russia. To England he went (Continued on page 94)
Is it Sad to be Funny?

Merrily mournful, gaily grim, the most hilarious comedians seem to wear the longest faces!

By Reeves Harmon

TWO of the greatest comedians on the screen have the longest faces in Hollywood!

Zasu Pitts might break into a shower of tears any given moment without changing her facial expression in the slightest, and there would not be the slightest incongruity. Slim Summerville, from the dolorous visage which tops his six-feet-something could qualify during his most comical moments as one who had just lost his last friend. Why?

No one can say definitely, but the lanky Universal comedian surprises with an opinion of philosophical proportions. "It's because only a hairline separates a laugh from a tear," advances Slim Summerville. Comic situations, he believes, by a slight twist could be transformed into tragic ones in almost every case. "In fact," says Summerville further, "most comedy situations are based on actual tragedy which becomes funny because it is either exaggerated or burlesqued."

Of course all this doesn't explain why the facial lines are long on the screen and off in the expressions of these two ludicrous players who can merely walk across a scene and be pursued with bounding laughter by the audience.

Buster Keaton rose to comedy prominence through his "dead pan" expression. Chaplin has always been essentially forlorn. Yet if you called either anything but a comedian you, in turn, would be called insane.

Real comedy artists have almost made it an axiom that "it's sad to be funny." Superficial slapstick exponents grow boring, but Chaplin, Keaton, Summerville, Pitts and their dreary-countenanced ilk go on forever, which ought to prove something about the merits of their class.

Zasu Pitts would tend to bear out the contention of the beanpole Summerville, that comedy and tragedy are not widely divorced. The weary-handed actress is completely at home in either type of role. The world apparently prefers her as a comedienne, although such an exacting director as Erich von Stroheim has remarked that she is one of the most capable tragediennes on the screen.

Neither Summerville nor the inimitable Zasu have any actual cause for their long faces. Both are in demand at top salaries in Hollywood. Neither has had any particular hard struggle to attain success, or any real life tragedies to mold their forlorn expressions. Asked this question on the set of "They Just Had to Get Married" at Universal recently, both were unable to give any reason for their sad eyes. In fact, both were rather surprised to learn that they looked that way all the time. They thought they were rather normal appearing persons off the set. Their humorous natures might have prompted such a statement, however.

Anyway, one of Hollywood's greatest paradoxes remains unexplained.
Here's Hollywood

And points East! Reporting the stars at play and at work on both camera coasts

By Weston East

ONE of the most charming stories to come out of Hollywood concerns Joan Crawford.

There was a boy named Paul Schrebnick who held a minor job at her studio. He adored Joan, as do many who work with her, and waited on her faithfully. From his meager wages he managed to save enough to give her occasional inexpensive presents.

Miss Crawford liked the kid and was nice to him. But she is a star and he was a youngster of no particular consequence. Early Christmas morning, young Schrebnick was fatally injured in an automobile crash. He was rushed to the hospital, and his first call was for Joan. She was telephoned, and on Christmas Day she left her home and went to the hospital.

She remained beside the dying boy all that day and night, and the next two days. She even went into the operating room, where surgeons fought to save his life. She was holding his hand when the boy died and he was so delirious that he kept calling her name, unaware that she was beside him.

Joan paid the entire cost of his hospital care and his funeral and then shipped the body to his family in Florida.

And now she cherishes a keepsake—a book that he gave her. It is beautifully inscribed, and at the very bottom of the flyleaf the inscription ends with: "Why is it that when I try to write to you, I always find myself at the end of the page?"

NOT since Rudolph Valentino's famous tour of the States have women stormed theatre doors, as they did when George Raft paid visits to several cities.

In Brooklyn, several men and women actually threw presents on the stage while Raft was acting. A perfectly gorgeous bath robe and a beautiful feather fan were among the gifts, while more than a dozen admirers sent him flowers.

And by the way, did you know that until he walked out on Paramount and refused to work until his salary was raised, Raft was receiving only $250 weekly?

THEATRE fans everywhere who had just learned to like Ann Dvorak when she married and took a "run-out＂ position on her studio, claiming an unfair contract, may clap hands hurrah, for all is again peace between Ann and her studio.

She has been given a new contract, with a swell salary boost, and if she isn't back in Hollywood (from England), by the time you read this item, it won't be long now. Ann's husband, Leslie Ponson, who has been working on the London stage and in English talkies, will return with her.

Ann's return may answer a crying need of the screen for new and outstanding feminine personalities. During the past year, only Katharine Hepburn has arrived in Hollywood and given promise of creating new interest in screen femininity. Producers are crying for the good old days when a Clara Bow, an Alice White, or a Greta Garbo popped up every month or so to add excitement to the movie fare.

A LONG with his Irish pugnacity, James Cagney owns an Irish sense of humor.

Jimmy has a younger brother named Bill who is his image. When Bill visited Hollywood, he was persuaded by Jimmy to comb his hair and dress exactly as does his more famous screen brother.

Then Brother Bill went to the Derby, the Hotel Roosevelt, and other public places. From an obscure position, Jimmy watched his brother sign autographs, pose for pictures, and otherwise take all the family bows!

IF a certain irate golfer ever lays hands on Katharine Hepburn's dog, there'll be a canine less in the world. She has trained her dog to run to her ball on the links and await her arrival. But recently the Scottie stopped at the wrong ball, and when Katharine kept going he mouthed the pellet and followed her. And a mad golfer who lost five dollars on the hole because he couldn't find his ball has sworn to "get" the Hepburn Scottie.

YOU can't hold a good picture down. "A Farewell to Arms" did business to six thousand people the first day of its Los Angeles run, and as word-of-mouth advertising spread over the city, there were daily attendance increases until the picture played to fourteen thousand on the sixth day and promised to mount to higher totals.

George Raft was expected to make a speech at the "A Farewell to Arms" opening, introducing Gary Cooper. But during the day Gary said to George, "If I have to be introduced, I won't go." So Raft took Gary at his word, and didn't appear. When Cooper came, and there was no one to introduce him, there was a merry old whirl for a few minutes.

WILL ROGERS was master of ceremonies at the Hollywood premiere of "Cavalcade." The all-English cast talks with the accent peculiar to Londoners, so Rogers said: "I hear they're going to make an American version of the picture."
KATE SMITH established a strict edict that there be no proximity on her set. The garbage collector in Hollywood reports her revenue from the sale of ginger ale bottles has dropped from $80 per month to less than $5. Gary Cooper’s dog barked on a set and cost the studio $236 when he ruined a scene. Constance and Barbara Bennett Downey argued several minutes via New York-Hollywood telephone over diets for Barbara’s new baby. A funny blurb sent out by a press-agent stated: “Clark Gable disdains grease paint and appears in all of his pictures au naturel”—aw, now! Joan Crawford spends idle moments on her sets whitling; several friends have given her knives since she took up the fad. While Clara Bow was in Europe, her Great Dane won a prize at a dog show. Jimmy Durante and Robert Montgomery went three weeks without shaving for scenes in “Hell Below.” Wynne Gibson’s hair has been bobbed continuously since she was three years of age. Groucho Marx said: “I saw a rising young actor today; I had left a tack in his chair.” Mary Carlisle almost quarreled with her boy friend because he passed a needy beggar without contributing.

NOT content with wearing tailored suits, Marlene Dietrich is specializing. She is now copying Clark Gable by wearing turtleneck sweaters.

WILL ROGERS’ mania for ham hocks and sauerkraut has reached a new high. Will now has his man-of-all-work visit cafés near the studio and report when the favored dish is on the menu.

One day recently the fellow returned with two menus—a pair of restaurants were featuring ham hocks and sauerkraut that day. Rogers chose between the two by flipping a coin.

DESPITE a contract offer of $3,500 weekly, Leslie Howard will return to Europe in May, and will appear on the London stage. Mrs. Howard, who is now with her husband in Hollywood, (although there were separation rumors about them for a while), will accompany him.

FOR once the predictions of the calamity hounds have been fulfilled. When Lew Ayres and Lola Lane eloped about a year and a half ago Hollywood said it wouldn’t last, and now the prophets are saying “I told you so.” Lew and Lola found themselves to be temperamentally unsuited to each other. Lola likes excitement and fun; Lew prefers quiet home life. So Lola is taking one late and Lew another. By a curious coincidence the divorce proceedings of Janet Gaynor, opposite whom Lew Ayres played in “State Fair,” were filed at about the same time.

HERE are three A-No. 1 laughs: Kathleen Burke, Paramount’s Panther Woman, is afraid of cats. Buster Crabbe, Lion Man with the same film company, leaped a fence to escape a friendly cow. And it has long been known that Dick Arlen, whose occasional Westerns are fast and brave, dreads horseback riding.

You’ll see another exciting new film combination when Gary Cooper faces Joan Crawford in “Today We Live.” Here’s one of the intensely dramatic love episodes from the picture, in which Gary takes to the ozone as a war aviator.
"Angling" for unique camera effects. LeRoy Prinz, Hollywood dance director, lines up the owners of these artistic ankles for a novel photographic shot. The girls are stepping in "Hollywood Premiere," a technicolor song-and-dance short.

By far the most attractive portable dressing room is that of Constance Bennett's creation. The room is done completely in yellow, with furnishings to match and a thick, yellow silk Chinese rug on the floor. Completing the color scheme, Connie wears a yellow silk Chinese dressing robe and brilliant yellow slippers when she rolls in the room between scenes.

I don't wanna work in animal pictures," said Jack Oakie. "No gnus is good gnus to me.

"I began my career playing an accordion, and my motto is: 'Great Oakies from little accordions grow.'"

The month's classic among fan letters is that received by Norma Shearer. It came from an Indiana boy who is having trouble with his girl friend. According to the letter, the girl is inclined to fall in love with screen actors, and during such periods she neglects her real-life sweetie.

"I hope you can advise me how to hold her permanently," the discouraged youth wrote. "When she fell for George Raft, I oiled my hair and kept my face stony and otherwise tried to be like him. When she shifted her affections to James Cagney, I washed her face with watermelon, (there was no grape fruit handy), and snapped her down. But lately she has taken a liking for Leslie Howard, and I can't imitate him without acting like a big sissy."

Joan Crawford was practicing her singing lesson in the M-G-M rehearsal hall. Oliver Hinsdell, studio talent scout, heard her from an adjoining booth and decided he had found a new voice for the screen. Imagine his embarrassment, when he rushed into the rehearsal hall, to find Joan the owner of the voice.

That was a funny happening at Paramount involving William Faulkner, author of "Sanctuary," retitled for films "The Story of Temple Drake." Under contract to the studio, he asked permission to do his writing at home, which his employers agreed to. They thought he meant "home" in Hollywood, but Faulkner meant "home" in Memphis, Tennessee, and a few days later, when the studio attempted to contact the writer, he was two thousand miles away.

Daniel J. Cupid (the "J" stands for "Joy") remarks:

That rumored wedding of Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield, for which she was said to have traveled from New York to Hollywood, is definitely off, she says. No other romances at present, she adds.

That very hot love affair that involved Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow two years ago has been resumed, much to the discomfort of James Dunn. Or is this a blind to hide a secret marriage?

When a feller gives you a diamond wrist watch, he means business. So watch the romance of Cary Grant and Virginia Gerrick.

You can get even money in Hollywood if you care to wager Ann Harding and Harry Bannister won't re-wed.

Helene Costello, the ex-Mrs. Lowell Sherman, has taken unto herself a new husband, Arturo Del Barrio, a young Cuban attorney.

It's all over town that Eleanor Holm's gorgeous diamond ring is a gift from Carl Laemmle, Jr., but they deny an engagement.

Rumors continue to merge the names of Dorothy Wilson and her director, Gregory LaCava. And Mary Brian, surprise of surprises, has been seen with George Raft!

They're in the army! While Flight Officer Gary Cooper makes scenes with Joan Crawford for "Today We Live," Captain Clark Gable does his military stuff in "The White Sister," with Helen Hayes. The boys get together for a chat during a lull in the war.

Upward bound! Katherine Hepburn, who would do something startling like that, is a round-the-world flyer, no less, in her forthcoming picture, "The Great Desire."
CLAUDETTE COLBERT came east on a long awaited vacation and promptly got the flor. She sneaked in to have a look at some of the Broadway plays she wanted to see all bundled up and feeling miserable—and to top it all she had to go into a hospital for that ole devil Sinus Trouble. Claudette vows that next time she'll leave her sinus difficulties in Hollywood.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, that amazing woman, has ordered a plane and will take up flying. ... William Gargan says a "Yes-man" is a fellow who has the courage of other people's convictions. ... Gwili Andre has a collection of seventy lamps of all descriptions in her home. ... Charlie Chaplin is the only star who refuses to sign autographs; even Garbo has complied on occasions. ... At last Hollywood has discovered a mouthful for Joe E. Brown—Kate Smith. ... The nurse who cares for Helen Twelvetrees' baby also took care of Helen as a baby. ... The funniest New Year's toast: "To 1932, the year in which—studio released more execrable than pictures." ... Marlene Dietrich, abruptly changing her tactics, very obtrusively poses for snapshots when fans accost her on Hollywood Boulevard. ... Clara Bow's "Call Her Savage" was having censor trouble in London until the red-head arrived; her popularity righted things. ... Lee Tracy carries a tiny chess board and miniature pieces everywhere he goes. ... Lionel Barrymore named his new Scotty Raspoutine because he thinks the dog has whiskers just like Lionel wore when he played that character in a picture.

WELL, of all things! ... I have just learned why Marlene Dietrich wears those masculine trousers. Here is the lowdown: There was so much publicity about Marlene's beautiful legs that when she appeared in public, people actually squirmed to obtain better views of those advertised extremities. So Miss Dietrich adopted trousers in self-defense. The results, insofar as protection from embarrassment was concerned, proved so excellent that she now seldom wears skirts.

WHEN Marian Nixon and hubby Edward Hillman went East two years ago, they were robbed on the train. So a few friends who knew the two were leaving again, (last month), decided to frame them. One of the group telephoned and asked of Hillman: "Are you leaving by train for Chicago tonight?" Eddie answered affirmatively. "That's all I want to know," said the voice on the telephone.

And was Hillman worried! He demanded a police escort to the station. He hired two watchmen to guard his home during his absence. And when he and Marian boarded the train, Eddie locked their drawing-room door from the inside. Not that he was scared—of course!

Remember when Ethel Clayton and Bessie Barriscale were great ladies of the silent films? Now Mary Pickford has brought them back to the screen. Here they are with Theodore Von Eitz and Huntley Gordon (standing).

AT THE Chinese Theatre premiere of "Cavalcade," master-of-ceremonies Will Rogers glanced at the Oriental decorations and remarked: "If the theatre depression continues, this will make a swell chop suey joint."

REMEMBER when Screenland introduced you to Brian Ahearn who was then playing with Katharine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"? We told you he was movie material! Well, Hollywood thought so, too, and Paramount has signed him to a contract. His first picture will be with none other than Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs," said to be Marlene's last American picture before going home to Germany.
WATCH for Francis Lederer, Broadway's newest matinee idol, who will soon be speeding to Hollywood, having been signed by RKO on the day after he opened in his New York stage play, "Autumn Crooks." Lederer, who hails from Czechoslovakia but has learned to speak acceptable English, has all the qualifications for a popular leading man of the exciting kind. Twenty-seven years old, unmarried, and extremely good to look at, he has so compelling a stage presence that New Yorkers have come to the theatre in droves principally to enjoy his acting.

Physically he is strong and well-built, with unusually large hazel eyes, strong chin, and great masses of black curly hair. And just by way of showing how much his countrymen think of Lederer, the Czechoslovakian Government is having a statue made of him, which will be placed in front of the National Theatre in Prague, the capital. Incidentally, we may as well settle right now that little matter of what will happen if Lederer employs a double in Hollywood. They'll be called, naturally, "Czech and double Czech!"

In an apartment adjoining Jack Oakie's, there is a woman who sings, not beautifully but often. One morning, while Jack was attempting to figure his income tax, her shrieks became monotonous, so the comedian thought he'd offer a gentle hint to stop her. He leaned out his window and applauded loudly.

"What!" snapped Oakie. "And listen to you through Eternity!"

To stir Lew Ayres' ire, say to him: "I understand you are a student of astrology." After that, duck!

Lew would have you know he is a student of astronomy, not astrology. It seems that the latter is a science of the planets and their influence on the destinies of man. Astronomy is a study of the movements, magnitudes, distances and physical constitution of the orbits.

"Terming an astronomer as an astrologist," says Lew, "is like calling a golf champion a croquet player."

Oh, oh — and a couple of "darns." Una Merkel gets caught in a spring rainstorm. But she's "all bundled up!"

Una coyly takes a sounding. Dampen those pretty new galoshes—no on your life! Hang on to the packages, Una!
OUT OF MY ENVELOPES: "I went to see Bing Crosby in 'The Big Broadcast' eight times," writes Dorothy Mueller of Minneapolis, "and I'm not through yet. I am planning to start a fan club for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart."

"I hope Janet's (Gaynor) fans won't take her divorce as a scandal," Lois Carlson of Chamberlain, S. D., writes. "I wish it had not happened so soon after she made that attempt at 'growing sophisticated' on the screen. Lois is president of the Bing Crosby Club.

"I hope your magazine will give Peggy Shannon a boost soon; that great little girl is being shamefully neglected, and it is not because she is not popular with fans. Her club is the fastest growing that I know of, and fans adore her."

"Jean Harlow is the most perfect darling about her fans that I know," raves Lorraine Mason of Vineland, N. J., in a letter. "We have been corresponding for a year, and in that time she has sent me three huge, sepia photographs. I don't think Jean deserves all the tragedy she has had."

HOLLYWOOD has at least two actors who so closely resemble men famous in other walks of life that confusion has resulted on many occasions. Johnny Warburton, juvenile interest in "Cavalcade," looks like the Prince of Wales, and even in England has been mistaken for His Royal Highness. And Ned Sparks, droll comic, is often confused with ex-Mayor James Walker of New York by persons closely associated with the former city official.

THE next time George O'Brien makes a wager, he'll give more thought to consequences. On location with his company, several miles outside of Hollywood, he bet that he could hitch-hike his way back to the studio. Someone accepted the wager and the troupe departed, leaving George all alone.

Two hours later, when he had not arrived at the studio, a car was sent for him. He was discovered barely halfway home.

Cruel Fate takes a hand, and Una's only protector falls to the gutter. But be brave, gal! Remember—E Pluribus Una!

At last our heroine decides to join her umbrella on the curb. Now what gallant lad will rescue her? She's waiting for a gondola!

No divorce clouds darkened Lew Ayres' horizon when he posed for this picture with Jimmy Fidler, SCREENLAND'S Hollywood representative, and Lew's pooh-pal. The inset shows pretty Lola Lane in a carefree moment, before she began divorce proceedings against Lew.

A MAN who knows many of the stars' innermost secrets is Dr. J. C. Jones, a dentist who numbers many of the film famous among his clients. The reason Dr. Jones knows so much is that he has pulled many a movie tooth—and even the closest mouth stars talk under the influence of laughing gas.

"You say Greta Garbo won't talk," he says, "let me give her laughing gas. She'll talk!"

A STORY brought back from Paris by one of Hollywood's world travelers is that a woman approached a theatre box office in Paris and said to the cashier: "I am Greta Garbo. Can you tell me whether 'Grand Hotel' has shown in this city?"

The ticket man hid a laugh behind his hand. Garbo, indeed, he thought: as it he'd bite on that gag. But he supplied the information.

You can imagine the fellow's chagrin to read in the next day's newspapers that Miss Garbo was really visiting the city.

MORE euphonious adjectives describing the stars, since you liked them last month:

Kree Jean Harlow.
Darlin' Arline Judge.
Polly Sally Eilers.
Prancy Nancy Carroll.
Gimme Jimmy Cagney.
JOAN BLONDELL is just about the most popular star to visit New York in a long, long time. She captivated everyone who met her with her whole-souled enthusiasm. Joan saw all of her old friends and spent most of her time with them instead of with Important People who didn't know she was on earth when she was an actress in Broadway shows, but deluged her with invitations to this-and-that now that she's a famous screenster.

She was hurried up to the studios of Vanity Fair's famous portrait photographer, Steichen, to pose for pictures for the ultra-smokey magazines. Steichen beamed at her and said, "You're a grand girl. You remind me of a luscious red apple."

Of course George Baras, Joan's new husband, was along. He had worked in Manhattan as cameraman on Marion Davies' elaborate production "Yolanda," among others. Everybody liked him, too.

A breath of the South Seas came to Hollywood when these California cannibals, impersonating a South Sea Island tribe, dressed in their warlike best to make scenes for "King Kong." This unique film concerns the fortunes of a gigantic ape-god, measuring some fifty feet in height, which is portrayed on the screen by means of ingenious mechanical devices. Ernest B. Schoedsack directs the picture, and Fay Wray has the feminine lead.

WHEN I lunched with George Raft in the Brown Derby recently, I was amazed when he suddenly left the table without a word. He returned after ten minutes and explained. I had ordered an oyster sandwich, and George can't bear the sight of them. The only way he can eat oysters (and he likes them), is to close his eyes. The funny thing is, he likes them raw or cooked.

RIGHT on the heels of Maurice Chevalier's divorce came a most disturbing rumor to the effect that studio officials are very much worried about future Chevalier pictures. It seems, if the reports are to be accepted, that women's clubs throughout the country are threatening to boycott Maurice's pictures, along with a boycott of other French products, pending settlement of that country's war debt.

Since Paramount invests half a million dollars in every Chevalier vehicle, considerable official conjecture has attended the rumors of a concentrated drive against French actors and actresses in America.

I CITE you an example of father love: Stuart Erwin has long wanted to go to Europe. The reason he has not satisfied that yearning has always been lack of funds.

But now that Stu has a new contract, money in the bank, and time on his hands, is he going to Europe? He is NOT! Stu and Mrs. June Collyer Erwin have postponed their trip abroad until their young son is old enough to travel with them.

(Continued on page 76)
"Don't let love grow hum-drum"

warns HELEN TWELVETREES

"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

She knows her husband really loves her still, yet she is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown hum-drum, stale.

DON'T let love grow hum-drum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

And then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning—and holding—adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the screen stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap regularly, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!

Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous!
A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
Without Rouge

Do you want a beautiful complexion? Without the use of rouge, powder, or color for that is all you need? If you suffer from congestion give your system just a tiny calcium wafer! Don't take that customary pill on Saturday night—just let Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the gentle internal cleanser, help Nature do its magic work for you! Stuart's Calcium wafers frequently clear away all impurities resulting from congestion and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores pured and the cuticle clean. Often you feel and see the difference from the first day you take Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

A free-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Stuart's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

FULL BOX FREE

Enough for full test—simple to apply the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 30-C.

Marshall, Mo.
Name:
Address:

Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-Line!

REDUCE YOUR BUST
THIS NEW EASY WAY
It's a miracle that is making headlines today—busting chest-line to slender, girlish form in minutes.

Just get his container of his famous \( \text{L.O.V.E.} \) and apply tomorrow. Apply treatment at home and watch your breast zone slim and young-looking. Nothing else to do. Guaranteed harmless. But SO EFFECTIVE!

SPECIAL—Write Today
Take advantage of special introductory offer now. Send only $1.00 for large $5.00 contains of \( \text{L.O.V.E.} \) and complete instructions. Offer limited—send today.

Betty Drew (Dept. S-4)
760 Broadway New York, N. Y.

MARRIED WOMEN
END PAIN AND DELAYS
When nature fails, use Dr. Rogers' great original endo-reagent, \( \text{L.O.V.E.} \) Compound Formula. This formula used by doctors and nurses for 30 years. Proven safe, stimulant, normal delay and infertile in men, often in 2 to 5 days without pain or complications. Because of its splendid qualities women everywhere use this remarkable Compound with amazing results. Get your bottle today! Full directions for use on bottle.

Dr. Rogers' Remedies, 2-15, 6052 Harper, Chicago.

Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 74

HARPO MARX went on a regular gag spree when he visited Palm Springs. A waiter, with poised pencil, asked, "What will you have, sir?" Harpo glowered upon him and shouted, "Did I ask you what you will have?"
Later that day he borrowed some tennis balls from other guests. When he finished playing, they calmly threw the balls away. "They're no good; they're worn out," he said.

Again, he asked a hotel bell boy, "What would you do for ten dollars?" The boy didn't know. "Well, here's ten," snapped Harpo. "Do something!"

NOT all eminent authors feel it incumbent on them to sink in a corner after viewing the results of the movies' effort to translate their work into cinematic terms. Noel Coward, for instance, reacted quite differently, and a good deal more graciously. After having seen the picture made from his vasty stage drama, "Cavalcade," that amazing young genius sat down and wrote as follows to Winifred Sheehan, Fox generalissimo:

"I have just seen 'Cavalcade' and I am deeply in your debt. I can sincerely say that the picture exceeded my greatest hopes, even after having read the New York notices. The whole story has been directed, adapted, and played with such sensitive adherence to the text and spirit of my play, that I am doubly thrilled at the response of both press and public to your brilliant achievement. Please accept my heartfelt thanks and congratulations.

WICH brings us to the rare achievement of Mr. C. N. O'Dell of Fox Films in New York, who establishes an all-time record for concise synopses by outlining in less than one hundred words the story of "Cavalcade," which on the screen covers the history of a family extending over three generations. Here's his synopsis:

"There are three beautiful romances delicately interwoven in the story of 'Cavalcade' with three charming pairs of lovers. Robert Moray (Clive Brook) and Jane Moray (Diana Wynyard) wed, have children, and live to old age. Edward Moray (John Warburton) and Edith (Margaret Lindsay) love, wed, and start off on their honeymoon on the Titanic. Joe Moray (Frank Lawton) and Fanny (Ursula Jeans) fall in love and Joe wants marriage but Fanny puts it off. It is an Armistice Day that Fanny, dancer in a night club, learns that Joe has been killed in France."

NEWS IN NUTSHELLS: Kent Douglass had his nose revamped by plastic surgery .... Mary Miles Minter's $210,000 home was auctioned for $45,000 .... Eleanor Boardman asked for $113 monthly alimony from King Vidor, director .... Helen Kane Mexican-divorced her husband and then married Max Hoffman, Jr. .... Tom Mix has retired from motion pictures .... Barbara Kent married her manager, Harry Edington, who also manages Greta Garbo, Ann Harding, and Charles Farrell .... Florenz Ziegfeld's $60,000 summer home brought $2,500 at a sheriff's sale .... Dorothy Burgess was involved in San Francisco auto crash in which man was killed .... The Wampas will elect no more baby stars .... James Hall is reported reconciled with his wife .... Frank Fay walked out on "Tattle Tales," the play partially financed by his wife, Barbara Stanwyck and then walked back in again; Babs joined the cast, too, for a while; she put $10,000 into the show .... Marlene Dietrich returned to Paramount to avoid suit for $182,850.00.

HUNTLEY GORDON, an actor who has experienced difficulty finding jobs, says his tombstone epitaph will be: "Here lies Huntley Gordon. If I don't get into Heaven it'll be because I'm not the type!"
Simple Daintiness  
Marchand's  
Will Assure It

Simple daintiness. It attracts people, charms them. Be sure of daintiness and you'll be sure of yourself under any scrutiny. Arms and legs, for instance—if dark, unattractive fuzz mars their white smoothness—banish it! You can use Marchand's at home, safely and successfully. Inexpensive—get the genuine.

The reliability of Marchand's is known to thousands of blonde women. It restores youth's golden beauty to faded blonde hair—or makes drab hair attractive. Marchand's will make it unnoticeable in 20 minutes.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH
TRY THE EXQUISITE NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO BY MARCHAND
thought so—and that’s just how Joan felt, too. Hence they began conducting themselves more discreetly. It was definitely the publicity—something from outside herself—that shoved Joan into the third phase of her life. Incidentally, Joan and Douglas, Jr., still talk “double Dutch” but instead of being lovers’ lingo it is for the purpose of making private remarks in front of the servants.

With her usual suddenness Joan swung herself right into this carefree, blissfully-in-love young girl to the Dignified Matron. The ecstasy of a real love can last, (at least the public manifestations of it), for just so long a time. And wittyadies now began to fill Joan’s life. She had never known a real home—one of her own—before. The haphazard houses of her childhood, the rococco apartments of her New York chorus girl days, and the Beverly Hills bungalows in which she had lived when she was the Hey-Hey Girl, certainly could not come under the category of “a home.” Now she became feverish with home-making. The Junior Fairbanks moved into one in Brentwood Heights—was Spanish in design, so Joan read everything she could about Spanish furniture. She bought more than the perfectly arranged and the antiques and acquired a pretty knowledge about them, too. She, herself, bought all the linens and—here-tofore as free with her money as with her thoughts—began to bargain skillfully.

Whensoever Joan Crawford sets out to do a job, it’s well done. She was a grand Charleston dancer when that was her am- bition. Now that home-making was of paramount importance to her, she was the perfect homemaker. There were no more sketchy dimers of crackers and mustard with some thubarb for dessert—(honestly, I’ve seen her dine on just that). Now her dinners were perfectly planned and served—and at the table the finest, her table cloths the most shimmeringly white.

And, mind you, she took this minute care of her house, (and still does for that matter), she was working eight and ten hours a day at the studio. More than that, she shopped for Doug, watching his wardrobe carefully, and whenever some shirts or socks were not so perfect as they should have been, Joan personally ordered more to replace them.

In the bustle of household matters, Joan, as usual, forgot herself. One day at luncheon she said, “Oh, I would love to dress in a truly smart manner—you know what I mean, that nonchalant carelessness that spells real chic.” I knew that it wouldn’t be long until she had achieved that ambition—and I was right.

But she found, one day, that she must become more engrossed with herself than merely thinking about her clothes. In the bustle of activities she had forgotten to worry about her career. It was a little notice in a newspaper that threw Joan into the fourth stage of her life.

The notice read, “Joan Crawford has not yet reached the heights of which she is capable on the screen, but we’re afraid that unless she forgets Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and pays more attention to Joan Crawford, the actress, she never will.”

And that is when she began to take stock of herself and to find that her career had been taking up very little of her attention. She had done her work well, it is true. She had played in picture after picture, but she was, more or less, at a standstill artistically, and she began to realize that something must be done about it.

That is when she burst into the fourth stage—Joan Crawford, the Emotional Actress. Headlong, she threw herself into her work. She was tired of tight roles—she needed and wanted parts that would show whether she was a great actress or not. And the studio, happy over her new spurt of ambition, gave her one emotional role after another.

She made the most of them, playing every scene with that brand of Crawford fire that borders pretty close to acting genius. But she did more. She made up her mouth in the way that brought down criticism upon her. It was all a part of the new pattern. That mouth make-up is really symbolic of Joan, the person. She did it that way without knowing why. The real reason, of course, is that she wanted to express herself more ardently than she ever had before. She spread the lip-stick on too thick—but her acting was swell.

And it was because of this great ardor for her work that her personality changed. Always prone to be unhappy—as her complaint years ago on Christmas Eve has shown—she now began to lead an inner life of tragedy. The girl was bordering on some first class neuroses. That driving her car alone at night at a mad speed along the beach—that complex she acquired that she was misunderstood—that strange hunted look that her face wore—all these things spelled the fact that Joan was on the verge of being a little nervous breakdown as you’d think in Hollywood.

And that high tragedy that Joan played at the studio had seeped through to her personal life. “Rain” was the climax. She had wanted to make the picture, but she was miserable during its production.

And then came the fortunate circum-

stance that again suddenly changed her life. Doug, seeing the state that Joan had got herself in, suggested a trip to Europe. At first, she did not want to go but he persuaded her at last, and they left Hollywood for New York and points East.

The European trip changed Joan again. When she got back to Hollywood the hunted look in her eyes was gone. She had had a swell time in Europe, and more than that she had done some thinking. Away from Hollywood she discovered that she had been bringing all this tragedy upon herself—she had been taking her work, her private life, and herself too seriously. And now she did another about-face.

In the few short weeks that she and Doug spent in Europe she acquired not only a fresh dose of poise but a sense of humor and a brand new philosophy as well, a philosophy that tells her she must be impervious to the disappointments and criticisms that the days bring her.

And that’s what she is like now—a well-rounded, well-balanced woman. Like all truly great people, she had to go through various stages of life to become at last the woman she is.

And now—what next for Joan? She won’t stand still. I’ll guarantee that. She’ll go on and on, for you can easily see how far she has progressed since those early days—and she is still so young.

Not very long ago I was talking to a very brilliant and intelligent man as he and I sat watching Joan at a smart Hollywood party.

“Thar woman can be anything she wants to be,” he said. “‘Tis my bet that when she’s sixty she’ll be a ‘grade dame’ with a coterie of worshipers at her shrine—a great lady with a salon to which everyone will be begging admission.”

And I’ll swear I don’t think he’s far wrong. That Crawford gal can—if she wants to—do anything! I know she wants to do many things—and I know she will!
More Reviews
Continued from page 65

Handle with Care
Fox
In which Boots Mallory makes her film debut, but the story is so fragile it doesn’t give her much chance. Little Buster Phelps and George Ernest are the real heroes of the picture—they catch a couple of gangsters, thereby saving Jimmy Dunn’s film life which paves the way for a happy ending for him and Boots. Send Junior, he’ll love it!

Second-Hand Wife
Fox
Another “office-wife” makes good. Sally Eilers is the little stenographer who marries her boss, Ralph Bellamy. A good cast converts a very so-so domestic triangle story into pleasant entertainment. Helen Vinson plays a selfish ex-wife to the hilt. And Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy make an attractive co-starring combination.

Laughter in Hell
Universal
That ole devil chain gang again! If you like ’em brutal, here’s a stiff portion. This time Pat O’Brien suffers inhuman treatment and he can take it! Pat, who portrays a character supposed to have been born and brought up in the south, talks with his familiar brogue! Gloria Stuart makes her small part stand out.

Penguin Pool Murder
RKO-Radio
You’re bound to get some wholesome laughs from the comic team of Edna Mae Oliver and James Gleason. But shame on you if you can’t guess who is the murderer. The aquarium is the setting, with a penguin the only eye-witness. However, Edna Mae and Jimmy, between gags, track down the culprit. Mae Clarke gives her usual capable performance.

Hello, Everybody
Paramount
Here, you Kate Smith radio fans, is your chance to see a lot of the singin’ gal. The story is slim but Kate has a “fat part” in it! She plays a farm-girl who saves her village from the clutches of the Big Business. The romantic angle is supplied by Sally Bane and Randolph Scott. And, of course, songs by the inimitable Kate. You’ll be singing “Moon Song.”

The difference between a girl every one admires, and another girl whom people consider plain, is sometimes just the difference in their attitude toward details.

So seemingly small a thing as the choice of her powder can rob a woman’s face of charm, while the right tone, the perfect powder, endows her with an individual, true, beauty!

When you use Coty Face Powder, you are sure of perfect color blending. Coty creates twelve enchanting tones, exact twins to individual complexion types. Rachel-Nacre is the newest!

Reading on this page about Coty Powder, and the rare, delicate Coty fragrances—isn’t half so thrilling as reading your mirror after you’ve applied your own true tone in Coty Face Powder. Why don’t you buy the famous powder-puff box, for beauty, today?

Boots Mallory makes her movie bow opposite James Dunn in "Handle with Care."

HE LIKES
THIS CHARM WHICH IS YOURS ALONE

THE PERFECT FACE POWDER
had a good meal and this is a warm place in which to sleep overnight.”

For an hour or so the mysterious one talked. He had just started practicing medicine when he was affected with tuberculosis. He had only a short time to live he was told, so he started off on what he called a “long last hike.” He felt since then that he had come that he must leave the glittled cities or choke to death, and go out and wander under the big mantle of the sky, over broad plains and great deserts, climb mountains—until death called. But the longer he traveled, wandering the country over, the stronger he grew and the better he felt until one day he found himself well again.

“Well,” I asked at this point in his story, “why didn’t you start all over again? Why do this?”

“Because I can no longer help it,” he answered, staring steadily at me. “During these years I have become just a bum. The gypsy taint has entered into my veins and I keep pushing on—new scenes—new people—always wandering.” Then definitely, “You cannot know what it is. You are a mere babe. The open road has a fascination beyond anything else.”

“Son,” he added, and there was something stirring in his voice—“Get out and hit the big trail. You are not meant for this. Don’t let life stifle you. But do as I say, not as I have done. As you travel find out somewhere, someplace, the thing you were made to do and then do it. Concentrate and settle down after seeing with real vision the course set out for you to follow. The world is your oyster if you only know when it is in your hand. But do not let the song of the vagabond get you as it has got me. Despite what I have said, you will probably turn out to be a bum just like me!”

The next morning the section boss looked for the stranger. But he was gone. The boss asked if he had left any word with me, as we had been seen chatting together. I protested innocence. “Just another bum,” was the foreman’s comment. “It is about time we quit feeding and sleeping those blanket cans.”

But the stranger had sown mental seeds in me that found fertile ground. I must be on my way to the open road—and adventure. I would find out what the world had to offer. So with a pal, whom I had converted to my way of thinking, I went to New York City and signed up on a Standard Oil Tanker.

During the next two and a half years we saw plenty, but easily fell into ways that were doing us more harm than good. Unceasingly the oil tankers plied down the Atlantic coast, through the channel and up the Pacific coast. It all became a monotonous routine that brought us nowhere.

The stranger’s words—“Find out somewhere, someplace, the thing you were made to do. Don’t let the song of the vagabond get you as it has got me!”—kept ringing in my ears.

So when the tanker docked at the Battery in New York City we left it. Improvident, we had only a few cents left of our pay, the last port having filled us of most of our savings. It was a cold winter’s day and we both felt the need of shelter. A few feet away was the Aquarium, with a “welcome” sign for visitors. Into its warmth we went out of the freezing cold.

We stalled for a few minutes looking from tank to tank, when suddenly on approaching the big tank in which were the seals, I heard a familiar voice. I stopped dead in my tracks.

There stood my man of mystery—a self-assigned lecturer, holding a crowd of some twenty-five people spell-bound while he gave a dissertation on the life and habits of the seal. He was dressed pretty much as I had seen him last, shabbily yet neatly, except for the addition of a camel’s hair overcoat. He held forth with Latin terms and natural history facts on the species of sea creatures. It was the same lecture, a thrilling one, he had given since our last meeting, and as if it were only last evening we had talked together.

“But,” he said, “glad to see you, but why these clothes?” He looked at my pals and my denim overalls. Then before either of us could answer, “Come,” he said, “you will be my guests for dinner.”

He escorted us to a nearby restaurant. Scarcely anything was said during the meal for our host concentrated on his food. Then, as he took his final sip of coffee, he asked: “Now tell me about yourself.”

I gave him a description of what had happened since we last saw each other. Life aboard the oil tanker, adventure, and the bad end to everything—broke and penniless.

“I told you once,” he rasped, “not to let the song of the vagabond get you.”

Travel far if you like, but find the thing to do. New York is, to many, the lap of the gods. Into it are thrown many gifts for them who will only see. Stay here and wonder it well before you move on. But—you will probably turn out to be a bum, just like me.

What is the use of telling you all this?”

He snapped his fingers for the check with the air and manner of Lord Chesterfield. Receiving his change, he turned his attention to us.

“I assume you are broke, so here is a dollar for each of you. You can get a bed for fifteen cents at McCleary’s, across the way.”

“Are you coming with us?” I asked.

“Or won’t we see you tomorrow?”

“Maybe so, maybe not,” he said, rising to his feet, and lifting the glass of water. He saluted. “Here’s to our next meeting, wherever it may be.”

He left us standing in front of the restaurant.

“A queer gink, that,” muttered my pal.

“Maybe so, maybe not,” I replied, absently, mindlessly, for again he had left me the clue to my next move along life’s path. If New York was the lap of the gods, I meant to have intelligence enough to be around when the gifts fell. I would stuff myself out before I would become a bum.

In the next three years, I had found myself in the theatre. From carrying a spear, I rose to bits, to parts, and then on into leads. I had truly gotten some of the gifts the stranger had mentioned so casually. And I had found the thing I was to make do. Besides, there had been a sop to my wanderlust. I had traveled the country over in stock in between New York engagements.

Our company moved to Atlantic City to open up a new show. The first day we rehearsed far into the evening. Then, rehearsal finished, I decided to saunter along the Boardwalk. In one of the places that lined the walk, there was an exhibit of incubator babies—an educational affair. I stepped over the door sill, and pushed forward as near as possible to where the lecturer stood. That worthy acknowledged my arrival with a wry smile. It was the mysterious stranger!
When he had concluded his talk, he hurled toward me and grabbed my hand.

"I'm in a great hurry," he said, "so pardon me if I fluster you immediately. But tell me what you are doing?"

I explained that I was playing the lead with a company at one of the Atlantic City theatres, and would have said more had he not stopped me.

"Must be off, old lad, really must," he remarked. "May see you at the theatre. Sorry to hear you are an actor. But then I always knew you'd become a humor!

Before I could halt him, he was off—lost in the crowd. I was disappointed, for there was much that I wanted to tell him. But I conserved myself with the thought that he really did not want to listen, and said—that what it was only his peculiar ironic sense of humor that had led him to make the remark. I felt sure I would see him again shortly.

But he did not reappear at the incubator baby display. Nor did he come to the theatre.

Two years later I was affluent enough to make a trip to Europe, and for a few months, I gloried in the sights of Berlin, Budapest, and all good things. But then, so I left a gay party given in my honor on the last night in Paris, to board the boat train for Cherbourg.

Seated in my compartment, I was waiting for the train to pull out, when my attention was attracted to a couple saying the farewell. The sight of a tearful, weathered woman, was a touch on the girl's part, and she was both tender and delicious in her clinging affection. The man took her into his arms, and again and again trying to stem her tears and kiss them away. I could not hear what they were saying, but gathered from the attitude of each there could be no ordinary romance, but one that meant as much grief as ecstasy to each. I could not see the faces of the man or girl, but I watched fascinated.

Again and again, she would move as if to board the train, and then, animated by a change of mind, rush back to him and cling more closely. At last the train began to move and the girl stood on the steps. The man ran alongside, holding onto her hand and talking passionately, until the pace grew too fast for him, and he had to let go.

As he drew up parallel with my window, he glanced up and saw me. An expression of amusement crossed over his face, followed by a smile of greeting.

He was my mysterious stranger! I glibbered back at him in my excitement, and almost pushed my face through the pane, for the window had stuck in my attempt to open it, that I might talk with him. Just as I drew breath to speak, the lock on his face changed to one of annoyance, and my last view was of his fist as he shook it in my direction.

"At last I have you, my bucko!" I thought to myself. "I know what you meant when you shook your fist at me. You might just as well have said: 'Lay off my girl, you drunk!' I will, but the lady will tell me in the morning who you are, and we shall settle accounts."

I certainly would find the little bird the next day, and, if not then, I would certainly meet her aboard ship, for the grief of the parting augured that she was leaving her for being spoiled by nothing less than the broad Atlantic.

But in the morning she was gone, and a six-day search over the liner in the first, second, and third class cabins, failed to locate her. She had disappeared, and again I had lost the trail of the mysterious stranger.

Our paths will cross again. Of that I am sure. I think it is so written, and as irrevocable as Fate itself.

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**THE MAGIC OF SPRING IS IN THIS NEW MAKE-UP**

Here come the enchanting new shades in make-up to light you to youth and springtime beauty! Enchanting new shades in lipsticks, and powders, and rouges—created by Helena Rubinstein, genius of the cosmetic world. Red Poppy! Doesn't it sound gay—light-hearted? Peach-bloom! Doesn't it whisper youth—naiveté? And these bright touches of color by Helena Rubinstein carry their beauty right to your lips, your cheeks, your eyes. They're marvelously flattering to everyone who wears them—and the lovelier she is to start with, the lovelier this new make-up makes her.

**POWDER THAT BRUSH YOUR CHEEK WITH WILL-O'-THE-WISP LIGHTNESS**

Their texture is soft and lovely! They cling like veils of mist! And they come in the most alluring shades—Helena Rubinstein's famous powders including the new spring-like Peach-bloom, a special blend that flatters women of every age, every type. You'll adore Peach-bloom. And Water Lily Powder, in this new shade, now appears not only in the star-topped red box but in a new spring costume as well, a box of shimmering gold. Powders, 1.00, 1.50

**LIPSTICKS BLOOM OUT IN SPRING-LIKE COLORINGS**

All lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein are noted for the fact that they nourish as well as beautify whatever lips they touch, young or old. And they are equally noted for having no purplish undertones. The new Red Poppy lipstick, light, youthful, Red Coral, medium-tone. Red Raspberry, natural. Red Geranium, orange-tinted. 50, 1.00. The marvelous new Automatic Lipstick that works like a flash and comes in those enchanting cases and the new jewel-like petite Chatselaine are 1.00 each.

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Red Raspberry rouge, Helena Rubinstein's first great color triumph is a unique shade in both cream and compact rouge; for Red Raspberry gives such natural glowing color of the cheeks . . . color that is enchanting—altogether alluring. Helena Rubinstein's newest color triumph is the youthful new Red Poppy rouge which has flowered forth for spring. And Red Geranium and the new Red Coral are so smart! 1.00

**GREENS AND BUES GIVE SPRINGTIME LURE TO EYE MAKE-UP**

To add the final touch of enchantment to your spring make-up, make your eyes as fascinating as they can be with iridescent Eye Shadow, green, blue or blue-green. Eyelash Grower and Darkener, and Helena Rubinstein's Persian Eyelash (Mascara). Each, 1.00

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A little Helena Rubinstein home beauty treatment every day will make you look ten times better than if you simply try to disguise a bad skin or lines and wrinkles with make-up.

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**NOURISH-STIMULATE with Youthifying Tissue Cream which contains youthifying herbs that awaken the skin, nourish the tissues, iron out wrinkles . . . Tube, 1.00, Jar, 2.00, 3.50**

**TONE-BRACE with Skin Toning Lotion it closes the pores, firms the skin texture, 1.25, 2.50. If your skin is very dry, use Anti-Wrinkle Lotion (Extrait). It erases crow's feet and lines. An excellent powder foundation. 1.25, 2.50**

If you have an oily skin, large pores and blackheads, wash with Helena Rubinstein's famous Beauty Grains instead of soap . . . 1.00, 2.50

**IF your skin is sallow or lifeless, use Helena Rubinstein's marvelous Skin Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood). It whips up circulation, clears away tan, light freckles, sallowness and skin imperfections . . . 1.00, 2.50**

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Name: ____________________________ Address: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
Claudia S. Ah me, and a-lack-a-day! What a year for dark handsome villains on the screen! George Raft has stopped many an evening dish-washing bee for mother. But she doesn't mind—she goes along to the nearest cinema palace to get another look at George in "Night After Night" or "Under-Glove Man." George was born in New York City. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He was on the stage before appearing in pictures in 1931. He has several popular screen successes to his credit, among them "Quick Millions," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface."

Molly S. Taking this opportunity to welcome all new friends of SCREENLAND, you and you and you. If you get as much pleasure out of my column as I do in giving it to you, we'll be all set for years and years. Your favorite, Ralph Bellamy, was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 17, 1904. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. He was married to Katherine Willard in 1931. He has played in "Surrender," "Almost Married," "Young America," "Disorderly Conduct," "The Woman in Room 13," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Wild Girl" and "Air Mail."

Peggy. If I answer just half of your questions, you'll be happy. What will you be if I answer all of them? Lou Ayres has dark brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen role was with Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." His current release is "State Fair" with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1904. She was married to Irving Thalberg on October 16, 1927, and their son, Irving Jr., was born August 24, 1930. Principals in the cast of "Mumy Among Lovers" were Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charlie Ruggles, Monroe Owsley and Ginger Rogers. William Haines was born Jan. 11, 1904. He is not married. He is good old-wise-cracking Bill in his latest picture, "Fast Life," with Madge Evans and Cliff Edwards.

Merry-Lee. What an array of new faces on the screen to fascinate us. Have you any word in "Cavalcade" and Miriam Jordan in "Sherlock Holmes?" These two beautiful English girls are bidding for our favor. Then there is Boots Mallory who plays with James Dunn in "Handle With Care." Mae West from N'Yawk who wins us over with her "Mandi Treiffett" in "Night After Night," Lydia Roberti, the peppy blonde of "The Kid from Spain," and Elizabeth Allan, who played with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies."

Curious. You like us because we always give the deserving little girls in pictures a good deal of the limelight. Sylvia Sidney, who has given us "City Streets," "An American Tragedy," "Confessions of a Co-Ed," and "Street Scene." One of the most unforgettable portrayals on the stage was in "Crime" with Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis. These men are now prominent in the motion picture industry. Sylvia was born August 8, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, has dark brown hair and very attractive eyes that are blue-green with pupil-points of golden brown. Her next picture will be "Pick Up."

Ask Me

Continued from page 8

Lilian Harvey and two other players of continental films, snapped on the beach near Berlin before Lilian sailed for America to make pictures for Fox. Of course you recognize "if I Lil" in the jaunty white pajamas at the right. Center, Willy Fritsch, popular German male star, and the lady at the left is Camilla Horn, whom you will remember for her silent films over here.

Kitten B. It's just a matter of opinion as to the best dressed woman in Hollywood—we all have our favorites. Pick your own, Joan Crawford's latest release was "Rain" with Walter Huston, William Gargan, Guy Kibbee, Matt Moore, and Benita Hondo. Miss Bondi will be remembered in "Street Scene." William Gargan will bear watching as a coming rave. Your favorite, Joan Crawford, was married June 3, 1929, to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 113 pounds, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Sue Carol hasn't made a picture for some time—too busy looking after Carol Lee Stuart, the pride and joy of the Nick Stuart household. At this writing she's launching a personal appearance tour. Loretta Young is 20 or so years old, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet 3½ inches tall—and very beautiful!

Louise B. I haven't a record of Bruce Line since he appeared in "Forbidden Adventure." Junior Coghlan's latest pictures were "Union Depot," "Race Track," and "Hell's House." Junior was born March 16, 1916, in New Haven, Conn. He has brown eyes and hair, Sue Carol is 5 feet 2 inches tall and Jean Harlow is 5 feet 3 inches. Gene Raymond was born in New York City of French parentage. He has blue eyes, real blonde hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 157 pounds. His family name is Guiton but as it was never pronounced alike by any two persons, he decided to change it for the screen. His film debut was made in "Personal Maid" with Nancy Carroll.
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THE FINER SIDE OF FILMS

Severe critics of motion pictures maintain that movies have a powerful negative influence on minds in the formative stage. It is surprising, as well as regrettable, that they refuse to admit the equally good influence wielded by the films.

Motion pictures, in my opinion, have steadily improved during the past few years. Surely such fine qualities as honesty, dignity, chivalry, virtue and truthfulness cannot be overlooked when taking an inventory of the good and evil influences of motion pictures. When vice is forced into the foreground, it is usually for the purpose of stressing the advisability of doing right. And what's "negative" about that?

Producers and directors are to be congratulated for emphasizing the finer virtues, which are usually triumphant in our modern motion pictures.

Anna Breen Nutt, Box E., California, Pa.

DO MOVIES MOLD CHARACTER?

Everyone knows by now that the movies carry great influence; but I often wonder whether the skilled craftsmen of filmland realize themselves just how much influence they really do wield. I am a fair specimen of the fellow who calls himself an average moviegoer, and when I walk out of a theatre I find myself trying to emulate the hero of the film. I walk with his gait, and unconsciously imitate his mannerisms. Of course all that wears off in a little while, but who can tell how deeply my subconscious mind has been affected by what I have experienced?

Because I am just one of thousands who are so influenced, I believe picture people should take stock every once in a while of the weight their work carries. No propaganda—but let their stories be of real people, good or bad—and let them ring true!

Frank M. Baker,
4736 Malden Street,
Apt. 107,
Chicago, Ill.

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LET SWELL ENOUGH ALONE!
(Fourth Prize Letter)

Just what are they trying to do with that strangely interesting Hepburn girl? Her initial screen performance was a rare treat—one I had hoped to experience again in her next picture. Now my hopes grow dimmer.

Why, oh why, begin to change her unique character when we've just been fortunate enough to find her? In other words, why call her "another Garbo"? Why even hint that the personalities of the two are similar? That they have the same characteristics, the same appeal?

We don't want another Garbo! Not after seeing Hepburn's first performance. We want her to be given a fair opportunity to show us the Hepburn personality—the Hepburn appeal—without any Garbo interference. She has already given us a mighty good sample.

Catherine Salem,
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SKIN ERUPTIONS
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Their former sheltered life. They have changed, grown up.

Today Buddy is twenty-eight. He’s considerably heavier and tilling out his tall frame gives him a mature physique. His face has taken on interesting lines, indicating more character. Success as a Ziegfeld star, as a swanky hotel dance maestro, as a vaudeville magnet and as a number one radio entertainer has endowed him with a pleasing sureness.

Don’t catalog him as a mama’s boy. Because he has evidenced good taste and good manners, don’t assume he’s never had his moments. It’s never been publicized, but the truth is that Buddy didn’t learn the facts of life from the bees—or books. If you know what I mean! His virtue has been over-emphasized and his business acumen overlooked.

He earned his way through college and has been steadily increasing his wages ever since. While away from the talkies he averaged almost $5,000 a week from his hotel and broadcasting work. He did nine weeks of personal appearances this last Winter for $6,000 each. Not so gaga, eh?

Beautiful femmes have always flocked around him. And he has never let one of them interfere with his career. As a college freshman he had only three dates in the entire year, having arranged to play in an orchestra every Friday and Saturday night. Seven years ago he left the University of Kansas to go movie. Followed immediate exposure to myriad of lovely ladies.

Claire Windsor, a reigning beauty when Buddy came West, intrigued him. She was famous, poised, and, a veritable Merton, was much impressed by her kindness in bothering with him. His studio objected to the difference in their ages and their friendship had to remain platonic. They are still friends.

June Collyer was another of Buddy’s girl friends for a while and she and Mary Brian were reputedly maneuvering for his affection. This was also a press “triangle.” June chose Stu Erwin, and Mary is godmother to June’s Stuart, Jr.

Prominent dobs have been listed in Buddy’s date-books. He spasmodically rushes various blue bloods, when not concerned.

SCREENLAND

Exposing Hollywood’s Latest “Triangle”

Continued from page 25

HOCUS-POCUS! If it isn’t Professor Warren William, all wrapped up in occult mystery for his crystal-gazing rôle in “Mind Reader”. Looks like a typically excited William part. You must admit the Professor knows how to choose his “props.”
with Mary. Dat ol' debil career has apparently ensnared him. M-G-M wanted to manage his come-back, but the deal was killed when they asked for a share of his stage and radio salaries.

Since Mary Pickford agrees with him that he deserves whatever he can get in these deals, he will be re-introduced under her auspices in her "Shantytown." She has suggested a long-term contract, and unless pleaded on this course she will loan him to the other companies whenever good parts are offered.

"I don't think a girl would want to make the jump as strong as I'll be," Buddy argues. "When I'm not working in Hollywood I'll be on the stage or radio." (Yet I think any number of names would be the price.)

"As for my acting future, I am convinced I got my necessary push in silents as Mary Pickford's leading man in 'My Best Girl' and I'm counting on the luck to repeat!"

Let's leave Buddy for the heroine of this tale.

Mary Brian is as lovely an ingenue as she was when she burst upon our vision nine years ago in "Peter Pan." That alone speaks for her ability. And the duchess don't die at twenty-five, she is not going to be content with colorless roles any longer.

To get her reputation as our most-rumored ingenue, she has—done? She isn't exotic or mysterious and she doesn't wear funny eyebrows. She doesn't entertain to any extent, nor set styles. She is not a theatrical or musical. Just a girl men want to marry!

Glenda Farrell, that grand stage import who is a person of cosmopolitan experience being himself, has a busy friend, and I went to her for an opinion.

"Most folks have Mary all wrong!" Glenda said. "They assume she leaves a trail of broken hearts behind her simply because she is young and pretty. Why, the town's full of sweet young things who bore you to death after the first meeting!"

"No, I credit Mary's social success to her brilliance, her wit, and her sincerity. There is her outstanding characteristics. Every man adores to talk to her, to be with her because she has a definite, clever mind and is perfectly honest.

"The reason you've ever convinced her she should marry is that she is not what she has so often appeared in films. Mary is a wag!"

"Oh, but isn't she a bit domestic. She has no wish to putter about a house, to sew or bake." To win her, a suitor must realize that she is terrifically ambitious. She loves to act and, having struggled for a career, she very naturally wants to continue it. And another unsuspected fact," Glenda concluded, "she isn't placid. Mary is subject to every kind of mood. And the man who out-smarts her will have to be smart enough to thoroughly understand women. He'd better have her varying moods and know how to satisfy them!"

"Surprised?"

"But, think of it, Mary has never owned or rented a house, preferring the conveniences of an apartment. If she longs for a home and the duties thereof she cantons away for she, too, has been financially rewarded.

"I've never had any of those hectic love affairs," she said to me a little apologetically. "I'm very calm. I have any fights with my friends. Even after we drift apart they come around sooner or later or call up. Certainly I would like to try a man who will make me so much as to make him forget about pictures. But—! I haven't found him yet!"

"Acting is such a satisfaction that when I'm not working I have the jitters!" Which reminds me that Dick Powell chided her the other night, "The trouble with you, Mary, is that when you're working you're too tired to have fun at night, and when you're not working you've the fidgets too bad to let go!"

"Parties don't excite me particularly," this belle of our best parties says. "No dance or date could top a day in a studio. Everything or anything can happen on the sets. And generally does. It's like celebrating all day!"

The fact that she has many dates with non-professionals has escaped the columnists' eager eyes.

Immediate marriage may not be in Dick's mind, yet he is pretty crazy about Mary. If she said yes—He said he was an "in the dog-house" when he hadn't seen her for a week. Life was just a bowl of Blue Jay!

A peppy individual, Dick is in great favor when Mary is in gay spirits. He never tires. She gets sleepy and wants to lie for home soon after midnight. Polly Ann Young and other movie girls step out with him when Mary is busy.

"Trying to make a spot for yourself in Hollywood doesn't exactly win you a welcome from the established actors," Dick admitted. "Buddy has been particularly kind and I appreciate it. Of course, we nearly get a lot of laughs over this 'rivalry!'"

The last time Buddy went out with Mary he phoned me and asked if I didn't want to come along!

"That house had near Buddy's too large when my parents left, so I moved into this place that May Robson used to have. It close in to Hollywood andress me as well as for a hand-some young bachelor the morning I called upon Dick for his true confections."

"I have only been welcomed as an ac- tor. Then to work half the time here and half singing on the stage in the East." Discovered by Warners as a master of ceremonies in their Pittsburgh theatre, he is the same age as Buddy and it's a toss-up as to which is musically superior.

"Since six years ago I'd never sung jazz, having studied voice seriously. Then I struck me that light music was more profitable than singing in a choir. I'm keeping up with my lessons and practice still and really hope to develop a real concert voice. By the way, Charlie Farrell has started sing- ing lessons from my teacher here!"

"With for important leads at Warners under his belt he is being featured in "Highlights of 1933." He golfs and swims when he's not working, practicing his scales—or trilling Mary."

So, Winchellians, you're all wet, Buddy, Mary, and Dick—ahh!

A grand trio. If and when they feel romantic—what a tempting Hollywood moon—they don't kiss. Or at least tell. Which means there's hope for admirers of anyone of the three.

"Brush up on your music if you want to make any headway with Mary. For be- sides her gentlemen callers being handsome and bright, nine times out of ten they are orchestra leaders! Her own brother has felt the influence of so many maestros calling on sis and is now conducting a dance band after talking hours."

When Buddy or Dick won't advise him, Fred Waring (of Waring's Pennsylvanians) will. "Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that Fred is very, very strong for Mary, too. And that yesterday at a fashionable tea I noted George Raft deserting the for- ward flirts to join Mary's court. George can't play an instrument myself, and neither can Lee Tracy—who was spotted at the Brown Derby with Mary this noon—so I won't place any bets on their winning the girl!"
A Director Looks at the Stars

Continued from page 33

Yes, I know—she doesn't give 'em a chance. But why doesn't she? Because when she did, they would be acting some way how the notion had got abroad that this was the life-size, sure-fire, all-time picture of Connie Bennett and what you are going to do next space.

"All right—you can judge a person only by what that person is to you—and to me that picture of Connie Bennett's a slender. To me she's a girl, straightforward thinking, fair-minded person with no more than her decent share of human inconsistencies. Can you call a woman vain who's the first to recognize her own limitations—who's forever kidding her 'funny little face' and her 'funny little talent,' as she calls them—and not with the hope of being contradicted, either. She knows what she's got and she knows what she hasn't got, too—and that's what I like and respect about Connie Bennett.

"I'll tell you another person who's completely without vanity, whatever you may have heard, and that's Jack Barrymore."

"Suddenly, the memory of something I had heard about Barrymore, which bore out Mr. Cukor's statement. He had been enthusiastic about the part of the shell-shocked husband in "A Bill of Divorcement" and eager to make the most of it. On the set for his first rehearsal, he had buttonholed Mr. Cukor.

"Listen, George," John Barrymore is alleged to have said, cocking that eyebrow, "now listen. If you do a single funny thing in this picture, kick me, will you?—kindly but firmly, kick me!"

Whatever his instructions were obeyed not on record, but that the desired result was achieved is proven, if by no other fact than that Sister Ethel, hypercritical where any of the Barrymores are concerned, called Hilary Fairfield his finest performance.

"It's a holiday," Mr. Cukor was saying, "to have him in a film. He works like a demon, he operates 100 per cent, he thinks the director's a great guy, and I've never known his humor to fail him. Here's another thing. Barrymore's been called an ace scene-stealer. From my point of view, there's no such thing as scene-stealing. The director's always there on the job. The thing he wants in the foreground is the thing the camera takes, and if Barrymore or any actor seems to be stealing a scene, it's because he's better than anyone else in that scene and not because he's resorting to tricks. If he is, it's the director's fault.

"I never noticed any scene-stealing propensities in Barrymore. On the contrary. He was as keen about Hepburn's success as his own—and found her exciting and stimulating to work with. It's true he teased her mercilessly—but she could take it—not only because he tease it right back again, and I don't think there's a couple of Siamese twins. As for Billie Burke—she adored her, as didn't.

"You know, even while we were making that picture. We were doing a scene late one cold Friday night, when she was called to the hospital. She ran out and got the car and she was at the car in five minutes. She didn't tell anyone how sick she was. After he died she wrote me a note: 'Please make me work hard. I'll be good for me.' She came back the following Wednesday—got in at 6:30 to be made up and have her hair done. Just once she broke down, and Barrymore apologized. 'You know' he said 'I wasn't thinking, and I'm sorry.' He was very much a make-up man because he had to mask up many faces again. She's an enchanting creature, Billie Burke; his voice softened and his eyes grew gentle as an insidiously charming—a great sport—a great lady."

"Hepburn?" Mr. Cukor grinned, as the question brought him back to her now. "Yes, she's a personality, all right—a minx, that's what she is—a paradox. Hard and tender. Cocksure and herself, yet humble about her work. Straight as a knife and slippery as a snake. But more brains than she knows what to do with—and a hard worker.

"She was a little bumptious, to begin with—as they're likely to be when they first come out. She'd argue about everything before she'd let it go. She had to understand exactly what you wanted and why—couldn't do anything mechanically just because she was told to. But when she understood, she'd do it like a saint.

"She's absolutely unconscious—or at any rate, he maintains. She never knows what's going on. She succeeds in producing that impression. Does whatever she damn pleases, and anyone who doesn't like it, too. She's come to the studio in a pair of old overalls, run over moccasins, and a tight sweater, with a bunch knotted round her head a la Roaring 20's. She found the studio car—though she kept insisting she didn't know where her next meal was coming from—and climb into the studio through a window. She was always telling the most fantastic lies about herself—not that she cared whether you believed 'em or not—just for art's sake—'I couldn't tell you to this day whether she's a daughter of millions or a Cinderella!"

"When the picture was finished, we could hardly hold her back. She was trying to be the smart, the smart, the smart, the smart. She was always telling the most fantastic lies about herself—not that she cared whether you believed 'em or not—just for art's sake—'I couldn't tell you to this day whether she's a daughter of millions or a Cinderella!"

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influence of Hollywood that brought 'this exquisite girl' to their august attention? Who made a fuss about her in the theatre? Who made a fuss about her in Margery Wilson? She had the same talent, the same looks, the same distinction there as here. Why didn't they whom her up then instead of waiting for Hollywood to show them the way?

"I'll tell you," he said, dropping abruptly into low, "I've been in the theatre and I've been in the movies and, taken as a whole, I think the picture people are exactly the same as the theatre people—just as smart and just as dumb. The percentage of hum movies is no greater than the percentage of hum plays—and vice versa. And I think it's time the picture industry rose up on its hind legs and got itself treated with some respect. Or maybe—"

"concluded Mr. Cukor, biting off a section of celery with the same gusto with which he talks, and meaning suddenly, "—maybe it doesn't matter. What do you think?"

It was something else I was thinking of as I took my way home. I was thinking of the things I'd heard about Mr. Cukor's popularity among the stars he has directed, of his reputation for getting the utmost from them, particularly from those, who are the most hardest to handle. I was curious to hear the other side of the story. And being curious, I asked.

"It's because I respect him and trust him," said Katharine Hepburn. "Even if he wants me to do something I feel isn't right, I'll do it because I've got more faith in him than I have in myself. Do you remember that scene in 'A Bill of Divorcement' where I ask Aunt Hester if insanity runs in the family? He made me do it over seventeen times and, after the seventeenth time, instead of getting peevish or bored, he came over to me and said quietly: 'Do you understand, Miss Hepburn? I'm asking the last time.' Because if you are, you're doing the lowest thing one human could do to another. I wasn't. I just didn't understand what he wanted. But I was so impressed that I made a heroic effort to understand, and the eighteenth time I got it right."

"It's because he's gallant and kind," said Tallulah Bankhead, "which is enough to bring out the best in any woman. If you're tired or not up to snuff, he understands and makes things easy for you instead of acting as if you'd contrived the complete feminine anatomy as a personal affront to him. When he has a correction to make, instead of bawling it out all over the set to assert his authority and relieve his nerves, he takes the time to walk a few steps and say whatever he's got to say into your private ear. A little thing? Well, try being bellowed at for eight or ten hours a day six weeks on end, and then tell me how you feel about it."

But it was Connie Bennett who summed up the situation with simple finality.

"George Cukor's an angel," she said. "He's that rare thing—an unselfish director. He doesn't make a show of it, but he's giving the actor. He doesn't specialize in so-called 'director's touches' to emphasize his own activity. He keeps himself in the background. To him the story — and consequently the people through whom the story's being told are the important thing. You know that first and foremost it's you and your part he's thinking of, so naturally — with a little shrug, 'you'll work like a slave for him, because you realize you're safer in his hands than in your own.'

A log-rolling party? Maybe. But I imagine that Hollywood producers, eeing the results of its system, might well put Abraham Lincoln on the subject of General Grant: "Can you find out what dope he uses? I'd like to send a barrel to some of my other directors."

---

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Janet Gaynor's Lost Romances
Continued from page 19

witnessing a husband make love to his own wife on the screen. But the world did flock to see two sweetheart romancing, and this illusion both Janet and Charlie wished to preserve.

In 1929, the romancers commenced to drift apart. Lydell Peck, a young San Francisco attorney, was introduced to Miss Gaynor by a mutual friend, director William K. Howard. Lydell was constantly present on "Christina" sets, when Howard directed Janet in that picture, and the two of them were often invited to the director's home.

At about the same time, Farrell met Virginia Valli, and the two became deeply interested in each other. Thereafter, there began a four-sided race of romance, and as often as Miss Gaynor and Peck were seen together, equally as often did Farrell and Miss Valli appear.

But gradually, Janet and Charlie seemed to drift together again. They were like two tree limbs swirling down a stream, separating momentarily, only to return together and cling to each other. During the production of "Sunnyside Up," in the summer of 1929, the two apparently patched up their differences and agreed to devote themselves only to each other. To this end, Miss Gaynor dismissed Peck, who returned to San Francisco.

Suddenly a bombshell exploded in Hollywood! All within a few days, Janet telephoned Peck to come for her, promising to marry him. He flew to her side at once, and within a week they were honeymooning on the high seas enroute to Hawaii.

What had brought about this amazing turn of Janet's tide of romance?

The answer, according to popular opinion, could be traced to a misunderstanding—Miss Gaynor had not understood, when she received an anonymous message that Charlie and Miss Valli were at sea on his boat. Later reports indicated that he had taken Virginia sailing in order to tell her that he was in love with Janet.
Three Weeks with Neil Hamilton

Continued from page 53

was the birth of the inspiration on both sides to do this. Each very enthusiastic over the other, and the possibility of forming the "Frank" game. It all happened while we had two hours off... had finished visiting other sets and exhausted all studying in our respective dressing-rooms, and we met in the hall, both on the way to suggest this form of amusement to each other. Hope it keeps you all as interested as we were this afternoon.

Both on good behavior in view of project. Letcha know what Neil does to-morrow... tomorrow. As for today—four stars!

Just like those French and dancing lessons I've been going to take for years—here I'm over a week, and no fee. Feel better. Neil just confessed a similar prostration.

Briefly, they have all been pretty nearly the usual working day, with an interlude now and then of Neil diving into my dressing-room in a red robe... shirt in hand and a woe-begone expression, at which my maid digs down for the needle and restores that button to its former abode... or shortening a button-hole that had decided on a long-distance hike... Well, perhaps Neil is just doing a little pacing and frowning... it was one of the two nights the Hamilton keeps aside for other things.

The Best Five Star One, was on "location." Can't say why, exactly, but somehow Neil is the perfect out-of-doors companion. Fits in perfectly with a tree and a bridge, and a sports suit with a rakish tilt of hat.

One day he breezed into my dressing-room with my opinion on his new makeup for his next picture here at Columbia, "Child of Manhattan." Later he stepped out of the cast at his own suggestion when it was discovered that he looked old enough for the father role to a grown-up daughter. I'd better add right here that the one we are doing now is "As the Devil Commands." His make-up includes gray hair at the temples—ladies, watch for it. Neil, when he grows older, is going to be even grander. One of those faces that just refuse to lose sparkle, and gain interestingly with gray hair. He has gray temples naturally, you know, with auburn hair. A very rich merger! He has heretherto worn his hair combed down slick and flat, but for a change is not flattening it, and the effect is nicer, I think, as he has very thick and wavy hair—and now you get more of an effect of its having been a wavy bit ruffled; and, "gee—I'd-like-to-ruffle-it-more" feeling.

Great men in our business have peculiar methods of overcoming nervousness—one director chews the ends of his handkerchief; another toys a rocking chair; another jingles coins; another whistles; another turns bill-clip on a finger. Neil enters this class by virtue of a key-ring on a chain, which he swings around in circles constantly. He even does it in scenes—watch for it—you'll see. He has perfected it and can do exactly, on a smaller scale, what Will Rogers does with a lasso.

See here, this is developing into a book! I condense the daily star system to one BRIEF in the form of my notes. And as I say farewell and good luck to a gentleman with wavy auburn hair and gray temples and deep brown eyes, I irreverently think of a period I wrote a long time ago:

A man with a pipe, a dog and a fire,
Gray temples and toilance and whod'never tire.

Of my petty troubles and make me feel sure I could run straight to him when I felt like inspecting in any way.

Whod listen and listen, and make me agree No matter how wrong, I was right as could be.

My of visits for ever and aye And I'd try awf'ly hard to keep it up the play. But darn it, I know I couldn't resist: "To heck with this friendship, I want to be kissed!"

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to go down to the brewery one day and swill a little beer?"

In those days you could go down there and they'd sell you all you wanted to drink but they wouldn't sell you any to take away with you. 'I'd like it fine,' I answered.

"All right," he responded, "I'll get hold of Frank Borzage and find out when he can go and then I'll call you. What's your phone number?"

I gave it to him, remarking, "Why do you want to wear yourself out writing it down? You know you'll never call me."

"You think so?" said Spence. "Well, I'll bet you five to one I'll call you within a week."

I left him firmly convinced that the next time I'd see him would be when I had another assignment to interview him or when I ran into him on the lot. Three days later he phoned. "They've closed the brewery up, but how about coming out to the house for dinner tonight?"

The friendship has continued ever since. There are people in Hollywood whom I see oftener than Spence but none whom I like better. He's sincere, he's natural, and, like Cagney, I think he's the greatest actor on the screen, but the thing that gets you about Spencer Tracy is that, with all this, he's humble. There's nothing of the 'big shot' about him and that, I think, is the reason everybody in Hollywood is rooting for him.

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Hot Off the Ether!

Continued from page 60

and fortha Benny and his gang, Jack, who had karyngitis the night I was there, and whose voice as a result would crack every once in a while into a high falsetto, was beautifully razzed by the control boys. "Hey, Jack," they kidded, "what are you trying to do, give an impersonation of Ed Wynn?"

Next announcer Paul Douglas, chewing gum furiously, gave a little spil and then asked how his voice sounded. From the control room came, "You chew a mean piece of gum, Paul!"

The girl who plays Mary Livingstone in these skits is Mrs. Jack Benny—or did you know? Andrea Marsh, who sings with Weems' band, is a beautiful brunette. Ted is a good-looking lad who gets a terrific wallop out of Benny's swell humor. And the jovial Jack is about the funniest master of ceremonies on the air.

At the end of a Weems-Benny broadcast the studio is littered with pages of the script, for as the performers finish a page each number of the troupe drops that page of the script to the floor. The finale looks like a snow scene from "Igloo."

Cary Grant, one of Paramount's high-grade he-men, takes a stroll around the studio with a lady visitor. The gal behind the sun-glasses turns out, upon closer inspection, to be Virginia Cherrill, who may be Mrs. Cary Grant one of these days.
What Lies in Eyes?

Continued from page 59

Evelash-Grower into the roots of the lashes and achieve two results. First, you will observe, (and so will others), that the oil will show just enough on the lid and around the lower lashes to give the eyes that moist, dewy look that everyone seems to strive for. Second, you will be nourishing them for growth. But please don’t overdo it by greasing your whole lid! At night massage in more Evelash-Grower and thus you will get quick growth by using it night and day.

Eyes that are framed by long, heavy lashes are infinitely more interesting and arresting as well as beautiful. It’s an effect worth having.

But even long, lovely lashes should be touched with Maybelline, for the ends are always bleached and colorless so that they appear shorter than they are. No matter how large and beautiful your eyes may be—they are not as effective as a judicious use of Maybelline can make them.

If your eyes are small, Maybelline will accent them into importance. But be sure you do not overdo it. Use few if any lashes that deserves to be accented. Relax them with unselfishness—widen them with wonder at the way they widened, and your friendships and all loveliness so that it shines out like a beacon-light and draws to you the admiration and happiness you want.

Who said “No More Thrills”?

Continued from page 61

politely to forget about acting and get on with the picture.”

Nevertheless, I inquired, would not a future career as an actor seem an agreeable prospect, now that he has made a start in the dark, adventurous world of films? “Not for me,” declared the youth who put Frank Merrerwell to shame. “I’m afraid I would cut out for the screen, though I naturally hope to make more pictures based on my experiences. But I have no particular bent for histrionism, and no overwhelming desire to try my hand at Gable, Brent and Cagney can rest easy!”

This from the slim, fair-haired young man whose adventurous life and appealing presence have earned him the unofficial title of “lion of the ladies’ clubs” wherever he has gone to lecture!

It was at a chance meeting with Walter Futter, United Artists executive, that the subject of making a film from Halliburton’s adventures came up. Mr. Futter could see no reason why such an epic of derring-do should be withheld from the motion picture public. To read about it, as almost everyone has done, is one thing; to see it on the screen and feel one’s eyes will be quite another. It developed that Richard had taken many thousand feet of film during his adventures in the Orient. Nothing but a picture nor a jungle movie nor an animal epic, it is an adventure story told in celluloid.

Hardly a reader of popular adventure who is now alive who doesn’t remember how Richard Halliburton, at the age of 19, one fine morning showed a raucous and comical pocket and a toothbrush into another, and sailed forth to conquer the far and mysterious places of the world. How he visited the darkest, most forbidding and least accessible parts of Asia and Africa, deliberately seeking out those places where no white man was thought able to penetrate, and risking his neck to defy Nature where she seemed most impregnable, is a story made familiar to everyone through his book and his thrilling and grand adventures. From his many and far-flung adventures he has chosen episodes in darkest Asia to make the picture called “Indo-China.”

As the story unfolds one sees Halliburton wandering among the strange buildings and temples of Angkor, a deserted city in Indo-China which flourished mightily in ancient and medieval times, but was lost to civilization in the Thirteenth Century. He narrowly escapes death from a body of dark-skinned bats that swoop down from the sky, swirling about so thickly and in such gigantic numbers as to hide the sun. A wizened old native next approaches him and offers to lead him to the cave wherein the jewels of the ancient dynasty that ruled Angkor are hidden. Sensing danger at every turn, but determined to press on toward it by an obscure urge within him, he follows the native to the cave and finds that all he need do to obtain the jewel is to reach his hand through a trap-door into the room where they lie heaped up guarded by a giant cobra. Disregarding the danger, he grasps the jewel from the door which give evidence of former unsuccessful attempts, he plunges his hands in. Just as his fingers reach a pile of gems he peers through the door, sees the cobra about to strike, and rushes away to the maniacal
The Truth about Cosmetics

Continued from page 10

and rests the eyes at the same time.

There are a good many fancier eye tonics on the market but none that will ac-
complish quite the same thing for old friends like "Marine!" It certainly helps to freshen and cleanse your eyes daily with a few drops of this soothing tonic. The small size of the Pompeian Night Cream is not a disadvantage for motorists, or any sort of travel, and sports.

In college when your eyes are given heavy duty in reading, relieve the strain with a drop or two of Pompeian Night Cream, a silky rich luxurious cleanser and skin-food—and Pompeian Day Cream, a foundation powder base that pro-
tects and softens the skin. The jars are quite properly classical in line, white with silver labels. And so that you won't have to stop to read the labels in order to tell which jar you are picking up, the Pom-
peian people have thoughtfully put an orchid top on the Day Cream jar and a black top on the Night Cream jar. Artists where you once slopped a jar of Pompeian Cream may pay more for your creams but you can't buy better than Pompeian.

Neither will you find a more efficient hand lotion than Frostilla. It keeps your hands smooth and young. It has been said that age shows first around the eyes and mouth. Often this simple care will avoid more serious eye-strain. So few of us do anything to help our eyes.

Speaking of old friends, you wouldn't know Frostilla unless you have used it recently. The familiar pink "roll-y" cream has two partners, popular runners-up and threatening to overtake it. Pompeian Night Cream, a silky rich luxurious cleanser and skin-food—and Pompeian Day Cream, a foundation powder base that pro-
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DEVELOP YOUR BUST

This New, Easy Way

Hollywood's Most Interesting Widow
Continued from page 66

when it was apparent that his Titian-crowned daughter Billie required the education of the schools instead of the circus tent. At seventeen she played in the London music hall, the Pavilion, in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. She bewitched London by her cogent singing of the ditty, "My Little Canon." Her photograph was on the picture postcards in London shop windows. At that time Daniel Frohman, elder of the managers Frohman, said to his brother Charles, "There is not enough room in the theatre for two producers of our name. I will yield it to you but on condition that you let me, as my last act as a manager, bring that ravishing young beauty and delicious comedienne, Billie Burke, to this country.

Who is she?" asked the then Napoleon of the stage.

"An American girl of English education and London and continental stage experience. There followed further rhapsodic descriptions, "John Drew needs a leading woman in 'My Wife.' If she is half as attractive as you think, I might engage her for that."

"Do, I guarantee that she will be a sensation," was the reply.

She perched on stately John Drew's knees, rumpled his hair, crossed the stage in three steps and a bound, gurgled with delight in the life. The critics avowed themselves in love and pronounced them the most bilious of their declared that nothing so lovely and utterly irresistible had ever before crossed their critical path. The next year Billie Burke was a star in "Love Watches." Coolly critical eyes warmed at contemplation of her in "The Mind the Paint Girl," and in "The Land of Promise." When she tossed from her shoulders the enveloping cloak in "A Marriage of Convenience" the audience applauded the sight. The admiration of her art and personality was not limited to audiences and critics. Suitors were numerous. A broad-shouldered, blonde-haired Englishman crossed the ocean to offer her herself and a place in the peerage. Miss Burke smiled, considered, hesitated, induced him to wait for another season or two.

She, living first at Yonkers, then at Berkeley Crest at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, with her mother, pursued her career as a Frohman star, dividing popularity only with the long-established Maude Adams.

Then one night, at a dance at the Mayfair Club, the meeting place of stage and society, came the interruption: Florenz Ziegfeld, middle-aged, distinguished as producer of the long series of Ziegfeld "Follies," a silent, occasionally smiling man whom many thought mysterious and so fascinating. With different partners they danced in the same quadrille. She told me she admired his dancing and liked the perfume he had used with exact nicety on his handkerchief. He asked her partner for an introduction. The next day was the Mayfair. Soon he was her devoted companion there and on other dancing floors. While she was playing in the name role "Jerry" they crossed the ocean the afternoon and were married in Jersey City.

Two years later Patricia Florence Ziegfeld was born. "Billie" was her middle name because it pleased him so," she said to me while showing me the new pink infant in her shining bassinet in a New York hotel.

Oddly prophetic are these words that
Miss Burke spoke to me on the lawn of Burkeley Crest, the Ziegfeld's home after their marriage, and still their home when Mr. Ziegfeld made his last fateful journey to Los Angeles.

"This is the new order," said Billie Burke Ziegfeld, "the old order was motherhood or a career. The new order is motherhood and a career! In this new order the career is richer and the motherhood is finer."

"You think that because there is a Patricia Ziegfeld you are a better actress?"

"I know it," Billie Burke spoke with soft decision. "And I know that, because I have earned my own living since I was a child, I am a better mother. Motherhood is an actual aid to a successful career," insisted Miss Burke. "Ambition flags at times but mother love never lessens. A mother wants to earn all she can for her child, of course. But besides this desire is the instinct to make good with her offspring."

"Motherhood is useful in the arts. Maternity is cultural. Give me even the unlettered woman and I will show you a woman who, after the birth of her child, finds more beauty in a flower, a picture, sunrise, or a sunset than before. That woman can bring more to an art than it ever could bring to her child. Certainly motherhood makes the woman a better painter, sculptor, musician or actress. The emotions, the stir of the deep, primitive love of woman for her child fosters the creative impulse of art.

"The trend of the day is toward the humanization of business. The mother has more tact. She knows the difficult art of 'how to get on with people'. She knows how to do more in a given time. She is an economist of moments. My prophecy is that this is the dawn of the day in which married women will play a really important part in the business world."

Miss Burke is a leading exponent of the Titian type in America. As much as when Billie Burke hats tilted slightly over the left eye and when boxes of Billie Burke chocolates were sold in every sweet shop in New York.

"Women talk a great deal about having their faces lifted. It would be better to take care of their hair and keep it young. Live, young hair gives a woman a youthful look. Especially when tight little hats are the mode, the hair needs fastening. To take care of one's hair, she will probably do so without being too conscious," she says.

"The red-haired woman expends so much energy that she must be sure to renew it. I sleep as many hours as I need. After about eight hours I awake completely refreshed. Sometime during the afternoon I manage to rest. If it is only for a few minutes and it is just after a walk I wholly relax. However short the time for rest I take off my clothes and get into a light single garment."

"Every morning I use a system of waking up exercises, using more of the standing exercises when I am thinner and floor exercises when I am plumper, according to my needs. I walk a great deal.

"I eat simple food and not too much of it. Grapefruit in the morning with a small cup of not too strong coffee are a sufficient start for my day. My luncheon usually is one cooked and one raw vegetable. Dinner of whatever I like, but I like only one to three, or at most four, dishes."

The march of the years holds no ominous sound to the buoyant-spirited Miss Burke. "Every age has its interests. We must keep them keen and full," says the beauty with the brain of a philosopher.

"Strange what miracle children work! I did not know much, nor care for children, until Patricia was born. From the time I first looked at her there has never been a moment when I would not willingly have died for her."

Miss Burke, throughout the years of her early stage triumphs, of her adventures in marriage and motherhood, has told me that, when puzzled by problems and harassed by griefs, she invariably whispered a plea to her father in the dim unknown.

"He always tells me what to do," she said, with the faith of a child. "His love never failed me in life. It does not now.

"In this year of her life's rebudding there is, no doubt, much whispering of her heart's secrets by Billie Burke, the actress, to the shade of Billie Burke, the clown!"
Grand Duchess Marie Writes on “Rasputin”

Continued from page 31

One of the two, an ex-member of the Emperor’s escort, had performed the same duties in reality.

The part assigned to Ralph Morgan as the Tzar is not an important one but everything concerning his demeanor, make-up and dress has been carefully studied and although his gestures are back ease and grace they are never in any way disturbing.

John Barrymore is as usual the hero, a fictitious character planned to win the sympathies of the audience. His manner is simple and has a quality of genuine refinement which makes him appear perfectly natural in all the situations in which his role places him.

But Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin is somewhat transparent and too persistent. His lurking behind columns and curtains, peering through cracks of doors, his stealthy tread and sardonic smile are rather fatiguing. His make-up is conventional; with his full black beard, beautifully trimmed, and his parted wig he looks more a dandy than the sinister character he is portraying. He is magnificent, however, in his death scene.

Diana Wynyard, who takes the part of Princess Natasha, another fictitious character, is extremely winning in her quiet simplicity. The little boy is excellent by accent for his part.

The plot although not true to history is nevertheless plausible and the dialogue sober and moderate. There is some exaggeration however in religious manifestations, in gestures particularly, performed with ostentation and bombast.

The background against which the screen drama evolves is a lavish one, often surprisingly accurate, sometimes imaginary, but in keeping with the author’s scenery. Whereas there are a good many errors in detail the impression created by the ensemble is on the whole extraordinarily vivid.

At the end of the performance, I was not only relieved and deeply moved but I felt exhausted as after a harrowing experience. For nearly three hours I had lived in the past, a past slightly counterfeited and distorted but nevertheless real enough to bring back my memories. A past which belonged to me so closely, being in fact a part of my own life, I was happy and thankful to see for once treated with discretion, honesty and respect.

Confidential!—Wallace Ford

Continued from page 51

Adores poker, the fights, hors d’ouvres, roquefort cheese, avocado salad (that’s a bit of swank on his part), practical jokes, his (and my) daughter, Patty, and what else, Wally? What? You old branny! He said “ME”!

Hates people who neck in public and kick each other at home, macaroni, spaghetti or anything silly, heavy perfume, washing his hair and what else, Wally? What? You bum! He said “ME” again.

He’s like the little girl with the little curl. When he’s good, etcetera. Only he isn’t often horrid. The only time he is horrid is when he’s as Wally and he wants to read his paper. And oh, yes! when I tell him I spent twice my allowance on heaven knows what. And sometimes when I make his coffee. I make very bad coffee, but my pie-crust is simply elegant.

He can’t be happy unless he is living in a house. Until we were married, Wally was a rat, not only a rat, but one of the worst of WIN-FORMS today. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

SEND ONLY
35c

END Worry and Uncertainty

Try WIN-FORMS for yourself. See how much more convenient they are than old-fashioned, uncertain methods. A single easy little effective protection for eight hours or more. Absolutely safe to use; nothing to learn; no freak effects. Contains no carbolic acid, no pungent, irritating qualities, no possibly dangerous ingredients. Quickly absorbed, odorless. Take advantage of special introductory offer, send only 25c and get a box of WIN-FORMS today.

This Safe and Sure Way

Watch for SCREENLAND’s Crawford Cover

Charles Sheldon, the famous artist who paints the portraits of Hollywood’s loveliest ladies for SCREENLAND, has chosen Joan Crawford to adorns the cover of the May issue. Here you will find a new and different Crawford. Subtle, sensitive? Yes. Dramatic, poignant? Yes! SCREENLAND’s Cover for May will bring you the loveliest Joan Crawford portrait you have ever seen!
Packs for a Quarter against 2 for 30 cents
—in other words, save a nickel

“...John Public and his wife, sinking funds, amortization and depreciation are just words in the dictionary. To John Public and his wife, however, a five cent subway fare as compared to a ten cent fare in these days of depression, means a movie on Saturday night—and that’s something.” New York Journal, Editorial.

The extra nickel does not mean much to Fifth Avenue bus passengers or they could easily save it by riding on the subways, surface cars or elevated. Regular riders spend the extra nickel twice a day for a ride on the buses to get a clean, comfortable, seated trip.

To the advertisers in the buses this means a great deal—a selected buying constituency with plenty of time to read the advertising cards in the buses.

We believe that bus passengers form the most unusual group of buyers gotten together by any one advertising medium in New York City. Have you ever noticed the clothes worn by bus passengers? Observe them next time you are in a Fifth Avenue bus—mink and caracul coats generously mixed in with cloth coats with fur collars, good hats and dresses—good overcoats, hats and shoes on the men, etc.

EVER seen our circular “Evaluating Space?” Send for it. It is worth reading in connection with all advertising media.

When you use space in the Fifth Avenue buses you advertise at the point of purchase to 30,000 or 3,000,000 passengers per month, according to the number of spaces you buy, at $2.00 to $7.50 per space per month. You can make this medium fit into any budget and always have an advertisement that is as big as your neighbor’s. The buses carried 39,000,000 passengers downstairs during the past year; 19,000,000 upstairs. Let us tell you how to use space in the Fifth Avenue buses to increase your business.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Jr.
Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Telephone CAI. 5-2151
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 76

PROBABLY the greatest amount of money ever paid an actor in a lump sum was $250,000, which represented the final installment of John Gilbert's contract with M-G-M.

Because the human mind has difficulty in imagining so much money, these comparative figures may interest you: The picture for which Gilbert received his check was made in one month. The average working girl is paid $75 a month for her services; therefore, for every dollar the average girl is paid, Gilbert received $3,333.33.

Of course, the $250,000 that this advantage over John: The government won’t take nearly half of her earnings.

SEX and hand doubles often save the studios oodles of money. Frank McDonald, who has doubled hands for James Cagney, Richard Dix, Leslie Howard, Charles Bickford and others, saved one film company several hundred dollars recently.

Howard’s hands were needed for a scene in “Secrets,” after that picture had been completed. To have recalled Leslie meant a full day’s salary, or several hundred dollars, McDonald was called, instead, and when the scene reaches the screen, nobody will know the difference—until they read this item!

SPEAKING of movie doubles, there is a woman in the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who is a counterpart for Kay Francis. Her name is Eleanor Packer, and she has often been confused with Kay.

A MAN I know is out of a job. He is the guy who formerly painted and removed names on office doors at one of the film studios. He had himself quite a position, for hardly a day passed, what with hiring and firing quite thefad, that he didn’t have at least a few names to erase and replace.

But a new building on the lot features on office doors brass holders into which cards may be slipped, for identification of occupants. Anybody got a job for a swell name-painter-on?

IN CASE you think you’ve seen something in the line of movie shockers, just stick around until Paramount releases its “War of the Worlds,” based on the fantastic novel by H. G. Wells. It’s all about a band of creatures from Mars who invade our poor planet and start messing things up. They’re a gruesome lot, those Martians that Mr. Wells imagined, and if the picture portrays them faithfully, you’ll want a light burning in your bedroom for a good many nights after you’ve seen them.
The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet... pronounces a few magic words... Presto! She has disappeared in thin air.

EXPLANATION: One of the "slaves" is a hollow dummy. When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED...

... IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness."

EXPLANATION: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. Fresh cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly... smoke cooler. Dried-out cigarettes taste hot.

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight welded Humidor Pack... and because they contain better tobaccos.

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a fresh cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels... give your taste a chance to sense the difference.

No Tricks—just Costlier Tobaccos IN A MATCHLESS BLEND
PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT ICE ASTRINGENT acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base — cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.

PRINCESS PAT

if you really knew about Princess Pat powder

- - - YOU'LD SURELY TRY IT

• here we shall try to give the facts—read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So point three in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

For Princess Pat powder is good for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in no other face powder. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and naturally lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the selfsame properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful — and different. And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

A MAKE-UP KIT FOR ONLY 10c

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-2744, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Send your Famous Minute Makeup Kit containing rouge and face powder. I enclose 10c in full payment.

Name

Street

City and State

IN CANADA, 95 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
Joan Crawford Confesses!

Rare Photographs of Garbo

Visit a Star in Hollywood—See Page 26 for New Contest
A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY CORRECT THESE MISTAKES OF CIVILIZATION

CHEWING, doctors say, was the cause of primitive man's fine teeth. Chewing kept him healthy. It is because we no longer chew enough that many of the present day physical handicaps persist. Exercising all the parts of the oral cavity is essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth structure.

Dentyne—a special chewing gum—helps overcome these conditions just as our ancestors were helped by chewing tough meats, coarse grains, and by gnawing roots. Because it has a special consistency—a special chew—it exercises the mouth. It causes the flow of saliva to return to normal, cleansing the mouth and teeth and increasing the flow of blood to all the mouth tissues.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE—Here is an aid to health for your family in the pleasantest form, for Dentyne is delicious. Here are healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. See to it that every member of your family chews Dentyne every day for five minutes. Be as regular about this as about other health habits. It is just as important.
She insists on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn’t imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You must take care of your teeth and gums. If you find “pink” upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

“Pink tooth brush” may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent’s disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage
Defeat “Pink Tooth Brush”

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer...“Pink tooth brush” will depart.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept O-53
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.................................................................
Street............................................................
City...............................................................State.......

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, is Never a Luxury
Why I Married Fredric March
By Florence Eldridge March

THERE is no actor more popular on the screen today than Fredric March. You have seen him, of course, many times. But it remains for SCREENLAND, as usual, to present the star in a new and original light. You will meet a different Freddie March when you read the story in which his wife talks about him, the man she fell in love with and married. There is added interest in this story since Mrs. March has resumed her screen career—you have doubtless seen her with Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper," and she also appears in "Shame of Temple Drake."

May, 1933

FEATURES:
COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN CRAWFORD
AN OPEN LETTER TO MARY PICKFORD
RARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF GARBO
THE GREAT JUNGLE GANG WAR
JOAN CRAWFORD CONFESSIONS
VISIT A STUDIO IN HOLLYWOOD
A TAIL OF TWO SCOTTIRES
"BETTER-HALF" DOUBLETS
IT'S THE CAT'S
CAMERA MAGIC

PERSONALITIES:
EXPLODIING THE JOEL McCREA MYTH
THE LATEST ABOUT QUEEN JEANETTE
MORE ABOUT HERBERT MARSHALL
"CYNIC" IN LOVE
THE GODDESS DIANA OF ENGLAND
WHAT I THINK OF BOB
WHAT I THINK OF BERT

SPECIAL ART SECTION:
Our Movie Masqueraders

DEPARTMENTS:
THE PUBLIC BE HEARD
ASK ME
WE CAN PICK THEM
TAGGING THE TALKIES
REVIEW OF THE BEST PICTURES
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL
AND WHO ARE BILL AND OUSN MAUD, PRAY?
HAPPINESS IN HAIR
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS

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Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse... ... and what do you think happened?

Maurice
CHEVALIER
in
"A BEDTIME STORY"
with
HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog
A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.
The Public
Be Heard
Mount the cinema soap-box!

MICKEY TOO MODEST?
(First Prize Letter)
Those Mickey Mouse cartoons are getting so good that I think the attendance at local theatres would be increased considerably if theatre owners would adopt a different slant in advertising the little animal. For instance, I'd put out a sign in big, bold letters, "MICKEY MOUSE" and below it in smaller type, "Also Clark Gable and Jean Harlow!"

Oscar LeNormand,
204½ Maury St.,
Houston, Tex.

AND NOW THAT'S SETTLED!
(Third Prize Letter)
Still the plaintive cry is heard, "What's wrong with the movies?" Permit me to settle the question for all time by rising to my answer, "Just nothing!" Their ailments are, for the most part, the fevered imagings of fault-finders. Like the robust old woman who was "always on the verge of collapse," the movies will live to a ripe old age.

Pictures differ, and so do actors—they differ as much as do Will and Buddy Rogers. You and I differ. Life and the movies would be a dull affair if this were not so. Personally, I like my Boris Karloff straight, and then I take Will Rogers for a chaser. Cagney, Barrymore, Crawford, Merkel—they're all good actors, yet so different in appeal. I bow to the whole raft of them!

The next time you see a talkie just remember that it was not produced for you alone, but for me, too.

LeRoy E. Clark,
128 No. 31 St., Apt. 17,
Omaha, Neb.

CHOICE "BITS"
(Fourth Prize Letter)
When the Orchids are being passed around, why don't they bestow a few upon the "bit" players, those valiant trouper never fail to give good performances, no matter how tiny their parts may be.

Time and again I've watched these actors in their "brie moments." I never remember their names—I don't think they're even given on the programs—yet I always recognize them. Just a line or two, perhaps, is all their parts consist of; but they usually register. And though they may not ever reach the lofty heights, they are just as important as the stars; for without them a picture would be like a beautiful stone without a setting.

So I hope that the "bit playing" army will read this, and know that someone appreciates them.

C. L. Merisch,
1708 Fillibert St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

A "NEW DEAL" FOR GARBO-ITES?
According to Miss Delight Evans, the public is in danger of becoming Garbo-sated. Isn't that because, in every talkie she has made, she has played the same part—that of a downfallen, disheartened woman redeemed by a great love, a modern Lady of the Camellias? For the first few sequences of one film only has Garbo been allowed to shed her cloak of weary sophistication, and I claim that she has never been more appealing than as the awkward adolescent, Susan Lenore.

Garbo is not by nature or upbringing an exotic. Her special beauty needs simple clothes and costume. She should move against a background of mountains and wind, not in drawing-rooms. Let her be natural when she comes back; let her be young again!

P. S.,
Amateur Dramatic Club,
Cambridge University, England.

(Continued on page 96)
JOAN: "I love my role in 'Today We Live'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."

The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franca Tane, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.
ASK ME!

Step right up and have your questions answered here

By Miss Vee Dee

Mrs. H. V. S. Of course you are not silly to be so fond of Joan Blondell—she would love it, so write and tell her so. She can be found at Warner Bros.-First National Studios. Joan was born on August 30, 1909, in New York City. Her mother and father, a sister and a brother are all of the stage, where Joan had worked since infancy until pictures claimed her. Her new picture is "Blonde Johnson," with Chester Morris.

Kendal A. Sorry I cannot give you the salary details of the stars. Why worry about a star’s weekly wage—let them do it! Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Ruth Chatterton are in the big money, but think of the income tax we don’t have to worry about! Bette Davis has appeared in "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss, "The Dark Horse" with Warner Oland, "The Rich Are Always With Us" with Ruth Chatterton, "Cabin in the Cotton" with Richard Barthelmess, and "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" with Spencer Tracy. Bette was born April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Watch for her in "Ex-Lady" with Gene Raymond.

Madeline A. Here is a severe test of my detective ability but if I’m wrong, better luck next time. I think you have Charles Seaton on your mind as Pop Jackson in "The Tip Off!" with Eddie Quillan. Other characters in the picture were Nick Valenti, played by Ralf Harolde; Mike Dolin was Swanky, and Ernie Adams was Snyg. The Johnny Mack Brown fans were happy to see their favorite in "70,000 Witnesses" with Phillips Holmes, Charlie Ruggles, Big Boy Williams, Paul Page, and Dorothy Jordan.

Inquisitive. You have been searching in the wide open spaces for Matty Kemp and failed to find him. If you saw "Down to Earth" with Will Rogers and Dorothy Jordan, you saw your favorite. Matty was born in New York City on Sept. 10, 1909. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 162 pounds. Matty has a splendid voice and should be heard and seen. In "Western Union" you’ll see Burt Norton in "Luxury Liner" with George Brent and Alice White. Barry was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Madge Evans was born August 1, 1907, Peggy Shannon, January 10, 1909, Phillips Holmes, July 22, 1909, and Phil is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Eric Linden was born Sept. 15, 1909. Rochelle Hudson was born in Claremore, Okla., 17 years ago. She has dark brown hair and eyes and is 5 feet 3 inches tall.

Elinor G. The Skippy you hear over the radio has nothing whatever to do with Jackie Cooper. Jackie is too busy to do a national broadcast just now. Tommy Cantlon has appeared in two very popular pictures, "Young America" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and also in "Sign of the Cross." Tommy was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 21, 1917. He is 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has auburn-brown hair and blue eyes.

Wandering Audrey. Madge Evans is a natural blonde with blue eyes, golden hair, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. She is 23 years old. Her new picture is "Hallelujah I’m a Bum," with Al Jolson. Bette Davis is 24 years old.

A Boyer Fan. After Charles Boyer’s appearance in "The Man From Yesterday," with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook, the mail bags are bulging with letters asking about the Frenchman. Charles is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He has an M-G-M contract that calls for other pictures. Boyer has gone back to France where he will probably make more films.

Yankee Maid. I’ll tell Andy Devine all the sweet nothings you say about him. He appeared with Richard Arlen, John Darrow, Gloria Stuart, June Clyde and a host of famous football players in "The All American." He’ll appear next in a picture called "The Big Cage," unless the title is changed. Johnny Weissmuller, the Tarzan of "Tarzan the Ape Man," was born in Chicago, Ill., about 28 years ago. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He married Bobbie Arnst, a former musical comedy star, but they are divorced. Johnny received his education in the Chicago public schools and the University of Chicago.

Rosalce B. To go back to 1924 in moving picture history is going places and remembering things. I’m sorry I haven’t any recent information about Pierre Gendron who played with May McAvoy in "Three Women," released in that year. Lew Ayres gave one of his best performances in "State Fair," Janet Gaynor providing the love appeal. Eric Linden and Joan Blondell co-star in "Big City Blues," a recent Warner release. Eric is one of the outstanding talents developed by the stage in the past ten years. His picture debut was made in "Are These Our Children?"

Katherine B. Edna May Oliver appeared in "Hold 'Em Jail" with Wheeler and Woolsey. Others in the cast were Roscoe Arbuckle, Edgar Kennedy, Betty Grable and Warren Hymer. Miss Oliver’s latest release is "The Great Jasper," with Richard Dix. The picture you refer to with Helen (Continued on page 94)
A HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age... Strong in tenderness... inspiring in loyalty... it will remain in your heart forever!

NOEL COWARD'S,

CAVALCADE

PICTURE OF THE GENERATION

Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies... a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" is, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.
YOU saw Onslow Stevens in “Once in a Lifetime” and doubtless remember the favorable impression he made in that Universal classic. We told you he was one of the best bets among the younger actors. Marion Davies thought so, too, because after she saw Onslow’s work she signed him to play with her in “Peg O’ My Heart.” Carl Laemmle, Jr., who also “discovered” Lew Ayres, can point with pride to Stevens, for whom he has great plans on the old home lot at Universal City when Onslow has finished his “borrowed” assignment opposite Marion at M-G-M. And those of you who have rooted for Stevens since his “Once in a Lifetime” screen debut know that he can make a small role stand out, such as his characterization of the scientist in “Na-gana,” with Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas. His restraint and naturalness will send him a long way along the road to film fame. And is Marion smart to borrow him!

We Can Pick Them!

Remember we told you to watch Onslow Stevens? Now look at him—Marion Davies’ leading man in “Peg O’ My Heart”
WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!

Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing... Bette Davis in "EX-LADY"

Bette Davis in "EX-LADY" with Gene Raymond, Monroe Owley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi... Directed by Robert Florey... One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from WARNER BROS.

filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 56.
More reviews on Page 97.

Men Must Fight

An advance peep at 1940, with an anti-war theme. Diana Wynyard was a nurse in the World War. Hence, when war comes again in 1940, she refuses to allow her son, Phillips Holmes, to enlist—despite the protests of her militaristic husband, Lewis Stone. You'll be interested in this novel idea—also, the very unusual costumes by Adrian. Nice performance by Wynyard.

Grand Slam

You don't have to be a bridge addict to enjoy this hilarious satire on the contract mania. The prima donna "expert," the pompous championship tournament, the bridge-crazy public, all are amusingly burlesqued. Paul Lukas is adept at his comedy rôle, and Loretta Young is nicely decorative as his wife. Now how about a jig-saw puzzle epic? Go ahead, Warners!

She Done Him Wrong

NOT the family picture of the month! It's rough and rowdy stuff, with Mae West at her best, if you feel that way about Mae. She plays Lady Lou, a descendant of Diamond Lil, with the maximum of gusto, and the minimum of good taste. A good cast, including Gilbert Roland, Cary Grant, and Noah Beery. It's only fair to say that Mae packed 'em in on Broadway.

Perfect Understanding

Hail! Gloria's back again! And with her new husband, Michael Farmer, in his movie début, at that! You'll like "Mike." The film is a domestic mix up, with Gloria doing a grand acting job. But the photography and sound don't do her justice. Gay, colorful scenes taken on the French Riviera brighten the proceedings. Geneviève Tobin, Laurence Olivier, John Halliday in support.

Mystery of the Wax Museum

Boys and girls, meet Dr. Igor. He's just a nice old grandpa whose favorite whimsy is to kidnap people and bell them in wax. Lionel Atwill, as the gruesomely disfigured Doctor, scales new heights of sheer horror. Much too strong for the kiddies. Fay Wray is the be-menaced heroine, Allen Vincent and Glenda Farrell her rescuers. Quick, Smythe, the smelling-salts! In technicolor.

What! No Beer?

Rough and rowdy comedy! Schnozzola Durante and Frozen-Face Keaton buy a brewery and make real beer! And is Jimmy fermentin'? There's no rhyme or reason to the story, but who cares, it's a howling success, thanks to Jimmy and Buster. The boys' beer-brewing efforts result in plenty of laugh situations. Phyllis Barry and Buster take care of the love interest.

They Just Had to Get Married

The spirit is willing, but the gags are weak with age. Zasu Pitts as a maid, and Slim Summerville as her butler boy-friend, inherit their employer's fortune, marry, and try to crash lofty society. The results are funny, but not nearly so funny as they should be. Zasu is laughably tremulous as ever, and Slim tries hard. Roland Young scores in a small part.
While she was primping before the mirror, her adoring husband kissed her. It angered her. The primping was not for him. He realized it instantly, followed her—found her in her lover’s arms and killed her.

His intimate friend, who defended him in court, found a similar situation in his own home, and promised himself that he would follow his friend’s example. Did he or did he not? What happened? This picture will stir you to the core. It is modern romance and tragedy combined, beautifully acted by players of more than the average moving-picture talent.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
Lee Tracy, you great big “Blessed Event” in the motion picture business, you force us to “Clear All Wires” and hail you as the most refreshing personality on current screens.

Lee Tracy is the actor most in demand in Hollywood right now—and if you are still wondering why, you’ll understand when you see him in “Clear All Wires.” You will realize that no other actor—no, not Cagney or Gable or Spencer Tracy—could play the part of the ace newspaper correspondent as Tracy plays it. His is an electric personality—he may tire you out watching him, but he’ll never, never bore you. “Clear All Wires” is his best picture to date. Every film company is competing for his expensive services. And the funny part of it is, Lee Tracy was in pictures before, several years ago, but went back to Broadway because he just didn’t seem to fit into the screen scene. Then another company signed him and gave him the right roles. And now look! That’s Hollywood!

Lee Tracy with Una Merkel in a scene from the latest Tracy hit. Una is at her sparkling best as a guileless little gold-digger who turns up in Moscow to see our hero at the most inopportune moment.

Left, just one of the hilarious scenes from “Clear All Wires,” with James Gleason and Ari Kutai racing Tracy for laughs.
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29 Park Ave., New York City

"I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"
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Mrs. New York

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
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Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life...the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

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To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.

• Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.

• Camay is pure—made of delicate silt. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!
DEAR MARY:

What's your secret? I'm not just punning the title of your new picture. I really want to know.

There's no explaining you, Garbo a Mystery Woman? Why, Garbo is just Anita Louise in comparison. You, Mary Pickford, are the real sphinx of the cinema. And I'd like to know the answer.

You know I hadn't seen you for a while, and in the meantime I'd met Garbo and Dietrich and Bennett; cheered Crawford and watched a whole new school of ingenues swim in. Mary Pickford? Oh—ah, yes; I'd heard the name. But—really, she makes so few films these days; and after all, we don't have a "queen of the movies" any more; too, too old-fashioned. And what do you think of Katharine Hepburn? I know better now. I went up to see you, Mary, while you were in Manhattan on your way to join Douglas in Europe—went up for just a nice, quiet talk for auld lang syne, etc. And I had the surprise of my life. The queen is dead, eh? Long live the queen, eh? Will some bright little boy or girl please give me a new expression meaning "Oh, yeah?"

For you were holding court, Mary; your hotel apartment was just a big throne room, and your subjects the "names" of New York society and finance, with Lady Astor's sister, and a great stage star, and a countess or two for color. I thought Connie Bennett lived a crowded life; that Claudette Colbert had the busiest telephone; that Lilian Harvey was in demand—but these girls are practically in retirement compared to you, Mary.

Just a sample of an average, quiet Pickford afternoon:

"Will you okay this sketch for the billboard, Miss Pickford?" asked representative Mark Larkin.

"My name is too big," you said.

"Now, boss," said Mark, "we want your name big. We're selling Mary Pickford."

"You're selling Mary Pickford in 'Secrets' with Leslie Howard," you said firmly. "Make my name smaller than the title. But leave Frances Marion's name as large as you can get it."

You grinned at me, that same impish Irish grin. "Here I am transacting business in this!" and you gestured with tiny hands at your dress, a filmy white evening gown that a desperate fitter was following you around trying to put together in time for dinner that evening. "But it will look nice, especially with my new rubies." And you scooped them up—both hands filled with red and white glitter. "They're an investment!"

"Are they real?" asked the great stage star, Laurette Taylor, also impish and Irish. "Try them on."

So you put on the earrings and the choker and the ring and the bracelet and looked like a pleased child dressing up. "A present from me to me," you said.

"Mary!" cried Lady Astor's sister. "That other bracelet rolled on the floor." So down you went on hands and knees and picked up the diamond and ruby bracelet—and a penny. Pennies and rubies—that's Pickford.

"Will you be at the Countess' villa in Rome?" "Are you going on to China with Douglas?" "Why aren't you staying until your picture opens?"

"I think so—positively no, but I may weaken—yes, I'd like to stay for the opening but I'd rather meet Douglas. I must reduce a bit on the boat, but how can I, it's an Italian boat with grand spaghetti—yes, I liked doing 'Secrets' and I think it's a good picture but it's funny, I didn't want to do it at first—Frank Borzage asked me if I wanted some Menthol for the crying scenes—I was so insulted! I've never used anything yet to make me cry in a scene, the hard part is to stop crying."

By this time the fitter had given up hope. You were running from room to room, talking to Kathleen Norris and Lillian Gish, signing checks, dashing off telegrams. And looking like Mary Pickford has always looked, very tiny and determined, reminding herself, she says, of her scatter-brained Irish terrier.

Nothing has changed, really. Pickford is still Queen Mary. "There's no use trying to put on an act, is there?" you said. "Not for me, anyway. You know before I left Hollywood I had to make a very serious speech for the Motion Picture Relief Fund. I wore my most dignified dress, and when they made me get out in the middle of a big ballroom to talk, I felt pretty important. And the newsreel cameramen were there, and I thought my speech wasn't so bad, really. All in all, I came home feeling I had made a rather good impression. And then I happened to glance down at my feet. They looked funny. I had each shoe on the wrong foot!"
Before the Garbo bob vogue—note how she wore her hair in long loose curls. This is her last portrait taken in Sweden—then she came to Hollywood and Success!

Above, the Gorgeous Garbo as she looked in her pre-Hollywood days—the same heavy-lidded eyes, fascinating mouth, and general aloof expression—but still somewhat naïve, with those curls and all! This scene shows Greta with another actress in one of her early Swedish rôles.

Left, here's Greta when she was a model in the cloak and suit department of Paul U. Bergstrom's department store in Stockholm, Sweden, before she became an actress.

This informal photograph was taken while Garbo was making a name for herself on the Swedish screen. The youngster with her is a Garbo fan. Those were the good old days when Greta posed with her public, and apparently liked it!

GARBO!

Rare photographs from Greta's family album taken in Sweden before she became a great Hollywood star. So you can't wait to see Garbo again? How about it, Greta—when will we be seeing you?
She was Greta Gustafsson!

Photographs of Garbo from Globe Photos

Greta with her first automobile—she was then dividing her time between the Swedish stage and screen, with no thought of Hollywood film fame. And how do you like her short black coat with its astrakhan trim? Get right in that car and drive back to America, Garbo!

Now See Next Page!

Isn't she lovely here? But this is more proof that she acquired that siren, mysterious something in Hollywood. Garbo, here, looks like just another beautiful blonde. This photograph was taken at the time that she was winning success in Swedish motion pictures under the direction of Mauritz Stiller, and shortly before the M-G-M scouts saw and signed her.

Garbo B. A.—That is, before Adrian! We hope Adrian, the designer, who creates all of Greta’s American screen costumes, doesn't see this picture because we don’t think he'll approve of her plaid suit. This photograph was taken during a visit to Serbia, long ago.
She's making a picture in Sweden. No, she isn't—she's back in Hollywood, working in a new film with Gary Cooper as her leading man. Is that so—she is still undecided, and may not make another picture for a good, long time. What? Why, we're just collecting the latest Garbo-rumors for you. Don't blame us if none of them comes true. Or all of them at once! That's all we know right now.

And here's

The Garbo
that
Hollywood Knows!

Where, here? No, no—this is a little camera study of Greta Gustafsson at the hair-ribbon age, when she was a school-girl. Compare her with the Katharine-Cornellish close-up, above, the Garbo as she looks today, created by Hollywood, applauded by the world. And then wonder what she will be doing next!
The Great Jungle Gang War

“Lion Man” versus “Ape Man”—whose zoo in the movies?

By

Mortimer Franklin

To hear or not to hear—that is the movie question of the moment. First it was the "Ape Man," then the "Panther Woman"—and now the "Lion Man" has made his movie bow. With all these half-humans, semi-simians and quasi-cats running around the jungle, trouble is bound to start sooner or later. And here's a slightly cock-eyed account of what may happen!

SCENE I.

(Scene: A heavily wooded part of the African jungle, or the South American thicket—or maybe it's the Australian bush. All jungles look alike to the movies.

The Lion Man, newest of the jungle gang rulers, is conducting a council of war with a group of hard-boiled lions. He has adopted modern methods in his racket, and carries a shiny 45-calibre automatic protruding from his leopard-skin chemise, instead of the crude carving-knife which old-fashioned jungle heroes used to produce miraculously out of the thin air. The lions, like good gangsters, wear guns strapped to their sides, within easy reach of their paws.)

Lion Man: Well, boys, we're doin' fine. Since we crashed into that Ape Man's territory we've been gettin' most of the movie offers.

First Lion (preening his whiskers): You bowled it, Chief! Looks like an animal year in the movies—even more animal than usual.

Second Lion: We'll show them directors what it really means to be inhuman!

Lion Man: Heh, heh—an' is that ape crowd burnin' up! Ever since we busted into this district the Ape Man an' his mob ain't slept nights. Here come the apes now—keep your guns handy, boys!

(The Ape Man comes swinging down from aloft on one of those convenient trapeze ropes which Nature thoughtfully places in jungle trees for this purpose. He alights at the Lion Man's feet, followed by the Zebra Man, the Panther Woman, and the Ant-Eater Man, alias Jimmy Durante. A bodyguard of apes brings up the rear.)

Lion Man: Well, well, the Ape Man himself is a-monk those present!

Ape Man (looking tough): Yeah, we thought we'd drop in an' talk business with youse brutes, see?

Lions (reaching for their guns): When you call us that—

Lion Man: None of that, you muggs. Who are all these folk with you, Ape?

Ape Man: This is my moll, the Panther Woman—she's Ape's Irish Rose. This bird here is a fugitive from a chain gang and couldn't get rid of his stripes, so he joined my mob as the Zebra Man. And here's Jimmy the Ant-Eater Man; we call him Beer Bill for short.

Lion Man: Why?

Jimmy: I'm fermentin', that's why!

Lion Man: Well, Ape, tell us what's on your mind.

Ape Man: Just this, big boy—

Lion Man: Big lion, you dope!

Ape Man: Things ain't what they used to be around these parts since you came musclin' in, see? So I'm jest tellin' you an' your mob to quit runnin' beer—I mean quit signin' movie contracts—in my territory! No matter where I go lately I find you in front of a movie camera, gettin' ready to fling an elephant over your shoulder or somethin'. Now I'm warnin' ya—get out, or else!

Lion Man: So I'm supposed to be scared of you, hey—you an' your mob of gorillas! Well, get this, you big ape—I'II sign movie contracts just as long as my Public demands it. And now go climb a tree!

Ape Man: That's jest what we're gonna do—but remember you was warned!

(He and his party swarm up into the trees. The Ape Man looks back and gives his ape yell; the Lion Man retaliates with his lion roar, and the Panther Woman joins in with a cat's meow. Then the apes disappear amid the foliage.)

SCENE II.

(That evening. The Lion Man is entertaining at dinner in his cave, which is (Continued on page 86)
Exploding the Joel McCrea Myth

In the dark archives of Hollywood's social files, one finds—“McCrea, Joel—nice boy, heart-breaker.” Blithely combining the two hopelessly antonymous terms, Hollywood has him docketed thus. Proceeding from these labels, many a magazine thesis has been written on Joel. Sometimes it is one way, sometimes another, sometimes both together in an ambitious attempt to make credible such an unlikely character as a clean-cut, wholesome home-breaker!

It is flying in the face of tradition, therefore, that I decline to select either the Jekyll or Hyde of Joel for comment. Because neither is there. He is not a simple, homespun boy. He is not a heart-breaker. He is, it is true, a forthright and honest young man with good manners. He is also an ardent admirer of charming, gay women. But, knowing him, these attributes are not predominant enough to classify him.

By some fluke, perhaps because of preconceived ideas in interviewers' minds, Joel has usually sounded “sweet” in print. Such a nice boy that the stomach was slightly turned.

“Sweet!” he raged noisily to me a few hours ago. “What’s wrong with these people? They don’t know McCrea. Why, I’d steal the milk out of their babies’ bottles!” Speaking slowly and punctuating his words with an angry fist on the arm of the chair, he added, “I—am—not—nice!”

He is, of course. But not nauseously. The average human number of pleasant faults makes him palatable.

“I can see,” he says, “where it all started. It’s easy to trace back.

“It started as far back as my first part in pictures. I had done some extra work here and there, when a friend of mine took me over to Colleen Moore’s set one day and asked her if there was a chance I might get a couple of days’ work in her picture, which was just beginning then. Colleen had been having trouble finding the right type for her leading man. She looked at me and said, ‘Just for fun let’s give you a test and see if you couldn’t do the lead.’ It was one of those incredible miracles—I just happened to be the type and I got the part.

“Colleen was charming to me. She knew I was nervous as the devil and desperately anxious to learn something. And out of her kindly—and purely impersonal, God knows—helpfulness to me a big myth grew. You know the kind—star crazy about her leading man, producer-husband in a fury, leading man’s career to be wrecked, etc. Since there was no vestige of anything
“Nice Boy”? No! “Heart-breaker”? Wrong again! McCrea tells you the real truth in this revealing story

By
Margaret Reid

but a very pleasant acquaintance to base it on, the myth evaporated. But Hollywood won't relinquish its labels that easily—fact or no fact, I was pigeon-holed as some kind of heart-breaker, ‘Me’!

Rumor has, at varying times, linked his name optimistically with Marion Davies, Evelyn Brent, Frances Marion, Constance Bennett, Dorothy Mackaill, and others.

“The joke, by the way, is on the gossips,” says McCrea. “The only woman I've ever in my life been really serious about is a star with whom my name was never connected. It was the one time there might have been something to gable about, but they never knew it. Which is one thing to be thankful for, I suppose.”

The other assumed romances were widely discussed, reported, speculated upon. Joel—young and certainly bewildered—was nevertheless a pretty level-headed young man already.

The legend of Joel the Irresistible, once it started, gathered terrific momentum. Young, handsome, well-bred and untouched by dissipation, he was swept into the swirling current of Hollywood social life. In all the places where stars are seen would be seen Joel McCrea, in the company of now one glamorous star, now another. Romance statisticians of the press were devoted to him for the frequency with which they could report “Joel McCrea and Miss Blank are ‘that way’ this week.”

Had Joel been “that way” as many times as reported, loud cries would have been heard issuing from Casanova’s grave.

“Of course, they had to give it up finally. The most zealous Pinkertons never saw me coming out of some lady’s house at dawn. It was all a snare and a delusion. They were disappointed, I suppose. And to justify themselves they said these aren’t really affairs after all. It’s just that he’s such a thoroughly nice boy the women like to go about with him.”

“And that’s where the two tags came from. As simple as that!”

Both are equally distasteful to him. As is any public babbling about the personal elements which should be personal business. Because of the particularly arresting celebrity of the stars with whom his name was linked, he could not possibly have avoided the publicity, even had he been a schooled diplomat. And because of the unpleasant sensation of having had a spotlight at his (Continued on page 92)
Joan Crawford Confesses!

You have read about Joan the dazzling star, Joan the inspiring woman, and Joan the ever-ambitious emotional actress—but here, at the right, is a new Joan: the devoted sister. Her brother, Hal LeSueur, is an extra, and Joan is helping him on his way. Will Hal achieve the Hollywood heights that his brilliant sister has scaled? What do you think is the answer?
JOAN CRAWFORD said to me, "I owe my success and wealth to shame!"

"I mean that I am ashamed of my deficiencies," she confessed. "Since early childhood, I've been ashamed of my faults or lack of accomplishments. When other children did things I could not duplicate, I worked and studied until I could do as much. Some hidden internal element of my soul will not permit me to be satisfied with my lot. I constantly discover new things which I do not understand, and I am never happy until they are clear to me. That is why I am a star; I was ashamed not to be!"

"But I have always regarded ambition as the guiding motive to success, Joan," I said.

"Ambition is a word that is broadly mis-used," she answered. "We have a way of saying, 'He will succeed, for he is ambitious,' but if we really stop to diagnose, we would learn that the term is ambiguous; it is a word with many meanings—a word that mothers a number of words, as a hen mothers her chicks.

"I, for example, wish to be learned and respected. People say I am ambitious, when I am really ashamed of my shortcomings. Therefore, shame is the basis for my success. The next man may achieve wealth because he fears poverty, and struggles to rise from it. Still another may succeed because he is avaricious. Another may have innate yearnings to travel, and he may realize that money is necessary to the complete satisfaction of his desire. Each of these humans would struggle hard for success, but each would be motivated by an individual motive.

"Shame has guided my efforts as long as I can remember. When I was a child, other little girls had dolls and toys my own parents could not afford to give me. So I worked at odd jobs, such as running errands, minding neighbors' babies and so on—until I accumulated the money to purchase a doll as beautiful as any I have ever seen. Then I was not ashamed.

"A few years later I went to school. Because my parents could not afford the tuition, I had to work to pay a part of my expenses. I (Continued on page 90)
Visit a Star

Jimmy Cagney wants to meet one of his public! SCREENLAND joins him in offering a reader a visit to Hollywood with all expenses paid!

Jimmy Cagney wants to meet you! Or maybe it's you! SCREENLAND offers a free trip to Hollywood, most glamorous and exciting of all the world's paradieses. Visit the studios, stroll down Hollywood Boulevard, sniff that fragrant California air and bask in that celebrated sunshine; meet and know Jimmy Cagney, the Warner Bros. star—in fact, enjoy just about the grandest vacation you could plan for yourself!

Here's our contest offer: Write a letter to Cagney Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine—not more than 200 words, please—telling him whether you prefer him on the screen as a "Public Enemy" or as a lovable human being. In other words, do you want your Cagney tough or tender? Jimmy really wants your opinion. He will select the letter he considers most interestingly and concisely written, whether by a man or a woman, and he will invite the writer of that letter, through SCREENLAND Magazine, to come to Hollywood for a week's visit. The winner will be sent to Hollywood and return with all expenses paid, entertainment provided, and every opportunity for a glorious vacation in the thrilling town where movies are made.

The two close-ups of Cagney to the right illustrate just the question that the star wants you to answer for him. Do you relish such rôles as "The Public Enemy," or do you prefer your Cagney lovable and humorous?

Below, Jimmy in a scene with Alice White from his latest release, "Picture Snatcher." Wouldn't you like to have Jimmy give you this?
in Hollywood!

I like Jimmy Cagney and would enjoy meeting him. Accordingly I am entering your SCREENLAND contest. Please find my name and address below: My letter is enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

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RULES
For The SCREENLAND Contest:
1. Fill out the coupon above.
2. Write a letter to James Cagney telling him in not more than 200 words what type of rôle you want him to play—would you rather see him go back to the grim realism of "The Public Enemy," or do you prefer him in more appealing rôles such as he played in "Hard To Handle"?
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families.
4. This contest will close at midnight on the 24th of April, 1933.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your letter and mail to Cagney Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
The Latest about Queen Jeanette!

Here's news from Paris about La MacDonald

By Marcel Durand

HAVING heard that Jeanette MacDonald is in Paris, I advance upon the Rex Theatre where she is appearing, and ambush myself in her dressing room to await her return from the stage with as much patience as I am able to muster. Her act is still in progress, and there is time to look about the room, its mirrored walls fringed with congratulatory cables. Let us steal a glance at these. There are the signatures of Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Vilma Banky, Emil Jannings, Harold Lloyd. Another, "May Paris Love You as I Love Paris"—Claudette Colbert. And there is one from Tom Mix and Tony, and here one says: "France Gave Me a Big Foot But I Know it Will Give You a Big Hand"—Texas Guinan! Ah, you Americans!

Gilda Gray wishes that "all those fifty million Frenchmen who can't be wrong" may (Continued on page 82)
More about Herbert Marshall!

And here's a close-up of her new leading man

By
Laura Benham

HERBERT MARSHALL is a refreshing refutation of the facts generally true of members of the acting craft. Especially leading men of the “matinée idol” type.

From my first moment of meeting him until we parted, he turned topsy-turvy all my pre-conceived ideas.

To begin with, he isn't "handsome."

Which was a disappointment lasting for fully five minutes—or until he began really to talk to me.

My first glimpse of Herbert Marshall was two years ago when he appeared in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" on the stage in New York. It was a story of renunciation and I left the theatre furious with the woman who had been willing to allow a little thing like marriage to another man to come between her and Marshall.

Every woman I know who saw the play confessed to the same reaction.

This, of course, might have been attributed merely to his personal charm.

However, one evening not long ago, I was in Ruben's (New York’s famous after-theatre rendezvous) with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni and Eugenie (stage “Grand Hotel”) Leontovich and heard that distinguished little trio heap an accolade of praise upon the unknowing head of Mr. Marshall—for his histrionic ability. A real tribute, that, to a finished performer.

More recently, in fact on the day of my scheduled interview with him, I set about collecting random impressions of the suave and ingratiating Englishman.

While in a beauty shop, I drew my manicurist into conversation. "I'm on my way over to meet Herbert Marshall," I told her casually. Her eyes brightened. "Oh, gee, you'd better let me put an extra coat of polish on your nails for that,“ she (Continued on page 83)
"Oh, hum!"

A "terrible rough guy."

No help wanted.

"It's alive, fellers!"

"Oh, hum!"

"Me, too!"

A Tail of Two Scotties

"YOU know, I like being interviewed," said Jock the Scottie, taking a nibble at the eraser on my pencil. "It gives a fellow a chance to spread himself a bit—to enlarge on his philosophy of life. I'd recommend it to all Scottish terriers. See your interviewer at least twice a year, that's my motto."

I was bound to agree with him. For every Scottie, of course, has a well-thought-out philosophy of life; it's written all over their grave, deeply contemplative, almost professorial countenances.

"That goes for me, too," chimed in Jock's sister Jill, who was sitting on a chair at my other elbow, opposite Jock. "Be sure to say," she directed, "that I'm distinctly a mental type, and my favorite hobby is trying to solve all the big problems of the universe."

Jock and Jill Dennis, in case you haven't met them, are the young gentleman and young lady Scotties whose foster-parent—they call him "The Boss"—is Morgan Dennis, famous etcher of dog subjects. And if you ask me by what right they were being interviewed for Screenland, I'll tell you it was by the best right in the world: they were preparing to make their début in the movies.

"The Boss has been etching dogs for years, of course," Jock explained, leaning forward to place his elbows on the table in confidential, free-and-easy manner. "And those dogs certainly come to life, too. But you can't hear them, can you? And what, I ask you, is a dog that
Morgan Dennis' pal, "Jock," fell for a movie contract—and "Jill" came tumbling after!

By

Mortimer Franklin

you can't hear?"

"Dogs should be heard as well as seen." I admitted.

"You're durn barkin' they should," put in Jill. "And that's why the Boss decided to make these talking pictures of us!"

It was as simple as all that.

At the other end of his studio, reclining comfortably on a sofa, Mr. Dennis puffed at a cigarette and silently watched the progress of the interview. The Scotties plainly needed no advice and no prompting, and he permitted them to conduct the proceedings in their own unabashed way.

"What sort of mark do you pups think a couple of bright, upstanding, clean-limbed young Scotties should shoot at in starting their picture careers?" I asked them.

"Shoot at?" echoed Jock. "Well, personally we don't care much for these Western pictures, and the shooting business will be out, if we have anything to say."

"But," I persisted, "isn't there some particular style of acting you favor, or some special screen character you'd like to adopt?"

"Yes, there certainly is," he agreed warmly. "Or, rather, there are certain characteristics that we're very anxious not to have! Those of the idle-rich type of dog, for example; the perfumed pet that has nothing to do but sit around and look pretty all day. As for me, rather than be a stuffed shirt, I'd prefer to be a stuffed dog!"

"And then there's the red- (Continued on page 93)
“Better-Half” Doublets!

Something new! See what Benton has deduced from the features of Connie Bennett and her husband. Watch for the next couple in this series.

**HANK’S:**
- BROWS: keenly observing
- NOSES: analytical
- LIPS: friendly, talkative
- CHINS: athletic

**CONNIE’S:**
- exotically colorful
- humorous, intuitive
- alluring, passionate
- very determined

In common: literal and figurative breadth of mind

Benton compares the faces of Miss Bennett and her Marquis. Note his observations drawn from the “doublets” shown in the circle on this page.
M EET my better half” is a terse and somewhat flippant phrase that has been used by millions of men and women in introducing their wives or husbands, as the case might be, for ages. Some stone-age columnist probably carved it into a rock tablet, either because they wanted forgiveness or a favor at home or to win a smile from their readers—just as O. O. McIntyre plays up his wife occasionally in his column. At any rate, it is quite a compliment and like a lot of other thoughtless sayings, it can be productive of much thought in those who contemplate taking on a better half or holding the one they have. Certainly, in times like these, it would be wonderful to have our waverings personalities made whole, kept strong and successful by a real better half!

Ever since the greatest of biological urges has kept us interested in the human race we’ve hoped that luck or propinquity would see that we fell in love with the mate that could run in step and help us win this race in double harness. The best music, poetry, stories, and plays are centered around this new, yet age-old, theme. Will he or she win a real mate or better half?

Moving pictures with their so carefully chosen heroes and heroines prove that casting directors have as varying ideas about the proper Jack for each Jill as any other story-teller. Some strive to bring out the fact that opposites attract or fall for each other; others seem to be convinced that similar types understand each other better.

But let us look, not into the studios but into the hearts and homes of those who have most often enacted the roles of lover and loved one. We have many stars we can study and compare in this unique way, putting the half of a famous wife’s face beside that of her husband and so see which is the better half, if any.

This, of course, is based on the same theory of all casting—that people are as different as they look and that they are as different mentally as they are physically. The best proof of this is in the uncanny similarity in talents and abilities of twins the world over. Therefore, if a husband and wife looked exactly alike they would probably think about the same. This could happen about once in a million marriages, perhaps. What does happen, though, and quite often, is that those most congenially mated have heads of the same general type, with some one main feature on one of the faces small where the same feature on the other face is prominent; in this case they would, in the main, be congenial and understanding of one another and one’s worst lack might be the other’s talent. We’ll say the husband has a large chin and the love of athletics that it denotes, while the wife has a very small chin and will be urged by friend husband to take more of a healthy interest in sports and the great outdoors. This could easily be the case with the subjects here shown.

Our “doublet” picture of Constance Bennett and her husband, Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, is a wonderful study in comparative features, for it shows a half of each face so that the features can be compared most convincingly. His chin is deep and wide and on the whole indicative of the love of athletics such as one would expect of a virile manly man. Constance Bennett’s, being not so deep from mouth to chin, is very wide and determined at the back jaw. If you were a casting director or character analyst it would be instinctive to cast the long-jawed person like the Marquis for parts in pictures or real life where physical and (Continued on page 85)
Tommy and Tabby crash the movies—but oh, that artistic temperament!

HOLLYWOOD, which abounds in entertainment talent of all descriptions, doesn't confine its scope to the stage or screen. It encompasses the "bigtop" entertainers—circus and carnival talent, and that, quite naturally, includes animal trainers of all kinds. There are, in abundance, lion tamers, seal trainers, horse trainers and even dog trainers.

Recently the casting office of the Warner Brothers Studios were put on the quest of a new type trainer, one whose work never draws the attention of the public—a cat trainer! And, in keeping with the casting office "get your man" slogan, the hunt was successful.

We always think of tabby as a sleeping ball of fur curled in front of an open fireplace. Rarely is it associated in our minds as a trained animal, such as the performing dogs we often witness on the stage or in the sawdust ring at the circus. The cat is always a fixture of the home and hearth, never an entertainer.

But the casting office, when it set out to find a cat trainer, did just that! J. H. Kerr operates a small zoo which he terms "Animal-Land." In it are many animals—small ones, pumas, cheetahs, lynxes and such. His hobby, however, is that of training cats—plain, everyday garden-variety cats, such as owned by you and you and you.

When given a call to report to the studios it was in connection with a scene in a motion picture being made with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, Frank McHugh and others. The script required that a cat carry a pack-age from which protruded a fish. The problem which confronted the cat-trainer was to get the cat actually to carry the fish without pausing to eat it. The scene was explained to Kerr and his assistant, Morrison, and both agreed it could be done.

By careful rehearsing the cat was taught that never was it to be allowed to examine the contents of the paper package it was carrying, although experiment taught the trainers that if anything but a real fish was used, the cat refused to carry it. Accordingly, tabby was informed, by repeated rehearsals, that when it had carried the package a certain distance it would be rewarded by a gift of food it could devour unmolested.

Through repetition of this procedure, tabby finally acted in accordance with the script requirements and the scene was "shot" successfully.

Kerr, the trainer, has about thirty cats ranging in age between three and six years. He has spent about twelve years at his unique vocation and declares that constantly he is learning new quirks about cat reasoning. A cat cannot, he has found, be beaten into submission or forced to perform any stunt which doesn't appeal to it. To induce a member of the feline family to do anything, it must be "kidled" into it by soothing methods.

All cats cannot be trained for trick work. There are some that easily adapt themselves to training and others that will never respond. Usually within a course of two or three months of preliminary training, it can be ascertained that a cat will or (Continued on page 95)
Viva Clark Gable, that dashing, debonair officer and gentleman! That is, of course, when he's playing opposite Helen Hayes in "The White Sister." But now have a glimpse of the real, every-day Clark—a wholesome, earthy, pants-and-sweater sort of chap. How different, yet how completely likeable!

Those stern heroes and awesome villains, those languorous, world-weary ladies! Are they really like that, or are these exciting characters merely thrown over them like cloaks, to be removed at will? Here are some amusing and amazing answers!
Sorrowful Lady

(Girl with a Grin)

OH, THAT gloomy air; ah, that drooping mouth and tragic brow, heavy with all the world's woe! That, boys and girls, is Katharine Hepburn. But wait a minute—who's that giggling damsel over at the left, with mischief in her eyes and nothing on her mind? And that trousered tomboy at the right? It's "Katie" Hepburn—the real Katharine!
T'S Jimmy the Jester—the foolishly funny Durante whom the movies have embraced as their zize zany. Here he is with that slightly gay, slightly goofy glare by which you have come to know him. But do you really know him? Consider James Durante, Esq., after working hours, perfectly sane, normal citizen going places with his wife.

Classic Clown
(Man About Town)
Grimness in the Shadows  
(Carefree Cavalier)

WHAT strength of mouth and chin, what rugged, ruthless force we find in this portrait of the screen Gary Cooper! A figure half romantic, half sinister. And the real-life Gary? Well, just see the old rounder staying out late with two of Hollywood's lovely ladies, Mary Pickford and Countess di Frasso.
THERE'S a disdainful hauteur even in her laugh—this Temple Drake, saucy heroine of William Faulkner's story. That's Miriam Hopkins—so long as the cameras keep turning. But what of the off-screen Miriam? Well, we ask you: Is she or is she not getting a good, gushy giggle out of her tea-and-a-bite with director Stephen Roberts?

Proud Beauty
(And a Jelly Bun)
SYLVIA SIDNEY and George Raft have some sweetly solemn moments like this in "Pick-up." And, in case you should happen to think that this heavy love business really gets them, observe the breezy, unspiritual attitude in which they were spotted by the camera, jaunting about.
THE name of Lee Tracy has become a sort of class-mark for roughness, bluffness, fast talk and faster action. Lee lives up to it with a vengeance as a raffish war correspondent in "Clear All Wires." And then, when the camera truck has been trundled off—behold Mr. Tracy, just a nice young man!

Fast and Furious Lover

(Mr. Tracy, Sir!)
SCREENLAND presents a new slant on screen fashions! Here we show you not only the star's dress, but how it looks in action.

And here is Kay's gown in action. For kissable shoulders, this strap effect is strongly recommended! The pictures above and to the right show you Miss Francis with her leading man, George Brent, in scenes from "The Keyhole."

Here's Kay Francis posing for us in the Grecian-influence gown she wears in her latest film, "The Keyhole." Of ivory brocaded velvet, it has the flowing lines and even the corded girdle of its classic model. The shoulder treatment is particularly interesting.

Suggested for summer evenings: a frock of yellow chiffon with petalled flounce; and, if possible, a cape bordered with silver fox! Kay Francis, right, poses for you in this striking ensemble. Extreme right, the same costume in graceful action.

Photographs by Elmer Fryer, especially posed for SCREENLAND. Costumes by Orry-Kelly.
Every smart girl wants her clothes to live up to her emotions, and now here is her chance to see just how it's done in Hollywood, home of clever clothes and cleverer women!

Bette Davis is posing at the right in the sensational evening gown she wears in her first starring picture, "Ex-Lady." It was designed to show off Bette's slim figure to best advantage. The cut-out front, the high collar, and the long sleeves are daring notes. Now see the picture above, showing Bette in action, in a scene from her picture, with Monroe Owsley.

Left, Bette posing for a "fashion picture"—the sort of picture you may see in other magazines. But it's in SCREENLAND that you'll be able to "catch" the same clothes really in action, so that you can see what they are all about. The circle shows Bette's hat as it looks when she is emoting.

See this scene at right from "Ex-Lady," with Bette and Gene Raymond, and note how cleverly Miss Davis is costumed to set off her fragile beauty.
Swanson is Still a "Best Dressed Woman"

Gloria's white wool sports dress, which she wears in "Perfect Understanding," is surprisingly short until you recall that Paris says "shorter for sports." See the wide band of wool with a stripe in the center? The box pleats reach to eight inches from the hem line.

Right, Gloria posing for us in a beetle-green tailored frock with cuffs of white pique. The dress is perfectly straight, with inverted pleats on either side. There is a wide black suede belt. Something new at the neck: two tiny buttonholes. On the principle of a man's shirt cuffs, through which is a silver link with initials in black enamel! Above, the frock in action.

Left, Swanson in a scene from her picture, wearing a dress from which you should make notes for your spring wardrobe. Black blister crêpe; very wide gauntlet cuffs of white crêpe; bodice cut diagonally at the back, and the cross-over secured with a square button. Similar buttons decorate the cuffs. Remember that Gloria is the tiniest star on the screen, smaller even than Mary Pickford, and has to select her clothes accordingly. Watch Swanson, you little girls!
The Gown that made Hollywood Gasp!

Lilian Harvey, the beautiful blonde from Europe, wore it at her first Hollywood party, and did the other girls groan!

Lilian has that irresistible combination of super-sophistication and appealing naivete, and dresses are designed to match her personality. This white crêpe gown is daringly simple and deceptively disarming. If you're a sylph like La Harvey you might try wriggling yourself into a dress like this, and be popular.

Left, the Harvey gown in action. Yes, it's absolutely backless, and Lilian wears one of her best diamond clips at the waist. (What, no diamonds? Well, rhinestones will do, then.) Right, Miss Harvey says she feels all dressed up when she adds to her gown this long string of lovely feathers. How this dress does enter a room!
Movie Man-Eater!
(Santa Claus in Person)

EDDIE ROBINSON, one of the screen's most convincing supermen, invariably makes you think of gang leaders, or ruthless financiers, or biters-off of puppies' tails. Tush, what an idea! Get acquainted with the real, relaxed Robinson, and beg his pardon.
THEN there's Wynne Gibson, that knowing, disillusioned girl-about-town of so many amusing performances in so many entertaining pictures. But is that Wynne? Well, look at this gay young beachcomber at her favorite off-the-set pursuit, and judge for yourself!
Strictly Formal
(Baxter Nature!)

SO IMPECCABLE is Warner Baxter’s customary screen character that we hate to disillusion you. But why not, when his actual self is even more human and agreeable? Such as, for example, in this little beach episode.
Perhaps Helen Twelvetrees has always meant a sweetly simple little girl to you. But now meet Helen the young matron, proudly displaying her son. She plays the part of a nurse in Maurice Chevalier's next picture, "A Bedtime Story."
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Loretta Young and Gene Raymond in "Zoo in Budapest."
After watching Bruce Cabot make love to seventy-three different women in seventy-three different screen tests, a producer decided he was the next great lover of the screen. So Mr. Cabot was cast as leading man to "King Kong," the gorilla!

Now all this would seem to call for Cabot being the cold, calculating, disillusioned, frost-bitten old cynic he thinks he is—if in reality he weren't the most sentimental and madly impulsive actor in pictures. But try and make him believe it!

"Never fall for a dame, pal," he once warned me while wrecking my rug with his frenzied pacing. "I can tell you it just doesn't pay. If she ever discovers it, she'll play you for a monkey and you'll be off your diet for a week."

"Be cynical, pal!" Cabot continued. "Cynical and hard-hearted. And cold-blooded. And think of yourself first, last, and always. You don't catch me being sentimental about 'em. Not the Old Master! I make it a point never to be sentimental about anything. I got no yen to get a poke in the nose! Life's like that," he said. "And the only way to beat it is first to get everything under control, then take it easy. Don't make a move until you've given it plenty of cold, calculating thought. Then when you know what you want just stick to it. Personally," he added, easily, "I've always known what I wanted. 'Ever since the day I was born!" Thus spake the lad who has fallen violently in love about forty times, and who has worked at an equally large number of jobs. Just consider, if you will, his life:

Bruce Cabot had his inception back in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he was born with his left ear nearly twice the size of his right. In spite of publicity bluffs he is not one of the "Cabots who speak only to God," but he's a Bujac which is almost as snorty. His father was the wealthiest attorney in New Mexico. His two uncles, Andrew and Leon Graves, are New York bankers with a capital B. And yet another uncle, Herman Harjes, was a J. P. Morgan partner and later partner of Morgan-Harjes bank over in Paris, France. Briefly his family name means social and financial prominence in Europe as well as the United States.

As a tiny, toddling, spindle-bodied tot, of some fourteen years, Mr. Brucie-Woocie was entered in the New Mexico Military Institute where he remained for three weeks before being overwhelmed with a "silly romantic notion" for turning cowboy—whereupon he ran away from school, fibbed about his age, and caught himself a job on a ranch.

A month or so later, when barely fifteen, Bruce began hearing about Dempsey and as (Continued on page 80)
The Goddess Diana of England

By James Marion

La Wynyard—she brings a new brand of beauty to the screen with her exquisite performance in "Cavalcade."
Here's the story you've been asking for—all about the new acting sensation, Diana Wynyard

HOLLYWOOD'S very newest sensation is a tall young Englishwoman stage-named Diana Wynyard, but born Dorothy Cox. She came to these United States one year ago with the intention of conquering the American stage; she remains to triumph on the screen instead.

She is a broad A-ed woman with small eyes, blue-gray, and a careless manner of tossing expensive coats across low chairs which is most effective!

She is a woman apparently instilled with the belief that she has an ugly mouth, and she must spend hours conniving ways to improve the fault, especially when her lips are in action.

She is, of course, interesting to you because, although she has been in Hollywood only six months, she has already been featured in four important productions—"Cavalcade," "Rasputin," "Men Must Fight" and "Re-Union in Vienna." Not in years has a newcomer so suddenly and so completely dominated the country's screens.

Miss Wynyard told me her story at the M-G-M studio café, where she applied herself industriously to a small bowl of chicken broth, which alone comprised her luncheon—already she has acquired the American custom of hunger-dieting to retard fat.

She wore a semi-modest black gown and one of those absurd little hats that perch on women's heads like the caps worn by organ grinders' monkeys. Inasmuch as the fairer sex has decreed that such immature hats are the style, I can find no fault other than my personal opinion that tall, angular women—such as she—should wear more hat. Not more hats: more hat.

After six months in Hollywood, Miss Wynyard is still amazed that the home of motion pictures is a narrow-minded, provincial small town, rather than the broad-minded city she had been warned to expect.

She is shocked that Hollywood hosts encourage the presence of photographers and newspaper reporters at supposedly private parties, particularly since the press is apparently invited for the sole purpose of photographing and reporting the social life of guests.

"Many is the time," complains Diana of England (to distinguish her from that Greek Goddess), "many is the time I've been halted in the act of lifting a bite of food to my mouth, and warned not to move until cameras duly recorded the quantity of my bite.

"Too often I have talked away merrily and freely, only to discover a person at my elbow furtively taking notes on my conversation. I have become so cautious that I peer about nervously before I dare accept a second food offering. I should heartily dislike to see my photograph in a newspaper bearing the caption: English actress doubles on potatoes!"

Miss Wynyard was born in London, twenty-seven years ago January sixteenth (Continued on page 78)
Here is magic indeed—the kind of movie necromancy that brings a glamorous aura of illusion to films. A full-sized sailing vessel built right inside the studio—batteries of floodlights and cameras—structures, "props" and portable machinery—all devised for the purpose of making you forget reality and believe in the impossible. It's a scene from Universal's "Destination Unknown."

By Ruth Tildesley
It's a wise actress that knows her own close-ups when the camera experts have worked their cinema sorcery

WHEN Barbara Stanwyck came to Columbia Studios after the dire flop of her first picture, she was preceded by tips from cameramen who had filmed that unfortunate affair.

"She's hard to light."

"You can't photograph that dame."

"Good luck—you'll need it!"

Joseph Walker, first cameraman for Columbia, and known as one of Hollywood's greatest experts in photographing women, was glad to hear it. Anything difficult meant credit for results.

"I tried all the tricks I knew. I used a lens here to soften an outline, a light so placed there that no least line was visible, I made her hair a shining glory. She was gorgeous. I was triumphant," he recalls.

"Frank Capra, the director, came to me after we had looked at the rushes of the earlier sequences. He was worried.

"'Joe, this girl is the best actress we've ever had on the lot,' he told me, 'I watch her on the set and see her giving one of the greatest performances any girl ever gave. But we're not getting it on the screen.'

"I said: 'I think she looks marvelous. I've never done anything any better than this stuff.'

"'Maybe that's the trouble,' replied Capra. 'You're making her so beautiful that we aren't getting the real girl. Barbara has character. That's better than beauty and more interesting. Try her for character.'

"So I stopped making beautiful art studies of her and shot her just as she was. 'Ladies of Leisure' made a lot of money for the studio and a star of Barbara.

"You see, Barbara hates anything artificial, she hates make-up, she won't do anything unless it's natural. She always plays a part as if she were that girl and she knows what that girl would do in any situation, because she is that girl for the time."

"But (Continued on page 88)
A John Barrymore day! And if you enjoy seeing Prince John reveal in a rôle, this picture will entertain you. It is Mr. Barrymore's juiciest characterization since "Svengali"—but fortunately his whiskers are not so luxuriant. Although "Topaze" is frankly more of a frame for the Barrymore tricks and talents than a well balanced motion picture, it is always rather good fun. John plays, and plays, a Timid Soul teaching in a French boy's school. He is a good man and a good professor, but success passes him by—until, presto! he discovers that dishonesty is the best policy, becomes rich and famous, and steals another rich man's sweetheart, Myrna Loy. Speaking of Miss Loy, and do let’s, she manages somehow to score with the minimum number of close-ups ever allotted a heroine. She is very smooth and siren, and I find myself wondering if her quiet but telling performance isn’t a greater acting feat than Mr. Barrymore’s. Ssh! Not so loud. I believe that’s what they call committing lese majesty.

So the monster climbed the Empire State Building. So all Manhattan was in his power. So-o-o-o—oh, sorry, Mr. Wynn; but only you should tell the story of "King Kong." Only you could do it justice. It’s that fantastic. You won’t believe it until you’ve seen it, and then you won’t; but check your common sense and you’ll have a grand time. It is beyond a doubt the most exciting picture ever filmed. When Robert Armstrong, as a director of adventure movies, sets out for an island where no white man has ever been, you just know there’s going to be trouble. Fay Wray comes along as the beautiful heroine, because the public—yoo-hoo!—demands love interest in its films. I won’t keep you in suspense—they meet King Kong, giant ape sixty feet tall. And they capture him and bring him to New York for personal appearances! The super-climax comes when the monster climbs the Empire State Building with Fay in his paw. See it to find out how they make Manhattan safe from Kong.

This is my favorite picture of the month. I mean I had a better time seeing it than any of the others. I must warn you, however, that it hasn’t a monster in it, or a horde of elephants, or a pack of lions. But Lee Tracy more than takes their place. And if you think I mean by that, that Lee is a three-ring circus, you’re right—I do. He is my idea of entertainment as he plays, frantically and furiously, the ace newspaper correspondent in Moscow, carrying out his own five-day plan. He can’t find news, so he makes it—Stalin or no Stalin. And he would have gone right on rewriting Russian history if it hadn’t been for a Girl—and a Girl with a Southern accent. You’ve guessed it, Una Merkel. More fun. Oh, yes, and there’s another girl, Benita Hume, from England, and very charming, too. And still another, Lya Lys. And now I’ve told you enough. See it. And here’s a suggestion for M-G-M—why not a sequel? More mad Tracy adventures? He’s our champion depression-chaser.
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Extra Review
of
“Secrets”
United Artists

Here's a heart-warming event! It is the finest motion picture Mary Pickford has ever made. You will enjoy “Secrets” for its own sake as splendid family entertainment, but you will thrill, no less, to the exquisite performance given by the “little girl with the golden curls” who has grown into a poised, appealing actress. The new “Secrets” is a beautiful and lavish production, with Frank Borzage’s direction lifting the comedy sequences into sheer charm, and the drama to real heights. You will see Leslie Howard in a new rôle—that of a pioneer who wins through the West to the Governorship of California. Although so obviously miscast physically in this sturdy part, Mr. Howard endows it with all of his inimitable art, and his tender scenes with Mary are unsurpassed on current screens. From gay youth to serene old age, the “Secrets” stars hold your keen interest. See this—and take the family.

The Great Jasper RKO

Let's go native—again. This time with Kaspa, the Lion Man, first cousin to Tarzan of the Apes, and certainly a not-too-distant relative of Kipling’s Kim. You'll like Kaspa, who was orphaned in the jungle when a little boy, and brought up by friendly lions. Yes, it's like that. But go in the circus mood and you'll be vastly entertained. It's a real thrill picture—you see, Kaspa is captured with his animals and brought to America as a circus attraction, and meets Frances Dee, who is the only one who can tame him, and a fire breaks out, and—and—whew! My eyes are still popping. Those stampeded scenes are terrific. Round up all the small boys in the neighborhood and take them. Paramount stones for “She Done Him Wrong” with “King of the Jungle.” You'll like Buster Crabbe—a nice, sincere, handsome boy—champ swimmer, too. Frances Dee is just right as the one entirely believable person in this picture. She is charming.

Our Betters RKO

And one of Connie Bennett's better pictures. In fact, it's her best as far as this reviewer can remember. It's brittle, sophisticated, and bitter, and it is drolly told in the most acid W. Somerset Maugham manner. Connie plays an American girl who has married a title. Unhappy, she glitters in social brilliance, surrounded by a group of equally bored and witty people. The Maugham society portraits are mocking and clever, and as interpreted by Violet Kemble-Cooper, Gilbert Roland, Phoebe Foster, and other smart performers they take on vivid cinematic interest. Fortunately, the star is saved from the commercial bathos of her more recent films by the superior smoothness of the story. Connie’s rôle calls for dash and arrogance, and she plays it superbly. And I want to save a special round of applause for Gilbert Roland. He is rapidly becoming a real actor, this boy, and I'm beginning to think he is star material, if they'll only let him be something besides “just a gigolo.”

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
We give you Glamor—in person! Glamor, impersonated by one of the most gorgeous picture girls of them all, Miss Jean Harlow. The Platinum Blonde consented to edit these pages for us this month, presenting her new Spring clothes and her own intimate advice on how to wear them.

Ever since she first sizzled on the screen in "Hell's Angels," Jean Harlow has stood for high-voltage lure. So when Jean says, "Stick to skirts," better listen! Miss Harlow follows the tailored trend just so far, permitting her cape suit to be severe, but never mannish.

Harlow's checks are good! Jean's cape suit is carried out in smart brown and tan check wool. When you wear a cape, says Jean, you must live up to it! Capes call for swagger.

And now the hat! A creased-crown tan felt "vagabond" with brown grosgrain ribbon band. Jean's warning: A hat like this is an exaggeration; therefore, wear it insolently. Like that!
Glamor School

Original! Exclusive! Scoop! SCREENLAND gave you Glamor-guidance first. Now the imitators are crowding after. So, this month, The Smart Screen Magazine introduces still another new slant—the personal touch of a famous screen star, as Glamor Editor. Watch for another noted screen star next month.

Jean Harlow wears white on every possible occasion. Reason? It's spectacular! Add a red jacket to a simple white dress—see the large picture, above—and you have a spectator-sports costume that cries for attention. See the novel laced closing of the dress?

Left, Jean tops her red-and-white suit with a coat of white angora, with raglan sleeves and puff-above-wrist fullness. With this ensemble, which looks simply luscious but is really simple, Jean wears a shallow hat of white crépe.

Still another hat, this time of straw, selected by Miss Harlow for your approval because of those pert winged bows of grosgrain ribbon. Like it?
Positively no sports clothes just for effect, girls, advises Jean Harlow. The semi-mannish suit sponsored by most smart women for sports and country wear, should be cast aside for strictly feminine attire when it has served its utilitarian purpose. The full-length picture of Jean shows her favorite afternoon dress, jumper style with crisp white organ-die blouse. The two-tiered ruffles of collar and sleeves are extremely girlish and dainty, and Jean loves 'em!

Glamor. (Glamour.) 1. Magic; enchantment; a spell or charm. 2. A magical or fictitious glory or beauty; a deceptive or alluring charm; witchery.—Webster's Dictionary. And every woman wants to achieve it!

Personal daintiness is a fetish with Jean Harlow. She is just as fussy about non-shine nose and fresh lip-rouge when she is playing golf as she has to be when she is facing a movie camera. Here's Jean repairing her wind-blown make-up at the emergency mirror of her sedan.

Harlow's first home rule for lovely hair is, "Brush it until it shines. Then, when your coiffure is as smart as you can make it, give yourself the Profile Test!!"
Gl am or S ch o o l

Don't make hard-and-fast clothes rules you can't break, grins our Glamor Guide. For instance, Jean invariably wears white for evening. That is, she did until she saw this frock in pastel-shaded orchid, and ordered it sent straight home. Of course, that cascade of ruffles is perfectly charming, but be sure your figure approaches something near the Harlow perfection before you invest.

Ear, ear! Jean sponsors ear-revealing, believing it adds character to the coiffure. And notice those exquisitely manicured nails! Like so many aware women, Jean Harlow varies her liquid polish to match her moods and costumes.
What I Think of Bob

Half of a cuckoo comedy team talks about his wild-and-Woolsey partner

By Bert Wheeler

Bob is worse than a wife. Always nagging, always picking on me. Always trying to make me save my money, as if I didn't know that he has plenty for us both to live on.

When I first met Bob a few years ago I didn't think he was funny. We were featured comedians in Ziegfeld's original New York production of "Rio Rita." I had never seen Bob before. As I had been in the "Follies" four years, I was the fair-haired boy. Ziggy really thought I was funny. A pal (?) told me that I had nothing to worry about as Bob wasn't funny. Bob is very direct and out-spoken. After a few rehearsals of the show, he told me to my face that if I insisted upon using my revue and vaudeville comedy methods, I would throw my characterization right out of the window. Was I burned up? I told him to go lay down and roll over, but on the opening night he bounced so many laughs off the top of my head that I thought I was in the ring with Jack Dempsey.

I was a flop that opening night. After thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that this Woolsey knew what it was all about. Next day I made up with him. Then and there he started in picking me to pieces and nagging away like an old hen. But when he got through with me I was clicking. We worked together for three solid years in "Rio Rita," and we grew so used to one another that we decided to stay spliced.

Just having Bob around all the time is like being married, and I ought to know, because I have been married twice.

He is always finding out where I was last night, and I never try to disappoint him. I have a weakness for staying up late at night clubs, while Bob is happily married and likes to stay home. One day on the set when I looked particularly tired, Bob suggested I give the director and cameraman a break by getting some sleep. We shook hands and I promised to be a good boy. But habit was too strong that night and my foot slipped. As Bob didn't happen to sleep very well that night, he arose at three o'clock in the morning to take his dog out for a walk. Just around the corner from where he lived there was a speak-easy. He stepped in to get a bracer—and there was his side-kick, the lone customer, making whoopee with the Hawaiian orchestra. Bob has never recovered from that episode. (Continued on page 86)
What I Think of Bert

The man with the cigar tells the whole truth about his team-mate

By Robert Woolsey

I HAVE no one to blame but myself. It was my own idea and I'm stuck with it. I took Bert for better or worse, and I got both.

Of course, if I had it to do over again I would do the same thing, because I realize that Bert is a nice, lovable little guy who would be absolutely helpless without me. He is God's gift to Woolsey.

When I first laid eyes on Bert some ten years ago, he was featured in Ziegfeld's "Follies." He was working with a broken arm, and I vividly recall how the little punk aroused my sympathy. I have been a sucker for his appeal ever since.

He has that God-given sympathetic personality that makes everyone want to take care of him, and everyone does, from me to the prop man. The women are natural set-ups for Bert. They love to "mother" him because they think he is so darned cute and helpless.

Bert knows everybody. He is a great mixer. He likes to be called "Bert." He is the most popular guy I have ever known. It often takes him an hour to walk a couple of blocks on Hollywood Boulevard or Broadway because everybody stops him to talk.

"Hello, pal," says Bert, "I'm certainly glad to see you. How long have you been out here?" And the guy probably replies, "Five years." But Bert still manages to make him believe that he is an old pal. Then he usually turns to me and asks, "Who was that guy, Bob?"

I call Bert "A Hall Fellow, All Wet!"

But he is one swell little guy. Bert is. I have never known him to say an unkind word about another person, nor to hurt anyone's feelings. He never indulges in practical jokes at another's expense.

Bert has the finest sense of loyalty I know, and he is generous to a fault. If he had one-tenth of the money he has earned, he would be a rich man. Before we formed a corporation, he spent his money like water, and seldom knew where it went. In two years he bought seven different new and expensive automobiles. But when he went to an Auto Show and purchased an airplane, that was the pay-off. I had had enough. It was up to me to get his money back, which I did.

Although Bert has no business ability, he can drop $10,000 in the stock market or (Continued on page 87)
HOW would you like to sit in on a radio rehearsal? I thought you would! Come along, then, to the National Broadcasting Company—Studio F—14th Floor. It’s Booth Tarkington’s grand “Maud and Cousin Bill” series, directed by Miss Winifred Lenihan, who used to be with the Theatre Guild as actress and directress, and who founded and conducted the Theatre Guild’s school of acting. During the past two years she directed several productions for the New York Repertory Company. And now radio has captivated her.

Winifred Lenihan was formerly with the Theatre Guild as actress and directress, and later founded and conducted the Theatre Guild’s school of acting. This is Miss Lenihan’s first radio job and she loves it!

This, Miss Lenihan tells me, is her first radio experience, and she’s tremendously interested in her work. “I like to try anything new,” is her comment, “and at the moment radio is absorbing all my attention. No,” in answer to my question, “I don’t think I’ll ever get away from the theatre. I get bored very quickly and I find I last about two years on a job. But when I get tired of acting I direct, and when I weary of that I start a school for acting. It’s hectic, but it’s grand!”

Studio F is a very large room. Two baby grand pianos occupy part of one corner of the room. A table in another, and several chairs are scattered here and there. Two microphones placed very low so that Maud and Bill, the youngsters who perform the Tarkington sketches, won’t have to stand on tip-toes or stretch their necks or sit on stools, and there are several higher mikes for the grown-ups. In another part of the studio is a large box-like contraption with a door. When the door is opened it is supposed to squeak like a screen door. But at this rehearsal it just wouldn’t squeak—someone must have oiled the door! They had to use a swivel chair to get the desired effect.

Miss Lenihan rehearses each sketch at least eight hours. She even makes recordings of every skit so that she can time the program and correct the youngsters’ errors. She treats the kids like grown-ups. (Continued on page 77)
And who are Maud and Cousin Bill, Pray?

Meet the Booth Tarkington radio youngsters, and their "teacher," Miss Winifred Lenihan

By Evelyn Ballarine

Booth Tarkington's Radio Kids in Action!

(Excerpts from a Booth Tarkington "Maud and Cousin Bill" radio script.)

Maud: My goodness, Bill, it's lucky for you that I'm your partner in this lemonade business.
Bill: I don't see anything so lucky for me about that.
Maud: You don't? Why, if I wasn't your partner, where would you of got any four lemons to make any of this good ole four lemon lemonade out of, I ask you, pray?
Bill: I'd of got 'em off Kitty Silvers just the way you did, pray. Wouldn't I, pray?
Maud: No you wouldn't, pray.
Bill: Why wouldn't I, pray?
Maud: Because, pray, you'd of got tired askin' her for 'em long before I did. I had to keep askin' her for these lemons and the good ole sugar we got with 'em for pretty near a whole afternoon. Why, I began askin' her for 'em right after school yesterday and she didn't say yes and give 'em to me until it was almost time for Grandpa's supper and she said she thought she must be going crazy. I bet if it'd been you, Bill, you'd only have asked her for 'em about a couple o' dozen times, and then you wouldn't of got 'em. Would you, pray?
Bill: Oh, fluff! My goodness, Maud, maybe you did get the ole lemons; but—
Maud: And the sugar, Bill.
Bill: Well, all right, maybe you did get the lemons and the sugar; but—
Maud: And the cookies, Bill. Don't forget the cookies. I got the cookies off Kitty Silvers, too, Bill.
Bill: My goodness, listen, what if you did? We can't ever sell any lemonade or anything, can we, if you keep talkin' so much, can we? And the whole reason of this lemonade is to sell it and make money, isn't it?
Maud: Oh. Well, what do we haf to do to sell it?
Bill: My goodness, we haf to holler. Like this. Listen. Lemo! Ice cold fresh lemo! Step up, everybody, and get your nice fresh lemo, only a nickel, a half a dime, a twentieth part of a dolluh!
HAS no love-struck swain ever written sonnets to your lovely hair? Then you have missed one of the thrills every woman should have. These are the little things that keep the cockles of the feminine heart warm for years and years. Like scented keep-sakes in the memory their poignancy grows in retrospect. Lay up these treasures for yourself!

Look at this lovely hair of Peggy Shannon. Its striking beauty becomes dramatic. Its rippling rhythm becomes a living poem, and how welcome in these fretted days. How could such loveliness fail to strike a spark of beauty in any sensitive mind? The tortured, chaotic world owes a vote of thanks to every woman who by any outward or inner expression of loveliness brings the soothing touch of beauty. Such charm is repaid gratefully in many ways. And it is really easy to have beautiful hair!

Your hair responds instantly to intelligent care. No period of waiting is necessary before you enjoy the fruits of your effort. In two hours’ time or less, you can turn a head of lank, listless, dull hair into a crown of shimmering glory. Of course, it does take a bit more time to train it into lovely arrangement. But if your hair is in good condition it will be much more obedient to your will—or should I say, your fingers? I learn that more and more women are doing their hair at home. No doubt economic necessity has influenced that. But your hair seems to be glad of it. Perhaps it’s because in a shop you hesitate to order extras such as oil, and egg and a lemon rinse on account of the expense. At home you think nothing of reaching into the medicine chest and the refrigerator for what you want. Then, too, the products of many of the finest hair specialists are available for home use. You can put a tonic or an oil in your hair and leave it for a couple of hours—or even all night! This helps to keep the cuticle of the scalp softened and clear, permitting the hair to get more air and light. When you first begin to do your hair at home you feel all thumbs, I know. But very quickly you can gain an expertise that will save your time and energy. You need but few tools and materials and some smart labor-saving ideas.

All hair, even the oiliest, needs a few good oil treatments to clear and stimulate the scalp. Oily hair indicates weak or over-active glands. By softening and

"—and in my dreams, the moonlight seems to find your silken tresses tangled in my heart."

Look at this electric hair of Peggy Shannon. Its striking beauty becomes dramatic. "How could such loveliness fail to strike a spark of beauty in any sensitive mind?" says Margery Wilson.
Happiness in Hair!

Dramatize your tresses! Make your coiffure close-ups as lovely as your favorite screen star's

Here the shining tresses of Miriam Jordan are part of her silken lure with which she charms handsome men like Warner Baxter, right, in "Dangercously Yours."

clearing the cuticle of the scalp with oil and massaging it well you strengthen the oil glands to normalcy. Sometimes the scalp tries to supply oil enough to soften the dandruff and cuticle. When the necessity for this is removed the glands stop flowing so freely. Nature does only what it must do. For dry hair, the softening and stimulation of oil massage also restores normalcy.

I have said over and over again in this department that so often we do not do the things we should do to care for our beauty because we have not arranged things conveniently for that purpose. For instance, sometimes the putting of tonic in your hair just seems too much of a job—and it simply goes undone. The mere thought of parting your hair into fifty little parts and applying the tonic with a dab of cotton—well, it just stays a mere thought. But here is a simple little way to do it quickly and cleanly and almost without effort. Put it in directly on your scalp, with an eye-dropper! No muss, no paring, and you don't get it on your hair so much if you wish to keep it only on your scalp.

When you haven't time for an oil treatment, just break an egg over your dry head, (yes, the whole egg right out of the shell), and rub it well into your scalp. Then wash your head thoroughly—that means three soapings—with a good soap or shampoo. Never rub a cake of soap directly on your hair. (If you use soap instead of a prepared shampoo, melt it first.) The work will be simplified if you have a spray, but, if not, use a cup to pour the water over your hair. Thorough rinsing is the secret of a good shampoo. Rinse it and rinse it and rinse it! And then finish with a lemon rinse. This cuts the very last of the soap out of your hair and leaves it soft, fluffy, and silky. If you want your hair to look very much

(Continued on page 95)
Here's Hollywood!

Newsy news—gay gossip—exciting personalities

By
Weston East

TWO surprise parties, both occurring in one day, caused Clark Gable no end of blushes. The first took place on "The White Sister" set and was sponsored by Helen Hayes, director Victor Fleming, and others. All members of the cast and staff were present, and the party was a gay one. It lasted until after six o'clock; in fact, it had to last, because:

Mrs. Gable also staged a surprise party for Clark's birthday at home, and he had to be detained at the studio until after six o'clock so that all the guests might assemble. More than a score of stars and social lights were present at Mrs. Gable's surprise affair.

PREPARE, you Karen Morley fans, to welcome her back to the screen. After a six months' absence, ordered by the doctor for rest purposes but made over into a honeymoon, she returns in "Gabriel Over the White House," a title that is sure to be changed.

Karen has added several pounds. Marriage must agree with her, for she looks better and is acting with a new verve that was lacking when her nerves were in such bad order.

Here's how Clark Gable looks when walking to the set of "The White Sister." Note the military boots.

Just a couple of fresh-air enthusiasts! Consuelo Baker and Althea Henley, two new RKO pretties, believe in being their natural selves as nearly as possible. They're appearing in a zippy comedy called "Zip Zip Hooray!"

THE most disappointed lady of the month—Joan Crawford. With her bags all packed for a trip to New York, she was asked by her studio to return for retakes for "Today We Live." And before they were completed, studio officials decided to rush production on "Dancing Lady," so Joan sorrowfully unpacked her bags and settled down to another two months of work.

Always a believer in preparedness, Miss Crawford had wired New York ticket agencies to reserve first row seats for her to all successful stage shows, and cancellation of these ticket orders very nearly broke her heart.

CAN you imagine Clara Bow as a proud mother? Clara may adopt two ten-year-old twins, a boy and a girl, named John and Lillian, children of an uncle of hers. She is so fond of them that she decided to take them to her Beverly Hills home. If the kids get along with Clara and Rex as well as they are expected to, Clara eventually will adopt them legally.
Here are Marlene and Brian in one of the first stills from "Song of Songs." How do you like Marlene in that demure "Nineties" blouse? Marlene claims she is going back to Germany after this film.

At this writing, the disagreement between Paramount and George Raft seems to have been amicably resolved. Raft, who turned down the role of Popeye in William Faulkner's story, "Shame of Temple Drake" is scheduled for a part in "The Trumpet Blows," which, like the former picture, stars Miriam Hopkins. I asked George about his reasons for refusing to play the villainous Popeye.

"The role would do me great harm," Raft said. "The friends I have won over the past two years would dislike me. I told my employers this and I made them a proposition: I agreed to play the part if the studio would give me a salary increase and a straight two-year contract. I would need at least two years to regain my fan friends."

Whatever may have been the arrangement finally arrived at, Raft seems satisfied with his role in "The Trumpet Blows," and is ready to begin work in one of the leading parts. By a curious coincidence, young Jack LaRue, who stepped into Raft's part in "Temple Drake," will also be in the cast of the new Hopkins-Raft picture.

Richard " Skeets " Gallagher's young son disappeared from home not long ago. A widespread search, involving the police, was instigated, and the Gallaghers were certain that Junior had been kidnapped. But they found him. He was discovered hours later, marching in an unemployment parade. Skeets, Jr. was carrying a banner which bore the words: "Buy American and Put My Daddy to Work!"

Lew Ayres introduced something new, even to Hollywood, with his "divorce in escrow."

When he and Lola Lane Ayres agreed upon a divorce, Lew placed in escrow the settlement money, with instructions to pay over to Lola after the decree was granted. Incidentally, Ayres attended the preview of "State Fair" and conceived an idea from watching Blue Boy, the prize hog, emote. He went home from the preview, packed and left at daybreak for a Northern California mountain range, where he hunted wild hogs, or boars.

Billy Bakewell can use "isolated" in a sentence. See he: "I went to a theatre but isolated didn't do me any good."

If Marlene Dietrich's masculine apparel has aroused excited comment, it has also inspired the sharp wits, and I present you herewith an assortment of cracks and authors:

Groucho re-Marx-ed: "It's okay for women to wear pants, if they can't be seen."

Durante Jimmied his way in with: "I hear Dietrich wears skirts in her latest picture; playing a character role?"

While Keaton Buster-ed out with: "Trying to start a fad to hide pretty legs, huh? Her name should be Marlene Dirty-trick."

Imagine the chagrin of the telephone company officials when Constance Bennett called to say that when she requested a change of number, she had been given Buster Keaton's old 'phone.

"People are calling here at all hours of the night," said La Bennett, "and are asking for Mr. Keaton. Give me a new number, or else!"

That was a novel experience that happened to Richard Dix. In "The Great Jasper," Dix has scenes at a bar in which he winks at a wine girl. The wink, to register properly, had to be delivered prodigiously, and Dix practiced so much he began to drop his lid involuntarily.

So when he stepped at a drug store fountain to order a soda, and winked without meaning to, he nearly fell off the stool when he tasted his drink and discovered he had gin and ginger ale.

With the report prevalent that Lilian Harvey, newly imported European actress, is in love with William Fritsch, the German actor, Hollywood has paraphrased Will Mahoney's song and applied the results to her. Each time she is met by one of her friends, he sings, "She's his Lillie, he's her Willie." And so much in love is Lilian, they say, that she doesn't mind the teasing.

Incidentally, Miss Harvey is one of the tiniest stars in Hollywood—five feet in height; she has a 22 inch waist and weighs around 90 pounds.
NEVER before has so dazzling a railroad train left a Los Angeles station as was that "Forty-second Street" special, advertising Warner Brothers' big picture, which made a tour of the country. Six cars, covered with gold and silver leaf and bearing an amazing array of sun arcos and searchlights, bore a number of stars and a chorus of "Hollywood's most beautiful girls" Eastward.

The prominent players who made the tour included Bette Davis, Laura La Plante, Eleanor Holm, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot, Leo Carrillo, Glenda Farrell, Claire Dodd, and Tom Mix and his horse, King. Joe E. Brown met the train at Chicago and continued the tour from that point. Jack Dempsey joined up at Kansas City.

Tom Mix rode in the inaugural parade of Theodore Roosevelt in 1905, as well as in that of his distinguished relative in 1935. He made a bet with Franklin Roosevelt before election that he would ride in the latter's inaugural parade; and now Tom has won.

Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Boston, New York and many other cities were visited, and the entire party attended the Inaugural Ball in Washington as guests of President Roosevelt. Members of the troupe were honored with parties in every city visited, and all made personal appearances concurrent with the opening of the picture for which the train was named.

If the stars did not feel at home, it was not the fault of studio artists, for the observation coach was given an interior decoration patterned after Malibu beach, with the walls bearing familiar backgrounds and the floor covered with grass and sand.

ANDY DEVINE, speaking of the divorce of Lola Lane from Lew Ayres, said, "She is the Lane that had a turning."

There are those in Hollywood who say Peggy Hopkins Joyce proved to be a disappointment, at least in one particular. She appeared at social events wearing only one wedding ring.

JIMMY DUNN dislikes combing his hair (but does for the screen, thereby making his a screen part). Marjorie White makes her screen come-back in the next Bert Wheeler-Robert Woolsey picture. Will Rogers never talks on the telephone when avoidable. Miriam Jordan has seven sisters and one brother. Katharine Hepburn introduced a desk picture frame featuring a cigarette box on its back. Joan Crawford wears a Parisian beret woven out of bird feathers. Door of Sylvia Sidney's dressing room, once occupied by Pola Negri, still bears mark made by perfume bottle thrown by Polish star in fit of anger. Chico Marx claims his picture "Grasshoppers" because of popularity of animal films. Karen Morley's wedding ring is of the old-fashioned, plain gold kind. Gary Cooper repainted his yellow car to black because people had a habit of autographing it. Wynne Gibson planned to move and told her friends, then forgot it herself until the morning the moving van men knocked at her door.

Here's charming Elizabeth Allan, star of British pictures. Hollywood, taking another SCREENLAND tip, has called her.

DeSpite all reports, Maureen O'Sullivan is not retiring from motion pictures, nor is she returning to Ireland to live—not for some time, at any rate. She has been signed to a new long term contract and will be a Hollywood citizen for at least a few more years, so rest easily, you O'Sullivan fans.

A SMART cracker, that Ely Culbertson, bridge expert. When he was called into a radio conference, he chirped: "I never know whether I'm here to talk about your contract, or mine."

My, what a valuable accessory is a dog's nose. If it is warm, the dog is ill; if cold, the animal is well—thus, its nose is a barometer of the dog's health.

But now canine noses have a new use. Joan Harlow has discovered, with the aid of a veterinarian, that "nose prints" of dogs, like thumb prints of humans, all differ. She has had all her pets "nose printed," and the State of California is interested in the idea for general practice.

Remember Ernest Trues in the old silent? Here's Ernest hiding behind a beard in "The Warrior's Husband," in which he makes his talkie debut with Elissa Landi and Marjorie Rambeau. It's from a recent stage hit.

Arch-villain! Here's how Jack LaRue, as Popeye, menaces Miriam Hopkins in "Shame of Temple Drake." It's the role George Raft walked out on.

Ronald Colman plays a tense scene ader. It's the second time Ronnie Who'll triumph in this
The celebrated Peggy Joyce employs the leisure of a cross-country train ride to minister to her make-up.

THE bridge battle between the Culbertsons, Ely and Josephine, and the Marx Brothers, Harpo and Zeppo, might have been a box-office attraction had the latter team not chosen to clown. It goes without saying that the Culbertsons won.

Following Culbertson's statement that movie actors are not good bridge players, the Marx brothers (who are fine players) issued a challenge, which was accepted. However, the screen comedians saw too much opportunity for publicity, and they responded nobly. They began by going into training—they punched bags, blew up footballs to develop their wind and went into what they called "signal practice."

By the time the contest actually began, the matter had turned into a huge joke. And by the score rolled up on the Culbertson's side of the sheet, the joke became even more ludicrous.

NOW for some confidential, inside "dirt": Helen Hayes-MacArthur's four-year-old daughter presented Norma Shearer's baby with a kitten, to which Norma's younger became so attached that it was almost necessary to take the feline to Europe when the family departed.

This is the "dirt": It is whispered that the very young Miss Hayes-MacArthur is shining up to the Shearer baby because Irving Thalberg, Norma's husband, is a producer. You see, little Miss Hayes-MacArthur is said to have movie ambitions.

TITLES of successive Slim Summerville-Zasu Pitts comedies: "The Unexpected Father," "They Had to Get Married," and "Niagara Falls". The long heralded Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles baby is a boy; named Charles Wesley Ruggles for his uncle and father. Spencer Tracy has invented a liminitment for lame excuses. Lola Lane won her divorce from Lew Ayres, plus a $33,500 settlement. Clara Bow and Rex Bell have returned to Call-phobia and the movies. Helen Hayes bought a silver set at auction, and on arrival home found each piece engraved, "New York Athletic Club," James Cagney, four months after winning strike for higher wages, voluntarily took $500-a-week salary slash. Lilyan Tashman has been scoring Western, stage success in "Grounds for Divorce." Joan Crawford owns a gorgeous new diamond and emerald ring, gift of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Buster Keaton has retired from the movies, perhaps permanently.

Look out, Temple Drake! Miriam cowers before the baleful stare of Popeye—and well she may, for he's one of the meanest men in all screen history.

The not-so-terrible Turk! Versatile Ramon Novarro plays a Mohammedan youth in "Man of the Nile," with Myrna Loy and Ali, who, unless we're all wrong, plays the part of a Turkish terrier.
Ver-ee pret-tee, Maurice! Chevalier and this able young supporting actor, known in his first picture as *Monsieur*, play a touching scene in "A Bedtime Story." Monsieur wants to help the other innocent babe do some of the work.

HOW many remember Betty Blythe, who a few years ago was the screen's foremost "vampire?" Betty returns to the screen in "Pilgrimage," but instead of being a vamp, she enacts the role of a charity worker.

Another come-back is Viola Dana, popular comedienne-star of a few years ago.

OH, THE envy of all the stars who gaze with awe at the automobile license plate on Clark Gable's car! His number is I-Y-I, and it is said that the Governor of California honored his favorite masculine star with that particular plate.

EVERY Monday night is "movie night" in Joan Crawford's home. She has her own projection machine and screen, together with complete talkie equipment, and on Mondays she invites several friends to dinner, after which they enjoy private shows. Joan always rents the latest pictures for these occasions.

The Crawford shows differ from theatrical performances primarily in that Joan and her audiences cheer for the heroes and hiss the villains, and throughout the picture advice is shouted to the movie leading man or leading woman, while the coming of the villain is always hailed with, "Look out! Here's that man again!"

Here's a part of the cheering crowd that greeted Tom Mix and the boys of Warner stars on the "42nd Street" special train when they stopped at Denver, Colorado.

Some of the Warner beauties who made the transcontinental trip, photographed with some admirers. Find Glenda Farrell, Laura LaPlante, Eleanor Holm, Claire Dodd, and Bette Davis.

I'M NOT given to repeating stories, but the incident that took place on "The Masquerader" set must be re-told. It seems that Ronald Colman was called on to speak a line that had the tempo of doggerel. The line was, "The car's in the drive and your coat's in the car."

So enchanting were the words' rhythm that Colman could not resist adding, in precisely the same tone, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!"

And instantly from elsewhere on the set, Elissa Landi's voice rang: "With a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha!"

POLLY MORAN often drives her motor, while her chauffeur sits in the back seat and reads... What's become of the orchestra that used to be on sets to entertain the stars between scenes?... Jean Harlow is taking golfing lessons from Leo Diegel, one of the world's greatest pros... Marlene Dietrich adores her red and white polka-dot beret; Joan Crawford has gloves the same color... Helen Hayes caught a skunk in a mouse trap, and oh dear!... Jack Oakie laughs about the Scotchman who ran home from the dentist to do with an old blade before the feeling returned to his face... Vina Delmar, "Bad Girl" authoress (not bad girl author-ess) is now a permanent Hollywood resident, having sold her New York home... Night tennis, on lighted courts, started by Frances Dee, has now become a fad in Hollywood... Sari Maritza wore trousers long before Marlene Dietrich took them up.

LIONS seem to be finding their way into those gossip columns with amazing regularity, but I suppose that cannot be helped, with half of Hollywood's current actors being made up of members of the animal kingdom.

At any rate, a scene was being filmed for "King of the Jungle," and the players were, Buster Crabbe, Frances Dee, and a lion—a very mild lion, please believe. The script called for Crabbe to place his arms about the beast's neck, but just as he prepared to do so, the lights went out. Concentrated on his scene, Buster groped—and grabbed.

Then the lights flashed on and there was Buster with his arms about Miss Dee, while the lion stood nearby, frankly gripping. But Buster had the last grin!
The Truth about Cosmetics

What's what in Beauty Fashions!

By Mary Lee

Just as fashions are divided into two groups—the every-day necessities, and the frills and furbelows—so can we mentality group our cosmetics. First there are those hard-working creams and lotions that not only help to give us our skin and hair beauty, but help us to keep it. Then we have those other beauty aids which "touch up" and "finish off" the work of that first group—powders, rouges, lipsticks and perfumes—those final touches that lend their allurement, as we like it.

Now don't anybody ask me which is the most important—because there just isn't any answer to that question! One group is as important as the other, and the one without the other wouldn't be effective. Just couldn't be. Imagine giving yourself an hour-and-a-half home treatment—cleaning packs and plasters and what not, and massages and masks and manipulations galore—and then just leaving it at that. Even though your skin did tingle, and you knew it was spic-and-span clean—and well nourished—well, you couldn't face the world that way; you'd feel too naked for words. But on the other hand, neither could you apply all the grandest cosmetics in the world, luscious lip rouges, and powders and perfumes, over a neglected skin. For that's just trying to cover up something that'll show through anyhow.

So make a hard and fast rule for yourself that you won't put fresh powder on a shabby skin, that you won't touch perfume to drab, neglected hair, and that your nails must be manicured before they are tinted and polished. Then you'll not only look right from the outside, but you'll feel right from the inside. And whoever said that beauty comes from within—well, I'll tell you. It's the secret knowing that we're right, because we did everything we should to make us right, that wins!

So I'm going to be fair to both groups this month, and tell you a bit of news about each. How many of you know that D'Orsay, the company that's given us so many marvelous perfumes, also makes cleansing creams and lotions? There are three Countess D'Orsay cleansing creams, as a matter of fact—a liquefying cream for the normal skin, an "extra special" cream for very dry skins, and a drier cream for dry skins. That's looking after our wants, isn't it? Then there's the Countess D'Orsay Skin Freshener, Also an especial astrigent for large pores, and the Countess D'Orsay Skin Toning Lotion, and the Tissue Cream which is one of the best on the market. But wait a minute—I mustn't forget their Foundation Cream. It's grand! leaves your skin satin-smooth, and ready and waiting for powder and rouge.

Fashion may talk about the smart dullness of fabrics, of hosiery, of colors—we've even heard about the new dull powders—but don't let this fashion run away with you. There's one point certainly at which it stops. Hair—the exception that proves the rule on "dullness" in Fashion today. Only glossy hair is smart. It must shine and glow like gleaming embroidery silk. It must reflect that rich radiance that comes from healthy hair alone.

Margery Wilson has told you how to achieve such hair loveliness in her article this month, and let me add a tip, too. If you've never tried Venida, maybe this will make you want to. It is a shampoo and oil treatment combined, and doesn't that sound intriguing? One preparation that not only cleanses your hair, and thoroughly, but gives it a rich oil lustre at the same time. Apply it to your hair as you would any other oil, when the hair is dry. Then add a little water, and behold, you have a nice foam. Massage it vigorously in and about your hair and scalp. Then a rinsing, and you're through. And after that, you'll be dipping your head around and about, trying to catch every light, just to show off the wonderful sheen it has.

And when it comes to setting your hair, there are several good lotions made specially for that purpose—whether it's a permanent wave you want to fix in place, or whether you just want to "finger in" a few soft waves. Look for an odorless one, so it won't fight with your favorite perfume for predominance. And be sure it won't show tiny flakes on your hair, so as many wave setting lotions do when they dry.

And here's good news for those of us who are "looking into our pocket books." And I mean it, both figuratively and literally. Fragrant perfumes in purse-size bottles and at purse-wise prices! And that means Gollweig and Jamarose, Chick-Chick, and Guilt-Guill, and all their other grand perfumes. And not just tiny corked bottles either, but each bottle with its own glass dropper, just like the more expensive bottles—a perfume for the girl who desires individuality.

You've probably all seen the new Vigny lipsticks by now—the one with the little shutter-opening at the top—the "open sesame" lipstick, I call it. And it does work like magic, too. You can hold it open and apply this lipstick with one hand—and that means you don't have to put down your purse to free the other hand, or drop bundles or get into the usual lipstick-fix. And incidentally, the lipstick itself lives up to the container!
THE month's heart beats:

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is dividing her Hollywood time with Grant Withers and Jack Oakie. Will Peggy find a movie star husband?

Do the almost nightly co-appearances of Ginger Rogers and Lyle Talbot indicate the end of their respective romances with Mervyn LeRoy and Wynne Gibson? Who said that Kate Smith-Randolph Scott romance is not serious? He sent her six dozen roses the other day.

Lilian Harvey, new foreign sensation, is being rushed grandly by Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier, and Ernst Lubitsch, the lucky girl.

Wedding bells are poised to ring for Geneva Mitchell and Lowell Sherman. But Madge Evans says she will never marry in Hollywood, which means what to Tom Gallery?

Renewal of that perennial Marie Prevost-Buster Collier romance comes as good news.

Hollywood's youngest puppy love is on again: Rochelle Hudson and Tom Brown. But that hovering wedding of Frances Dee and Gene Raymond has hit a snag, and Gene was last seen rushing Loretta Young.

**So long, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg—have a nice vacation in Europe! Mrs. Thalberg wears the very last word in Spring attire.**

**SEVERAL** Paramount actors were previewing "Hello, Everybody" in a studio projection room when a voice spoke out, "Kate Smith has a definite screen presence. I can't think who she reminds me of."

"I know," piped Harpo Marx. "She looks like Garbo, Dietrich, and Crawford—all in one body."

**WHAT** a time the director had in persuading Louise Closer Hale to mount a camel for scenes in "Man of the Nile." All because Miss Hale fell from a camel's back when she was traveling in Egypt about twenty-five years ago. She received injuries that nearly cost her her life.

A **FUNNY story, late coming to light but too good to ignore, concerns eleven-year-old Jackie Searle.**

It seems that during production of "The Miracle Man," the director experienced difficulty with little Robert Coogan. At last he went to the studio head and asked, "Why must I use Coogan? Let me have Jackie Searle."

"Searle?" shouted the producer. "Why, Jackie is established as a menace!"

**ONE** newspaper writer will not soon forget the interview he had with Katharine Hepburn at her studio. She was hard at work, so it was necessary that he talk to her between scenes.

No chairs were convenient, so Miss Hepburn sprawled at full length on the floor, pillowing her head on her clasped hands. The writer stood eyeing her awkwardly until she cried: "Don't stand there like a dunce! Use the floor!" With that he sprawled, too, and there they talked, while cameramen and technicians stepped over and around them.

Katharine is the most impulsive girl Hollywood has ever known. One day she went into the studio cafe for luncheon, and found all the waitresses busy. Instead of sitting by herself, Miss Hepburn raced into the kitchen, selected her own dishes and then carried them into the dining room, where she emptied them!

**WHEN** Benita Hume went to the hospital for an appendectomy, she was forced to give up a role she was anxious to play, so her final plea to her studio was that the part be saved until her recovery.

The first words Benita spoke following the operation were, "Save the part!" Hospital nurses, thinking she meant the removed appendix, carefully preserved that ex-offending organ in alcohol.

**WHAT** a prolific author Eric Linden must be! A friend telephoned his home on a Tuesday and was told: "Eric left yesterday for San Francisco where he will familiarize himself with the locale for his new book. He will return Thursday."

Why not stay over until Friday and write two books?

(Continued on page 76)

**Here are Clara Bow and Rex Bell bound for Hollywood after a perfectly thrilling European holiday. The two youngsters with them are John and Lilian Bow, twin cousins of Clara, whom she may adopt legally.**
If you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen—and, of course, you have seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for your complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care—followed regularly. Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:

"The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin," she says—"and I have found their secret—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference it has been made the official soap in all the big film studios.

Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant, white soap for your skin? Why not start to make your skin smooth, vividly lovely—learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!
RATHER sudden, Marian Nixon's divorce suit filed against her husband, Edward Hillman, millionaire Chicagoan, A friend telephoned the house for Marian one afternoon, and Eddie answered the call.

"She's not at home now," he said, "Ring her around seven; she'll be home for dinner."

At that very moment Miss Nixon, unbeknownst to Hillman, was in her attorney's office filing divorce papers and seeking an injunction to make him leave their Beverly Hills home.

(Continued from page 74)

WALLACE BEERY lost ten pounds from worry when his wife and his adorable adopted daughter, Carol Ann, were snowbound in the family's mountain cabin.

Wally was able to get to Hollywood in his airplane, but he refuses to permit Carol Ann flying privileges. So each morning Wally flew to work, and each night he flew back to the mountains, until at last the snows cleared and he was able to motor his brood to Hollywood and safety.

Is Spanky calling the Hal Roach studio to tell them he can't appear for work because there's a big baseball game on?

HELEN TWELVETREES was that angry, she was waving her limbs, threatening to bough out of pictures, and vowing she'd pack her trunk and take leaf of Hollywood.

It began when a studio press agent suggested that it would be grand publicity if Helen would permit her baby, to appear with her in Maurice Chevalier's "A Bed-time Story." She emphatically vetoed the idea, therefore imagine her surprise to read in next day's newspapers that she had sought to get her child into the picture.

Helen was the more infuriated because the studio had widely publicized that the baby given the role would be taken from an orphanage and would be given a sizable trust fund, and she felt that public reaction to the idea of trying to give the part to her own child would be critical.

FOLLOWING their divorce and the harsh charges hurled by both, director King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman gave a closed house about-faced and are being seen together... Two detectives accompany Peggy Hopkins Joyce at all times (to guard her jewels, silly; not to protect her from men)... For a full week, Jack Oakie left the studio by a truck gate to avoid an insurance salesman... They're paraphrasing that Rudy Vallee signature song to "I Owe Everybody, I Owe..." Frank Morgan's wife gave a party to which all women guests were invited with the understanding that they wear men's trousers... The house of famous names is the home of the Young-Young-Young--Loretta, Sally Blane, and Polly Ann Young... Following his divorce from Lola Lane, Lew Ayres has gone into practical retirement, as far as Hollywood night life is concerned... Nancy Carroll kicked up quite a fuss when an artist sketched her picture without her knowledge... Elissa Landi is an actress because she went on the stage to secure first-hand knowledge of how to write plays.

CHARLES RUGGLES and Frances Dee were discussing nervous breakdowns, so prevalent in the movies. "The first symptom," said Miss Dee, "is loss of memory; forgetting what you intended to say right in the middle of saying it."

"What?" moaned Ruggles. "Then I've had a nervous breakdown for years!"

UNLESS I tell you, you may never guess the proudest accomplishment of Europe's newest star contribution to our screen, Lil-only one "I"-ian Harvey. So I'll tell you.

She dines on walking the slack wire. She had to learn the trick for a German picture, and she become so fascinated that she has practiced until she is now an excellent slack-wire artist. She gave several exhibitions of her talent before friends, but in the midst of a performance, in walked the chief executive of her studio. "That's dangerous," he cried. "You might fall and break your neck, and think what that would mean if you were in the midst of a picture."

Now Lilian is permitted to walk the wire—but with the proviso that it must be suspended not more than one foot from the floor or ground.

Nothing is more loyal or touching than the loyalty of fans for adored stars. This was never more soundly proven than when Claudette Colbert went East on her recent New York visit. A boy approached her in a Chicago depot and begged an autograph. He looked weary, and he explained, when Miss Colbert asked, that he had walked fifteen miles to see her.

(Continued on page 98)
And Who are Maud and Cousin Bill, Pray?  
Continued from page 64

Of this she says, "I have intelligent youngsters to work with and I treat them as such." She uses stage technique in directing these radio programs, and even calls the final rehearsal a "dress rehearsal." She was amazed to find how calmly radio artists take their work. No rehearsals for some of them—they just run over the script once and then go on the air. She is used to the strict rules of the theatre and conducts her program along those lines.

Winnie Lenihan has a very forceful personality, keen blue eyes, and infinite energy bundled into her five feet nothing stature. Little twelve-year-old Bill is always healthful and good-natured. She sat and watched Miss Lenihan work for three hours and was absorbed right up to the last minute. Her personality dominates the entire program and the detail is too small for her absolute attention. She's a tireless worker, and her Tarkington programs reflect the intelligent treatment she lavishes on them.

She has loads of patience. While she was trying to work out some realistic sound effects, which required silence in the studio, little Vivian (that's Cousin Maud's real name) suddenly got a notion to bang on the piano. Miss Lenihan looked up and said, "Vivi, I'm trying to get this sound perfected, and we'll be going on the air shortly, be a good kid and keep quiet for a few minutes." Right on the heels of that, Bill decided to do a solo marathon around the studio, upsetting chairs on his rounds. She looked up at him and was going to approach him. But Bill put a fast one—he looked at her, grinned and said, "Okay, Winnie." Miss Lenihan burst out laughing. She's very fond of her young stars.

She goes over the scripts again and again, adding words here and there to quicken the pace. She makes the musicians understand thoroughly every word and situation before ending rehearsals. As for instance, Vivian had to talk about a grand chieftain's saddle. "Chocolate-covered whip, whipped cream and nuts!" Miss Lenihan said, "Vivi, form a picture of that saddle in your mind—remember you want it so very, very bad. Get each word out slowly and with plenty of emphasis." Or to Bill, "You have four comedy lines in that paragraph, and you're not making the most of them. If you think you can put them over by taking out a word here and there—then, let's do it!"

As you know, they broadcast three times a week—every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Lenihan always uses real props in her skits. When the scene calls for dogs or bottles or baskets, you can be sure that those things will be on hand. Vivian and Bill get a lot of fun out of their Booth Tarkington sketches. I think they secretly feel that they are Maud and Bill. And you can thank Miss Lenihan for this—she enjoys directing Tarkington's kid stories and keeps everyone enthusiastic.

The youngsters call her Winnie—no formally here. Bill is an old friend of yours—Bill Jr.—who has air for almost seven years. His full name is Andy Donnelly and he has appeared on such programs as "The Goldbergs" and "The Country Doctor." For long months before he was the radio "Skippy," Maud is Vivian Block, and you heard her on "The Lady Next Door" program.

And now it's time for them to go on the air—are you listening?
The Goddess Diana of England

Continued from page 53

last, the daughter of an English business
man who later joined the Royal Army
Service Corps.

Studio biographers report that "she had
a normal, carefree childhood," but—well,
please listen!

Rather than normal, at least four years
of her youth were filled with terror. When
she was eight years of age, the World War
began, and it did not cease until she was
past twelve. While her father was on the
front, she lived with her sister and mother,
then her sister and mother, near the Woolwich Arsenal, which was a
constant target for enemy raiding planes.
The dull, incessant booming of cannon
across the channel was often interrupted by
the nearer roar of exploding bombs, dropped by German fliers in mad efforts to
dynamite the arsenal. Had success at-
tended these enemy attempts, the blowing
up of that arsenal would have erased thou-
sands of lives, Diana's perhaps among
them.

Naturally, children were not permitted to
stray far from their homes. Play was
rare, food was scarce, and sweets were al-
most none. Quiet was so infrequent that
even when the volcanic booming did cease
momentarily, the silence was more terrible
than the noise.

Death stalked constantly with Diana's
thin shadow—and if that was a "normal,
carefree childhood," then her biographers
are correct and I am in error.

After the Armistice—and when human
ears had adjusted themselves so they could
hear despite the silence—she was sent to
private school to study for a career, a
career as a teacher of domestic science.
Perhaps that early training is responsible
for the fact that today she more resembles
a capable housewife than a distinguished
actress.

"A school play was responsible for my
switch in ambitions," Miss Wynyard says,
"but I finished my domestic science course
before I undertook the study of stage tech-
nique under private tutors. Not until I
was nineteen did my parents permit my
first public stage appearance at the Globe
Theatre in London.

From that moment until she faced mo-
tion picture cameras for "Rasputin" her
heart and soul were dedicated to the stage.
But professionalism, those Hollywood mar-
tial affections, is subject to change without
notice, and Diana is now as devoted to the
screen as she was to the stage.

About her physical appearance, Miss
Wynyard is extremely modest. "I was
never interested in motion pictures be-
cause English producers told me I did not
photograph well," she says, "In America
the producers apparently think differently,
but I have seen myself in several pictures
and I am inclined to agree with my English
advisers.

"When I saw my first rushes, I won-
dered if so bad an actress could ever
succeed. The same reaction, I learned sub-
sequently, occurs to most stage players who
see themselves on the screen for the first
time."

If you would like a few personal details,
let me tell you that Diana of England is
eight feet and six inches tall—taller than
Garbo—and has golden brown, bobbed
hair. She is not pretty; handsome better
describes her.

She rides horseback English saddle
(there is patriotism for you)—and she
swims, but otherwise she is not athletic.
She reads, Diana says, almost everything
except this country's so-called "lumber
magazines, which she thinks are most un-
funny. She declares that the prime dif-
ference between American and English hu-
mor is that people of the United States like
risque stories, which Britishers do not as
a rule relish.

She likes physically big men, probably
because she, herself, is statuesque—certainly
there was the little romance between a
tall woman and a man she must stoop to
kiss. With the usual reticence of her na-
tionality, she refuses to indulge in the com-
mon American practice of "designating fa-
vorite masculine stars." Her studio pub-
licity department vainly sought to have her
go into public ecstasies over Clark Gable,
but she fooled the boys and raved about
Jimmie Durante.

A few months ago, newspapers screamed
the unusual news that Katharine Hepburn,
making her screen début in a motion pic-
ture with John Barrymore, refused to be
awed by that great star's presence. Inter-
viewers and writers manufactured bann-
er totes to describe her poise in scenes with
the Barrymore, who usually frightens new-
comers silly.

If Miss Hepburn deserved praise, Miss
Wynyard should be thrice applauded, for
her début in "Rasputin" was made with the
three Barrymores, and she regarded them
with utter complacency. Not once did she
display the slightest nervousness in the
company of Lionel, Ethel and John, and
Hollywood greatly enjoyed her unfurled
charm amidst the continual Barrymore
storms.

Perhaps this very lack of awe is greatly
responsible for her progress to practical
stardom in so brief a period on the screen.
Certainly the producers, accustomed to
nervous fear on the part of movie new-
comers, have exhibited respect for this
slight woman who refuses to be frightened
by either great opportunities or great stars.

And that, I believe, may account for
the fact that Diana Wynyard, with little of
Garbo's mystery or Marlene's witchery, has
already achieved pinnacles that other tal-
tented actresses have striven for years to
reach.
Winning Men — of course!

Men admire athletic skill—but they adore femininity. So be clever, be gay outdoors—but above all—be dainty! In the sunlight, you're in the spot light. Be sure dark, fuzzy hair doesn't blemish white arms, mar cheeks, or show thru stockings. Banish every wisp of it with Marchand's. Make it invisible in 20 minutes. The safe, inexpensive way to get rid of unsightly hair—avoids the danger of shaving and the expense of depilatories. Marchand's also restores golden beauty to faded blonde hair. Use it right at home.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

To get Marchand's by mail fill in name, address, city at right, and send with 45c (stamps accepted) to C. Marchand Co., 351 W. 19th St., New York.
Cynic in Love
Continued from page 51

Lorettia Young introduces Muggsy, her pup, to the cameras. Muggsy's ambition, according to lovely Lorettia, is to be a kid star in animal pictures!

a result became fascinated with the promotion end of the game calling for busted beaks and cauliflower ears. And without giving the matter much thought he decided to have himself sent to Denver and talk to Dr. W. R. Knapp. The pitch was made and he was promised a job and a salary of $50.00 a month.

So then I caught myself a job swinging a sledge horn in a gold mine. And I was never so happy in my life. I was just the right kind of fellow for the job, and I did it with a will. I worked hard and I worked well, and I worked for six months.

And then I decided to become an oil tycoon, an idea conceived when he discovered his father was drilling a well in Arista, New Mexico. Unfortunately his hero's oil career was nipped in the bud when he fell violently in love with a Chicago gal who happened to be visiting that town.

And suddenly deciding to become another Jesse Livermore, Bruce began flirting with the market. So he took the fifty-thousand—what happened to all his father's money? He'd sold his father's farm in the middle of the night and gone to Chicago to start a new life. And there he found the newspapers hailing him as "one of the nation's most important men," which is a pretty swell wedding, indeed! Even for Chicago.

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it came to light that Estelle's marital relations with Jack Dempsey were a bit undecided.

After getting back on his food again, Bruce went to a dinner party where he met David Selznick who gave him the already famous screen tests. And Bruce became an actor. "Just what I've always wanted to be," he told me without cracking a smile. "Yeah," he added, "if a man just knows what he wants and sticks to it, he can't miss!"

Then, in quick succession he flamed the town's most noted beauties. Each time he fell like a log, and each time he went off his diet. First there was Gwili Andre, whom Bruce rushed up to on the set one day and inquired intensely: "When do we have dinner together?"

Whereupon Gwili replied in that cool soft way of hers: "Are we going to have dinner together?"

Which was Bruce's shortest romance.

However, it wasn't long before he started trotting with Sandra Shaw, cousin to Dolores Del Rio, and Lupe Velez with whom he bonfired for nearly a week. Then came Claire Windsor, followed by the charming Patsy Janss, daughter of the real estate tycoon. Regrettably enough this latter conflagration fizzled the morning Mr. Janss read in the paper that his daughter was "cooing" with one Bruce Cabot, R.K.O. featured player. "Cooing, eh?" he sniffed at his astonished hairdresser. "And right under my nose, too!" And although Patsy tried to impress upon him that "cooing" meant nothing but dancing and dining together, things remain a touch cool on the Janss front porch. By that time, however, Bruce had gone head-over-turns for Laurie Lisk, Doheny's niece, and furthermore that young debutante, Betty Edwards, had come into his life—into the life of this lad who advocates handling your women with roughness! Of the lad who never makes a move without giving the problem "plenty of cold calculating thought."

The lad who considers sentimentalism and romanticism traits to be abhorred. The lad who says that if one is to get on in the world he must be hard-hearted and cold-blooded and think of himself first, last and always—and who illustrated his point by swimming a mile off shore in a heavy sea to save a prop-boy from drowning. "Yeah," I hear him drawling, "never fall for a dame, pal. I can tell you it just doesn't pay." And it was while listening to him on that day that a great light descended upon me and I tingled as I invariably tingle when giving birth to a sterling idea. "Listen, fellow," I said. "I've just thought of an angle for a yarn on you. I'll pretend that you're not overly sentimental and a wildly impulsive guy. In fact I'll pretend you're somewhat cynical—"

Whereupon Bruce stopped his pacing abruptly.

"Pretend?" he yowled. "Say, listen, you! I'm the most cynical guy in Hollywood, and don't you ever forget it! You don't catch me falling for any dames. No sir! Not the Old Master! By the way, pal," he mumbled after a moment of thought, "do you know Loretta Young? I happened to lunch with her out at Fox the other day, and she swelt!" And after losing himself completely, he added: "Tell you she's the most feminine girl in town. I wonder if she'd like to go to the Grove?"

And upon suddenly regaining consciousness he gave me as wicked a glance as I've ever received, and stomped out of the room and slammed the door. And for the past ten days he's been dancing every night with Loretta's sister, Sally Blane. "Yeah," says Bruce, "Sally puts Cleopatra in the class of a walking inchit!" Thus endeth the saga of Hollywood's awful cynic of the guy who invariably knows what he wants!

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The Latest about Queen Jeanette

Continued from page 28

see Jeanette. Lilian Harvey has cabled, and Buddy Rogers, and many others. Apparently the star's popularity is worldwide. But I do not believe that New York, or even Hollywood, could be more enthusiastic than Paris. At the premiere of Rene Clair's new picture, "July Fourteenth," her entrance put all that assemblage of notables into temporary eclipse. The "Palais du Palais D'Hiver Pan"—the Pan Municipal Casino—the celebrities stormed the doors when the sale of seats was suspended. And when she appeared, the "Casino" scenes, the war veterans wounded facially on the Republic's battlefields, there was another triumph.

But there is clamor in the corridor—the door opens—ushers carry great baskets of flowers—the applause echoes from the stage—the chattering in French and English comes closer—and now—enter Madamedonna!

She is charming! The excitement, the enthusiasm, has heightened her color, and put additional sparkle in her brilliant blue eyes. Her gown glitters with shimmering sequins. She waves away all the retinue but the secretary, and we three are alone.

"I am here for the 'Screenland Magazine,'" I explain.

"Ah, beautiful, charming, Monsieur! Venez done," and the interview is begun. But it is not a simple process, for Jeanette bubbles in French with such vivacity that my questions tumble unspoken. Her French is good—not perfect—but more fascinating for its imperfections. Ice is melted, in instance, when she discusses cigarette, which means small, with argent, which means slang.

"But all the errors are not mine," she explains, "one lady remarked, and so "wasn't it too gay to be the daughter of the British Prime Minister! He was the only MacDonald she knew! But I enjoy their mistakes and mine, too. I am having such a wonderful experience. They have been very kind to me on the Riviera, in St. Moritz, London, and now in Paris.

"My plans? Well, after breaking records at the Rex they want me to stay an extra week. After that—Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Spain. I know they want to make a great tour and see all that is to be seen. At least all there is time for. I have an English picture to make at the Elstree Studios for United Artists. And that must be in production before the Spring is too far advanced. Herbert Marshall will appear with me, and there will be an American director. Just which one I do not know, but Mr. Marshall and I would be happy working with William Wyler or George Pastel, or Harry D'Arrast—and there are yet others.

"The most exciting picture under the new agreement with the 'MacDonald Unit' is tentatively titled 'The Queen,' but that may be changed. We thought of 'Better Sweet,' and there was an Austrian story that we liked. But 'The Queen' will make a good beginning for various reasons. Yes, it will be a musical, and I shall sing in every one it will have all the colors, all the people, all the cameras. Naturally, nothing would please me more than to have my good friend Ernst lend his genius to the picture, but it seems that there are two serious obstacles in his present contract. After that—!

I think that Mr. Lubitsch agrees with me that it makes every picture that she plays in America and Hollywood to make a picture there that may well be a new version of "The
Merry Widow." It is possible that director Lubitsch will fulfill his obligations by then, in which event he will be free to direct Jeanette in a bright adaptation of the ever-popular operetta, with additional new numbers by Franz Lehár.

The present regime is a sane balance of work, rest and pleasure. In the morning there is time for a horse-back canvass with the bead-and-chain Bons on a bicycle, such as Jeanette pedalled on the Riviera. Then there is breakfast, and personal attention to the mail arriving during the night from abroad. The remainder of the morning is given over to business matters, then luncheon comes as something of a reception, when invited guests are in great demand. The theatre occupies her until late in the evening, after that there are often hours for supper and amusement.

A recent incident occurred recently when Jeanette was dining at a popular resort and was told that she had won a prize for her gown in a fashion contest which was being held by a Pari scene fashion paper. Although she assured the judges that she had not known herself to be a contestant, the prize was hers nonetheless, and it entitles her to a new gown created by a Parisian couturier. Oddly enough, the dress that received this honor was not the model of a fashionable establishment, but was the product of a collaboration between maid and mistress—between Jeanette and her personal attendant!

Another humorous incident which will now find its way from the Boulevard gossips to those of Hollywood, concerns a local journalist possessing greater enthusiasm than discretion. Through his hair he circled the report that the star was in search of a husband. Needless to say the post was loaded with applications for this desirable position, and each applicant submitted his qualifications and portrait. It is said that the results were sufficient to bring a smile to the face of the Sphinx. But I am quite certain that it also increased the circulation of the paper—and that was the main idea!

More about Herbert Marshall

Continued from page 29

sighed. "I saw him in 'Trouble in Paradise' and he was gr-r-and!"

Walking across town, I met a personal friend. I told her of my errand. "I don't suppose he'll take me with you," she asked hopefully. "I'd rather meet him than any actor on the stage or screen. He's simply divine!

After eluding her, I decided to take a taxi the rest of the way. As we halted for traffic, I called to the burly driver. "Hurry as fast as you can. I have a date here with Herbert Marshall and don't want to be late," I told him.

"Oh, him," he eyed me suspiciously. "My wife's crazy about that guy in pictures. I don't think he's so bad myself," he added grudgingly.

So, you can see that I was all set to be completely dazzled by the correct and punctilious Mr. Marshall when I arrived at the Paramount offices to keep my appointment with him.

Instead, the door opened to admit a pleasant-faced, rather average-looking gentleman with the Briton's typical florid complexion. Indeed, he was about ten or eleven inches in height and stubbily built, there was nothing of the rangy litherness of a Gary Cooper or hearty lighthness of a Clark Gable about him.

He was wearing a gray "pepper-and-salt" suit of unmistakably English cut, and his eyes looked as if he had not been awake over-long. As indeed he hadn't, for he refused a cigarette with the murmured explanation that he "never smoked before lunch!

He sat down, and faced me for a quiet chat. And it was then that he gave a new name made up by Frances Lasker. And to other words, too, such as Character and Fearlessness and a Sense of Humor.

"Even now, after too many years to number, I still seem strange to be interviewed—to be an actor," he began, in his well-modulated voice, his words short-chopped and spoken so low that I had to stick my ear to catch them. "You remember, lad, I never intended to go on the stage. It just happened to me—in the blood, I suppose."

Herbert was born in London, the son of Ethel and Percy F. Marshall, the latter an actor. There was noboyhood of living in trunks for Herbert, though, as his personal forays away to school, and as he was old enough to leave their care.

When he became a husky lad he spent his vacations touring the provinces with his father, which experience caused him to adopt the usual filial attitude of deciding upon any career other than that of his father's profession.

As a result, when he graduated from St. Mary's College at Harlow, England, Herbert entered a firm of chartered accountants in London, as an articled clerk.

"Not that I really aspired to become a financier wizard," Marshall admitted. "But I was eighteen and wanted to earn my own living. That seemed as good a way as any."

But his employers decided differently. He had not been with them long when he received his notice of dismissal.

"There was a general shut-down and in deciding who could be dispensed with, I'm sure they said, 'There's Marshall' immediate-then took long hours to deliberate on the other heads to be chopped!"

So Herbert returned to the parental roof to decide upon his next step. At the time, his father was absent on one of his tours so his young son had the pleasure of intercepting a postal card addressed to the elder Marshall. Which card was to alter the entire tenor of his life.

It was from Robert Courtineudge, Mr. Marshall wrote it down for me with his own hand, having the necessary paper and pencil which your interviewer lacked), and said to Marshall pere: 'I am managing a stock company which is touring the provinces and need a young assistant and handy man. Why don't you send your young son to me?'

Herbert responded in person and thus was launched upon the career which was to bring him fame and popularity upon both stage and screen. As well as a lovely wife in the person of Edna Best—but more about that later.

"Among the necessities were those of bookkeeper and accountant, (my commercial experience proving of some value after all), assistant company manager, stage director—and actor of small parts.

"I was earning the munificent sum of two pounds—a week—and expenses. In those days that was considered a good salary so I was expected to save the company money by taking any small rôle that would otherwise have been filled by a local man engaged in whatever town we were appearing."

After making his stage début in a minor...
mental courage could be as the athletes used them in the ancient Olympic games. Where success in the games meant success in life.

Our mouths are indexes of our appetites and have no secrets. Constance Bennett's lips are very provocative. The Marquis' lips are larger, fuller, and while indicative of a friendly expressive nature are not nearly so suggestive of passion as his countryman's, Maurice Chevalier's. There is an ancient Chinese saying to this effect: "Show me a man's eyes and I'll tell you what he might have been. His mouth shows what he has been." Certainly mouths do reveal our desires and much about our nature.

However, it's the chins that show how much of a contest or battle we will undergo in achieving our hearts' desires. Strong chins and jaws show the love of conquest and certainly the Marquis' are not those of a quitter but of a winner. Constance Bennett's jaw has its greatest strength at the back so she will not be so interested in sports as her titled husband; however, any ground she gains in the game of life will be easily or tamely given up. Hers is the jaw of grim determination under emergency. When a husband and wife both have such strong firm jaws, it's best that they have similar views. Or, if they can't see things eye to eye, as it were, at least agree to reason out their different viewpoints, for both being so gloomy it would be just too bad if neither agreed to give in!

Since poets tell us the eyes are the windows of our souls and do much unerringly reveal our inner lives, let us compare the souls or personalities of the Marquis and Constance Bennett as revealed by the look in their eyes. With them there are most different in size, shape, color, and even in slope or angle on these most interesting faces. They literally and figuratively see things differently through who share different personalities, temperaments, and understanding. Her eyes are light, large, arched-browed, and slanting upward at the outer corners. His eyes are deep-set, straight-browed, darker, and tip down at the outer corners. Since all features speak a universal language, let Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bennett compare how this difference would indicate in their natures. Students of human nature around the world would agree with the casting director or producer that a man with such eyes for a part in real or real-life how he had to be scientific, clear-sighted, direct, dexterous, interested more in form and accuracy than in color. Constance Bennett by contrast sees the world through rainbow glasses as suggested by her exotic, high-arched brows. There is a similarity in their mutual love of beauty of form but with him, color, change, charm are more essential than accuracy or a scientific viewpoint.

Since this difference in eyes is so often noted in married couples, let's see how it could lead to misunderstanding if not reasoned out. All women will agree that Constance Bennett these high-arched brows, love color, display, change, and like the colorful rainbow after the summer shower, are sometimes hard for the straight-browed, serious-minded man to understand. Pleading existence seems very dear to ladies with such brows; they have no martyr complex!

A couple who both look at life through a rainbow might be too light-hearted and gay, but whereas in this case one has such a different, more direct, serious viewpoint it would be wonderful indeed if they discuss their points of view and agree on the things of mutual helpfulness. For instance, women with such brows are seldom color-blind, yet among men with such brows as the Marquis four percent are color-blind; on the other hand these men are generally clear-visioned, accurate, correct, and make good in many fields requiring these qualities. Let's imagine a couple of these extreme types who love to drive—but let's say the woman with the high-arched, exotic brows is so artistic and exotic that she does not drive well and hate's machinery; also let's suppose the husband dotes on driving but is color-blind or partly so. His observation and accuracy will make him a dependable and dextrous driver, which, plus her ability to read the traffic signals, will enable them both more easily safely to use the highways. This, of course, is just an illustration of comparative natures; for instance, if all the women of Constance Bennett's type knew how much color-blindness she had he could add to the lives of men of the Marquis type there would be more happy marriages.

The straight-browed man is often annoyed and a bit confused with the quick change of mood of his exotic-eyed wife, but with mutual understanding this can be as interesting for both as any; however, all too often they spend a world of time trying to make each other. I believe Miss Bennett and her husband have been wise enough not to attempt to remodel each other.

Fortunately both have eloquent, expressive mouths; neither looks repressed. Some-
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What I Think of Bob

Continued from page 62

This Woolsey may be a skinny guy, but I would rather fight a heavyweight. Although he looks frail, he is very wiry. He is always in good condition and can go round you like a buzz-saw.

I get a lot of laughs out of Bob. He reminds me of a banty rooster. Early in our careers together, I discovered that Bob liked to boss me around and "mother" me. And I've been letting him do it ever since.

We like to go vacationing together at such places as Agua Caliente, Palm Springs, and Lake Arrowhead. I know that Bob thinks I am helpless, so I let him make all the arrangements, pack my bags, and pay the hotel bills. You ought to hear me give him the devil, if he forgets anything. I always borrow money from him on these trips, and then we argue for hours over how much it was.

All kidding aside, Bob Woolsey has great strength of character. He is reserved in manner and conservative in habits. His rise to the top as a comedian has been an example of sheer determination and fight. Like a bulldog he never gives up. I recall a pet gag of mine in "Rio Rita." It always got a big laugh from the audience, and a bigger one from me, because Bob could never top it. He did his damndest every performance for eight weeks, but he finally wangled it. In my opinion, he is one of the smartest, fastest, and best comedians on screen or stage. Any time a comedian plays opposite Bob, and isn't on his toes every minute, Bob will run him right off the stage.

Everybody is familiar with the Woolsey comedy trade-marks, his cigar and glasses. He can't work without them. One of the few times I have ever seen him blow up in his lines was when a prop man gave him the wrong pair of glasses. I have to get credit for something in this team. I am responsible for the cigar. After seeing him chew one up by accident in a stage scene, I persuaded him always to use it, because it suits his nervous, high-strung, cocky personality.

As a comedian Bob has a magnetic personality. He is so full of fire, so smart and snappy in his style that the moment he steps into a scene with that machine-gun delivery of lines, the sparks start to fly. Despite his smart, cocky character in comedy, he more than holds his own in winning sympathy and popularity. At devising comedy situations, writing lines and timing laughs, he has no master.

In private life, Bob is not a particularly good sport. That's one thing he lets me do. Neither one of us like to "rib" or play practical jokes on other people, so that's in our favor.

Bob has two sports, golf and bridge. Despite his lack of muscle he can hit a golf ball a mile, shoots in the eighties and I can't beat him. He is a bridge shark and can hold his own in any company. When we play together we fight worse than any man and wire combination that has ever played.

One of Bob's human weaknesses is betting. He doesn't care for gambling in the public places for big money. He is too smart for that. Leaves that to Wheeler. But he will play bridge for any stakes, and heikes on anything.

Bob has saved my money. He is a very shrewd business man. Yet I have known him to spend a small fortune trying to recover a lost pet dog, and the dog was just a mutt. Despite his business acumen and matter-of-fact manner, he is an easier pushover for a sympathetic touch than I am. He is really a soft-hearted little guy.

I had Bob Woolsey most of the credit for my picture success. If it hadn't been for him, we would never have stayed up where we are now. I couldn't be bothered with all the worries and fighting. But Bob loves it.

He loves to argue. He loves to fight for his rights. So I let him fight for our rights.

Let him take care of our picture stories, and do all the battling with the studio executives and directors. If he thinks we're right, he will fight to the last ditch. I let him take it on the chin, and after one of those studio conferences, when everyone is wanting to take a punch at him, I walk by, and they all say: "What a swell little guy that Wheeler is!"

Some time ago we formed the Bobert
Corporation, so that I could be protected from myself. I am supposed to be very dumb about money matters, but I will say in my own defense that I never opened one of those peewee golf courses. Bob did. I was the only customer he had, and I always charged it. His theme song for the course was "Three's a Crowd." He hates to be reminded of that $15,000 he lost, but he did keep his sense of humor when he posted that closing notice: "Opened by Mistake."

What I Think of Bert
Continued from page 63

bad investments, without a squawk. No one ever hears him mention money. To Bert, money was only made to give him and his pals pleasure.

Now, he is going to save his money. We have formed a corporation, pay each other a nominal salary, and we are forced to save the rest. My greatest ambition in life is to see that Bert accumulates another fortune, with sufficient income and paid-up insurance policies, to take care of him comfortably in his old age.

Bert was worse than a wife when it came to knowing his bank balance. He just kept on writing checks until his banker would stroll by his table at the Brown Derby with the jolly greeting:

"Hello, Bert. You're overdraft." Bert is a natural comedian, with rare talents for commanding sympathy and pathos, as well as laughs. I am a manufactured comedian. After seventeen years in stock companies acting every type of rôle, I deliberately adopted comedy to live. This was necessary because of my lack of physical requisites for other rôles. When I first met Bert in "Río Rita," I adapted my cocky, bragging type of comic to suit Bert's personality. Possibly the only thing that saves me as the co-star of the team is in making myself even dumber than Bert! Audiences will usually laugh at the smart guy, who pretends to know it all, when they know that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Bert doesn't know how he gets his laughs, nor can he explain. But he is sure-fire as death and taxes. He may not be versatile, nor have a particular style of comedy. He doesn't have to. He is Bert Wheeler, and there is only one.

An author must know Bert intimately in order to write lines for him. He can't say bright lines, nor play with tongue in cheek. But that infections catch in his voice and his sweet, sympathetic little dumb-pan never fails to panic the cash customers.

The little cuss even makes me write most of his comedy lines, which means that I always have to give him the best of it. Maybe he isn't so dumb after all.

Don't get me wrong. Bert knows his way around. He is just too good-natured and lazy. He hates to rehearse, but I can always depend upon him to bob up with some excellent comedy lines and business. No, Bert Wheeler didn't get where he is today by accident.

Bert has terrific vitality. My hardest fight is to persuade him to take a rest from work between pictures. He is forever wanting to make personal appearances on tour, or radio broadcasts. He is so restless and nervous that he always has to take an airplane to wherever he is going, so that he can get there as quickly as possible. He claims that he likes to go places between pictures, because he needs a little mental relaxation after his hard work on the story. After what I've been telling you, go ahead and laugh.

At that, I would rather go vacationing with Bert than anyone else, even if I do have to do all the work. He is great company, has a swell disposition, and a marvelous sense of humor. Never talks shop or business. And his one idea in life is to keep himself and everyone else happy.

He hates to be alone. He loves crowds. When he isn't working he never misses luncheon at the Brown Derby with the gang, nor dinner at one of Hollywood's bright spots. He is a familiar figure at all sporting events from the lights to six-day bicycle races.

And I'll have to admit that he has a way with women. As to his choice in girls, he is a swell picker. (Miss Patricia Parker, please note ad.) Bert is an Irish Catholic and I am a Shriner—but we'll never go to Reno. I took him, for better or worse, so I'll just have to keep on taking care of the helpless little punk!
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"Just as power has more force than prose because it builds up an emotional response in a reader, so suggestion creates illusion. The secret of the best shots is what is left to the imagination."

Mr. Walker is known as a "woman's camera man."

"I can do men, of course, but they need less imagination. You find out how to light them in the first scene and use that lighting all through the picture. With a woman, it's different; she puts on a hat, or changes her dress and you must think out another scheme. It's more interesting. The harder the subject, the better." "They send me a pretty young girl. She's young and she's pretty. She light to bring out her best points and that's what I do. But take a girl like Barbara Stanwyck or Helen Hayes and you have something absorbing. You could work with people who are not actors, a few years older and still think of a new composition, a different mood."

When I'm after a certain effect, I tell the girl I'm doing just how far she can turn her head, how many inches she can afford to move this way or that without spoiling the shot. I give her as much freedom as I can, but I warn her that if she forgets there may be a bad light across her nose or a shadow making an ugly line on her chin."

"Carole Lombard is a good camera subject. She always listens and seldom forgets. Jean Harlow is so very fair that she needs less light than other girls... I remember how hard it was to do well by both Jean and Loretta Young when they worked together in a picture with me. Loretta needs more light when she got it, that washed Jean out."

"Everybody liked Jean. They used to say she was the only 'lady' in the studio, because she was so sweet and quiet and polite. The other ingenues around there are nice girls, but they love to cut up and do the sort of harmless, wild things girls do now. I suppose if Jean had behaved as the others normally do, people would have been horrified. Jean is such a sensitive beauty that she must watch what she does."

"There are tricks to glorify stars, to age them, to take away years, to wash out moon faces, to add Oriental cast to their features and so on."

"In The Bitter Tea of General Yen, I had Nils Asther with high lights on his cheek-bones, which left the lower part of his face in shadow, and I also threw a slant shadow down on one side of his face, the other side being kept soft--this gave a slant-eyed effect. Chinese eyelids are not like ours, they have no folds, so I had to watch the lighting on his lids too."

"This is very well when the actor is standing still, but the grief begins when he walks about."

"A stiff problem for camera men is a scene wherein several people need special lighting. I have a staff trained as a team to take care of this. On signal, at each new entrance new lights will be substituted for old, new softening or sharpening processes brought into play."

"Say that John Barrymore doing a scene in which he is twenty-five, with a heavy who must seem menacing and a leading lady who has a double chin or a nose much too long. There are three problems all to be worked out simultaneously. So long as they stay apart, great care will keep them young, wicked and lovely, but one or other must suffer if a long shot prevents all the lightings, or if someone crosses in front of the light that is responsible for the leading lady's jaw."

George Robinson, first cameraman for Universal, gives a few rules:

"To make an older person young, shoot their lights down on them to sharpen features; put silk over these lights, and the effect is achieved.

To make a younger older, shoot lights directly at her, even with the eyes, enough light only to outline face and disclose features, thus causing lines and shadows, and you can add ten years without make-up.

"To change an ingenue into a hard-boiled gangster's moll, light one side of her face strongly, and the other side just enough to reveal features; this sharpens the face and makes it look hard." "In 'Yagana,' Tala Birell had played a sweet and lovely girl for a sequence, then we had to shoot a scene showing her coming out of a forest where she had gone through danger, trouble, and fatigue. She had to look worn and haggard. We put oil on her face to bring out the high lights and use by of more light than usual made her seem glassy-eyed and exhausted.

"To help a character express fear, light only one side of his face strongly; this brings out all the action of the muscles of the face and you have it.

"To show how lights can help an actor express anything, I'll illustrate. Bill!-- (to an actor seated on a circus bench for the set of 'The Big Cage')--'Give us a mean look--the best you've got!' Bill rose and glowered at us, viciously. A signal to an electrician swept a light his way and his features became even more menacing."

"Do it again" ordered Mr. Robinson. And this time the light that came washed away all signs of menace, so that Bill appeared to be slightly miffed.

Joe Walker, Columbia's ace cameraman, descends to the ocean's floor in a diving chamber to shoot scenes for "Be-neath the Sea."

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"This picture needs special lighting because we are shooting animals in action. We have to use a long focus lens, light up the entire scene so as to keep animals in view all the time, and then shoot hot sharp lights from one side, thus outlining them in relief. The old part of screening this action is that Clyde Beatty, the zoo trainer who plays lead in the picture, is faster than the animals and it means quick work to catch all action in proper focus. The cameras are placed round the outside of the big cage, the face of the machines stuck through openings cut to fit them. These well-trained animals pay no attention to the cameras, but I remember another picture in which the beasts were not so well trained. Every now and then one of them would try to get out of the cage through a camera lens and spoil our shot!"

"The best example of aging a player without make-up happened in 'The Right to Love,'" said Charles Lang, the camera man to whom belongs credit for filming 'Farewell to Arms' for Paramount Studios. In that picture Ruth Chatterton had to play a very young girl and her mother, a woman of perhaps forty. I was used to working with Miss Chatterton and I found that the lighting for her other pictures, with usual make-up, was sufficient for her creation of the 17 year old girl; when she played the part of the mother, we simply washed out all make-up, including lip rouge, gave her a grey wig, and shot slightly downward to exaggerate incipient lines around her mouth and under her eyes, giving the effect of added years."

"She looked forty, not seventy, as screen mothers sometimes do."

"Helen Hayes is an ideal camera subject. You'd never look at her off the screen and say, as people used to say of silent stars; 'She looks like a million dollars!' but she's worth ten times more than the million dollar girl because she has infinite variety. You can make her appear lovelier than the other girl with back-lighting, contrast and so on, but you needn't do that and your scene will be very moving."

"They used to think that a leading lady must always be gorgeous. If she was lying in a cellaring starving to death, her hair must be back-lighted into a halo, her face must be lit so that she lost all character lines, etc., and she must look like nothing that ever starved in a cell."

"But now in a scene with a real director, we use only a moderate amount of light; you see the girl dimly, with no light on her hair except what falls naturally through the shaft or window of the set; you get effects as she moves that are far more interesting than the old theatrical lighting permitted."

"An interesting shot in 'Farewell to Arms' shows Gary Cooper lighting a cigarette in bed; his face is lit up brightly by the match flares."

"No ordinary match flare would show against the other lighting; so we had the prop department fake a cigarette with a match on the tip and lit it with a tiny dental light. Small wires went down Gary's arm and under the bed clothes; the light had a damper on it and when it was time for the flash of light on Gary's face, the operator worked the contraption and we got it."

"To get the hypnotic effect into Lionel Barrymore's eyes when, as 'Rasputin,' the actor is called upon to hypnotize the little Czar's wife, Bill Daniels, ace camera man at M-G-M, used a tiny points of light from a baby spotlight, on to shine into each eye. These lights were blue so that they photographed differently from the ordinary yellow lights on the set."

"When Lionel used his whirring watch to mesmerize the child, Bill had one light casting a flicker on the boy's face, another used for the watch and til the same name on Barrymore's eyes. The effect is intensely weird."

"But if Lionel had had to move around, I couldn't have kept the hypnotic gleam in his eyes," admits Bill.

"Victor Milner, veteran cinematographer of 22 years' standing, has earned triumphs as 'Trouble in Paradise,' and 'Love Me Tonight,' declares that a good cameraman can read light just as some people can read music. This can look at a person or a set or a scene and know exactly how what he sees will look on the screen."

"You learn to translate the color before you into your screen self, you visualize how your leading lady's face will photograph and know exactly where to place your lights to get the best effect. Raising a light three inches may make the difference between success and failure."

"Marlene De氤ne is erratic. Her chief charm lies in revealing her so. Some lightning schemes will wash out this quality and give you just a pretty German girl. With Marlene's best and worst qualities, it is catching the expression."

"Jeanette MacDonald, for the roles she has played, had to be light, gay, soft and beautiful. The right lights will give you these qualities in her; the wrong ones will either harden or wash her out."

"To make a glamorous person beautiful is just a part of the 'make up,'" confirmed Mr. Milner, "Anybody can back-light a girl's hair into a mass of flame that looks like a halo, throw soft lights on her from the correct positions so that she has a glorious, unearthly beauty—but what you have done is to create something unnatural."

"We like realism now, or the illusion of realism, at any rate."

"The girl who looks lovely to the eye often does not to the camera. This is because what is within seems to be caught by the camera's eye, so that she who has something to give will get over on the screen even with the eye she looks like last week's wash."

"One of the best-known men in the business is Arthur Edeson, now shooting 'Auction of Souls' at KBS-Tiffany Studios."

"One of the great temptations in a cameraman's life is to become so interested in

Most women are finding that the newer, more elaborate hair styles require not one but several kinds of hair pins. Sta-Rite gives you a style to meet every hair-dressing need. Remember, too, 'Sta-Rite won't fall out!'"

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"Which Style of STA-RITE should YOU use?"

For May 1933
FINE PHOTOGRAPHY THAT STORY VALUE IS OVERLOOKED," OBSERVES MR. EDISON, "THE RESULT WILL BE AN INNATE PAINTING, INSTEAD OF A MOVING PICTURE."

"HOWEVER, YOU CAN CREATE A MOOD, ADD GLAMOR, DEEPEN MYSTERY AND HEIGHTEN TRAGEDY."

"CONTINUOUS LIGHT OR MOONLIGHT HELPS ROMANCE, ESPECIALLY IF YOU PLACE YOUR LIGHTS SO THAT LOVELY THINGS SURROUND THE LOVERS— A FOUNTAIN IN A GARDEN, A DETAIL OF CASMENT WINDOW, A SLIM VLACE, ETC.—ARE DISCREETLY VISIBLE."

"SHADOWS ENHANCE TRAGEDY, YOU CAN THROW THEM UP HIGH ON A WALL BEHIND YOUR CHARACTERS SO THAT THEY SEEM TO DOMINATE THE HELPFUL FIGURES BELOW. YOU CAN REACH OUT FROM DIN CORNERS WITH THEM SO THAT THEY SEEM TO COME FROM THE SHADOWS OF THEIR VICTIM. YOU CAN SHARPEN THE FACE OF YOUR TERROR-STRIKEN ACTOR WITH THEM, OR SOFTEN THE EYES OF A GIRL IN LOVE."

"CRITICS REVIEW OF PICTURES ALONG INEVITABLY AMUSE CAMERAMEN WHEN THEY TOUCH ON PHOTOGRAPHY."

"CRITICS ALWAYS RAVE OVER STUFF DONE IN GORGEOUS SCENIC SPOTS," REMARKS MR. WALKER. "BUT ANY TENTH-RATE CAMERAMAN CAN GO OUT TO THE PAINTED DESERT OR UP INTO UTAH OR THE FEATHER RIVER CANYON AND COME BACK WITH SWEET SHOTS THAT WILL GET GLOWING NOTICES. OF COURSE THE MAN KNOWS HIS BUSINESS, BUT NOBODY MIGHT HELP GETTING GOOD STUFF BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ELSE TO DO."

"THE TEST COMES WHEN A CHAP HAS TO TAKE A COMPO BOARD ROOM AND MAKE HIS AUDIENCE THINK IT IS A REAL HOME WITH ATMOSPHERE. THAT'S WHERE A CAMERAMAN SIMPLY HAS TO BE GOOD."

"IN 'ONE WAY PASSAGE,' THE CAMERAMAN DID WONDERS WITH KAY FRANCIS WALKING ALONG A RAILROAD TRACK OR GOING UP STAIRS, ON DECKS, ETC., AND NOT ONE CRITIC MENTION ED HIS WORK. THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT KAY FRANCIS IS A GENEROUS ACTOR OR PERHAPS A BEAUTY, WELL, A BOAT'S A BOAT AND IT CAN'T BE HARD TO SHOOT A GIRL LIKE KAY ON ONE. THEY DIDN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THAT HE GOT ATMOSPHERE, BEAUTY AND STORY."
view her mistakes and guard against their re-occurrence.

Today she is the same. Time may have written the story of her struggles across her face and imprinted the tragedies of her heartaches indelibly in her eyes, but time has not altered her soul.

Much of living and learning for improvement of mind are plainly stamped on her features, but no changes have been tampered with.

I believe that Joan is the most intelligent woman I have ever known. I say intelligent; not intellectual. There is a vast difference. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recognizes it, for one day he said to her, "Billie, (his nickname for Joan), people say I am intelligent. They are mistaken; I am intellectual. You are intelligent, and I would gladly exchange with you. You instinctively know the proper answers to human problems.

Your knowledge is natural. My intellect is trained, and therefore superficial."

Joan is the most honest person I know, nor do I intend to convey that she is too frank. I mean that she is honest with and about herself, as only a rare few of us humans are. She detests insincerity. She hates liars and I have known her to strike truncheons and at times to best friends one whom she discovered to treat truth too lightly. Something inside of her—a sixth sense, perhaps—draws her instantly to persons blessed with similarly graceful honesty.

There is an inspirational quality about her that flares like a torch. It warms you if you really understand her. After fourteen years of Hollywood, I have long since lost all degree of awe in the presence of the movie greats, yet I find myself awed and humble when I am with Joan. I can't explain; I only know that I have such a tremendous respect for her.

The longer and the better I know her, the more impressive I find Joan to be. One recent day when we were motoring from the studio to her home, I uttered an uncommon word in conversation. She interrupted me instantly, and from a compartment in the tonneau of the car she removed a dictionary in which she traced the words origin and meaning. I shall never forget the glow of satisfaction on her face as she replaced the book. A few days afterward she reminded me of the word and recited its precise etymology. Joan always keeps that dictionary convenient, and she never fails to investigate words whose meanings she does not fully comprehend.

If you do not believe that I so deeply respect Miss Crawford, and if you think that all I have written is just so much writer's poppycock, permit me to inform you of what happened to me on the day I interviewed her for this story:

It was one of those "usual" California days—the rain was pouring down in torrents, fretfully. I went to the sound stage towards the front offices. Rain fell in bucketfuls, and twice I washed through sudden streams that swirled about my shoe-tops and sought to sweep me away. A cold wind whipped razor-edged drops of water into my face, blinding and choking me.

And abruptly I said to myself, "You fool, you're whistling!" Whistling, in the most damnable weather California has ever seen. Whistling, in the teeth of a gale that threatened to fling me bodily into one of the myriad of temporary lakes formed by the cloud-burst. Whistling, while my shoes oozed water with every step, and while my ears, cold and red and raw, dripped icy drops inside my collar!

When a man whistles in the face of such savage oneness, the elements, he is drunk, in love, or inspired. I had not touched liquor and I'd have run away from you of what happened to me.

Ernst, I have been inspired. I told Joan I intended thus to describe her greatness.

"But I'm not," she protested. "Greatness comes from within. It is not stardom or wealth or physical achievement. It is a spiritual motive that may elevate the lowest slave above his master."

"Exactly my own belief," I agreed.

And when I call Joan inspiring, I do not refer to her achievements. I pay allegiance to her womanly instincts. I offer respect to a woman who is not afraid to admit that she is ashamed of her deficiencies and who is constantly striving to overcome them.

As I left the studio, I paused to show a member of the publicity department a photograph I had posed with Miss Crawford.

"Lucky dog," said he, "to have a picture with such a famous star."

I laughed. "Lucky dog," said I, "to have shared a photograph with such a remarkable woman."

As I departed, he stared after me as though I were crazy.

Keeping in trim! Joan Crawford takes frequent dancing lessons by way of maintaining that ofish figure. Here she is about to step into a routine under the watchful eye of her dancing instructor.
Exploding the Joel McCrea Myth

Continued from page 23

sensation of having had a spotlight at his heels, it is likely that when he does marry it will be with a maximum of quiet and unobtrusiveness.

"What actually happened was too uncomplicated, of course, for Hollywood to consider. I was starting in pictures. I wanted very much to make a go of it. And I realized quite clearly that I knew nothing about it, absolutely nothing. I sincerely wanted to learn—so naturally I went with women of intelligence and knowledge, enchanted by their wisdom and technical experience. It was a lucky fluke for which I am profoundly grateful, the stars I played opposite likewise me enough to let me hang around and listen to all the shop-talk. I didn't break furniture at parties, or get drunk or try to mooch. I was no hanger-on in any way, which I suppose was a point in my favor. And people, the kind of people I am, are always kindly disposed toward a real desire for knowledge.

Looking at him, and considering him, one really has to question the consistency of that high intellectual plane. Questioned, he is unembarrassed.

"Oh, naturally! I didn't look on them as school-teachers! I'm not blind. They are charming, glamorous—and I love to ask them to listen to glamorous, sophisticated women. Inevitably I was romantic about them. I did have a crush on Connie Bennett, for instance. But, for the love of heaven, whose life doesn't contain pleasant relationships here and there quickened into romance?"

"The whole trouble is this cock-eyed business of magnifying the usual things of life into terrific, dramatic proportions—a chronic Hollywood failing."

It is not, however, a McCrea failing. Joel—forthright, unflappable by anyone or anything—has as level a head as you will find under the California sky. That expertly-publicistic sign the California, has done no more to Joel than give him an excellent tan. Around our studios, where success is often a form of sun-stroke, Joel is immune even to prickly heat.

"I am no actor—but I have the advantage of knowing it. As long as I play parts that are within the range of my own personality, I get by all right. I have really studied and worked until I am not entirely sure of myself. The spark that makes great, destined actors just isn't in the old bean—or heart, or soul, or wherever it is it lights. But I like doing it anyhow—I like being a part of it."

"Also, since I have a good deal of Scot in me, I have no objection to the money I make. If I can keep on for five years more, I'll have an assured income of five hundred dollars a month for the rest of my life. That is a grand, concrete thing to work toward."

When he recently re-signed with Radio, friends attempted to persuade him to hold out for a shorter contract and more money. To the new contract provided. He is a good drawing-card and his present status would reasonably warrant such a move. But their advice was tranquilly ignored.

"Suppose I set up such an argument and executives called my bluff. Then where would I be? It might just happen that I'd fall into something better at another studio—and then again it might not. It's pleasant for me to stay at Radio and I can look fairly confidently toward that income at the end of five years. I don't want Hispanic-Suizas and marble swimming-pools.
A Tail of Two Scotties

Continued from page 31

bloody hero type," added Jill. "You know, they're always pulling babies out of burning buildings, or dashing into the scene to chew up the villain just in time to save the lovely heroine from his clutches. Those dogs just aren't real!"

"What's her name?" asked Jack, intrigued by the story.

"Anna," said Jill, "the name of the Scottie in the picture."

"I think I might like to have a Scottie," announced Jack. "But I wouldn't want one as a puppy, I think I'd prefer an older one with a bit of character."

"I agree," said Jill. "A Scottie is a wonderful dog, but they're very independent and need a lot of patience."

"But they're so cute," said Jack. "I just can't resist them."

"Well," said Jill, "let's see if we can find the right one."

Until then, let rumor erupt where it may, he will be heart-true, if not continually hair-free. He does not lure a romantic interest, he says, but after a few weeks realizes that he would be quite unshackled of the lady did. When she does with both of them synonymous delightful and friendly—Jack is off to his ranch, riding the trails of his mountain kingdom, plotting a future that he tells happily taking the house presently to stand under the trees.

Before he goes up there for good and all, he would like to appear in one really fine picture. Preferably "The Wind Howl" by Don Byrne.

When he says that Byrne is his favorite author, it is quite easy to imagine this particular part of the land. And when the owner, an Englishman, just went back to England and vaguely left the little thing to the air, the kind-hearted man remembered his enthusiasm for that section and when it came up for sale gave me first crack at it.

"It is such beautiful country! Up in the mountains—cool and fresh even in midsummer. On my ranch there are two springs, and the richest grazing land in the whole district. It's covered with magnificent trees, and green, not brown like most California country. Yellow poppies and blue mountain violets as far as you can see, and the air has a clear mountain smell that almost makes you drunk."

Already he has planned the modest, but roomy log house which will go on it. He now has a cook and mail train to take his guest to the foreman. When the five years are up, Joel will stock it and run it himself. Added and encouraged by the little woman.

"How can I tell now? But probably, I guess."

"What would you do with the glamour girls lured up to the mountains to preside over a ranch-house?"

"An unlikely picture."

"Of course not. I'd never marry a woman an extra to find out about the point of view of the agreement. I am not dependent on the screen. I have worked with my hands before and I can again. It wouldn't be such a good living, but it would be pleasant and I am equipped to do it."

Thus, on as good an exit line as any, we gracefully conclude the explosion of the great McCreary Myth.

No Joke To Be Deaf

Every Deal Person Knows That

"I'm not going to be deaf any more," said Mr. Hall, a typical deaf man to whom the condition is a great handicap, according to his wife. "I'm going to wear those things they sell you for nothing that you can wear right to your ears."

"What do you mean," asked Jack. "Are you saying that you're going to put on an ear piece and pretend you're not deaf?"

"That's exactly what I mean," said Mr. Hall. "I'm going to wear those things they sell you for nothing that you can wear right to your ears."

"Well," said Jack, "that sounds like a good plan."

"He's not going to wear the things that they sell you for nothing that you can wear right to your ears."

"But, Mr. Hall," said Jack, "those things are not free."

"They're not free," said Mr. Hall. "But they're very cheap."

"I see," said Jack. "Well, Mr. Hall, I hope you enjoy your new hearing."

"I will," said Mr. Hall. "I'm going to enjoy my new hearing very much."
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**Ask Me!**

*Continued from page 8*

Twelve years was "Young Bride" with Eric Jolly, Arline Judge,液 waters, Cliff Edwards and Roscoe Ates.

Lee M. Very few of the important actresses have achieved sudden stardom. Many have had years of stage experience, even as child actors among them are, Bebe Daniels, Madge Evans, Dolores and Helene Costello, Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, Lilian and Dorothy, and many others. Clara Bow's leading man in "Call Her Savage." Others in the cast are Thelma Todd, Estelle Taylor, Monroe Owsley and Willard Robertson.
Happiness in Hair!

Continued from page 67

alive, dry it with your hands and towels. In salons where the hair is seriously considered as well as its immediate appearance no heat is used for drying except in emergencies.

When your hair is about half dry begin to brush it. I do hope you have a splendid, stand-by-you, serviceable brush! Save your pennies and get a good brush. You don't want one that merely slides along the surface of your hair. You want one with long, firm, but limber bristles that penetrate your hair and stimulate your scalp.

Recently I chanced to see a girl with hair that looks like Ann Harding, is showing you in her picture I am using with this article, how to brush your hair up. This is absolutely the correct way — separate it into sections. Place your brush firmly on the scalp and give it a complete stroke upward. Brushing polishes your hair until it is gently, softly, burnished metal. It exercises the roots strengthening your hair and making it grow. Besides, this brushing makes your hair fluffy. Brushing upward keeps it from lying flat on your head in a spiritless way. Nothing has yet been invented to take the place of brushing.

A good hairbrush can be had from bending your head over to brush it — you know, like Aunt Mary used to bend over to get her hair up. Looking over brings the blood to your head which is good for your face, your eyes, your ears, as well as beneficial to your hair. Every wash and shampoo and treatment as this will leave your hair gleaming and silky. Now, how are you going to arrange this lovely hair to be most becoming to your face?

Tight waves and a complete marcel all over the head are seldom seen any more in the smartest places. Antoine, of Paris, launched the marcel into a career hat when he gave his show at the Savoy-Plaza in New York. All of his arrangements had places somewhere on the head like a picture. And, of course, the one that attracts you?

All of these picture girls who stand so prominently before the public use every means to add to their "illusion of beauty." Every woman can do the same thing for herself and reap proportionately the rewards it gives her own life. We like to believe that beauty of mind and character is expressed somewhere, somehow, in the physical. When you can have the tremendous advantage of a beautiful hair so easily, why not promise yourself, and me, that from now on your hair will always be at its silken, shimmering best? That's being smart— in more ways than one!

Constance Bennett has always been a pioneer in the matter of hair-dressing. No actress makes better use of lovely hair than she. She started the new popularity of the half-fringe bang. Isn't it true that when you think of Constance Bennett's appearance, you think of her shining hair almost immediately? And this in spite of her amazing eyes.

Kay Francis is another actress whose hair always remembers. She has gone in for a new softness about her face, instead of the sleek, chic, satiny appearance of yore. They are both becoming to her, no matter how you've observed on the screen.

And what do you think of Alice White's blondness? It makes her look incredibly young. Both she and Mary Carlisle are cute no end with their sly, soft little upward turn in the back. Not for the mature types!

This seems to be a general renaissance of the quainter ways of doing up hair. Dorothy Wilson exemplifies this trend with her hair brought simply, but softly, back into low knots behind her ears. A nice way to show off a lovely contour of check, throat and ear, isn't it?

No wonder Miriam Jordan seems to have a new, armful of completely hypnotized! Just how much of her appearance of exquisite grooming and feminine beauty is due to her shingly, blond antecedent hair? Without understanding her other charms and talents, isn't it her hair that attracts you?

It's the Cats!

Continued from page 34

will not make a satisfactory performer. The ordinary cat cannot, or should it be said, will not, master a repertoire of more than four or five tricks. Knowing this, the trainers do not try to overburden a cat with countless stunts, and restrict each cat to a selected group of tricks which it is taught thoroughly.

One of the hardest tricks for a trainer to teach a cat is that of stopping and starting. The difficulty will be appreciated in connection with sound-pictures for com- mercial purposes. The animal from the sidelines, Tabby must be taught to obey silent commands.

The trainer must not train a cat in a motion picture scene which required that the cat enter a room, walk across it, pause in the center of the room, look back at the point from which it had entered, and then proceed to the opposite wall where it was to jump to a high window-sill.

"King," the prize performer of Kerry's collection, was taught to perform the trick. The cat was taught the stunt in several operations, learning first that once it had entered a room and walked across it it would return and look back at its trainer who stood at the point from which the animal had entered, it would be rewarded with a tasty bit. Being kept hungry, and knowing it would not be fed until it had walked to a designated spot and then looked backward, it soon handled this section of the stunt with ease.

The trainer then placed a bit of food for the animal on the high window-sill to which it was to jump. Occasionally food was given to the cat when it reached the half-way mark on the floor— frequently enough to cause the cat to pause there and glance backward to see whether or not food was forthcoming.

When it came time to "shoo!" the scene, no food was placed for the animal. It slowly entered the room while the camera were carefully focused upon it, walked half-way across, and then stopped, looking back to see if the trainer was going to throw it some food as he had previously.

The trainer, meanwhile, had hidden from sight. When the cat saw it was to go unrewarded, it decided to proceed across the room to the opposite side, jumping high to the window-sill in the hope that other food was at hand there.

There you have, I'm sure, how easy it is to make a cat a good actor!
The Public Be Heard
Continued from page 6

“CLEAN” PICTURES

I'm glad I went to see "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," for it was a good picture, well acted. But in the midst of it, without the slightest provocation and of no assistance to the plot, a bath-tub appeared on the scene and we must forthwith witness the charming heroine taking a bath. Recently I saw "No Man of Her Own," and the same thing happened. "The Match King" also had its big bathing moment, and I could enumerate five other films I have seen recently in which the bath-tub is hauled in with no real raison d'être.

What's the matter with the directors? Do they consider bathing a novelty? Or have they a job lot of bath-tubs on hand? Let's have less "bathos" in our pictures!

Mignon Quay, Lott
Baton Rouge, La.

“SUPERB” ASTHER

This is my first attempt at a "rave" for a movie star, but I am going to make up for lost time.

May the biggest bouquet that ever grew go to Nils Asther! His superb performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" was a tender, beautiful story, is the height of fine acting. The diabolical yet charming General whose fascination shows a human streak is played to perfection.

I read not long ago that Nils was to play with Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," but Clark Gable got the part. Clark is a grand actor, and all that—but what's the matter with Nils Asther?

I'm sure I must be one of many who want to see Nils more often. Wake up directors and studios, and give Nils Asther bigger and better parts. He deserves them!

Kathleen M. Anderson
Coronado, Calif.

“GREAT”! He RATES IT!

After having seen that much-talked-of player Charles Laughton, in "Island of Lost Souls," I realize how truly he is called a great actor.

He makes you forget completely that he is taking the part of a fictitious character. Several times during the performance I found myself thinking that Dr. Moreau had really lived (gruesome thought!). Laughton somehow convinced me of it. Nor does he attempt to "rub" into the drama—he speaks in a low tone, yet in so compelling a manner. And, not least of all, Laughton appears to have a delightful sense of humor.

Kathleen H. Kirwan
Bronxville, N. Y.

BETTE, TAKE A BOW!

Too little is said of the perfectly natural, unspoiled Bette Davis.

One can almost feel a certain restlessness and ease come over an audience when she appears on the screen. Perhaps it's the beautiful way she handles that adorably lanky figure and long neck! And again we may be tired of "beauties—just beauties"; we want, at times, individuality. And goodness knows we get it with Bette. Why, she's actually able to hold a crowd without danger of burning herself! And as for her manner of speech—well, it is simply what you would expect from a girl who is so utterly charming and graceful.

M. Smith
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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I don't care how fat you are or what you have tried. You can lose 10 lbs. in only one way to safely reduce. You must resore the common-
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[Ad for Screenland magazine, featuring an advertisement for a weight-loss program called "Fat Woman Lost 32 Lbs." and an article titled "The Public Be Heard." There are also notices for "The Public Be Heard" and "Clean" pictures.]

*SHARLIE GOES HOLLYWOOD!

* With apologies to Mr. Jack Pearl

Charlie: So, Baron, you are going to Hollywood?

Baron Munchausen: Suh, I'm going out dere to make picture

ures for one hundred billion dollars a week, directed by Irving Thalberg, Ernst Lubitsch, and

Frank Borzage, mit script by Eugene O'Neill, George Bernard Shaw, and Anita Loos, and

playing extra in my first picture will be Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Mary Pick-

ford, Charlie Chaplin, and twenty dozen lions, and fifty
elephants, and one hundred
camels, and my cousin Hoogo, and Mickey Mouse, and—

Charlie: Ridiculous!

The Baron: I beg your stuff?

Charlie: Why you can't get all those temperamental stars to play extras in your picture!

The Baron: Vas you dere, Sharlie?

Seriously, Jack Pearl is going to Hollywood, and next month in SCREENLAND you will read all about him. This magazine has long been aware of the affinity of the radio and the motion picture, and was the first screen publication to give you a radio department as a regular feature. Now we will give you, first, the most entertaining story you have ever read about Radio's funniest man, Mr. Jack Pearl—in the June issue on sale April 25.

Tune in every Friday at 4:15

STATION

W O V

MUSIC

GOSSIP

NEWS
Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 12

Luxury Liner
Paramount

Things are bound to happen when a ship carries such exciting passengers as George Brent, Zita Johann, Alice White, Vivienne Osborne, C. Aubrey Smith, Vera Teasdale, and Frank Morgan. You'll watch a domestic triangle unfold—a murder and a suicide, among other things, Alice White shines, George Brent scores, but the film doesn't quite hit the bull's eye of entertainment.

The Secret of Madame Blanche
M-G-M

This smacks of "Madame X," and several other self-sacrificing mother-love films, but Irene Dunne's brilliant presence adds lustre to the old story. The pictures will bring on the weeps—especially when Irene confesses to a murder in order to shield her son. But, rejoice, there's a happy ending! Nice work by Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill, but the applause goes to Irene.

Face in the Sky
Fox

A brash young sign-painter from the big city meets a sweet country girl and—you've guessed it—they fall in love! It's a sentimental story, and will make the sophisticated snicker. Spencer Tracy keeps the film lively when he's around—but he isn't around enough. Stuart Erwin and Sam Hardy make the most of their roles. Marion Nixon is the country gal. Good cast, but oh, the story!

Ladies They Talk About
Warner

Excellent acting on the part of La Stanwyck helps to carry this otherwise implausible picture. Barbara becomes a "lady of the big house" when the man she loves and trusts goes back on her. After her release she seeks revenge, but her early love for him triumphs over her hatred. Preston Foster and Lillian Roth are capable in supporting roles.

Sailor Be Good
RKO-Radio

Jack Oakie clowns and works hard but gets few laughs. Don't blame him—there just aren't enough comedy situations for him to put over. The story, such as it is, deals with sailors on shore leave, gals, and gin. Oakie throws over his square-shooting sweetheart, Vivienne Osborne, for a dizzy society cutie. But there's a happy ending.

Nagana
Universal

Anyway, you'll add a new word to your vocabulary—"Nagana" means sleeping sickness. Mervyn Douglas is a scientist who goes to Africa to battle the dread disease, and is followed there by the devoted Tala Bireh. Thrills arise when the suspicious natives attack them, but Douglas turns loose his experimental animals—excitement! That nice Onslow Stevens appears briefly. Encore!

Dangerously Yours
Fox

If you like the "Raffles" type of crook story this will ring the bell with you. Warner Baxter plays the gentlemanly burglar with charming manners and taking ways. Miriam Jordan is the beautiful lady detective. As you suspected, Miriam falls in love with Warner, who, of course, reforms. Despite good work on the part of the cast, the action is a bit slow.

Blondie Johnson
First National

Just when we thought all the movie racketeers had been taken for a "ride"—along comes Joan Blondell as a "lady racketeer!" Joan is her usual breezy self, wisecracking her way throughout the film. You'll welcome back Chester Morris, who plays Blondie's partner-in-cinema crime; and you'll applaud Allen Jenkins. It's entertaining.

Hilarious Sport!
ONE to EIGHT PLAYERS

Smart Hostesses are introducing Hi-Jinks to their friends. Hi-Jinks is the exciting new question and answer game that livens up a party— is great fun whenever it's played. Old and young, men and women, everyone enjoys it. It's so simple to play—so amusing that everyone has a good time.

Plan now to play it the next time you have company and know that your friends will congratulate you on being the first to introduce this popular New York game. Top off an evening of bridge with Hi-Jinks. Not only is Hi-Jinks a riot of fun forgrownups but children love it too. Many mothers buy Hi-Jinks for their kiddies. They say it trains them to think quickly and correctly.

Screenland Says "Yes"
For All Movie Lovers

Hi-Jinks is the movie lovers game. It's your game if you enjoy the movies. The cost is low—only 25c for the four games and we pay the postage. Mail your order today and be the first to play Hi-Jinks.

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I am enclosing 25c. Please send me Hi-Jinks postpaid.

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For Smart Hostesses

FIRST CROSSWORD PUZZLES
THEN JIG-SAW PUZZLES
NOW
Here's Hollywood!
Continued from page 76

ANN D'VORAK, rumored quietly back in Hollywood, is actually in Southern Italy, from where she wrote cards to Hollywood friends and indicated that it may be some time before she returns to America. Joan Blondell has been made Assistant Chief of Police of Fresno, California. Bebe Daniels will go to Europe this summer to make a concert tour to last about four months; she will open her tour in Barcelona, Spain. When the director of the Culbertson bridge series quit, Elly said, "It was because we disagreed on the Culbertson system." Ruth Chatterton plays chess; George Brent, plays polo. George agreed to learn chess if Ruth would take up polo, and at present they're deadlocked. George Arliss, who is very tender toward animals and living creatures, refused to permit fishing scenes for "Adopted Father," and only allowed to show part of his fishpole bent to indicate he had made a strike. Joe E. Brown went through high school and college in one week; on Tuesday he was made an Honorary Alumnus of Los Angeles High, and on Thursday he became an Honorary member of the University of California of Los Angeles Athletic Association.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., saw a preview sign on a theatre and stopped to ask what picture was being given its "try out." "From Hell to Heaven," with Jack Oakie, Adrienne Ames, David Manners and Carole Lombard, informed the ticket seller.

"Hmmm! With that cast," murmured young Doug, "I understand why the title must cover so much territory."

BING CROSBY won his first notable success in Hollywood. He also met Dixie Lee, his wife, in the film city. And in addition, he likes Hollywood and most of his friends live there. So he and Dixie, at considerable inconvenience to themselves, left New York and went to California's most famous city so that the Crosby heir might be born in the state its parents love most.

HAVE you wondered what stars do after careers are ended? Here are a few answers:

Pearl White, former serial queen, now lives in Paris. She works in French films, and is a wealthy investor in several French night clubs.

Theda Bara, once the screen's foremost vampire, is now the wife of director Charles Brabin, and is a social leader in Hollywood. She attempted a screen come-back a few years ago.

Olive Borden, the Fox "girl with the most beautiful figure," a few years ago, is now in London, striving for a new career on English stage and screen.

Carlyle Blackwell, the first matinée idol of the screen and still called motion pictures' handsomest star, also lives in France. He habituates the Casino in Monte Carlo and other popular spas of the Old Continent.

THE new fun-fad in Brawly-wood, started by Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell, is the substitution of stars' names for other words in conversation. Here are some examples, and you'll find it entertaining to invent others:

"Don't go putting on Ayres around here."

"If I pay you a dime for the knife, who will be the Gaynor?"

"He's a great man, but he has his short Cummins."

You may even enjoy dialect or vernacular, such as:

"A Boyd in the hand's worth two in the Bush."

Or you may resort to semi-slangish:

"Blondell-she's a bleached bruiser!"

BERT WHEELER says he saw a game of "Bridget"; bridge played by midgets!

JOSPEH STERNBERG keeps to his high standards of feminine companionship. These two beautiful Teutonic ladies are Frau Liane Haid and Fraulein Lui Deyen, of Berlin.

When good Barrymores get together! Mr. and Mrs. Lionel and Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore made up a distinguished family party at Palm Springs.

Henry Garat, imported from the Paris screen by Fox, is being hailed as the new threat to Chevalier's supremacy. Be that as it may, he certainly has excellent taste in reading matter!
No Man can Resist the ALLURE of a Soft, Smooth Skin

Do people regard you as pretty sometimes? Or do you bear the reputation for constant loveliness that goes with a delicate flawless complexion?

It is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly in winter! ... Sharp cold and biting winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm... Indoor heat saps the natural oils from your skin. Leaves it dry and old-looking.

Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness... if it often feels dry and rough... begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder at once. Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder in all the world made with an Olive Oil base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the very first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this different face powder today. It is delicately scented and comes in 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are priced to meet the limits of your purse. Available at leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to try five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon for the OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler."

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil
FACE POWDER

This "INTRODUCTORY SAMPLER" contains liberal samples of these OUTDOOR GIRL preparations:

- Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream
- Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

Crystal Corporation, Dept. 105-E, Willis Ave., New York
I enclose 10c to cover handling and postage. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing the 5 preparations mentioned in your advertisement.

Name __________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________________ State ________
Oil is as necessary to the hair and scalp as food is to the body. All soap shampoos take out the oil, and don't put it back!

Venida Oil Shampoo is entirely different from any you have ever used before. It is a pure oil that mixes with water and rinses away without soap! It contains no harmful ingredients to dry and brittle the hair... no soap, no free alkali, no alcohol!

Venida Oil Shampoo checks dandruff—corrects dry scalp and brings out the hidden sheen without the use of dangerous dyes or bleaches. You will never know how much softer, more lustrous and more manageable your hair can be until you use this amazing new shampoo.

The 50¢ size at all drug and department stores...the generous introductory size at all good 10¢ toilet goods counters.

For Lovely, Lasting Waves—Set your hair with VENIDA WAVE SET! It dries in half the time, is not sticky or greasy, leaves no powdery flakes, and is so economical you can have it as part of your daily beauty make-up. 16 oz. bottle only 50¢—the generous introductory size at all the good 10¢ stores.

Joan Bennett Talks about Sister Constance
Amelia Earhart Looks at the Films • Exclusive!
Why I Married Fredric March by Florence Eldridge March
REDUCE 5 pounds this week with the proven method of a prominent New York physician

REDUCE 5 pounds during the next week. You can—surely, safely and without discomfort. This sensational statement is not merely an advertising claim—it is our absolute money-back guarantee.

Take Dr. McCaskey's Prescription Tablets according to the instructions found in each package and like hundreds of others you will probably remove 5 pounds the very first week.

You will feel better, look better and be better. You will realize why fashionable and famous patients have built a reputation for Dr. McCaskey that makes him an acknowledged authority on weight control.

55 Pounds Reduction in 6 Weeks
Dr. McCaskey’s case reports to medical journals have been sensational. He has shown cases where followers of his method have lost 125 pounds, reductions as much as 55 pounds in 6 weeks.

His prescription is not a phsysic—it positively contains no thyroid, no drugs, nothing that could harm a baby. No drastic diets are necessary, no exercises, nothing that materially interferes with your regular habits or comfort.

Reduce Where You Want to Reduce
Follow the instructions of the remarkable booklet found in each package and see how easily you can reduce abdomen, legs, ankles, hips or any other part of your body you particularly want to reduce.

Even though you are only a few pounds overweight but are constantly fighting a battle with fat you will find Dr. McCaskey’s method will enable you to control your weight with comfort. And you will feel brighter, clearer and happier and look better in the size of garments you ought to be wearing.

Send No Money—Try at Our Risk
The regular price of Dr. McCaskey’s Prescription Tablets is $1.00 per package. If you use the coupon we will send you three full size packages. Send no money. Merely pay the postman $2.50 and a few cents postage. And if you do not reduce 5 pounds the very first week, return the packages and your money will be refunded immediately. Use the coupon now and the tablets will be sent to you in plain package at once.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS COUPON
Dispensary Supply Co.,
67 W. 44th St.,
New York, N. Y.
Send me 3 packages of Dr. McCaskey’s Prescription Tablets with booklet enclosed. I will pay the postman $2.50 and the few cents postage. It is understood that I may return the packages at any time and that you will refund my money immediately.

NAME

ADDRESS

DONALD McCASKEY, M. D.
Recognized authority on weight control. His fine thirty year record as a physician brought him such honor as Fellowship in the New York Academy of Medicine, Membership in the Medical Society of the County of New York and an Officer's Commission in the Medical Corps of the Army. He is a licensed physician and surgeon in both New York and Pennsylvania. He has lectured and written on weight control for medical journals and magazines of general circulation.

Dr. McCaskey's Prescription Tablets
She gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need Ipana and massage.

“Pink” upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums.

And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For “pink tooth brush” may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent’s disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about “pink tooth brush.” You’ll be rid of it!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-63
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
Katharine Hepburn, newest movie “glamor-girl”

The Last Word in “Glamor”

Well, maybe not quite the last word. Such a fascinating subject as Glamor will never be exhausted. But we are going to give you the last word—
to date. Why not? We were the first to tell you about Glamor in its relation to screen actresses. No—we’re not claiming to have invented Glamor. Eve did that, closely followed by Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Greta Garbo, and a few other girls, or so we’ve heard. But we do undertake to give you an entirely fresh slant on this Glamor business. Clemence Dane, celebrated English author of “A Bill of Divorcement,” “Broom Stages,” and other popular books and plays, who is now in Hollywood writing screen stories, has been persuaded to give us her views, and as you might expect, they make provocative reading. It was as a Clemence Dane heroine that Katharine Hepburn, our latest exponent of the good old art of Glamor, made her first screen success. Miss Dane should know. She does know!

See July SCREENLAND on sale May 25th
M-G-M is proud of John Barrymore! "Reunion in Vienna" is his new picture and Diana Wynyard is the girl! One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "Reunion in Vienna" from Robert E. Sherwood's play, produced by the Theatre Guild, becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delight! Directed by Sidney Franklin.

* The reproduction above of an original painting of John Barrymore by Otis Shepard is the second of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.
The Public Be Heard!

ACTORS SHOULD ACT!
(First Prize Letter in "Personality" discussion)

The stars should by all means forget their own personalities in their roles, and strive to become the characters they are portraying.

True enough, I have my screen favorites whom I try not to miss; but they are my favorites less because of some charming personal characteristic than because I can depend upon them to give good performances. Their names have become, as it were, a guarantee of fine acting. Experience shows that the popular personality is apt to have but a short "day," and soon become as out-dated as a popular song, whereas the actor can go on indefinitely.

In briefer language, should be actors and not mere mannikins.

D. H. Chapman,
1512 Wilshire Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

AMAZING MYRNA LOY
(Fourth Prize Letter)

Myrna Loy has gone and done it—she's got herself "discovered" at last! After having seen her in "The Animal Kingdom" and "Topaze," there can no longer be any doubt that she is a lovely and gifted actress, and not merely a player of exotic character parts.

Miss Loy rose to the top rung slowly, silently, but surely, and now we all stand amazed, and wonder why it took us so long to discover her. Of course, she was typed too much and cast in unsympathetic parts; and one just took her acting for granted. But just try to put someone else in those parts, and see what would happen.

Here's to your continued success, Miss Loy, and your future stardom!

Virginia Perry,
460 W. 24th St.,
New York City.

WE CAN'T IMAGINE!
Screen stars should, by all means, put their personalities foremost in their roles. Imagine Zasu Pitts playing a Norma (Continued on page 88).

Spencer Tracy's hard-hitting and intensely human characterizations win him the bulk of this month's plaudits from picture-goers. See him give one of his most compelling performances in his next picture, "The Power and the Glory."
Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933-model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show... If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown!

RUTH CHATTERTON
in
"LILLY TURNER"

GEORGE BRENT
Frank McHugh
Ruth Donnelley
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play by Philip Dunne and George Abbott
Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. again!
ASK ME.
You ask, we answer!

By Miss Vee Dee

Carol Ann. Richard Arlen has a host of adainers who have watched his work, step by step, and know he will always give a sincere portrayal of any character assigned him. He was born Sept. 1, 1899, in Charlotteville, Va., the son of James and Mary Van Mattimore. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. While attending St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minn., he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He trained in England and after receiving a lieutenant's commission, served as a pilot in taking planes to the front. After the close of the war, he entered the University of Minn., but other plans prevented his finishing school. He can recall 34 pictures he has worked in and many more in which he played very minor parts. First release was "Vegeance of the Deep" in 1923. His new film is "College Humor," with Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen of radio fame.

Mrs. Ada G. You expect to "wait on our door step" until we give you a full-length picture of your favorite, Buck Jones. Why wait outside—step in and we'll see what can be done about Buck's picture. And in the meantime don't miss Buck's release, "Unknown Valley."

Virginia A. Since making "Delicious" Raul Roulien has appeared with Joan Bennett and John Boles in "Careless Lady" and has been seen in a few minor parts but his admirers insist on some big parts in a big picture. He does not know of any phonograph records Ramon Novarro has made which are for sale. As you undoubtedly know, your favorite, John Gilbert, has taken unto himself a fourth bride, the blonde Virginie Bruce. They were married in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot, last August 10.

Anastasia Z. Sorry I haven't the cast of "For the Love of Fauny," featuring Glenn Tryon. It was a short subject film. Bob Steele's new picture is "Law of the West" with Nancy Drexel. "Unknown Valley" with Cecilia Parker is Buck Jones' latest offering. Janet Gaynor is 25, Glenn Tryon is 33, Paul Muni, of "Fugitive" fame, is 35, and Sylvia Sidney is 22. Marian Nixon and Bob Bellamy played together in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In 1917, Mary Pickford and Eugene O'Brien made the silent film for Paramount of Kate Douglas Wiggin's popular book.

Mrs. Grisela L. No one could turn in more delightful portrayals than Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles. It was Roland who was the king in Pola Negri's talking picture "A Woman Commands." Both Roland and Charlie scored a tremendous hit in "This is the Night" with Lily Damita, Willard Robertson was Newton in "Shangri-Love." He was Jackie Cooper's father in "Slippy" and "Sooky." David Warth, Griffith is very much alive and is still directing pictures now and then. Edward Earle is also among those present and plays in an occasional picture. He belongs to the Masquer's Club and if you look "right sharp" you may see him in some of their farces on the screen.

The Hungarian Goulash, I'll take vanilla in mine. You want the dope, the whole dope, and nothing but the dope on Maureen O'Sullivan. She was born May 17, 1911, in Rascommon, Ireland. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 114 pounds, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at the Sacred Heart Academy in Dublin. First picture experience was with John McCormick in "Song O'My Heart." You may remember her in "Just Imagine" with El Brendel, Marjorie White, John Garrick and Frank Albertson. You saw Maureen in "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. She has completed a second "Tarzan" film with Johnny Weissmuller.

Mary G. It would mean a lot to you and countless other fans to see Frances Starr again. She made her first screen appearance in "Five Star Final" with Edward Robinson, H. B. Warner, Anthony Bushell and Marjan Marsh. Later she was in "The Star Witness" with Chic Sale and others. Frances was born June 6, 1886, in Oneonta, New York. She was on the stage in 1901, appearing in a number of stage successes for several years.

Nina S. There is really a Juliette Compton and she is neither Joyce, Fay, nor Betty Compton. Juliette was born in Columbus, Ga. She lived in England for ten years, and has been in American pictures about two years. She is the wife of James Bertram, an Englishman, and they have a four-year-old daughter.

Miss F. K. Clark Gable's father was William Gable of Cadiz, Ohio, and not Max Gable, the Jewish actor of New York. Clark appeared in "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer. He first attracted attention as the "heavy" in "The Painted Desert." Then in his first films for M-G-M he assumed similar roles, made better for him because the audience was left in suspense for a while as to the extent of his villainy. Remember him in "Night Nurse" with Barbara Stanwyck? Bad old meanie! But he went tough again in "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow, and more Gable-ish than ever in "No Man of Her Own," with Carole Lombard. Watch for him in "Nora," opposite Jean Harlow.

Pretty Polly. You don't want a cracker, do you? Mary Brian, often called "The sweetest girl in Hollywood," is about 23 years old and not married. Mary's latest picture is "Girl Missing," with Ben Lyon. Ralph Bellamy's releases are "Young America," "The Woman in Room 13," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Air Mail," and Second Hand Wife." Leslie Howard's real name is Leslie Stamp. His home life is an ideal one—he is devoted to his wife and two children and is never separated from them. Don't miss him in "Berkeley Square," a picturization of his Broadway stage success.

Ethel N. P. You'd like pictures of Robert Montgomery in every issue! Swell for you and Bob but how about the three or four other good actors? Robert appeared in "Blonde of the Folies" with Marion Davies and Billie Dove, who had a wonderful time on the screen, fighting over your favorite. Bob was born in London. N.Y., on May 21, 1904. He has short hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He was married to Miss Allan on April 14, 1928. And—married. Watch for Bob in "Hail, Holy
Kid Star: "Father, I've decided to send you to school—it's about time you learned a vocation!"

Usher: "Captain, I have to report three meows and one P-s-s-s-t during the running of the Mickey Mouse film!"
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 56.
More reviews on Page 88.

Christopher Strong
RKO
Katharine Hepburn's second picture presents her as a dashing aviatrix with mid-Victorian romantic ideas. The long lanky glamor-gal goes love-lorn, scaling the skies in lonely grandeur and finally ending-it-all in far from modern fashion. You'll like the fascinating Hepburn, and the very English Colin Clive, and charming Billie Burke. But give Hepburn a better story, pronto.

Sailor's Luck
Fox
Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn disport themselves agreeably in this slightly silly picture of the sailor's-sweetheart school. Their love triumphs over many mishaps, quarrels, and mutual socks in the jaw. None of it makes much sense, but it's nice and noisy and everybody has a lot of fairly clean fun. Sally looks nicer—and slimmer—than you've seen her in some time.

The Crime of the Century
Paramount
Here's a new idea in murder mystery films—and it makes for absorbing entertainment. A reputable doctor who feels the urge to hypnotize and rob a patient confesses to the police, asking to be restrained. Then the patient is murdered, and—guess who? Jean Hersholt is superb as the doctor. Stu Erwin makes a believable reporter-sleuth, Frances Dee a pleasant ingénue.

Hell to Heaven
Paramount
Take a little of "Grand Hotel" and mix it with "Union Depot" and you'll arrive at the race track where this film unreels. Jack Oakie, who plays a radio announcer with crooning ambitions, upholds the comedy end of the film. This picture is lighter in treatment than its predecessors in that the villain dies; and two romances end happily. With Sidney Blackmer, Carole Lombard.

Love in Morocco
Gaumont-British
You won't want to miss this Rex Ingram film, made in Europe. And you won't be disappointed in the scenic effects, exciting native battles, and Rex himself as the hero. But you will be amazed at Ingram for selecting such a poor story and cast. Rex plays a rakish Frenchman who falls in love with a Moroccan princess and—but see for yourself! Rosita Garcia is the feminine interest.

Fast Workers
M-G-M
A hard-boiled tale of love among the riveters, with John Gilbert and Robert Armstrong as friendly enemies in pursuit of Mae Clarke. Mae, however, cries, "Riveter, stay away from my door!" After Jack is hurt in a fall, she finally relents and finds true love. Gilbert, in his last contract appearance for Metro, does well with an unconvincing role. Mae performs capably.

Strictly Personal
Paramount
Here you are—you lookers for "different" story ideas! This concerns a couple of "on the up and up" ex-convicts who run a "Lonely Hearts" club. All goes well until a former cell-mate makes himself a partner and turns the club into a chiseling racket. Marjorie Rambeau gives an ace performance, with Edward Ellis second. Romance by Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan.

Be Mine Tonight
Universal-Gaumont-British
A slight dash of Lubitsch and a faint touch of Mamoulian, with two tons of Cyrano de Bergerac, set to music. Sounds pretty gay? It might have been—but the sense of showmanship is lamely absent, resulting in some slightly ponderous solemnity. Sonnie Hale and Falstaff Garcia are funny; and that gloriously-warped horn M. Keipura, is worth sprinting a mile to hear.
Durante dresses for dinner, and likes it (the dinner)! Through years of practice he has learned how to negotiate a bow tie without getting his nose in the way!

Jimmy grooms his classic face to represent the well-dressed pan! Notice that scrap book; if all the clippings were laid end to end they'd be almost as long as—shucks, there we go again!

The Private Life of J. Durante, Esq.

The "wild man of Hollywood" is cornered by our cameraman in his lair! These sensational pictures show you how he lives, breathes and "ferments"
The Great Scene of the screen month: Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff in “Sweepings.” Here is the real stuff of which poignant drama is made. Here is conflict between two men for the thing they love most. Here is legitimate pathos, superbly acted. This scene will live in your memory!

The Great Scene of the screen month: Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff in “Sweepings.” Here is the real stuff of which poignant drama is made. Here is conflict between two men for the thing they love most. Here is legitimate pathos, superbly acted. This scene will live in your memory!

To Lionel Barrymore, star of “Sweepings.”

To Gregory Ratoff, the only actor ever to stand shoulder to shoulder in a scene with a Barrymore and emerge with absolutely equal honors.

To two great screen actors, then, we award our laurels—and we know we are expressing the applause of you, the motion picture public.

You in the motion picture audience are always waiting for fine pictures. You pay your admissions again and again for that very reason—hope of fine entertainment. Too often you are disappointed. But then there are those rare occasions when a picture more than lives up to expectations. Such an event is “Sweepings.” It is not light and gay, romantic and glamorous. Neither is it distasteful, sordid, gruesome or ghastly. It is Reality. John Cromwell has directed with rare skill. And there is one Great Scene that will live in your memory. We are showing you a “still” of it at the left. It’s that scene in which Lionel Barrymore, as the department-store magnate, humiliates his faithful old employee, played by Gregory Ratoff—until the employee, at the breaking point, challenges his power. This scene has all the perfection of a masterly short story. It is one of the finest things we have ever encountered in the theatre, or, for that matter, in literature. And the two actors are equal to their great opportunity. Congratulations, Barrymore and Ratoff!
Camera Flashes From the Coast!

Last-minute snapshots of who's news in Hollywood

A Ruggles outing. Comedian Charlie, director Wesley and actress Arline Judge, the latter's wife, attend a Hollywood première. Wesley named his little son "Charles," after the boy's famous uncle.

George Bernard Shaw, world's most famous dramatist and wit, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Marion Davies during his round-the-world cruise. Seated with him are Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Louis B. Mayer, Clark Gable, George Hearst.

G. B. S., literature's "bad boy," refuses to act his 75 years! Marion Davies has all she can do to keep pace with him as he tours the M-G-M studios, letting the quips fall where they may!

Another Hollywood miracle—what the influence of a handsome lady can do for Jack Oakie! Peggy Joy actually induced him to shelve his beloved turtle-neck sweats and don evening clothes!
Ruby Beats the Jolson Jinx

How "Al's gal" leaped into movie fame despite all obstacles

By John Carlisle

Al Jolson's nerves kept Ruby Keeler off the screen for three years! She has almost played leading roles in as many pictures as Jolson has actually made. She isn't sorry she missed those chances but she is glad she finally did accept a part in "42nd Street," and a second in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

In some way or another that seems to have broken the jinx for her and to have quieted the worries of her high-strung husband.

Miss Keeler herself is very sweet about it—and very frank.

"If you have watched Al work," she says, "you know how nervous he is. He's the most nervous man in the world when he's making a picture. I just knew it wouldn't do to have him worrying about my part as well as his own."

Not long after Ruby Keeler married the famous comedian, then in the heyday of his screen popularity, it was suggested that she play a part in the picture "Mammy" which Jolson was about to start.

It was generally supposed that she considered it seriously for a time. She says now that she never believed it wise or possible. Her reasons are those already quoted. Al, she found, became a bundle of nerves during the making of a picture and when she had definitely said "No" to the Warner Brothers proposal, she packed up and went to New York to take a stage part that had been offered. She gave it up, however, and returned to Al and to Hollywood when "Mammy" finished and Al's nerves uncoiled.

Ruby took her months of retirement philosophically. She enjoyed being Mrs. Al Jolson and she made it her first duty always. To tentative proposals that she should make a test for some certain role she never said "No" immediately but she never quite said "Yes" either.

Officials from the Paramount studios called her by telephone.

"They wanted me to come to the studio to make a test for some role—I've forgotten what it was," Ruby recalls. "I was to call back. Then Al wanted to go to Catalina, suddenly, and so I went along—and didn't call them at all. That's the way it was almost every time. I didn't mind."

Almost every time Jolson talked or planned to make a picture Ruby Keeler was suggested as the logical one to appear opposite him. She never refused to consider that suggestion. It was largely the use her woman's intuition each time to do precisely that. That was the combination that kept Ruby off the screen so long—Al's nerves and hers intuition. She doesn't see much but one guesses that Ruby had decided to stay during her screen career in one of her husband's pictures. She (Continued on page 17)
Answers to Open Letters!

SINCE I started writing Open Letters to screen stars on this page I’ve heard from hundreds of you readers asking me if the stars ever answer the letters I have written them. Yes—they do! Right here I am showing you Joan Crawford’s letter. And Eddie Cantor’s telegram. And I can tell you that Ann Dvorak is taking our advice and coming back to the American screens. And Harold Lloyd swore to me he isn’t going to change; and Bette Davis is trying to get her company to let her film the book I suggested. And I’m thanking all of you, stars and audience, for your grand interest. And please watch for another Open Letter next month.

Dear Delight —

Yes — I do read

my fan mail —

Thank you so much

for all the nice things you said about me in your open letter. I only hope I

can live up to all the

adjectives you used.

I have taken your

advice and the criticism of

the fans letters and in my last picture I have not only

remained a little, but at least

three inches of that lipstick —

Thank you ma’am

Delight Evans

MISS DELIGHT EVANS, CARE SCREENLAND

45 WEST 45 ST.

I AM NOT ASHAMED TO TELL YOU I CRIED THIS MORNING WHEN I READ

YOUR OPEN LETTER TO ME IN SCREENLAND GOD BLESS YOU.

EDDIE CANTOR.
Joan talks about

When a screen writer talks about a Bennett, that's interesting. But when one beautiful Bennett talks about the other, that's sensational! Read and see what Joan really thinks of Connie.

Joan says: "I think Constance exploits herself more cleverly than anyone I know. And I think she does it instinctively, unconsciously. People say we fight, but it isn't so."

There is nothing in the world more glamorous to me than a Bennett—except two Bennetts. So, late one afternoon recently, when Joan and I sat in front of a smouldering fire and she started talking about her sister, Constance, I was all agog—and that thrilled.

It's seldom the Bennetts discuss each other—even with intimate friends. They are not exactly a highly strung family but their tempers—with the exception of Joan's—are like tinder boxes. A spark is all that's needed to set them off. No matter what one says about the other, it's the wrong thing, so they've found the best way to get along is by saying nothing—and they say it well.

"People," Joan observed, "say we are always fighting with each other but it isn't so. We flare up and say what we think but when we've said our say it's over. We don't hold grudges. They say there is no family feeling between us—but that isn't so, either. We're a casual family—if you know what I mean by that—but we're intensely interested in everything pertaining to each other.

"Constance and father are probably the most casual. The reason there's so much talk about their fighting all the time is because they're so much alike. But down underneath, they're deeply fond of each other—and proud of each other, too. Not long ago father did something Constance didn't like. She wasn't able to see him immediately to tell him about it so she was just biding her time. Before she had a chance, father took desperately ill. She went over to see him immediately. It's true, it was one o'clock in the morning when she arrived at the hospital, but she went. And father was so tickled to see her he didn't even mind being awakened. She went almost every day after that until she left and he was out of danger by then."

Last summer, when Joan broke her hip, her mother and Barbara flew out here from New York and Constance cabled from Paris to ask if Joan wanted her to come back.

"Constance came over here to dinner the night before she sailed this time," Joan explained, "but I didn't go down to the boat to see her off and I've only had one wire from her in all the time she's been gone. But that doesn't lessen the feeling between us."

Joan gazed reflectively into the fire for a moment before she continued. "When people say Constance and I don't get along it makes me furious. True, she's idolized her. You know, she's a few years older now. I am and her attitude towards me has always been an 'older sister' sort of thing. Even now it's difficult..."
Sister Constance

By S. R. Mook

her to realize I'm grown and she's always telling me what to do—and getting furious when I don't follow her advice. "When she was in boarding school I was still a little girl and I used to hear her talk about her good times and envy her. I'd see her name in the papers and read about her going to teas and dances and proms and all that sort of thing. She was just as glamorous a figure to me as any star ever has been to a fan.

"And, going back to our casualness as a family, the first I knew of her marriage to Philip Plant was when I read it on the front page of the paper in Paris, where I was in school at the time. Nobody had bothered to wire me."

Joan's little girl, Ditty, came into the room looking for all the world like a miniature of her mother. Joan stroked the child's head absently. "There are so many things I admire about Constance it's hard for me to talk about her without becoming maudlin.

"I think she exploits herself more cleverly than almost anyone I know. And I think she does it instinctively—unconsciously.

"She has gorgeous taste in clothes. The thing I like about her clothes is their simplicity. There is never a frill or a buckle or a flower too much on any of them but it's a simplicity that every woman recognizes as being expensive. Yet she never boasts about how much she pays for anything. If she does any boasting it's more apt to be about how she beat the merchant down on the price.

"I admire her thrift in clothes, too. She never discards anything until she's had her money's worth out of it. The fact that she's wealthy has never made her careless about money the way it has so many people out here."

That's true. I had an example of it one afternoon when I was visiting Constance. A dressmaker was shown into the room and Constance pulled out a sequin evening dress she'd bought in Paris the year before. "Dresses are so much longer this season," she explained to the woman, "I can't wear this and it's too expensive to discard. I thought probably you could make me a couple of cocktail jackets out of it. I could have one of them dyed another color."

A nutria coat furnishes another instance of her thrift.

The first year she came back to pictures she brought it along to wear on the set between scenes. The coat saw pretty hard service. The next season it appeared as part of a reversible coat and the third year it was the lining to still another one.

"One of the things I envy most about Constance," Joan went on, "is her uncanny business sense. Decimal points give me a headache but she can do percentages in her mind without even a pencil and paper.

"And she's so nice about the things she does for people. Unless they tell it themselves, no one ever knows about it because when Constance has done something for a person she forgets it.

"And she's so independent. I think she could be an even bigger star than she is if (Continued on page 70)
Confessions of Cupid

The Bow-Boy of Hollywood gets confidential about some of his famous clients

By James M. Fidler

Daniel Joy Cupid, who originated the midsummer fad and invented bows-and-arrows long before the Indians dreamed of such weapons, was bent over a grindstone, sharpening arrowheads, when I arrived at his modest home.

"My editor has written me a letter bursting with Junes and moons," I explained my presence. "She's gone starry-eyed, and has ordered me to visit you and plead for the romantic news that is at your finger-tips. Will you help me out?"

"Of course, provided that you will pardon me if I work as we chat," he said. "With the divorce courts undoing practically all that I accomplish, I must work ceaselessly to preserve that institution known as marriage.

"Romance is brighter in Hollywood today than it was a year ago. Turbulent conditions of the country have drawn human beings closer together. With June ap-

The little archer always gets his man, even if it takes years. He pierced Robert Young's and Betty Henderson's hearts when they were school chums, ten years ago. Now they're newlyweds!

proaching with its promise of moonlight nights by the seaside, I am looking forward to a flourishing season—the most cheerful since the big heart crash of '29, the year in which Hollywood set a new low for matrimonial ventures."

As he talked, I watched Dan Cupid's labors curiously, and presently I noticed that his arrowheads were of varying shapes and sizes. "Why?" I inquired.

"The small, dainty ones are for young, tender hearts," Master Cupid explained. "Others, larger and heavier, are for the more hardened. These big, jagged stones are for use on the hearts of income tax collectors, multi-divorces, and such people with hearts of concrete."

I laughed. Cupid is clever. He should be, for despite his appearance of being only a baby, he is as old as time; in fact, he knew Adam and Eve personally.

"Tell me the newest and choicest romantic gossip about Hollywood," I invited.

"The most sensational accomplishment of my calendar month is the announced engagement of Catharine Dale Owen to Lydell Peck, who is still Janet Gaynor's husband—but not for much longer, I expect.

"I am very much pleased that Robert Young married Betty Henderson. I pierced their hearts when they were school chums, ten years ago. On the contrary, I am rather discouraged about Jimmie Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan. I am fond of Boots Mallory, but I had planned for Jimmie and Maureen to wed until Boots upset my schemes."
"What about Estelle Taylor and John Warburton, the English actor?" I asked.

"Not too serious," said Daniel. "Estelle is playing the field. You see, she and John are friends of Sue Carol, and Sue attempted to interest them in each other. The truth is, Estelle will have difficulty choosing another husband. She is an admirer of physically strong men, and when she compares new suitors with Jack Dempsey, her former husband—well, you can see for yourself that a man must be a real husky to stand a chance with Miss Taylor.

"I'll tell you a secret," Cupid whispered. "Evelyn Knapp and Donald Cook are holding out on the world. I don't want to violate a confidence and state that they are married, but I do suggest that you seek for a record

The Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard romance is one of Dan's biggest 'cases' in years. He's certain he pierced their hearts, he confides to our reporter, and now he's confidently waiting to hear the sound of wedding bells. Well, Cupid's seldom wrong about his profession!

of such
an event.
Don't let on that
I told you.

A telephone rang, interrupting our talk. Dan Cupid put aside his work and answered, "Hello," he said. "Yes, this is Daniel. Oh, you don't say? Fine work; I'll chalk that up immediately. Goodbye." He returned the receiver to its hook.

"One of my fellow workers," Dan explained. "He reports that Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant will marry soon."

After he had recorded this coming event on the "black" side of his ledger, Cupid returned to the interview. "My chief source of worry," he said, "is with the youngsters. Fellows like Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell, and girls like Rochelle Hudson and Joan Marsh. I've fired enough arrows into Tommy's heart to maim an elephant.

Isobel Jewel and Lee Tracy have the little match-maker just a bit worried. "They've been 'that way' for three years," he laments, "but they simply won't be serious about making it a permanent match!"

Cupid's having his difficulties with Estelle Taylor, too. Estelle is a "choosy" young lady, and she just can't seem to make up her mind. Still, give John Warburton credit for trying!

Rochelle Hudson, Anita Page, Joan Marsh, Mary Carlisle—young Brown has a whole orchard of apples-of-his-eye.

"Mary Brian is equally troublesome. I've arrowed scores of masculine hearts for Mary, but she spurns them all. I don't believe the girl knows how to say 'yes' to a marriage proposal. I was certain she'd marry Buddy Rogers—and I still have hopes—but Mary continues to smile impartially on Dick Powell, Russell Gleason, George Raft and others.

"That fellow Raft is upsetting my plans. Besides showing attention to Miss Brian, he has also cooed to Barbara Weeks, Constance Cummings and a few more. And now that Miss Cummings is in England making pictures, George sends her telegrams and letters. Between Raft and Randolph Scott, my nights are filled with 'mares. Like George, Randy has (Continued on page 84)
"WHY did I marry Fredric March?" Florence mused in answer to my question. "How can I tell—except that I happened to be in love with him?"

"But why," I persisted, "did you fall in love with him? What was there that attracted you to him rather than to any one of a half dozen other men you knew and who were in love with you?"

"It's hard to tell," Florence answered. "I've often wondered myself about that spark that ignites an intangible something between two personalities so that they become interested in each other to the exclusion of everyone else."

Florence, who is appearing in "Shame of Temple Drake," sat pondering over the question I had put to her. She is one of the most sophisticated looking, most svelte women I know. When I heard they had cast her in the part of a Southern backwoods woman in the William Faulkner story, I wondered. Yet she is such a consummate actress that after watching her do a scene, if I hadn't known her as she really is I'd never have believed it possible for her to be the same woman of the world I've met in the March home.

"Don't look at me like that," she laughed, pulling her hat down closer. "This wig is horrible. It makes me feel like one of those old-time grandmothers."

She lapsed into silence again for a few moments.

"I'll tell you," she broke out suddenly, "you can make out a mental list of all the qualities in a man that would bar him forever in your eyes as an eligible husband. Then you might discover just one trait in him that attracted you irresistibly and you'd either forget the ones you didn't like or marry him anyhow and spend the rest of your life trying vainly to overcome them.

"In Freddie's case, fortunately, there weren't any I didn't like. There was just something about him that attracted me in the beginning and after I'd got to know
Scoop! Lovely actress wife of famous star tells all! Read what she says about her handsome husband—you'll like it

FREDRIC MARCH

Miss Delight Evans, Editor,
Screenland Magazine,
46 West 45th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Delight:

I have realized for six years what
a very fortunate husband I am but it took Dick
to drag the reason out of Florence. Had it not
been for this story I might have gone to my grave
without knowing to what to attribute my great suc-
cess.

Thanks for the "break" and for your
many other kindnesses.

With all good wishes,

Cordially,

Fredric March

him I discovered all those other things I adore."

"Well, what was the one thing that attracted you in the
beginning?" I said, doggedly determined to worm it out
of her.

She pondered again. "There is something child-like
about Freddie in so many ways," she said. "I think
that must have been it. He's just like a kid about de-
ciding things for himself—or working out anything that
perplexes him. One of his family's pet stories concerns
Freddie during his first year at college. He walked two
miles to his brother's house to ask if he should buy a
note-book that opened at the top or at the side!

"When we were first married, whenever he was going
to buy any sort of apparel—suits, sox, ties, shirts, any-
thing—he always asked me to go along and help him
select them. I promptly told him I knew absolutely noth-
ing about men's clothes. He's got excellent taste himself
and now he has learned to rely on his own judgment—at
least in that respect.

"When anything comes up regarding his career, he'll
tell the details to, and ask advice, not only of me but of
almost everyone he happens to run across! And he'll
hang on every word his companion utters as though his
whole future hinged on the advice he was getting. He
makes you feel that if you don't consider his case care-
fully and give him the very best counsel you possibly can,
something terrible is liable to happen to him. While he
considers the advice he gets and digests it, in the end he's
pretty apt to decide things for himself. In college he
took a course in business administration and he applies it
very practically to the management of his personal affairs.

"Another thing that attracted me to Freddie is his
marvelous sense of humor. It's a silly sort of humor that
keeps you giggling all day long. Even now, after six
years of being married to him, I get more laughs out
of Freddie than anyone I know. In most respects, it's
exactly the same sort of humor you find in a child. He
gets a kick out of the same things kids do. The pity of it
is you have to know him so long before you ever catch
any of it in real life.

"One of his favorite pastimes is to read the personal
and want ad columns of the papers looking for misprints
which make the ads ridiculous. I remember once he
found an interview someone had written on Helen Hayes
regarding the trip she planned taking. The type-setter
had put in an extra 'e' that sent Freddie into hysterics.
She had mentioned the fact that during her stage experi-
ence she had only been able to take trips in the summer,
which precluded any possibility of visiting the torrid
regions she planned to take in this time. 'All in all,' the
interview concluded, 'this will be the most thrilling trip
we have undertaken.'

"Freddie went around showing the clipping to every-
one he met until someone told him one of the monthly
magazines paid two dollars for every one of those they
use and also for silly ads about which they can smart-
crack. So now he reads the papers from the front page
to the last in hopes of finding something like that. Once
he got a check for two dollars for an ad he had clipped.
Why has Florence Eldridge March decided to resume her screen career? You'll never guess the real reason! Her story tells you

from the 'Personal' columns and sent in. The ad, "Young man leaving for Paris will be glad to attend to any affairs," appeared in the New Yorker duty captioned 'Bon Voyage.'

Another clip from the 'Pets and Supplies' column was also accepted: 'For sale: police puppies. Very smart. Mother was in the movies.'

The checks for these came in fairly regularly now and Freddie gets almost as big a thrill out of them as he does from his regular salary check.

"He is one of the few players on the Paramount lot who has always had his option taken up without any effort on the part of the executives to get him to re-sign at the same or a lower figure. The last time his contract was up for renewal, I don't know whether they were trying to frighten him a little or whether they were only trying to have a little fun with him but, anyhow, he and his agent sat there with a lot of executives. You know, Freddie, one of them said earnestly, 'we'd like to keep you with us but your pictures don't draw too well. You haven't any sex appeal. If you and Gary Cooper were to enter a room together which one do you suppose the girls would make for?'

"'Ah,' Freddie countered, 'but which one would their mothers go for? And,' he finished triumphantly, 'will you kindly tell me what Gary Cooper's sex appeal has to do with my contract?'

"That business of the mothers is no gag, either," Frenc-
You meet a new and surprising Fredric March in these pages. Do you like him as well as the man you have met on the screen?

and drawn with circles under his eyes from the strain and admit that he has been playing constantly ever since leaving that morning.

"A year ago it was bridge. He simply wasn't interested in it. Then one week-end we invited Ralph and Catherine Bellamy down to our place at Laguna. It started raining and we couldn't go out so there was nothing to do but play bridge. Freddie started learning and we played all day. Next morning when we rose Freddie dashed eagerly to the window. 'Swell,' he chortled, 'it's still raining, so we can play some more bridge!'

"He became so absorbed in it he wouldn't let Ralph and Catherine leave. They protested they had dinner engagements in town. 'All right,' Freddie conceded grudgingly, 'you can go in and fill your engagements but you'll have to come right back afterwards.' And," Florence concluded, "do you know that for two solid weeks he virtually kept them prisoners down there while he learned to play bridge!

"Another thing I never cease marveling at is his punctiliousness about promises. If he promises you something you can make up your mind it's as good as done."

"And still another thing is our similarity in tastes. We both adore having people around us. Most people out here try to give the impression that they never go out anywhere. We're on the go constantly—and love it. When we've gone so much we simply can't go any longer, we go into seclusion for two or three weeks and recuperate. During that time we go to bed about half past nine and never see anyone. The beauty of it is that usually we become fagged out about the same time and get our pep back about the same time. And, as soon as we've recovered, we start out again.

"He's the most generous husband you can think of. Recently I decided I wanted a ranch so I started working again to get the money. Freddie came to me with a very worried expression on his face. 'You don't have to work,' he said. 'I'll be glad to buy you the ranch.'

"'No,' I replied, 'it's just a whim and I'll get it for myself.'

"'But what do you want with all that money?' he protested. 'Do you think maybe in a couple of years you'll be tired of me and just want to have a nest egg so you can walk out?'

"I gravely assured him he is the only man in the world I'm interested in, but he'll go right on worrying until I quit working again."

"Why did I marry Fredric March?" she finished, "why, the more I think of it the more impossible it seems to me that I could be married to anyone else!"
News about Norma Shearer!

Why she has left Hollywood for three months. What she feels about her long screen absence. How she is facing the future. The best Shearer story you have ever read!

By Laura Benham

Norma Shearer is the most misunderstood—the most grossly misrepresented—woman in pictures today.

Cold, calculating, materialistic, she has been called. Affected, insincere, and adjectives of like ilk have been applied to her.

None of them does she deserve.

Yet it is not difficult to realize why, reckoned by the standards of Hollywood, she has been misjudged.

Norma Shearer is too normal for the cinema capital to understand. Her naturalness is incomprehensible to a city inured to syntheticism and show; her straightforward actions and attitude are ready fuel for misinterpretation.

So, Hollywood is still looking for ulterior motives, still seeking sinister reasons for her staunch willingness to jeopardize her career by her devotion to her husband.

Today, Norma Shearer is one of the three biggest box-office stars in pictures. Yet when her husband, Irving Thalberg, youthful czar of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, suffered a nervous breakdown from over-work, she calmly dropped all thought of self or career for two months and devoted herself assiduously to aiding him in his fight to regain his health. Then, when it was decided that he needed a prolonged vacation in Europe she unhesitatingly packed up and accompanied him on a trip which will mean her absence from the screen for nearly a year.

Such an action was unprecedented on the part of a Hollywood wife.

True, many cinema wives have declared that if a choice were necessary, they would choose their husbands in preference to their careers. But this is the first instance in which one of them has been called upon to prove the sincerity of her words.

The fact that Norma Shearer really meant what she said, and has behaved in the entirely normal way that any wife, regardless of pomp and circumstance, would act toward the husband she adored, has been the signal for a storm of wonderment and conjecture.

Before I met her, I, too, had had my doubts. I had wondered if this were just another instance of striking a grand attitude. Such things have been done, you know. Talking to Norma, spending many informal hours with her, watching her with Mr. Thalberg and with the two-and-a-half-year old Irving, Jr., I was impressed by her sincerity, her genuine realness. I thought I had an idea of how and why she has been misunderstood.
Norma Shearer Thalberg and her handsome young son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., who calls his lovely mother "Bobby." This portrait was selected by Norma herself as the one SCREENLAND readers would like best of her baby. Read all about him in the accompanying story.

To begin with, there is an aura of grandeur about her. But it is real. I'll try to explain what I mean.

When the Thalbergs arrived in New York, they ensconced themselves in one of the highest tower apartments in the Waldorf-Astoria, with ten rooms in which to spread themselves and their belongings.

That, in itself, could be interpreted as an ostentatious gesture. That is how the world at large has been wont to judge the actions of Norma Shearer.

But the truth is that the Thalbergs needed that space. Ten rooms—living-room, dining-room, kitchen; a master bedroom with an adjoining study in which Mr. Thalberg, contrary to his doctor's orders, insisted upon transacting last-minute business before sailing. His two secretaries (and how necessary they were you could judge if you spent only a half-hour listening to the telephones ring, seeing the stream of visitors) had to be accommodated. There must be a room for the baby, a room for the baby's nurse, a room for Norma's maid. Ten rooms in all—ten rooms needed. Could you call that a gesture?

Nor was Norma inclined to adopt a "grand" manner or in any way live up to the would-be splendor of her surroundings. She was serenely calm, engagingly gracious.

"Of course I don't especially like the idea of being away from the screen for so long," she admitted, in answer to my query. "However, there was no choice in my mind.

"If ever Irving needed me, (Continued on page 72)"
What have they in common? And what are their differences? Benton gives you another absorbing analysis of a pair of mated movie stars!

CAROLE'S

BROWS: imaginative, eager
EYES: colorful
NOSE: adventurous, excitable
MOUTH: talkative, frank
CHIN: determined, defensive

Old Cave-Man Powell! He often finds it necessary, our analyst surmises, to chide his Carole for her "modernism." Here's an old-fashioned antidote for militant feminism which Bill is applying—but Carole doesn't seem to mind so much!

By William E. Benton

Double-Star Carole

BILLIONS of miles beyond our solar system there are many Double Stars of great magnitude, that seem mated for all time.

Most of these celestial couples are very different in size and coloring, but it is their mutual magnetic attraction that holds them thus paired till another greater star might swing into their field of magnetism and create a celestial triangle and its consequent tragic separation or cosmic divorce.

This has happened in the heavens many times, so why blame our earthly stars of the cinema world if their romances are sometimes torn asunder?

Let us study this "Duality Doublet" of a pair of Double Stars, Carole Lombard and William Powell, to compare the magnetic and other attractions that tend to keep them double stars. The right side of her face paired with the left side of his gives us a "Doublet" picture most complimentary and interesting from a character-study standpoint.

We may note some differences in their faces and natures, that analyzed, will make them more understandable as individuals and more interesting as a pair of double stars. As sure as all life comes from the sun and we are all star dust, the best way to know our natures and probable experiences is to study other stars that we may better shine or live a brilliant happy life in the sphere of life to which we seem consigned.

You know it used to be said that "Marriages are made in heaven"—well, whether we moderns believe that way or not, we know that divorces are often productive of tortures most hellish.

So whether one is married or single the study of interesting, many-sided, brilliant personalities is interesting and helpful as a means to get or hold a better half. One glance at this pair of stars and we realize why they are so often cast to play sophisticated, brainy characters.

Both Carole and William Powell have much higher, Warris Powell! an average, and the casting of...
Bill Powell and Carole Lombard are “Better-Half Doublets”—cinema stars who are man and wife. See what a dual analysis of their features discloses!

**BILL’S**
thoughtful, exact
changeable moods
constructive
persuasive, fastidious
strong individuality

Gazing at and Bill!

those who would know as well as feel their way about. Hers are cooler, more mental; his quite sensitive and romantic. As a matter of comparison, though, we might say that their outlook on life is as much the same as their well-paired eyes.

Carole Lombard’s brow is even broader, fuller, higher than her mate’s. This would indicate the careerist tendency seen so much among the womanhood of this age—a mental rebellion against the old-time idea that a woman’s place is in the home. Women with such heads are often so broad-minded, original, and outspoken that conservative, literal-minded and “goody-goody” people find them uncomfortably frank. So if you share this type of brow remember that most people go by their old established beliefs and habits of thought so you will be considered not only bold but bad if you express a broadly evolved idea of your own. There are many successful writers, composers, and creators with such imaginative brows.

William Powell’s face is as pyraform or wide at the temples as his wife’s but more angular and backward sloping, so I have an idea he often chides her for being too imaginative and modernistic, probably telling her not to confuse modern theories with facts. His eyebrows are heavy, rather tip-tilted, giving the face an alert and keenly observing look, and yet there is a dreaminess to the heavy-lidded eye that shows great sentimentality.

All people with such brows love to take a quick calculating appraisal of all that comes within their view. They are a wee bit suspicious in taking their valuation of thoughts or things from others. Like Ignatius Donnelly, they say shame on my brother if he fools me once but shame on me if he fools me twice! So Mr. Powell has the brow of the scientist and sophisticated, while Mrs. Powell’s is of the spontaneous and original extremist who likes to feel that anything that can be clearly imagined can and will be created.

The world needs both types of brows and the minds that they indicate. Hers as a stimulus to even greater achievement, his carefully to check thoughts and things lest too much imagination and experimentation lead us astray.

For a couple who have this (Continued on page 82)
Amelia Earhart

The world's most famous woman flyer, in an exclusive Screenland interview, tells some trenchant truths about aviation and its place in the movies

By Mortimer Franklin

Amelia Earhart, in her epic solo “hop” across the Atlantic, achieved what no other woman has accomplished before or since. She is today an outstanding figure in the air transport industry. Now, out of an intimate knowledge of Hollywood and the movies, as well as of aviation, she says some well-chosen words about flying, flyers, and, particularly, flight films.

Amelia Earhart doesn’t think she knows anything about drama!

The young woman flyer whose epic solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean fired the world’s imagination doesn’t believe she knows what constitutes good drama in the films. The aviatrix who performed a feat that no other woman has accomplished before or since, mistrusts her judgment on what is exciting and what is all in the day’s work! She insists that dramatic values in aviation pictures are a closed book to her—that she can judge them only from the viewpoint of a practical pilot.

Miss Earhart won the astonished acclaim of the entire world a year ago when she braved the untold dangers of trans-oceanic flight and conquered the Atlantic in better time than Charles A. Lindbergh’s!

A Hollywood interlude. Miss Earhart and her husband, George Palmer Putnam, the former publisher who is now a story executive, are the world’s only regular airplane commuters between New York and Hollywood. Here they are informally at the Pa studio with Gene Raym...
Looks at the Films!

Miss Earhart was discussing the aviation film, that perennially important phase of modern motion pictures, in an exclusive interview for SCREENLAND. Discussing it modestly, diffidently, almost shyly, as though what she had to say about it were just one woman's—any woman's—viewpoint, rather than that of one who knows more about flying than almost any other person in the world. With pleasant informality and good humor, seated in the office of her husband, George Palmer Putnam, the well-known publisher, writer and adventurer, (who is Chairman of Paramount's Editorial Board in New York), she answered questions regarding sundry whys, wherefores and howevers of aviation in the American cinema.

"Do I think the motion pictures have made the most of the dramatic possibilities that aviation holds?" She considered the question a moment, her frank, pleasant features made pleasanter still by a ready smile as replete with warmth as it is devoid of affectation.

"No, I don't think they have. But that," she added quickly, "is speaking only from the viewpoint of a practical flyer. I'm not going to pass judgment on dramatic values from the standpoint of the motion picture, because it's a thing I don't know about." Here she smiled across to where Mr. Putnam sat at his desk, as though to indicate that she felt perfectly safe in leaving considerations of motion picture technique to him.

"Certainly I feel," she continued thoughtfully, "that there is a great deal of color, human interest and suspense in flying which the films have yet to discover. And I'm not speaking of the more sensational aspects of aviation such as military or stunt flying, but of regular transport flying.

"I think it's too bad when aviation movies depend for their excitement upon plane wrecks, lost flyers, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps that's good drama, perhaps it isn't; but it certainly isn't modern aviation. It's an unfortunate point of view, though understandable enough, that producers sometimes adopt toward pictures: they feel that they must drag in a few crack-ups to provide 'thrills.' There was a picture based on the air mail, not long ago, in which planes crashed right and left. But that's no more representative of the air mail service than a train wreck every half hour or so would be truly representative of rail transportation."

I inquired as to whether war aviation pictures did not, in her opinion, throw the same type of melodramatic spotlight upon flying in general.

"As an individual I'm opposed to war, anyway," she replied, "and naturally I think it's extremely unfortunate that war should be emphasized, and to some extent even glorified, in any kind of film. Then again, the destructive possibilities of aviation are its least important attribute from the standpoint of civilization. Therefore, to put chief emphasis upon the airplane as a weapon of war would be to distort its true place in the scheme of things.

"Aviation has grown up, you know. It isn't a plaything any more. It has become a serious and useful industry, taking its place in modern life much the same as other forms of transportation—the railroad and the ocean liner, for example. And just as these things have their own inherent romance, so too has aviation—quite apart from the more obvious 'thrills' of dangerous flying.

"Some day, let's hope, the films will do for the great epic of the airplane what they've already done for the prairie schooner in 'The Covered Wagon' and for the locomotive in 'The Iron Horse.' That's where the real
AMELIA EARHART TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT AVIATION FILMS

“We mustn’t get confused about the importance of women flyers,” she smiled. “After all, you must take into consideration the fact that there are only about 600 licensed women pilots in the United States, whereas there are more than 17,000 men. There are several reasons why that is so now but I don’t see that ultimately any distinction will be made except on the basis of individual ability.

“It’s true that there haven’t been any pictures centering about women’s part in aviation, while men’s achievements have been glorified over and over. And”—again that diffidence—“while I’m not prepared to speak about dramatic values, it seems to me the more progressive thing would be legitimately to feature women in such

romance of aviation is to be found—in the tale of its heroic beginnings and its growth and expansion—the way it has spread wings over America and dotted the country with airports and beacons. From the standpoint of the everyday flyer—my standpoint—that’s a great story. As to whether it’s film drama or not—that’s somewhat out of my province, don’t you think?”

And yet, for all her diffidence regarding knowledge of dramatic values, she has come perilously close to proclaiming an important truth to which producers might well pay heed. The great masterpieces of literature—the great dramas and the most powerful tragedies that have lived through the ages—contain little of actual violence or sudden death, and nothing at all of great flying ships being smashed to smithereens. This is, the stuff of melodrama—that gaudier and more superficial sister of true drama. The latter concerns itself with the conflicts of men’s souls and their destinies. It is such conflict, rather than “thrill” drama, that the aviation films have yet to show us.

Isn’t it about time, I asked the première woman flyer of her time, that the films, which have repeatedly sung the saga of the he-flyer in all his wonder and glory, should pay some attention to the ladybirds—those whose achievements have rivaled in importance and renown the deeds of the men?
pictures."

These remarks were made, be it noted, before the release of Katharine Hepburn’s picture, “Christopher Strong,” in which Miss Hepburn does play the part of a woman flyer; but that picture has as its theme the heart problems of one particular aviatrix, rather than the contribution of women in general to aviation.

Miss Earhart, if she cared to, might claim more knowledge of the motion pictures in their relation to aviation than accrues to her by reason of her flying eminence and her keeping in touch with the better aviation films that are produced. She lived for several years in Hollywood, had some of her earliest flying experience there, and numbers some of the most prominent stars among her close friends, including Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, whose guests she and Mr. Putnam have frequently been at Pickfair.

Mr. Putnam’s circle of friends is particularly large among directors and actors who are concerned with adventure pictures, on which he is a leading authority and for many of which he has been the initiating force. Not that he attempts to specialize in this type of film; but as an experienced explorer his mind is full of the fascination and excitement to be found in expedition and animal pictures. Even before he became directly connected with the films, he was one of the moving spirits in the production of “Wings” and in the bringing of Admiral Byrd’s South Pole picture to the screen. Paramount’s current thriller, “Murders in the Zoo,” was entirely his own idea.

Seated before his desk, a tall, lithe, athletic figure, he talked about his motion picture ideas with the same energy one imagines him putting into Arctic adventuring.

“It thought it logical,” he explained, referring to “Murders in the Zoo,” “and incidentally a whale of a good stunt, to combine the natural excitement of the ‘zoo’ type of picture with a murder mystery. Two exciting themes, and incidentally more than ever popular at the moment, which together can’t fail to provide the maximum of entertainment.”

That, primarily, is his province—the evolution of ideas—special projects for stories, things out of the ordinary run of motion pictures. One of his most spectacular recent story “stunts” was the bringing together of ten nationally famous authors to write the story of “The Woman Accused,” with the resultant variety of interest and great possibilities of exploitation.

Mr. Putnam, one learned with the refreshing feeling of discovering something new under the sun, is one story executive who is willing to concede that other departments of the film industry are important as well as his own. In answer to the question of whether he considers the scenario of chief importance in turning out good pictures, he drew this amusing parallel:

“It reminds me of that good old argument, Who won the war? The infantry, the artillery, the air corps, the navy, even a few bumptious fellows in the Military Police, all claimed the credit as their own. And we’re apt to run into the same situation in the movies. Obviously, no single factor of a fighting force can win a war without adequate co-operation from the others. An excellent story can be spoiled by poor casting, poor directing, inferior acting. By the same token, a poor story can be vastly improved by admirable directing, supreme acting, casting, and so on. But you can’t get the maximum results unless the Big Guns who are the movies’ artillery, and the infantry who are the rank and file of actors, and the intelligence department composed of the writers, and the general staff comprising the directors, each contributes its full share. Even the air corps, which we might compare to the actors who habitually ‘go up’ in their lines, has to do its bit.

“In many years of book publishing I have had any number of story ideas brought to me. My answer would always be, ‘Well, write it down.’ And too often, when it had been written, what had started out as a good idea turned out to be a poor story, for any form of drama, whether written, acted or photographed, depends as much upon its presentation as on its central idea, or story. This holds true particularly (Continued on page 76)
Question: When is a radio comic really good? Answer: When he can make the orchestra laugh! Note expressions of the music men as they listen to Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall, as Baron Munchausen and Sharlie, broadcasting. They're all amused—except the doubtful fellow in the last row, who looks as if he has heard that one before.

Jack Pearl—Baron Munchausen to you—will soon star in a motion picture. We'll be there, Sharlie! Read all about "Radio's funniest man"

By Lester Gottlieb
WHILE presidents, senators, economists and industrial leaders have been racking their brains for a "way out," their candles burning into the wee hours of the night, along comes a comedian with the most potent and reliable of cure-alls—laughter. Fifteen million people look forward to Thursday nights as the time to forget their immediate cares, to relax and roar at the preposterous, but ever amusing fabrications of Jack Pearl, Baron Munchausen to you.

Now he's going into the movies to take his rightful place along with the mad Marxes, Jimmy Durante and Eddie Cantor. He has signed a contract with M-G-M with a salary of $100,000 a picture, thus starting one of the biggest exploitation campaigns ever accorded a son of Broadway. And that's what Jack Pearl is, a funny man with a guttural accent that brims over with Dutch and New York flavor. He's going westward around July 1st, with his erstwhile and ever-correcting friend Sharlie, and his creator, the idea-a-minute man, Billy K. Wells, to make more people laugh.

SCREENLAND, anxious to get a preview of Jack Pearl, who recently won a popularity contest polled by 127 radio editors, as the funniest man on the air,-cornered him at a recent broadcast. Midst the noise and density of a radio program being relayed through fifty stations in the United States and Hawai, we tried to talk to the Baron about his screen future. We call him by his title, because he answered our questions without stepping out of character.

"Baron," we asked, "what do you think of your chances in the movies?"

"I will be bigger than Garbo, Gable, and Mickey Mouse," he answered with a straight face.

"That's a large order."

"Not for the Baron."

"Have you had any previous movie experience?" we asked cautiously, never having seen his familiar face on the screen, except in a few shorts.

"I doubled for John Gilbert," he answered, his eyes popping with eagerness to continue.

"Doubled for John Gilbert?" we asked incredulously.

"Yes, the director wanted him to jump off a cliff two hundred feet below and I jumped it."

"Baron, that's incredible!"

"Come again, please?"

"That's exaggerated, implausible, absurd." We shrugged our shoulders, and then like a flash we fell into the trap, inveigled into a retort that's stopped many before us—we waited for what would be the death strike. Then it came between gasps and raised eyebrows:

"Was you dere, Sharlie?"

"No, we weren't there!"

"I not only jumped down, but jumped back and finished the picture!"

"Will your fan mail as a radio performer compare with that of a movie star?"

"A wave of his hand blew that question to the winds. This was too easy for the Baron. It would take bigger and better questions to stop this greatest liar of them all."

"I get two million letters a day."

"Two million a day, why, that's terrific—even more than Joan Crawford."

"Not only that, I answer every one!"

A warning bell sounded and the excitable Mr. Pearl was once again whisked away from us; he had to go on and finish the broadcast. We stood in the little ante-room back of the wings, where the three or four gag-men sit at a table clocking every snicker, grin, and belly-laugh that comes from the seven hundred guests in the spacious Times Square studio, the weekly representatives of the huge unseen audience.

Mrs. Pearl sits close to the radio in the room, which is a throw-back from the Mike her husband is spattering into, smoking cigarette after cigarette of the brand that is paying for all this fun. Wells, the chief writer, taps his pencil nervously on the table, waiting for expected lines that are bound to go over. A smile a mile-long spreads over his creased face. As one of his creations brings forth a salvo of applause. The dialogue is over. Everyone heaves a sigh. Sharlie comes in, nattily attired. You're going to see a lot of Sharlie—in private life Cliff Hall, Jack Pearl's "feeder," a rather good-looking fellow with a perfect radio and talkie voice, who is able to reel off the long vocabularies that excite the Baron's temper ever so often. Pearl comes in, anxious to hear the verdict from these people who know when he's good, when he's fair, when he's—missed. His face is red. Jack Pearl works harder in fifteen minutes than most actors do in eight reels. He takes off his costume. The night we were there he was all set to go deep-sea diving at the home of his friend who got himself in deep water, thus he was attired in an authentic diver's suit.

A cigarette is placed between his dried lips. He is given a towel, and a stack of telegrams from admirers. Let's take a look at his excellency, the Baron, with the greasepaint off, the mad costume stored in the closet, and the excitement over, as we joined him in his dressing room.

He's thirty-seven, about five foot seven with curly black hair, and a broad smile that is sincere and warm to everyone he meets. No temperamental outbursts or dogging of people that work with him. He's like an excited child that has just captured the heart of a school audience at his first recitation, happy because he can make others happy, successful because he knows his own powers. He doesn't want to play Hamlet, an aspiration which he (Continued on page 75)
One real kiss gave her new ideas on life!

She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a real man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the “different” picture you’ve been longing for. So gay and merry you’ll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

"THE WARRIOR’S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production

with

ELIZZA LANDI
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
ERNEST TRUEx
DAVID MANNERS

Directed by Walter Long

A
FOX PICTURE
Who Said "Farewell To Legs"?

Dietrich started it! Now Madge Evans follows. But — turn the page and see what the fickle Marlene and some other screen beauties are doing now!
HERE'S one of the greatest "return engagements" of the season—the celebrated Dietrich legs reappear in public! They're looking well, too, don't you think? Marlene looks like this in her new vehicle, "The Song of Songs."
ARY GRANT is another likely movie lad who's rising fast in the world. In fact, he's 'way above the clouds in his next picture, "The Eagle and the Hawk," in which Cary plays a daring, dashing aviator.

Going Up!
Perturbed, Tracy?

WHY the glum look, Spencer? Mortified because the lovely Stanwyck over there is giving you the cold shoulder, et al? But you'd cheer up pretty quickly if you could see our mail and read all the nice things our readers have been saying about you and your screen performances!
mooth Scenery at Malibu!

Gorgeous girls in gay attire herald a colorful season

She pulls the wool over her eyes! Adrienne Ames is keen about this shell-pink pull-over sweater with thick ropes of twisted yarn at neck and shoulders. Combine them with a pair of jaunty white jersey slacks and a beret, and you've achieved the ultimate in beach beauty and comfort.

And how do you like Lilyan Tashman's nautical costume? Her sailor dress is of bright blue crêpe stitched with white. Her bob hat is of white felt, the tie is white crêpe, the gloves are white suede. Bring out the yacht, Skipper!

at the beach! Adrienne, above, introduces the at thing in beach togs—a gaily colored bathing rug. Large squares are practical as well as ornamental—the rug keeps the water from wet suits. Incidentally, note Adrienne's beret matches her suit.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Narrow Corner"
WHY is it that all the down-at-the-heel actors and actresses who die secluded, pathetic, impoverished deaths are always the Hamlets of the stage or screen?

I don’t know. I was wondering whether you had some theory. I know, however, that it invariably is true.

And I know, too, that the men who make people laugh in a Great Big Way have great big incomes. I guess it’s the good old Law of Averages giving comedians substantial confirmation that making people happy and making people laugh is a real Mission—one that deserves singular reward.

It’s the Harold Lloyds, the Chaplins, the Fairbankses, and the Cantors, (when they keep away from Wall Street), who roll up fancy grosses. It is our comedians who manage to reach middle age, or almost, so “independent,” that if they don’t care to go on in pictures or on the stage, they may travel, write their memoirs, or turn sophisticate.

Add to this list Charlie Ruggles—Charlie who has made people enjoy life in varying degrees from chuckles right down to abdominal guffaws—and who is now “sitting pretty,” if I don’t miss my guess. While some of our leading screen personalities (dramatic) are all agog if they turn in six performances a year, Charlie has managed fourteen in twelve months!

Charlie loves the screen—and more particularly, the stage. He gave up the prospect of being Los Angeles’ chief dispenser of pills—and continued on to dispense with them, in the movies. The Ruggles clan had always been engaged in the wholesale drug business, and the thought that Charlie would turn from man to cinema just couldn’t occur to them. But it did to Charlie, and when, at fifteen, it was decreed by family edict that he should be a physician, Charlie revolted. He traveled to San Francisco, drugged only with the glow of the footlights.

That was about twenty years ago—and he’s never come out of it!

Since then he has appeared in stock—playing old men and character roles, for eight years—and then, after this absurd apprenticeship, he finally graduated to juvenile.

He appeared, subsequently, in comedy and musical comedy in the typical Morosco oasis—whatever that meant—which included Lenore Ulric, Elsie Janis, Cyril Maude and Agnes Ayres. His first screen appearance was gained in the Morosco Productions which were filmed in Hollywood and released through Paramount.

In his rôle of the drunken reporter in “Gentlemen of the Press,” you will recall he scored over-night. But he was never allowed to sober up. This worried him. The business bump was developing. He realized that if he went on playing drunks indefinitely his popularity would peter out. He rebelled in a dignified way. He just let it be known in the Ruggles manner—which, girls, is more charming than a comedian has any right—that his stand was definite and final. He won his point.

He definitely wants to “last.” He wants to go on and on and on. And what do you think he broke down and confessed to me that he wants to be? A movie executive, no less! This, undoubtedly, must be where his sense of humor serves him well.

He means it! And I’m perfectly willing to wager that what he wants to be he will be. For he is serenely willing to wait, and work hard while he’s waiting. And, as I said before, he has a highly (Continued on page 78)
Going West!

She broke box-office records—and now they are hailing her as Queen of the Maes!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

A TIDAL wave has engulfed the movie temples from coast to coast.

East is West, and South is West, and the whole country is West since Mae rolled in!

She is the newest sensation in Hollywood, New York and points between.

She is a star on Broadway, but a personality anywhere.

She knows her public, which threatens to be universal, and she knows precisely how to feed it what it wants.

In New York she drew twice as many people to see her as Ed Wynn drew to see him, both appearing the same week at different theatres, in conjunction with a picture. In Brooklyn she drew exactly twice as many people as the radio star. New Orleans reports smashed attendance records on "She Done Him Wrong" (the first West starring picture) and in Scranton, Pa., they stood up ten deep to see it.

Meeting Mae West is like attending a convention. You meet people going, coming, waiting, and there is an air of confusion strewn thickly about. She was in her Paramount theatre dressing-room, resting between two of her five performances daily.

You would hardly recognize the lady off-screen. She looks smaller, less spectacular of course, and lacking in that peculiar magnetism with which her stage personality is so richly endowed. She is blonde, fortyish, and informal.

For her stage appearance Mae bolsters those hips and pads that corset until she resembles a calendar girl of the '90s. Then she adjusts her "Merry Widow" hat to a rakish angle, and sweeps onto the stage, where she is nothing less than dynamic.

"I have that certain element, I guess," said Mae. "People like it, and I give it to 'em."

No one knew about Mae West when she was singing and dancing in vaudeville, in revues with Frank Tinney and Ed Wynn, and in cabarets. No one took heed of her until the night "Diamond Lil" was born, with free beer between the acts. "Diamond Lil" was an old-fashioned melodrama with the new freedom from inhibitions and it clicked from the start. Standing room only was the rule at all performances, and at every performance Mae West panicked 'em.

Then there was "Sex," a less than scientific approach to the subject, and Mae began touring the provinces as Diamond Lil. Her success lither, thither and yon was universal.

At this point Hollywood began to think of celebrating Mae West in pictures. After several conferences and caucuses she was signed by Paramount. A trial spin in "Night After Night" was quickly followed by the phenomenally successful "She Done Him Wrong" which represents what the purists have left of "Diamond Lil".

It is the West manner of (Continued on page 52)
Going Native!

The Jungle Boy, Buster Crabbe, is making audiences answer the call of the wild

By

Evelyn Ballarine

AHH, Adventure!

We were on our way to meet "The Lion Man." We had already met "The Ape Man"; seen "The Panther Woman"; gazed upon "King Kong." So we know our way about the jungle.

Buster Crabbe was appearing "in person" at the Paramount Theatre, New York City. A tea in his honor was in progress back-stage. We were about to enter "The Lion Man" when a man accosted us and said, "If you're afraid of lions, better not go in there." Thinking it was just his bright idea of how to frighten females, we ignored the warning—and imagine our confusion when we walked in and found Buster fondling two lion cubs! "They're cute tricks, aren't they?" grinned Buster.

This "Lion Man" is a handsome and robust lad, six feet one inch tall. And you know, of course, that like Johnny Weissmuller he's an Olympic swimming champ, having twice represented America in the Olympic games. He holds five world swimming records, thirty-five national championships and countless inter-collegiate honors. Yet with all this glory to his credit, he's still a very modest young man. (Incidentally, his last name is pronounced "Crab," not Crab-be.)

Buster is going to give himself one year to make good in pictures. "By that time I should know whether I have a future in films or not," he said. "At any rate, I don't have some money saved and I have a scholarship to Harvard, where I intend to study law. "But just the same, I'm serious about pictures—I really want to make good. I wish I could make 'King of the Jungle' over again; I know I could be better in it."

Frances Dee, said Buster, was a great help to him in making the picture. She taught him camera tricks and showed him how to get the most out of his scenes. He's studying voice culture now—not because he thinks he can sing, but because it helps his speaking voice. "When I first spoke for the screen my voice was all wrong—I talked through my nose or something; anyway, it didn't sound right. But now you should hear my broad-A!"

We asked Buster what his real name was—and you should have seen the rosy glow radiate from his sun-tanned skin! "Must I answer that, teacher?" he said. Then he assumed an "I-can-take-it!" expression and said, "I was named Clarence but I had nothing to do with it! My father nicknamed me Buster, and I've answered to that name ever since I can remember."

"Don't you think the name 'Buster' is rather juvenile for the screen—remember what happened to 'Buddy' Rogers," we reminded him. "I've been thinking very seriously of getting myself a new screen name," he admitted. "But, you see, I was publicized as Buster Crabbe, the Olympic swimmer, for my first picture."

When Buster was two years old his parents moved to Honolulu and lived there until he entered college. He learned to speak the Hawaiian language from the natives. He credits the Hawaiians with teaching him to swim. Buster would like to live in (Continued on page 83)
WHEN I hear some wise one sitting behind me at a Bette Davis picture repeat the widely circulated fable, "That Davis girl was only a little brown wren when she went to Hollywood. They say she was nobody. She didn't know how to act, and it took some extra girl to tell her to bleach her hair before she got a break!" I laugh and yawn and give my program a bored rattle.

To be sure, the golden-skinned, golden-haired Bette Davis, motion picture star, who arrived in New York via the famous "42nd Street Special," is more ravishing and glamorous than the blue-eyed ingénue who lived in the same old brownstone house that I did on West 48th Street in New York not long before Universal signed her for her first Hollywood venture two years ago. The venture that was made up of gingham and sad little second parts, and ended with the dictum that "Davis is through in pictures. She has no allure." Till George Arliss gave her a chance to change this in "The Man Who Played God."

But Bette Davis did not have to go to Hollywood to become beautiful, though the Hollywood grooming has had a devastating effect. She was always lovely. No one who has ever seen her world's-biggest blue eyes could ever forget them. And she has always had distinction. The reason her mother took her to New York for dramatic training in the first place was that a famous producer urged her to. He said that it would never make any difference whether or not Bette had a line to speak in a play—she would always be looked at because she was so unusual.

I remember how pretty she looked when I used to see her dashing in and out of the old high-ceilinged house where we both lived while she was doing the ingénue in "Broken Dishes"—usually with a string of juveniles who looked as if they had just made, or were about to make, a raid on the larder. I must admit there were usually more young men than girls in the crowd. Bette made no bones of the fact that she preferred boys to her own sex.

I lived in the old remodeled dining-room opposite the front entrance, where I could hear Bette call up to her mother to stand at the head of the stairs while she came up through the deserted hall, when she came home from the theatre alone at night. It was an excellent place for a gossipy old meany to gather the material for an article
So Bette Davis was just "a little brown wren" before Hollywood transformed her, was she? Well, read what a friend "who knew her when" says about it!

By Betty Shannon

full of reminiscence like this!

Bette was wearing that winter a smart little brown suit with a fox collar. She called it her first "real suit." Though she had by no means achieved the flair for wearing sophisticated, high-powered clothes which she proves she possesses in her first starring vehicle, "Ex-Lady," she had a little way of her own, even then, which was not at all like a wren.

No, Bette Davis was never a little brown wren. Never! A wren always stays a wren. It never grows the brilliant plumage of the gold-finch that is today's Bette Davis, movie star—flashing about serving tea, answering telephones, receiving homage and callers in golden silk lounging pajamas to match the new gold of her hair.

But underneath the more glamorous exterior she is still the same natural, intelligent, witty, outspoken girl that she always was.

She likes pretty-clothes pictures. She thinks the public does, too, and she never wants to do anything but well-dressed films again. "Squalor isn't entertaining," she says. "Why should it be thought to be?"

She is glad that she did not start off dazzlingly in pictures. She feels that it is much sounder to build up than to uphold a standard you are not yet up to maintaining. She hopes, however, that she will not become so engrossed in pictures that she will not have sense enough to return to the theatre in two or three years and do "Barrie" parts. But everybody tells her she will not.

She thinks her new husband, "Ham"—as she disrespectfully calls Mr. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., whom she romantically married last summer—is perfect, and more fun than any one else in the world. They are interested in all the same things, and have a grand time together.

She wants to do "Alice in Wonderland"—which, of course, is a well-dressed picture in a marvelous way of its own.

She became aware of the yearning to do "Alice" on the afternoon of the golden pajamas and tea, the day after she arrived in New York. There were several "knew her whens" present. One of them was Miss Florida Friebus, author with Miss Eva Le Gallienne of the Civic Repertory version of "Alice in Wonderland" which has been making such a stir in New York this year.

Miss Friebus and Bette had played together with Miss Blanche Yurka in Ibsen's "The Lady From the Sea." They had not seen each other since Bette had gone into pictures.

But the amusing thing was, that Bette, out on the coast, had not heard about Florida's "Alice." And Florida, on the other hand, had not heard a word about Bette's marriage to the incomparable "Ham" whom she had known since school days at (Continued on page 80)
REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Smart and sophisticated—naughty, to you—is this new number which brings Bette Davis to you in big electric lights for the first time. I'm glad to report that Bette bears out SCREENLAND'S predictions for her. The picture isn't as good as her performance, nevertheless it's worth your while. A few years ago this might have been taken seriously as a problem play about our flighty younger generation, but now rather bright dialogue deadens the sound of that cracking of thin ice upon which our heroine and her gang are skating. Bette, the veddy, veddy modern gel artist, is in love with Gene Raymond but fears that marriage will spoil everything. Against her will the wedding bells clank, and then, sure enough, troubles pile up, proving to Bette that she was right all along, but proving to the audience nothing in particular. Fortunately Miss Davis is extremely decorative in her spectacular new clothes; Gene Raymond is nice, and Frank McHugh is, as usual, pretty funny. Monroe Owsley menaces.

Cheers! Here's a picture! First, it stars Lee Tracy. Second, it debunks War. Third, it's lusty, down-to-earth entertainment. No more cracks from the cinema's critics if this sort of thing goes on. For "Private Jones" is no hero; he's a thoroughly commonplace young man who didn't want to go to war, anyway, and who, once drafted, proceeded to spend most of his time fighting everything and everybody except the enemy. Tracy, as the soldier-in-spite-of-himself, charges through his scenes with grand gusto, compelling your attention, amusement, and even sympathy. His "Private Jones" will do more to end war than all the pacifist propaganda ever collected. But whether you are pacifistic or militaristic you'll enjoy "Private Jones," because it is always swell entertainment. Donald Cook, Gloria Stuart, and Frank McHugh are splendid. As for Tracy, the Great Debunker—well, I can't give him the Honor Page every month, can I? But I don't mind admitting that there's no other actor I'd rather give it to! You Can Count on these Criticisms
A Month of Fine Performances!
Here Are the Best:

Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader"
James Cagney in "Picture-Snatcher"
Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"
Alice White in "Picture-Snatcher"
Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings"
Jack Oakie in "Hell to Heaven"
Gregory Ratoff in "Sweepings"
Lee Tracy in "Private Jones"
Helen Mack in "Sweepings"
Bette Davis in "Ex-Lady"

Welcome back, Jimmy Cagney. Oh, yes, I know you made a picture called "Hard to Handle." But here's your real come-back, in which you're bold and bad and altogether irresistible. Just what we've been waiting for! As an ex-crook who tries to go straight in the newspaper racket, stealing and snatching pictures for the front page of his very yellow tabloid, Cagney is as we desire him—fists flying, girls dodging, sinning with a smile. There's so much action you won't stop to wonder whether it's all believable until later, and then it doesn't matter, when you've had more than your admission money's worth of excitement and suspense. And before I forget it, I want to pin a medal on Alice White for being the gamiest and cutest target Cagney has ever had. Patricia Ellis is sweetly pretty as the picture's legitimate love interest. But don't miss Jimmy snapping the garter of one of his admirers. (Wish I could have entered that "Visit Cagney in Hollywood" contest!)  

See this screen drama by all means. It is one of the finest ever produced. See it when you are craving full-flavored, rich entertainment. "Sweepings" has power and strength and splendid performances—but it is hardly sparkling or cheery. You should not select it when you're in a "42nd Street" mood. Lionel Barrymore and his supporting cast, directed by John Cromwell, have been inspired to heights in interpreting the story of a department-store owner and his family, through the years from the Chicago Fire to the present. Barrymore, as the father, watches his children, three sons and a daughter, grow up with great hope in his heart, for he is building his store as their heritage. The changing fortunes of the family and the store provide the drama. The acting is superlative. Among the younger players Helen Mack stands out as a vital, rather thrilling new personality. Watch this very real little girl. She has something of Clara Bow's untamed intensity. For the rest, see Honor Page!
Here's a "Record" Contest!

I'M GOING to deviate from my usual radio chatter this month and proposition you! I want your answer in writing, too!

You see, it's like this: Your ether friends want to thank you for listening in on their programs and for the many kind and constructive letters you send in about their work. They have asked SCREENLAND, RCA-Victor and Brunswick recording companies to co-operate with them. Being all pals together, we went into a huddle; and when we emerged I had autographed records from the following fourteen famous radio orchestra leaders: Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz. Guy Lombardo, the Canadian boy who made good in America. Eddy Duchin, the piano-playin' fool. Ben Bernie, the lad who made "Yowsah!" famous. Don Bestor, the song writing conductor. Rudy Vallee, king of the crooners. Cab Calhoun, Harlem's jazz hound. Collegiate Ozzie Nelson, the musical ex-gridiron star. And Isham Jones, Leo Reisman, Wayne King, Nat Shilkret, Ted Weems, and Gus Arnheim.

And now here's where you head in. You undoubtedly
Rewards from Radio Maestros!

RULES
For SCREENLAND's Autographed Record Contest:

1. Select your favorite orchestra leader from those mentioned herewith.
2. Write him a letter, not more than 150 words, telling him the reasons why you tune in on him and, if you like, offer constructive criticism.
3. In case two letters are considered of equal excellence, the tying contestants will both receive prizes.
4. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families.
5. This contest will close at midnight on the 24th of May, 1933.
6. Address your letter to Radio Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

have a favorite in that thar list of orchestra leaders—pick your man! Then write a letter, not more than 150 words, telling the reasons why you tune in on your favorite bandsman. The best letter about each of these fourteen radio musicians will win for its author a record autographed by his or her favorite conductor.

What is there about Rudy Vallee's music that makes your feet dance? What makes you want to tune in on Don Bestor's orchestra? Why is Paul Whiteman headman on your list of radio raves? Or perhaps it's Ye Old Maestro, Ben Bernie; or Gus Arnheim, Eddy Duchin, Ted Weems, Isham Jones, Wayne King, Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, Ozzie Nelson, Nat Shilkret, Leo Reisman? Whoever he is, he wants to be as much "in person" in your home as possible and this is his way of achieving a semblance of it.

Now get inspired—get that rhythm! They'll supply the music—you write the words!

And—surprise! A similar contest will be announced next month. Wait until you see the galaxy of radio stars we have lined up!
JOAN CRAWFORD gives you her Glamor Secrets!

Joan's first rule of charm: Be your most decorative! All American girls may thank Miss Crawford for lifting them right out of the fashion doldrums. Joan believes in colorful clothes. Exaggerate your good features, minimize those not-so-good. Joan collaborated with Adrian in designing this dashing black velvet costume with pleated white organdie trimming. The ruffles adorn the short sleeves, make a flattering jabot effect at the neck, and there's a separate shoulder-cape with stand-up organie collar.

Can your eyes stand the close-up test? See that small picture of Joan to the right, and note how carefully the star has enhanced the value of every eyelash! Study the clean-cut eyebrow arch—Crawford scorns those hairline eyebrows, preferring the more natural effect.

We picture girls must be always well-groomed, says Joan, always immaculate. And how do you like the matching linen gloves Joan wears with her red linen frock?

Glamor Editor—

Linen for ladies, says Joan! You're cool and correct in linen for sports, and even for more formal appearances. Joan enjoys the linen dress she is wearing at the right. It's bright red, my pets, with white embroidered dots! One of those frocks, in which a gal may be at once demure and devilish!

Joan is a jacket fancier! In the picture at the right across the page she shows you one of the tailored linen jackets of which she has acquired a selection this season.
for June 1933

Glamor School

Photographs of Miss Crawford posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Clarence Sinclair Bull, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Elbows are important! Joan Crawford never neglects a detail of exquisite care and fastidiousness. She has what they call "artists' elbows": positively perfect!

Here is Joan wearing her pet "peppermint candy" dress! Red and white stripes, and pretty dazzling, but part of Joan's colorful program. The ruffled-organzandie shoulder cape is just one of Joan's many ideas for topping evening ensembles.

Your smile is only as dazzling as your teeth. Joan's a lovely illustration. So don't forget all those good old dentrifice rules.
At a Hollywood party a great director said that a woman's age and temperament showed more in her hands than in any other feature. Some one suggested that we try out the idea in a game. The women were to go behind a screen, take off their rings and extend their hands into view. The men were to try to identify them, to guess their ages and to describe their natures. The age guessing was embarrassingly accurate, though none of the stars would admit it, and the game died of unpopularity.

Standards of beauty in hands have changed. The soft, dimpled hand that used to be the hope and envy of every woman is today considered uninteresting. A hand must now have some indication of strength in it to be considered beautiful. What with cars to drive, tennis rackets to wield, and careers to shape, a boneless, useless hand is outmoded. The successful woman has a crisp, capable-looking hand that can very well grasp the reins of big business, manage a husband, and hold her own emotions under control.

These modern hands tell an interesting story of the metamorphosis of women. Their diary would be a breathless record of all manner of activities. The same hands that carry a gun to shoot lions in Africa may gracefully light a cigarette on a moon-drenched balcony in Venice; only to return home to plant a row of irises in the cool, rich earth on the shady side of the house; later to be seen in the lap of a smooth and lovely white satin frock.

Consider the hands of Claudette Colbert, among the most interesting in Hollywood. Her hands show her to be impulsive, restless, therefore it would be folly to try to hem her in. It has been tried unsuccessfully. Her hands are dramatic, pictorial, yet never more important than her face.

Speaking of hands that indicate control, have you ever noticed Constance Bennett's?
Restless hands, soothing hands, greedy hands, generous hands, strong hands, weak hands, successful hands, uncertain hands! See them everywhere, more expressive than faces. Your hands express the real You!

Every movement is so sure, their direction so positive, that you know her brain dominates her life. It is very hard for her to make her hands look helpless even when her parts require it. The little blonde Marquise has "Everything under control," thank you.

ZaSu Pitts' fame was originally built with her eloquent hands. In the hands of Gutzon Borglum, the great sculptor, you see the terrific energy and undaunted courage that would send a man to carve a mountain. Mary Pickford's hands are truly executive hands, but one seldom notices them, it is so difficult to pull your eyes away from her magnetic countenance.

The popularity of Clark Gable as a cave-man was accentuated by his rather barbaric hands. Valentino had barbaric hands with a thin veneer of artistry and civilization overlaying them. They added greatly to his fascination. One might go on and on with an absorbing pageant of famous hands. But we have practical work to do here as well. How are you and I going to make our own hands attractive and expressive?

To begin with, we should see that they look well cared for. No matter how you use or abuse your hands you are not forgiven lack of grooming for there are ways of keeping them nice under all conditions. It is so easy to tell you to wear gloves when you are doing unusually dirty work or play. But I know, and you know that I know, that it is hard to work in gloves and few women will wear them more than once or twice. So under these conditions protect your nails by putting soap under them before you begin. If you are going to tinker with your own airplane motor, dig in your garden, or what-not, just scratch a cake of soap and leave it caked under your nails. When your job is done take a brush to your nails and they will be cleaner than when you started!

Most of us hurry through the washing and caring for our hands. No wonder they get dry and red. No wonder the cuticle gets ragged. Take a little more time to dry your hands carefully and while they are still damp push the cuticle back from each nail with the towel. If you do this regularly every time you wash your hands and put a touch of oil or cream on the cuticle at night it will never require any additional treatment to keep it nice and smooth. (Please don't cut it!)

Another little stunt to keep your hands from getting red and to avoid that shriveled look is to rub your hands as though you were putting on a pair of tight gloves. Do this when you are applying hand-lotion in the day-time and hand cream at night. Begin at the tips of the fingers and stroke toward the wrist. If your fingers are spatulate—that is, spread at the end—you can help to make them pointed by pinching them.

Your hands are washed so much that you must use something to restore the natural oil to the skin or it will age too quickly. Be sure your hand cream is really nourishing.

It really doesn't take much time to keep your hands lovely and it is so important! If your time is limited you can learn to give yourself a very expert manicure in fifteen minutes. Do it right after your bath, having filed your nails before you stepped into the tub. It takes a steady hand to apply the colored liquid polish. It is best to practice on the colorless variety. Any slips in the application are not so easily detected. The battle is still on between the bright colors and good old dependable "natural" or clear. Many well-groomed women vary the color of their nails for different occasions. If it is well applied and appropriate to your type and costume, there is no reason why you should not follow the fancy in the matter of nail-coloring.

The length of the nails is something else again. Extremely long ones are an affectation as unpleasant as curling your little finger over a tea-cup. One's hands should, after all, carry a fine interpretation of oneself, rather than take attention away from one's personality, one's individuality.

To use your hands well in an occasional descriptive gesture that aids conversation is fascinating if it is not overdone. The dramatic pose of Miss Colbert's hands is a prerogative of the actress. Neither she nor any other well-bred person keeps her hands on her face as she goes about in normal living.

The lovely hands of Claire Dodd bespeak fastidiousness and a fine determination. How nice it would be if we would all determine to express our fineness in our appearance so that we would get the credit for it and others would enjoy it! Use your hands to grasp the last measure of effectiveness.

Standards of beauty in hands have changed. The soft, dimpled hand that used to be the hope and envy of every woman is today considered uninteresting. See Claire Dodd's hands, expressing character and strength, as well as beauty.
Consulting Mother Nature’s mirror! Boots Mallory and Irene Ware, two of the prettiest youngsters in Hollywood, keep tabs on what the sun is doing to those fresh young complexions by rolling over in the sand and gazing into this convenient little pond. And they can depend on Nature not to lie to them!

By Weston East

AND from whom do you think came official information that Greta Garbo will return to Hollywood? The studio? Her manager? Wrong in both instances. Greta’s Swedish cook was the first to know the truth, and is the only one who knows the actual date of the star’s arrival. Greta wrote to her cook and gave her all the details. And if you think Miss Garbo is uncommunicative, you should attempt to get information out of her cook!

THE rumor is that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart will separate, with the probability of a divorce. “Incompatibility” will be blamed, and Sue will retain custody of the baby, Carol Lee. Sorry, folks—’twas a happy union while it lasted! You may be seeing Sue in personal appearances before long.

CLARA BOW returned from Europe fifteen pounds overweight; she retired to her ranch, where the extra poundage was taken off . . . Allen Jenkins suffered an attack of neuritis so severe that he was taken to a hospital . . . Arline Judge absent-mindedly invited friends to dinner on cook’s night off, so she prepared the meal herself . . . Sari Maritza wore trousered suits before Marlene Dietrich, but nobody said anything about it . . . “What kind of man will I marry? Why, I am married,” and thus did Phyllis Barry first acquaint Hollywood with the fact that she has a husband . . . Will Rogers and Warner Baxter offered to donate their salary checks to the needy during the bank holiday . . . Nancy Carroll, incidentally, had the laugh on the studios: on the day of the salary cut, her contract with Paramount ended.

IF SHE were Irish, you might say that Carole Lombard was born with “the luck of the Irish.” At any rate, Carole lost the perfectly gorgeous star-sapphire ring given to her by hubby William Powell. She was on the point of hysterics when in walked a newspaperman and returned the ultra-valuable stone. He had found it in the gutter outside the studio. How did he know who owned the giant sapphire? Listen, there is only one store like it in all Hollywood, and all newspaper men know who owns it.

IN ANSWER to a query as to what are her favorite musical selections, a beautiful brunette star recently answered: “Among others, the compositions of Chopin.” From the West Coast Che. Chapter that funny fellow?
THIS month’s biggest screen close-up goes to Joel McCrea as a reward for one of the nicest deeds to come to light within recent weeks. Let me tell you the story:

The mother of a girl who occupies a small position at the RKO Studios, where McCrea is under contract, has been a hopeless cripple for months. Only by means of a wheel-chair, doctors declared, was it possible for her to move about.

Now wheel-chairs are expensive affairs, as the daughter of the stricken mother learned to her sorrow. However, in order that she might give her mother as much comfort as possible, the girl commenced to save her pennies and nickels toward purchase of a chair. Denying herself every sort of pleasure and even a few necessities, she hoarded carefully. But she receives a small salary, therefore the fund grew very, very slowly.

Then McCrea heard of the little tragedy—a big tragedy to the mother and daughter—and without speaking a word to anybody (and particularly not to a member of the studio publicity department), he went to a surgical supply house and purchased a wheel-chair, which he sent to the afflicted mother.

And that is why I award the month’s biggest screen close-up to that modest good fellow, Joel McCrea.

WHEN Ricardo Cortez was confined to a hospital for a month with Hollywood's worst attack of influenza, he studied carefully the institution’s interns, nurses and attendants, for he was scheduled to play a young hospital doctor in a picture titled “Dead On Arrival.” Wasn’t it a fateful twist that a few days after he started work in the picture, Cortez had a relapse and was forced to return to bed?

James Dunn, who has never been in a hospital and probably doesn’t know a nurse from a nun, fell heir to the Cortez rôle.

ONE of the strangest parallels in motion picture history occurred when, on the very day that “The King’s Vacation” was released, President Roosevelt was fired upon in Florida.

The screen situation involving George Arliss was exactly similar to the circumstances of the Florida affair, even to the action of both President Roosevelt and Arliss, who rose and assured the real and the movie mobs, “I am not hurt.”

Their attention drawn to the film by the likeness of real and imagined situations, lecturers have seized upon the motion picture and are vowing that it points the only return to normalcy.

Council of war? Two of the toughest hombres on the screen, Eddie Robinson and James Cagney, meet on the Warner lot. Congratulations on Edward, Jr., Mr. Robinson!

WHEN this appears in print, Ruth Chatterton will be in Ireland, meeting husband George Brent’s “old folks.” After a brief stay on the Emerald Isle, where Brent was born, the couple will visit Spain, Miss Chatterton’s favorite country, France, Germany and Italy.

The Brents expect to be away about three months, and to return to Hollywood and pictures about June first.

NORMA SHEARER’S three-years-and-six-months-old son threw an afternoon party into a panic, and the story bears telling. Guests were enjoying highballs, and the youngster wanted one, so he was supplied with a glass of orange juice. “Now what do you say?” hinted Norma. The Thalberg juvenile lifted his glass and said, “Here’s mud in your eye!”

ANN HARDING has apparently succeeded the late Rudolph Valentino as the screen’s greatest lover of horses. The blonde star owns a stable of mounts, among them two priceless Arabian steeds, and is considered Hollywood’s finest woman rider.

Returning from her vacation near Palm Springs recently, she brought back several horses. These, added to her previous few, provide Ann with what racetrack devotees term “a string.”

THE annual trend Malibu-ward is well under way, and already many of the actors and actresses have opened their summer homes beside the Pacific.

Fay Wray, Joan Bennett, Lillian Stashman and Edmund Lowe, Louise Fazenda, Artie Johnson, Miriam Hopkins, Wayne Gibson, Bette Davis, Laura LaPlante and any number of lovely young bathing suit models may now be seen every week-end, and even during the week-ends, out-yachting and otherwise enjoying the glories of the ocean side.

Miss Wray resumes her position of last year as ping-pong champion, and George O’Brien again shares water prowess with Johnny Weissmuller, with Joel McCrea offering competition. On the tennis courts, Fredric March and Theodor Von Eltz reign supreme among the men, while Dorothy Lee and Elissa Landi are early season champions among the women.

Missing this season are Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, whose home burned down and has not been rebuilt. Constance Bennett, in Europe for several months, arrived late, as did Lillian Stashman and Evelyn Brent, who were making stage appearances in other parts of the country.

AFTER fifteen years in motion pictures—six of them confronting a sound mike—Richard Barthelmess had another attack of stage fright when he was called upon to broadcast over the radio.

Dick was bold enough until he reached the microphone, but when he received the signal that the current was on, he became tongue-tied. A radio announcer saved the situation by rushing to Barthelmess’ side and plying him with questions.

In explaining his frozen tongue afterwards, Dick said, “I suddenly realized that millions of people were listening, and I was simply scared.”

WHEN Mae Clarke’s jaw was broken in an automobile crash, physicians had to re-set the member. Medical wire was used to hold it in place. While her jaw was thus bound, Mae could neither chew nor talk.

Among her callers at the hospital was Billy Bakewell. He took one look at the jaw and said, “I have visited hundreds of theatres that were wired for sound, but you are the first woman I have seen wired for silence.”

BY THE time this is in print, Ronald Colman and Walter Byron will be in England. Yes, like Gloria Swanson, Boris Karloff, Constance Cummings, Esther Ralston and others, they will make at least one British motion picture.
George Raft, who refused to play in "Shame of Temple Drake," was the first to congratulate Jack LaRue, who fell heir to the role intended for Raft.

The strange thing about that part is this: If it had been Raft, it is likely to boost LaRue to feature roles. The reason is simply that the role is that of a heavy, and Raft has been heretofore built up in semi-sympathetic parts. His following, according to George, would not have liked him in the picture. But because of the widespread publicity that followed Raft's refusal to play the role, LaRue becomes prominent merely by accepting it.

"Slim" Summerville opines that the reason the Friday night prize fights are no longer popular in Hollywood is that people have taken up bridge—now they do their own fighting.

Dorothy Mackail's husband, Neil Miller, works in the advertising department of a Los Angeles department store. Chester Conklin, screen funny man, and his wife have gone to the divorce mill... Clara Bow has never been up in an airplane and vows she will never fly... Joan Bennett may enter a new business, interior decorating; if so, it is to be a sideline to her movie career... Janet Gaynor still owns a pair of white rabbits given to her by a fan at Easter, 1929... Ann Harding took a voluntary 90-day salary suspension, giving the studio that long to find new stories for her next screen appearances... Popularity of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Red Dust" calls for an encore; they will co-star in "Nora"... Following salary cuts, a surprising number of stars ride in small cars, leaving expensive limousines for special occasions... Buster Keaton is on a personal appearance tour in Mexico.

If it would be cruel to mention her name, but she is an exotic star who in the past has played vamps but more recently is seen in sympathetic roles.

With her new fame, this actress, who is not so young as she once was, has acquired a "stand-in"—a double to stand for her while lights are adjusted. This "double," unfortunately, looks very much like the actress, except that she is younger and prettier. At the beginning, the star was pleased with the idea, but gradually it dawned on her that the lovelier young person was winning all the eyes on the set. The climax happened one day when she overheard two electricians talking. One man said, "The double should be the star of this picture; she's much prettier than Miss X." Now a new stand-in has replaced the first, and this new person is older and slightly homely.

El Brendel's classic remark that rollicked Hollywood is: "For Lent, I gave up four weeks' pay."

(Continued on page 68)
From Aileen Pringle's Fan Mail

"And yet, you know, I'm over thirty. Youthfulness is partly a matter of keeping young in spirit, but it's very much a matter of keeping your skin young. We Hollywood stars, almost without exception, use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's marvelous for giving your skin a perfectly morning-glory freshness and youth."

Aileen Pringle's Answer:

"What if he should tire of me?"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Since the loveliest stars of Hollywood trust their priceless complexions to this fine, fragrant white soap—why not begin today to use it for your skin? Why not make your skin as smooth and radiantly lovely as a movie star's?

Get two or three cakes today! Use it regularly for a month. Learn how wonderful it is for giving you a smooth, youthful complexion.

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap
ANY odd situations arose as a consequence of the bank holidays in Hollywood and Beverly Hills, home cities of the stars. Because many of the screen famous are accustomed to earning and spending money quickly, they were particularly bewildered when they found themselves unable to put their hands on ready cash.

Gary Cooper had a hundred dollar bill, but could not get it changed. He therefore had to sign checks everywhere, or do without.

Fredric March, driven to desperate measures, opened the bank of his newly adopted son. Ben Lyon opened the bank of Barbara Bebe, his daughter. Both men, according to reports, prospered as a result of their "bank robberies."

Ely Culbertson, two days before the bank closings, gave an autographed one-dollar bill to his favorite waitress at the R-K-O studio cafe. A few days after the bank closing he recalled the gift and offered the girl a check for the bill. Also, she had also felt the need of money and had spent her autographed souvenir!

Several screen stars who had planned extensive train or boat trips were forced to forego their plans because of a lack of cash. One star with nearly forty thousand dollars in one bank was caught with less than two dollars in his pockets.

Hollywood never fails to supply a laugh, even for the most serious situations. Tom Geraghty, writer, commented: "Now I understand why so many folks adopt babies—it's a cinch to rob a baby's bank, and a baby seldom knows how much he has!"

NO FEATHERS flew when Janet Gaynor, Fox starlet, met for the first time Lilian Harvey, English star now with Fox. They were, in fact, like a couple of kids. They took off their shoes and stood back to back, measuring heights. They are identical in that respect—five feet and one inch small.

A NICE movie close-up to Jean Harlow, who took a big salary cut without a murmur. Later Jean said to friends, "All I have, I owe to the motion picture industry. If half of my salary will help the business even a little bit, I am glad to oblige."

But the longest long-shot—and the back of his ears at that—to Charles Bickford, who not only refused to take the cut but refused to listen to reasons why he should.

And a nice close-up to Dorothy Wilson. Learning to skate, for reducing purposes, she was rolling along a sidewalk when she noticed a little boy watching her sadly. She stopped to talk, and discovered that he had never owned a pair of skates because his family was too poor. Dorothy removed her new pair and gave them to the boy then and there.

Another long-shot, with bad lighting, to Sidney Fox, who left a Los Angeles boy with the impression that she would marry him on her return from Europe, but who married a New Yorker without so much as a telegram to warn "the boy back home."

He learned of her marriage through newspapers.

Also, a lovely close-up for Anna Q. Nilsson, a former star now on the stage. As star performer in "Hedda Gabler," Miss Nilsson donated the entire proceeds of one of her opening performances to the fund for California earthquake victims.

THAT Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., separation? Well, some say it's temporary; others hazard the guess that it will prove permanent. From this watchtower we're inclined to subscribe to the latter opinion.

WELL, the much-heralded Robinson baby, to greet which Eddie rushed through a picture in record time and sped to New York, arrived safely. It's a boy, and the Robinsons have duly named him Edward, Jr. Mrs. Robinson is Gladys Lloyd, film actress, who has played supporting roles in her husband's pictures.

WHEN "King Kong," the giant ape picture, was previewed at a Los Angeles theatre, members of the audience stared aghast at the huge beast that paraded the screen and desolated cities there.

At last a too-smart boy in the front section of the theatre voiced a loud opinion of the entire proceedings. "Aw, that's another of them movie fakes," he said. "There ain't no animal like that!"

Even a director gets tired! That's MARVIN LEBRAY who envied Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Aline McMahon in their penchant of ease while making "Gold Diggers of 1933," and decided to rest a bit. The unique studio picture shows the important part played by the lights in taking unusual "angle" shots.
Our double-guards—Most

were

in Eastman systematic.

$75

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Kodak

Verichrome Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement... "Let me see"... "I must have this one"... Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak Verichrome Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM
DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

• Verichrome is the double-coated film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM
Joan Talks about Sister Constance

Continued from page 17

she'd red-appeal people—but she won't. She never asks producers and directors to her parties for what they can do for her. Most of the executives with whom she's friendly are people not even connected with her company."

Joan thought about Constance some more and then burst out enthusiastically. "Of course, the greatest asset Constance has is her charm and personality. She has a faculty for creating an aura of glamour about her wherever she is. And her personality is so pronounced that she automatically becomes the centre of attraction—no matter where she may happen to be.

"Then, there is that perfectly gorgeous sense of humor. I don't know anyone who can see humor in a thing as quickly as Constance."

Twilight fell and the shadows lengthened. The fire cast a ruddy glow over the room. It was the most beautiful time of the day. Work was over and the night's gaiety hadn't started. It was the hour when people relax and rest and dream."

"I think," Joan said softly, "if you were to ask me to name the one thing about Constance I love most I'd say it is her sense of sympathy and understanding. Once, before Gene and I were married, I was in love with another man. We fought and made up until I was ashamed. My friends used to kid me unmercifully about it. And every time we'd have a fight they'd say, 'You've got us tired of it. And when we'd make them smile and say, 'Oh, you'll make up with him again' and I'd feel uncomfortable about having to face them when we had become reconciled. So I used to meet him in places where my friends wouldn't see us together and all that sort of thing.

"But Constance understood my feelings. Once she said to me, 'Darling, don't cheapen yourself that way. If you love him that's the only thing that matters. And don't you care what people say or think. It's immaterial how many times you quarrel. After you've been apart if you find you still care for him, go ahead and make up with him. It's nobody's business but yours. And these friends of yours who tease you about it—they're not the ones who go around carrying an aching heart. If they were, they'd be singing a different tune.'"

Joan's voice trailed off and a silence fell over us. The fire made dancing shadows on her face—in her hair. Joan sitting there made one of the loveliest pictures I've ever seen. I wondered vaguely how it is possible for two sisters to be as glamorous as those two and yet be so totally different.

Where Constance is a shrewd business woman, Joan is practically helpless. Where Constance dominates any group in which she happens to find herself, Joan with equal looks, intelligence, wit and charm, shrinks into a corner, and her motz, which frequently top Constance's, are either lost or fall on the ears of only the people immediately around her.

Constance receives credit for starting many fads. Joan has started just as many but, being retiring by nature, says nothing, and other people copy them and receive credit for the innovations.

It's amazing that two people can exert such a charm in such different ways.

Irreverently, a verse of Service's popped into my head:

"Now, suppose you must wed and make no blunder, And either would love you and let you win her, Which of the two would you choose, I wonder—"

I wonder, too. I think I'd be a Mormon!
Play to Win!

Play to win admiration, love—the most fascinating game of all. Be active outdoors—but above all—be dainty—for simple daintiness is the essence of feminine charm! Be sure dark hair doesn't blemish white arms, mar cheeks, or show thru stockings. Banish it with Marchand's. Make it unnoticeable in 20 minutes. The Safe, Inexpensive way.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Also Restores Golden Beauty to Faded Blonde Hair!

To get Marchand's by mail fill in name, address, city at right, and send with 45c (stamps accepted) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

Name........................................................................

Address..................................................................
News about Norma Shearer!

Continued from page 25

"For instance: When I am making a picture, my marriage suffers. I have to leave the house early in the morning and it is late in the evening when I reach home. I have time to catch only a glimpse of the baby before he goes to sleep and I am usually too tired to be much of a companion for Irving.

"Between pictures, I become completely the wife and mother. I don't go to the studio for interviews, I don't have photographs made, I don't start fitting costumes for my next picture until the last minute. My work is neglected because I am being a wife!

"Women have become far more facile than they used to be in handling both matrimony and a career. But it is not true that they can be perfect in both at the same time.

"Smiling as she spoke, at that moment I think she was more Mrs. Thalberg than Miss Shearer. She is a smaller person that she appears on the screen and more lovely. She is not beautiful in the accepted sense of the word—yet I think that she, more than any other actress (with the possible exception of Garbo), has created a new standard of beauty.

"With few of the stereotyped, chiseled attributes of traditional beauty, she has educated the motion picture public (and that means all of us, doesn't it?), to an appreciation of things in slim, exquisite, meticulously-groomed, hair of correct carriage, of grace. There is nothing exotic or foreign about her. She exudes a glowing, shining clarity of intelligence—and so has come to be acclaimed one of the most beautiful women of this generation.

"On the day of our long talk, she was wearing red pajamas with tiny white dots, a long matching coat, an Ascot tie folded trimly beneath her chin. She wore very little powder, no mascara or eye-shadow but lots of lipstick. Her finger-nails were tinted a pale conventional pink but her toes, which twinkled through the straps of white sandals, were tipped in bright vermilion.

"I remarked the contrast.

"Contrasts are what make life interesting," she explained. "My life has been a series of contrasts—I like them.

"Look out that window," she commanded, gesturing toward the broad vista of Central Park spread out so far below. "Over there on Ninth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street is the furnished room in which my mother, sister and I lived when we first came to New York from Montreal.

"Quite different from this—but it's only a mile across the park.

"Last night I could hear the elevated trains rattling in the distance, as in those days they used to screech just outside our windows. The underlying currents of life are the same whether we have much or little. I can never forget that some day that mile across the park—that difference between that life and this—might be erased.

"She spoke seriously yet there was no shadow of fear in her eyes. Not because her words were idle prophecies of a future she considered impossible—rather, because while not really expecting such a catastrophe, should such a fate be in store for her Norma Shearer would meet it with courage and strength—and a smile.

"For it is her courage that has been mistaken for calculating materialism. She has had the strength of character to work for those things she has desired. And she has been misunderstood.

"Just as her dignity has earned her the accusation of being cold, Norma Shearer is mutely well-bred. I would never think of asking her the personal intimate questions that may be addressed to some stars. Because one realizes that she would turn the trend of the conversation into safer channels—courteously but firmly.

"Not because she dares not answer. But because she would consider it ill-bred and in poor taste to discuss with anyone her personal affairs.

"She is aware of the fact that even her marriage to Irving Thalberg (a love-match if ever there were one), has been thought a triumph of acumen, the result of careful planning. The opposite, this amuses her, because she is the first to admit that her career has been characterized by lucky breaks as well as by hard work. She considers her marriage the most fortunate circumstance of all, though many are apt to forget that at the time of her union with Mr. Thalberg she was already a star in her own right.
Further discussion was interrupted by a commotion in the hall, and a trimly-garbed nursemaid brought in the son and heir of the house, red-cheeked and starry-eyed from a ride on a pony in the park.

"Oh, Bobby, I was on a pony and a merry-go-round, too," he threw his arms around his mother's neck. She looked at me over his head. "Bobby is his name for me," she explained.

"Can I have some champagne now?" Irving, Jr., inquired. Miss Shearer nodded to the nurse, who promptly withdrew and returned bearing a bottle of White Rock. This was poured into a champagne glass and young Mr. Thalberg clasped his sturdy fingers around it and lifted it to his baby mouth.

Strong, husky, with fair blonde hair and blue eyes, he looks just as Norma looked when she was a baby. He adores his mother whom he considers a great athlete. "His father is a much better story-teller than I am," Miss Shearer explained. "So, realizing that I could never hope to hold my son's respect along intellectual lines, I decided that I would have to make him think of me as great in some other accomplishment."

"So, I turn cartwheels for him and walk on my hands. He thinks I'm a wonderful acrobat now—but I'm worried about how I'll retain his respect when he grows old enough to appreciate the exact extent of my skill!"

Another noise in the hall proclaimed the arrival of Charles MacArthur, the playwright and husband of Helen Hayes, come to call upon Mr. Thalberg.

"Oh, is that Charlie?" young Irving noted the familiar voice, having become quite friendly with the MacArthur family during the cruise from California, on which both families were present.

"What's Charlie's other name?" his mother reproved him gently.

Young Irving thought for a moment. Then, his face brightened. "Charlie Old Kid!" he announced with a triumphant smile.

Miss Shearer managed to maintain a frozen countenance until the nurse could take the child from the room. Then she broke into peals of laughter.

In her relation toward her son, Norma is strictly normal, adopting neither an attitude of gushing sentimentality for publicity purposes, or strained reticence and non-communicativeness—for the same reasons.

She seeks neither to capitalize her motherhood, nor to shrink from discussing it. Her love for her son is obviously deep—but she does not go through motions of adoration for the benefit of any who may observe.

On the other hand, she does not try to keep him in the background nor make a secret of her affection. In other words, she acts just as any normal mother with a small and only son would act.

But about this, too, she has theories. "I do not think a wife should cease to be a wife and become all mother. Irving and I both adore our child. But we do not talk about him all the time. We still like each other, you know."

"When evening comes and the baby is put to bed, I try to become the wife of Irving Thalberg, not just the mother of our child. In fact, that is the most important thing in my life—being the wife of my husband.

"I suppose one of the reasons I can so readily reconcile myself to my vacation from the screen is that for the past five years, Irving has been my greatest inspiration and incentive to work," she reverted to the topic of our original conversation. "It would seem strange working without his advice and assistance, now."
If you can make him say:
"Your eyes have told me so..."

Then you will have achieved that glorious state in which each heart throb is a prediction of greater happiness to come.

It's easy to make your eyes say those wonderful things that only eyes can say.

Frame your eyes with dark, long-appearing, luxurious lashes and this new kind of enchantment will instantly become yours.

Millions of women know that the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the one thoroughly satisfactory and safe preparation to use. Not a dye. Perfectly harmless. Tear-proof, non-staining, easy to apply, and actually stimulating to lash growth.

Insist upon genuine New Maybelline, to make sure of obtaining a mascara that combines all these advantages. Black or Brown, 75c at toilet goods counters everywhere.

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Femi-nifties

News and views of feminine do-dads and doings—and the truth about cosmetics!

By Katharine Hartley

HOW would you like to have your skin examined under a microscope—the "Dermascope" they call it up at the Marinello salon. You can't hide a thing from that gadget, what with its little electric light, and the keen observing eyes of a trained operator going over you like a fine-tooth comb. I fidgeted when they submitted me to the examination. I might fool some of the people some of the time, but that Dermascope spotted more dirt, and more defects, than my mirror ever told me about. But when it was all over I was glad to know the worst. For if you know what you're up against, you know what to do about it.

At least the Marinello girl told me. She wrote it all out for me, just like a doctor making out a prescription.

My pores were quite clogged—in spite of the three or four daily cleansings I give my skin)—and the "doctor" said I needed an actual scrubbing. She冒险 water and a real honest-to-goodness brush. Well, I've tried it, with a special little facial brush.

And it's working. Already the pores are beginning to look cleaner, and smaller. Of course not every skin could stand the brush business, but it's worth looking into, if your skin is not too tender. It gives you quite a tingly feeling, and makes your look layers cleaner. Incidentally, this "Dermascope" examination, and a beauty prescription, are free at Marinello salons.

It's surprising how many really young women are troubled with loose flabby skins these days. It's the sad result of strenuous dieting, too much fussing with the face—improper massage, nervous pulling of the face muscles, twitching, etc.

There's an excellent Muscle Tightener made by Helena Rubenstein that will help overcome this. And even you "dry"s can use it with safety—for it's not at least drying. It's very effective for that under-chin droop, too.

“A pat in time saves a double-chin line.”

"Rub and rub till you work the lather in."

"Arms and legs must be neat as a pin—and just as hairless."

"You can't hide a thing from that gadget."

Well, summer's rolling around again, and with it that old problem, "I've simply got to do something about my hair." We go without hats, sometimes without a wave, even—if time's short between dips in the sea. Summer sports and activities play plenty of havoc with sleek coiffures. You've just got to depend more on the natural beauty of your hair. And if that natural beauty is there but hiding, try Olena Combined Oil Treatment and Shampoo to coax it out in the sunlight again. It not only cleanses beautifully, but leaves your hair glossy and satiny-smooth.

And say, that summer problem of having to do something about hair, has two meanings. Hair on arms and legs is simply taboo these days. Lo'ng on the beach, or dashing around and about tennis courts in the smart new shorts is no fun at all, if arms and legs aren't neat as a pin and just hairless. X-Bazin depilatory is an old favorite in Hollywood—anyplace, in fact where smart women gather. It's blossoming forth this year in a brand new package. A swell product—and inexpensive!

Am I tickled? I've always liked to have several different perfumes on hand, so I could change from one to another as often as my fickle nose desired. But it was sort of a problem—one of those well-known budget problems. But Roger and Gallet came out with their 50c purse-size bottles. If you're a Few Follet fanatic—you can buy it now in this convenient small size—as well as the other distinctive Roger and Gallet fragrances.

Is that good news? I'll say it is.

You wouldn't show that such a thing is as a future. But I was one that has. It's called Time (Continued on page 84).
The Pearl of Great Price

Continued from page 33

claims is the downfall of most comedians, and he will never get over the thrill of acting.

Jack Pearl has had good times and bad, experiencing all the adventures of any actor: tank towns, dismal failures, the death of his mother on the eve of one of his "Follies" performances. He went on, funnier than ever, with only two people out front knowing what was going on inside. Those two were Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg. When the final curtain went down, Norma blew him a kiss.

Gus Edwards, the man who trained Walter Winchell, Eddie Buzzell, Georgie Jessel, and Eddie Cantor, gave Jack Pearl his first offer in a chorus of boys' voices at $12 a week. At that time Jack, who was fifteen, thought dialect was something you did to lose weight! His only talent was a squeaky soprano voice that was due to change to baritone any day. Jack held out for $15. Edwards decided he had too many young tenors anyway, so Jack went back to the stock-room of the Shapiro publishing company.

A real chance came when Herman Til-berg was organizing his "School Days" unit. With not a little persuasion and exaggeration of age and ability (that old Barnum instinct must have been born in him), he got a "bit" part, and then the German comedian took sick. Pearl, who had been understudying every one's lines, with the hope that some day the break would come, stepped into this part with an extremely overdone accent. Since that day Jack Pearl has become a character comedian able to speak several different tongues.

Vaudeville followed and then engagements in several Ziegfeld shows.

In a breathless interlude between performances of "Belle of New York," he met Wilmont Desborou, fell in love with her. Today when someone calls for Mrs. Pearl at the studio, a slim woman turns her head, and reveals a pretty face and a contagious smile, Winnie Pearl, from the day she married Jack, has stood by him, pushing, plugging, urging, understanding, cheering him when he gets melancholy, encouraging his ambitions. She is his sole confidante, through good times and bad.

"Whatever I go into, whether it's the stage, the radio, or the movies, I reach for the top," Jack answered frankly to our direct question about his own Hollywood prospects. "Please don't think I'm conceited or anything like that, but since I've been a boy I've always wanted to do the best. He's the best. I don't want to make a lot of money on a picture by just living on my reputation. That's happened to others many times, and from there they went down. The movies will be another adventure, another phase of success or failure, and I've had my share of each. I would rather start inconspicuously with a few small pictures than one large flop. If I can make good pictures, then I'll stay in Hollywood indefinitely, with occasional excursions to the stage, my first love."

With this grim determination, and the warm heart that Jack Pearl possesses, we feel he'll make good. When his first picture is shown, we'll be there. Sharlie, we'll be there!

At this writing it looks as if Pearl will leave for Hollywood about May 1st to take part in the "All-Star Hollywood Revue," directed by Edmund Goulding.

AN AMAZING OFFER!

Did you get YOURS yet?

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get more than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

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Try the LINIT Beauty Bath to make your skin feel instantly smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitenner will be unnecessary.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

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Soft, Smooth Skin

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This offer must be used within 30 days of receipt.
Amelia Earhart Looks at the Films

Continued from page 31

in film-making.

"One experience I had with the developing of story ideas I shall never forget. I was quoted in an interview in a Golden Age paper as saying that this is the Golden Age of ideas in the films, and that ideas were what I was pre-eminently interested in. Well, I did say that, and I meant it; but it seems that every single person who read it must have taken it to heart, for I was immediately deluged with a daily flood of letters of such proportions that my greatest problem was how to stick to my rule of answering every letter I receive. People are that way about the movies—always ready and eager to help, bless their little hearts! While practically everybody intends some day to write a stage play, everybody does actually write down what he, she or it thinks is a marvelous movie scenario."

Mr. Putnam then turned his attention to that popular American folk legend of the misused author in Hollywood. Himself the author of four books and numerous articles and short stories, as well as being a film executive and formerly a publisher of books, he is well qualified to view the matter from all angles. View it he does, and he knows what he thinks about it.

"I came into the movies from a world of writers. In fact," he added with a mischievous grin, "some of my best friends are authors. And the idea that authors are a temperamental, unreasonable race is grossly exaggerated. I think the modern author is quite as sensible, well-organized, and co-operative as any other type of craftsman.

"On the other hand, it's a lot of hooey to say that Hollywood production executives are a pack of tyrants who misunderstand and abuse the sensitive writers. Most of the picture people are honest, able and businesslike, strictly concerned with getting their jobs done and trying to make a dollar do a dollar's worth of work. They are tending more and more to squeeze eccentricity out of the industry and make production a common-sense business as well as an art. I am increasingly impressed with the earnest effort everywhere to get the production end of picture-making on a business basis and keep it there, come what may."

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam possess the distinction of being the only regular airplane commuters between Hollywood and New York. Every two months or so they make the trans-continental flight in Miss Earhart's Lockheed-Vega plane—the same one in which she made her historic solo flight to Europe—and with the same pilot! Mr. Putnam goes on business; Miss Earhart because she likes to.

"No, I'm not planning to act in any aviation pictures, or any other kind," she summed it up. "It isn't my sort of thing. I'm a transport pilot, not a better stick to my plane!"
Ruby Beats the Jolson Jinx

Continued from page 14

continued to be considered for this role and that, however, but every time some offer seemed about to be forthcoming Al would be off for New York or Europe and Ruby would go happily along, content to be with him and to let her career go hang. And sure enough, after a time with Ruby Keeler getting no nearer the screen than her infrequent visits to Al's increasingly infrequent productions.

There was talk of giving her to a contract to play a leading role in "Reaching for the Moon." That thrilled her a little because she still has an almost child-like awe of motion picture stars and the idea of working with Douglas Fairbanks was not to be dismissed lightly. Nothing came of it, however, when she and Al went off some place together again, leaving Hollywood to struggle along as best it might without the service of either of them.

Perhaps the chance to play in Jolson's only recent picture was the greatest temptation that came to Ruby before the "42nd Street" opportunity presented itself.

"I thought seriously about that part," Ruby says, "but I really knew all the time it wouldn't do. I would have been the only girl of importance in the cast. Al would have worried about me and I would have worried about me, too, for fear I couldn't do the part justice and so might spoil his picture.

"It just wouldn't work. Al is so nervous when he's making a picture. You've worked with him. You know how it is."

A proposed role in a Fox picture, the name of which Ruby has already forgotten, really paved the way for her eventual appearance on the screen. For that role and for a United Artists studio role, Ruby had made recent tests although she had finally turned the offers down. She mentioned this fact to the studio baron, Darryl Zanuck, an executive of the Warners studios, when she found herself seated next to him at the lights. It was the night of the day in which she had rejected these opportunities. Zanuck, who was just then planning the production "42nd Street," asked if he might see the tests and said that he might have a use for him later.

Somewhat to Ruby's surprise, Al, who had always seemed willing to have her play a part, was this time actually was willing this time and almost before she knew it she had signed a contract for a part in the "42nd Street" picture. In fact the contract was signed at a dinner table.

Although she knew nearly everyone in the film colony, Ruby knew almost nothing about studios. She had visited Al on the set occasionally when she first came to Hollywood but she never stayed to watch him work after she learned that her presence made him nervous before the cameras and microphones.

She came to the studio that first day strictly on her own. She entered the front door—all contract players ordinarily drive on to the lot—and started out courageously from there to learn her way about. She looked frail and a little frightened and she was as nervous as Al Jolson has ever thought of being.

She was nervous throughout the first half of the making of the picture, too. She was shy and entirely over-run by the celebrated members of the cast who worked with her. They tried to be friendly, but it was several weeks before they could make much progress.

Al, whose own temperament had kept

For years doctors prescribed beer to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to a new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muscular, blemished skin becomes fresh, radiantly clear. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, comes in pleasant little tablets. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding new pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear, indigestion fly away—you're a new person.

Skinness dangerously

 Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. Do it before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.
A德拉
罗杰斯
圣。约翰

writes a most unusual article for the June

SILVER SCREEN

"There is one quality that every star must have," says Adela Rogers St. Johns. "Not beauty, not youth, not sex appeal -- I have never known a star without it!"

The Free Trip to Hollywood Contest offered to a reader in connection with the award of the SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal is still open. Read the details in the June issue on sale May 10th and then go in and win.

LADIES

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FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY women from all over the country have used this compound with great results. Proved without number. No pain, no interference with work. Mail E3. Double strength. 83. Bucolic Free. Also FREE with each order while they last. 2 Books of 12 page catalog "What Every Married Woman Should Know" by Fielding and "The Physiology of Sex Life" by Dr. Gorer. Shipped mail and post paid.

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If you have talent here’s your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in your time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Broadcast. First to Find Your Place in Broadcasting. Send for your copy today. Give name, Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 300-11th St., N.W., Dept. 314, Washington, D. C.

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A writer was paid this fortune for a single story -- CAMA CADE. Motion picture producers pay highest prices for suitable material and there is a growing tendency toward originality. Your story or plot accepted in any form for FREE READING and REWORK. Send for prospectus which is free. Publishers, photographers, cameramen provided when needed. 1929, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. 41, 42. 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50. 51, 52. 53, 54. 55. 56.

Benita Hume, beautiful actress from England, has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro. She'll appear with Lionel Barrymore, Clive, and Elizabeth Allan in a picture tentatively called "Service."
by the Paramount staff, that he "sets the pace for fashions in Hollywood."

I mentioned this little fact to Beau Brummel—who smiled his nice, rather wistful smile, and then let go into rather more robust mirth. He confided that he wore a dress suit in a picture recently for just a split second. The director mentioned the fact to him the night before "shooting" and asked that he wear it in the next morning.

Charlie didn't say "Oh, yeah?" He just said—"If you want me to wear one you'll have to buy it for me." And, of course, they did. You see one of Charlie's many little clauses reads: "All wardrobe furnished by Paramount." Paramount pays and Charlie wears. They get their money's worth by letting it be known just what a snappy dresser their head comedian is! But Charlie, remember, wears the clothes. He's funny—but his contract isn't!

Perhaps Eddie Cantor, who played in support of Charlie so many years ago, had something to do with this. I think Charlie learned from the droll Cantor that keeping at a thing will get it for you. Charlie recalled Cantor's utter faith in himself—when there was nothing to believe in but work.

"I had the darnedest, funniest car," Charlie reminisced, "it was one of those high, low-powered gadgets that made one feel prosperous—and, above all, so sedate. I would cross the pavement from the stage door to the car with great dignity—which was pretty hard for me—and, with a flourish, I would open the door and climb into the seat. No laughing now—everything must be very serious and very grand. I would keep my eyes discreetly front as I waited for Eddie to jump in the open door and sit beside me so that we might regally drive off. With a great to-do his legs would flash past my face and he'd slide down, in some inexplicable manner, from the back of the car right into his seat. Then he'd roll those famous eyes at me and slam the door. What was there to do but to burst out laughing—with all the grandness gone! Eddie's great joy would be to stand on the tracks in front of street cars. After ringing the bell frantically the conductor would get out to talk to this mad man who was waving his arms and making wild gestures. When traffic was thoroughly congested and the conductor approached, Eddie would pocket his waving hands and pretend quietly on his way—to everyone's bewilderment.

"But there was never a moment in Ed- die's really many serious talks with me when he didn't believe, mistantly, that he was going to be somebody. That thought has never left me. His complete faith in his ability was infectious and memorable."

You probably know that he's the hand- ball champ of the United States, that he played his last role on the stage here in 1928—and would love another engagement —in fact, three or four New York prod- ucers wired offers to him this season —among them the comedian's role in "Flyin' Colors." But his Paramount contract won't permit. He loves the screen—but his heart is with the stage. He is delightfully hail- fellow-well-met, disarmingly frank, and ex- tremely well able to gauge what the public wants—and shrewd enough to give it to them. He is fanatical in his belief that actors' wives, children, husbands—if they have any—should be kept out of professional life—he subscribes completely to the "glass of water school." He doesn't believe in debunking—and he doesn't attempt to de- bunk. He's a natural optimist, with his tongue in his cheek; he's the wide-eyed innocent who casually drops a bon mot worthy of Oscar Wilde—and, above all, he's a "dumb actor" who has the sweetest contract in Hollywood!

![Blue-Jay Ad](image-url)
Bette—Before and After

Continued from page 55

Cushing Academy in Massachusetts, and had been in love with ever since.

This gave both girls a chance to tell just what had happened all over again, without stopping. Just how Miss Le Gallienne had looked in vain for a suitable dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice," and Miss Freibus had suddenly thought to herself, "Why shouldn't I do it?" and had sat down and done most of it. And just how "Ham" had come out to Hollywood to see Bette after all these years, just as she was being sent away on one of these personal appearance tours.

And how she had raised heck and swept him off his feet and married him, in spite of all objections. And had been happy ever since. And how they live in a house in North Hollywood, and have a maid named Celestine, and a chauffeur who now has a cap to show his office, and whom they hope soon to provide with a complete uniform. Bette's business manager allows her $25 a week spending money, so she hopes to soon have the uniform money!

Celestine watches her mistress' figure like a cat to see that she does not put on an extra pound. When there is company and she passes the bread and potatoes and dessert a second time, she goes right by Bette without offering her any. So you can see there is a household without a servant problem.

"I want to do 'Alice.' What is my long neck for—if not to do 'Alice'?" it dawned on Bette as she sat in the spotlight in the center of a huge divan. And who, I ask you, would make a better "Alice in Wonderland" than Warner's new star? It has never been well done for pictures.

It might be interesting to note that with Bette's Hollywood experience has come more poise, a greater ability to carry off a big scene in life brilliantly, than she had in the cozy little sitting room of the fourth-floor front apartment on West 48th Street. There, if there had been interviewers, she would have probably have let her mother do most of the managing.

No girl on the screen, probably, has had a more devoted mother than Bette Davis. Nor has been better "conditioned" for success.

Mrs. Davis began when her daughters were little girls to make opportunities for them. She sent them, when Bette was ten, to the famous Crest Alphan School in the Berkshires, which was in the home of Abbott Thayer, the painter, and where she was taught to mend her stockings and cook as well as to appreciate art and spell. The children here were required to play outdoors two hours every day, no matter what the weather. This, Bette says, prepared her to stand the beating she met in Hollywood.

Later they went to other schools including Cushing Academy, which was a sensible, wholesome country school.

Mrs. Davis was on the staff of the fashionable Bennett School for a time. Later she learned photography, and used it as an entering wedge into a summer camp where Bette could study dancing with Rosanara. And it was she, as I have said before, who marched Bette to the office of a dramatic school in New York. In this case it was the school of John Murray Anderson.

"I haven't any money now, but you'll get it every month," she said. Mr. Anderson agreed to take Bette.

Mrs. Davis was working in a photographic shop in South Norwalk, Connecticut, at the time. And, as it worked out, she only had to pay for lessons for six months. At the end of that time Bette was awarded a scholarship that covered the rest of her year's lessons.

Mrs. Davis always had a deep intuition that Bette would some day make a name on the screen. When they lived in the house I did Mrs. Davis would often say to Bette as they passed a motion picture lobby display, "Some day your picture will be there. I know it will." And yet when Bette first went to Hollywood, they could not really believe it was true.

Bette's mother was just as much like an excited child about everything in New York as was her daughter. She was having more leisure than she had ever.
Summer incarnate! That's Betty Furness, in her knitted sports suit, her white sailor hat, her tennis raquet and her sunny smile. Watch for Betty in "Emergency Call," with Bill Boyd.

years, and she was thrilled with the big city.

The house was not at all the ordinary "boarding room" house. It had once been a luxurious dwelling, and had been remodelled by an interesting woman with social background and a family tree, into small apartments, furnished with really decent antique furniture.

While Bette was at work and busy with her friends, her mother and the "landlady" went gadding around, eating up movies, and pancakes and culture for which both of them had a great appetite. They joined a gymnasium class at Dr. Fosdick's church on Riverside Drive, and searched for bargains in clothes for "their child." When they found something nice, Bette went to look it over next day.

Bette was a good bargainer. But she did, I remember, have one burst of extravagance which kept her worried for days. She bought the article of clothing which she desired more than anything else—a double-skinned silver fox necklace. It cost $350 and the edge of her joy in it was at first taken off by the thought that she ought not to have paid so much for it. Her mother comforted her, though, as she always did—and Bette, persuaded that everything was all right, named her twin foxes "Romulus and Remus."

(And when just the other day I looked through her wardrobe to see what dresses she had brought with her on the "42nd St." trip, I found my old friends, "Romulus and Remus," hanging on a hook, beautifully still—though worn down in spots like a beloved and comfortable armchair.)

There was always something good to eat in the Davis' fourth floor front. Tea was an everyday ritual. And Mrs. Davis always had something hot to eat for Bette when she came home from the theatre. At first I thought that there were children in the house, by the way the street door would burst open every now and then and a young tornado would flash the stairs, which went up athwart my door. They squeaked terribly, those stairs. We used to grumble about them, but it did not do any good to grumble because Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had bought the building for Radio City, and it was going to be torn down to make room for Rosy's new Radio City Theatre very soon.

But of course I later learned that they were young theatrical people—Bette was

loomed upon as one of the most promising young ingenues—was also a young stage celebrity—was to have given me a chance to see her again in the theatre. She was a lovely young girl, with a young stage career, and—most important of all—a new stage career.

They were a wholesome set of young women who were interested in themselves, crazy about their work, so sure of their opinions! As I said before there were always more boys than girls. Bette felt that most girls her own age were silly about boys, and it bored her. She herself could see that she would have to earn her living and carve out a career for herself. Boys understood that. She liked them but didn't want to marry every one she met. She didn't care a rap what they looked like—just so they were interesting and amusing. Anyway, she was in love with "Ham."

Bette's "gang" were especially fond of bargains in tea for tea, because then Mrs. Davis would read their tea cups. It was marvellous, truly, what she could "see"—especially for Bette. She seemed to have extraordinary intuitions where her daughters were concerned. She used to say that she "saw" with her common sense—the tea cups at least made it possible for her to give out a sound piece of general advice in the name of "fortune."

The game of tea-leaves gave Bette a great deal of entertainment, and kept her and her mother close together in many ways. Now that the sort of days have come to Bette that they used to dream of, they no longer have time for the tea-cups. Bette is usually busy in the afternoons, and Mrs. Bette and Bobby have returned to Massachusetts to live.

Before I close, I must tell you about the new gold hair of Bette's. The platinum shade she first achieved did not suit her. So she experimented and has now arrived, by the aid of a little henna, at a much more becoming color which she talks about with a lack of enthusiasm which would doubtless have horrified those New England forebears.

And by the way—it was a famous director, not an unknown extra girl, who told Bette that if she ever wanted to make a dent in pictures she would have to change the subdued and refined tone of her natural ash-blonde locks. Not that it makes any difference who gives a smart girl a good tip!
Double-Star Gazing
Continued from page 27

Hi-Jinks
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Smart Hostesses are introducing Hi-Jinks to their friends. Hi-Jinks is the exciting new question and answer game that liven up a party—is great fun whenever it's played. Old and young, men and women, everyone enjoys it. It's so simple to play—so amusing that everyone has a good time.

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I am enclosing 25c. Please send me Hi-Jinks postpaid.

Name
Address
City        State

Going West!
Continued from page 32

Hi-Jinks

sirning with a smile that has captivated her into public favor. She sees the funny side of sex. She put the giggle in gigolo. And she is a laughing stock.

She gave me a vivid idea of how her plays were composed.

"I get an idea, see, then I get together a cast of able. While the rest will do a rehearsal hall and rehearse. We go through the action the way it'll be after I get all the lines filled in. My secretary makes a note of everything and don't know how. I am giving them the exact play of the act's set. Then we do two more and we have the show ready."

She thinks Hollywood is a nice place to hibernate, but she decries the absence of night life in the film belt.

She purchased the famous golden swan bed from Dining Room, and when she can't find a spot for it in a play Mae keeps the bed in her country house. She said and surrounded it with a roomful of gold furniture. "I never use that room," she said, "but it certainly looks swell."

Mae is not interested in matrimony. "I want to keep my mind on myself" she explained succinctly. "Let them fall in love with me if they want to, but I don't fall in love with them. I got plenty to occupy me. Pictures, personal appearances, stage plays, books. I'm too busy to be in love with anybody."

While there unquestionably be those who will look askance upon Mae West's advent into pictures as a minor blight, it is my belief that she will have a salutary effect on those who are7ed with the eternal sweetness and light dispensed by the Gaysnors, the Novarros, and the Hardings. The West cycle goes to be hasty, forthright, rowdy productions aimed at the risibilities, and if "She Done Him Wrong" is any criterion, destined to wreck box offices. More than they have rarely been wrecked heretofore.

As this is being written, Miss West has started to work on her third Paramount picture. After completing this and one more, Diamond Lil will be open for offers, first among which is RKO's princely bid
Going Native!
Continued from page 53

Honolulu but thinks California a good
second choice. Crabbe is a self-made col-
lege man—worked in a clothing store in
the winter, and as a life-guard on a Cal-
ifornia beach in the summer.
Buster had to fight any number of handi-
caps on his first film venture. In one of
his scenes with wild animals he was bitten
severely by one of the beasts. Towards
the end of the picture his appendix started
acting up and caused him considerable
discomfort and pain—to have paused for
an operation would not only have delayed
the picture, but would have caused Buster
to appear in the later scenes with a scar
that wasn't visible in the first scenes. So
he went through with the job, as a good
"Lion Man" should, and when the picture
was finished he was allowed to have a nice
operation for being a good boy.
Not only the public, but Paramount of-
icials as well, liked Buster's first picture.
Just to prove it, the company took up his
option, and you'll be seeing his second pic-
ture, "Under the Tonto Rim," before long.
Looks like he's here to stay.

IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a
girl with hair on arms or legs is "an
Airedale." That's why film stars take hair
off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe,
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Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your
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irritation—that comes from shaving.
X-Bazin leaves your skin virginaly white,
smooth and hair-free—and definitely dis-
courages re-growth.
Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or
department stores—10c for the new Giant Size
tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent
stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.
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X-Bazin removes hair

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Confessions of Cupid

Continued from page 19

woomed many. He has poured love messages into the pink ears of Martha Sleeper, Frances Dee and Sally Blane. He was serious about Kate Smith for a while, and sent her six dozen roses at once, but that seems to be over. That fellow shouldn't be named Scott; his name should be Scotty.

"Jack Oakie is pretty well tied up with Peggy Hopkins Joyce; she even has him wearing dress clothes. When Jack was rushing Mary Brian, he managed to find time for occasional dates with other girls, but Peggy keeps his hands entirely filled. He has completely erased Grant Withers from Miss Joyce's life.

"Another tri-cornered romance seems to involve Lilian Harvey and her two most ardent suitors, Maurice Chevalier and Ernst Lubitsch. This is a sort of League-of-Nations triangle—an English girl, a Frenchman, and a German.

"Sylvia Sidney will probably eventually middle-aisle with B. P. Schulberg, the producer, but not, needless to say, until his divorce is final. As for that Sandra Shaw and Bruce Cabot romance, which I was certain would end at the altar—Loretta Young has been cutting in. Geneva Mitchell has said the glad word to Lowell Sherman, but no date has been set. I'm positive Carl Laemmle, Jr., would love to get I-do Eleanor Holm, but Papa Laemmle won't agree. However, there are no dissenting parents to throw cold water on the love between director Clarence Brown and lovely Alice Joyce, and they may be one before long.

"Frances Dee's toil love for Gene Raymond struck ice, and lately she has been making eyes at Buster Crabbe. But Gene's no fool—he has been taking up the Loretta Young evenings that have not gone to Bruce Cabot.

"Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller may vow that they're not really in love, but their New York-to-Hollywood telephone and telegraph bills would do much to pay the national debt.

"With the Countess Frasso away, Gary Cooper wooed the popular Lilian Harvey temporarily, but he was frozen out by Chevalier and Lubitsch. Lately Gary has been rushing Wera Engels, but you need not get seriously excited about that. Gary is a play-boy.

"Among early weddings I anticipate

"and Madge together again! Good news for the legions of moviegoers saw the Montgomery-Evans team perform so beautifully in "Lovers Rogaous" a season ago. Now they're co-starred in the submarine epic, "Hell Below."
Irene Rich and her two daughters, Jane and Frances, come up the companion way to salute you while on a cruise on the good ship Fella. Miss Rich has been making a series of personal appearances during recent months—but watch for her return to the screen before long.

are those of Dorothy Jordan, who threw Donald Dillaway over, to Merian C. Cooper, the producer; and Lila Lee to director George Hill. Lovely Benita Hume is engaged to marry Jack Dunfee, the London publisher and sportsman. I am hoping I may bring out my wedding chimes for Bert Wheeler and cute little Patsy Parker, and I have not ceased counting on a marriage for Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

"Why hasn't Myrna Loy ever fallen in love, Master Cupid?" I asked. The naked Archer smiled wisely. "Have you noticed how often she and Ramon Novarro have been seen together lately?" he said. "Watch out for those two. And if I'm able to make Bill Bakewell serious for a few minutes, he may whisper the divine words into Julie Haydon's ear.

"Wynne Gibson and Lyle Talbot are still playing the night clubs until the dawning hours. Right now Ginger Rogers is going places with Howard Hughes. For three years Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy have been that way, but they simply won't be serious about making it permanent. What can I do with a couple like Isabel and Lee?"

"I am not sure whether Madge Evans and Tom Gallery will be married before you can pass the good word along, but if they're not, it won't be long now. If you think that Gallery's ex-wife, Zaza Pitts, is carrying the torch, you are just crazy, for she may marry Frank Woodall, the tennis professional, before Madge and Tom can listen to the altar.

"Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins may be hard-boiled on the screen, but together they are as soft and mushy as honeycombs."

I am positive they'll marry. But then," said Cupid, sighing. "I was equally certain Alice White and Sidney Bartlett would wed, and look at them—split wider than the Grand Canyon, right now. I wish they'd make up.

"I am happy to report that Marie Prevost and Buster Collier have patched their troubles. Dorothy Lee has been rushed from her feet by that New York banker, L. LeMaistre, and something may come of their romance. I think you may expect wedding bells for director Gregory LaCava and charming little Dorothy Wilson, too. However, I don't believe the affair between Susan Fleming and Harpo Marx is actually serious.

"With these last few remarks, Cupid closed his record book and shrugged his shoulders.

"That is practically all of interest today," he said, emphasizing the last word. "Things happen so suddenly in Hollywood that to¬morrow I may have a dozen new loves to report, and as many old ones thrown into the discard.

"Hollywood romances are unstable, I agree," was my answer. "Tell me, have you anything for young romancers of the film capitol?"

"Just a few words," answered Daniel Joy Cupid. "Tell the girls that careers and marriages will not mix—that they must be Janet Gaynors and chance divorce, or else be Jobyna Ralston and do as she did when she married Richard Arlen—retire and become wives."

"What advice for the men?" I begged him.

"None," laughed Cupid. "The women run the men."
Autobiography of the Screen's Best "Bad Man!"

EVENYWHERE he goes he is hailed as "Little Caesar." No matter how many other roles he plays, he is destined to be recalled and applauded as the original "gangster menace." Wherever motion pictures are shown, his face is known—yet Edward G. Robinson, of all actors on stage or screen, is perhaps most genuinely retiring. Few, except his personal friends, know the real man. We know you'd like to meet him, as he really is. And so in the July issue, on sale May 25th, we are giving you the FIRST authentic life story of this outstanding screen artist. Robinson, most modest and retiring of all the Hollywood celebrities, has never before been induced to tell his own colorful story. He tells it for SCREENLAND—just one more scoop of the Smart Screen Magazine that's FIRST with fascinating features you enjoy reading because you know they are interesting, accurate, cleverly written and exclusive.

The Public Be Heard
Continued from page 6

Shearer rôle! Even if she were fairly good, the public wouldn't recognize it, for what they want from ZaSu is the unique personality that she has to give. Or imagine Janet Gaynor in a Lilian Tashman rôle, or vice versa. I like my stars as I really know them, and, I hope, as they really are!

Juniata Paulk
710 South 5th St.
Lamesa, Tex.

STANWYCK—A REAL ACTRESS

For me, at any rate, there is no comparing Barbara Stanwyck with any other actress on the screen. Her acting is more subtle and truer to life than that of any other it has been my privilege to see. And, thank heavens, she has not permitted herself to be "typeled!"

Three cheers for you, Barbara! I'll always be sincerely for you, whatever the future may bring.

C. Marie Gipsan
Loyalhanna, Pa.

DON'T BE YOURSELF!

It's the easiest thing in the world to be yourself. To "be" someone entirely different—that's what requires real acting ability.

So it should be the aim of every screen star to hide his own personality—forget all about it until the picture is completed. In fact, it would spell disaster for them, in my estimation, if they were unable to do so.

Evelyn M. Marcille
1848 State St.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

FREE-FOR-ALL!

If the personality of a star is thrust forward, the result is as unconvincing as kids playing show in a barn for two pins admission.

Fred B. Mann
Chicago, Ill.

To be a real actor, worthy of the name and proficient in the art, a star must sacrifice his peculiarities of person for those of the role to be played.

Lewis D. Fackler
Roanoke, Va.

Let the stars submerge their personalities? Never! "Emma" would have been a flop without the Dressler personality. "Call Her Savage" is Bow Personality from start to finish. And don't forget ZaSu Potts!

D. B. Palmer
Engleveale, N. D.

Maybe in the celebrated Bard's day the play was the thing. But today is the day of the movies. The star's the thing now!

Barney O'Donnell
Columbus, Ohio.

The greater the player, the more he submerges the individual. To me that is what makes Garbo an exceptionally fine actress. Glamorous and distinctive as she is, she is able to become in turn, a love-starved wife, a distraught mother, a fading danseuse—and each convincingly.

Mary Miller
Cortland, N. Y.
Femi-Nifties
Continued from page 74

lip. In three shades—light and dark and medium. I like it because it has a smooth oil base. It goes on scrumptiously. And stays on!

And speaking of lipsticks. You know how even the most fastidious of us will sometimes find a lipstick smudge on our gloves, on hankies, even on our dresses. No need now to stew and fuss about that any more. There's a brand new product, called Lip, that removes these stains as quick as a flash. It's a liquid—and just a dab or two does the trick. Thanks, miss—whomever you are—for thinking that up. We're all for you!

Francis Lederer, in that well-known Broadway hit, "Autumn Crocus," tells Dorothy Gish, in the role of the pale and pathetically lovely English spineret, that she reminds him of those light lavender flowers that bloom in the Austrian Tyrol in the Fall. Well, as Dorothy Gish sat on the mountain side, against a background of those purple-pale crocuses, we noticed that there was a resemblance. But more than that, . . . the lazy lavender of the flowers did something for Dorothy Gish. They gave her a glow—a warm, purplish tint—that reflected the growing light of the sun.

Ah-ha, we thought to ourselves! Now we understand a little more about what this new orchid powder creation will do for us. We've been hearing a lot about them, you know. Kathleen Mary Quinlan has blended a pale lavender face powder for evening wear. There is another known as "Orchid" by Dorothy Gray. So instead of just thinking about them, and wondering, we rushed out and bought some to try.

Well, to try was to triumph—in this case. I found that after I had put on my regular powder make-up, I could dust on a little of the orchid powder over it, and get a really very glowing effect. You see, stage stars have long used the bluish lavender powders behind the footlights, because it has a certain something that "picks up" all the warm lights around you, and reflects them in twice their glory. You've noticed too, how so many of our finest magazine cover artists shade their lovely ladies' faces with bluish-lavender. When you stop to analyze Connie Bennett on this month's cover of Screenland, you can see the lavender glow that adds so much to her allure. Well, we can all be magazine-cover ladies now . . . with these new powders.

Myrna Loy simply couldn't afford to risk spoiling those elegant accordion pleats by sitting down between scenes for "Man of the Nile." She solved the problem by having this comfortable reclining board made. But Director Sam Woods has to stand up for himself!
Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10

A Lady's Profession
Paramount

Alison Skipworth and Roland Young, two swell comedians, are enough to guarantee you your money's worth in any picture. Separately, each is a woe; together they're a riot! Here we find them involved in the bootlegging racket. The story is filmy but the Skipworth-Young team disguise the fact. Sari Maritza and Kent Taylor provide the romance and do it nicely.

Pick Up
Paramount

This begins in a nice sprightly fashion, then suddenly becomes as melodramatic as a melodrama. Sylvia Sidney and George Raft, in the principal roles, stimulate your interest, however. Raft plays a taxi driver, and Sylvia plays the penniless and homeless gal he "picks up." The story is from the pen of Vina Delmar of "Bad Girl" fame. Lilian Bond is the femme menace.

Broadway Bad
Fox

Joan Blondell has gone serious on us—and we hope it's only temporary because the customers want their Blondell nice and flippant. She plays a misunderstood chorus girl in this one. There's a melodramatic court-room scene in which Joan fights for her chee-rid! Joan's good, but she's better in lighter roles. Nice work by Ricardo Cortez and Adrienne Ames.

The Woman Accused
Paramount

Or how to get away with murder! In fact, ten famous authors, who collaborated on this story, turned their talents toward getting an acquittal for Nancy Carroll. Nancy kills Louis Calhern, an ex-lover, when he threatens to have her fiancé, Cary Grant, murdered. The story is somewhat disjointed—but Nancy, Cary and John Halliday help considerably.

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Use it when nature fails you. Often successfully relieves some of the longest, unusual, structural cases many in 2 to 4 days with no ill after effects, GUARANTEED to be made according to U. S. P. Standard. Absolutely safe and harmless. No inconveniences or interference with everyday duties. A real valuable compound that often produces the most unbelievable and most remarkable results. Thousands of women use it regularly now because it is in a superior product. Furthermore every married woman should give it at least one fair trial before using anything else. The proof goes—-you don’t have to suffer or be dissatisfied anymore. All orders shipped, rushed some day received in plain wrapper. Worth $5.00, Sold $2.00 Box. Double Strength, $3.00. 2 for $5.00. Valuable Free Hygiene Booklet.

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Here is the proof

Mrs. Walker of New York says: "They are wonderful," Mrs. Beach of New York says: "There is nothing like them, send 2 more boxes," Mrs. Green of Kentucky says: "They are used by some of the most wonderful treatments, and are used by so many women — I think they are wonderful and the price is low."

Irene Dunne, wearing this jaunty hat and severely tailored coat, does modishly martialistic as to clothes!

SCREENLAND
LILIAN HARVEY, diminutive English actress, brought to her with a Hollywood all of the old-time, glittering equipage common to Hollywood's stars of a few years ago.

She travels about Hollywood in a huge, mouth-watering, Norman Farmer lot as shown by Roscoe Arbuckle's chariot of 1925. The lamp-shades in her dressing room are trimmed with ermine, and are as sensitive as the embroidered and ostrich-feathered window curtains that once signaled Gloria Swanson's studio bungalow. Miss Harvey also wears bizarre clothes and jewels on all occasions.

PEGGY SHANNON, still confined to her home following a tonsilsctomy, was not too ill to write a letter to her fan club, begging the members not to send her a birthday gift.

"... in such times as these," wrote Peggy, "I would be happy if you would devote the money to a worthy cause, or perhaps to a member of the club who may be in need.

And in such times as these, or any time, such thoughtfulness will endure Miss Shannon to her fans, who are even now engaged in a campaign to bring her more often to the screen.

NOW guess who they are saying is effeminate? None other than our current male sensation, George Raft.

George, it appears, uses perfumes profusely, enjoys a vibrator massage before going to bed, and dresses in the fanciest possible pajamas.

Despite these light touches, Raft also handles his fists like a ring champion, and has a punch comparable to the kick of a mule: therefore, people who are whispering that he has his touch of effeminacy are making sure George isn't within hearing range when they talk.

THE one time when it is not difficult to get Joan Crawford in person, or telephone is during the dinner hour.

Joan never takes her place at the table until the 'phone extension has been placed on the floor beside her, and the lovely voice that answers calls during dinner hour is invariably Miss Crawford's. Try it some time—if you can discover her number!

"GULLIVER'S Travels," is being brought to the screen by trick photography ... Betty Blythe, former star-vamp now returning to screen, spent the past two years on a ranch, where she "polished eggs" for marketing ... El Brendel, commonly believed to be a Swede, is actually a Pennsylvania Dutchman ... After years of practice with the implement, Peggy Hopkins Joyce burned her face so severely with a curling iron that temporarily she could not don make-up ... Bert Wheeler pulled a face, par, when a stranger mentioned that "he followed the horses," by asking, "Where is your white suit?" ... After getting together their golf game for almost two weeks, Richard Dix and his director found that Dix was two dollars ahead ... Gary Grant was painfully but not seriously injured during the explosion on a set ... Competition for Bing Crosby: Phil Harris appears in the leading role of a picture called "Maiden Cruise."


Now M-G-M is going Fox one better. The cast of "Dinner At Eight" is the most amazing in film history. As this is being written, the cast, subject to changes, includes Jean Harlow, Marie Dressier, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Lionel and John Barrymore, Mary Astor, Eugene Pallette, Franchot Tone, Jean Hersholt, Louise Closer Hale and Billie Burke.

Everybody in the cast but the studio cat, it seems—and maybe, following the flood of animal pictures, absence of the cat will come as a welcome relief.

JANET GAYNOR, certain critics have hinted, is losing her popularity. But according to the 300,000 members of the National Girl Scouts, the critics are as wet as a duck in a rainstorm.

In a movie star popularity contest, partial in members of the Girl Scouts in all parts of the country, Janet won a landslide victory, polling more than fifty percent of the total votes cast.

SO SEVERE have been the criticisms of Ely Culbertson as a consequence of his refusal to fulfill that bridge engagement with two of the Marx Brothers, that I feel something should be said in the bridge expert's behalf.

When the challenges were first hurled by the Marx Brothers, Culbertson accepted them as jokes and publicity stunts. But when the comedians crossed signals and ballyhooed the contest as a serious affair, with the championship of Hollywood at stake, Culbertson balked.

Newspapers promptly criticized him for his failure to go on with the match, but to have done so would have been folly for Culbertson. Had he won the match, is likely, the public would have said: "He should have won; he is a champion." But had the cards run overwhelmingly against Culbertson and his wife—and they might easily have done so—the Marx Brothers would have won and the reputation of Culbertson would have been done immeasurable harm.

In comparison, would Jack Dempsey, when he was world's champion heavyweight fighter, have agreed to battle a dock worker or some other tough bruiser for a purse of a few thousand dollars? Dempsey would not have risked his crown, and neither would Culbertson do so.

I place these facts before readers who are also bridge players, because I feel that they desire to know the real truth about Culbertson's refusal to go through with a contest that fulfilled all the aspects of being a farce comedy.

DO YOU know that Randolph Scott and Carole Landis, who live together, also have the same birthday, January 18th? Betty Furness recommends a delightful breakfast dish: aveloines on scrambled eggs. To spice them, Keeler join the Won't-remove-their-wedding-rings wives; in scenes where the rings must be hidden they are taped and painted with make-up—Marjorie White wears dark-
glasses in sunlight to prevent wrinkles... Betty Bronson's (remember her?) brother guards the door of the studio. Henry Ford, who asked for a Greta Garbo autographed photo, has repeated his requests to Marlene Dietrich, Fredric March and Maurice Chevalier... Benzer Crabbe, 'lion man' of "King of the Jungle," was once a life-guard and saved twenty-two lives in one year... Sylvia Sidney admits her favorite "hate" is to be surprised by "candid camera" wielders outside restaurants and theatres... Robert Montgomery is, of all things, an expert marble shooter... Benita Hume had an annoying appendix removed... Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert bicycle together daily when they're not working... Anita Page has a baseball autographed by members of the New York Giants, who trained near Los Angeles.

STRIKE that threatened the happiness of John Gilbert's marriage to Virginia Bruce has apparently been sidetracked, perhaps by the fact that Virginia's baby will arrive soon.

At any rate, John will not lunch at the studio daily until he has talked to Virginia on the telephone, and invariably he wreathes his face in smiles after those conversations. Of course, Gilbert is famous for lightning changes, and before this can appear in print he may show a complete reversal of his present form.

PARADOXICALLY, Buck Jones, probably most popular of the current Western cowboy stars, is the only one of that group who has always lived in city apartments or houses. Only recently did Jones decide really to "go Western," and with that in view he purchased a ranch near Hollywood. Of considerable interest is the fact that the Buck Jones Rangers Club has a membership of more than two million. With headquarters in theatres throughout the world, this club has become a powerful factor in popularizing Buck's pictures.

A NICE prize to the person who convinces William Gargan that it really pays to rescue dogs.

Gargan passed the Los Angeles city pound one day and was attracted by the sad eyes of a hound already sentenced to the gas house. The actor went inside, paid the five-cent fine, and emerged with a new pet — and no place to keep it.

Bill took the dog home and temporarily housed him in the house. Meanwhile, Gargan went to the studio. On his return, he discovered that the dog had opened a package of laundry and completely ruined half a dozen fine shirts.

A SHARP retort, that of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to the writer of his most recent script. It followed the preview when the writer said to Doug, "What became of that dirty gag I put in?"

"You'll find it on the cutting-room floor," said Fairbanks, Jr., "along with the mud and tobacco juice."

COMES now the question: Does a baby grow up to be a better man or woman if its earliest years are spent in a nursery whose walls are decorated with animals or Mother Goose characters?

Johnston Hilston and Richard Arlen think not, and the rooms they added to their home for their first child is ultra-modern. Simplicity is the keynote, and is achieved by light, ventilation, and sanitation. If you think the room isn't the last word, please be advised that a physician as well as an architect aided the Arlens in drawing up the nursery plans.

NEws in NUT-SHELLS: Director William Wellman property-settled $30,000 on his divorced wife... Roscoe Arbuckle's first series of short comedies were hits; he has signed for a new group... Sally Eilers, following Marian Nixon's example, has parted company with her husband, Hoot Gibson. The two girls are chums... Income tax liens against Gloria Swanson charge the actress with owing $49,424 on her 1931 income tax... Practically all stars and featured players signed agreements for a 50% salary cut... Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay are co-starring in "Tattle Tales," musical comedy now on road... Anna Q. Nilsson, famous years ago as "Anna Q." is making a stage come-back... Janet Gaynor filed suit for divorce from Lyle Ecles, charging cruelty... California orphanage really took Marian Nixon's adopted child from her following her filing of divorce charges against her husband.

WHEN Paramount actors and actresses are discovered to be absent from their sets during late-afternoon hours, calls are put in for Carole Lombard's dressing room. Carole serves tea about five o'clock daily, and among those who may usually be found scattered about her dressing rooms are Gary Cooper, Gary Grant, Wayne Gibson, Jack Oakie, John Qualen, or so.

TOW I understand why the walls of the sound stages in the studio were constructed so thick. Wandering onto the Paramount lot, I was startled to hear the most raucous music in the air. The sounds emanated from Dressing Room Row, and investigation proved that Marlene Dietrich's phonograph and records were responsible. Marlene has a penchant for German records, and when she is in her dressing room, the toots and barks of German horns may be heard throughout the studio.

THe fun-feud between Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin seems to have no ending. One day not long ago Jack mentioned that he intended to have a sculptor model him in clay.

"I don't see why," murmured Erwin, edging for the door. "You're a big bust already."

IN FORTHCOMING pictures, by the way, Fay Wray and Kay Francis depict what we may expect in the womanhood of future years.

Fay plays a woman lawyer in "Rules for Wives," and Kay enactsthe title of a woman physician in "Mary Stevens, M. D." Misses Wray and Francis respectively spent days in court and local hospitals in efforts...
about YOU? shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY... SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

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

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

Some Women Know—Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate obvious make-up, she simply does not know the glamorous beauty of harmonized Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. A mystery of radiant beauty so natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious almond base (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

Each With The Other Harmonized. How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably harmonize. A secret color theme invests Princess Pat make-up with this marvelous advantage. With usual make-up there is ever the risk of discordant shades; but never with Princess Pat.

Make-up To Go With Costume. Because any shade of Princess Pat rouge will match any skin, you may choose with the color of your costume in mind. Simply choose the more intense yellow of rouge and face powder for softer color of costume. The softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

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PRINCESS PAT. Dept. A 20444.2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Send your famous Minute Make-up Kit containing rouge, liq rouge and face powder. I enclose 10c in full payment.

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City and State...

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
ILLUSION:
In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step barefooted into the box and do an Oriental dance—uninjured.

EXPLANATION:
Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the edges of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just pretend to dance on the sharp glass.


IT'S FUN TO BE FooLED
...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary heat treatment. Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for throat-ease, for good taste. They'll win you!

NO TRICKS
JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOs
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND
Louella O. Parsons Interviews George Bernard Shaw!
Beginning Edward G. Robinson's Life Story
Janet Gaynor Grasps Her New Freedom
BEECH-NUT GUM
Completes the Picture

Its cool refreshing mint flavor and satisfying chewiness makes the use of chewing gum a real pleasure—for everyone—on all occasions. It is one of the most pleasurable and beneficial of American habits. If you would enjoy the maximum of chewing gum satisfaction don't just ask for "gum"—say "BEECH-NUT GUM."

SEND FOR BEECH-NUT'S JIG-SAW PUZZLES
Two beautiful and difficult Jig-Saw Puzzles are now ready—Rembrandt's most famous painting, "The Night Watch" and Frans Hals, "The Civic Guard." More than 175 pieces in each puzzle. Send two inches from the metal band which unwinds with the key when you open a pound of Beech-Nut Coffee—OR—five outside package wrappers from Beech-Nut Gum or candy, for each puzzle you wish to get. Ask for puzzle by its name. Address—Beech-Nut Packing Co., Dept. H, Canajoharie, N.Y.

Beech-Nut Coffee—Freshness PLUS flavor. Rich, full-bodied, delicious—a rare flavor that defies imitation. High-vacuum packed to preserve freshness. Send your grocer's name if he cannot supply you!

Beech-Nut Gum cellophane wrapped to protect its fresh, wholesome flavor.
Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull...her gums soft
and she has “pink tooth brush”!

For not only may “pink tooth brush”
lead to gingivitis and Vincent’s dis-
ease and other serious gum troubles,
but it may spoil the brightness of your
teeth—and even spell danger for your
teeth.

Ipana and Massage
Defeat “Pink Tooth Brush”
To have firm, healthy gums and good-
looking, bright teeth, do this:
Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth
Paste. And each time, put a little extra
Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip
and massage it gently into your slugg-
gish, tender gums.

Today’s foods are too soft and
creamy to give proper stimulation to
your gums. But the massage with Ipana
corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today.
Follow the Ipana method, and very
soon you’ll have brighter, whiter teeth.
Within a month your gums will be
firmer. “Pink tooth brush” will dis-
appear.

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
This Month

Features:

Cover Portrait of Janet Gaynor ........................................ Charles Sheldon 15
An Open Letter to Constance Bennett .............................. Delight Evans 15
Shaw in Hollywood .......................................................... Louella O. Parsons 16
Janet Gaynor Grabs Her New Freedom .............................. James M. Fidler 20
Your Faults May Be Your Fortune ................................. William E. Benton 22
Beginning Edward G. Robinson's Life Story .................. Ida Zeitlin 24
The Glamor for Glamor .................................................... Berry Shannon 26
What's Hiding in Their Neighboorhood............................... Ruth Tilden 28
Poison Ivy Wreaths ......................................................... Malcolm H. Oettinger 33
Hollywood's Own Pet Show! And Yours, Too. ............... Contest 35
Screenland's Glamor School. Edited by Betta Davis.............. 52
Secrets of Directing the Films' Funny Men, Norman Taurog ... Peter Long 54

Personalities:

Lee Tracy—The Star Hollywood Can't Scare .................. Ben Maddox 30
Why Claudette Colbert Went Gay .................................. Aileen St. John Brennon 32
Sweet and Loy. Myron Loy ...................................... James Marion 34
"M. D." Marion Davies.................................................. Myrene Wentworth 51
Girl with "Uniform" Appeal, Dorothea Wieck .................. Mortimer Franklin 61

Special Art Section:


Departments:

The Public Be Heard. Letters from the Audience............... 6
Ask Me ........................................................................ Miss Vee Dee 8
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews ................................ 10
Honor Page ................................................................... 12
Reviews of the Best Pictures ................................. Delight Evans 56
Sun and Daughter. Beauty ........................................ Margery Wilson 58
By Request: Another "Record" Contest. Radio ................ Evelyn Bartolene 69
Here's Hollywood. Screen and Stage ......................... Western East 62
Femi-Nifties. Cosmetics ......................................... Katharine Hartley 67
V
MARION
DAVIES...
an absolutely bewitching creature in PEG O' MY HEART!
When J. Hartley Manners wrote the stage play he asked for a lot...a child of the sea and the sun whose natural charm was so great that sophisticated London society would fall down and worship her. In M-G-M-Cosmopolitan's screen version Marion Davies is the very elfin creature that Manners must have dreamed about..."Peg O' My Heart" is a sensitive and beautiful production by Robert Z. Leonard, from an adaptation by Francis Marion.

* The reproduction above of an original painting of Marion Davies by William Cotton is the third of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.
THE GOLDEN LINING!
(First Prize Letter in "Private Lives" Discussion)

Yes, yes, it must be unpleasant to have one's every word and act pounced upon and perhaps misrepresented. But it means Box Office—magic words! I've attended many a picture just because my interest had been aroused by reading SCREENLAND's sparkling personal news of the players.

Famous personalities must bow to this intimate attitude of the public or face oblivion. The screen's newest and grandest star, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, has won our hearts with his frankness in telling us all about his plans. Already I suffer keen disappointment when a newreel fails to present him.

Like the village belle, movie stars cannot escape gossip. But if it means fame and fortune—why worry?

Lucetta Argo,
525 E. Ninth St.,
New Albany, Ind.

AND YET—
(Score One for the "Nays"—Second Prize Letter)

How much need we know about the private lives of our movie favorites? Just as much as they choose to disclose!

I heartily sympathize with Garbo, for instance, in her desire to keep her private life "private." She realizes that it is not Garbo the woman, but Garbo the screen character, that the public should be interested in. Movie fans have mentally set her up on a pedestal, and worship her as an object of perfection and charm. If we were to discover that Garbo's charm were artificial and that she were just one of us, our goddess would fall in ruins about our feet. And what a calamity that would be!

In this day of stark realism let's treasure our few ideals!

Elizabeth A. Miller,
2 Forest Side Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

HALF ALOOF BETTER THAN NONE!
(Third Prize Letter)

We moviegoers feel a friendly interest and natural curiosity toward our favorites. And it's a source of pleasure to know that the grand folks of the film are real people, with home problems, babies and budgets, and a weakness for fame, publicity, Ford cars, and eternal youth. Just like the rest of us!

So I read and thrill to every item concerning my movie idols. And I confess that I feel cheated if my favorite magazine failed to publish the "inside dope" regarding their courageous struggles, their beloved homes and clothes, their high pride and achievements.

But as to their domestic troubles, their affairs of the heart, their human mistakes and failures, it any—I consider such things just none of our gosh darn business!

Margretta Lee,
4625 Drexel Blvd., Apt. J1,
Chicago, Ill.
(Continued on page 89)
Meet Alma Mammy and Her Hotcha Pappy!

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to gay music!

Here's college... as a pink-kneed rhapsody of kissable co-eds know it... but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long underwear, but plenty of campus life in the raw, raw, raw!

"College Humor"

A Paramount Picture with

BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE GRACIE BURNS & ALLEN

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

Here's college daze and Ox-road nights... done by a cast of song-dance-and laugh stars... borrowed from Broadway, the Radio, and Hollywood!

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"
ASK ME!

Keeping you informed on film plays and players

By Miss Vee Dee

Pickford Fan. As far as your fans and all the rest of the world are concerned, Mary, you are still "America's Sweetheart." Don't miss "Secrets," her new picture with Leslie Howard. Mary started her stage career at the age of five with a stock company in Toronto, Canada, where she was born April 8, 1893. When she was eight she traveled with a road show and a year later was the youthful star of the company's offering. She appeared in a David Belasco play on Broadway when about fourteen years old and later decided to try motion pictures. Her first picture, a 500-foot film called "Her First Biscuit," was made under the direction of David Wark Griffith. Among her best known pictures of later years are, "Pollyanna," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Rosita," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "Little Annie Rooney," "Sparrows," "My Best Girl" and "The Taming of the Shrew," co-starring with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, in the later film. "Coquette" was her first talking picture. Mary has golden hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She was married to Douglas Fairbanks on March 28, 1920.

Blondie. Lee Tracy doesn't say which he prefers, blondes, brunettes, or red-heads in his films. Gather what you can from Lupe Velez, who played with him in "The Half-Naked Truth"; from Constance Cummings, his leading lady in "Washington Merry Go-Round," and ask Mary Brian, who played with him in "Blessed Event." He usually falls for all colors in the end, in his pictures. Lee was born in Atlanta, Ga., on April 12, 1891. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has sandy hair and blue eyes. He began work in pictures in 1929, playing in "Big Time," "Born Rockless," "She Got What She Wanted" and "Lillian." Since then he has played in "The Strange Case of Molly Louvain," "Dr. X," those mentioned above and his next will be "Dinner at Eight," the all-star Metro film. He is a bachelor and adores his mother, with whom he lives.

Hots. Do all the people in my column write me or do I just make up the questions? Why, Hot En-Tot, what a question; believe it or not, with all due apologies to Bob Ripley. I can refer to several screen players of your height of 5 feet 6. There's Greta Garbo, Vitina Bankey, now retired from the screen; Billie Dove, Helen Jerome Eddy, Louise Fazenda, Lucile Webster Gleason, Corinne Griffith, who is now in England and Carole Lombard. Nils Asther made a grand come-back in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," with Barbara Stanwyck. Nils is 12 years old, is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He was in pictures in Germany before he came to the U. S. in 1927 to appear in "Sorrell and Son" with H. B. Warner. Joel McCrea and Richard Cromwell are not married. Joel's recent releases are "Bird of Paradise" with Do- lores Del Rio and "Rockabye" with Con- stance Bennett. His next will be "The Silver Cord." Richard Cromwell's latest is "That's My Boy" with Dorothy Jordan and Mae Marsh.

Miss Sybil P. Being intrigued by a screen personality is just one of our American customs. You are not alone in your admiration of Colin Clive. We have seen all too little of him in American releases. He was born Jan. 9, 1900 in St. Malo, France. He is 6 feet tall and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. His wife is a well known European actress, Jean de Casailles. Colin played the role of Captain Stanhope in the original stage production in London of "Journey's End." He had the same role in Tiffany's screen version and gave an unforgettable performance. His last release was "Christopher Strong," with Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke and Ralph Forbes.

Fren. How did you get the idea that I'm Col. Stoopnagle and Bud? They're good too but there is only one of me! John Arledge was PG in "Hudde" with Ra- mon Novarro and Madge Evans; Frank Albertson was Larry and Kane Richmond was Tom Stodd. Mary Boland, who made such a success of her Broadway comedy, "The Vinegar Tree," is the same actress you saw in "Night of June 13," with Clive Brook, Lila Lee, Gene Raymond, Charlie Ruggles and Frances Dee. Mary Boland was Mazie Stroun, the wife of Charlie Ruggles as Philo Stroun. Your male fa- vorite, John Arledge was born March 12, 1907 in Crockett, Texas. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 140 pounds and has grey-blue eyes and wavy blonde hair. John was a piano player with Paul Whiteman's orchestra be- fore going into the movies.

Curious Ruth. I never let a few ques- tions get me down—I manage to rise to the occasion if they do throw me a bit. In the talking version of "So Big" with Bar- bara Stanwyck, young Dick Winslow played Roel Pool; aged 14 and George Brent was Roel grown-up. "Fier 13" was released as "Me and My Gal."
WARNER BROS. SURPASS THE GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits
—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others

Directed by MERVYN LEROY
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 56.
More reviews on Page 88.

The Barbarian
M-G-M
Here's Ramon Novarro as the son of the son of a Sheik—handsome 1933 version with dialogue by Anita Loos. You'll like Ramon, especially in his lighter moments. You'll enjoy Myrna Loy, never so lovely and alluring. But you'll think you're back in the dear old Valentino days, without Rudy. Even the grand acting and superlative settings can't make this old story new.

Zoo in Budapest
Fox
Vas Zoo in Budapest, Sharlie? If not, you missed one of the best of the mon-hausen pictures. (All right, we promise!) The settings of this animal story are full of rare visual beauty, and the plot works up to a ripping, tearing climax with a battle royal among the beasts. A bit slow in spots, but what of it? Loretta Young and Gene Raymond are the chief bipeds.

Central Airport
First National
If you're air-or- Bartholomew-minded, here's your movie meat! The star has his best rôle in months as a stunting sky devil whose flying partner, Sally Eilers, cracks up emotionally on his account, with Tom Brown, as Dickie's younger brother, forming the third angle of the triangle. Thrilling stunt stuff, human drama, intense acting.
Not a war picture.

Made On Broadway
M-G-M
Oops! Excuse it, please! Robert Montgomery and Sally Eilers play two of the least appealing rôle of the month. The former as a smart- alec super-press agent, and the latter as the mean lady whom he sets up in the siren business, make this film difficult to like. No matter how you slice it, it's authentic ham. Madge Evans, cool and beauteous, is a redeeming feature.

Supernatural
Paramount
So you thought the "horror" theme had been exhausted? Wrong! This one, however, won't chill you or thrill you despite the fact that several murders occur. The story revolves around a fiendish spiritualistic fakir. Good trouper, including Carole Lombard, Randolph Scott, Allan Dinehart, and Vivienne Osborne, help this depressing film considerably.

So This Is Africa
Columbia
Warning: this is rough stuff! It's the naughtiest, rowdiest comedy Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey ever appeared in. A burlesque on the jungle films with a lot of absurd and nonsensical twists. You'll laugh even though you may not approve of this variety of humor. Raquel Torres plays a female Tarzan who captures Bert. Are you laughing, W-and-W fans?

“M”
Foremco
Here's a foreign talkie of the career and capture of a notorious child-murderer. Despite much critical ballyhoo it is no towering masterpiece—few of its vaunted marvels of direction are either new or expertly achieved. Nevertheless, it presents a sincere and moving story, if you can stand the gruesomeness of its theme. The cast is excellent; Peter Lorre as the killer is superb.
Make Unsightly Hair Invisible with Marchand's

Smart women know the way the wind is blowing. Today—more than ever—the Social and Business Worlds are demanding simple, personal daintiness. Dark fuzzy hair on arms and legs plainly is unattractive, unfeminine—and it hurts chances for popularity and success. Play safe! Don’t allow the faintest trace of dark hair to show on your arms and legs. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Read label—just dab on—works within 20 minutes. Safe—Inexpensive.

Also Brings Golden Beauty to Hair!

Marchand’s is known to thousands of attractive blonde women. It restores youthful color to faded hair—or makes drab hair lustrous and fashionable. Use it at home, safely and successfully. Be sure you get the genuine!

Marchand’s
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

To get Marchand’s by mail, fill in coupon at right, mail with $.45 (stamps accepted) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.
Attention! Here’s a Great New Personality, Franchot Tone. He’s a combination of Gable and Cagney with a dash of John Barrymore and bit- ters. If this be a rave, make the most of it!

Franchot Tone is the last actor in the world we would have cast to play a heroine’s brother. Her lover, her husband, her abductor, her dream-prince, yes—n  b  u  t  n  e  v  e  r  h  e  r  brother! Mr. Tone, however, acquits himself creditably in his difficult assignment with Miss Crawford in “Today We Live.”
HOLLYWOOD was founded on Personality, built on Personality, exists on Personality. The movies live from one Personality-discovery to the next. And we have been feeling for some months that it was high time we had a new, fresh, exciting actor or actress to make us sit up and feel like Columbus again. With the release of “Today We Live” we’ve found what we have been looking for! Franchot Tone brings to Joan Crawford’s new picture the thrill of the unusual and the unexpected. He is like no other actor—and we said that same thing about Gable, about Gagney, about Garbo, about Bette Davis, about Joan herself, once—remember? Franchot—pronounced Fran-show—Tone is an accomplished actor from the Broadway stage. He has technique. Notice how he roughly wipes away a tear in his scene with the “blind” Robert Young. He is romantic, yet matter-of-fact; tender—and casual; he has an undated face and modern manners—and he can play any kind of a rôle, from a medieval monk to a current gangster. And there he has the edge on Gable and Cagney—on everybody, in fact, except the great Jawn Barrymore. Mr. Tone is one of these dangerous, ageless young men, and if M-G-M does right by him and casts him as an aristocratic brute with a sense of humor some time soon, M-G-M is going to have in its experienced paws a box-office sensation second to none. Congratulations on signing him, Leo Old Lion!

Watch for this new and vital young actor in “Strangers Return” with Miriam Hopkins, and in “Dinner at Eight” as a member of a distinguished all-star cast. And please, M-G-M, won’t you cast him opposite Crawford again? What a team—WHAT a team!

The scenes below are from “Today We Live,” in which the star, Joan Crawford, shares some of her “footage” with Franchot Tone.
"LIKE MOST EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD" she says
"I INSIST ON LUX"

"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after every wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect your pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new twice as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says:
"Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."

Hollywood says—don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX
DEAR LA BENNETT:

Be nice!

Frankly, I wouldn't care whether you were or not if I didn't happen to know just how nice you can be when you want to. I remember the first time I ever met you—you weren't a great star then, or a Marquise, but a dazzling blonde with a blue-eyed twinkle—you weren't taking anything so very seriously, Connie, least of all yourself. And now?

Well, I hope it isn't true. I hope you didn't say what you have been quoted as saying. That you "bounced out of an office on the lot shouting, 'I'll get some organization in this studio even if I have to fire everybody.'" I hope you didn't say it because I think it sounds pretty silly. It is entirely lacking in common sense and in good taste—and if there are two particular qualities I have always admired you for, they are common sense and good taste.

If you're talking about organization—tell me, is a star "organized" when she goes haywire? If you're talking about "firing everybody," how about good taste? Suppose some little stenographer in the fan mail department had been passing by when you made that alleged remark—which I sincerely hope you never made. How about morale, Miss Bennett? Don't you think everybody in this industry, from stars to script girls, should give a little thought to morale? Seems to me right now that Hollywood morale is more important than Hollywood morals.

Of course, maybe you don't care. You're going to retire anyway, and live in France. Says you! Says Richard Bennett's daughter Constance! You, retire? You, with the blood of good trouper in your veins; with your own father still acting; with your sister Joan rising steadily in the screen skies; with sister Barbara planning, they say, a movie career? Constance Bennett, you can't retire, and you know it. So be nice. Be as good a sport as you are an actress. Don't check your sense of humor and your good manners and your altogether captivating little-girl smile when you come to work in Hollywood. Look at the pictures on this page. The largest one shows you a movie star with sun in her eyes and a camera focussed on her—and you seem to be mad at the cameraman, mad at the sun, mad at everything. Then look at those other pictures, snapshots, taken on your recent vacation. (Yes, folks—it's the same girl; and how you'd love this one, wouldn't you, if she ever gave you a chance!) Confidentially, Connie—I think it would pay you to be nice!

Delight Evans

An Open Letter to Connie Bennett
Scoop! Don't miss this exclusive story by America's most famous movie columnist—the only Hollywood writer to whom Shaw granted an authorized interview

Directed by Marion Davies

L.O.P. “Is it true that you are unwilling to let any of your plays be filmed?”

G.B.S. “On the contrary, I am extremely anxious to have them all filmed before I die. But the studios are not yet doing the class of work my plays require. Most of them still think that a play is only a movie with spoken subtitles.”

L.O.P. “I have heard that Garbo has expressed a desire to make your ‘St. Joan.’”

G.B.S. “Well, so has every other movie actress. There is nothing remarkable about that, is there?”

William Randolph Hearst’s country home, were prepared for the worst.

These critics, who have pictured Shaw as a white-bearded satyr with the sharp, cruel tongue of an adder, have lost sight of one thing. The most stabbing Shaw epigram is uttered with a twinkle in the clear blue eyes that completely disarms those who study him at close range.

I deny that George Bernard Shaw is without kindness. Marion Davies persuaded him to let me write an interview with him. At first he was a little disturbed at the idea because he had talked freely and eloquently, discussing subjects ranging from the Gold Standard to his sixty years’ experience in the theatre. He had not spared personalities, telling amusing, intimate stories of his friendship with Eleanor Duse and Ellen Terry.

“You may scratch out any paragraph or phrase that...
you do not wish published, Mr. Shaw," I said, after Marion had won his consent to an interview.

"And why should I?" he asked, looking at me with the bland, cherubic expression of a naughty child. "If I don't correct your article, then I can refute all your misstatements."

"But Mr. Shaw," I said, innocently walking into the trap he laid for me. "I wouldn't for the world print a word that might offend you."

"Oh, you wouldn't?" he said. "That's just what you would do and glory in it! I was a newspaper man myself."

G. B. S. escorted on a tour of the Metro studios by Miss Davies, left. Mrs. Shaw said: "I have never known him to look at so many motion pictures and enjoy them."

Louella O. Parsons, the most widely read of all Hollywood writers, breaks all precedent in writing this feature for SCREENLAND. We are happy to present this star of screen writers to you. She scooped the world when she induced Shaw to submit to an interview on motion pictures!

We finally compromised and he took a pencil and edited my copy. When I say that this hard-working man, who was on a holiday, gave up a drive through the beautiful, picturesque hills that surround the Hearst mountain home, to carefully edit my copy you will know he is not the hard-hearted intellectual snob he has been so frequently described.

In his own handwriting he corrected certain statements that he did not wish published, substituting his own expressions. I had written that along with his discussion of what is wrong with the movies, sex appeal, world disarmament and Ellen Terry, he had given a dissertation on the mating habits of camels.

"How dare you so misquote me," he snorted. "Mating habits of camels indeed! What do I know or care about camels? I never made such a fool comment."

"But Mr. Shaw," I pleaded, "I have written so many complimentary things about you, why can't you overlook that one little mistake?"

"Why shouldn't you say nice things..."
about me?" he demanded. "Young woman, so much slush and praise have been written about me by newspaper writers like yourself that Mrs. Shaw gets tired of reading them."

He read and re-read my interview, working over an hour. He left intact my personal opinions but he changed four or five quotations that he disliked. After he had finished he said: "That manuscript is valuable. Some day you can sell it and make a lot of money." A modest youth this British playwright!

I was told that Ann Harding burst into hysterical tears when Shaw told her that she had given a "piratical" performance of one of his plays. I find it difficult to believe that a woman of Miss Harding's intelligence could not see through Shaw's bluntness. He is a showman and his greatest talent, apart from his brilliant writings, is his piercing wit. To me there is nothing venomous in his stinging sarcasm and his merciless shafts of humor.

He can no more help being sarcastic than a baby can help creeping when it feels the urge to try to walk. He is a voluble talker and he will discuss any subject if given an opportunity. He held court daily at the Hearst ranch with the entire house party at his feet, drinking in every word he uttered. He was at his best when he had an admiring audience. And did he like these beautiful movie queens looking up into his face!

Outdoor sports at the Hearst ranch are an accepted thing. Horseback riding, tennis playing, swimming and hiking form the daily recreation. Five o'clock, the hour Shaw takes his tea, saw every film celebrity before the fireplace, awaiting his appearance.

Grouped around him, sitting literally at his feet every afternoon were Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill, Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Talmadge, Mrs. John Hearst, Mary Brian, Mrs. John Considine, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Frances Marion and others.

He discussed art with Marion Davies and Ireland with Maureen O'Sullivan. He expressed disgust when Maureen said that she was going horseback riding.

"Why are you so commonplace as to ride a horse when you could ride one of the beautiful zebras roaming about this estate?" he asked.

Meat and intoxicating liquors are his two pet aversions. Even the unsatisfactory way in which America has reacted to prohibition does not change his ironclad opinions on the fallacy of dulling the mind with stimulants.

He is equally strong in his belief that meat is not only bad for the soul but makes the body sluggish and inactive. He pointed with pride to his complexion which has the pink and white texture and firmness of a baby's skin. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, sitting at his left, came back with the retort: "Well, look at my complexion! Is there anything wrong with it?—and I eat meat three times a day!"

As I said above, George Bernard Shaw's ideas are never negative. Any subject worth discussing is vehemently, emphatically and energetically attacked by the seventy-seven-year-old philosopher. Movies, so often the target for his shafts of wit, came in for their share of dissection.

"Is it true, Mr. Shaw," I questioned, "that you are unwilling to let any of your plays be filmed?"

"On the contrary," he said, "I am extremely anxious to have them all filmed before I die. But the studios are not yet doing the class of work my plays require. Most of them still think that a play is only a movie with spoken subtitles."

"Antony and Cleo-
patra' would make a splendid picture," I said. With supreme disgust he turned and looked at me.

"You mean 'Caesar and Cleopatra.' Don't confuse me with William Shakespeare. I'll leave the Antonys to him."

"I have heard," I said, "that Greta Garbo has expressed a desire to make your 'St. Joan.'"

"Well, so has every other movie actress," said Mr. Shaw, "there is nothing remarkable about that, is there?"

"Why don't you show these producers how to make a successful movie?" I asked him.

"I did make a short reel in Russia for the Soviet Government but something went wrong and I am told it was never released."

"Sorry that we didn't see you in the Russian short, Mr. Shaw," Marion Davies said. "We enjoyed your appearance in the newsreel and we thought you gave a splendid performance. Miss Parsons here gave you a most laudatory review."

"Well," was his unexpected reply, "why shouldn't she? It was a very good movietone!"

I heard him tell a group of his listeners later that newsreel scenes show lack of proper direction. He said the cameramen permit Mussolini and other famous men to say their little piece without any prelude. With a true, dramatic sense of values Mr. Shaw refused to let the newsreel men, who photographed him when the George Hearst plane arrived in (Continued on page 85)
Janet Gaynor Grasps Her New Freedom!

By James M. Fidler

Janet is free again—free to seek romance and laughter!

The sparkle has returned to the eyes of Janet Gaynor; the lift is in her voice again. The quick eagerness that was so much a part of her a few years ago is once more apparent in her every move. The transition is like the coming of lovely color into the skin of a ripening peach.

Janet—the new Janet, I may dare say, for she has changed amazingly since her divorce—has re-captured the exuberant spirit that once endeared her to the hearts of all who knew her.

For several months before her separation from her former husband I often perceived an expression of despondency in her eyes—the same hopeless stare of a lamb in a barren field as it gazes at thick, sweet clover-patches beyond the fence. I believe I know what that expression signified: Janet was subdued and crushed by a marriage that was far from successful. She surrendered her fight to make her marriage endure; she had ceased all attempts at sham and had dropped the mask of happiness. But she realized that time would soon bring an end to her marriage, and it was the far-away expression of an unhappy woman who wonders if she will ever find felicity again that I often saw in Janet's eyes.

That futile stare is no longer apparent; within a few weeks after her divorce it has disappeared. The hopelessness has been replaced with an ebullient gladness. Almost as though she had written the words with pen and ink, I can read in her face: "I'm free again;
Has divorce disillusioned La Gaynor? Will she marry again? What are her plans for the future? She talks to her friend Jimmy Fidler frankly and fearlessly, as she has talked to no other writer. Don’t miss this

free to seek romance and laughter once more!”
What does Janet intend to do with this newly-found freedom? Will she marry again? Or is she disillusioned because of her one bitter taste of matrimony? What are her plans?
I presumed on an old friendship—I have known Janet since she was a child-extra, ten years ago—and sought answers to these and other questions. Because practically the entire world (judged by box office returns), is equally interested in Miss Gaynor’s future, I shall relate the facts garnered from my most recent chat with the whimsical little star of “Seventh Heaven” and “Adorable” and a dozen equally fine pictures between this first and this latest of her triumphs.
Janet is not disillusioned with marriage. She realizes that she made a mistake, but she does not regret the error. (And to set right an absurd rumor that has been heard, she has no idea of reconciliation with her ex-husband).
“Life, you know, is balanced by sadness and gladness,” Janet said to me. “One without the other would be insufficient; we must have the sorrow to make us appreciate the happiness.
“I fully intend to marry again, sometime. Not soon. For the next few years mother and I will live together. We have just rented a new house, and for at least several months I will be kept busy by my studio work and the house.”
Although she has lived in (Continued on page 74)
HISTORY, both sacred and profane, as well as the works of the world's best writers, is filled with references to the outstanding physical and mental characteristics of most unusual personalities. Cleopatra and Julius Caesar both had auburn hair; Cleopatra and Julius also had prominent noses. It is true that both had fiery tempers and driving urges to great leadership. They both paid with their lives for being over-ambitious. Shakespeare is as apt in his description of the physical as he is of the mental characteristics of his characters, real or imaginary. He quotes Caesar's summing up of Cassius's cadaverous appearance and probable rebellious nature: "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look." "I like about me sleek fat men who sleep o' nights."

Without an exception, every great or unusual character has features as uneven, unbalanced, and striking as their nature and consequent place in history. So be of good cheer if you, too, have some outstanding physical characteristics, for by that token you may know that they are unerring indexes of mental and spiritual variations from the average or normal. Busts of Washington and Lincoln are most revealing of just the characters history has proved them to be, but both were large, rugged men with prominent features as easy to caricature as to glorify: Washington's aristocratic nose and Lincoln's deep, sympathetic, and somewhat tragic eyes.

Every one of our outstanding modern motion picture stars is easily caricatured by using just one or two well-known features. For example, Greta Garbo's exotic tilted brows and long eye-lashes—the universal index of disdain for the commonplace and corresponding love for the exclusive and hard to attain.

If your brows, like Greta Garbo's, are high above the eyes and tend to turn up at the outer corners, you will share her flair for the mysterious and exotic. It is the subconscious knowledge of this index that causes too many to try for this effect in their appearance by plucking and make-up. There is an elfin or fairy-like appearance in these brows that suggests wings poised for airy flights.

If you have these brows and have a humdrum routine job, your lot seems harder than it really is. Use your imagination and refuse your job with all the charm and color you can, even if you have to bring flowers to brighten up the office for yourself and your fellow-workers. Remember, the great Garbo was once just a little department store model in Sweden.

Joe E. Brown's mouth is suggestive of a mammoth cave. Imagine some comic artist drawing an airy outline of his head and clearly depicting Joe's mouth, but not even hinting the name, just this caption, "What a wonderful place to throw old razor blades." However,
Do you share the features of the famous? William E. Benton says unusual facial characteristics mean unusual characters—witness the Hollywood great

By
William E. Benton

Joe E. Brown didn't waste any time mourning over the sensationally wide dental display that Nature gave him. He made it the means to movie eminence. And what if Chevalier has those curious, faun-like ears? They indicate his musical talent and his gay humor.

Have you a wide, firm back-jaw? If so, there's small reason to be self-conscious about it. People with jaws of this type are usually strong and determined—subject to cajolery, but never to coercion. Take Connie Bennett as a lovely example.

Joe would not need to care, for while it is his lunch receiver, he wisely knows it is his meal ticket too.

Joe E. Brown's mouth indicates an inner nature as original and generous as his mouth's unique outline and proportions. If your mouth is large, angular and altogether out of the ordinary, you, too, will seldom repeat anything you hear verbatim, but, like him, give the telling of your impressions much of your own whimsical humor. If you share his long stiff upper lip as well as his type of mouth you, like him, will be alternately poker-faced, calm, and somewhat judicial in appearance and demeanor; then suddenly, like him, become irresistibly enthusiastic and express yourself almost too frankly and freely. Such lips bespeak a flair for law, order, rules, and regulations; and if things don't go according to Hoyle, such natures express their opinions in no uncertain terms.

Millions of sensitive people with oversized features mourn about the very feature that is reaping a fortune for those who know enough to capitalize what they cannot hide. Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante has followed his nose to fame, and should he by some misfortune lose that great proboscis, a well-known insurance company would have to recompense him with a king's ransom for its loss or diminution. The more nose the better! "Schnozzle" Durante reminds one of Napoleon's remark that if he had enough generals with the right kind of noses he could conquer the world. Well, be that true or not, almost all of our great discoverers, whether we think of Marco Polo, Columbus, or Amundsen, had the noses to indicate their mental "nosiness" or urge to know.

When we want to compliment one very highly for their mental attainments, we say he or she "nose all" only we spell the nose with a "k."

A large well-formed nose has adorned the faces of all great leaders of men. Let all who worry over having a very obvious nose be consoled with the knowledge that chimpanzees, orangoutangs, and gorillas have noses as small as their minds!

Perhaps you have worried over red hair, freckles, a big nose, mouth, or—what have you, but from this time on, why not find out its real meaning in character, develop the corresponding characteristic, and thus turn an imaginary liability into a real asset? Can you imagine the feelings of Maurice Chevalier when he was a clever young singer and hoofer in the music halls of Paris and the critics and cartoonists began to lampoon his somewhat sensuous and protruding Hapsburg lip? However, when people began to recognize this personal trade-mark and come to see the original, Maurice was clever enough to cash in on it. Now you never see him draw his mouth to the thin line he could. (Continued on page 78)
Beginning

For the first time the screen’s most versatile actor tells his own story! You know him as “Little Caesar” or “Silver Dollar”—now meet the man

As told by

Edward G. Robinson to Ida Zeitlin

comfort and taste. A soft-footed maid came and went. Flowers and photographs, a rack of burnished pipes, and books that showed signs of having been read, supplied the personal note. The man was gazing down at the photograph of an infant in his hand, and as he gazed, his grave, intelligent face relaxed into a wide-mouthed, crinkly-eyed smile, shy and endearing.

America had kept her promise to Eddie Robinson. She had given the little boy dreaming at the ship’s rail all he had envisioned—the opportunity to win success and honor and fulfillment in his chosen profession—a life of happy activity, crowned by a happy marriage and the birth of the robust, long-desired son who made his appearance on March 19th of this year.

“I always feel,” said Mr. Robinson, laying his baby’s picture slowly back on the table, as if he were reluctant to let it

A SMALL boy stood at the rail of a large ship which was nearing America’s shores. His heart was bursting with such excitement as he had never known, yet outwardly he was calm. A child of natural dignity and reserve, he knew no vent for the tumult of emotions surging within him. Soon—any minute now—America would heave into sight. America—where his father and his biggest brother were waiting for him—for his mother and himself and his other four brothers. America where people didn’t glower at you because your race and religion happened to be different from theirs; where schools weren’t closed to you as in the land of your birth; where, if you were good and studied hard, you could be anything in the world you wanted to be—so his father had written—a doctor, a teacher, an engineer, a lawyer—anything! His breath caught in wonder, and some compelling need to find release from an ecstasy too sharp for his years sent his eyes wandering to meet the friendly gaze of a sailor at work on the deck. Slowly the grave, intelligent little face relaxed into a wide-mouthed, crinkly-eyed smile, shy and endearing.

A man sat in the living-room of a beautifully appointed suite on an upper floor of one of Manhattan’s swanky skyscraper hotels. He was surrounded by every mark of

Edward G. Robinson today—kindly, cultivated gentleman; sensitive, imaginative artist. Whether you know him as “Little Caesar” or as any one of the other characters he has portrayed on the screen, you will be much interested in this revealing story of his personal life.

Left, “Eddie” when he was a pupil at Public School No. 20, New York City, and one of the six Robinson boys.

The Screen Family Robinson! Just as soon as little screen there was a demand for his first photograph—and proud parents. Well, little Eddie might just as well get...
go, "—I always feel that I myself was born at the age of ten. I never consciously think of what came before—I never try to recall it. To all intents and purposes, my life began when I came to America." For a moment you listen, startled, to the pleasantly modulated tones, to the effortless flow of well-chosen speech—till with a jerk you return to reality and the fact that this is Edward G. Robinson sitting opposite you, highly civilized member of society, and not, you imbecile, Little Caesar! For never was there a wider gulf between creator and created than that which separates this kindly, cultivated gentleman from the swaggering, snarling bully in whose guise he made his first indelible impression on the movie world.

Though his first years in America were spent in New York's crowded Ghetto, where gangsters are said to thrive, it's doubtful whether Eddie would have recognized one, had he seen him. His interests lay elsewhere. He belonged to one of those sober, self-respecting Jewish families, to whom the pursuit of learning is a passion. Themselves deprived of the thing they thought best worth having, his parents abandoned a prosperous business, the habits and associations of a lifetime, to face certain hardship in an alien land—and counted it the wisest step they'd ever taken, because it ensured their six sons an education.

Eddie was the true son of his parents. He took to study with ease and enthusiasm. He went through no agonizing "greenhorn" period. He picked up English naturally, and was graduated from elementary school at thirteen, younger than some of his native-born classmates.

Before long he discovered that there was one school activity he enjoyed beyond all others—he loved to recite. He loved to stand up in front of the class and spout—poetry, oratory, it didn't matter what. He would toil for hours over his compositions—not because he aspired to literary honors, but because the fellow who wrote the best composition was allowed to read it before the whole school at assembly.

It wasn't, he assured himself earnestly, having reached the age of self-analysis—it wasn't that he enjoyed showing off. No, it was something more important than that. Still a reserved and inarticulate boy, it was only when he was standing thus in front of an audience, the words ready to roll from his tongue, that he forgot to be shy—that he felt an unsuspected power welling within him, freeing him of the shackles of self-consciousness, filling him with a glorious sense of mastery, not only over himself but over those gaping rows of faces upturned to his.

"Hey, Eddie!" they'd yell at him afterwards, half jeering, half flattering, "you're a reg'lar actor!" And Eddie would grin silently in response.

The school gave a play and Eddie, all excitement, was assigned the part of a gentleman of sixty. As the make-up man was graying his hair and pasting a set of handsome whiskers to his round face, Eddie caught sight of a pair of spectacles in his kit.

(Continued on page 70)
The Clamor

"Give us Glamor! More Glamor!" All right—here’s a fresh slant from the celebrated playwright, Miss Clemence Dane, now in Hollywood writing for the screen.

Glamor in Hollywood—Katharine Hepburn

"People have always wanted to be bewitched, and charmed, and be-glamored," says Miss Clemence Dane, author of the distinguished play, "A Bill of Divorcement," which catapulted stunning Katharine Hepburn into the swift limelight of screen fame.

"The belief in magic may be dead, but not the desire for it. And now the motion picture is the greatest form of enchantment in the world, because it is the cheapest and most available. Over every motion picture theatre door there might well be put a sign, Charms and Magic Spells For Sale."

How does this statement, coming from England’s greatest woman playwright who has recently become one of Hollywood’s most interesting figures, affect the two dark-eyed, slender-throated American young women who face each other across these pages?

Each of them has the same given name of Katharine—spelled in the same unusual way, beginning with a “K” instead of a “C,” and with an “a” instead of an “e.”

One of them, let us call “Katharine the Great.” She is Miss Katharine Cornell, who in the few, brilliant years since the photograph was taken has swept into the place of the greatest Broadway star, the first lady of the American stage, lovely, fascinating!

She is famous among motion picture fans not because they have seen her, but because they have not seen her on the screen. They know too well, and they are sorry, that she refuses to leave the theatre she loves so dearly and understands, for a new medium she does not know about. Though they offer her millions she turns a deaf ear to the urgings of the many picture producers who wish to capture her unique charm and her fame for their audiences. Was she not the ravishing “dark lady of the Sonnets” of “Will Shakespeare,” the great “Candida,” the Iris Foswick of “The Green Hat,” the Ellen Olenska of “The Age of Innocence,” the Elizabeth Barrett of “The Barretts of Wimpole Street?”

The second dark-eyed girl—shall we call her “Katharine Nobody—Yet—Knows—How—Great?” She is Katharine Hepburn, Hollywood’s newest outstanding actress, who, after one picture and one only, recently flared into stardom, and was offered a contract that some less favored girl might devote a lifetime striving for in vain.

She is a girl for whom the traffic signal has been turned to “Go,” as some one has said, and “the lights
For Glamor!

By Betty Shannon

Glamor on Broadway—
Katharine Cornell

Katharine Cornell first won fame on the Broadway stage when she created the part of Sydney in the play.

are all green." She was an over-night sensation. She is scheduled for big roles, including that of Jo in the approaching "Little Women," the same character, oddly enough, in which the other Katharine, Miss Cornell, played in her London stage début.

There are other marked similarities between these young actresses besides that of their names and their sharing of Jo. They both represent the new type of intelligent, well-bred girl who is going on the stage and screen today. They were brought up in the same sort of healthy, normal American living. They are the product of good boarding-schools, Miss Hepburn of Bryn Mawr College in addition. Both became enamoured of acting and the theatre when they were in school, and started their earliest theatrical experience in small parts in good companies.

They both have somewhat the same sort of features, with broad, high cheek-bones, firm jaw, wide-apart dark eyes, rather blunt nose, large mouth.

But perhaps the most interesting likeness between them is that their first outstanding successes, Miss Cornell's on the stage and Miss Hepburn's in pictures, were made in the same rôle in the same play!

This was the rôle of Sydney Fairfield in "A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane. This picture rocketed Katharine Hepburn into the limelight. Miss Cornell appeared in the New York stage version at the George M. Cohan Theatre in October, 1921, while Miss Hepburn's performance appeared on the screen eleven years later, in 1932.

Have these two actresses "glamor"?

People everywhere say they have. It would be considered a sacrilege, I suppose, even to formulate this question concerning Katharine Cornell. Every one is not so sure, yet, of Hepburn.

What is "glamor," anyway? Is it the way a girl looks at you? Is it the way she wears her clothes? The clothes she has to wear? Is it something exquisite and alluring about her body? Something charming but wicked about her mind? Is it the suspected dangers that seem to beckon in another's (Continued on page 76)
Ramon Novarro plays a sheik—and such a sheik!—in "The Barbarian." Now, now—no cracks about a "wolf in sheik's clothing." Ramon's costume is correct down to the last detail. And isn't it picturesque?

Telling some studio secrets! In this fascinating feature you'll find the answer to "How do the movies do it?"

By Ruth Tildesley

ON WHICH arm does a bride come down the aisle after the wedding? What do they eat for breakfast in Holland? How do you make an owl hoot? What did a pony express rider play on his horn? Do they have single compartments in sleeping cars in China?

No, this is not an I. Q. test! It's a sample of the queries that come into the research department of a motion picture studio.

And it's important that the department finds the right answer, for you may be sure that some one who sees the picture will spot what's wrong and take his pen in hand!

"If there's a plumber in the scene, someone will write in that he should have had a helper, if he belonged to the union," sighs Elizabeth McGaffey, head of Radio Pictures' research department.

Miss McGaffey organized the first research department in the industry a little more than eighteen years ago. It occurred to her that it would be better, as well as cheaper, if someone found out what styles were being worn, what architecture was in vogue, and what were the manners and customs of Spain at the time of Carmen, before Geraldine Farrar made the picture, instead of after the shooting started.

Jesse Lasky agreed with her and that's how the question-and-answer departments began.

"The burning point today is to educate executives in the importance of research," observed Miss McGaffey. "We should have the script as soon as it's written so that we may be prepared for whatever may be asked of us.

"Sometimes I can give the answer at once, from memory, or from some source at hand. The Episcopal prayer book, for example, is the book most in demand in this
library, because of the wedding and funeral services. Early in my career, I discovered a three-volume set called 'Wonderful London' which cost $10. This has paid for itself over and over, as it tells almost everything a technical director could tell us about London.

"But sometimes the answer takes time. Clemen Dane is writing a story for Francis Lederer, part of which is laid in an old castle on the Danube. That castle is now in ruins and it's my next job to find a picture of it before it was ruined.

"I never trust my memory about things I discovered while I was traveling, for it is so easy to forget whether it was in China or Japan that certain things were so. I was six months wandering about the Orient with a notebook and a camera, but I always check up to see if my memory is correct.

"Sleeping cars in Japan have double bunks—sometimes four bunks in one compartment. I remember that they have single compartments in China because I was locked in one of them while going through bandit country.

"For 'King Kong,' we had to see that the vegetation of the tropics was correct, and that all the huge prehistoric monsters were technically right. The 'monster' data came from museums.

"'Sweepings' is the story of the growth of Chicago. Luck gave me a little book called 'Chicago As It Is and As It Was,' published in 1872, which tells about the court retire after making bows before the King and Queen.

Photographs of Buckingham Palace failed to label the room in question. The wife of a Brazilian Ambassador, (discovered by Miss McGaffey), who had provided the research department with cards summoning those to be presented to court, rules of etiquette surrounding the ceremony, what to wear and other details, could not remember where she went after she was presented.

Finally Madame Hilda Grenier, technical director, who served for years as Queen Mary's dresser, remembered a bas relief over a door in one photograph and selected the "West Gallery" as the ante-room needed.

Nathalie Bucknall, head of M-G-M's research department, came to Hollywood with no idea of what work she could do. It was her knowledge of many languages and her familiarity with foreign countries (Continued on page 72)
Why Tracy is Different!

C. He can't be scared into living up to an "illusion."

C. He won't spend his huge salary lavishly.

C. He declines to attend parties or to give them.

C. He pays small attention to Hollywood's lovely ladies.

"Thank God I don't look like a movie star! That saves me from having to act like one!"—Lee Tracy.

TRACY! The Star

HOLLYWOOD—it gets 'em! And it scares 'em! It enchants and draws to it the most interesting people in the world. Then it trades fame for a fear complex!

With stardom and money comes not only the halo but an alteration in attitude. Happy-go-lucky actors are told they have to follow the ordained Hollywood customs, or else!

They then do what tradition demands, afraid to stick to their own wishes. And end by being most thoroughly, awfully frightened of what folks will think of their slightest move.

There is one star who dares to be different! And not Garbo, this time.

He's not a speck awed by the glamour and the hooey. He won't say "Uncle" to any pompous big shot or "Sweetheart" to any beautiful blonde. Follow the stellar traditions? Say, you can't scare him into that monkey business.

Lee Tracy is the gentleman's name. If you've been observing, you have noticed how he has whizzed to the top in a year's time. Today, as one of M-G-M's biggest bets, he is said to collect a cool $3,000 each and every Saturday night. Because he's unique and a wow.

"Be yourself and you'll be fed to the lions!" he exclaimed with a characteristic whimsical grin when I managed to catch up with him between shots at the studio. You can't find him when he isn't working. His private life continues to run on stage schedule. Which means he's apt to stay up all night and sleep until the middle of the afternoon on off-duty days.

"That's what the wise guys tell all the newcomers. You have to do this, you gotta do that. You're a movie star now! Thank God I don't look like one. That saves me from having to behave like one!"

No daunting Lightning Lee. (Yes, he talks, moves and thinks as fast in person as you'd imagine.) And when you consider how he has refused to be awed by his stardom and to be rushed into the usual glorified ruts, you gain an immense respect for him and his courage.

Ponder these facts:

He can't be scared into creating or living up to an "illusion."

He won't spend his huge salary lavishly.

He declines to attend swanky parties or to give them.

He thumbs his nose at the mention of a Beverly Hills address, choosing a comparatively modest apartment.

He pays no attention to the magic city's lovely ladies.

Altogether, a most remarkable movie star. All the more so since he hasn't the sex appeal a hero is supposed to possess. He took me aside to explain this particular detail.

"I deliberately chose between be-
Hollywood Can’t Scare!

coming a lawyer and becoming an actor. The latter game won. But I never suspected I’d be the romantic type. Still don’t suspect I ever will be! I wanted to be an expert at light comedy. The yen remains potent. When Nature doesn’t make a guy a Gable, there’s no sense attempting to be a Romeo, is there?

Though unimposing in appearance, Lee has a way with the women. It’s unconscious and he’d be the last person to admit it.

His appeal to both women and men is due to his amazing vitality and his overwhelming frankness. Seasoned, I should add, with plenty of good old-fashioned Southern charm and courtesy. He was Georgia-born, you know, of a fine and well-to-do family.

He absolutely radiates vigor. A sure tonic for the blues. His speech is rapid in any weather. There is this difference, however, between the reel and the real Lee. In pictures he dishes out his blarney and his fellow actors take it. (And how!)

Personally, he has the same mannerisms and honesty, but he doesn’t go around giving orders or acting cocky. He contends everyone has the right to do as he or she pleases. Far be it from him to dictate.

“My ideas are sacrilegious here in Hollywood,” he complained when the director released him for another spell of conversation with me. “I couldn’t be glamorous if I sat up nights for six months trying to figure out how to transform myself! Why, Sylvia herself couldn’t pound sex appeal into me! So I don’t worry about it.”

“I don’t want an estate or a swimming pool or a limousine. Nor a flock of servants or a horde of palsy-walseys. Nor distinguished visitors. Preserve me from them! And getting fitted for a lot of tailor-made clothes would be a pain in my—er, neck. Polo, golf—? Sure, what every nice young fellow craves—excluding Tracy! He’ll take a book and a davenport.

“Why have I never married or said it with bracelets to the movie gals? I’ll tell you. I’m too selfish. Don’t mean to brag about it, but why kid you, or myself?

“Home and kiddies? No, sir! I want most of all to be a successful actor. Secondly, to lay away enough money so I’ll be positively independent. Third, to have a lifetime of fun.”

You may have assumed that Lee is a product of a hard-boiled environment. He does resemble a big city tabloid reporter. Such is not the case, though. For unlike James Cagney, (who understudied him once), and George Raft, he did not emerge from New York’s tough district.

His father was an important railway official and Lee was an only child, protected and humored. His childhood, spent in half a dozen cities as his father was transferred to various places, was singularly pleasant. He didn’t enjoy playing with the neighborhood gang, and now in Hollywood he feels the same towards the stellar crowd.

Starting to high school in St. Louis, he blacked a boy’s eye and was politely but firmly asked to leave. So he finished at Western Military (Continued on page 82)
WHY
Claudette
Went Gay!
La Colbert chooses
between types of screen
"naughtiness"

By
Aileen St. John Brenon

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who all the world knows is a lady, balked when Ernst (Great Director) Lubitsch asked her to lift her skirt and show her pretty legs for the camera! She wouldn’t do it, and she didn’t! Lubitsch cajoled, coaxed, threatened, but Claudette steadfastly refused to do that naughty, naughty piece of business for “The Smiling Lieutenant.” That was some time ago.

And then the next thing we knew she was playing Poppaea, wickedest woman in history. Poppaea, dangerous, unscrupulous, whose diaphanous and scanty garments were supplemented on occasion by jewelled breast-plates and bangles, and dispensed with entirely when she indulged in her bath of wild asses’ milk with only an exotic coiffure to guide her!

When Lubitsch strolled on the set of “Sign of the Cross” one day, his eyes questioned Claudette, whom he found attired in a tiara and a few yards of chiffon as she tickled the nose of a tiger. “So-o-o?” Lubitsch said, in sonorous, mocking tones, shaking his head wisely at the scantily clad figure before him.

“But I explained to him,” says Claudette, “that I felt far less self-conscious almost completely undressed as Poppaea than I did as a nice girl flicking her skirts in the face of an admirer. One belonged, and the other didn’t.”

Claudette knew she was regarded on the screen as one of those “nice” girls—charming, winning, appealing, but “nice,” innately, appallingly and irrevocably “nice.” Because she speaks English correctly, because she has breeding, because her manners, as well as her clothes, are good, she found herself smouldering indefinitely in stuffy screen drawing rooms. On the stage Miss Colbert had made a name for herself by her portrayals of young ladies of somewhat smooth virtue, clear-sighted and sophisticated. Perhaps her greatest success was her characterization of the delectable little tart in “The Barker.” But on the screen her seductiveness was practically lost in a sea of sweet goodness.

Nature designed La Colbert as potential competition for Crawford and Dietrich—but Hollywood persisted in pigeon-holing her!

It’s all very well to be catapulted onto a pinnacle of virtue, but Claudette did not like being just another movie “good girl,” and found herself hankering for at least one of the seven deadlines. In the part of Poppaea she knew she would find them all.

A desire to go back to her old stage tricks kept smouldering within her. She wanted in the worst way to be bad, really and truly bad, but she found herself balked at every turn.

(Continued on page 86)
Poison Ivy WREATHS

IRENE DUNNE
Clyde Fitch heroine in subway; portrait of a lady in stays.

GEORGE RAFT
Cobra at a quick lunch counter; tango in Hell's Kitchen.

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

RICARDO CORTEZ
Toreador of Tenth Avenue.

TOM MIX
Circus cowboy shooting cigar store Injuns.

CHARLES FARRELL
A statue in Ivory Soap; Amateur Night.

JOAN MARSH
Tobasco in teddies; frolicsome kitten.

LEWIS STONE
Miles Standish in a Rolls-Royce; gentleman lost in Hollywood.

CHARLES LAUGHTON
Murder in a pub; Lord Carstairs in an asylum.

BORIS KARLOFF
King George has a nightmare.
Sweet and Loy!

Myrna says "farewell to charms"—but only the exotic kind

MYRNA LOY and I were indulging in one of those "Remember when" chats—you know the sort: "Remember when I popped teacher behind the ear with a spitball?" or "Remember the day we played hooky and the truant officer caught us?" My friendship with Myrna does not extend as far back as our school days, but we did meet many years ago—about nine years, to be precise.

"When I was dancing in a prologue at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre," Myra reminded me.

I need no reminder. I recall vividly that our first introduction took place in a cubby-hole that Henry Waxman, then an unknown photographer but now one of New York's finest camera artists, described as "his studio." Waxman had attended the Egyptian and his artistic eyes had centered on Miss Loy. He sent backstage an invitation for her to visit his studio for a portrait sitting. Myrna, then a newcomer to the stage and screen, was thrilled. She accepted readily.

It was at Waxman's studio, then, that we met. She was dressed simply that day, and she was a girl in her fresh, early teens.

Waxman remarked as he introduced us, "Jimmie, here is a girl who has the personality and beauty to become a great motion picture star. All she needs is the opportunity."

Now Waxman was at that time an artist, which means that he was eccentric. He photographed Myra standing on her head, leaning on her ear, and poising on her nose. He employed strange lighting effects that left heavy shadows on her face. The photographic results were amazingly exotic affairs that made the girl look like the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra come to life in one body.

About this time two more people became interested in Waxman's work—two people whose names are sufficient introduction: Rudolf Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova. I believe Natacha discovered Myrna's portraits before Rudolf, but both were immediately attracted. I was Valentino's publicity agent then, and I remember that he arrived at the studio one morning bearing photographs of his "new find." For days he attempted to interest his employers in Miss Loy's possibilities, but because Rudolf was not on the best of terms with the studio—he later broke his contract—he was unsuccessful in arousing general enthusiasm about his proteége.

Mrs. Valentino was more successful. She not only managed to secure several small parts for Myrna, but she also cast Miss Loy in her own production, "What Price Beauty." This picture called Myrna Loy to the attention of motion picture producers. The brothers Warner sent for her and placed her under contract.

The first unfortunate break that befell Miss Loy was that all of Waxman's photographs were exotic. Warner officials gazed upon those pictures and decided that their new contract actress was a natural vampire.

I shall never forget the conflicting emotions in Myrna's heart when she returned home after she had been assigned her first Warner Brothers rôle. She was happy to have a contract and a regu- (Continued on page 84)
Joan Crawford's pet Scottie is named "Sadie," after her character of Sadie Thompson in "Rain." Morgan Dennis has made this original, exclusive portrait of Joan and her pet, expressly for our contest. The first-prize winner will become the happy owner of the original Dennis drawing.

Who'll Win This Original Drawing of Joan Crawford and her Scottie by Morgan Dennis?

Would you like to own this beautiful original drawing of the screen's most popular star by the celebrated artist, Morgan Dennis? Turn the page for contest details. The first-prize winner will receive the original of the drawing reproduced above, which will be personally autographed by Joan Crawford herself and also by Morgan Dennis.
Hollywood's Own Pet Show! And Yours, Too!

Guy (Comedian) Kibbee's Pekingese has a sense of humor, too!

Mary Pickford is playing "Peke-a-boo" with two pretty "baby stars." Going into the movies, youngsters?

Above, Morgan Dennis, the artist whose drawing of Joan Crawford is first prize in our contest, is shown here with Miss Eva Farrell, leading lady in the first Dennis movie, and Jock and Jill, the famous Scotties.

Jackie Cooper gives his pet police-dog a tussle. Here's a good example of a grand "boy and dog" snapshot.

Maurice Chevalier, below, loves dogs and has several, but the beauty pictured with him, below, is his particular favorite.

Ever whistle just to see a pup put his head on one side? Of course you have, and Anita Louise, above, is doing just that to get this amusing picture of her "wire," right.

Here is one of the finest studies in doggy patience we have ever seen! Ralph Forbes' thoroughbred pet poses at his master's bidding—or maybe the photographer whistled!
A new contest! Give your pets a chance to shine! Don’t let the pampered pets of screen stars steal all the glory!

RULES

For SCREENLAND’s Pet Picture Contest:

1. Take a characteristic photograph—a Kodak picture, or snapshot, of your pet and yourself, or your pet alone. Your pet may be a dog, a cat, a horse, a parrot, but be sure it’s your own particular pet! Print your name and address, and the name of your pet, on the back of the photograph you send. No letter or additional writing is necessary. Any size photograph acceptable.

2. Mail your photograph to Pet Picture Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, before the closing date of this contest, midnight, June 22, 1933.

3. The judges of the contest, listed below, will select the most interesting, by that meaning the most unique, amusing, or beautiful photograph, to win the first prize, the original drawing of Miss Joan Crawford with her Scottie by Morgan Dennis, the famous artist. There will be twelve additional prizes for the next twelve most interesting photographs: six two-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND, and six one-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND, subscriptions to begin with the August issue.

4. The judges of this contest are Miss Joan Crawford, Mr. Morgan Dennis, and Miss Delight Evans, Editor of SCREENLAND.

5. In case two photographs are considered of equal excellence, the tying contestants will both receive prizes.

6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families.

Hello, world! Cary Grant’s very new wire-haired terrier looks it over from his perch in Cary’s pocket, while the actor studies his script. We couldn’t ask for a more appealing dog picture than this!

Gary Cooper calls this his “antique hound”—because it’s an Afghan, directly descended from the Afghan hounds which are the oldest dogs in history.

Verna Hillie, above, has temporarily "adopted" Bobby, the 12-year-old acting cat who is in demand by all the Hollywood studios. Bobby belongs, really, to Miss Charlotte Delaney.

Helen Twelvetrees, her biggest hat, and her smallest dog. The other Twelvetrees pet is a wire-haired terrier, who is sulking somewhere because he was left out of this picture.
ANN DVORAK left Hollywood for Europe, leaving the American screen to shift for itself. But she just couldn’t stay away, with that promising pictorial career back home begging to be fulfilled. So Ann is back again—watch for her next picture!
BUT Johnny Weissmuller is a much better acrobat than the gentleman in the popular sob ballad, and he's right at home on this tricky seat after his "arzan" caperings. By the way, how about that "Tarzan" sequel, Johnny?

"The Man on the Flying Trapeze"
HERE are two of your favorite film actors, about to "take a flyer" in the same picture! Fredric March and Cary Grant will chase each other in and out among the clouds in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

Boys Will Be Birds!
A Summer Carole

AND here's the incentive for all that high flying!

Get out your pursuit planes, boys—Carole Lombard at her loveliest is the feminine prize in the strife between "The Eagle and The Hawk."
With a Hey, Money-Money and a Hot Cha-charm!

This little gold digger is simply wrapped up in her profession! What Ginger Rogers—has the lure of lucre roped you in?

Here's the camera and sound crew getting ready to shoot this unique violin scene, in which the girls look like animated chessmen. It's one of the high points of the picture.

Ann Hovey and Adrien Brier are "important figures" in this shapely spectacle.

Bellow, blonde Adrien Brier practices her routine in rehearsal costume. Right, here's June Glory, just a great, big, beautiful dollar! (Where was June when the gold standard fell?)

There's a "wealth" of beauty in this scene—see the peppy pretties just rolling in money!

Dick Powell croons his dough-re-mi, with lithe and lovely Ruby Keeler, sensation of "42nd St.," as his inspiration.
It's tease for two, or two million, when Hollywood's hottest honies step out of their things and into the money in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Barbara Rogers, one of the prettiest of the "gold diggers," shows her nonchalance in the face of a precarious situation. Money may not be everything, but it can be pretty important!

One way of reducing coins to bullion! If those gold pieces don't begin to melt, it won't be the sizzling Pat Wing's fault.

Below, looks like a slight scarcity of money, but Maxine Cantway is managing all right. Left, whoever put his money on Loretta Andrews knew how to pick a winner!

Watch your watch! Joan Blondell falls in love with Warren William—and she loves him for all he's worth!

Careful reflection! No matter how you stand—upright or on your head—these cuties will look just the same to you.
She's a Daisy, Suh!

“SUMMER is a-comin’ in!” Una Merkel knows it, and she hails the vernal season by twining herself a daisy chain in this lovely sylvan setting. Doesn’t her blonde charm blend well with the background!
WITH the summer sun smiling down on the tennis courts, Warner Baxter just can’t help climbing into sweater and flannels and dusting off the old racket. And now for some fast and furious "service"!

He’s a Tennis Menace!
Certified Check!

Or a check that's good! Adrienne endorses this brown and white checked costume. Like the white ruffled guimpe and the triangular pockets? A jaunty hat of the same material tops this very wearable outfit.

A Grand "Mess" — Jacket!

Adrienne says for your distinctive, "different" dress, by all means get a "Mess" jacket costume. "And," says Miss Ames, "insist upon padded shoulders and reveres.

Swagger Holds Sway!

Suit yourself, of course—but Adrienne suggests swagger number. Miss Ames' smart suit is a three-piece affair. And don't miss that intriguing white piqué blouse which features the bows of the sun material. Adrienne says there's "Must" on piqué this season.

All photographs of Miss Ames by Stahl, N. Y. posed exclusively for SCREENLAND Magazine.
Adrienne Ames gives us the first glimpse of her new wardrobe, designed for her in Hollywood, first worn in New York—and pronounced a sensation!

Red, White and Beige!

Here's the most sartorial costume of the season! The gloves, and three-quarter length coat are of red and white striped light wool. The dress is beige. Adrienne wore this to lunch at the Embassy Club, and did the attention of New Yorkers take notice?

All Laced Up!

Here's a dress that is everything! Adrienne's frock is ecru lace and features lacing on the bodice. Even without that ultramodern cape, above, it's a winner!

Go Feather Your Dress!

Yea, boa! Adrienne likes her fluffy, utterly feminine ostrich cape and muff for summer evenings, because they're light as a feather! Her gown is of white chiffon, and its only ornament is a buckle of brilliants.
Her name is Martha Sleeper—but is she an eye-opener? In fact, Martha and her 1933 swim suit are two reasons why surf bathing is so popular at Hollywood beaches this summer. This conservatively cut swim suit gives you a pretty good line on Martha as a mermaid—and the lines on Martha are nothing to sneeze at!

S-P-L-A-S-H!


"Sing ho, sing hey, for the salty spray!" Surf-bored? Not Maureen O'Sullivan! The way the little Irish elf zooms over the breakers is everybody's business—unless they happen to be nearsighted or over 150 years old! Maureen's sun-tan back is both health-giving and pictorial—and as timely as a pretzel.

The photographer insisted that Mary Carlisle sit for portrait before going out for her swim—thus proving what excellent judgment those photographers have! The shoulder-strap effect on Mary's suit favorable to free swimming motion, and very restful to the eye of the beholder. And wouldn't that tame the angriest wave!
"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor... that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has created make-up for the stars and the studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."

1. "For my colorings... blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin... I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me... and it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours, which every screen star depends upon. And here's a hint about powdering... always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Put on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day... three good reasons why I use it."

P. S.—"Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every feature picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

For your own personal make-up color harmony chart, mail coupon to Max Factor.

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**Max Factor's Society Make-Up**

Cosmetics of the Stars **Hollywood**

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles—Ontario, California)

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**Mail... for Lipstick Palette**

TEST YOUR COLOR IN LIP MAKE-UP

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart, also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art off页面的下一部分..." I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Include Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick Palette to test my color in lip make-up.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Marlene Dietrich and Hardie Albright in “The Song of Songs.”

Here’s a close-up showing how alluring the lovely Dietrich can look as an exotic enchantress in her latest picture.
"M.D."? That means Marion Davies, Sunshine Doctor. Here's a grand new slant on the girl

MARION DAVIES was sitting tailor-fashion on a cushion in the library of her beach home, eating a chicken sandwich and talking.

She was wearing ruby-red flannel pajamas—a birthday gift from Bebe Daniels, she explained—and white tennis shoes. In one hand she held a cup of tea and in the other the sandwich, which was no dainty, tea-room affair, but a man-sized, hunger-satisfying one made of Russian rye bread.

Here and there, at various places in the comfortable room, were other celebrated picture people, sitting on chairs or on cushions, eating and talking. Occasionally someone walked across the room to the table where the tea service was placed, for another sandwich or another cup of tea.

It was all very pleasant and very informal. And it was not at all what I had expected to find in that imposingly white house, the Mecca for sightseers, standing behind its walls on the sands at the very edge of the Pacific.

And the girl in the red pajamas on the cushions was not Marion Davies, Hollywood's reigning hostess. Not Marion Davies, screen star. Not Marion Davies, Lady Bountiful to countless children and grown-ups scattered over the country from New York to her own clinic and hospital in Sawtelle, California.

She was "M. D.," irrepressibly Irish and proud of it! Marion and her guests—there are always guests in the white house, coming and going at all hours, always sure of a welcome—had been playing tennis, followed by a plunge in the pool. They were hungry and tingling from the shock of the cold water.

That's the only exercise which Marion enjoys: tennis followed by a brisk swim. And she indulges in it every day, except when she is working. This happened to be a vacation day because she wasn't needed that afternoon for the scenes in "Peg o' My Heart." But beside her tea cup on the floor were the complete script of the picture and pages of dialogue for the next day's work. Marion is one of the few screen players who study their "lines" religiously the night before the scenes are to be made.

I found out a lot of things about Marion Davies that afternoon, watching her and listening to her. When she is at the studio or in public places among strangers, Marion covers an innate shyness with a poise which serves as a sort of mask. At home, with her friends, she talks with a freedom and naiveté which are al-

(Continued on page 68)
The amazing Antoine from Paris, internationally noted coiffure-artist, originates an individual hair-dress for Bette Davis exclusively for SCREENLAND. Bette, as Glamor Editor, aided by Monsieur Antoine, gives you something truly "different" here.

Bette, in the circle, after Antoine's magic fingers performed this coiffure. La Davis suggests changing your hair-style every few months.

Be an extremist in your hats, counsels Bette.

And here we have Bette showing a weird lacquered wig by Antoine. Some of the Continental beauties actually wear them!

A dashing Davis! Bette, left, emphasizes the importance of piqué. Her hat, gloves, lapels, and Ascot scarf all say—piqué!

Orchidacious! Bette in a striking crépe orchid evening gown. Her summer cape is of the same material adorned with silver fox.
Glamor School

Bette is turning her back to you because how else can she show you this view of the Antoine-SCREENLAND-DAVIS coiffure? Bette says your own hair-dresser can arrange your hair like this.

Side view—the hair is perfectly straight—no waves—except for a tight curl at the ends. Two soft ringlets only on the right side, says Antoine. Bette hopes you're getting some ideas here.

Glamor Editor, Bette Davis

Golden-haired Bette Davis gives us a "Different" slant on Glamor! Coiffures by Antoine. Bizarre wigs. Fascinating frocks. And the way to wear them!

Above, Miss Davis is showing you Antoine's sports wig, which he assures us, some smart Parisiennes really wear for tennis or riding. Note the visor effect in front.

The Lady in Gold! These are Bette's favorite lounging pajamas. They are of gold crêpe—very becoming, too.

And now our Glamor Editor is leaving us! Incidentally, her "going-away" costume is brown with blue fox.
Secrets of

What makes you laugh at 'em?
Norman Taurog, noted director, unfolds the screen comic formula

By
Peter Long

10 Commandments for Directing Comedians

1. Always be your comedian's "best audience."
2. Don't take a "make-me-laugh" attitude. A comedian can dish a "dead pan" out, but he can't take it.
3. Be sure your comedian gets sympathy in his roles. Then the more troubles he has, the louder audiences laugh.
4. Don't change his pet "props." He can't be funny without them.
5. Never let a comic become a smart-alec.
6. Don't make light of a comedian's superstitions. After associating with comics you find yourself side-stepping ladders and black cats.
7. Give a comedian plenty of rope in changing lines or situations. You can usually depend on his sense of what's funny and what's funnier.
8. Don't let him indulge in too much pathos. A comedian is usually a good actor who loves to play tragedy, and sometimes he overdoes it.
9. Don't try to make over your comedian's personality. Individuality is a comedian's greatest asset.
10. And always remember—being funny is a serious business!

COMEDIANS, like children, are the most lovable of human beings," says Norman Taurog. "Like children they are the finest of actors, and furthermore, like children, they have more pet peculiarities and superstitions than a dictionary has words."

Taurog's new picture, "A Bedtime Story," starring Chevalier, is now a success on the screens—and the director was glad to talk about it.

"Maurice is one of the greatest of far-cuers," said Chevalier's director. "Yet underneath all the irrepressible naughtiness of the gay dog, there is a gentleness and sweetness of character that has never before been brought out on the screen. In real life, Chevalier has all the seriousness, all the quiet modesty of the great artist. His biggest laughs have come from the simple humor of life; he doesn't need funny clothes to conjure them.

"In 'A Bedtime Story' he has lost none of his gay screen personality, but he also has the wistfulness, tenderness, sweetness that create the same quality of sympathy which has always been the secret of the never-failing appeal of Chaplin and Lloyd."

"This Chevalier may be new to American audiences, but he will be the old Chevalier of France."

"Do you know what Maurice said to me on the set one day? 'Norman, I am craz-ee about this story and the bab-ee. Can't you give the bab-ee more? Give him as much as you like. It will be great for the picture.' There is the true artist for you!"

"Although Chevalier has no children of his own, he loves them," Taurog went on. "One night Mrs. Taurog and I were having open house. During the early evening, Maurice, who was one of our guests, disappeared. An hour later he was found upstairs in the nursery playing with our baby girl, who was then only four months old! He got more kick out of breaking the nursery rules to play with the baby than he did out of the party."

Of the fairly recent newcomers to the screen Taurog thinks Chevalier, Jimmy Durante, Charles Ruggles and Edward Horton are outstanding figures. Most of the old-time silent picture comics were slapstick comedians. Of the four above-mentioned, Jimmy of the Schnozzle is alone in the slapstick field as the other three are essentially farciers. It was Jimmy, by the way, who sent Taurog that telegram reading: "Dear Norman: Sorry to hear that you are going to direct Chevalier. It's an awful drop—from Durante to Chevalier. Well, you can't stay up all the time. Yours in regret, Mr. Jimmy Durante."

"How do you like that?" commented Taurog. "Come to think of it, Mr. Durante is a fitting example of the similarity between comedians and children. Let us compare him with Jackie Cooper."

"Although their acting methods are widely different, they are very much alike in characteristics. Jackie is a boy. Jimmy is just a big, overgrown boy. They both like to play marbles, eat ice-cream cones, and a dollar is their limit in spending money. Both have tremendous appeal to the girls, who love to mother them. Garbo has always been crazy about Jimmy, while Dietrich is mad about Jackie."

"Possibly the only difference
between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Durante is twenty-five years—or more. Oh, yes,—and in their taste in clothes. Whereas Mr. Cooper is very conservative in his choice of raiment, Mr. Durante is a shining example of what the well-dressed man will throw away!'

Will Jimmy be mortified when he reads this?

Be that as it may, the director and comedian have a deep affection and respect for one another.

Said Turog when "The Phantom President" scored: "We needed a dynamic tempo in this political satire to generate fun and enthusiasm. Durante's mad, enthusiastic style of comedy was so infectious that it kept the audiences on the edge of their seats. Durante comes from the people. His comedy is of the people, for the people and with the people. He is a happy mad lovable buffoon of comedy, but withal, a really great actor."

The director's tribute more than makes up for the wise cracks, so Jimmy can still keep his attitude.

To get around to the ten commandments for comedians, the last is most important and covers everything: "Always remember, being funny is a serious business."

Little things that would seem the most trivial to the average person are usually the most important in the mind of a comedian. Unlike the clever dramatic actor who can often simply "walk through" a rôle, and relying upon his own personal charm and appeal to get by, the poor comic knows he has to be funny—or else. He may get up in the morning feeling low and blue, but when he gets on the set at the studio he knows the audiences who will later see the picture confidently expect him to make them laugh. If he ever falls into the "unfunny class," he can seldom make them laugh again. Therefore, the comedian has scores of little superstitions regarding certain "props" and tricks that never fail to make the cash customers laugh. And he can be forgiven if he is a little touchy about them.

"After having directed most of the successful comedians during the past ten years," says Taurog, "I have become as superstitious and as serious-minded as they are regarding the business of being funny. I can sympathize with Jimmy Durante if he wants to wear the same hat he has worn for five years, or with Bob Woolsey if he insists upon a certain brand of cigars to smoke, or with Harold Lloyd if he devoutly relies upon his horn-rimmed glasses. Without a certain favored prop, which the audiences have come to associate with the comedian for laugh purposes, the funny man's confidence is swept away and also his ability to make you laugh."

If you think these so-called trivial quirks don't go deeper than a mere mental (Continued on page 80)
The sophisticates' film of the month! This screening of Robert Sherwood's play, which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne acted on the stage, lives up to its advance ballyhoo. It's a charming, bitter-sweet comedy about an exiled Hapsburg archduke and his "old" sweetheart, who meet again after all these years. John Barrymore has the Lunt rôle, and Diana "Cavalcade" Wynyard Miss Fontanne's, meaning it's pretty much of a super-show. All that "flavor of Old Wien" we've heard about is caught by the cameras when the lovers meet again and try to recapture that old rapture. Barrymore is completely captivating in the moods and rages and tender moments of the archduke, and Miss Wynyard surprises as a deft comedienne. Sparkling dialogue; sumptuous settings; a capital comedy performance by Henry Travers, new to films—yes, it's a fine picture. Can't help thinking, though, what a knockout show Lubitsch could have made of it!

The sweetest story Chevalier ever told! The straw-hat shiek will recapture all straying movie-goers with his new film, and his new co-star, Baby Leroy. Some of you boys may feel that Baby Leroy can not quite take the place of Ba-bee Jeanette MacDonald. But it's certain that "Monsieur Ba-bee" is the current kid rave, and will go up or down in screen history on the list with Jackie Coogan, Dickie Moore, and Jackie Cooper. Chevalier, smart man, shares as many scenes as possible with Monsieur Goo-goo, but you won't tire. In fact, Leroy goes to sleep on you, while you are screaming for more of him. Maurice plays his usual dashing Frenchman with a difference—he adopts this ba-bee, and sings to him, with side glances at Helen Twelvetrees, Adrienne Ames, and several other lovely ladies. He's a more human, appealing Maurice here. Miss Twelvetrees is really charming; Miss Ames is gorgeously decorative.

This is a man's picture. Fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, lovers—oops, that was just the D. H. Lawrence touch, sorry!—won't have to be coaxed, they will come quietly. They will want to see the submarines in action; they will welcome the absence of mush, blah, boloney, or whatever they happen to call too many heavy love scenes. And of course they'll like Walter Huston and Jimmy Durante. All in all, a grand evening for the boys. As for me, "Hell Below" was worth while if only because of Robert Montgomery's best rôle in—let's see, how long has it been? Montgomery is less smarty and more sincere as the young sub-lieutenant who learns discipline in the school of war and fights a manly battle with himself to an heroic finish. The sea scraps are remarkable; they will leave you limp. Romance? Madge Evans is charming in an unbelievable part of a heroine who can't quite make up her mind. You'll like Robert Young.
The Outstanding Performances of the Screen Month:

Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story"
Richard Barthelmess in "Central Airport"
John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna"
Diana Wynyard in "Reunion in Vienna"
George Arliss in "The Working Man"
Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below"
Franchot Tone in "Today We Live"
Joan Crawford in "Today We Live"
Baby Leroy in "A Bedtime Story"
Myrna Loy in "The Barbarian"

A "must see" for several reasons—most important, Joan Crawford; second, William Faulkner’s first screen story; third, Franchot Tone. It’s the war again, and you know what war is; you should, you’ve been seeing it fought over on the screen often enough lately. But Joan’s picture is chiefly of interest because of its picturesque human relationships—the heroine and her brother, her brother’s friend, her lover—fascinating characters, with Faulkner dialogue which is colorful if not always convincing. You care what happens to these people. Although Joan is starred, and gives a beautiful performance, clear, sincere, and moving, this, like "Hell Below," is a man’s picture. Gary Cooper, the very likeable Robert Young, and the new and exciting Mr. Tone go about their war exploits with admirable ease and appeal. Marvelous air stuff; thrilling suspense; some humor—and Joan. And that seems to be enough for any one picture!

Here’s the first picture in which his Hollywood bosses have not presented him as “Mr.” George Arliss. And there’s a good reason. For the first time film audiences will be tempted to hail the celebrated English actor as “George,” he’s so untheatrical and sympathetic in his latest screen offering. If you liked "The Millionaire"—and who didn’t?—you’ll enjoy this new Arliss opus even more. The star is at his best as the million-dollar shoe king who relishes a good business battle almost as much as he likes fishing. It’s lucky he goes on that fishing trip, because that’s where he encounters those two charming wasters, Bette Davis and Theodore Newton, and decides to take them in hand. Appointing himself their guardian, he takes over their inherited shoe factory and whips it into shape so successfully that he almost ruins his own business. The cast is splendid. Take the family—it’s not only clean, but really amusing.

Of course you’ll be seeing this. It’s our most “timely” cinema—if it were any more timely it would have to be a new reel. And it is good entertainment, too, which seems more important to me. Whether you agree with its political propaganda or not, you’ll have a good time, and you’ll relish particularly, I think, those scenes showing the extermination of the last of the gaudy gangsters—movie stuff with the real old-time ruthlessness. Right now I want to extend my own wreath—of nice fresh laurel—to that superb actor, C. Henry Gordon, who makes Nicky Diagwood, the menace, an intelligible and believable being. Walter Huston is chief actor, playing in his brisk and efficient fashion the President of the U. S., who solves our country’s problems in record time. Stirring scenes; a little leaven of romance— Karen Morley and Franchot Tone; altogether, a picture to see. The men of the family will like it particularly.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Mountain, large now. All seems a beach, and when down the duck approval was Sunday. The themselves Back. But ever summer have a—that one will be ready. To see the sun. Its promises to be lots of fun. The clothes this year help the bucolic turn of mind. For the first time in history, Schiaparelli and Chanel models will have a bovine audience—I mean, of course, the four-legged variety.

McDowell’s To a Deserted Farm is being revived in Sunday afternoon tea-musicals. An unresentiment deb was heard whistling it while trying on a knitted-string blouse. She will probably wear the blouse with white duck shorts and a big straw hat as she goes bicycling down country lanes. It will look quite the thing on the beach, too—since it is now smart to make at least a gesture toward putting something on over a bathing suit when one emerges from the water. It really is only a gesture, though, for naturally everyone is just as anxious as ever to soak up the sun. The object is still to expose a great deal of oneself to it as nonchalantly as possible.

But everywhere we see these little touches creeping in on behavior and appearance. Some of them are just as paradoxical as covering a bathing suit without covering the girl, but they seem to add a little picturesqueness to women that they had somehow lost, for all their bravado.

The summer girl will do well to remember also the increased necessity for personal daintiness. Hot weather and expanses of skin make extra demands on her fastidiousness. This is the time of year when we should kneel right down in the sand and thank the fates for deodorants and depilatories—and then rise to put them to thorough use. One dares not offend the command of fashion to be fragrant, freshly, sweetly, alluringly, refreshingly fragrant! Be thankful then for lotions and colognes, sensible soaps, cooling powders, and depilatories. You can’t afford to be without them.

It is a splendid plan to outfit a summer-time kit with just the things you need. Then you will be ready at a moment’s notice to dash off for a week-end or for the whole summer. It is very reassuring to feel ready for any emergency. You can compile such a kit with your own individual selection or you can buy one already assembled for you. It should contain among the creams and skin tonics two shades of powder—the darker one to wear in the daytime and help deflect the sun’s rays, and the lighter one for evening. You will find that blue eye-shadow looks more natural in the searching daylight, probably because it seems almost like a reflection of summer skies. Be sure to have plenty of skin tonic as it helps to refresh and tone your skin in the hot weather.

With a little extra thoughtfulness one should be able to keep cool and thus do the world a favor by looking comfortable and serene. Nothing is so attractive on a hot day as the sight of an immaculate, unhurried, cool-looking person. For additional well-being watch your summer diet. Crisp salads to replace heavy food help to maintain cool comfort by keeping the body alkaline and fresh.

The most tantalizing fragrance in the world is not the perfume in a bottle. It is the combination of a fitting fragrance warmed to breathing life on the inter-cleanness of dainty, healthy, feminine flesh.

Clothe this perfection of presence in organandy or chiffon and you will have a romantic figure for any summer colony—one destined to create much “brujería” among the unsuspecting males. Lilian Harvey here is a perfect example of summer exquisiteness. Add a little moonlight, a soupeon of music, a man, and there you have a Midsummer Night’s Dream of the better sort!

This type of girl knows from experience that she is more attractive on a hot day when she is coolly languid.
and Daughter!

By Margery Wilson

She withdraws from the white glare into a restful shade and looks at the sweltering world calmly from under a flattering, brimmed hat. What magic there is in a hat-brim! There is a story by Mary Austin of an Indian woman who found herself competing with a white woman for the affections of her man. The white woman had lovely drooping hats. The Indian woman wore no hat or else a bit of cloth twisted around her head. She began to wear hats. She kept her man! An old riddle, that neither the man nor the woman can explain—except that a man must look a little closer to see the face under a hat-brim and once having looked closely at loveliness he is lost—as "King Kong" was lost!

Beauty, apparently, is a great force in the world. And summer is its heyday. It is the time of lush fulfillment in all of nature. It is the time of full-blown flowers. It is a woman's opportunity to be lovelier than ever. I do hope that she has cared for her figure so that she looks like a nymph in her bathing suit instead of a cake that rose and fell. Even so it is not too late. Exercise is the answer to the desire to be lithe, lissome, limber. So do take full advantage of the freedom of vacation time to get your share of conditioning activity.

At the art colony at Laguna Beach, California, members of a dancing class adhere to the Greek tradition and go leaping through the woods in classical rhythms. This type of exercise induces gracefulness as well as improvement to the body. If I could, I would visit every summer colony and community to stir up interest in outdoor performances of all kinds. There is a physical, spiritual and aesthetic stimulation in outdoor dances, festivals, and in outdoor theatres for amateurs. This sort of thing is becoming more and more popular—some of the "theatres" being very elaborately grown by expert gardeners, with shrubs for wings, footlights hidden in banks of ivy. The audience often brings its own seats from which to witness comfortably everything from Shakespeare to "Lysistrata."

All of which bears directly on beauty. Nothing is more beautifying than happiness and one of the surest ways to be happy is to create or help to create something yourself. However, you most certainly will get an added satisfaction and joy from your summer pleasures if you know that your skin is smooth, evenly colored, and free from redness. If you should, in your zeal for sun bathing, acquire several different shades of tan, you can even up your hue by applying to the lighter streaks an oil that gives a tan without the sun. Do protect your skin and let it tan gradually so as not to coarsen it. Oil, and lots of it, will keep your skin young under the burning rays of the sun. Then it will better stand the brilliant, almost garish colors that are popular at all resorts in the daytime. The violent greens, reds and oranges, and electric blues seem to indicate a carnival spirit of celebrating a new optimism that everyone feels. Batiks are being revived for country and beach. Shorts are the only concession to the trouser craze, except, of course, the ever-popular slacks. But even they are being seen less and less. One of the new "gestures" toward modesty is the divided-skirt for sports. Well! But without a doubt, after the sun goes down, it's a chiffon and organdy summer. So tone your ronge down to harmonize with the palest pastel shades from tea-time on. Tropical colors for the noon-day sun and at night soft caressing colors and fabrics that rival the moon in vague and vaporous transparency. And don't forget that inter-penetrating fragrance that refreshes as the "inspiring touch of rain-washed air."

If you can learn to give off this atmosphere, even through mid-summer heat, you will be a true woman, my daughter, in spite of the sun!

Now get out in the open and stay there!
By Request: Another “Record” Contest

Exhibit A—Bing Crosby is proudly displaying his contest record to Gail Patrick. Do you want Crosby’s record? Then write that “winning” letter!

WELL, I’ve found out how popular radio orchestra leaders are!

As a result of last month’s favorite-conductor letter contest, I know why Rudy Vallee is so popular; why Don Bestor gets all that fan mail; and why Paul Whiteman is still “King of Jazz”!

But enough of that—let’s get to this month’s contest.

You’ve been singing the praises of Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier, Lawrence Tibbett, Al Jolson, Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy, and the Four Mills Brothers, and you’ve been buying their Brunswick and RCA-Victor phonograph records—now here is your chance to get a record free and, as a special added attraction, autographed by your favorite singer. Just follow the rules—the inspiration is there! Maurice Chevalier and Al Jolson muscled in with songs from their pictures, “Love Me Tonight,” and “Hallelujah I’m a Bum,” respectively, and did I object? Not I; they can muscle in on my record racket any time!

Does the crooning Crosby make you palpitate? Or do you thrill to that grand opera voice of Lawrence Tibbett? Perhaps the hot-cha-cha harmony of the Mills Brothers is your meat. Or maybe you’re crazy about Arthur Tracy? Anyway, you have your choice of voices—so, pick your man and write that “best” letter!

Radio Jottings:

Do you “Myrt and Marge” fans know the real drama about the ether disappearance of Myrt? She was forced to disappear in her radio skit because she was injured in an.

(Continued on page 86)
GIRL with

“Uniform” Appeal!

Dorothea graduates from Europe to Hollywood, and she’s our Wieck-ness now!

By Mortimer Franklin

MY NAME is not Wlcek,” smiled Dorothea Wieck, doubtless for the hundredth time since her arrival in America. “It is Wieck—Veck! And I am not a frank1ein; I am married, you know, a Miss-iss! My husband is Baron Ernst von der Decken, and we have been married already six months.”

When “Maedchen in Uniform” swept the country, breaking precedents everywhere for foreign film popularity, expectant glances began shooting toward the general direction of Berlin. For, while “Maedchen” was a fine, sensitive, heart-reaching story, what contributed largely to its beauty was the exquisite performance given by this same Dorothea Wieck as the gracious, understanding, and hauntingly beautiful young teacher.

And so, by a perfectly logical sequence of events, Dorothea Wieck is now in the United States, about to begin an American picture career under the Paramount banner.

It was the last of her few busy days in New York before departing westward for the Coast that was saved for me to meet Miss Wieck. Managers, liaison men, publicity representatives, photographers and sound gentlemen cluttered up her hotel suite in a manner befitting the visiting star’s eminence. She was about to be conducted to a scenic suburban spot on the outskirts of the city to do her first screen acting in America—a short newsreel in which she would be welcomed to this country for celluloid purposes. And through all the helter-skelter of preparation she retained perfect ease and self-possession, conversing untroubledly with the seven or eight men surrounding her singly, in groups, or en bloc.

“So many men, and only one woman,” she laughed. “Do you not think my English is good? Only thirty lessons I have had so far. No, I did not imagine New York to be like this. In another country you cannot imagine it, no matter how much they tell you—only you must see it for yourself!”

Quite like the lovely instructor of the motion picture is this young woman in appearance—but considerably unlike her in manner. For Miss Wieck betrayed an airy vivaciousness, a friendly good humor, and above all an eager interest in everything going on about her, not easily related to the quiet, almost sphinx-like reserve of her most famous screen incarnation. Her large, very light blue eyes sparkled animatedly as she talked.

Among Miss Wieck’s predilections are red-heeled shoes, Garbo, dachshund pups, Chevalier, boiled eggs for breakfast, Jackie Cooper, and the New York theatre. And the greatest of these is the New York theatre.

“Your plays!” she rhapsodized. “They are marvelous! These few days I have been to the theatre twenty times—”

“Seven times,” corrected Mr. Gumpel, her manager.

“Twenty times,” insisted Miss Wieck. “So many things to see, to hear, it must have been twenty! Which one I liked the best? Aeh, (Continued on page 87)
HOLLYWOOD was simply a-flutter with the reports that Jean Harlow was married. One report indicated that the platinum queen had wed her Mexican doctor friend in Nogales, Mexico. Another rumor stated that a customs man at Laredo, Texas, was certain Jean is the wife of a Shreveport, La., business man.

Jean has told me that she has every intention of marrying again, and of having children. "But I'm not wed yet," she said, in answer to the current rumors.

They tell a funny story about Mae West. When she first read the script of "She Done Him Wrong," the story goes, she flew into a rage. "The bum!" she is said to have screamed, "they've taken all the charm out of it!"

MARLENE DIETRICH is nothing if not exciting; if she isn't in the headlines for one thing, she is in for another. Mar-la-nah was seated in her dressing room one day and saw a smoke pot, (they use 'em for movie fire scenes), blazing outside her window. She decided the studio was on fire, so she personally turned in an alarm.

Fire engines arrived from all parts of the city, because studio configurations are generally expensive and hard to conquer. Considerable excitement prevailed and all production ceased for at least a while.

WHEN Ann Harding took her very young daughter, Jane, to the studio, the lead was suddenly missed. A brief search revealed that she had clambered to a runway far up toward the top of the stage. Instead of becoming alarmed, Miss Harding said, "Let her climb. I climbed when I was a child; I'd rather she have a few bruises than plant fear in her mind."

Miss Harding, by the way, plans to leave Hollywood and the movies for at least a year, after she completes two more pictures.

GROUCHO MARX likes to rise in public restaurants and make impromptu (and funny) speeches. Recently a group of friends got together and plotted an unexpected reception to one of Groucho's sudden talks. They waited until Marx chose the Brown Derby in which to speak, and suddenly, from all sides, began chanting: "We want Cantor! We want Cantor!"

STATEMENTS I NEVER EXPECT TO HEAR:
Greta Garbo: "Come in and let's talk."
Peggy Hopkins Joyce: "I don't believe in marriage."
Jack Oakie: "I don't think I'm funny."

THERE are times when names cannot be mentioned, but a certain tempestuous blond star received a 2500-piece jigsaw puzzle from a New Orleans fan. The gift was accompanied by this note: "Hope this keeps you so busy you will stay off the screen."

A very funny story, that one Clark Gable tells about himself. When he was a boy, Clark was intrigued by magic tricks and puzzles. He spent most of his money on magician outfits and books.

One day, as Clark tells the story, a famous magician came to town. Of course, young Gable was seated right up front from the opening night of the performance, and he was in his seventh heaven of delight when the magician announced a reward of one hundred dollars to any member of the audience who could solve a magic problem. Clark knew the answer (he'd read it in a book), so he won the reward.

"Next night I went to the theatre again," Gable relates. "But the magician must have seen me in the front row, for no reward offer was made. It was a severe blow; I had visions of cashing in again!"
Bright Boys! Gay Girls!
Exciting Events!
New News!

By
Weston East

JANET GAYNOR has finally achieved the epitome of fame—her name is on the map. Actually, maps published on the Island of Hawaii feature a small dot on the Northeast coast. Beneath that dot appear the words: Home of Janet Gaynor, film star.

ANNOUNCEMENT cards sent out by Edward G. Robinson after the arrival of his son disclosed the youngest, (named Edward G., Jr.), in Gandhi attire. Under the picture were the words: "A First National Production, released March 19th at 2:09 P.M."

DESPITE his voice and love of music, Bing Crosby does not play any musical instrument... Johnny Weissmuller was given an honorary lifeguard's badge by Malibu beach officials... Ginger Rogers studies the dictionary between scenes; she writes new words and their meanings ten times each... The chief product of Joel McCrea's ranch is celery... James Cagney rejected a $1,000-a-day personal appearance offer... Hollywood tee-hee-ed because at the moment Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb quarreled, he was recording 'Thank Heaven For You'... Dorothy Lee now sings nightly at the famous Ambassador Coconut Grove... Claudette Colbert is a me-thought-seperated wife; she taught husband Norman Foster's cook how to prepare Norm's favorite dishes... Gloria Swanson, recently returned to Hollywood after a year abroad, is living in the house she bought when she was a Cecil B. DeMille star.

Extremes meet! Li'l Lilian Harvey and Long Gary Cooper go for a stroll together, while countless unheeded boys and girls grieve at home!

Whatever may be the reports about the way Joan Crawford misplayed her separation from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., it cannot be denied that gal is wise in her way of handling fan clubs.

Joan encourages all fan clubs, and even goes so far as to join, as an honorary member, the clubs of her rivals—even rivals whom she does not like.

One of Joan's clubs in the East found itself handicapped for lack of a method of publishing the monthly club paper. Miss Crawford solved the problem—she purchased a mimeograph machine and gave it to the club president.

And now, if Joan's other clubs demand similar gifts, she will probably comply, for she shrewdly appreciates the value of fan clubs.

Nobody laughs more heartily than Lilian Harvey at the story, told at her expense, about the Fox film salesman who was extolling the little English star's talents to a small-town theatre owner.

"This girl is a cinch to be a big box-office draw," screamed the salesman. "She can do everything. She dances, sings, plays the piano, swims, races automobiles, walks the tight rope—"

"Yeah," drawled the theatre owner, "but can she act?"

Patriotic Richard Arlen! He redecorated his formerly Spanish home and it is now Early American... Maurice Chevalier went to Europe without paying his telephone bill; he cabled the money... Dorothy Wilson's pretty legs over her nice contours to fifteen minutes of rope-skipping daily... Lyle Talbot agreed not to marry before July first in order to secure a "bachelor" interview in a magazine...

While her jaw was bound following an accident in which it was broken, Mae Clarke "conversed" with pad and pencil... Ramon Novarro still keeps a set of seat stubs Charlie Chaplin gave him when Novarro was a theatre usher... Anita Louise is an ambitious young lady; she is studying German, French, piano, harp, and dancing... Irene Dunne often rises at five in the morning to play nine holes of golf before work... Am Harding is also an "early-morninger"; she plays tennis and enjoys a swim before breakfast each morning.
WHATEVER else he may be, Robert Montgomery is a very calm and collected young chap. He was entertaining guests at dinner one night. Interrupting the general conversation, Montgomery sniffed the air.

"Pardon me," he said, rising and bowing. "I believe my house is on fire."

And it was! The roof was burning a merry blaze when Robert investigated. Mrs. Montgomery turned in an alarm, but before the fire department reached the scene Bob had extinguished the blaze with the garden hose.

WHAT these English actors and actresses are doing to old established Hollywood is amazing. Pour o'clock tea is now a custom observed by most of the stars, and bicycle riding was really started by the English acting colony.

Now Heather Angel is trying to organize a steeplechase and fox hunting club in Hollywood. Not only is she talking the plan; she is also acting, and has already enlisted Will Rogers, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, and other expert horsemen. Miss Angel's fox hunting scheme will differ from the English sport in that long-eared jack-rabbits will replace the wily fox.

One guess! Who but George Aarhus could bring such realism to a screen portrait of Voltaire?

BEFORE he departed for the East on a trip, Harpo Marx peered into Marlene Dietrich's dressing room and said, "Don't sit on any lighted cigarettes while I'm gone. Remember the old proverb: Never burn your breeches behind you!"

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Dick Powell got in bad with his neighbors because he and his friends formed a band and practiced nightly at Dick's home? ... Mary Brian has legs more perfect than those of Hollywood's most perfect chorus girl? ... Janet Gaynor, when working, retire every night before nine o'clock? ... Stock girls loaned out by major companies to comedy companies (for experience) are facetiously called "formerettes"? ... Spencer Tracy ran out of the theatre the first time he saw himself on the screen? (Frightened?) ... When Ronald Colman left Hollywood he vowed he would never return? ... During the height of the fad, there was a bicycle shortage in Hollywood and they couldn't be bought for love nor money? ... Boots Mallory and Lew Ayres were both banjo players in bands before they became movie actors? ... Marian Nixon's ex-husband lives in the home they occupied as man-and-wife and he pays Marian $200 a month rent? ... James Dunn was once a traveling salesman (and probably knows all those jokes)?

A GROUP of studio veterans were discussing the shyness of Gary Cooper. In the midst of the discussion, one man remarked that the Cooper of today is a sophisticate when compared to the Gary of a few years ago.

"I was working in a picture titled 'Children of the Rich,'" said this old-timer. "Gary was supposed to make ardent love to Esther Ralston. He took one look at the script and ran off the set. He went straight to the railway station and bought a ticket back to Montana. The director had to stop his picture and send two men to bring Cooper back to the studio."

HERBERT MUNDIN, with whom you laughed in "Cavalcade," is discovering that Hollywood "acting" is as much a matter of acrobatics as of his tronics.

Assigned to a new picture, Mundin said to the director, "I'm glad to be finished with that Lilian Harvey cinema. My body is black and blue. What is my first scene in your picture?"

The director smiled grimly and said, "Today you do a head—first fall down that flight of 28 steps."

More pep, Spencer! Can this be the emphatic Mr. Tracy, making love to Colleen Moore in such a cute manner? It's a scene from "The Power and The Glory."

Here's a charming portrait of Sylvia Sidney as Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt."

Must be good and funny, whatever it is! Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie are collegiate pals again, in "College Humor." Maybe they've just learned that the dean has the mumps!
A world in miniature! This remarkable air photograph of part of the Warner Bros.-First National lot shows graphically how a well-equipped motion picture studio snaps its fingers at time and space. In a tour of the lot one finds a section of a modern battledhship, a city street of the 1880 period, a complete baseball field with bleachers, a country estate, an old castle, and so on.

When summer comes, romances flourish in the movie colony. Dan Cupid, wearing the rarest thing in bathing attire, frequents Malibu beach and slings his arrows freely.

“Buster” Crabbe signed his wedding license “Clarence L. Crabbe” when he married Adah Virginia Held of Beverly Hills. The ceremony took place in Yuma. Joan Crawford may still be the wife of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., but he sends her no lovelier daily flowers than Franchot Tone, Alexander Kirkland, and one or two others.

Alice White and Cy Bartlett, lately estranged, are again Hollywood-ing.

Joel McCrea’s girl friend is Luana Walters. They make a striking threesome—Joel, Luana, and the Scottie pup he gave her.

Merna Kennedy is wearing an engagement ring given to her by Busby Berkeley, who directs those well-trained movie choruses.

Gary Cooper has escorted Lilian Harvey places, but denies that he furnishes the daily box of orchids she receives.

Another English actress who is doing well is Elizabeth Allan, whose name seems to be Howard Hughes, millionaire producer.

Janet Gaynor, now divorced, is dividing her time between Lew Ayres and James Dunn. Lew seems equally interested in Ginger Rogers, Dunn—well, his romance with Maureen O’Sullivan seems to be Dunn.

Edward Hillman, Marian Nixon’s ex, is seen about town with Mona Maris, who once was reported engaged to Clarence Brown, the director who recently wed Alice Joyce, who was—this could go on for hours!

Joan Blondell gives the boys a lesson in currency problems as one of the acquisitive maidsens in “Gold Diggers of 1933.”

Between pictures, Elissa Landi and her secretary motored away from Hollywood with no particular destination in mind. At dark they stopped driving and put up for the night in an attractive resort hotel. Next morning Miss Landi discovered that she was stopping at the beach hotel operated by the Young Women’s Christian Association. She found it so delightful that she remained there more than a week.

Dorothy Wilson wastes little time when she answers her fan mail. An ex-secretary, Miss Wilson retains her speed at a typewriter, and she finds it faster to type her own answers than to dictate to her own secretary.

Miriam Jordan, one of England’s lovely contributions to America’s screen, says that the most embarrassing moment of her life occurred when she made application for her first stage job.

Miriam applied to a London showman for a position in the chorus of his show. He decided that she was beautiful enough, but more than beauty was necessary for stage work.

“Can you do the split?” he asked.

“I had never attempted that feat,” Miss Jordan says, “but I wanted the job, so I told him I could do the split. He told me to demonstrate, and I did. But when I got down, I couldn’t get up. There I sat, or lay, or whatever is the position one assumes when doing the split, until the producer tired of laughing and raised me to my feet again.”
WHEN popularity contests are staged by newspapers, magazines or organizations throughout the country, Janet Gaynor's name may usually be found heading the list, in one of the first three places. However, her overwhelming majority of popularity votes in the contest staged by the National Girl Scouts is so amazing that even the most loyal Gaynor booters are still gasping. Of the total of more than 300,000 votes cast, Janet polled a few more than 151,000. Her nearest competitor received only 37,000 votes.

This astounding contest-result indicates that Miss Gaynor is sharing with Mary Pickford the love of American young womanhood.

MY VOTE for the least conceited girl in Hollywood goes without equivocation to Jean Harlow. She rarely talks about herself in public. When she does, it is usually to make herself the butt of a joke.

Jean visited the Coconut Grove one recent evening and was so dazzlingly beautiful that even the orchestra ceased playing to gasp. Compliments overwhelmed her, until she laughingly told her friends to ask her new butler how she looks at home.

"He came to my room this morning for orders," Jean said. "There I sat with my hair in curling pins and my face buried under cold cream. He took one look at me and fled from the room!"

BARB Hardy and Stan Laurel are members of the same golf-bridge club, and daily, after their golf, they sit with other members for a few rubbers of bridge. Like most club games, those in which Hardy and Laurel participate are "open": that is, by knocking on the table, a member may signify his intention of "cutting into the game."

Such a "cut-in" rapped the table one day recently. Hardy barely glanced up as he remarked: "I'm getting out after this rubber and two of you can get in."

ONE of the Paramount studio executives visited Jack Oakie's dressing room. "I've been wondering about Peggy Hopkins Joyce," he said. "Do you think we should keep her for another picture?"

Oakie, who is Peggy's ardent swain, was emphatic with his declaration that she should be retained.

"All right," agreed the executive. "But remember, you may want to get out of this."

Nor could the official forego a parting wise-crack. Since Oakie's crush on Miss Joyce began, he has put aside his customary sweat-shirts and corduroy trousers. So the executive, before leaving the dressing room, stared at Jack's modest business suit and said, "Another thing, Oakie: I wish you'd dressin' so comically."

THE reason foreign actors experience such difficulty in mastering the English language, according to Ramon Novarro, is that the voice rhythm is so different, and not merely the pronunciation of words.

"An American, greeting a friend, says 'How are you?' Ramon explains. "After a score of years in the United States I pronounce my English words perfectly, I believe, but my rhythm remains Spanish. When I greet a friend, I say, 'How are you?'"

WHEN Dick Powell left Hollywood to drive to the home of his parents in Arkansas, he figured he could make the trip in three days because his father, age eighty-two years, drove it in four days.

But Dick took five days—and what do you make of that?

RELATED earthquake stories continue to pop out of studio corners, even though the California shake is now almost forgotten. One anecdote concerns Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier.

According to bystanders, when the most severe shock jiggled the studios, Marlene raced to Chevalier and threw her arms around his neck. "Maurice, darling," she cried. "If we die, at least we die together!"

A NEW place to stop-off when the stars go abroad is Egypt. All because Ann Dvorak, who recently returned to Hollywood, recommends the Sahara desert for a real skin-tan.

When she arrived at the studios Miss Dvorak had a coat of tan that made other ladies turn positively sea-green with envy. Ann said she acquired the coloring on the Sahara and heightened it on her long ocean voyage.

Incidentally, I told you several months ago that the Dvorak-sensation had ironed out her contractual troubles with the studios. That is true and she will soon be on the screen again.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 90)
ALL YOU NEED FOR CURLS AND WAVES

* Non-Greasy
* Non-Sticky
* Dries Quickly
* Leaves No Flakes
* Very Economical

VENIDA WAVESET

Remember—Venida Rules the Waves!
Up from the gay Southern resorts come these lovely new Surf Suits by B.V. D. Each glamorous model—fashionable as the latest Paris evening gown—reflects the smart line, the exquisite blending of colors, the expert designing of couturier genius. The new B.V. D. Pampered Wool, the softest bathing suit worsted you’ve ever put your hand to; the subtle blending of Lastex with B.V. D.’s fine yarns; the new B.V. D. Tweed Knit—are but three fabrics in a realm of gorgeous materials.

Write us for the name of the smart shop in your town where you may see them. The B.V. D. Co. Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.
Femi-nifties

Facts and fancies about cosmetics—and a note on summer sundries!

By Katharine Hartley

GETTING down to brass tacks in the summer (and, more specifically, bronze skin), we see powder put a new color on things. Ladies flaunt lipsticks less pinkish and more orangish in tone. Light powders get a set-back on the shelf, and it's not odd to see eye Tattoo, that. Tattoo, and the colors are primary, and exciting. A touch of Tattoo on your lips and you can hear the tom-toms beating. Or maybe it's just the pitter-pat of your dancing partner's heart—I don't know. Anyway, this lipstick does things. And the container is cute as Christmas, with tiny etched hula-luhi girls dancing all around it. Four shades: Coral, Exotic, Natural and Pastel. And as permanent and indelible as a lipstick can be!

When it comes to powders, Coty gives us our choice of three lovely sun-tan shades—Cotyan, Ochre and Ochre-tan—depending on the depth and tone of the tan. Some of us still keep a sort of rose glow in spite of our turning bronze. We should select our powder with an eye for these varying tints—for there's nothing worse than a sun-tan shade of powder that isn't just right. So don't rush the season and try to jump from light to dark all at once. You may need several shades of powder to keep step with your skin as the summer progresses.

If hair is going to hold its own this summer, it, too, must have just a touch of color to vie with summer sunshine. And if you're the kind that doesn't give in to dyes—well, you can keep your conscience clear and your hair lovely with Golden Glint Shampoo. Each package contains the shampoo and also a "tiny tint" to use in your rinse. It's not a bleach, but it will bring out the highlights in your hair. You've caught the glow and the gleam in many a movie star's hair, and it's always Kleig lights, either! Golden Glint Shampoo is a favorite in Hollywood.

With the first giddy rush of spring or summer, we begin to think more than ever about permanent waves. What with dipping in and out of the sea, dashing madly about on tennis courts, letting the wind race through our hair as we drive along, the sleek finger wave isn't sleek or well-behaved very long. So the answer seems to be permanents—and thousands of us make a dash to the nearest permanent waving establishment and order one permanent, please, done medium and rushed!

But there's more to it than that. You know how you can't do a thing with your hair" those first few days A.P. (after permanent)? Well, try it. A bit of Per-mi-la on your fingers, smoothed over your hair, then carefully combed through. It's a cream, and not only adds a gloss and a gleam, but it keeps the hair from flying, and takes away the dead, frizzy look. And it counteracts the drying effect of the permanent, too.

But with all this summer excitement comes a startling discovery. The old figure very probably "ain't what she used to be!" We could pretty well hide those extra pounds under a flattering spring coat. But what are we going to do about it in a thin sheaf of a sleeveless, backless gown? Or in a bathing suit, for that matter?

Well, there are several things that can be done. Dieting and exercises, and all that. Personally, I think I'd take to some (Continued on page 83)
most child-like in their fun and simplicity.
Marion has been unanimously named Hollywood's perfect hostess. Her life is one continual round of entertaining. Never does she eat dinner alone. She loves people around her. Her secret of entertain-
ing is a simple one: Let the guests entertain themselves. Never does she try to arrange any activities for them. The house, the pool, the tennis courts, the gar-
den are theirs. Each guest can enjoy them in his or her own way. And Marion, unlike so many less skillful hostesses, en-
joys herself, too, because she is under no strain of trying to entertain.
When Marion is at home, she wears pajamas always. Flannel sports affairs during the day, more formal satin or velvet in the evening. She has a closet filled with pajamas, because all her friends, knowing her liking for them, send them to her as gifts.
She doesn't like negligees or elaborate lounging robes, because she rarely lounges. Marion cannot stand inactivity. No break-
fasts in bed and long lazy mornings for "M.D." She is up and 
dressed in pajamas and at the breakfast table before any of her guests are stirring.
And she doesn't own a single pair of satin mules or fancy boudoir slippers. Through the years Marion has remained true to the comely slippers of her childhood days. She wears one favorite pair until it is dilapidated and until her maid in des-
peration throws it away, putting a new pair in its place.
Marion, being ultra-feminine, likes clothes but is not clothes-crazy. She shops spas-
domically, her favorite method being to select frantically in the afternoon the gown she is to wear that night to some special affair. She has no favorite shops, going to different places at different times. And, 
because she is a confirmed last-minute buyer, she has many things sent out to the house for her selection—to save time.
Her three pet aversions are writing let-
ters, talking on the telephone—and horses!
"When I was very small, I used to be able to write fairly well," she said, explain-
ing the first aversion. "Then I went to another school and learned the free-arm movement or whatever you call it. I never was very good at it and the result is that my handwriting is almost unreadable. And, whenever I start to write anything, I al-
ways sit in fear of a rap across my knuckles from a ruler, a memory left over from those old days when I was trying so unsuccessfully to learn that free-arm movement."
Talking on the phone makes her ner-
vous, for some unaccountable reason. Marion and her good friend, Charlie Chaplin, share this aversion. Marion will con-
nect an excuse to postpone answering the phone or making even necessary calls.
"And I'm scared to death of horses," she explained, "When I was a little girl a run-
away horse, a white one, came galloping down the sidewalk straight toward me. And, when I was about thirteen, I was riding on a bay-wagon in the country when the horses bolted, throwing me and break-
ing the end of my spine. I like to look at horses and admire them from a distance but I am frightened out of my wits when I get near them."
One of the worst days of her life, Marion confessed, was one day when she took pictures for the publicity department, wear-
ing a riding habit and posing with a horse. But she made herself do it. She is std-
born that way. Marion may be easy with everyone in the world. But she's hard with herself.
She loves fire engines and fires and
never misses one if she knows about it.
"One of the lucky breaks of my life was that I just happened to be riding down Sunset Boulevard when Charlie Chaplin's horse caught fire," she grinned with that Irish twinkle in her eye. "I was almost the first one on the spot and didn't miss a bit of it."
Marion and her family have always been very close in affection and understanding. Her mother died several years ago, but her father, Judge Douras, a retired New York 
magistrate, is in California with his three sisters, Renee and Ethel, in a home in Beverly Hills. Her third sister, Rose, is in Europe at the present time.
The Judge dropped in for a few minutes that afternoon at the beach house. No day passes that Marion does not see her father. She greeted him, not so much as a re-
spected parent, but as a beloved friend, giving him sandwiches and tea and a kiss at one and the same time. Seeing her father, anyone can understand whence come the famous Davies wit and the twinkle in the eyes.
Friendship is almost a religion with Marion. Never in all her life has she for-
gotten or failed a friend, always with her ability for making new friends as time goes on, she still clings to the friendships of the old days before success and money and big white beach houses were a part of her life. Two of her very closest friends are Eileen Percy and Justine Johnstone, whom she knew as a child in England and as a girl in the chorus of the "Follies" and other Broadway musical comedies.
There is nothing Marion loves better than to get a gang of the girls together on cushions in front of a fire and gossip.
"I believe that every woman loves to gossip," she laughed, pouring another cup of tea and setting back on her cushion, "I don't mean malicious slander. But just 
newsy tidbits. It's the thrill of being the first to know and telling about someone or something. It gives you a great feeling of importance to know a bit of gossip which the others haven't heard and be able to be the first to spring it."
And she likes to reminisce. She'll spend hours with old acquaintances, living over the days in New York when she was potty, for Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher and working like a fiend to perfect her dancing to reach the front row of the chorus.
Her eating habits are really atrocious. She drinks iced tea regularly for breakfast, winter, and summer. And she will eat 
Welsh rarebit at any hour of the day or night. She follows no diet of any kind.
She admits that two of her bad habits are being unable to say "no" emphatically and being stubborn.
"I'll always agree with what people ask or say," she said, twisting her face into a per-
fect imitation of a yes-smile, "and I'm no good at all at getting myself gracefully out of things, once I have put my foot in them. I'll make engagements, because I'm too sappy to say 'no' in the beginning, and then have to go through with them because I don't know how to get out of them."
So Marion has protected herself as much as possible from her own weakness by employing a secretary, efficient and busi-
ness-like, who has no hesitancy about the use of the word "no."
And Marion admits that her stubborn-
ness makes her do things deliberately when someone says she can't or she shouldn't.

**New movie star adorns the firmament! Here is the versatile Walter Winchell, America's star reporter and columnist, appearing in one of his popular movie shorts, "Beauty on Broadway." The girl at the right is your little friend Sally O'Neill.**
for July 1933

Her maid used to call her in the mornings to get her up in time to report to the Metro studio.

"But, when she would knock at the door and say, 'Time to get up, Miss Davies,' I'd turn over and go back to sleep again, out of sheer stubbornness," Marion grinned.

"So now I wake myself up and get up. If I'm late it's my own fool fault. No one else is to blame."

That Irish stubbornness goes with the twinkle and the sense of humor.

Marion's two ways are that she had sleek dark hair, which could be pulled smartly and smoothly back from her face, like Norma Shearer's or Kay Francis'; and that she could think of smart answers at the right time.

"I always say something dumb or inane when someone makes a remark calling for a quick answer," she explained, "and then about two hours after and witty reply comes to my mind and I feel like hitting myself for not having thought of it at the time."

Marion refuses to be depressed or worried. If she feels a mood of that kind coming on, she throws herself into activity or into conversation and forgets it. When she's mad, she cries instead of flying into any kind of anger. She wishes that she could get up and make a fuss now and then, but she can't.

And she is the prize match-maker of Hollywood. She loves to bring people together and promote love affairs. She is responsible for more than one Hollywood matrimonial venture. She confessed that she used the old tricks of inviting them frequently to her home at the same time, of going first to one and then to the other, telling each that the other "is crazy about you," seating them together at dinner and bridge tables.

"But I don't do much Cupid-playing any more," she admitted. "Some of my little schemes didn't pan out so well! So I decided that I'd better keep my finger out of the pie."

The whole world knows about the Marion Davies charities: the annual Christmas party for two thousand children, when each child is given real toys and a complete Christmas dinner; her clinic at Sawtell; her founding home in New York; her scholarship fund and almost unbelievable personal and individual charities, very little is said.

Only that afternoon a girl, who was about to become a mother, rang the bell at the gate of the Davies beach house to ask for information regarding Marion's clinic and hospital. Marion, hearing the conversation, went down to investigate. The girl told a pathetic story of poverty and hopelessness. Marion brought her inside the white walls, gave her a warm meal, completely outfitted her with clothing from her own wardrobe, except shoes which would not fit and which had to be borrowed from one of the maids, made all necessary arrangements for her care at a Santa Monica hospital, because Marion's own clinic treats only children, and sent her to the hospital in her own car.

That is only one of dozens of similar cases. Marion never talks about them. Only occasionally does someone happen to hear of them from some other source.

The pretty blonde girl I saw that afternoon, in her red pajamas, that girl with the twinkle in her eyes, the gay talk and the complete lack of any affectation—not to speak of an almost uncanny ability to mimic anyone and everyone, whom she has ever met—is the real Marion Davies.

She may be a screen star. She may be Hollywood's perfect hostess. She may be a glamorous figure glimpsed in theatres and shops. But, most of all, she is "M.D.," a grand girl!
“Say,” he petitioned, “why don’t you give me those glasses? An old man like me ought to wear glasses. Probably I couldn’t see without them.”

No sooner said than done. The effect was superb. But as the play progressed, the glasses turned definitely from an asset to a liability. They showed a distressing tendency to slither down Eddie’s perspiring nose, to climb over the edges of his ears, to get into his way generally. His big emotional scene was about to break. He reached a momentous decision. Sweeping the glasses from his nose, he flung them to the table in a gesture of which any old gentleman of sixty might have been proud. Then he sailed into his scene—he ranted and railed and stormed, he stamped his foot and he thumped his fist—and in his artistic abandon thumped five price-less dollars worth of glasses into smithereens. It was the first—and not the smallest—catastrophe of his dramatic career.

He was graduated from elementary school into high school—from recitations to dramatic clubs and declamation societies. He was in constant demand for debates, and captured one medal after another. "You ought to be an actor, Eddie," he was told now more frequently, more seriously. Still he only smiled. Still he kept his own counsel. Nobody knew he was spending every spare moment down at the old Astor Library, educating himself in the drama. He read every play he could lay his hands on, classic and modern, domestic and—having an aptitude for languages—foreign. He pored over Shaw’s prefaces, over histories of dramatic art, over the lives of Bettridge and Barbage, of Garrick and Booth. He’d made up his mind to find out what it was all about—what lay beneath the surface of make-up and mincemyth to produce a great actor.

He thirsted for knowledge, and with rare intelligence he went about slaking his thirst. The only thing he didn’t do was talk about it. What was the use of babbling? It might all come to nothing. What was the use of distressing his parents? They’d set their hearts on his being a lawyer—member of an honorable profession. To them an actor was something between a hobo and a curiously colored animal—interesting to look at in a zoo, but nothing you’d care to find around the home. His father would have been amused to be told that Eddie’s passion for the theatre may have come direct from him. Yes, he liked seeing plays. Yes, he’d come home and mimic the actors to such perfection as would send his friends into roars of hysterical mirth. But was that a reason for his son to go on the stage? Nonsense! No, thought Eddie, no use talking about it till he’d made up his mind to do it. He made up his mind quietly but finally when he was half way through college. He decided he’d had enough education to be able to go on educating himself. He decided he might as well get started on his life’s work. With a letter from one of his professors, he presented himself to Mr. Sargent, head of what was then known as the Sargent School, now the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Mr. Sargent eyed him. He asked a few questions. He handed him a booklet, with two or three selections marked. “Learn these,” he said, turning away, “and come back sometime later.” “I know them,” replied Eddie steadily. “All right,” snapped Sargent. “Do something.” Eddie did “The Bells.” Then he did the quarrel scene from “Julius Caesar. Then he stopped.

Sargent was eyeing him again, but differently this time. “I understand you can’t afford to pay my fees,” he said.

Eddie nodded. There was a pause—brief in time, an eternity to the young man’s glinting bright eyes, through which Sargent’s face, a misty blur, advanced and retreated and turned fantastic somersaults. Suddenly five beautiful words pierced the mist. “I’ll give you a scholarship,” Sargent said.

He walked the streets till his head had cleared. Then he went home to break the news to his parents.

“I’m quitting college,” he told them. “I’m going to dramatic school.”

He hadn’t underestimated the effect of the blow. They turned on him faces stricken with incredulity. But once convinced he was serious, they didn’t make a fuss. To them he was selling his birthright for a mess of potage. Yet they knew he was not a boy to reach important decisions lightly. They disagreed with their son, but they respected him.

“It’s your business,” said his father, as he watched his dream of a dignified jurisprudentially glistening. “You know best what you want to do.”

As I look back,” says Mr. Robinson in tribute today, “I take off my hat to them. In their place, I’d never have had that much good sense. I’m sure I’d have raised the devil.”

For a year and a half he toiled and sweated and suffered at the Sargent School—and glided in every minute. "In my opinion," he said, his face lighting up, "Charles Jehlinger is probably the best teacher the world ever produced. I can’t estimate the debt I owe him. But he had a tongue that could cut through an elephant’s hide. And mine wasn’t as tough then as it’s grown since!"

The climax came when, in his senior term, he was cast for the role of Consul Bernick in Ibsen’s “Pillars of Society,” an incredibly difficult role for a boy of his age. Days of rehearsal, days of superhuman effort and strain, days of incessant razzing. One afternoon they’d gone over the same scene a dozen times. Eddie was dizzily exhausted. “If he tells me to do it again,” he thought savagely, “I’ll bust him one.”

“Why don’t you stop showing off?” came Mr. Jehlinger’s clear voice from the auditorium. “You’re not here to put on an act for Eddie Robinson. You’re supposed to be playing a man named Consul Bernick.”

Eddie’s nerves snapped. He stopped in his tracks, glaring out of bloodshot eyes. "To hell with Consul Bernick!" he yelled. "What do I care about Consul Bernick? What do I care about Consul Bernick? To hell with him and the play and the whole damn business!" and strode off the stage.

Mr. Jehlinger found him bowed in despair among the back-stage clutter. "That’s fine, Eddie," he said. "That was a good scene. Now go on back, and try it over again!"

Eddie scored a personal triumph at the opening night. His mother and father sat watching with glowing pride. And Rudolph Schildkraut, whose son Joseph was appearing in the same play, went away raving about the performance of one Eddie Robinson.

But a dramatic school triumph is one thing, and finding a job is something else.
Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can’t Resist!

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blotches and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men’s hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. They aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

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This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

Thankful for clear skin again: “I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can’t thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me.”

Not a blemish now: “My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face.” CLEVELAND, OHIO

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that gained her her present position.
Since Miss Bucknall came to M-G-M, magazine subscriptions for the research department have risen from 7 to 350 a month. Important journals of every land record contemporary history for future film productions.

"My rule is 'Never answer offhand,'" says Miss Bucknall. "I find out who asks and why he asks and see that he gets the answer that will help him. If it is the wardrobe department that inquires about hats, they want to know how they were made; the make-up department wants to know how they were worn, because of coiffures; and so on.

"People say, 'Oh, why worry about exact detail? Nobody knows any better!' But the idea is to educate people into knowing better.

"It is heartbreaking to go on the set for 'Looking Forward,' because everything is so right. Actors, sets, properties, clothes, detail. Incorrect detail reaches an audience subconsciously. They know something is wrong even if they don't know what it is.

"When they were making John Gilbert's 'Way for a Sailor,' the director wanted John to take a fifteen-minute walk and arrive at a beautiful seacoast, because he wanted to use a location on the sea. The scene was London and we explained that no one could walk for fifteen minutes from any point in London and reach the sea. But that was what he wanted, and that was what he had. I must say, no one seemed to care!

"We are in the business of entertainment and we must take license sometimes, but we try to have the atmosphere correct.

"Just as in a caricature you get only the salient points of features, so on some sets if you get in salient points, it will pass. For an English street a big scarlet letter box and two bobbies dressed properly give the right atmosphere. For a city in this country, electric signals will strike the note. Draw attention to some special well-known thing and the scene gets by.

"For 'Reunion in Vienna,' they asked me what kind of trees grow in Vienna. Lime trees, of course. For the short scene needed, we simply took our old New York street, put railings around the houses, as is done in Vienna, and planted lime trees in front of the houses.

"For a picture laid in Georgian England, they asked: 'Did they use steel needles in 1740?' Yes, they did; but they bought them loose, not done up in packets. What type of baby carriages did they have? None. The nurse carried the child.

"I find the German magazines invaluable for our fantastic files. You see, we keep files on everything—from railway stations to automatic writings; from royalty to posters used in advertising beer.

"When we made our picture of the future, laid in 1940, we used the imaginative drawings of aerodromes on rooftops, dwellings of the future, fashions and furni-

ture, all from sketches in German magazines.

"The art director thought he would stump me with a request for Robots to be used in a Robot ballet, but I had a file of Robots from German magazines.

"I was almost caught by a question as to what type lock was on Cleopatra's jewel box; but I found out that there were no locks in those days. They used a round kind that pressed two collars and cuffs.

"For 'Looking Forward' they asked me what messenger girls in British shops wore. There was no time to send for pictures of these girls, who are not photographed as a rule. My recollection was that they wore dark dresses with little white aprons bearing the insignia of the shop, or dark uniforms with white aprons.

"I checked with the English players on the lot and they agreed with me, so I gave the company the information. But later I got pictures of the girls to prove that what I had said was true."

Miss Bucknall is so much in earnest about her job that when she visited France in 1928, she had herself arrested and put in prison for a night in order that she might observe at first hand what happened to a girl who fell foul of French law?

"I am a Russian and I had experience of Russian jails at the time of the revolution," observed Miss Bucknall, "but we needed to know about French procedure, so I got our consul to arrange my arrest.

"I like to be certain of facts. 'Night Flight' is a picture we're about to make, so they sent me the English translation, but I got the French one also because it contains more detail. I must find out what type of telephone exchange they used, what uniforms they wore, and what were their customs.

"Diplomacy, as well as daring, is an attribute of M-G-M's research captain.

"There are directors who won't admit they don't know everything, so that many of their sets, costumes, properties, etc., are wrong. Does Miss Bucknall point out these facts to the gentlemen? Oh, no!

"I always infer that no mistake could possibly be his," she confided. "I say: 'Mr. Blank, I thought this was to be done as you wanted it, but someone seems to have slipped. You don't want that French cloak on this Italian, do you?' Or didn't you say this was to be kept strictly Georgian? I see they've given you a Victorian table service."

"It always works!"

"The Barrymores are interested in all suggestions made them and are always eager to cooperate. When we made 'Ras-

putin' they were anxious that everything should be right. Make-up, clothes, jewels, gestures—they studied everything I could find for them. Of course, being Russian myself, I knew some things of my own knowledge, and because I knew, I found Rene Fulop-Miller's book, 'The Holy Devil,' the best authority.

"Greta Garbo read every book available before she made ' Mata Hari'—German, Spanish, and Dutch recounts of the woman as well as our English versions.

"One of the most interesting quests I ever had was for that picture. You remember that Mata Hari before a huge idol that had many hands? The art department wanted to make those hands expressive of varied emotions. The actual model of the idol did not give this, so we searched through 300 books and magazines

The come-back of the month! Buddy Rogers returns to the screen after a long absence in "Five Cents a Glass," co-starring with Marian Nixon. Is Buddy's more-than-three-point-two attitude toward Marian confined solely to the screen?
to find pictures of statues or paintings of hands that expressed emotion. I enjoyed that.

"Helen Hayes fairly haunts us when she is to make a picture. For 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' she looked through our files of old trunks and borrowed eighteen cards to make up to her. For 'The Son-Daughter,' she went through our files on Chinese clothes, hair, customs, behavior, walks, ways of holding hands, etc. She was always here discussing why Chinese girls wore this, why they walked thus, what they would do on certain fete days. Helen always knows what she’s doing and why.

Criticism of pictures is not always just.

Gladys Percey, head of Paramount’s research department, remembers that a well-known women’s organization protested that hunting was improperly hung in a scene of a ship launching.

"The scene was made at the Bethlehem Ship Yards where many ships have been launched," said Miss Percey, "and we left the hunting to the ship yards people, so it was their fault if it was wrong.

"In ‘The Conquering Horde,’ we had a complaint that cattle crossed the river the wrong way—from Texas into Kansas instead of westward. It seems impossible that anyone could tell.

Sometimes the critic is right. In ‘The Abaslan,’ we knew as well as anyone that the heroine would have worn a Mother Hubbard, but what heroine could look alluring in such a garment? So she wore doeskins.

In ‘The Sign of the Cross,’ Mr. DeMille insisted on the costumes his characters wore because he thought them picturesque and interesting and because they gave the feeling he wanted. Actually, costumes of that time were much heavier.

Other details of the picture were correct, however. Latin teachers worked on the signs used and we had unimpeachable authority for everything but the palace. No picture exists of the actual palace so we had to devise one from descriptions of those who saw it at that period or earlier.

In a Ruth Chatterton picture laid in England, we had the technical help of Auriel Lee, a well-known English actress, who also played the part of charwoman in the film. English critics were unanimous in saying there are no charwomen like hers in England, that she was badly over-played and typically American.

The most frequent query we get is:

On which arm does the bride come down the aisle? Formerly she came down on the left arm of the groom, but today unless it is a military wedding, she simply turns around at the altar and comes down on the right arm.

French and English etiquette books give much information, but for other countries it is hard to find small points, such as what they eat for breakfast in Holland. On first thought, I’d have said ‘Coffee’—but the answer is tea, toast, and some light dish of eggs or bacon, etc. We have a Dutch count on the lot, who supplied this information.

In my express times, the rider used to sound his horn before he reached a town so that fresh horses could be made ready for him. Mr. Cruze needled the tune the rider played on the horn, but there was no record of it anywhere. At last Louise Platt Hauck, a writer of St. Joseph, Mo., found an old blind man who remembered the air and played it with one finger. She took it down and sent it to us.

"As to how to make an owl hoot, that’s one question I’ve never answered. I suppose it must be dark before the birds are willing to hoot, because we had to get a man to do it!"

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Is "CALENDAR FEAR" aging you, upsetting your health and nerves?

Turn back the days? If you only could! Jump them ahead? Impossible! So you wait and worry. A victim of "CALENDAR FEAR"... that gnawing FEAR which usually starts with a minor feminine disorder... that taxing FEAR which sometimes brings on a major physical collapse.

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Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it... Send coupon for the new, free "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope.

LYSOL Disinfectant

"Lysol" is economical... a treatment costs less than one cent. Safe... it contains no free caustic alkali. Effective... it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.


Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous physicians.

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Janet Gaynor Grasps Her New Freedom!

Continued from page 21

Hollywood twelve years, this is the first house Janet has furnished for herself. She is having as much fun as a kid in a toy shop.

I wondered why she rented a house instead of buying. Real estate is ridiculously cheap at the present time.

"I'm not ready to buy a home," she said.

"If I buy a house, I must plan for at least two years in which to pay for it—two years during which I must keep my nose to the grindstone. I don't want to make any such plans. I don't want to plan at all. Plans are such deceptive things, and most often are never followed out. I do not believe in planning. I'd rather be free to choose each step."

"I don't mean that I no longer schedule certain daily duties and look ahead to minor events. I do mean that I am not anxious to form such big and definite plans that I cannot change my mind on an instant's notice. That is the reason I am not buying a house."

The estate she has rented is charming, though not nearly as pretentious as are most of the mansion-like abodes of other stars. The gardens that surround the old-fashioned dwelling first attracted her, and little wonder: there are acres of beautiful plants and flowers. From the two streets that flank the property there can be seen only a kaleidoscopic array of colors—crimson and gold and purple and green and blue flowers; sufficient coloring to shame the rainbow.

Janet is thoroughly enjoying the thrilling experience of furnishing her new home. With no limit to the amount of money she may spend and with no one to prevent her from satisfying her life-long whims, she is happy. Whenever guests arrive, she precedes them from room to room, enjoying with them the various articles of unique furniture that she is buying, piece by piece, as she discovers things that please her.

But Miss Gaynor has no intention of becoming a hermitess within her sequestered estate. On the contrary, she is acquainted with numerous charming young men and she is almost childishly happy now that she may associate more freely with them. She likes to play and she is filled with romance, just as much as ever before.

Janet will never want for companionship. I venture that no fewer than two dozen of Hollywood's most attractive young bachelors would gladily give all their worldly goods if they could but sweep Janet away in a whirlwind romance and cause her to change her mind about an early re-marriage. Of these two dozen, only two have been fortunate enough to entice Janet to public places.

Lew Ayres is one of the two, and between Lew and Janet there is apparent a fine spark of friendship and understanding. They have not been seen in public places.
often, but on those occasions they have seemed decidedly pleased with each other's company. When Janet and her mother visited Palm Springs for a week, by a coincidence that was either accidental or otherwise Lew was also a visitor at the desert resort.

Janet admits she likes Lew. She sings her praises. I remember with a chuckle that when Ayres was loaned for "State Fair," he was angry because he had to play a subordinate role opposite Miss Gaynor. She heard of his attitude and was equally angry. Their first introduction was therefore a strained meeting. They talked when talk was necessary in short monosyllables. Now they laugh together over the first disagreeable impressions of each other.

The second young man who has claimed considerable of Janet's leisure is James Dunn. These two have dined and danced at the Cocosnut Grove and the Beverly-Wilshire, and they are no less attractive than are Janet and Lew. Indeed, if from the present beginning there should develop a spirited rivalry between Lew and Jimmy, I am not at all certain which would be the more likely to capture Janet's heart—indeed, either succeeded. One if the boys has a slight advantage, I should say the lucky one is Dunn—he is employed by the same studio as Janet, and thereby gains opportunity for little personal deeds that please feminine hearts.

However, I seriously doubt if even the charming Messrs. Ayres and Dunn can convince Janet that marriage is all it is cracked-up to be. The girl is simply disinterested in anything matrimonial; she wants to play for at least the next few years.

"I want to travel, too," she confided. "I have always loved traveling. I've been to Europe and several times to New York and Hollywood. Now I want to go to other countries and cities. I may be too busy for the next year or so to spend much time on the road, but I hope I will find time for a few trips.

"Until the past year, I have made only two or three motion pictures annually. During the past twelve months I have made five—at least, I will have made five before the year is ended. [The pictures are "The First Year," "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair," "Adorable," and "Paddy." The last is new and in production.] Five pictures a year are too many; it is difficult to find enough good stories for a girl without any plans, Janet has many. But then, I remember that she has planned—and denied plans—as long as I have known her. I remember that she waited a long time to marry because, as she once said to me, "When I marry, I plan to stay married. I don't ever want to be divorced."

Perhaps Janet also remembers that plan, and perhaps the failure of her scheme "not to be engaged" has taught her that human beings cannot manipulate their own destinies.

Whatever may be her plans—or her absences from plans—I know that Hollywood is delighted with Janet's return to her old self. Ugly rumors that she was tired, unemotional and hard-to-get-along-with circulated freely prior to her divorce. Now Hollywood understands why she behaved in such fashion as to justify those reports. Now that she is again the effervescent, playful Janet Gaynor of a few years ago, Hollywood realizes that her actions were caused by her oppressive and generally unhappy marriage.

And I am truly happy to report that Janet Gaynor, who progressed through years and pictures from "Seventh Heaven" to "Adorable"—is back in her seventh heaven again!

—by Timmins

—I wish the girls at the office would be more sociable. It's so lonesome eating by myself day after day

Mrs. Shea may have an opening for me soon. They have one girl who's a fine worker, but so careless at times about "B.O." They're afraid they...

Surely she couldn't mean me! But I'm going straight to Mrs. Shea...

My dear, just be thankful you've discovered your fault in time. Get Lifebuoy—it will stop "B.O."

"B.O." gone—job secure—many friends!

No need to worry about your job now. We're 100% satisfied with you. Now run along... the other girls are waiting for you

Oh, I'm so thankful you told me about Lifebuoy

Beware of "B.O."

More perspiration—more danger of "B.O." (Body odor) Take no chances—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich, creamy lather cools and refreshes on the most exhausting day—leaves pores purified and deodorized, every trace of "B.O." gone. Its quickly-vanishing, pleasant, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection.

Complexion lovelier, too

Lifebuoy's bland, searching lather deep-cleaned pores. Clogged impurities are gently washed away. Dull complexions freshen to radiant, healthy beauty.

A Product of Lever Bros. Co.
half-known temperament that creates the dazzling, shining something which lifts the people world of ordinary person a blissful day and surrounds them with the shimmer of moonlight?

Katharine Cornell is hopeful about it. She does not know. Francis Lederer, who is supposed to be a matinee idol and familiar with all such things, stumbles and falters in his cultivated Czech way and says unsatisfactorily, although charmingly, "I cannot say what it is—but it is divine!"

There is only one person who has given me a direct answer to my questionings on this subject. Miss Clemence Dane, the celebrated author of "A Bill of Divorcement," says that an actress must possess these five most important qualities if she would be glamorous:

Repose
A Sense of Rhythm
Humor
Clear Voice
Good Choice of Speech

All but the clear voice are mental—and that is really mental, too.

Repose is the poise of understanding and confidence. A sense of rhythm assures balance and proper timing of one's actions. Humor, as it goes without saying, provides a sense of values and proportion. And good speech adorns.

Miss Dane says nothing, in this list, of good or beautiful features or perfect physical requirements. In her extraordinary career as an actress and a playwright, she has seen too many women give the impression of beauty and loneliness who do not have facial perfection, to feel that their possession is of utmost importance.

She has seen this to be true, of course, in the features of the now famous "Kit" Cornell, who has become one of the playwright's closest friends in the years since Miss Cornell appeared as Sydney. Without doubt, the subject of many of the long conversations they have had together, while in the Austrian Alps or at each other's homes, has been that most illustrious of qualities, "glamor."

You will want to know more about Clemence Dane, this tall, broad-shouldered woman with brown hair and brown eyes that are always ready to crinkle into a friendly smile, who likes jazz, taught French in a Geneva boarding-school at 16, has a studio above a Covent Garden market flower stall, thinks American women have the most beautiful shoes and feet and ankles of any women in the world—and who created that glamorous character of Sydney in "Bill of Divorcement."

Clemence Dane is a fountain head of knowledge on "Glamor." As Mrs. Elnor Glyn would be on "It." You'll find it in some of her fine, swashbuckling plays and novels. She has "glamor" herself.

"It is strange that you should ask me what I think 'glamor' is," Miss Dane laughed in her rich English voice the day I had the privilege. "It is a subject that has interested me so much that I have devoted seven pages to describe it in my last book.

"Glamor, of course, is what the 'wood people,' the elves and fays and brownies and faeries, put over the eyes of mortals to make things appear what they are not. The family circle is another place, more enchanting than it actually is. It is a spell or enchantment—often effected by the juncture of a magic flower—or Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

"Do you remember how Shakespeare's 'Merlin,' the magician, sends Fawn into the word meaning 'magic.' All the words such as 'glamor,' 'bewitchment,' 'charm,' 'enchant,' 'spell,' go back to the thought of magic.

"The modern girl who charms you irresistibly may keep your thought on her silvery laugh, her lovely eyes and seductive dimples and enticing voice—while she really may be stealing your heart—and making great inroads upon your pocketbook!"

"She is far more successful with her subtilty than she would be with out-and-out bandit methods."

Miss Dane's last book, "Trooome Stages," traces the story of a great English family of the stage from its founder, a young

Torrid Torres! Raquel wears this interesting black velvet negligee in her forthcoming picture, "Tampico," Interesting? It's positively exciting!
country lad who ate fairy bread on a Devon hillside and learned a fairy charm which he passed on to other members of his line, to the present day of the cinema.

"Denied Fairyland," Miss Lederer has her hero ask, "where could poets and dancers here as in the Middl-Land of the theatre? (The cinema, too, of course.) For — is not the theatre the land of sham and glamor, or cardboard battles, learned-by-head acts, on-the-ropes and pinchbeck virtues and jewels? Is not the sloping floor behind the footlights so drenched with dreams, so perfumed with glamor, that a man who tread those boards can continue to look and feel twenty till three times pass in the outer world?

Miss Dane, who started out under the name Winifred Ashton, did not intend to be a writer. She took it up quite accidentally by coming across a typewriter for three pounds ($15), in a shop window. She was persuaded to take it home, and began writing a book.

Then before long a novel called "Regiment of Women" by an unknown writer named Clemente Dane appeared on the stands to mystify every one. That was the name Miss Dane had chosen for herself to protect her friends from disgrace in case she should fail! The book was based on Miss Dane's experience with boarding school life.

"A Bill of Divorcement" was her second piece of writing.

"You have seen the picturization of 'A Bill of Divorcement,' of course?" I asked, and do you like it?"

"Yes, I saw it here," she said, "and liked it very much. I thought Miss Hepburn and Mr. Barrymore, and every one in the cast was splendid, and it was excellently done. And it seemed to me that Miss Billie Burke did exactly well with her very tall and unsympathetic part of the mother."

When Miss Dane arrived in Hollywood, instead of putting her work to the script of her own book "Bronx Stages" and her play "Granite," which she expected to do on her arrival, her film employers, instead, gave her the opportunity to work on an idea of her own for an original story for Francis Lederer. Her "idea" is a story called "The Troubadour," which Mr. Lederer will star in the film, and this time she is more a part of the producer, and vice versa. "Cavalcade" was an expression of it.

Among them is G. B. Stern, the novelist, who is the adapter of the script for "Little Women," in which Katharine Hepburn is to appear. Benn Levy, the English playwright, has also been a member of the group this winter. And the charming Dina Wynyard, of "Cavalcade," and Brian Aherne, the actors, were also counted in until they returned to London to appear in April in Clemente Dane's latest Bronté play, "Wild December," which Miss Correll may put on in New York next fall.

Hollywood, however, and Santa Monica, where she has taken a bungalow, are much more quiet and "Nine O'Clock" than Clemente Dane describes it in the hectic life of New York. But she's having lots of time to concentrate on writing the particular kind of "glamor" that she likes!

15 lbs. in 4 weeks

"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine,"

Mrs. Ethel A. Curran, Edinburg, Va.

28 lbs. gained

"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and 1 quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great!"

J. S. Berk, Belford, N.J.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin!"

Lila Bum, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion!"

William Toler, Houston, Tex.
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piano, violin, clarinet, oboe, violin, Hawaiian guitar, piano accompaniment, or any other instrument. The new course provides a complete and illustrated 72 lessons, with the details of all the necessary methods and exercises included. Each lesson is contained on a single page and is illustrated with diagrams.

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"Feminine Secrets," 16th edition, is a new method for teaching the piano, including music for women's voices. The book is illustrated with diagrams and pictures, and includes a complete course in music theory and sight-reading. Each lesson is accompanied by a practical example, and includes a complete list of exercises.

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WOMEN—End Delays and pains of unnatural menstruation. Long, shrewd women may be entirely eliminated by double-strength BITEX tablets. Double-strength BITEX tablets are available in small and large sizes. Write today for free samples. BITEX, 101 New York Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California.

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Undeciphered, printed on paper and uncutely, unillustrated. Send address. 224 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Bed-time story without words! It's Ruby Keeler, retiring before ten o'clock in preparation for a hard day of "gold-digging" on the morrow. Ruby's personal triumph in "22nd Street" won her a prominent part in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Your Faults May Be Your Fortune!

Continued from page 23
on whether they are otherwise unselfish or selfish.

Which reminds me that no one quality is in itself sufficient for success, but it considered a talent and used in extreme devotion to an ideal this firmness, for instance, promises eventual success. Such bulldog tenacity, enlisted in a bad or lost cause, could just as easily cause one to "stay put" too long and sink with the doomed ship of fortune.

Just to think of a cheerier, if more flip-pant feature, let's note Gloria Swanson's tip-tilted, somewhat snobby, socially ambitious nose. All who share with her this feature will share in these characteristics, which it portrays. It is no mere caprice of Fate but her very own natural desire that she should marry men of social and aristocratic glamor and allure, when she was mature. Her first mate, it is true, was none other than Wally Beery, but she was a batting beauty then and he a shining star with Chicago's flashiest yellow car. Swanson has lived as an aspiring life in real life as the great casting director Cecil B. DeMille visioned for her when he took her out of the batting beauty class and gave her parts depicting society, showing the last word in beauty and class. Remember the sunken baths of her first starring vehicles? This merely means that whether one is an artist, casting director, personal director, or real fan of the best in pictures, he gets the greatest thrill in seeing people cast for the parts they fill naturally and convincingly.

Of course, we all play many parts in life. The fact is, however, we all have certain outstanding features which are indexes any casting director would instantly detect, so that he would know we could play certain parts best. Caesar, the strong-jawed general, gave us a great thrill when he said, "I came, I saw, I conquered." We would all like to conquer or overcome the conflict of our environment. To quote another historic phrase, "It is times like these that try men's souls."

We have the advantage at least of standing on the shoulders of all our predecessors; we can learn from all those who have succeeded, be they ancient or modern. It is the reason of the cinema. To sum it up briefly, if we would not only survive but prosper, live a free, expressive and happy life—first find out what kind of souls or inner personalities we have by a real study of the interesting story our mirrors tell. Note that outstanding or unusual feature and get its meaning clear, then give that part of the personality a chance to cooperate with all the other faculties of mind and soul. Be extroverts, not introverts, at least for a part of each day.

I've been asked by anxious, earnest thousands in person and by letter, "What shall I do to succeed?" And the answer that comes down through the ages written in the lives of those who have succeeded, is simply—"Know thyself and be thyself."

We are all so susceptible to suggestion that we sometimes try to be someone so utterly unlike us that we are doomed to fail. We have the same as if Abraham Lincoln had spent his life trying to be a gentlemen, George Washington.

You are mentally and physically different from every other person in all the countless millions unless you have an identical twin; then there is only one as like you mentally and spiritually as you two look. Find your strength and weaknesses through the study of others, and you'll find even the most jagged feature fits right into the finished picture and may be the salient feature that makes you an outstanding and happy personality.

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superstition, I cite Taurog’s story of Bob Woolsey. Once, when he was directing Wheeler and Woolsey in “Hold ’Em Jail,” Bob, who usually is letter perfect in lines and business, simply couldn’t play a certain scene. At first, he was obviously ill at ease and unfunny, and finally he blew up altogether. After long hours of worry it was finally discovered that the prop man had given Woolsey the wrong pair of glasses. He couldn’t be natural without his own glasses even when he didn’t actually know the difference!

Few, if any, of the successful comedians of today who were untrained in the old silent school of pantomime can be funny without some kind of audience. Therefore, the successful comedy director like Taurog appoints himself an audience of one, to laugh at the comic’s gags and cheer him on toward being funnier and funnier. He’s a perfect one-man claque!

“I try to be the actor’s best audience,” said Taurog. “A comedian can hardly be expected to be funny with a frozen-faced director sitting in front of the camera with a ‘make me laugh’ expression. True, many comics get their laughs by dishing out dead-pans to audiences, but they can’t take one. It kills their enthusiasm and dries up their natural humor. Laughs are catching like the measles, so I try to infect the players by doing all the laughing. Besides, it keeps me in good health.”

Taurog is a great believer in the efficacy of drama to comedy.

“Just as comedy supplies the relief for dramas, so should drama supply relief for comedy.”

“We pay as much attention to story, plot and situations in comedy as we do in drama. The best example of why story plot and situations mean to comedians may be found in the success of Maurice Chevalier and Harold Lloyd. Their pictures have as much plot as most dramas, and sometimes a good deal more.”

“The comedian must get sympathy in his roles. Then the more troubles he has in the story, the more audiences laugh with and at him. Of course, there is always the grave danger of overdoing it. Too much pathos will kill the laughs. And besides, most comedians yearn to play Hamlet and the funny part of it is, most of them could. “Always belittlin’,” says Percy Crosby in
his famous line in "Skippy," which so aptly applies to the secret of humor. How the audiences love and laugh at the fellow who is always being belittled by the big bully, Chaplin, Lloyd, Jimmy Durante, Bert Wheeler, Stan Laurel, and Charlie Ruggles are always being belittled to the huge amusement of the audiences.

But, agrees Taurog, even the big guy can win his share of sympathy and be equally funny while bullying the little fellow, if the sympathetic quality can be maintained in his character. Audiences don't like smart-ales, but they always laugh at Oliver Hardy and Bob Woolsey when they bully Stan Laurel and Bert Wheeler, because they are such well-meaning boors. Their little pals get them into just as much trouble, as they themselves blunder into, so the sympathy is evenly divided.

"Although a comedian is necessarily a finished actor," says Taurog, "personality and individuality are far more important to his success on the screen than even his bag of tricks. I have never tried to persuade a comedian to change his style or his personality."

Although far outnumbered, the comedians of the screen are equally capable, in the director's opinion. Particularly does he point to Edna May Oliver and Zasu Pitts. Having directed Miss Oliver he has a close knowledge of her ability. Unlike most comedians, he says, she is so fine an actress that she is one of the very, very few players who can play both comedy and drama equally well. So, too, can Miss Pitts, but he is not so sure that they can make audiences regard them seriously, so popular are they in screen comedy.

Graduated from the ranks of silent slapstick comedy, Taurog points with pride to the achievements of the graduates.

"In silent comedy pantomime we learned more about timing and spacing in picture acting than has ever been learned since. We learned to milk a gag dry, but never to let a situation run too long. To let the audience laugh too soon in playing a comedy scene in talking pictures is fatal, as it destroys the effectiveness of the climax and often it is completely lost. Most of our silent picture comedians have been very successful in talking pictures, both in comedy and drama, and so have the directors."

And now, Mr. Taurog, since we have been good-naturedly comparing comedians with children and vice-versa, how about M. Chevalier and your kids?

The director smiled. "We won't go too deeply into that," he said, "but I can tell you that Maurice's superstition is that strange. It works with him. He always wears it at that gay, rakish angle. And his outstanding eccentricity is his love of American slang." At this point, we were joined by M. Chevalier, "As for me," added the director, "my pet superstition concerns black cats. If one were to cross my path on the way to the studio, I'd be late because I'd have to go back. I made a mistake once. In my early days in pictures, I was on my way to the little slapstick comedy studio where I worked as a cub director. A black cat ran across the road. Good sense warned me to turn back, but fearing the danger of being late, I reluctantly went on."

"When I reached the studio there was a sign on the gate. It said 'Closed.' There went my job and I couldn't collect any salary, I was broke. As I sat on the curb with my head in my hands along came a hard-hearted guy from the finance company, He took my automobile, and I had to walk home."

We all laughed heartily, and M. Chevalier looked at me with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He beamed as he added his contribution: "And—how do you like that?"

---

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Academy in Alton, Ill., less eventually. “When I graduated Dad gave me a trip to California,” he recounts with a laugh. “I came to ‘San Souci Southern Paradise’ and spent the whole vacation in Long Beach. Didn’t bother to come in to Hollywood!” Which proves how little the tinsel glitter impressed him even then.

He entered Union College in Schenectady the following Fall. Contrary to his anti-union sentiments, he was more than anxious to make Europe safe for democracy. He quit college before the end of his freshman term and enrolled in the army. The Armistice was signed before he could get to France.

“That was when, being twenty-one and certain I could lick the world, I did my careful deliberating and finally concluded to turn actor. My father, having had none of the species in the family, was astonished. But continued, as always, to say he would stave me for a year and that would be long enough to decide whether I’d click on.”

“My parents were living in Sayre, Pennsylvania, and I blithely departed for Broadway, full of ambition. Got myself a job in a studio as an usher and the rounds of theatrical agents. I soon found I had to concoct a tale of show experience to get to first base. This I did, and my first job was in a dramatic vaudeville sketch. I said three lines and netted $35 a week.

“It lasted a couple of weeks and then I was on the hunt once more. I got into another act at the same wage. Traveled about the country for a season in it and then connected with a repertory company which toured New England for a season, doing different plays each evening. When that closed I landed back in New York broke.”

Lee’s casual acquaintances deem him irresponsible. He isn’t, for he planned his career quite systematically. Progress is partial but it is large enough to know that he is going forward. Vaudeville, then three years in stock, two in road-shows, and he was ready for New York and stardom there.

Five years of leads in such outstanding hits as “Broadway” and “The Front Page” and he moved on to Hollywood.

“My first year out here was a sad, sad story. Paul Muni came out at the same time and we both had Fox contracts for a year. I was given three unimportant parts and the idleness drove me crazy!”

“Recall Lee in ‘Lilium’? Charlie Farrell was the star and most of the scenes were cut so he wouldn’t steal the picture.”

Tracy and Muni were disgusting and glad to get back into New York plays. Then Hollywood woke up and realized what a mistake had been made. Muni scored in Warners’ chain gang drama and is returning to that studio this summer. Lee came back and free-lanced until, his popularity growing by leaps and bounds, he was persuaded by M-G-M to become Culver City’s fair-haired lad.

Essentially the same as you see him on the screen, Lee is a sophisticate. Not, of course, the Hollywood breed of supercilious sophistication. They can’t scare him into that! His is the mental sort.

He is economical with his earnings, a great reader, and yet not really a student. The local habit of back-stapping will never become his. He has invariably had just a few friends whom he calls intimates and cannot give his attention to a wide circle.

Until he met John Barrymore, when they were cast together in “Dinner at Eight,” he had no stellar friend. In John he has discovered a kindred spirit, a man they are developing a sincere mutual admiration.

Nervous, late in arriving and leaving, he avoids premises like the plague and shuns athletics despite the fact that he was a high school track and baseball star. He would be a wonderful lawyer. There is sound logic to his statements. And he rattles along so fast you have to listen. When you do that you are generally convinced.

One of his clever tricks is to avoid getting mad. The dignified calm he adopts is invaluable. Others rant and rave and when their energy is exhausted Lee quietly walks off with the victory.

He shares with Marie Dressler an uncausal quality. When either Lee or Marie enter a room you feel their presence without a word having been uttered. An unexplainable and marvelous magnetism. With George Arliss Tracy shares a mighty reverence for acting technique.

Being ordinary in looks, he has had to work twice as hard as the handsome boys to develop individuality. He has watched the most famous comedians and learned how they get their audience laughs, and it is actually his superb technique that puts him across. Hollywood can’t scare him into its glittering ways because he realizes he doesn’t have to rely on potent sex appeal or fancy lighting to register with the public.

“The whole secret of my acting is in the manner I use my hands,” he confided to a friend of mine one day. “I never stress this to interviewers because others would imitate me.” Now that the secret is out, watch his next film and note what an asset he has made of his hands. He is a true artist in his art. It has taken years of study and hours of painstaking practice and rehearsals to be able to use them so effectively. Now this eloquent style of acting is setting an example for Hollywood. TRACY - The Star Hollywood Can’t Scare!

Continued from page 31

Doris Kenyon is an actress much depended upon by George Arliss for support in his pictures. Now, at his special request, she’s in the cast of his new film, “Voltaire.”
is no greater than his ability to express himself without words. During all those stage years he was thus aiming for the cameras!

One more untold thing about Lee. He is, at heart, terribly sentimental. He'll give me a non-stop bawling-out for revealing this; but it's a human and admirable quality, isn't it? Especially when you find he is sentimental about his mother.

His father died five years ago, having lived to witness Lee's New York triumph, but missing his Hollywood fame. His mother's home is in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. He visits her there and she occasionally comes out to see how he's getting along here. She is his balance-wheel and he idolizes her. Young-looking, modern, a woman of culture and refinement, she has charmed those who have met her.

On her first visit to California she flew out. Lee met her at the airport and nearly died of worry. He thinks so afraid something would happen to the plane. Hollywood can't scare him one iota. But gosh—if anything went wrong with "Mom" or he failed to live up to her expectations—well, high-pressure Lee Tracy would be so scared and miserable he'd be struck dumb!

"Maybe I'm nuts," he concluded philosophically as he let me do another sequence with his new buddy Barrymore, "but my instincts—and brother, you'll never make a mistake on a fried egg or an instinct!—tell me I was fated to be a rolling stone and not a proud papa, a happy husband, or a glad-handed hachienda host.

I'm gathering my moss while I can, and strange as it seems the grass keeps growing a little greener in the next field!"

**Femi-Niftics**

*Continued from page 67*

form of massage, since I'm an addict on what circulation can do for reducing. (And for clearing up the skin on your face, too. But that's another story.)

There's the Hemp Massager—a little device that imitates to perfection the kneading, knowledge hands of a skilled masseuse. This Bodi-Massager actually gets at the fatty tissue, lifting and manipulating it systematically, without any strenuous pressure on your part. It consists of four rubber balls, two large and two small, mounted on a small handle. It weighs less than a pound, and it's inexpensive. So if you're afraid fat is going to spoil your, summer, to say nothing of your figure—why, roll your own way with a Hemp Massager.

There's nothing more annoying than a trailing perspiration odor—or a damp spot on the under-arm of a dress. Well, here's a new deodorant, "X," that'll surely mark that spot out. A fragrant white cream that you may apply under your arms—and then forget for a day or so. It's soothing, too—leaves no itchy feeling. Melts right away into your skin and will not harm clothes.

It always does us poor perspiring people good, when summer comes along, and those fortunate few who have boasted all winter long that they "never perspire" are right in the same boat with us. But we might be big-hearted and tell them about "X." Since they'll be needing it, too, when the sun starts its smouldering.

Exciting names and thrilling fragrances seem to be the rule in perfumes, this year.

Get a sniff of Myron's Three Passions and 1000 Joles and you'll know what I mean. They're really lovely—and you'll seem more so, too, because of them. Watch and see if somebody doesn't say so.

And speaking of perfumes, I can't resist mentioning De Vilbiss atomizers. For a perfumist, an atomizer is a perfume's best friend. Too many women "spot" their perfume around behind their ears, on their neck, on their furs, on their collars—so that from one angle we get an awful blast of it, from another, no fragrance at all. The atomizer is an even, smoothly, delightfully, as it should be. And your perfume will never leak out or evaporate from a De Vilbiss—the special closure top prevents that.

It seems a far cry from perfumes to boudoir trimmings, but here goes! I saw the cutest dressing table, drapes, and bedspread the other day, designed for a star's summer house at Malibu. And did it make me envious! Though they tell me I can make this same set myself as simply as rolling off a log. Everything was white organdy, with a tricky edging known as "Jig-saw," in bright red. That twisty trimming really takes the cake. It's made by winding pick-rake braid around the new Sewing Machine gadget, called Singercraft. If you'll stop in any Singer shop, they'll show you how to make this Jig-saw edging in a jiffy. It would be awfully smart for bridge table covers, and luncheon sets—but if you'll excuse me, I'm going to try that boudoir set first. I just can't sleep till I get those pieces together!

Margaret Lindsay is another of the pre-Napoleonic beauties who plays with George Arliss in "Voltaire". The French genius was a busy man in his day!

We don't often think of the stage imports as being gifted in pantomime. Lee is as adept at it as any silent screen veteran. Instead of cultivating his voice, he concentrated on action. He reasoned that an actor

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Here's another picture "reunion!" Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, whose warm work together in "Red Dust" made the movie headlines, are repeating in another film. This is an un-lyric scene from the new picture.

Sweet and Loy
Continued from page 34

lar weekly salary (Myrna was always thrifty), but she was unhappy because she had been given a vamp part. She waivered between smiles and tears, and I was never sure which would come, sunshine or rain. "I'll be playing nothing but vamp parts," she cried; "if they type me like that." How nearly correct she was can be told today—for seven years Myrna Loy played nothing but exotic Orientals and vampires. Shortly after she signed that first contract, Myrna purchased a home. It was not a large house—just comfortable. But had it been the palace of the King of England, the owner could not have been prouder. She hated apartments; she still hates them. She adores sitting alone with her phonograph. She has pet records, and I remember that on more occasions than one, I was driven to the point of madness when she played the same music over and over again. She permitted no interruptions during her record recitals—silence was always golden.

Myrna has never lost her love for music. Everywhere she goes, she has harmony close at hand. Nights when she cannot sleep she sits beside her phonograph and plays for hours. Recently new neighbors moved into the house next to her own—Miss Loy was still living in the bungalow she purchased years ago. The first night after their arrival Myrna experienced one of her sleepless spells. Next morning the neighbors exostulated.

Myrna apologized—but she commenced a search for a new place to live. If the law demanded that she not disturb her neighbors, then she determined to find a house that had no neighbors. By a fortunate turn of fate, she had just finished "The Barbarian," co-starring with Ramon Novarro. The Mexican star was soon to leave for a concert tour in Europe, and arrangements were made for Myrna to occupy his mountain-top home. She is there now, and is likely to remain until Novarro's return.

Perhaps she may remain after Novarro's return? When people ask her if there is truth to the rumor that she is engaged to Ramon, she only smiles enigmatically and replies, "No Spic English!" That is as far as anyone ever gets with romantic inquiries.

Miss Loy remained under contract to Warner Brothers for five years. One day, without warning she was released from contract and was she frightened. She was so scared that when she tried to tell me about her "calamity" she was almost tongue-tied. You see, Myrna is a very modest, self-effacing young woman, and she was certain that if Warner officials no longer wanted her, other studio executives would be equally disinterested.

The struggle she staged for the next two years was inspiring. Myrna determined that her career in motion pictures was far from finished because she was distinctly typed as a vampire. I'll never play another Orientl!" she cried. "I'll starve first."

She was in no danger of starving, for Myrna had saved her money carefully when she was under contract. Nevertheless, she exhibited courage when she rejected big salary offers for vampire roles. She shook her head to such offers so constantly that shaking became a habit, and she almost said so when she was offered the part of the wife in "Animal Kingdom." She caught herself in time, however, and "Animal Kingdom" is the picture that Myrna loves for two reasons—she thinks she gave her best performance to date in the part of the wife, and the picture proved to producers that Miss Loy can play sympathetic roles as well as she can act exotic heavies.

I have no doubt that she is headed for sure stardom. Even so, I might feel that my opinion is prejudiced by friendship if I did not know that so many others share the belief. Myrna is a universal favorite among the masculine interviewers and writers, and we boys customarily gather at luncheons and fling ideas and gossip across tables. For many years we have had a favorite question, and never a con-
Shaw in Hollywood
Continued from page 19

San Francisco, snap him until he nonchalantly walked into the scene, putting on his gloves. Then he carefully examined the plane while the cameras kept on grimacing woman, told me that she and Mr. Shaw had stayed up later at La Cuesta Encantada than is their custom. They had seen several new American films. "I have never known him," she told me, "to look at so many motion pictures and enjoy them."

At his request "Blondie of the Follies," with Marion Davies, was shown. This with "Gabriel Over the White House" and "Looking Forward" were the three he liked the best.

You can scarcely believe that George Bernard Shaw is seventy-seven years old. His vitality is amazing, his sparkling, alive personality, his twinkling blue eyes and his sharp wit, undimmed by age, make his ordinary conversation an oratorical event. I carried away with me from the Hearst ranch a mental picture of this straight, slim figure saying good-night to a group of film stars who were leaving for Los Angeles.

I also carried with me the memory of the most mentally stimulating and delightful week-end I ever spent in my life.

Here's a group of Hollywood celebrities at the wedding of Margaret Sweeney, well known publicity representative, and Ross Shattuck, studio executive. Left to right: Louella Parsons, columnist; Dr. James Hamilton Lash, pastor; Miss Ettinger, Mr. Shattuck, Danny Danker, and Dr. Harry Martin, Miss Parsons' husband.
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By Request: Another “Record” Contest
Continued from page 60
automobile accident in Chicago. Myrl, being the author of these radio sketches, now has to write from her hospital bed about her own disappearance. It'll be some months before she can return to the air, and I've told her so.

George Bernard Shaw is afraid of the microphone! When he broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, he wouldn't talk into the mike, so the dreaded instruments were placed in the footlights and in the wings of the stage.

Just a suggestion—if you like good music with your tea, tune in on Val Fritschi and his orchestra at WPCH, every Monday. Remember when we told you of Lanny Ross' distress at never having found a four-leaf clover? Well, Lanny told me that he became so discouraged over this catastrophe that he bought himself a four-leaf clover plant!

Nat Shilkret and his orchestra, and Walter O'Keefe and Lyda Roberti were auditioned for a "beer" program. Which brings to mind that half-pint Jeannie Lang's new tag around the studio is "32-2."
Girl with “Uniform” Appeal!

Continued from page 61

yes, I know! It is that one with such pretty music, and that funny Zimmy with the great, big nose. ‘Pink Me Strike,’ they call it.

During the drive out on “location” for the newsreel take, she told of the course of events in Europe that had led to her coming to America, a widely-acclaimed film star.

“That I should become an actress in Germany was natural, for both my parents were artistic. There is always an actor in our family, each generation at least one. My uncle, August Palme, was a very famous actor in Sweden, and created many of the roles written by the great Strindberg.

“When I was a schoolgirl we children used to act plays for our friends and our parents. It was a regular little theatre—people came to hear us, and told us when we were good and when we were bad. One day, when I was yet fifteen, a professor from the University of Munich heard me recite and act, and he took me to see Reinhardt at Vienna. For Reinhardt I recited a scene from Ibsen’s “Wild Duck,” and when I finished he asked me to join his company for a four-year contract. It was the happiest of all days for me!

The young actress did not remain long with Reinhardt, however. Impatient of his leisurely, detailed method of training, she obtained her release at the end of six months and joined the Münchner Kammerpiele at Munich. After playing a number of varied roles there, she accepted an offer from a moving picture company in the same city, and started in a succession of films, her debut picture being called “Heimliche Sunder.” Then back for another engagement at the Kammerspiele, and a term with the Frankfurt Schauspielhaus at Frankfurt-am-Main. Her acting experience ran the entire gamut of roles, from small comedy bits to singing roles in light opera and leads in Shakespeare and Andreyev. Finally Carl Froelich called her to Berlin for the part in “Maedchen in Uniform” that brought her world-wide fame and a summons to Hollywood.

Shortly before sailing for the United States MissWieck completed another picture, “Anna and Elizabeth,” with the little blonde Hertha Thiele, who was the young student in “Maedchen in Uniform.” This new picture possesses the same spiritual, elusive quality that distinguished their former vehicle, and in it Miss Wieck again plays a non-romantic role, but she would have you know that she has no intention of wasting her widely varied experience gained on the European stage and screen by permitting herself to become “type’d.” In her future pictures she would like to play dramatic or tragic parts of the classical type: Miss, Bavarian Tyrolian, for example.

Judging from her camera presence in the brief bit of action she performed that morning, Dorothea Wieck need have no qualms about being able to “get herself across” the American screen. “Splendid—you can see she’s had marvelous training,” was the comment of Bill Flawley, stage actor, who had had the great lady under his newsreel umbrella. (And by the way, how much longer are the producers going to allow this expert and amusing young actor to remain off the screen?)

Miss Wieck’s first American “picture” was completed, and the party headed for New York. On the way home she was discussing with Flawley the stage play, “Twentieth Century,” in which she had seen him act a few evenings before.

“Eu genie Lager” sends the cast, is a great admirer of yours,” remarked Flawley.

“Thank you.” Dorothea Wieck responded. “Please give her my greetings—tell her I am sorry I did not meet her, and that I hope she breaks her neck!”

General consternation! That is, until Miss Wieck, much amused, explained that this is the irrevocable form of good wishes among Continental actors. To wish “good luck” on the other hand is deemed unlucky in their reverse code of stage superstition.

So, auf wiedersehen, Dorothea Wieck—or Baroness von der Decken. And, when you face the cameras in Hollywood, here’s hoping you “break your neck”!
HAVE YOU PLAYED

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Each game entertains from one to eight players. Five games, fun for a whole evening—only 25 cents.
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I am enclosing 25 cents. Please send me Hi-JINKS postpaid.
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City. State.

The winner of the James Cagney "Visit a Star in Hollywood" contest will be announced in the next, the August issue of SCREENLAND on sale June 23.

TALL TALES FROM HOLLYWOOD!

Anecdotes—some amusing, some thrilling, some touching—concerning the great and the near-great! They're told in SCREENLAND for August.

A group of hitherto untold yarns that reveal the personal, human side of many a great "name" of the stage and screen! You'll find laughs, and excitement, and an occasional lump in the throat.

See SCREENLAND for August—on sale June 23rd.

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Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 10

Looking Forward
M-G-M

Talk about Lionel Barrymore's ups and downs! From a department store head in "Sweepings," he now sinks to a lowly clerk whom Lewis Stone fires. This film of hard times in England, and how two opposite social classes fight through them, is a fine and sensitive story. Barrymore and Stone give a grand show. Elizabeth Allan, Phil Holmes and Benita Hume also shine.

MURDERS IN THE ZOO

Paramount

"That man's here again!" Lionel Atwill, the screen's boogy-man, contributes another unpleasant rôle to his movie career. This time he uses the zoo as a background for his dastardly deeds. Charlie Ruggles, as the zoo's press agent, brightens this gloomy film considerably. John Lodge makes his screen début. Romance supplied by Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott.

Destination Unknown

Universal

Yo-ho, and 35,000 bottles of rum! A sea-going bootlegger and the rebellious skipper of his vessel fight for supremacy when the wind fails and the water supply runs low. It's an unusual yarn and a rattling good one, too—until a note of religious allegory enters, turning it into a rather undramatic sermon. Realistic evil-doing by Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy.

Pleasure Cruise

Fox

A sappy little farce, much enlivened by the high comedy antics of Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin. Undoubtedly a jealous spouse who ships as a steward on a cruise liner to keep tabs on his vacationing wife. The complications resulting when he cuts in on her flirtations are quite spicy, and deftly handled. Frank Tuttle's witty direction adds to the fun.

Out All Night

Universal

With more action and bounce than their previous effort, this second Pitts-Summerville comedy will keep you laughing. Slim is a repressed youth whose timorous romance with Zasu is wrecked by his domineering mother (Laura Hope Crews). In a whirlwind finish Slim goes berserk, puts Ma in her place, and wins back his fluttering lady-love.

Mind Reader

First National

Debunking the crystal-gazing racket. The film starts off briskly and reveals several fortune-telling tricks, but it doesn't hold this pace very long. However, the acting is top-notch throughout. Warren William, as twin brother, Allen Jenkins, as his accomplice, and charming Constance Cummings are the principals, each does a good job.
The Public Be Heard!
Continued from page 6

"REFRESHING" RUBY!
(Fourth Prize Letter)
Where have the Screen Powers been keeping Ruby Keeler? She brings the very spirit of youth to the screen. Her naturalness, charm, and vivacity are refreshing and exhilarating, to say the least. So realistic is her performance that one seems to live the scenes with her. Truly a new star is in the firmament!
I wish to express my thanks to the producers of "42nd Street" both for Ruby and for the picture. The entire cast was well chosen, and each performance was excellent. And the songs and music are certainly deserving of the great popularity they have attained. "42nd Street" is truly a "New Deal" picture.

GREETING A FINE ARTIST
At last! Here's a Brunette possessing youth, beauty, and talent, plus a little something to make her different from any other Hollywood star. Her name? Dorothya Wieck—those who saw her in "Maedchen in Uniform" will surely agree about her high talent and loveliness.
We in England think her great, just for that one performance. I prophesy a wonderful future for her. Her sincerity will make many a star appear weak by comparison. Some continental importations, I know, have proved very poor; but I am convinced that this gift from Germany will give us many hours of pure joy comedies. Gwendoline Southwood, 19, Chiltern Drive, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

HE'S NUTTY BUT NICE!
Why don't we see more of the mirth-provoking Charlie Ruggles? In my estimation he is the silver screen's best comedian. You can have your slapstick fat men, and your cigar-chewing comedians; but give me Charlie any day. The others, I admit, are all right in their own way; that is, if you happen to be in the right mood. If not, their particular brand of humor is apt to become boresome. But one does not have to be in a certain mood in order to enjoy the irrepressible Charlie. This old world needs a dose of good, hilarious laughter—laughter that will make it forget its cares. And I advocate Charlie as just the lad to administer it! Beatrice A. Hargrove, 406 W. 130th St., New York City.

EVEN THE GREATEST ARE HUMAN!
We do need to know a lot about the lives of our movie favorites. And it's not what we learn that counts, but how we take it.
We need not go go up with adoration because they are beautiful, gorgeously attired, gifted, charming, game sports, and successful. Nor do we need to feel personally injured and betrayed to learn that they are also human, sporting, decently selfish, shrewd investors, and, of necessity, self-centered and aloof.
Whatever else they are, they haven't lacked courage or ability; they haven't shirked responsibility or hard work. And that's why they are where they are.
Edna Geraughty, 1412 Central St., Kansas City, Mo.

A RABID RAVE FOR TRACY!
What if Lee Tracy were substituted for Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Clark Gable and Johnny Weissmuller? The motion picture industry would be revolutionized, that's what!
Not one of the aforesaid gentlemen can compare with Tracy in any of his characteristic impersonations. Don't those fluttering hands fairly make you live the part? This Tracy lad portrays? Don't those quick glances and meaningful gestures make you squirm in your seat with the thrill of action?
What this country really needs is more Lee Tracys! James W. Schulemenn, 5309 Kennedy Ave., East Chicago, Ind.
Here's Hollywood!
Continued from page 66

HOLLYWOOD is a town of gossip and rumors. This may be traced to the fact that Hollywood is also the home of thousands of famous people—people whose names command newspaper banner-lines for the slightest stories. A group of writers dined in the Brown Derby one recent noon. They discussed rumors and revived many old and new ones. All agreed that the three most amazing and unbelievable fabrications now current in Hollywood are:
That Rudolph Valentino is not dead, but that another man is dead and the present George Raft is actually Valentino.
That Maureen O'Sullivan was offered freedom from deportation by immigration officers if she would testify as to the conduct of a certain English writer.
That John Warburton is in fact the Prince of Wales, enjoying a lark by appearing inconspicuous in motion pictures.
Of course, like most rumors, all three are absurd.

RICHARD ARLEN is guilty of the following phonetic spasm, which you may interpret for yourself: "Eskimo Christians and Italian no lies."

MY-O-MY, but are the studios becoming polite! At the magnificent Fox plant in Westwood, genteel little signs beg visitors and employees please to observe studio rules.
Fifty neat little "Please let me grow" signs spot the spacious lawns, and the score of goldfish pools bear the sugar-coated warning, "Thank you, we have had plenty to eat." The studio police force is instructed to address everyone as "sir" or "miss.
We may assume that even the customarily brusque gatemen have been ordered to curtsy before saying: "Pardon us, but you can't enter."

DOROTHY PONDELL, make-up girl, will swear that Marlene Dietrich is the nicest woman in all Hollywood.
Marlene gave Miss Pondell a beautifully mounted star ruby as a goodbye gift before she left Hollywood. The girl was Miss Dietrich's make-up woman throughout the star's contract with Paramount.

OUT OF MY ENVELOPES: "Our Conrad Nagel Fan Club is one of the oldest and best," pens Mac Scheppeck, president, 1715 Stephenson street, Marinette, Wis. "I have corresponded with Conrad since March, 1923, and he has never failed to co-operate with his club during the intervening ten years."
"I saw Tallulah Bankhead's stage play and I'm excited over it," writes Marion L. Hesse, 134 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J. "She's caught her personality properly and none of her stories did her justice. I hope she makes another movie just to prove how stupid they were about her in Hollywood."
Wilma Elliott, president of the Jean Harlow Happy Hearts Chapter, Short Falls, N. Y., comments: "I saw 'State Fair' the other day and now Lew Ayres is one of my favorites. Doesn't it seem odd that Janet Gaynor and Lew should be playing together when both are among Hollywood's newest divorced"

MARLENE DIETRICH'S fall from a horse proved more serious than generally supposed; it resulted in vertebrae trouble ... Bert Wheeler says those high-front, long-back dresses look like winter in front and summer behind ... George Bernard Shaw turned down John Barrymore's request for a personal autograph ... Robert Armstrong has constructed a beer garden in his own back yard ... Benita Hume, Una Merkel and Maureen O'Sullivan went in a group to purchase bicycles; the store owner became so excited he forgot to pump air in the tires ... In Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Richard Arlen and Joel McCrea, the movies have a swimming team capable of defeating the strongest Olympic team.

HAVE you wondered how many of the stars acquired their stage names? So have I, and one day I made inquiries with these results:
Barbara Stanwyck discovered an old theatre program of the play, "Barbara Frietchie." The leading lady's last name was "Stanwyck." By combining the two names, Mrs. Frank Fay achieved Barbara Stanwyck.
Jack Oakie went to New York from Oklahoma. His friends called him Oklahoma, but soon shortened that to Oka. Jackie himself changed it to Oakie.
Fredric Bickel decided that printers would make his name into Pickel. Seeking a new name, he remembered that the month was March, so he became Fredric March.
Is yours a skin that captivates men?

Just for curiosity's sake, try a close-up of your complexion. Find a good strong light and an honest mirror... Are you surprised at what you see?

Is there a tendency toward dullness? A line or wrinkle here and there? A suggestion of dryness—even roughness?

Don't dodge these questions! It's important that you know the truth, if you expect your skin to be attractive to others. If the mirror shows your face losing some of its radiance, the sooner you find out the better.

Begin at once to correct those complexion flaws. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder will help you. Made with a base of pure, soothing Olive Oil, this fluffy-dry powder is used by millions of women not only to enhance their beauty, but to protect it, too.

Because it restores to dry tissues their missing oils, OUTDOOR GIRL keeps the skin soft, smooth and gloriously supple. It's as light and airy as thistle-down, yet it clings longer than any other powder you have used.

Try this different face powder today. It is delicately scented and comes in 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are priced to meet the limits of your purse. Available at leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.* If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon for the "Introductory Sampler."

*Reduced price, in keeping with the times! Regular $1.00 size OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder—now 50c. Same quality! Same quantity! Same package! Nothing changed but the price—half of what it was!

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FACE POWDER

Her lovely skin helps KAY FRANCIS captivate the gallant WILLIAM POWELL in their latest Warner Bros. hit ONE WAY PASSAGE
Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but, allure, the essence of life’s thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make your eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It’s easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurement is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.
IS GARBO BLUFFING?

Ruth Bryan Owen Defends the Films
Joan Crawford Through Connie Bennett’s Eyes
Who Else Wants A Screen Star Figure?

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 No Drugs...No Salts...No Exercises!

Quick New Way to Rid Body of Ageing Fat...Take Pounds Off Safely and Pleasantly...No Diets...No Medicines!

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Positively amazing results have been had with an entirely new method—Dehydrol, a newly discovered, absolutely harmless substance which attacks fat at the time it is ready for assimilation by the body.

Everyone knows that a diet of fat-producing foods frequently has no effect on certain people. On others it will put on pounds of fat. In cases where excess weight does not develop the fat-producing elements are expelled from the body as wastes.

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Most of the absorption of fat occurs in the intestines—by a process of hydrolysis. This is the extraction of the liquid content from fat. What remains is fatty acid which is absorbed by the blood unless eliminated with waste residues.

Dehydrol, a pleasant, easy-to-take granulated powder made from the exudate of a Persian tree has the greatest liquid absorbing capacity of any product known to man. One teaspoonful will develop into a glassful of soft, absorbent jelly when it reaches the intestines.

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No matter how many attempts you have made to lose weight, no matter how many pills, drugs, salts, special diets or exercises you have taken, try Dehydrol for three weeks. If you are not delighted with your weight reduction, if you do not feel lighter, peppler, and look younger, send back the unused Dehydrol and every penny of your money will be cheerfully and gladly refunded. Order today.

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

She Dotes on Costume Jewelry
but her teeth are dull . . . her gums tender
...and she has “pink tooth brush”!

This young lady can’t resist a flock of gay bracelets—a daring pendant— a dashing, unusual ring— any piece of new costume jewelry which gives the “different” accent to a smart ensemble. Men notice things like that. She knows that they notice! Then wouldn’t you think she’d also know that men (and girls, too!) notice her teeth?

Her teeth look uncared-for because they are so dull and grayish. Her gums are so tender that they often bleed. Her tooth brush shows “pink.”

The Dangers of “Pink Tooth Brush”

“Pink tooth brush” can happen to anybody. Modern foods are soft, creamy. Your gums are robbed of the natural stimulation they require for health. They become flabby, then tender. And you find “pink” upon your tooth brush. “Pink tooth brush” may not only rob your teeth of their sparkle—it may actually endanger perfectly good teeth!

It may even lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent’s disease, and even the dread though rather rare pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then, each time, put a little extra Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and massage it gently into your unhealthy gums.

Get a full-sized tube of Ipana. Use it, with the gum massage, for 30 days. Watch your teeth recover their brightness — your gums their firmness! You can forget about “pink tooth brush.”

IPANA

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

James M. Fidler, Western Representative

Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

August, 1933

THIS MONTH Vol. XXVII, No. 4

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF GRETA GARBO.............................. Charles Sheldon
THE EDITOR'S PAGE, Clyde Beatty.................................. Delight Evans 15
JOAN CRAWFORD THROUGH CONNIE BENNETT'S EYES......... Hale Horton 16
GARBO! THE MOVIES SAVED HIM.................................. Ben Maddox 18
RUTH BRYAN OWEN DEFENDS THE FILMS...................... Laura Benham 22
IS GARBO BLUFFING?.............................................. James M. Fidler 24
THE ART OF MICKEY MOUSE....................................... Mortimer Franklin 26
THE HOUSE THAT LOVE BUILT, Judy MacDermott and Richard Arlen....... S. R. Mook 28
DIVORCE OF DOUBLE STARS, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William E. Benton 31
WHAT G. B. STERN THINKS OF HOLLYWOOD.................. Berry Shannon 32

PERSONALITIES:

DISCOVERING A NEW LAND........................................ 7
WHEN WEST WAS EAST, Mack Wed................................ 11
JUST THE RIGHT TONE, Francis Tone........................... James Marion 20
A PLAY GIRL GROWS UP, Sally Blane........................... Myrene Wentworth 21
AMES TO PLEASE, Adrienne Ames................................ Evelyn Ballarine 30
THE "YOUNG" IDEA, Elizabeth Young............................. Ida Zeitlin 51
ROBINSON ARRIVES.............................................. David Ewen 60

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Notes for Your Movie Date-Book


DEPARTMENTS:

THE PUBLIC BE HEARD. Letters from the Audience............. 6
ASK ME.......................................................... 8
TAGGING THE TALKIES. Short Reviews........................... 10
HONOR PAGE...................................................... 12
TAMING TEMPERAMENTAL SKINS. Beauty......................... Margery Wilson 52
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL.................................. 54
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES................................. Delight Evans 58
RECORD AWARDS FOR RADIO GIRLS. Radio..................... Evelyn Ballarine 61
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. Screen News................................ Weston East 64
FEML-NIFTIES. Cosmetics......................................... Katharine Hartry 84

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He thought he was tough and so did she. But the tougher they are the harder they fall. And how they fall for each other in "HOLD YOUR MAN!" He thought he could let her suffer for his sake... she knew she could do it and smile! And what a climax! To the thousands who were thrilled by "Red Dust" it's great news that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together again. M-G-M believes it is their greatest picture. You will, too! Directed by Sam Wood.

*The reproduction above of an original painting of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow by Syman Shimin, is one of a series of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.
The Public Be Heard!

Write, and the world writes with you

Cary Grant’s "infectious smile and delightful personality" inspire rhapsodies from one of this month's prize letter-writers. And who can blame her? See Cary in "The Eagle and The Hawk."

Oops! We certainly started something when we asked you this question in the May issue:

"Must a motion picture end happily to be entertaining? Or should unhappy endings be permitted for the sake of dramatic truth?"

There are oceans of notions floating around among our decisive readers on this timely film topic. Some insist on getting entertainment, and not heart-aches for their admission fee. Others would have to the line of realism, let the tears flow where they may. Still others call for a mixed diet of sunshine and sorrow. But whatever their attitudes, there are some new and arresting thoughts in these letters from SCREENLAND readers, and we print a few of the best here with the "rave-writers" out in force this month, too, hymning the glories of such new and familiar screen artists as Cary Grant, Mary Pickford, Franchot Tone, Diana Wynyard. And good pickers they are, at that! Nor is the general field of film discussion neglected by our eager correspondents. Here's a dynamite-loaded question for this month:

Which is more important in a female star: beauty or acting ability? Should a leading lady be a good actress first and a beautiful woman incidentally, or vice versa?

You've run into this problem again and again in choosing your film fare. Here's your chance to voice your own private solution and don't imagine for a minute that the producers won't read it! Your letters on this topic, as well as on any other movie matter you wish to discuss, will be eligible for those tempting prizes of $20, $10, $5, and $5 offered monthly for the four best letters. Keep your letters within 150 words, and try to reach us by the 15th of each month. Address the "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

All college youths have doddering white-haired parents aged seventy:
All old family servants have hearts of gold but are not quite bright:
All really smart young ladies smoke cigarettes incessantly.
And I could go on like this for hours. But still, I do like the movies!

Violet Sullivan, 1890 N. El Molino Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

GRANT AND GLORIOUS! (Fourth Prize Letter)

He really is tall, dark and handsome, to use a well-known but oft-missed phrase.

He has an infectious smile, a delightful personality, and a splendid speaking voice.

He has the magnetism of Clark Gable, the flippancy and spontaneity of Bob Montgomery, plus a charm all his own.

He is being discussed "over the teacups" by gay young things, smart matrons, and even grandmothers—a sure sign of coming success.

And, finally, even Mae West has succumbed (cinematically) to his manly charms. His name—how could anyone doubt it—is Cary Grant!

Muriel Marks, 2104 Aqueduct Ave., New York City.

THE VOICE OF BEAUTY

Here's to Diana Wynyard's clear, lilting English voice, a voice whose natural charm and expression sing themselves into the (Continued on page 97)
Discovering A New Landi!

Why, look at Elissa! She looks like this in her new and exciting role of a dancer in "I Loved You Wednesday".

We are doing our little Columbus act again! We are discovering a new Elissa Landi right here on this page—the glamorous girl you had a glimpse of in "The Warrior's Husband" and whom you will see more of in Fox's "I Loved You Wednesday," in which she appears, in some scenes, as you see her in this picture. We know you will like her—we do!


**Ask Me!**

And you'll get the right answer!

**By Miss Vee Dee**

Davies Doter. Your favorite has a new film, "Peg O’ My Heart," that I think you will like. Her leading man is Onslow Stevens, who made such a favorable impression in "Once in a Lifetime." Marion’s real name is Marion Douras, she was born in Brooklyn, and was a musical comedy actress before going into pictures. She’s an M-G-M star; she is one of Hollywood’s most popular girls, and her big white house in Santa Monica is a show place. I don’t know how true it is that her next picture will be "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but I hear she wants to do it.

G.W. I have been able to round up two actors who have black hair and grey eyes—Chester Morris and Edmund Burns. Style in hair and eye combinations seem to run to black and brown with a sprinkling of red and blue, just now. Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli have been married since Feb. 14, 1931. Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper were the principals in "Lilac Time," produced in 1928 with a musical score and sound effects. Constance Bennett and sister Joan were christened just that.

Helen J. S. You’ve heard of me and my shadow, way out in Santa Fe, N. M. Kay Francis has black hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Watch for her in "Mary Stevens, M. D." Jack Holt’s latest releases are, "When Strangers Meet," and "The Woman I Stole." Jack was born in Virginia, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His hobbies are polo, riding and hunting. He has been on the stage in stock and vaudeville, later entering pictures through his ability as a rider.

Sue H. Our many M. S.s (movie scouts) get the latest news of pictures just about to go into production—we tell you about it when whiz, bang! the film has been shelved and another has taken its place. Anita Page’s recent releases are, "The Big Cage" and "Jungle Bride." Pretty girls like Anita have many admirers and I can’t say just who the favorite boy-friend is, as the moon shines over the mountain, a la Kate Smith.

Frances of Baltimore. Another round of figures and oh, my word, what figures! Marion Davies, Elissa Landi, Barbara Stanwyck and Kay Francis are 5 feet 5 inches; Juliette Compton and Lilian Tashman, 5 feet 7 inches; Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and Thelma Todd are 5 feet 4; Adrienne Ames is 5 feet 4 1/2. Wallace Reid, Jr., the son of the beloved late Wally Reid, is making his first screen appearance as a grown-up lad in "Racing Strain." Let’s give the boy a big hand and a-plenty of ‘em.

G. P. F. Each and every day brings its quota of Ann Harding mail and why not? Ann was born August 7, 1901 in Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. She is one of the leading luminaries of the stage and screen, a beauty, with a wealth of long ash blonde hair, eyes of a clear blue-grey, weighs about 106 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Ann was the young girl artist and Myrna Loy the wife of Leslie Howard in "Animal Kingdom." In "The Conquerors," Richard Dix and Ann Harding co-starred with Edna May Oliver and Guy Kibbee in support. Her next release is "When Ladies Meet," from the stage hit by Rachel Crothers, with Alice Brady and Robert Montgomery.

Chicago Movie Fan. Herbert Marshall’s most recent picture was "Evenings for Sale," featuring Sari Maritza, Mary Bounds and Charlie Ruggles. Marlene Dietrich is to appear in "Song of Songs" with Brian Aherne, Hardie Albright and Alison Skipworth. Look out for the "new find" in Joan Crawford’s next picture, "Today We Live." Franchot Tone—isn’t that a glamorous name or isn’t it? With Joan and Franchot, you’ll see Gary Cooper, Robert Young, Louise Closer, Hale and young Tad Alexander, who played with the Royal Family (Ethel, John and Lionel) in "Rasputin and the Empress."

V. S. Your favorite, Alice White, born August 28, 1907 in Paterson, N. J. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Watch for her in "Dinner at Eight," the Metro all-star cast picture, in which La White gives one of her best performances.
Quick, Quaint Caricatures!

Presenting some of your cinema pals as sketched by Wollo, Baron von Falkenstein, clever caricaturist, at a tea given for Dorothy Burgess by Hale Horton.

Left—our caricaturist discovers a hitherto unsuspected sophistication in Anita Louise's girlish features.

Right—Red-haired Helen Mack becomes serious, even slightly austere, under the Wollo touch.

Left, below—Albert Conti—always a good actor, though never in a lead. Wollo gives him a properly satanic air.

Right, below—Tom Brown retains his characteristic boyish grin, with a bit added, in Wollo's sketch.

Boots Mallory takes on a sardonic, almost cynical character under Wollo's penetrating pencil. Such a sweet, unassuming girl, too!

A certain mellowness tempers Jimmy Dunn's usually hard-boiled countenance when this artist takes him in hand. This smile is nice, Jimmy—but don't forget you're a diamond in the rough when you get before the camera!

And here's Dorothy Burgess, the guest of honor. Is she pleased with her party? "I simply Wollo in it," she cries.
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 58.
More Reviews on Page 97

The Eagle and The Hawk
Paramount

This is what is more-or-less known as a "man's" picture—all about aviators in the world war. But girls will go for it, thanks to the potent presence of both Fredric March and Cary Grant. Jack Oakie, as usual, hands out the comedy in his inimitable style. There's a minor romance between Carole Lombard and Freddie. Good acting prevails, with some exciting air scenes.

The Silver Cord
Radio

An intelligently handled, entirely absorbing story of a mother jealous of her son's devotion to any woman other than herself. It's a "different" kind of menace, and Laura Hope Crewes plays it excellently. You'll like Irene Dunne, too, as the young daughter-in-law who rebels and thereby preserves her happiness. Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, and Eric Linden are worthy support.

India Speaks
United Artists

You knew all along that Richard Halliburton, the boy Columbus, would wind up in the movies! Here he is, as chief actor and narrator in a travelogue of India and Tibet. Though some of the picture bears the obvious stamp of Hollywood, as a whole it is fairly interesting. Daredevil Dick reveals a pleasing voice and an acceptable screen presence in his first picture attempt.

Diplomaniacs
Radio

This is just a wrong number for Wheeler and Woolsey. The story drags, and the gags are weak with age. It seems that the boys are delegated by an Indian tribe to attend the peace conference and make the diplomats stop fighting. Some song-and-dance numbers, and a chorus of snappy Indian maidens, help matters somewhat. Marjorie White and Phyllis Barry for heart appeal.

The Story of Temple Drake
Paramount

Passion and death among the backwoods beer-runners, as filmed from Faulkner's sensational story. Much of the tale's macabre quality has been removed by Hollywood's dry-cleaning process, however, and the result is a rather routine "meller." Miriam Hopkins does an understanding job as Temple, and Jack LaRue is first-rate as literature's meanest scoundrel.

The Kiss Before the Mirror
Universal

Here's the most interesting variation on the "Jealous-Husband-Murders-Unfaithful-Wife" theme that has been screened in a long time. This time it is treated from a psychological angle, with some unusual and dramatic twists in the plot. Paul Lukas plays the murderer; Frank Morgan is his lawyer friend who defends him. Nancy Carroll is impressive as Morgan's wife.

The Little Giant
First National

Here's your old pal, Little Caesar, all dressed up and going places! No—it's not another gangster melodrama, but sure-fire comedy with a brand new idea, and just enough thrills to provide piquancy. Edward G. Robinson is capital as a racketeer who, when beer comes in, goes out of "business" and retires to enjoy high life. Mary Astor, Helen Vinson for pulchritude appeal.
When West Was East—

She went shopping, and we are showing Mae's new clothes on this page. Do you like your Mae modern or Gay Ninety-ish?

Above: No bustles for Mae when she's out of camera range. Here's the gal in a black ciré lace dinner gown. The frock ends in a series of black tulle ruffles. Mae's matching jacket is of ciré and tulle as is her evening hat. Doesn't she look different from the "Lady known as Lou" in "She Done Him Wrong?"

"I'm No Angel"—no, we're not quoting Mae—that's the title of her next film. Anyway, how do you like her lacquer-red velvet evening wrap? The sleeves of the wrap are very full and a wide border of white fox enriches the costume. Miss West's evening gown is white satin with a strass embroidered belt.

Mae goes formal on us! Above, she is wearing an original Mainbocher evening gown. Decidedly feminine is this billowy black and white mouseline de soie gown, with black coq feather jacket and muff. This and the two other gowns are by Sady Z. Weiss. The voluptuous West plays a circus lady-lion-tamer in her next release, in which Clark Gable may be her leading man.
Joan Blondell, bright particular star of the new and spectacular screen musical, Joan has an opportunity to prove her versatility in this picture; she is not only her usual gay and sparkling self, but she also demonstrates that she can play an emotional scene with the best of the Hollywood soberers—and when she leads the "smash" number of the show, "Forgotten Men," she practically tears you to pieces with her intensity. It takes a personality like Blondell's not to be lost in such a stellar riot as "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Here is a scene from the most lavish musical number the movies have ever shown you—Pettin' in the Park. Hundreds of girls and boys, hummable music, brisk comedy, and beauty, beauty everywhere. We predict that Pettin' in the Park will run through the summer!
Honor Page

Dedicated to the greatest all-star cast of the month—and this means not only the “name” players, but the amazing chorus, the shapeliest and sprightliest ever seen on the screen

Left, Aline McMahon, Joan Blondell, and Ruby Keeler, the three so-different heroines of this big music-film.

Above, the charming romantic stars of “Gold Diggers of 1933.” Ruby Keeler proves that her hit in “42nd Street” was no accident. Dick Powell becomes head man of movie musicals. Here is a boy with a real voice, and that personality something that makes girls stay to see the picture through twice.

Bouquets for Blondell, Keeler, Aline McMahon, Dick Powell—and all the other grand troupers who make “Gold Diggers of 1933” the top in entertainment!
Lovely women use this Soap—Camay—to Win their daily Beauty Contests!

There is something infinitely appealing about the girl whose skin is fresh and lovely.

A compliment from a friend is a clue to what others think of your beauty. And if praise and graceful attentions come but rarely, perhaps you had better look at your skin and seriously think about changing your beauty soap.

It’s the clever girl who helps her beauty by letting Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, help her skin. Your features may not be perfect. Yet your skin, if it is clear and lovely, can contribute so much to your charm! And creamy-white Camay is made to order for the feminine skin.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

With every passing day, thousands of women are changing their old soap habits. They’re going modern—taking up Camay. You’d expect Camay to cost more than other soaps. It doesn’t—it costs you less. Check that up—and get a supply today!

Need it surprise you when we say that you—like every other woman in the world—are in a Beauty Contest every day you live? Surely you will agree that the curve of your lips, the expression of your eyes—the very coloring and texture of your skin, are seen and judged whenever other people look at you.

Apply Camay’s caressing lather to your face with a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with clear, cold water. Then feel how refreshed it leaves your skin!

Camay is creamy-white and pure—delicate on the skin and fragrant in your bath. It comes protected in Celloglaine and yields gentle, profuse lather.

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
The Editor’s Page

by Delight Evans

I’VE met screen stars and prize fighters, Pulitzer prize winners and Broadway beauties. I’ve even met Sidney Franklin, the bull-fighter from Brooklyn—and there’s a grand guy. Greeting Garbo, meeting Dietrich, knowing Pickford and Chaplin and Fairbanks—fun; but somehow, life was incomplete. I had never been behind the scenes at a circus.

The movies and the circus, you see, are rival attractions. I could get into film studios, but I had no pass to The Greatest Show on Earth. And that hurt. I could never boast about having met the Ronald Colman of wire-walkers; of having shaken the hand of Clyde Beatty. And then the movies, the good old movies, came to my rescue. Beatty himself—“the world’s greatest, youngest, most fearless and famous animal trainer”—was signed to make a film, “The Big Cage.” And that put Mr. Beatty right in the palm of my hand. When his circus played its New York engagement in Madison Square Garden, I was there, without even the excuse of taking Jackie Cooper.

Mr. Beatty is the shining light of the world’s biggest circus with his act of forty lions and tigers of mixed dispositions and sexes. He is still intact and still has his sense of humor. He has not, however, all his original lions and tigers. Working with Mr. Beatty puts quite a strain on the animals and they often have to give up and retire, or sometimes just give in. After watching him crack his whip and fire his “blanks” and make his star tiger roll over, and hearing the applause while he took his bow, I went around behind the scenes to meet him—isn’t that something? It was fun catching glimpses of the Oriental lady who swings by hair, handsome wire “artistes” and bareback riders, hearing assorted roars and growls—but I was meeting the star, and there he stood, a compact young man with the bluest eyes and the whitest teeth I have ever seen.

Emily Post doesn’t tell you what to say when meeting the world’s youngest and most fearless animal trainer; so I said, “I’m tired out watching your act.” “Then how do you suppose I feel?” grinned Clyde Beatty.

But he didn’t look it. He is a dynamic young man, with no stellar swank. I’ve met actors who take their close-ups seriously. Not Mr. Beatty. He has the world’s most dangerous job, with the possible exception of Sidney Franklin’s; but he is calm, calm, and self-possessed. He likes his work and would be bored doing anything else; but he is very modern and admits freely that his celebrated “hypnotic stare” stunt, taming the tiger by looking straight into his eye, is only an act. Just the same, when Mr. Beatty gives them that gaze, lions and tigers do what he tells them. This man is like that.

“Yes, I liked making ‘The Big Cage’ for Universal

(Continued on page 96)
Here's a story about the most unusual friendship in Hollywood. A friendship exemplifying the attraction between diametrically opposed forces; the friendship between Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford.

This friendship had its inception back in the days when Connie and Joan were making "Sally, Irene and Mary." Connie already had stardom. Her name was known from coast to coast. She possessed glamour, wealth, sophistication and social position; while Joan, on the other hand, was a comparative nobody. Gradually Joan fought her way up in the world. She and Connie were thrown together more often, but it was only a year and a half ago, while both were making pictures on the M-G-M lot, that they developed a friendship sincere and lasting—a friendship that serves me as a never-ending source of amazement, for two more opposite types of women would be difficult to find.

On the one hand you have Connie Bennett, whose champagne wit and inherited talents enabled her to attain stardom in spite of the handicap of being born into the enervating atmosphere of wealth and renown; while Joan, born with no advantages whatsoever—neither material, mental, nor spiritual—is attaining a true success only after a terrific heartbreaking struggle; by sheer power of will she dragged herself from poverty to stardom.

While both have overwhelming sex appeal, they attract for entirely different reasons. Their beauty contrasts vividly. Connie's appeal, illusive though it is, shields a silkenly thunderous woman. Her terrific energy seems to express itself only in lightning-like bursts of words and in the vivacious snapping of her blue-gray eyes as they pierce your consciousness with the clarity of their intelligence; and the warmth of her rare sudden smile only enhances the fragile beauty of her pale face, so adequately framed by that spun gold hair of hers. Indeed, Connie Bennett's allure is so exquisitely intangible that no artist
Joan Crawford through Connie Bennett's Eyes!

Here's Joan, whose character, temperament, and talents are frankly and fully laid bare by Constance Bennett. Below, Joan with her pet Scottie, "Sadie Thompson."

could hope to catch its real value unless his brush were as subtle as a woman's soul. On the other hand you have the dusky, primitive Joan Crawford whose flaming abandon has won her hundreds of thousands of loyal fans.

Now let Connie give you a piercing word sketch of her friend, Joan Crawford. Let her tell you why Joan is to be admired more than any woman in Hollywood, why she values her friendship so highly.

It so happened that shortly before Connie left for Europe on a freighter with her husband, Henri de la Falaise, we were discussing this friendship between Joan and herself, and as usual the conversation veered around to the ever-present rumors concerning Joan and Doug's marital difficulties. After a long moment of thought Connie remarked, "In spite of the rumors I don't know of any good reason why they should actually divorce. But if they finally see the necessity for it, I am sure they will separate quietly and with dignity. And in the meantime why worry about it?"

Subsequently, when Joan and Doug finally separated, they did so in the manner that Connie had predicted; and she refuses to comment further on the subject, other than this: "Joan's marriage taught her the art of leisure. Having found leisure she used it for thinking—and the more she thought, the more her awareness of the world was intensified, as was the awareness of her many-sided nature. Joan (Continued on page 80)
GABLE!

Here is that NEW slant on Clark you have been waiting to read! It's refreshing—inspiring!

By
Ben Maddox

Gable Smashes a Few Hollywood Traditions!

“I’m one actor who doesn’t want to get away from it all. Instead of wrecking me, Hollywood has literally saved me; has sky-rocketed me into a glorious, exciting atmosphere. Remember I once worked in factories and oil-fields.

“When long-term studio contracts are no longer available, I’ll return to the stage. I’ll never attempt a ‘come-back’ in pictures. Stars who hang on deliberately seek unhappiness.

“I haven’t had to fight any ‘baleful Hollywood influence’ as regards my marriage. On the contrary, Hollywood has been a good experience for Mrs. Gable and myself. It has brought us closer together, if that were possible.”

You have been reading about Gable for several years now, and perhaps you have wondered if there is anything different to find out about him! Here’s your answer, in this story. Ben Maddox has discovered a brand new angle on the screen’s most romantic actor. You’ll like it.

JUST like a story-book!

That’s the way Clark Gable describes his present life. It is lavish with happiness. Love, fame, and financial security—everything for which he has schemed and struggled for years is his.

He is being rushed from one epic to another these days. If he isn’t in the cinematic embraces of Loretta Young or Helen Hayes, he’s preparing to yearn at Joan Crawford.

I found him getting torchy with the platinum-tressed Jean. They were putting the polish on a super-hot love sequence in “He Was Her Man,” for the ultimate benefit of we who, along with Mae West, appreciate the elemental thrills.

“You hear a lot about stardom bringing disillusionment and discontent,” he told me when he came off the set after a ‘ake’ w.... finished, and the director, cameramen, and electricians began the usual mysterious conferring that goes onlengthily between shots.

“I’ve read many of those touching tales of how Hollywood ruins the lives of the people it favors. How the lucky pay and r....for their brief moment in the spotlight!”

“Personally, it’s fate has been very different. Instead of upsetting my equilibrium and wrecking my private affairs, Hollywood has literally saved me!”

The engaging Gable grin, that healthy, generous smile
The Movies SAVED Him!

which instantaneously lights up his handsome face, gradually faded as he became utterly serious. Thoroughly sincere, Clark does not talk of his current good fortune in a shallow manner.

"The movies have rescued me from a life of unhappiness. I was blue and discouraged when I had to lead a humdrum, commonplace existence. When I had to work at whatever was at hand. When I was only an extra and even when I was playing leads on Broadway.

"I dreamed of doing exactly what I am doing now. And I had to suppress those desires for fear of being laughed at! Hollywood has sky-rocketed me into a glamorous, exciting atmosphere and I'm one actor who doesn't want to get away from it all.

"It's an artificial life here, no doubt. But a person with an inherent theatrical streak thrives on beautiful illusions!"

He mused silently for a moment.

"Remember I once was a time-keeper in a rubber factory in Ohio! I worked in the Oklahoma oil fields and heaved logs in Washington. To say nothing of collecting for classified ads and for the telephone company in Portland, Oregon. That's when I felt low!"

That Clark has retained his common sense is the most surprising thing about him to me. Especially since his individual brand of masculine appeal registers as strongly in person as on the screen and the local girls-about-town have pursued him diligently. With admirable modesty he appears oblivious to the effect he creates.

"It seems to me that the stars whose lives are 'spoiled' by Hollywood are responsible themselves for their troubles. I think they 'pay' for their prominence by being lured into considering their prominence so gravely that they let it make them lose of their personal conduct."

Acclaimed universally as today's most romantic male, Clark is human enough to be secretly pleased with winning applause. But not for one minute is he deluded by the passionate adulation.

"I can't kid myself," he continued after the director had put him through another flaming session with Jean. (If you get a wallop from their film embraces in your favorite theatre, you ought to come around and see 'em sometime—on the set. When Gable emotes with Harlow sex marks the spot.)

"I can't begin to explain how much I appreciate my luck. It's a break that comes to few, this chance to live a story-book life. And I'm trying my best to prove worthy of the interest the fans have shown in me.

"But I realize perfectly that this popularity won't go on forever. That keeps me from worshipping my career above all else. The day will materialize when my so-called vogue will be over. How long do I have to last?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Proma... meaning, as Miss Garbo would tersely put it, "Who can tell?"

Clark declares he is positive that he is no wonder-why and that since he knows it he'll never acquire the idea that he's indispensable.

"That's the complex which drives stars haywire. They believe the flatterers and are finally convinced they are 'immortals.' When they make all sorts of foolish sacrifices to preserve their 'fame.' No wonder some of them are miserable in the midst of all their plenty!"

Holding on to his stardom when the tide has turned is one thing he plans not to do.

"When studio long-term contracts are no longer available I'll return to the stage. I couldn't sit idly twiddling my thumbs, of course. I'll never attempt a 'come-back' in pictures. It's my theory that you should ride the crest of the wave and then quit. Stars who hang on deliberately seek unhappiness!

"However, a star should argue for good roles. Parts break as well as make. While you can't avoid all the wrong parts, you can object so forcefully that they'll be relatively few and far between. M-G-M has treated me very kindly on this score." (Continued on page 71)
LETTERS, letters, letters about this Franchot (pronounce it Fran-show) Tone. Fans, readers, editors—all wish to know who he is, where he came from, what he has done.

I met this new screen sensation at a dinner party in Joan Crawford's home. She had previously eulogized him and insisted that I meet him immediately. At the time he was working opposite Joan in "Today We Live," his first motion picture, and she was enthusiastically singing his praises.

I was not particularly impressed at first meeting. He seemed too decorous to be interesting. He is a quiet, modest young man with a beautiful command of the English language when he uses it! I emphasize those words to stress the fact that Tone is not loquacious. On first acquaintance he rarely speaks unless he is addressed, and on those occasions his answers are monosyllabic. Not until we talked together a half-dozen times did he develop what remotely resembles a conversational streak.

To illustrate his taciturnity, On the occasion of our introduction I attempted to make conversation in my usual expansive manner.

"I understand you were born in Niagara Falls, that your father is a big business executive, and that you are a college graduate," I said, wishing to know the worst.

"Yes," he answered, looking at me steadily.

"Yes, what?" I demanded, still eager to learn.

would station themselves in groups on opposite sides of Niagara's public thoroughfares, and when a blushing bride and groom appeared, one group would shout across to the other, "There is that new pair of honeymooners."

Many an embarrassed bride fled before such public proclamations, and more times than one Tone and his friends were forced to flee from the onsets of furious grooms.

I asked him about his life's romances and he denied even a slight interest in love. As a resident of Niagara he saw so many mushy honeymooners, he said, "that the very thought of marriage turns my stomach."

Franchot expressed his alleged disinterest in love some time before Joan separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a move that immediately established Tone as head-man with Miss Crawford. Now he sends her flowers, candy, and gifts in myriad numbers. He escorts her to the theatre, dances, restaurants, fairs and circuses. Strange behavior for a young man disgusted with love, what?

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Franchot doesn't actually burst into six-to-ten-word speeches in Joan's presence. A lovely woman can (Continued on page 93)
A Play Girl Grows Up!

The story of Sally Blane is one of the most unique in Hollywood. It is not a sensational story—rather, it is a natural, warmly human little tale, easily ignored in a town replete with tales as unusual as they are fantastically true.

Five years ago Sally was one of the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars. Which means that in the slightly hard-boiled opinion of that organization of publicity men, she was one of the newcomers to the screen considered most likely to succeed during the following years.

Barely nineteen, with a warm and luscious beauty, talented besides, Sally faced a future rosette with dreams. Fame, fortune, and accomplishment stretched before her in an enchanting vista. The world was her oyster to open as she willed. From it, she might even be able to wrest prizes for her sister Polly Ann Young, already working in pictures, and her younger sister Loretta, still in school.

Today, Sally works infrequently, usually in roles of secondary feminine importance in major productions, or in lowly Westerns. It is not without a struggle that she obtains even such parts.

Yet today, Sally is lovelier than ever. Certainly still very young, her wide grey eyes are clear and eager. Her skin, tanned to the hue of golden honey, just as fresh. Her body just as slim. Besides, the years have added a gift of soft maturity and depth of character, have sharpened her perceptions, improved her acting ability.

Why, then, has Sally failed to live up to that early promise? Why has she failed to justify the potentialities manifest in her first appearances upon the screen?

Her story might (Continued on page 86)

Most of the stories about Sally Blane begin and end with the fact that she is the sister of lovely Loretta Young. Of course she is, but that's not all! Sally is a Hollywood belle, a clever actress, a beauty—and, if you'll look at the picture above, you'll see that she seems to be completely captivating the handsome young Earl of Warwick. But she says there's no romance.

Yes, she's Loretta Young's sister, but she's also a starlet in her own right. Read about Sally Blane on her own!

By

Myrene Wentworth

A Hollywood "sister act" that is genuine and real. Loretta Young is proud of her pretty sister Sally Blane. They are two of the screen colony's most charming youngsters. Sally made her movie début in "The Collegians"—remember?
Ruth Bryan Owen defends the Films

SCREENLAND is proud to present the first and only interview on motion pictures ever granted by America’s gracious woman diplomat!

By Laura Benham

"Motion pictures are the greatest potential force the world has ever known! Their opportunities for achievement are limitless!"

Ruth Bryan Owen, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Denmark from the United States of America—first woman ever to be appointed to a major diplomatic post—paused in her preparations for departure to the Land of the Midnight Sun to grant to SCREENLAND the first and only interview she has ever accorded a motion picture publication.

"To begin, I want to remind you that my opinions about the screen are those of an outsider—an observer. I do not pretend to know anything of the actual mechanics of picture-making. That is not within the scope of my business."

"But I go to the movies and I like them. More than liking them, I am intensely conscious of the mighty power they wield. And I have very real and definite opinions about what they should mean—what they could mean—to the world.

"For the screen is a composite art, combining the best features of all other arts—and it is a far more powerful medium than any or all of the others. Because it is more universal and more far-reaching.

"Any art—a real art—is international. A people of any race or creed can appreciate beauty whether it be in a painting, a piece of sculpture, or a glorious song. But heretofore only a limited number have been privileged to enjoy these things."
ATTENTION, HOLLYWOOD!

There are two important things that motion pictures can do. They can become historical documents, both of the past and of the future; and they can portray the human heart. And in doing both, they can become an increasing power not only in this country, but all over the world.

Other nations judge us by our motion pictures. They believe that we are exactly as we are portrayed in our films. It is obvious therefore that we should try always to give them a picture of the real people of America.

Censorship is merely a remedy offered to cure an illness that exists. The illness being questionable pictures. If films can be brought to the point where they measure up to acknowledged standards of accuracy, integrity, and honesty, there would be nothing in them to censor—and censorship would die.

Ruth Bryan Owen

Above, the First Lady and the first lady diplomat of America Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen an informal moment at the formal farewell dinner for Mrs. Owen. You will remember that SCREENLAND published Mrs. Roosevelt's first interview on the subject of motion pictures.

"Everyone is not able to visit the Louvre or attend the Metropolitan Opera. Everyone can see a movie.

"Motion pictures are viewed all over the world, in the cinema palace of the metropolis and in the simple theatre of the remote village. Their message is translated in every language. Therefore, it is vitally imperative that this message be the right one!"

Mrs. Owen paused for a moment to welcome one of her oldest and dearest friends Fannie Hurst, the writer. Miss Hurst had arrived not only to visit with her friend through many years, but also to pay her respects to a woman who has accomplished much—a woman, though, who is admired not only for her ability but loved for her warm heart and never-failing graciousness.

For Mrs. Owen is a conspicuous illustration of the fact that though a woman enter what has always been acknowledged a man's game, she need not lose one whit of her womanliness and feminine charm.

Tall, majestically-proportioned, with softly-greying hair and lovely blue eyes which sparkle with interest as she talks, this daughter of the "Great Commoner," William Jennings Bryan, is one of America's outstandingly successful women.

Born in Jacksonville, Illinois, about half a century ago, Mrs. Owen was reared in the conventional mould prescribed for sheltered daughters of that era. Later, when life ordained that she earn a livelihood, she followed the call of her heritage and entered public life, eventually emerging from the political maelstrom as Congresswoman from Florida.

After acquitting herself well for several terms she lost her seat last year, only to be accorded the signal honor of her appointment to her present post.

Enthroned in the Presidential suite of the Waldorf Astoria in New York for the week before sailing, Mrs. Owen attended to the myriad last-minute details and managed to find time between her personal and diplomatic duties to voice her views on motion pictures. To voice them in soft yet determined tones, in a leisurely manner, unfurled by the numerous interruptions—many of them annoying—a few of them delightful, as for instance her first from Mrs. Astoria.

When she concluded her talk with Miss Hurst, Mrs. Owen returned to her chair beside me and continued our conversation just where we had stopped.

"There are two important things that motion pictures can do. They can become historical documents, both of the past and for the future—and they can portray the human heart. And in doing both, they can become an increasing power, not only in this country but all over the world.

"Already there have been some pictures which are accurate documents of the past. Films such as 'Alexander Hamilton' do more to make history live and breathe than any textbook ever written.

"That film combined the qualities of good literature with the visual vitality of life. After seeing it, one left the theatre feeling familiar with the actual man that was Hamilton and with the other characters who walked with him.

"Even the silent picture of a few years ago, 'The Covered Wagon,' imbued with life our long-dead forebears who crossed the plains and built up this nation. More recently, 'Cimarron' achieved the same reality.

"Though produced in this country, 'Cavalcade' is a marvelous panorama of English history. I should be happy to see a similar record of America made and shown all over the world.

"For such a film is of international value; it is a true picture of events that actually occurred, events that were part of the building of an empire. And it would be a wonderful thing if the history (Continued on page 78)
Is Greta Garbo Bluffing?

By James M. Fidler

If you are not prepared to be surprised, stimulated, and, perhaps, shocked—then do NOT read this great new Garbo story!

Is Greta Garbo bluffing? I believe she is. In my opinion her "melancholy dame" pose is just so much apple-sauce brewed by the statuesque blonde for the purpose of box-office stimulation.

I do not believe she likes America. I am positive that she thinks even less of the motion picture industry. I sense that she is masquerading behind a poker-face and that she may be laughing at the producers who are paying her an astounding salary and at the public which is paying many times her salary to see her pictures.

I am making no attempt to hurt Garbo. I do not believe it possible to hurt her in the eyes of her loyal following. Surely, if cruel radio'd and published jests about her personal appearance, and if that movie burlesque titled "Nothing Ever Happens"—(a satire of "Grand Hotel")—cannot injure the Swedish star, then no such friendly-frank discussion as my own will dampen the ardor of her fans.

There is no "mystery" surrounding Garbo—none that she has not manufactured to suit her own whims. She is not aloof, as the world is lead to believe. She attends Hollywood social events whenever she feels like lending her presence to such occasions. She does not retire behind stone walls and defy the world to find her, as her press agents so often aver.

Garbo has refused to be interviewed by the press. Whereupon that press chooses to treat the actress as a mystery. As a matter of record, she is no recluse. She declines to be interviewed simply because her very wise business manager suggested such refusal as a clever publicity ruse.

Does that wise manager realize also that Garbo is not good interview copy? Perhaps Greta may think rapidly...
in her own language—who but another Swede may say, and I am no Swede. But Garbo does not think rapidly in the English language. Possibly this is because she must transpose English words into Swedish before she can understand their full import. Then she must frame her Swedish answer in Anglo-Saxon phrases. All of which takes time—and what a sharp interviewer might do to Greta by clever manipulation of words may easily be imagined!

Garbo does talk. In her slow, guttural voice she talks as freely as other human beings. I have been in the same rooms with Greta when she mingled with other people and I have heard her engage in conversations as freely as others surrounding her. On such occasions I have never heard any gems of wisdom emerge from her lips; on the contrary it has always seemed to me that she has said nothing of particular importance.

She knows little about the United States aside from California and the motion picture industry. When first she came to Hollywood the woman did not know what a lion is! When she was requested to pose for publicity photographs with one of the beasts, she inquired:

“Lion? What iss dos animal?”

Now do you perceive the wisdom of the business manager who cautioned the Swedish actress not to talk?

There was a period following Greta’s arrival in America during which she was most anxious to learn the (Continued on page 82)
HERE indeed was an historic event!
At last, I mused, entering the Kennedy Galleries on Fifth Avenue, New York, where a collection of original Mickey Mouse portraits was on exhibit—at last America's most popular actor had come into his own. A one-man show was being devoted to his portraits by Walt Disney, at one of New York's most distinguished art galleries.

Mingling with the throng of art devotees, I began inspecting some of Mickey's pictures on the walls. My contemplation of a drawing of the young genius skating joyously across a pond was interrupted by a youthful, piping voice at my elbow:

"Exquisite!" it exclaimed. "Such firmness of line, such suavity and ease of execution!"

Struck by a familiar note in the voice, I turned—and beheld a sight that held me fast in my tracks, eyes bulging and jaw adroop. There stood Mickey Mouse in person, avidly gazing at his various pictures—but it was not the Mickey Mouse you and I know and have seen a hundred times on the screen.

He had discarded the familiar little white double-breasted pants and the absurdly over-sized shoes which had constituted his entire costume in fair
“I’m the Mous-solini of geniuses,” cries modest Mickey, as High Art claims him for her own

weather and foul. Mickey now wore a morning coat, striped trousers, a gleaming white vest, and pearl-grey spats; he held a stick modishly tucked under one arm, and stood gazing at a picture through a be-ribboned pair of nose-glasses.

“Mickey!” I cried. “How—! What—!”

The Mouse elegantly raised a forefinger. “Tut, my good friend,” he warned in cultivated accents. “Please, no unseemly noises. Remember that you are in the presence of Art!”

“But—?” I made an inarticulate gesture toward his resplendent attire,

“Oh, to be sure,” he commented, looking slightly bored, “And why not, pray? It’s quite in keeping with all this”—with a sweep of his arm toward the surrounding pictures—“don’t you know? Once I was just a slapstick comedian—Oh, those tiresome days! Now I am not only a respected Artist, but a subject of Art as well. Come, let us feast our eyes and regale our souls.”

He led me, still somewhat dazed, over to the next picture, which he proceeded to scrutinize through his pince-nez. It was a scene from his picture, “Ye Olden Days,” in which Mickey is seen as a medieval swain coming to a tryst with his Minnie through the window of her castle home,

“One of my more poignantly rhapsodic scenes,” remarked the young elegante, falling back a step to view the work in deeper perspective. “Hum, quite good, quite clever, though his brilliance is perhaps a bit Rat-a-tat. Notice the unfailing instinct for accentuation, the integrity of the draftsmanship, the—er, effective massing of spaces, and above all the delicate spontaneity of the whole. And here”—moving to a more formally posed portrait of the star alone as he appeared in “Mickey’s Mellerdrummer”—“here we encounter the artist in more serious vein. Observe how dignified the concept, yet how—um, how uncompromisingly realistic the interpretation. Could Daumier have recaptured more compellingly the essence of an absorbing subject? Could Matisse have infused with more revelatory insight the portrait of a great man?”

Truly amazing! At least it might have been, had I not happened to observe the young connoisseur stealing hasty little glances at the critical notes in his catalogue while he delivered his learned comments.

“You’re the nertz, all right, Mickey,” I thoughtlessly commented.

“Do, please, address me hereafter as ‘Michael,’” he drawled, slightly pained. “That other is not quite comme il faut, y’know? Yes, though you put it somewhat ineficaciously, I truly appear to have joined the company of the immortal great. There is Rubens’ Wife, there is Whistler’s Mother—and now there is Disney’s Mouse.

“But observe, pray, that my greatness exceeds even theirs; for while they are great because they were subjects of famous works of art, I became a subject for Art because I was already great!” He gestured eloquently with his stick, and paused to curl a whisker.

“How does Minnie feel about it all?” I inquired. A shadow crossed his blasé features.

“Come now, need we, after all, discuss the lady? She is, to be sure, a creature of undeniable beauty and a most competent actress, but I have begun to suspect that she is not quite the ideal life companion for me. So naïve, so unresponsive to the higher impulses, she lacks that aesthetic background that a really cultivated artist should have. Why, only the other day she vulgarly accused me of ‘mousseling in’ on the art racket!’”

His discourse was interrupted by its subject, who came scamping through the door and threw into his arms with squeaks of joy. “Here I am, Mickey dear; are you ready for our date?”

“Gently, my dear, gently,” reproved the great actor, visibly embarrassed. “You have interrupted a serious discussion of art—”

“Oh, you’re starting that again, are you?” rejoined Minnie unfeelingly. “Didn’t I tell you that if I ever caught you messing around (Continued on page 96)
Above, Dick in the comfortable library of the Arlen home. All you home-makers will be interested to read in this story how the Arlens remodeled their Toluca Lake house to welcome Richard, Jr.

Below, a view of the Arlen domain, with the unpretentious charm which made the otherwise sophisticated Mr. Mook label it "the home that love built." See that telegram from a proud father?

A movie star's home with a breakfast nook! The Arlens live as sanely and simply in Hollywood as the younger married folks on your own block. Here are Joby, Dick, and S. R. Mook, who wrote this story.

The House that Love Built!
When one of Hollywood’s least sentimental writers sends in a “heart” story, it’s something! Imagine Dick Mook going on about dream-houses and such! But we know you’ll like it, because it’s sincere. How could it be otherwise, when it’s all about Dick and Joby Arlen and their remodeled house and their brand-new baby?

By

S. R. Mook

(the old reformed cynic)

For every house where love abides,
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home—and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

NO HOUSE that Jack built, this. Or just movie jack. This is the house that love built. Yes—in Hollywood, actually!

When Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen married seven years ago they built a small house in the Toluca Lake district. Pictures flooded the magazines. Pictures showing them in overalls laying tiles, pouring cement, driving nails and what not. Back in the east myself, at the time, I remember thinking it was all very ga-ga—and probably a publicity stunt.

Then Fate picked me up and set me down in Hollywood. And presently I found myself a frequent visitor at the Arlen home. To my astonishment I learned that the Arlens actually had laid the tiles, poured a lot of the cement, and helped in the building of the house!

“You see,” Dick told me once, “when we were married, Joby was making $1500 a week—every week. We knew if our marriage was to be a success one of us would have to leave the screen. It couldn’t be me because I wouldn’t sit around and let a woman support me. I was making $200 a week at the time, which was little enough in comparison to what she was making, but we felt there was something wrong with people who couldn’t live on that. When we decided to build we naturally had to economize wherever we could. And by doing some of the work ourselves we saved quite a lot. It took longer than we thought but what was the difference? Besides, it made us feel we had actually put in the building of the place.”

Today the Arlens are probably the closest friends I have in Hollywood—and I admit that my early ideas of them were all wrong. A less ga-ga couple it would be hard to imagine. And the house which, until lately, has remained unchanged since the day they moved in, is suggestive of anything but a flattery ingenue’s idea of a dream house.

Recently when they discovered there was to be an addition to the family it became necessary to enlarge the original place to accommodate the baby—Richard, Jr., who arrived May 17.

Last Christmas Dick came home with a large square-cut diamond ring. Joby looked at it with swimming eyes and turned to him. “It’s beautiful. But I’ll tell you what. You take it back and let’s take that money and put a little more to it and do (Continued on page 88)
I'M TIRED of reading and hearing all those reverse Cinderella stories that are circulating about me," said the glamorous Adrienne Ames. "Weary of the line about the wealthy society girl who gave up a marvelous social life to be 'just a working girl.' And the one that says that I am married to a millionaire and that's why I got my chance in pictures. It isn't true!" said Adrienne with eyes blazing. (If she had been enacting this scene before the cameras, there wouldn't have to be any "re-takes.")

"I haven't been wallowing in luxury. As a matter of fact, there was a two-year period in my life when I had a very tough struggle." We were lunching at the smart Embassy Club in New York and Adrienne was wearing a grand creation especially designed for her, and somehow it was hard to believe that that well-known "silver spoon" had ever been out of arm's reach. "I was married at sixteen, was the mother of a baby girl at seventeen—and was divorced at eighteen! I was living in California at that time and my family, shocked by the divorce, wrote me to come back home. But I decided to shift for myself and my baby and refused to go back to Texas. My family begged, pleaded, and finally my father commanded me to at least be sensible about the infant and let mother take care of her. This I did," said La Ames, pausing, with a remembering look in her eyes.

"By the way," she added, "this is the first time I have ever discussed my daughter for publication. But I don't want the idea to get around that I'm deliberately hiding her from the public gaze, because that's silly. I'm proud of her and I want everybody to know it!

"But about those two years of struggle. For the first time in my life I had to face responsibility. I vowed I wouldn't write home for money—and I never did! Thanks to my sister Jane, who is a year younger than I am, but who has a better business head than I ever hope to have," she said with a laugh.

"It was Jane who got me my first job—as an extra in pictures. I was Adrienne Truex in those days. During those two years I worked at the grandest assortment of jobs. I couldn't count on steady work as an extra in films, and more than once I thought of my 'little gay home in the South.' Mind you, I didn't go hungry or anything like that, but the feel— (Continued on page 93)
Divorce of Double Stars!

The dilemma of Joan and Doug, revealed by their own features!

By

William E. Benton

ALL THE world loves a lover"—and the loveliest books in all languages are full of idealized descriptions of their affairs, although few really lovers lived happily ever after.

If this feeling for lovers is so deeply a part of human nature, it is only natural that moving picture fans the world over should experience a feeling of sorrow at the much-talked-of divorce of that most interesting couple, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The world feels that it is entitled to know why they are no longer "that way" about each other. In discussing it with one man, I happened to mention the life-long love of the great poet, Dante, for Beatrice whom he had adored from a distance but never even spoken to, he reverenced her so greatly. My friend answered this by saying, "That's about the only way people can adore each other always, because marriage brings out the faults of each and unless they are wonderfully tolerant, they simply can't go on adoring each other." (I might add he hopes to be married this summer—a courageous man indeed!)

Well, Joan and Doug, Jr., were not even free of the rice thrown at their wedding before cynics were offering odds they would not be lovers for a year. But they have done four times that. Living as they were, under the great spotlight of world publicity, both struggling for and attaining stardom at about the same time—can you faintly imagine the strain on their love in that whirling vortex of love, hate and fear, known as Hollywood?

They are both very real people with distinctive and very different personalities as their duality doublet showing a half of each of their faces plainly reveals. As surely as they have these strong differences in features and the mental traits they indicate, just so surely would they have a difficult time seeing the world about them through the same eyes. Her eyes are the large, staring eyes of a credulous, talkative, highly excitable and lovable child. His eyes are smaller, keener, but somehow, more tragic with their heavy down- (Continued on page 92)
WHAT
G. B. Stern thinks of Hollywood

Exclusive! Famous English author speaks frankly and fearlessly about our film capital—and a star or two!

By
Betty Shannon

Miss Stern's decision to come to America at all. Like the other "G. B." Miss Stern had been for years urged to come to this country for lecture tours—but not liking to ride on oceans, she had refused. But when Katharine Hepburn created the same furore in London that she did in New York when she flashed upon the cinema scene, G. B. Stern thought she would like to write for a captivating young artist like this. And when a foreign film "scout" told her that if she journeyed to Hollywood she might write scripts for Hepburn, the writer could refuse no longer.

If that was not enough for any one newcomer—John Barrymore was assigned to a rôle in one of the stories which Miss Stern was adapting for Hepburn. Barrymore still remains the most distinguished of America's handsome male stars. His ability to grasp the subtleties...
of character makes him a catch for any screen dramatist.

The name of this story? "Long Lost Father," and the third thrilling achievement of G. B. Stern from the Hollywood point of view was that she sold it to the films and wrote the adaptation even before it had been published in book form. The plot is based on an interesting variation of the father-and-daughter theme, one version of which made up the poignant story which introduced Hepburn to the screen, "A Bill of Divorcement."

In working on the script for "Long Lost Father" Miss Stern had the opportunity to come to know Barrymore well, and, as a sort of minor notable achievement, succeeded in making quite a fan of him because of her dog stories. He wants to play Kim, the bored Irish terrier, it seems, in Miss Stern's book, "The Dark Gentleman." The author says she would welcome suggestions as to how this unusual adaptation might be done! And in the meantime, I am told by a recent arrival from Hollywood, that Mr. Barrymore sings the praises of Kim constantly. His usual, or at least frequent, procedure in entering a drawing-room these days is to say, "Have you read G. B. Stern's 'Dark Gentleman'? I say, you must!"

Fourth, G. B. Stern, in her 18-week Hollywood stay, captured one of the grandest writing jobs handed out in Hollywood for many a season. This was the picture adaptation of America's beloved book, "Little Women," which is still going strong after fifty years; no less than 1,500,000 copies have been sold. Miss Hepburn is soon to be set at work in the fascinating rôle of Jo.

Many people still wonder if it was a little bit sacrilegious to give the adaptation to a writer not of American birth. But when I tell you why the making of the screen script of Louisa M. Alcott's precious story was given to "G. B." you will feel that she was the logical person to do it, I am sure.

Miss Stern hoped, a little wistfully, that the public would understand that it was because she loved and revered the New England of America that she had been chosen to translate "Little Women" to the screen. She was eager to tell the many thousands of American women who had cherished this piece of fiction that she loves it as they and their daughters do.

"If the screen adaptation of 'Little Women' was given to me, some one from beyond the sea, it was because I knew the book so well, inside and out. At the studio they discovered that I could quote pages of it by heart. They finally got bored with my good memory, and told me to go ahead and do the script! Nothing, of course, could have given me greater joy. I can't remember when I haven't loved 'Little Women.' I first read it when I was a small girl, and I suppose I have read it every six months since," G. B. Stern told me.

"At first, when I read the book as a child, I did not realize the fact that the locale of the story was not my own country. That is a tribute to the timelessness and the universality of the story which has made it beloved all over the world. There were various things as a child that I did not quite understand from my own experience, but I passed them over.

"For instance, there was Thanksgiving Day. What sort of a day was Thanksgiving Day? That was a holiday we did not have at home. And I couldn't decide why the March girls' mother should be called 'Marmee.' With us, she would have been 'Mummy' or 'Mums.' But I simply lived with the characters during my girlhood.

"I can understand, of course, why it might have been thought strange that a non-American woman should be given the story of 'Little Women' to put in script form. And yet, it is no stranger than that American women should have last year made a play of 'Alice in Wonderland.' I am sure the two books are on a par—books without one country, but belonging to every country. 'Alice' has been directed and produced on the stage in so exquisitely the right spirit that I am sure they will love it when it comes to England." (Continued on page 76)
The “Young” Idea

Introducing Elizabeth—Broadway’s latest gift to Hollywood

By Mortimer Franklin

O n a gentle spring evening somewhat more than a year ago, a resolute young actress strode upon the stage of a New York theatre and, for the benefit of the bemused first-nighters, firmly pronounced this deathless line:

"There’s a young lady downstairs asking to see Mr. Vanderkill."

Whether the young lady downstairs ever succeeded in her quest is not known to this reporter; but there is more than a faint possibility that she and the slightly patrician Mr. Vanderkill will achieve a lasting footnote in the history of the American stage and screen. For their names are associated with the birth of what looks suspiciously like one of the most important new acting careers of recent seasons. the career of—to keep you in suspense no longer—Miss Elizabeth Young. In that "walk on" rôle in “Child of Manhattan” Miss Young, who is nineteen and willowy and extremely pleasant to the sight, found her stepping-stone to a brief but busy stage life and to an opportunity for cinema accomplishment.

"I won that part by making a nuisance of myself," said the candid Elizabeth, breezily relating the events of her brief past in the drawing room of the Young home in New York, a few days before striking out westward for the film coast. "I’d made up my mind to be an actress or bust. And I had no intention of being a bust. So when Peggy Fears announced that she was going to put on a play called ‘Child of Manhattan’ I went over—"And applied for a part,” her interviewer nodded sagely.

"Not at all. I applied for something like half a dozen parts. It was a big production, you see, and I simply refused to believe that there wasn’t a part somewhere in it for me. So I kept attending rehearsals and under-studied nearly every female rôle in the play, from artist’s model to leading lady. Every time a girl dropped out of the large cast I’d pop up at the director and volunteer for her part, all ready to step into it. And at last I wore him down!

"Then, after several weeks of announcing Mr. Vanderkill’s lady caller, I did penance for the summer in a suburban repertory company, working harder than I’d ever worked before, but getting some grand experience. And in the fall I gritted my teeth and advanced firmly on the office of Gilbert Miller, who was casting the New York production of ‘The Firebird.’ He gave me my first real part on Broadway."

She neglected to add that Mr. Miller hired her strictly on her merits and her record, though it might easily have been otherwise. For Miss Young, though born to the crystal and ermine of New York social elite, a graduate of the ultra-exclusive Spence School, and daughter of Justice William Young of Children’s Court, kept her letters of introduction from (Continued on page 90)
Write these appointments down—now! And be sure to keep them, for if you don't you'll be missing moments with the flower of Hollywood's beauty, charm, and romance.
An Athletic Date with Cagney

The gingery James turns into a song-and-dance man (actually!) in Warners' next big music-film. Meet him in the gym and watch him in training for his new act!
A Scholarly (?) Date
with Leslie Howard

MEANING a quiet evening at home with this gentlemanly actor? Well—maybe. But look at Leslie, above, with Dietrich! Watch for him in "The Lady Is Willing."
Ray Jones and Otto Dyar

Beauty Abounding

Warner Baxter, quiet and masterful, is the man of affairs who worships the dancing lady in this film based on a Broadway hit.

Two gorgeous blondes, fighting for a charming man's love, furnish an eloquent eyeful in "I Loved You Wednesday." SCREENLAND presents some advance "stills"!

Miriam Jordan, beautiful charmer from England, is the ash-blonde wife who battles to hold her husband against the allurements of a dainty dancer.

Quips and cocktails for two! Here's a "still" of the famous speakeasy scene in which the wife and the "other woman" meet and join in a battle of wits.
Elissa Landi, more imperiously lovely than ever, is the golden blonde dancer who comes between Miriam and her gay, irresponsible husband.

Victor Jory, suave and compelling as the light-hearted husband, comes back to Elissa, the sweetheart of his early youth.

"To whatever fate may befall us!" Warner and Miriam pause amid the conflict of tangled lives and loves to drink a good-natured toast.
A Delectable Date with Dorothy

EXUDING girlish youth and disarming naïveté, Dot Jordan claims a place all her own in your little note book. And —P.S.—don’t forget that Dorothy likes flowers!
A Daring Date with Dietrich

A DATE with Dietrich is a date with beauty! Mysterious Marlene acquires new and fascinating allure as the much-desired heroine in a film version of "The Song of Songs."
An "At Home" Date with Loretta Young

Loretta, looking poised and statuesque in the graceful contours of her hostess gown, pauses on the staircase landing.

What a house! What a setting! What a view! Look out from the portico of the Young manse, and miles of California countryside will smile back at you.

Elf-like in simple slacks, jacket and "sneakers," our hostess greets us at the garden gate with that gracious Young smile.
A beautiful girl in a beautiful house! Here are pictures that do justice to both

Standing before the ornamental fireplace, Loretta's white-clad figure blends gracefully with this symphony of light and shadow.

Indoors again, Loretta surveys her living room from the fireplace. Does a fondness for fireplaces indicate a lack of natural warmth? Not in Loretta's case!

Photographs of Loretta Young paid exclusively for SCREENLAND by Elmer Fryer.

Here Loretta shows how she finds comfort in her hours of rest. Carefree and unencumbered in her lounging costume, she's as cool and fresh as her garden.

Still a little girl at heart! Loretta has a grand time, when she thinks no one is looking, playing about the doll house which she built for her ten-year-old sister, Georgiana.
An “Adorable” Date with Janet!

All wrapped up in cloud-like chiffon like a dainty morsel to be taken home, Janet is waiting for you to come and laugh and palpitate with her in her newest picture, “Adorable.”
An "Off-Screen" Date with George O'Brien

THIS is something of a private date for a romantic young lady reader who asked to see a picture of George as he really looks. But all you other O'Brien fans are invited, too!
Lilyan Tashman’s “Dated” Clothe!

Quaintly sophisticated is Lilyan Tashman in this short cape of black grosgrain, which she wears over a black mousseline de soie dinner dress. Her Russian turban of black crocheted silk cord completes this bound-to-be-successful ensemble.

Lilyan stresses the importance of gloves. They should match your costume or your accessories, advises La Tashman. Here’s a close-up of her evening gauntlets—they are made of black crocheted cord, with a tight wrist band.

Above, the dress sans the cape—the sleeves are made with tiny tucks at the shoulder, very full to the elbow, and tight from there to the wrist.

Lil’s midnight blue crêpe frock has pink pearl buttons, pink piqué collar, and bow tie on the blue patent leather belt. Her gloves and hat are pink, too! And note that clip on the collar!

Linen and crêpe! Lilyan’s simple bubble-crêpe dress is cleverly adorned with a dark blue linen jacket of mode. Linen buttons decorate the jacket.
Tashman’s fashions are always dated the day-after-tomorrow! Take tips from her and you’ll be 'way ahead of the “dress parade”!

Above, Lilyan in a very striking dinner gown. Fine lines in design make this flat crépe effective—it has a long tunic and handkerchief effect cape.

The smart broad-shoulder, slim-hip vogue still prevails. This smart costume is of black silk and wool, with pleated ruffle trimming, and black bone buttons. With this Lil wears white organdie gloves and a black straw sailor hat.

The tantalizing Tashman’s frock is a heavy white satin crépe with fuchsia flower design. Her gloves are of the same material.

Take Tashman’s advice and get yourself a swagger coat—padded shoulders and huge puffed sleeves preferred! Lilyan’s is of beige ribbed wool. She selects a beige beret to go with it.
A Dashing Date with Ruby

DICK POWELL, down there in the corner, seems to be keeping this one for us by proxy—and very glad of the job, at that! But here's your chance to admire Ruby Keeler again, in "Gold Diggers of 1933."
"Make-up—My Secret for that Added Touch Called Glamour"

KAY FRANCIS
Star in Warner Bros. “MARY STEVENS, M.D.”

"Glamour, whatever the dictionary may say, spells romance to me... and what more thrilling thought can there be than beauty inspired by romance. So in Hollywood, we study the art of make-up to gain that added touch called glamour... to give beauty a romantic appeal.

1. "For a color harmony make-up to blend with my colorings... black hair, brown eyes and olive skin... Max Factor’s Olive Face Powder is correct. I put it on generously and remove surplus with the face powder brush. Just right in weight and texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that you positively know will cling for hours."

2. "Extremely lifelike in color... Max Factor’s Raspberry Rouge is the harmonizing shade. Soft and smooth in texture, it is easy to blend evenly and it always clings perfectly. Carry just a bit of color from the cheekbone to the outer corner of the eye, blending carefully so that your rouge appears like a glow of natural color."

3. "For lip make-up to last all day and remain uniform in color... Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick. It’s moisture-proof... so for perfect lip make-up, apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips. The Crimson shade completes the color harmony ensemble and its lifelike color gives just the proper accent."

THE LUXURY of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood’s make-up genius, now available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by leading stores. For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in coupon carefully and mail to MaxFactor, Hollywood.

MAX FACTOR’S Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

90% of All Make-up used by Hollywood’s Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor’s (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Bulletin)
Photographed in the Arctic for M-G-M

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Above, one of the numerous character parts which Eddie played for the New York Theatre Guild. He was Diaz in "Juarez and Maximilian."

In "The Brothers Karamazov" our hero was called upon to play a half-mad Russian youth. He made the part one more step to greatness.

Above, as Reb Feivel in "Goat Song," another Theatre Guild success. Robinson's long list of varying racial roles makes him a true internationalist.

Robinson in his newest role—that of Bugs Ahearn, a racketeer with social ambitions, in "The Little Giant," with Helen Vinson. Below, center, as a tough customer in "The Night Ride," one of his earlier films.

And here's the most famous of Eddie's stage characterizations—"The Kibitzer." After his success in this play the movies claimed him.

Robinson Arrives!

Concluding the remarkable story of a great trouper's triumph

By

Ida Zeitlin

LIKE practically every able-bodied man of about his own age, Eddie Robinson found his career interrupted by the World War. And like every thoughtful-minded person of any age, Eddie Robinson didn't believe in war.

His normally agreeable expression took on a shade of grimness as he talked about it.

"I was a pacifist," he said. "I didn't believe war was the way to settle anything. And when I signed up for the army, I declared myself against the idea of war. But," he went on, his face clouding, "I was carried away like a million others. Though I didn't believe in war, I did believe in Woodrow Wilson—he was a god to me—and when he started talking about fighting for an ideal—war to end war and all the rest of it—I decided that if this war was good enough for Wilson, it was good enough for me, and without waiting for the draft I signed up."

Even here Robinson was influenced by his ruling passion. War or no war, he couldn't get the theatre out of his blood. He was a character actor. Why not join the Secret Service and put his dramatic ability to work for the government instead of his own pocket?

"I had a smattering of languages," he explained, "and the kind of face that might have passed for a Latin's or a Slav's or a Central European's. Only thing I didn't look like was a Nordic. But I thought my English might get me by on that."

Armed with credentials from erstwhile teachers and managers, he applied for a job (Continued on page 72)
SKINS are temperamental,” I said the other day at a tea. Every woman within earshot nodded vigorously, put her tea-cup (?) down with a click and dashed over to hear more. Immediately I was surrounded. Imagine it! It seemed to me a harmless little remark yet it was evidently a pronouncement of important woes that clamored for solution.

I looked apologetically at my hostess and murmured, “I’m sorry. It slipped!” I explained: “I’m sorry I said skins are temperamental. Look what I’ve done to your tea-party!” She waved the tea-party aside with a small, impatient gesture. She wore the same anxious, questioning look the other women had. “Of course, skins are temperamental,” she said, “but what, oh what does one do about it? Now my skin—I!” But her voice was drowned in the general babble. They were all telling their particular complexion eccentricities. No one listened.

As you have guessed by now, I spent the rest of the afternoon talking about different types of skins, and this is what I said, at least, some of it.

Skins are like people; energetic, lazy, bright, dull, refined, coarse, etc. They are not necessarily like the people who own them, yet they do reveal much of the individual’s habits. All of them know the boon of make-up. Yet the woman who depends entirely on make-up to gain a nice effect is apt to develop a good-sized inferiority complex.

A fresh, fine skin not only provides the best make-up base, but it helps one’s assurance at all times. It isn’t easy to attain, but it is entirely possible and it is worth fighting for if necessary. Many a woman whose features leave much to be desired is sailing triumphantly through life by virtue of a good skin.

A fine, satiny texture reminiscent of a gardenia petal draws more admiring attention than a beautiful profile. It makes even a child want to draw near and perhaps touch its loveliness. Grown people are supposed to restrain this impulse! But it is true that the desire to touch any beautiful surface is fundamentally human. It is said that the high-caste Chinese carry little ornaments of carved and polished ivory or jade just for the delight of feeling the exquisite smoothness of their touch. The eye rests with equal pleasure on lovely surfaces. Speaking of ivory, doesn’t it make you think of little Sylvia Sydney’s beautiful skin? In contrast with her black hair, it is both poetic and refreshing.

This year there seems to be an urge to have everything, including your piqué evening coat, look freshly laundered. Faces must try to attain the glow of having been freshly scrubbed. Madge Evans’ immaculate skin seems to have this clean aliveness that radiates well-being. It seems to say, “Madge and I are in the best of condition, thank you!” Madge’s medium coloring calls for cherry-red rouge and a true peach powder.

If you are fortunate enough to be like Lilian Harvey, you know all the advantages of exquisite coloring. Since powders are warmer in tone than formerly you should use a light peach powder.
Hollywood beauties share their skin secrets to see you through the summer

By
Margery Wilson

Karen Morley's skin is, perhaps, more like that of the average modern woman, with little color in it and requiring careful study to harmonize it with gowns and occasions. The creamy tones of powder blend best with this type of skin.

Beautiful Sylvia Sidney's ivory skin, in contrast with her black hair, is both poetic and refreshing. Sylvia is a dusky beauty and her skin demands an ivory powder and a vivid carmine rouge.

is a remedy. Of course, there are different opinions in different salons. You may find the one that suits you for a while only to discover that your skin is temperamental and wants a change, a rest—perhaps a vacation. For skins are like people.

One very expensive treatment by an imported authority who appears seasonally on Fifth Avenue, is given with certain powders instead of creams. This expert's theory is that the skin should be made to produce just a normal amount of oil. She claims that when the skin is exercised to normal youth remains in it.

Just across the way, you are told by a convincingly earnest operator that water and water alone is your skin's salvation. You are asked to remember the skins of women who live in damp climates like England. (And of course, you instantly think of Lilian Harvey's smooth, fair skin. Its transparency and almost invisible pores

of her costume. For instance, with navy blue a rouge that has a bit of blue in it making it slightly on the purplish hue, looks diviney natural. This is also the best rouge for anyone with a faintly bluish undertone to the skin. For general use, the rouge that reflects the skin's undertone is the one that can safely be worn in broad day-light without looking artificial.

Study your skin in various lights to determine your basic undertone. Look at it in bright sun light, in a bright light without sun, in a subdued shadowy light, and in electric lights before you select your rouge.
Joan Crawford inspired the broad-shoulder vogue, and now she sponsors the "gloves-to-match-your-costume" idea! Joan says you'll be simply too, too out of things if you don't follow this mode of the moment.

And to emphasize this fact, we show you Helen Twelve-trees wearing a pair of gingham blue and white striped gloves that match her blouse. Helen is wearing a high hat these days—but only for fashion reasons! Note the huge bow on her chapeau.

Trust Gloria Swanson to introduce new and bizarre costume jewelry. Gloria's earrings and bracelet are a combination of crystal, silver, and onyx, and she endorses them for your "special" frock. Just the thing, says La Swanson, for that added touch of charm. And note that Gloria concurs in the polka-dot craze.
Attention, You Glamor-Grabbers! Study these Charm Suggestions

Let's look into Benita Hume's dressing room, above. We find her "rolling her own"—stockings, of course! Incidentally, have you heard about the newest in round garters? It's a new wrinkle to end all wrinkles in your stockings. The garter is worn under the stocking, the top of which is folded inward over the garter, thus locking it. Right, Benita demonstrates the side-garter version. The important thing is to keep your stocking seams straight, is Benita's earnest advice to girls! How do you like the decorative ideas in Miss Hume's boudoir? See the round mirror, the shelves for perfume, and the pleated skirt of the dressing-table.

We don't know which type garter Benita is wearing, above, but the result is eminently satisfactory. Make note of the fact that Miss Hume is a piqué fancier—her cuffs and tiny bow on her hat are of that fabric. That's Cary Grant being realistically attentive for a scene in "Gambling Ship."
Inspired by those "Alice in Wonderland" bandeaus, Adrienne Ames simplifies the idea by wearing a little girl ribbon. It's quaint, says Adrienne, and very practical, and keeps all those short ends "under control."

Don't confine your polka dots to sports clothes and bathing suits, advises Ann Dvorak; they're stunning for evening! Ann's black and white gown has a high neckline with a white lace yoke. Absolutely no jewelry with this frock, says Ann; it's decorative enough as it is.

The beach silhouette of the moment is displayed by Helen Twelvetrees. A little dash of Scotch-plaid—and you'll be the life of any out-door party. Helen's blouse has huge puff sleeves and buttons down the front; with this she wears white linen slacks, and a sun hat of leghorn with a chin band.

Ideas in Charm and Clothes—To You from Hollywood's "Know" Girls!
Glamor School

Ring in the ringlets, says lovely Doris Kenyon. Doris' new coiffure is a mass of soft curls. Perfect hair grooming is the foundation of glamor, she tells us. So follow Miss Kenyon's advice and keep your hair healthy.

Keep your nails in trim, counsels Carole Lombard, especially if you are a "summer-girl" who goes in heavily for out-door sports that are rough on both hands and nails. So carry your manicure kit with you always.

You didn't expect to find the back of Ann Dvorak's gown so very dashing, did you? The back-crossed straps form a "Y" which ends in a row of flat bows. Ann's gown is smartly simple in front, with interesting details confined to the back.

A study in black and white ruchings! The sleeves of Helen's gown form an extremely wide shoulder line, and the lower half of the skirt is a swirl of black ruchings. Swish! You and your sister may find it a bit exaggerated for practical use; but it's such a flattering affair, and can be modified to meet individual tastes. Helen wears this gown in "Disgraced."
It's no secret to readers of this department that each new Lee Tracy film is "the best Tracy has ever made." I know. It's true. I am a Tracy addict and everything he does is superlative to me. But I really think that this new one of his IS his best, and you can take it or leave it, but I'd advise you to take it, for "The Nuisance" is elegant entertainment. It's a rare and rowdy melodramatic comedy about an ambulance-chaser—a trick lawyer who handles accident cases in his inimitable way. And until you have seen Tracy in action you have no idea how funny this morbid idea can be. It sounds terrible; actually, on the screen it is a laugh riot. Tracy is surrounded by a perfect cast: Frank Morgan is priceless as a prop doctor; Madge Evans is simply charming as the girl who very nearly wrecks our hero's questionable career; and Charles Butterworth has some excruciating moments. Recommended to the uninhibited as grand fun. Must see!

What entertainment this is! If you enjoyed "42nd Street"—as who didn't?—you'll have an even better time at "Gold Diggers of 1933." It's a super-show. In fact, it's so big, so brilliant, so packed with human interest and pulchritudinous appeal and glittering ensembles, you'll have to attend more than once to be able to say that you really have seen it. Yes, I hate to say it, but it's colossal—easily. There's much of that gay, eager, ingenious quality that made "42nd St." the smash musical of all time; and there's an even more impressive cast; and there's one number that eclipses, absolutely, anything yet shown in screen revues: Pettin' in the Park. Ruby Keeler repeats her dazzling and disarming personal triumph. Joan Blondell blazes. Aline McMahon was never more amusing. Warren William lends dignity; and Dick Powell comes into his own as the new "personality boy" of pictures. Dick is on his bliche way to stardom.

Here's a picture for you jaded movie-goers who are always complaining that movies are all alike. You've never seen anything like "The Warrior's Husband"! From the stage play of the same name—and a long way from, according to some critics—that same stage play in which Katharine Hepburn made her Broadway hit—this film is a lavish, sumptuous, and at the same time completely rowdy comedy with a stunning cast. Consider Elissa Landi, looking perfectly gorgeous in her fantastic trappings of an undefeated Amazon; Marjorie Rambeau, as Queen of the wild gals, handsome as ever, and even more amusing; Ernest Truex with curly whiskers and his inimitable comedy manner; David Manners, extremely personable as a victorious Greek; and hundreds of decorative Amazons in fine fighting trim; and then add racy modern dialogue, and you'll have some idea. La Landi is warmly human and delightful. Fun for adult film patrons.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Extra Review of "Pilgrimage"  
Fox

The screen has been busy glorifying pretty nearly everything and everybody, from prize babies to presidents. Now it undertakes to glorify America's Gold-Star Mothers, and succeeds handsomely. "Pilgrimage" is a picture of, for, and about mothers. The younger generation had better go to see "The Warrior's Husband" instead. The pathos of mothers who lost their sons in the world war, and their pathetic journey to their graves, is scarcely the sort of screen fare to lure youngsters from the beaches. But how the oldsters will love it! The story concerns a farm woman whose fierce love for her son makes her give him up to the war rather than to the girl he loves. He never returns. The mother joins the gold-star pilgrimage to France and over there she atones for the wrong she had done her son by helping another boy find happiness. Henrietta Crosman has the principal role; Norman Foster and Marion Nixon are excellent, and a glimpse of Heather Angel makes me look forward to seeing this English girl in a real part.

And if you think that there aren't whispers of "Adorable!" in the audience all through the showing of this screen operetta, you're crazy. Oh, so you heard them, too? Then will those cynical little boys and girls back there please stop making fun of the title? It's "Adorable," all right, and if you don't like it, then think of a better title for a Janet Gaynor picture. This cream-puff romance is an exquisite production, perfect setting for Janet's daintiness, and a promising American screen début for Henry Garat. Janet plays a queen in love with a dashing lieutenant. She proceeds to promote him to captain, to major, to lieutenant-colonel, to general, and finally makes him a prince, while democratic American audiences cheer. There are overtones of "Congress Dances," with poignant memories of La Belle Harvey, whose European leading man Garat was. But "Adorable" will win its own audience from the legion of Gaynor lovers.

The Big Cage  
Universal

The family film of the summer season! I congratulate Universal on being the one movie company to recognize the tremendous appeal of a circus picture starring Clyde Beatty, the American small boy's hero. Here's a refreshing novelty and a relief to worried parents who, when Junior and Sis want to go to the movies, have to put the neighborhood theatre manager through the third degree to find out if the current screen attraction is suitable juvenile fare. Clyde Beatty's sensational lion-tiger act is even more thrilling when seen on the screen than under the big top. You can hear Beatty whistle his commands; you can see the huge cats close up. Beatty himself is an ingratiating, natural personality. Not too much plot: humor by Andy Devine and Vince Barnett; romance by Anita Page and Wallace Ford; and those marvelous "lines and taggers." Beatty puts his savage "pets" through their paces with unbelievably beautiful precision.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Peg O' My Heart  
M-G-M

Feel one of those quaint, sweet, old-fashioned moods coming on? Then here is just the movie for you. It's quaint, it's sweet, it's old-fashioned. Peg is one of those perennials, those little girls of stage, screen, and fiction who never, never grow up. And that's all right, because Peg has lots of admirers who wouldn't want her to be like these hard, modern women. Marion Davies, undoubtedly, plays the Peg parts better than any other actress; she is very charming as the Irish heroine whose inheritance of a huge fortune fails to change her brogue or her heart of gold. I liked best the parts of the film in which Miss Davies is permitted to be gay and funny, until the plot tears its horrid head and spoils her fun, and mine. You'll be asking for more of Onslow (Ronald Colman II.) Stevens, who is thoroughly charming in the worst leading man's role of the year. Irene Browne, remembered from "Cavalcade," is most amusing as a doughty dowager.
Enter Henry Garat, bringing a new kind of Parisian charm to Hollywood

By David Ewen

A NOther star from the French music-halls has spanned the distance from the city of the Eiffel Tower to Hollywood. He, too, comes here with a gay smile, an infectious personality, a twinkle in his eyes and a delightful accent. The last star from the French music-halls has become something of an idol to the movie-public—I mean, of course, Maurice Chevalier. What about the new importation? Will he be destined to supplant the gay Maurice? Has gay Maurice found his successor, at last?

There is a very interesting parallel between Maurice Chevalier and the new French importation, Henri—Henri to us!—Garat. Both spring from the Paris streets, breathed Paris air, and express Paris in everything they do. Both made their greatest success in the French music-halls. Both reached their heights singing with the incomparable Mistinguette, the star of the French music-stage. Both have the same manner of “putting over” a song. I remember when, last year, I saw Garat in Paris singing a typically Chevalier song—(it was something about “Oh tell me how to love you” or something like that) he used the same expression of the eyebrows, the same malicious chuckle, the same delicious smile to spice the song.

“I’m cray-zee about life!” Henry Garat says. “I’m cray-zee about America, its women, its life. I’m cray-zee to appear in your pictures! I’m simply—simply—comme dites-vous?—simply thrilled to be alive!”

There is about Garat the same sparkle and magnetism that make Maurice’s personality so contagious.

“I’m cray-zee about my collection of Japanese fish; about my dog Blackie—a prize winner in London and Paris. I’m cray-zee about my horse, my parrots and monkey, and Siamese cat. My home in Paris is a regular—how do you call it here?—yes, a regular menagerie. I’m cray-zee about my home!”

Was Monsieur Garat aware of his similarity to his country-fellow, Maurice?

“Oh no—no—no!” Garat protested, pouting his lips in the Chevalier manner. “C’est (Continued on page 94)
Record Awards from Radio Girls!

Here’s another chance to win a phonograph disc with that "personal note"—the artist’s autograph.

By Evelyn Ballarine

AND now you folks who have been raving about the radio gals, here’s your chance to win a phonograph record with that “personal note”—the artist’s autograph!

Ruth Etting, Kate (“Hello, Everybody!”) Smith, the Boswell Sisters, the Pickens Sisters, and little Baby Rose Marie want to present some champion letter-writers with their Brunswick and RCA-Victor autographed records. These charming radio gals want to sing some sunshine into your home!

Who can resist the torchy warbling of Ruth Etting (who, by the way, is rumored as Eddie Cantor’s choice for his next feminine lead in his next film)? You’ll be seeing Kate Smith and Baby Rose Marie in the movies, too—in “International House.” The films are snagging all our radio girl friends.

Will you pick the Pickens Sisters or the Boswell Sisters for your favorite harmony trio of the ether?

Now follow the rules of the contest and win the award!

Radio Jottings:
Harmon O. Nelson, Bette Davis’ husband, is a crooner! Bette is his best audience—she accompanies him to the studio when he broadcasts.

Ilomay Bailey, who is starred in company with her husband, Lee Sims, the piano magician, on the Chase and Sanborn program tells a humorous story about herself.

Some time ago she went to the Lee Sims School for Music, an institution in Chicago, to brush up on her technique. And, naturally, in met Lee. Her version of their romance is that she went to Lee and paid $300 for lessons; didn’t get one; and had to marry him to get her money back!

Don’t (Continued on page 85)
Presenting Doug, Jr. and

It's "Back to Shakespeare" for these two young stars in an idyllic interlude from their new picture, "Morning Glory."

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!"

Could the immortal Bard, penning these lines, have imagined scenes of more lyric tenderness, more passionate beauty, than these between Katharine and Douglas? In his enactment of one of the greatest love stories of all time Doug displays a new and authentic fire, while Hepburn softens her emotional intensity with a gentle, yearning quality. These scenes from their co-starring picture present romance true, austere, and deeply moving.
Hepburn as Romeo and Juliet

The daughter of the Capulets and the scion of the Montagues, soon to be parted by death, drown their grief in a final bruising kiss. In "Morning Glory," Katharine and Doug play the roles of actors, performing this "play within a movie."

Before the final death scene, Juliet Hepburn smiles tenderly upon the lover whom she cannot marry, yet cannot bear to lose. And now, with two such attractive Shakespeareans to play the leads, let's hope for a full-length cinema "Romeo and Juliet."
Here's Hollywood!

All about the stars—
their lives, their loves,
and their pictures

By
Weston East

THE month's best meritorious deed was done by lovely little Janet Gaynor, who probably would rather the matter be written about.

In a very small town near Hollywood is a tiny theatre whose owner recently died. He left a widow and three little children who were entirely dependent upon that theatre for food and shelter. Despite the mother's greatest efforts the theatre was not earning money; residents of the town preferred driving to Hollywood for their movie fare.

Janet heard of the sad condition and what did the little trouper do but go to the theatre-owner and volunteer a series of free personal appearances. The widow accepted the star's kind offer with tears in her eyes.

Not only did Miss Gaynor appear herself but she also persuaded several other film players to join her—I will not mention their names because the entire glory should belong to Janet.

As a result of the appearances the townspeople became aware of the widow's position and they flocked to her theatre. Now they have made her little showplace a regular habit and the grateful widow has presented Janet with a life-pass and her blessings.

CONTRARY to general reports, Greta Garbo has not signed a long-term contract with a Hollywood studio. She has agreed to do only two more pictures, and she is being paid a king's ransom for each.

Greta has informed certain Swedish friends that she will positively return to Europe, never again to come back to Hollywood, when her two pictures are completed.

ABSURD rumor kept Constance Bennett from enjoying a trip to Honolulu. The blonde star for some reason unknown to herself found her name linked with that of Gilbert Roland.

She had her bags packed and her tickets purchased for a flying between-pictures vacation in Hawaii when she learned that this actor was already sojourning on the island. For the sake of appearances she postponed her own trip.

JACK OAKIE sent a radio to Peggy Hopkins Joyce's dressing room at the studio. Peggy was highly pleased—until a bill followed the instrument. Whereupon she protested loud and long.

"For the luvamike?" exclaim Oakie. "Ain't it enough that I went to all the trouble of picking it out for yuh?"

ALTHOUGH Marlene Dietrich has departed for Europe and has publicly declared herself finished with motion pictures, her fans need not fret.

Marlene will return to Hollywood in September, so she informed her dentist before her departure. More startling news: She has re-signed with Paramount for two pictures and Josef Von Sternberg will direct both.

Sweet Cookie! Here's three-year-old Bobby Cook, who competes with Clark Gable as the masculine appeal in "Hold Your Man," with Jean Harlow. Bobby, who plays the son of Jean and Clark, won the part because he has Jean's hair and eyes while his smile suggests that of his screen daddy.

Ho for the open road! Mary Pickford was caught by the camera before setting off on a bicycle ride at Palm Springs.
JOAN CRAWFORD sometimes does the nicest things! For instance she is always most gracious to her studio friends. She knows the birthday of every person who has played in her pictures, and on the proper dates she always sends flowers or suitable gifts.

May Robson was thrilled to receive a basket of flowers from Joan on her recent birthday, and Jackie Cooper is still raving about Miss Crawford's Easter present.

LAUGI, I thought I'd die! Katharine Hepburn bought a new set of studio overalls. Instead of buttons, her new workpants featured a round-the-waist zipper.

Well, one morning the zipper stuck and there was Katty, tightly wrapped in her new pants while the company awaited her arrival on the set. She and her maid struggled to no avail. A studio wardrobe-matron tried her hand but the obstinate zipper refused to unzip.

The company supervisor meanwhile tore his hair over the costly delay. Finally he decided it would be cheaper to purchase new overalls for Miss Hepburn. With that solace the actress allowed the wardrobe woman to chop her out of the outfit with scissors.

CLARK GABLE gives up his entire lunch hour to boxing lessons . . . Fredric March has acted as judge of nine beauty contests this year . . . Diana Wynyard and George Bernard Shaw arrived in England on the same boat; out of twenty reporters at the dock, eighteen were there to interview the actress . . . Jack Oakie, chagrined about the proper pronunciation of the names of Marlene (Marlaynah) Dietrich and Sari (Sharee) Maritza, says his name is pronounced as though it were spelled "Jack Oakie" . . . Katharine Hepburn plays dawn tennis for her health . . . Joel McCrea lives at the beach and has not missed his morning dip, winter and summer, for two years . . . Zasu Pitts lost her tonsils to a doctor . . . Rudolf Valentino's old Isotta-Fraschini limousine that cost $25,000 twelve years ago is for sale for $500 . . . Carlyle Blackwell, movie matinee idol last generation, may stage a comeback . . . John Boles' cook taught Lilian Harvey's cook how to make Southern apple dumplings—ummm! . . . Yes, sir and ma'am, Joan Crawford painted her own kitchen furniture. Life is now complete for Claudette Colbert; an Indiana dairy has named a champion cow after the star, and isn't there a gag in that somewhere?

Bride of the Lion Man! Buster Crabbe is about to carry his wife, the former Virginia Held, across his threshold according to the ancient tradition.

JEAN HARLOW is a typical "summer girl," in that every year she learns how to swim—and each year a handsome youth is her teacher.

This year Johnny Weissmuller is the lucky fellow. Jean has a wonderful pool on her new estate and there she and Johnny have spent many hours. Under his skillful guidance the platinum blonde is developing into a water nymph; until next year when she'll have to be taught again.

THAT was a funny accident that happened to Franchot Tone. While he was working on a studio-built farmhouse set in "Stranger's Return," the actor remarked to visitors that the props looked so real that even the birds and bees were fooled.

"Look over there," said Tone, "at that humming bird trying to get honey from a prop rose."

So saying, Tone seized the rose to show his guests that it was a fake. But the humming bird was no fool—that one bush happened to be the real thing. Tone spent days pulling thorns from his palm.

WHEN Countess Zenardi-Landi, Elis sa's mother, fell and bruised one knee, James Dunn commented: "Another victory for democracy; royalty has fallen again."

Times do change! The entire saga of an actress's rise to the heights is contained in these fascinating "before and after" pictures of Katharine Hepburn. Above, little "Katie" as an amateur in Bryn Mawr College theatricals, starring as Pandora in "Lady of the Moone," A.D. 1928. Left, La Hepburn today.
Attention, light-footed lads and ladies! Here's the new and tricky "Fraternity Stomp," demonstrated for you by Jack Oakie and Lona Andre, who dance it in "College Humor." 1. Starting position—skip apart, forward feet raised. 2. Cross feet, swinging bodies together. 3. Stamp heels, swing apart—repeat twice. 4. Swing bodies close—repeat with stamp. 5. Hop back, raising rear foot. 6. Bring raised foot to floor, swinging around. 7. Repeat steps, tread both knees, then to first position. Now try it!

HENCEFORTH Gloria Swanson will leave the cooking to her servants. Returning home from tennis and bringing Clive Brook, John McCormack, and other guests, Gloria retired to the kitchen personally to prepare some food. When she attempted to light the gas stove, there was an explosion. Fortunately no one was injured—but no more cooking for Gloria, she vows.

JACK OAKIE bought a miniature vulcanizing apparatus and set himself up as official "fixer for punctured rubber bathing suits."

APPARENTLY the fellow who annoyed George Raft at the prize-fights had not read the star's life history, else he would have known that Raft was once a ring-artist himself, and a puncher of no mean ability. At any rate, stadium officials had to pull George away from this opponent when the actor forcibly resented disparaging remarks directed at himself. The melee was brief, but because of the prominence of one of the contestants it received a noisy ovation from the crowd.

"YOU can lead a horse to water," Jimmie Durante wired his studio bosses, "but with beer back again you won't find me there."

Here's a trio of your favorites in interesting guise! Kay Francis, Walter Huston and Nils Asther go foreign as the three angles of a love triangle in "Strange Rhapsody."

"I'll bite," says Ken Murray, suiting the action to the word. This personable actor gets his first real part in "Disgraced"—and with no less a beauty than Helen Twelvetrees opposite!
A radio salesman, attempting to sell El Brendel a radio, mentioned that the instrument "reproduces beautifully."

"Yeah, but who wants a lot of little radios running around the house?" El yelled.

Dorothea Wieck hides her wedding ring in her shoe when she enacts her scenes. Daisy De Voe, Clara Bow's ex-secretary, is free after serving eighteen months in jail for embezzling money from the star. Mary Pickford will not produce "Alice in Wonderland" because one year would be required to draw the animated-cartoon backgrounds. Paramount studio keeps twelve human skeletons in stock. "Not counting those in studio closets," adds Andy Devine. Doris Hill (remember her as a lovely ingenue?) was secretly married last June. The Johnny Mack Brown family anticipates an addition to its cast in September; Johnny hopes for a boy. Director William Wellman has found divorce an expensive proposition; he has settled with three ex-wives for $80,000, $40,000 and $45,000. Jean Parker, M-G-M pretty-ette, received this autograph from a naval officer: "I have faced powder for thirty years, but never before on such a beautiful background." Jack Oakie is given a full chapter in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's new book, "Trans-Atlantic Wife."

Joan gets a new leading man! The Bennett gal, who stars in "Arizona to Broadway," plays opposite "bad boy" Jimmy Dunn. How do you like James' snappy shirt and tie?

Nothing more delights Jimmy Durante than to stick "the other fellow" with the luncheon bill. It is a habit with the comedian, who is really big-hearted but likes to fumble restaurant checks.

A story about Durante's distaste for spending money comes from one of his business associates. This chap said to the comedian, "You must buy yourself some good clothes, now that you're among the big shots."

"Whatcha mean, good clothes!" screamed Durante. "Ain't I just went to (he named a well-known $25-a-suit store) and bought six suits less'n a year ago?"

Meanwhile, Durante's father refuses to give up his barber shop, even though his son is famous and wealthy. When Jimmy is in New York he never permits another barber to touch his hair.

Lew Ayres' two hobbies are astrology and modeling in clay. Of late he has been more interested in the latter fad; at least, he was until a few days ago.

Lew busied himself on a gargoyles-like figure, and after days of tedious carving and patting, he achieved an astounding result. Whereupon he leaped into his automobile and raced to gather friends to witness his artistry. Also, Lew forgot to pull down his window shade, and during his absence the hot sun struck his oil-clay model and melted it to a messy wad!
Looks like a real sea-going scene—but Oh, that overhead "mike"! At the right we have a scene in the making from "Bed of Roses," with Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea—and it's all done in the studio; water, tugboat and all. Below, Connie does some naughty nautical ramping in Joel's quarters.

HARPO MARX re-marx: "The new rubber bathing suits are doing their duty—they're making men rubber" . . . One-word description of Mae West: "Curvacious" . . . Clark Gable plans to hunt grizzly bears when the new season opens ... Fay Wray, so-called ping-pong champ of Hollywood, was eliminated the first day during the recent movie tournament . . . Glenda Farrell, who played the woman who didn't want her baby in "Life Begins," has a nine-year-old son in military academy . . . Lilian Harvey eats two desserts after almost every midday and evening meal but she weighs only 94 pounds! . . . Janet Gaynor presented Henry Garat with a birthday cake which she baked herself . . . Irene Dunne has practiced singing one hour daily for six years . . . Victor Jory went bike riding and returned with two flat tires; collided with a porcupine, he explained . . . Did you know that Jack La Rue once played Mae West's Latin lover in the stage play, "Diamond Lil"? . . . Carole Lombard hates pies; she was once a Mack Sennett comedienne . . . Because James Dunn gains weight quickly, Fox entered a clause in his contract that forbids him to get fat.

Wide World

Al Jolson, famous singing star, points out the sights to Ruby Keeler, his no less famous wife, as they sail into San Francisco Bay on the return voyage from a Honolulu vacation. They came on to New York later.
The Mississippi River tugboat in this startling indoor navigation scene is correct to the last halyard, except for that tell-tale microphone, which of course won't be visible on the screen. Below, Connie the siren tells John Halliday a thing or twenty in a morning-after scene. It's one of Connie's big moments.

YOU read scandal about the stars and if you are wise you know that not half of it can possibly be true. Well, here is how gossip starts:

An out-of-town newspaper reporter witnessed William Powell enter an apartment house with a sack of groceries under his arm. The reporter knew that Powell lived with his wife in Beverly Hills. He put two and two together and got nine—he decided Bill was visiting another woman. The funny part of this story is that the reporter was correct. Powell was visiting another woman—his mother, who often cooks her boy the old-fashioned dinners he relishes.

LORETTA YOUNG was lamenting the fact that the studios have never been satisfied with her as nature made her.

"When I first entered the movies," wailed Loretta, "they padded my figure to make me look older. Now that I have grown up, they dress me and arrange my hair to make me look like a child again."
Look out, Jimmy! Cagney gets gay with Madge Evans in "The Mayor of Hell." Judging from her look, he's going to get a Cagneyesque wallop!

LOVES AND UNLOVES:

MARY BRIAN and Dick Powell may wed. Joan Crawford has divorced Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mae West denies that she is married to James A. Timony, her manager. These are the highlights of Dan Cupid's romance-report for the month. In addition, we have:

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, both of whom have been away from Hollywood for months, have renewed their romance where they left off.

Fay (Mrs. Rudy Vallee) Webb is being taken places by Nick Grinde, director. Ivan Lebedeff's dark handsomeness is making an attractive contrast to Claire Trevor's blonde loveliness. Cecelia Parker and Noah Beery, Jr., continue to sail along smoothly—Hollywood's most ardent young-love.

Lionel Barrymore, who loves spinach, reverts to one of his familiar be-whiskered roles in "Stranger's Return." Here he is in church with Miriam Hopkins.

Billie Dove, after being wooed by Howard Hughes, eloped with Robert Kenaston, society favorite. A smouldering affair has commenced with Alice White and John Warburton playing the embers. Lola Lane, Lew Ayres' ex, is finding more than pleasure in the company of Herbert Somborn, owner of the Brown Derby restaurants.

Russ Columbo, radio crooner, is chasing madly after Estelle Taylor, while in New York Jack Dempsey is escorting Hannah Williams, Columbo's ex-flame. A local fortune-teller, delving into the possibilities of the Ann Harding-Alexander Kirkland romance, reports that the gentleman will wed this year or next.

Sensation! Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., seem to enjoy each other's company more than a little. Reports are that Henry Garat and his wife had a possibly serious family spat en route to Paris. And reports of further, serious difficulties between Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver make the continuance of their marriage more problematical than ever.

Loretta Young, dining with Bruce Cabot often, says she is merely substituting for sister Sally Blane who is abroad. Madge Evans simply can't be seen with Tom Gallery and not hear engagement rumors. George Raft plays the field but his favorite is Marjorie King.

James Murray and Marian Sayers were uncertain of the status of their Mexican marriage, so they did it again, American way. Ruth Elder eloped with Arnold Gillespie for her third marriage, and she's still a young girl. Shades of Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart have definitely done their fadonat scene and are occupying separate apartments. Ditto Inez Courtney, who won a divorce because her husband stayed out nights.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are doing their love clinches before and behind the cameras. They do say that Lila Lee is secretly married to director George Hill. Doris Kenyon became a June bride, Arthur Hopkins, affluent business man, being the fortunate groom.

And setting at rest all rumors concerning the Lawrence Tibbets, that singing star's wife expects an addition to the family cast in August.

"Drum Major" Lilian Harvey, in a between-scenes interlude on the set, swaps gossip with the blond and genial Gene Raymond. Isn't Lil lovely in this bizarre dancing costume!
PERHAPS movie fights between men are faked, but the battle between Jean Harlow and Dorothy Burgess for "Hold Your Man" was the real thing.

Jean delivered a right to Dorothy's chin that landed with an unmistakable smack. Miss Burgess did not need to fake her foldup; she was actually knocked cold.

And I wonder what all these young bachelors with their eyes upon the charming Harlow-widow think of that!

JOBYNA RALSTON ARLEN's addition to her family cast is a fine baby boy—eight and one-half pounds at birth. Soon after its arrival papa Richard wired Bing Crosby: "Joby did right by me; it's a boy. Now it's up to Dixie to give the world a new crooner."

GRETA GARBO caused a sensation when she visited the Paramount studio to pre-view Marlene Dietrich's new picture.

JF ALE Ernest Torrence! He made his exit, like the splendid trooper that he was, giving one of the best performances of his career in "I Cover the Waterfront." There's a strangely moving and prophetic episode early in the film when Ben Lyon says to Torrence: "I know how the story will end—I'll write your obituary." And he does—a tribute to a man whose inner goodness shines through an outer shell of harshness. Drama within drama!

One of the best-liked actors ever known to Hollywood, Torrence's passing will be a permanent loss to the life of the film colony. 

JUNE COLLYER declares that her husband, Stuart Erwin, is like a big boy—and there is a reason for June's sentiments.

Not long ago Mrs. Erwin bought Stuart a new camera, one of those candid cameras that sometimes take un-candid portraits. Stu was so delighted that he used the first twenty rolls of film snapping pictures of his wife and baby. Now he is doing as the late Lon Chaney did—he is shooting Hollywood stars and he will compile a personal album that will never leave his possession.

Meet Rhinestone Ruby! Dorothy Granger plays her, with Tom Kennedy and Leslie Fenton as two of her willing slaves, in "She Outdone Him," a "Gay Nineties" comedy with that Mac-Western tang.

ESTELLE TAYLOR'S $150,000 suit against an insurance company for injuries received in an automobile wreck was won by her. She was awarded $20,000. At first glance that seems to be considerable money, but Estelle actually received very little of the sum. Her physicians were paid $11,000 and her attorneys received twenty-five percent plus $1,000, or $6,000. So, although she was the injured party and spent about eight months in bed with a broken neck, Miss Taylor's actual judgment amounted to only $3,000.

(Continued on page 98)
in the Secret Service and was told that his best chance of landing one was to join the Navy. So he did.

He was sent to the Naval Training Camp at Pelham Bay and put through the regular course of drill. A good deal of his time was spent shoveling coal. Periodically he'd go to headquarters to inquire about the status of his application.

"Hasn't come through yet," he'd be told, "it's been O.K. by such and such a department. After So-and-So's passed it, it'll have only—let's see—one—two—three—four more hurdles to take. Patience, my lad. The war isn't over yet."

Armistice Day found him with his comrades on the coal pile. "Shoveling arms," he said with a wry smile. Soon the clamor of the frenzied city began breaking around them. They heard the muffled din of bells and ship's sirens and factory whistles. Joy-crazed crowds streamed past the camp, in cars, in trucks, afoot, waving banners, hurling confetti, shouting and singing for a world released from horror, brothers to all men for a single day.

But Eddie Robinson was sitting in a corner, with his head on his arms, bawling his eyes out! He'd wanted to help save the world for democracy and now his chance was gone. He was out of it. He'd been shoveling coal for an ideal. He had no right to share in the general rejoicing. It was one of the most tragic experiences of his young life.

The proper ironic note was added when the regimental commander sent for him a few days later.

"If you're still interested," he said, "I think we can fix that Secret Service job for you now."

Robinson controlled himself. "No, thanks," he murmured politely. "The show's over."

"I got over it, though," he said.

Broadway was short of young actors just after the war, and Robinson found himself cast for the first and last time in his life as a juvenile.

"Nice, clean-cut American youth," he chuckled. "College boy at that. Had to make love and all the rest of it—"I don't think I'd care for it as a regular thing, but I did get a kick out of it that once. Same kind of kick as I got later on, playing a Yankee in Ned McCabe's Daughter."

You see, I'd always been ticketed as a definite foreign type. Only time I was ever recognized as an American was when I went to Europe, but some accident dropped me into the Sidney Howard play, and I'll never forget the thrill of honest pride at rehearsal one day when Howard called out: 'The only one who's got the New England dialect right is Eddie Robinson.' Greater compliment than if he'd called me the world's best Hamlet!"

Robinson's mounting success, his establishment as one of the most brilliant and versatile character actors in the profession, his long association with Arthur Hopkins and the Theatre Guild, his triumphs in such plays as 'Samson and Delilah,' Gorki's 'Night's Lodging,' "Androcles and the Lion," "The Deluge," are matters of theatrical record.

Life settled into pleasant lines. A winter of work—hard work, to be sure—three or four roles a season more often than one—accompanied by the nervous and physical strain inseparable from life in the theatre—yet work that he loved and that brought him pleasure and profit in equal parts. Then, usually, a summer in Europe where, having conceived a passion for pictures, he haunted the art galleries. Then back in the fall to another juicy rôle, to the stage which was home and love and adventure rolled into one.

Meantime he was still living in the bosom of his family—with his father and mother and those of his brothers who had not yet married. That was a thing his parents took for granted—all well-regulated children, male or female, live with their parents till they marry. Naturally. And Eddie, being what is known as a "home boy"—undemonstrative Eddie, bound by ties of the deepest affection to his people, had been taking it more or less for granted, too.

But one day, returning from Europe, he arrived quietly at another of his unalterable decisions. Time to set up bachelor quarters. He'd never done it. Wasn't the marrying kind. Liked his freedom too well. But he ought to have his own place. Entailed his friends—throw a party now and then—make room for china. And, too, a good picture occasionally when he could afford it.

"If his father was hurt, his mother heartbroken. Wasn't he comfortable then? Did they interfere with his comings and goings?—they'd never intended to. Gently he tried to explain the point. For it wasn't a question of comfort or interference; that a grown-up man, with his own ideas and his own life to lead, ought, if he could afford it, to have a place of his own."

"If you were going to marry," his mother pleaded, "yes—I could understand it then. Many a—many a—girl, my son?"

"No girl," said Eddie, turning to his bewildered eyes. "Only, I'm a big boy now, mom. Thirteen or not his parents ever really understood, their son is not sure. But after the first shock and strangeness of the idea had been absorbed, they accepted the inevitable as they had done once before. Eddie had been right then. Eddie was probably right now.

So he set up his own establishment, and his family weren't at all surprised there could be only one reason for such a step.

"Great!" laughed his friends, with congratulatory thumps on the shoulder. "Who's the girl, Eddie?"

"Laugh your fool heads off!" Eddie would reply blandly. "This is a bachelor apartment—now and forever!"

Into the bachelor apartment strolled a girl one day with a friend of Robinson's—a lovely girl with vivid blue eyes and a sudden, heart-warming smile.

Mr. Robinson hesitated a moment as he told the story. Then, with that suggestion of small-boy shyness that sits so disarmingly upon him, he blurted out, "I fell in love at sight. But I couldn't believe she'd see anything in me."

At which point—believe it or not—history repeated itself! Into the room where Edward G. Robinson and I were talking walked Mrs. Robinson, carrying a small blue bundle—a bundle which resolved itself into an extremely lovely baby, with his mother's blue eyes and the contours of his father's face, clad in a blue sweater and ridiculous panties to match, his diminutive arms waving vigorously, blue booties at the end of each sturdy bare leg flailing the air like a couple of animated robin's eggs. Mrs. Robinson deposited the bundle in the arms of her husband, who was promptly lost to the world.

"Mr. Robinson's just been telling me," I volunteered, "how he fell in love with you at sight and couldn't believe you'd see anything in him."

She tilted her head at a charming "Sez-ya!" angle. "To me," she stated blandly, "my husband's handsome. Just as handsome," she added, gazing down at the pair on the sofa, "as he looked then. Which is more than I'd say for any other man."

"The Robinson marriage," a friend of theirs told me, "is my idea of a marriage made in heaven. They've got the three essentials. They love each other. They respect each other. They work with each
other. It's a combination that can't go wrong."

From the beginning Mrs. Robinson was more interested in her husband's career than in her own. So she gave him up to become all things to one man—critic and play-reader, confidante and adviser and, as he describes it, "general bolster-up.

"I need crutches," he explained, "to keep my faith in myself from toppling over. I'm another of the victims of 'dirt old devil' inferiority complex. Whatever success I've had never gave me any assurance that I'd go on having it. Each new role is a new Calvary—I'm always sure that this time I'm going to be rotten. So you can perhaps imagine what it means to me to have someone always there who is vitally interested, always ready to listen, to discuss, to reassure with me, act as trial-balance, no yes-sister either, but a person whose judgment I can rely on for good or ill. What his wife says: 'You were good, Eddie,' that's the moment when the darkness lifts and I may even begin feeling sort of pleased with myself!"

Meanwhile a little machine called the Vitaphone had wrought an upheaval in the motion picture trade. Hollywood was yelling for actors who could talk, casting its golden nets over Broadway and hauling in some of its biggest fish. Robinson was asked to make a test, but the memory of his three days on a movie set was still green and bitter.

His state of mind was mixed. He had no intention of abandoning the stage—his first and dearest love. Still it mightn't do any harm to make an occasional movie and garner his share of those heavily advertised shekels. But suppose he flopped. He could hardly tell them he was afraid. So he bluffed it out.

"Why test me?" he demanded. "I've been tested plenty—on the stage. I'm all right. If there's anything wrong, it's with your machines, not me. Test your machines.

"Doesn't sound much like an inferiority complex, does it?" he grinned. "But it was all put on to hide a quivering lip."

Universal finally took him on his own terms, signing him for "Night Ride" without a test. Then he did "A Lady to Love" for Metro-Goldwyn. Metro-Goldwyn liked him.

"How about a five-year contract?" they suggested. "There's a swell book floating around called 'Little Caesar.' Great gangster part for you. If you'll sign up with us, we'll buy it."

"Nothing doing," said Robinson kindly but firmly, "I don't care about gangster parts, and I'm not tying myself up to the movies for five years. I'm going back to New York to do a play."

He went back to New York—to what was probably his greatest stage success—the play of which he was co-author—"The Kidnitter."

He and his wife departed for Europe at the end of the run. Coming home, they were met on the dock by friends, brandishing copies of "Little Caesar." Robinson found he was eager to read it and to change his mind about the gangster part.

Back in Hollywood for a free-lance picture or two, he was summoned to the offices of Universal.

"How about a long-term contract?" they asked him. "We'll get 'Little Caesar' for you. You'll find it very good."

But even his enthusiasm for "Little Caesar" couldn't buy Robinson.

"I'm doing 'contracts,'" he insisted stubbornly. "As soon as I find a good play I'm going back to New York."

It happened, however, that First National was doing a bargain, bought "Little Caesar," signed Robinson to play the lead, and made the picture. He enjoyed working out that masterly characterization more than anything he'd done to date, but the moment it was finished he raced back to New York to appear in what he hoped was a good play—"Mr. Samuel."

"Mr. Samuel" proved a complete flop and Mr. Robinson's spirits sank to their lowest ebb. A good play, like a good man, is notoriously hard to find. Where was he to look for one now?

At which crucial moment "Little Caesar" was released. It opened in New York at 9:30 one morning and kept right on running over and over till 4:30 the following morning. The theatre was mobbed. Reserves were called out to keep the crowds in order. Robinson's natural desire to see his own picture created a problem. Police were afraid of a riot. Finally he and his wife, completely surrounded by blue-caps, sneaked like criminals up a back alley and into the house. In a cold sweat Robinson watched the reels unfold, stole a fearful, fascinated glance now and then at the tense faces packed in around him, felt the waves of thunderous applause surging over him at the picture's close. This was an experience the stage had never given him—the greatest thrill of a career not wholly devoid of thrills. He left the theatre in a daze—by the back way.

It was "Little Caesar" that vanquished Robinson. He couldn't resist a tidal wave. It carried him off his feet, swept away all his preconceived ideas of the stage and the movies and his own relation to each. He threw up his hands and capitulated. He gave up his search for good plays and signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers.

It's a step he has never had reason to regret. His forceful personality has stamped with distinction every rôle he has undertaken since, and he stands today at the head of his class—the character actor par excellence—the Little Caesar of the movies.

But I've seen a picture of Eddie Robinson—made without benefit of camera or mike—that's done the impossible—wiped from my mind the supposedly indelible image of Little Caesar. His cheek pressed gently to the cheek of the baby in his arms, he crooning a lullaby his mother must have sung once to him. His son's blue eyes stare solemnly up into a face transfigured by a smile of infinite tenderness. Presently the little lids droop—lift disconsolately for a moment—and close again. The tiny fists uncurl. The baby's asleep.

It's Eddie Robinson's best picture!
Gable! The Movies Saved Him!

Continued from page 19

The chances of staying permanently married have been proved pretty slim for a movie star. Yet, in Clark's opinion, we are wrong in blaming Hollywood. The town doesn't ruin love, nor does the profession of acting. The persons themselves are wholly responsible.

"Love is really the most important thing in life." The set was a madhouse of confusion and a half dozen tourists had just been ushered in to gaze wide-eyed at Clark and Jean. He went unperturbed.

"Certainly it is with me. With the right wife a man is ready to face anything. He is one hundred per cent alive. Vibrant! Why should business—and acting's merely that—interfere with love?"

Note this, gossips!

"I haven't had to fight any baleful Hollywood influence as regards my own marriage. On the contrary, Hollywood has given us the opportunity of making friends with many fascinating, brilliant people. They are stimulating company and we like to entertain and to visit them. These are contacts which I, not so long ago, couldn't have made."

Because he is such a congenial fellow, Clark is as well liked by men as by the women. Mrs. Gable, a charming sophisticate, won her reputation as a clever hostess in the smart circles of New York City. So an invitation to the Gables is a notable honor.

I think a significant fact about Clark is worth commenting upon. He looks and lives as we imagine a movie star would. At premières and other parties he cuts a striking figure. Week-ends when he's not working find him at Del Monte, Palm Springs or Agua Caliente.

Superficially he is the spirit of Hollywood. And yet he is absolutely natural, unaffected. He, more than any other of our male stars, is exposed to the supposed evils of the movie world. Yet what has happened?

Surrounded by would-be-unwilling women, he has eyes for his wife alone. Paid a large salary, he lives comfortably but not extravagantly. Faced with unlimited occasions for making hey-hey, he remains decent and respectable. Can it be that Hollywood has been horribly slandered? That it has been the magnificently aghast for less self-respecting actors?

With the third "take" of the same love scene okayed by the director, Clark said goodbye to his partner in picture passion for the afternoon and walked off the stage with me. (Did I get jealous glances from the tourists, or did I? I did!!)

"I needn't go into detail as to how Hollywood has saved me financially," he added as we headed for his dressing room. "In Portland, Oregon, I once played a week with a cooperative stock troupe. We gave fourteen performances and everybody shared in the profits. My total pay for the week was $1.30!

"There have been similar sad chapters in my past. Strange, isn't it, that the 'good old days' were the darkest ones for me! Naturally I'm glad to be doing so well with my wages now. I'm saving a sizeable proportion, too, for my movie era ends the big salary stops with a bang."

"How about your fondness for sports?" I asked. "You weren't able to indulge so extensively before the movie star's magic wand was waved, were you?"

"Check up one more blessing from this grand city," he retorted with a gay flourish of both husky arms. "I'd always wanted to have my own horse, to play polo, golf and tennis. And I was too busy working until my break in the talkies. As soon as I could afford it, I rushed to take lessons from experts."

He-man supreme on the screen, Clark is equally masculine in reality and he excels in these gentlemanly games today. Nevertheless, he still prefers hunting to the tamer sports. He particularly likes to explore the wilds of Utah and Mrs. Gable accompanies him on these back-to-nature excursions. I've a suspicion he finds signs on the lions in darkest Africa.

I left him at the door of his dressing room. By the time I was a few yards away he popped out again and was racing for his twelve-cylinder roadster. I'd forgotten that he is the one male star who wears no make-up. Why should he dabble for an hour with a jar of cold cream? He had no grease-paint or troubles to remove!
“I keep my lingerie lovely looking with Lux”
says Wynne Gibson

“No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It’s so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It’s so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way.”

Wynne Gibson

Paramount Star appearing in “Her Bodyguard”

Why don’t you follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking...daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color — keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps — they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap — it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

“Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That’s why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials...keeps them new longer...and saves money.”

Hollywood says—Don’t trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX
It was my stunning assignment to interview this picturesque and indefatigable author just before she sailed back to England, where her London flat is the meeting place of the celebrated literati from the whole round world. (She has had seventeen books published in America in the past twelve years!) She was keen, she said, about Hollywood, and plans to return later on.

"Of course, Hollywood is fascinating; how could it help being with such a horde of brilliant, individualistic minds gathered together and at work in one place?" G. B. Stern pronounced.

"No one who has not been in Hollywood can imagine the stimulation and the fun of being on the staff of a large producing company, with a cubby-hole of one's own in the studio for conferences and convenience, even though one has it in one's contract that one can do one's writing at home.

"I love the excitement of never knowing what new, strange, unforeseen thing is going to happen from moment to moment—as they always will be doing in a place like Hollywood where ideas are striking fire, plans are being changed, and exciting new vistas are continually flashing into sight."

"It was really to learn about a new writing technique with the thought that it might add something to my novel writing—for I am really a very serious hard-working novelist, more than anything else—that I went to Hollywood," said Miss Stern smiling. "I have learned it. I feel certain that in the future instead of philosophizing about action and character, I shall hear a faint echo of all the exchange of talk I heard on the R.K.O. lot and shall remember my own experience in translating books into motion picture scripts. I shall describe character and action through action. This, I feel sure, is one of the great and valuable ways in which the newer art of the motion picture can contribute a living quality to the older art of the novel.

Miss Stern thinks that not only is Hollywood stimulating from the point of view of work, but that it is kind as well—an adjective not always applied to it! We talked about an article I had read in which the writer apologized for the indifference of the motion picture "inner circle" to new-coming celebrities.

"Rather than going away with the impression that Hollywood is cold, rude, and indifferent to a "foreign" artist, Miss Stern feels it is one of the kindest spots she has ever been in. Unbelievably kind and generous "on the lot."

"I love starting out the morning in the quiet and fragrance of a garden looking out over the ocean on a Santa Monica terrace with determined plans to dictate—(she always dictates)—the whole day through, no matter what happens, and find instead that a limousine has swept you away to an unavoidable consultation at the studio, ending up with a preview at the studio, with everybody talking and exchanging shop talk."

Miss Stern does not know whether, after the luxury of being shown films in a Hollywood projection-room, she will ever be able to bring herself to go to just plain everyday movies again at home.

"What were your most thrilling experiences in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Visiting the great round gloomy mysterious observatory dome on Mt. Wilson in Pasadena at night. The place where Einstein and Millikan have been working out the problems of the cosmos," said Miss Stern.

"And seeing blossoms and ripe fruit together at the same time on the orange and lemon trees in the garden—and the earthquake. We thought in it we were going to lose Bart and Edna, our two palm trees named after Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. But they survived."

The only thing that did not come up to, or far exceed, Miss Stern's expectations, was the Pacific Ocean. She was disappointed—not in Hollywood days or Hollywood nights or people—but in Hollywood swimming. Miss Stern, who uses and leaves England for a jaunt on the continent whenever she happens to think about it, adores swimming in the sapphire Mediterranean. Her idea of diving is to slip silently into thirty feet of clear sapphire crystal, and the restlessness and dangers of the surf on the Southern California beaches left an unsatisfied longing in her soul. She found the luxurious swimming pools possessed by such Hollywood stars as Marlene Dietrich more to her liking than the open sea.

Miss Stern thinks that American girls are pretty, but she admires character far more than prettiness. Character she feels Katharine Hepburn has in unusual degree. Also great fascination! And she thinks this young American star will make an excellent Jo.

"It seems a pity Louisa M. Alcott—Jo—cannot be here to see all the excitement that is going on about the book which she wrote so that she could prove that one Alcott could earn her living," said Miss Stern in farewell. "You remember how much she admired the Lawrence boy who lived next door because he had travelled abroad in foreign parts? She had an international sense, had Jo."
Hollywood is simply wild about this soap

Why?

The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

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"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

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of every country, down through the ages, could be shown in every land.

"That is what motion pictures could do with the past—what I believe they some day will do.

"For the future, motion pictures can save for posterity the great personalities of to-day, their lives and actions.

"Photographs of an important treaty being signed can preserve forever the actual spirit of the men and deed involved. Just think of what it would mean to all the generations that have followed them if there were motion pictures of Washington and of Lincoln! Think of being able, today, to see the brave and gallant band of men signing the Declaration of Independence! Think of seeing and hearing Lincoln's Gettysburg Address! Or any historical deed.

"The men who are today making history can be so immortalized for the future. Only the other day Mrs. Roosevelt sat beside me and we watched on the White House screen various newsreels of President Roosevelt taken during the past year. "Mrs. Roosevelt turned to me and remarked: These pictures of Franklin will go down in history and will be shown to countless generations to come.

"And I thought of how fortunate it is that an actual record of the man could be carried on through the ages!

"For in preserving our great characters as they really are—a function now being performed by the movies—we are insuring accuracy. And that is the most important factor in any industry, art, or life—accuracy!

"In portraying the human heart, motion pictures find, perhaps, their best métier. For the human heart is not only international—it is universal.

"And in depicting such real, such simple persons as are to be found in every land, motion pictures become the great medium for universal understanding.

"White or black, rich or poor, every man, woman, and child could understand the emotion that wracked poor little 'Skippy's' heart when, in the film of that name, he died of the death of his dog.

"Everyone has suffered sorrow—everyone has lost something or someone beloved—therefore, 'Skippy' was the hungry heart that beats in every breast."

Mrs. Owen turned away for a moment to issue orders to one of her several secretaries, all of whom accord her a loyalty that is more than mere deference. She really occupies a place in their hearts.

When she turned back to me, I asked her what influence she thought American films have in foreign countries.

"That question is of especial interest to me just at present," she admitted, "going as I am to another land for four years.

"From my visits to Europe in the past, I have learned that American films have a most tremendous influence in shaping the opinions other nations have of us.

"They judge us by our motion pictures. I mean by that that they believe we are exactly as we are portrayed in our films. They think our cities look just as our films represent them; they believe our people behave as they do in our films. So, because of that fact, it is obvious that we should try always to give them a picture of the real people of America.

"We do not want to create an impression that any exception, isolated character, or happening is typical of our entire nation, of our people."

"What are your views on censorship, Mrs. Owen? Do you care to express an opinion?" I asked.

"No, that is a subject on which I do not feel qualified to express an opinion," she replied. "It is a subject too fraught with the danger of being misunderstood, for one thing. And for another, it is not my business—not my job.

"I will say this, however, If motion pictures are perfected from within, the whole question of censorship would automatically disappear.

"For if every picture produced was all that it should and could be, there would be no necessity for censorship, and it would cease to exist.

"Whether or not certain individuals should have the power to decree what other individuals can see, I will not discuss. But it seems to me that from any viewpoint, censorship is merely a remedy offered to cure an illness that exists. The illness being questionable pictures.

"At best, censorship is an indifferent remedy. For if a picture is not quite acceptable, cutting parts from it will not improve it. Any attempt to improve an ill-fitting gown to tear small holes in it, or make a rug fit a room by burning sections from the center.

"But if films can be brought to the point where they measure up to acknowledged standards of accuracy, integrity, and honesty, there would be nothing in any of them to censor—and censorship would die."
EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET—
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WET your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier! Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing. For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive. Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand’s—quickly, easily. Then you won’t mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

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Joan Crawford through Connie Bennett's Eyes!

Continued from page 17

harbours many and conflicting forces. Forces which she must control if she is to win a lasting success, and she now knows this. She now feels the terrific potentialities of her nature, potentialities that might yet raise her to even greater heights or cast her into the depths. And because of a sneaking doubt as to the eventual outcome, she now exists behind a veil of haunting unhappiness.

"While some girls inherit a pretty fair knowledge of how to get on in the world, and how to find a true joy in living, Joan finds it impossible to profit by the mistakes of others. She, herself, must experience life's joys and sorrows, no matter what the cost, in order to fuse her knowledge into one prodigious engine of life which some day she will drive with the unerring instinct of a trained engineer. And in the meantime she continues to battle through life with a courage inspired by her all-consuming will to achieve. I must say that I admire Joan Crawford almost more than any woman of my acquaintance. She can't help but win.

"At this stage of her career Joan hesitates in taking a misstep for fear of watching her life crash around her. And yet, as I have said, she can learn only through personal experience, so she bravely tries everything, is continually doubting, and never manages to be quite sure of herself—which is one reason she evinces extreme shyness when confronted with crowds.

"In order more clearly to etch her portrayal of Sadie Thompson, in 'Rain,' Joan sincerely felt the necessity for painting her lips as fully as she did, and as a result brought down a storm of criticism. Criticism that called her sensibilities more than you'll ever know. Especially so, since during the making of 'Rain' she was miserably unhappy.

"One afternoon she drove down to my beach place and burst into the living room, seemingly on the verge of hysterics. 'I've just returned from location,' she said, 'and I can't stand it any longer! For some reason or other the whole crew dislikes me! Sometimes I feel it's as though they resent my starring in the picture! I can't do my best work under those conditions!' She cried, 'I can't!' And with that she threw herself on the couch, burying her face in her arms."

Connie comforted and soothed until Joan gradually dropped into a peaceful sleep and slept profoundly, throughout the afternoon in spite of the magnificent overtones of the surf as it periodically, relentlessly, crashed on the beach. The next morning Connie told Joan to return to location, as though nothing had happened, and that if she would be her own charming self she couldn't help but win over the crew. Joan returned to location, charmed, won.

"I hope," Connie continued, after relating this incident, 'you don't get the idea that Joan is unable to take criticism gracefully. She eagerly accepts it, both good and bad, but is apt to feel darkly depressed if she feels the criticism unjust or exaggerated. Especially when people started shouting 'Be yourself—not Garbo!' You may recall that certain writers and fans accused her of copying other stars; Joan of Garbo, Katharine Cornell, and Pauline Frederick. One afternoon while we were discussing these accusations, Joan nearly broke down weeping. 'I admire both Garbo and Katharine Cornell,' she said at the time, 'and I adore Pauline Frederick and I studied her art, just as I studied the art of all great actresses, as a student studies a master—but the thought of imitating them never entered my head! I just wanted to improve myself, that's all! And I do so hope that sometime, somehow, I'll manage to be considered a definite personality; an individual called Joan Crawford!' I told Joan that she already was and not to take it so hard, as everyone in her position was the target of a lot of unfair comment, to continue in her own way and she was bound to come out and stay—ahh.

"And, by the way," Connie inquired with a faint smile, 'don't you find this Garbo comparison rather interesting? For example, the secret of Garbo's lure lies in the illusion of pure, unadulterated abandon. Joan's attraction is similar, except that she subjugates illusion to flame. Perhaps it's because I know Joan so well that I consider her personality far the greater of the two; so great, in fact, that it seems absurd even to presume the necessity for her copying another. 'Who knows,' she continued lightly, 'but that some day the shout may go up: 'Be yourself—not Crawford?''"

And then she went on to tell me of Joan's many and admirable qualities, qualities that helped to cement their acquaintance into a friendship everlasting. "Above all things Joan is a woman of her word, gracious and thoughtful at all times. She would go to great lengths to please an old friend or to make a new one. And the generosity and greatness of her heart has not only been proved in her treatment of friends and studio acquaintances, but also in her many little secret charities. Furthermore, I've yet to find Joan boring, a trait utterly foreign to her nature, for at all times she manages to amuse. In fact, one doesn't always know quite how to take her!

"An especial element of uncertainty enters into any conversation with Joan when she happens to be relaxing on home or down at my place at the beach. I may look at you intently from her staring eyes. She may not expressively, apparently hugging
on to your every word. And yet all the time she'll be sunk in deep concentration over an idée pretentious of her own, utterly unaware of your existence! And may I ask what to do with a girl like that? On the one hand, though, she can display a resiliency of thought that leaves one gasping. And while some of her actions may seem at the time inexplicable, if you probe far enough to discover the motive, you will find her reasoning was that of a sound, discerning intelligence. And since Joan invariably thinks before speaking, her remarks usually ring pertinent. Especially since her adaptability, native caniness and eagerness to learn has developed a truly deep and resourceful mind.

“Due to the many inherent forces of her nature she remains now and forever a woman of many moods; moods, however, that are gradually being softened by her new-found philosophy and mental development. Nevertheless, they assert themselves unexpectedly, and reveal the many and refreshing variants of her nature.

“I remember seeing Joan one evening she had returned from Europe. The predominant theme of the evening was her intense joy at being home again. Apparently some familiar note in the atmosphere attuned itself to her spirit, for suddenly she ran into the recreation hall and began dancing, dancing, dancing as I had never seen her dance before. Even her red chiffon pajamas and flowing long bobbed hair seemed to catch the fire of her mood as she swayed and whirled with inspired grace. There was no music, mind you, and her dance was in no way reminiscent of Jazz. Joan was dancing to the melody of her life, to that vast rhythmic conception of humanity which she herself. It was a music, though the music of her soul had been released by her unutterable joy at once finding herself in this home of hers, this home that she built and loves, and in which she now lives alone.

“That evening Joan was truly beautiful, and I felt her body exquisitely funny; hot, disheveled and wonderfully freckled, lounging on the back of her neck in an easy chair reveling in a novel as she skilfully braided her hair into pigtails.

“When entertaining formally Joan makes a most charming hostess, gowned as one to the manner born and watching after guests with a gracious eagerness which Hollywood is only beginning to understand. Some people accuse her of being a poseur, of putting on the dog, as it were, with place cards at dinner, and one thing and another. Such charges are too ridiculous for words: for Joan never, under any circumstances, does anything which she doesn’t sincerely believe is correct—her scrupulous honesty forbidding. And Joan is honest in deeds, words, and thought, almost to a point of naïveté. And I consider her refreshing naïveté utterly charming.

“But perhaps the greatest tribute I can pay Joan is simply the feeling of relaxation and rest that I have when I step into her home. This may be partially derived from a profusion of white flowers clustered in all rooms; with sweet peas, white carnations, white roses, lilacs and gardenias. And while her florist bill must be tremendous, the effect more than justifies the expense. One wonders at Joan’s passion for white flowers. Perhaps in some way it personalizes a certain spiritual tendency awakened by the Sisters back in her convent days, a tendency that before long may very well dominate her life; but however the course of her future life may run, she remains now a woman whose beauty, talents, and courage merit the world’s admiration—a woman with my friendship, and a woman of whose friendship I’m proud!”
Is Garbo Bluffing?

Continued from page 25

customs of this country, then so new to her. In her search for knowledge she met Miss Tashman, whom Miss Garbo is a few more clever in Hollywood. Even Miss Tashman discovered that she had stumbled upon a real task when she sought to imbue Garbo with American ideas and ideals.

For example, Lilian undertook to teach the Swedish star the art of wearing clothes (Tashman could!). Garbo was avid for such knowledge and for weeks she faithfully visited the better shops with her teacher. At the end of a few months Miss Tashman threw up her hands in surrender. Despite the screen vamp's best efforts, Greta still carries out her own clothes ideas.

I believe that the so-called mystery-of-Garbo is at least partially blamable to a marked inferiority complex. When she is thrown among brilliant people Miss Garbo seems to become self-conscious and tongue-tied. This is not true when she is associating with people of lesser importance. She is said to talk glibly to her maid, her house servants and her business manager. Is this because they work for her and therefore they do not call out her inferiority complex? Garbo—the screen Garbo—is without doubt a tailor-made figure. There is almost as much difference between the tall, blonde woman who "walks in the rain" and the graceful creature of motion pictures as there is between Slim Summerville, the comedian, and Claudette Colbert, the possessor of the screen's loveliest body. The finest technical experts have given their all to make the movie Greta beautiful. They dress her gorgeously and otherwise surround her with the glamour which is so vital to her box-office value.

In my opinion Garbo's inferiority complex causes her to be fearfully aware of this marked difference between her real and her reel selves. She knows that her figure is not petite and that her feet are large. I recall that she seemed aware of these faults early in her Hollywood career.

My knowledge is based on an incident that took place at the studio several years ago. Garbo, then a stranger to the studios and a person of little importance to her employers, was ordered to pose in a bathing suit, just as little cuties pose in bathing suits today.

Garbo was horribly self-aware. She took pains to assume postures best adapted to hide her body rather than to exhibit it as a bathing-suit figure should be displayed. She was mortified, beyond doubt—or if there was doubt it was quickly banished when Greta suddenly cried: "When I become famous I shall never, never have my photograph in a bathing suit!"

True to that promise made to herself, when Garbo rose to importance in the motion picture industry she positively refused to pose in bathing suits.

In fact, Garbo refuses to pose for informal pictures of any sort! She permits studio photographers to pose her only in the gallery or on her sets and she demands and exercises the privilege of censoring every negative.

Many questions are asked about Garbo. Most of them are queries that may be answered only with personal opinions, since she refuses to give her own replies. Let us delve into the most common queries:

*Is it true that she never attends parties?*

Statements to that effect are positively false! Greta rarely attends social affairs at which other motion picture notables may be found, but she travels frequently to the homes of her Swedish or less famous friends. On such occasions she dresses informally. She goes for good times among people who are little interested in whether she is beautiful or homely. She is not overcome by an inferiority complex among such friends.

*Does she want to become a stage actress?*

Years ago Garbo expressed such a desire. I believe she harbors the same yearning in her heart today. Unfortunately for any such ambitions, always in the back of her mind may lurk that annoying voice which never ceases to whisper: "I am not really as beautiful as the public believes. On the stage people would see me as I am. They might be disappointed!" Of course, Greta has not publicly admitted this; I am only hazardning an opinion of one who has studied her closely since her early days in America.

Ruby Keeler, sweeter than ever in her fetching travel suit, goes vacationing with husband Al Jolson. No, Al isn't in blackface—it's just a few layers of that well-known California tan!
“Here’s the one we took when Dick wasn’t looking”

“I’ve got the pictures!” That brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken... It’s even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

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**MANUSCRIPT TODAY**

HOLLYWOOD WRITERS SERVICE, Dept. 232, Hollywood, Calif.

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**Femi-nities**

Some Exciting Summer Stand-bys That Will Help Make Week-ends Meet!

By Katharine Hartley

Remember how you used to worry and wonder if two extra pairs of hose wouldn’t bring you too much for the week-end—allowing for most anything in the way of a tear or a run? I say—”remember?” because this is a problem of the past, my dears. You don’t even have to wear stockings any more, much less worry about them. The answer is Elizabeth Arden’s Velva Beauty Film—a brand new cream for legs. It’s the most exciting thing in summer for Asthma. A cream... comes in a tube... three flattering shades... and you smooth it on your legs as easy as can be. Wear it instead of hose, or wear it under sheer hose if you like. It not only colors your legs beautifully, but it covers every blemish and what’s more, it doesn’t show a shine. Talk about “dull-finish” hose... this cream leaves your legs more duller than dull. (In one sense only, I promise you.) Imagine being stockinged by the tube! Well, there’s no telling what we’ll come to.

Naturally, you must remove every trace of hair from your legs and arms to give really clear summer. And this is not such a perplexing problem as it used to be, whether. If you’ve been using the new De Wan depli-tory, you don’t know what a comparatively simple and pleasant “operation” this hair-removing business can be. De Wan is a fine white powder that you mix with water to form a paste. And there’s no bad odor. Covering round the bottle either, so you can pack it in with your nicest undies. Besides, it’s so safe that you can use it not only on your arms and under-arms, but on your face!

If you must have some new beauty gadget to make your week-end a success, try a new lipstick. Rubenstein’s chat-elaine lipstick is the talk of the town. The name and the container are reminiscent of medieval ladies who wore chat-elaine bags, or key rings, safely chained to their waistline. Only in this case, it’s the top that’s chained to the lipstick. Is that an idea? Saves us
A Remarkable Offer!

Have you ever noticed those new non-leakable perfume containers? They certainly are handy to carry in your purse—so neat and so easy to keep filled!

Why yes—I keep one in my handbag all the time. Then I'm sure of always having enough of my favorite perfume—ready to use whenever I wish.

for Every Woman's Purse

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for each perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

A Glorious Feeling to your body IMMEDIATELY!

Would you like to have your skin feel soft and smooth as a rose petal simply by taking a most soothing pleasant bath?

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! The rarest velvet couldn't be more soft and smooth!

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

Record Awards from Radio Girls

Continued from page 61

for August 1933

a lot of looking for strayed or stolen tops. Needless to say, the Rubenstein shades are pretty perfect. Smart young things who go week-ending, have hit upon this lipstick not only for their own use, but as a grand thank-you-ma'am gift for their hostesses!

Half the trick of looking long-lashed and lovely is to keep the lashes curled upward, so they stand out distinctly against the light texture of the eyelids.

It was Hollywood that first startled the world with its wealth of lovely lashes. But then it was Hollywood that first heard about Kurlash. The secret's out now, however, and everybody is using it. It's a little gadget, made to fit your fingers like a pair of scissors, with a rubber-rimmed aperture that fits around the lashes. A squeeze of the handle and the eyelashes are curled. Yes, it's as simple as all that . . . and the effect is ravishing.

Of course I needn't tell you that you'll need gobs and gobs of a good cleansing cream with you on any week-end venture. But I'm not so sure that all of you realize what a boon a good powder base can be. Especially if, by the second day that sun-tanned, wind-burned skin of yours begins to get shinier than satin.

I know there are lots of pro's and con's about powder bases. Some of you have had rotten luck with them. The powder doesn't stick, or else it cakes, or the powder base dries the skin. Well, here's one that has none of these drawbacks. It's Tussy's La Rennée de Creme—and for those of you who haven't kept up with your French, that means the Queen of Creams and it is! It's so light-textured that it won't clog the pores either, but it will hold your powder beautifully for hours.

And incidentally, a good powder base such as this one has another very distinct advantage. It does help protect your skin from dirt and sun and all the summer scourges.

Maybe your hair is the kind that simply looks a mess after a dip in the salt-water. If so it's always well to have a small bottle of a good shampoo in your week-end case. One of the exciting new ones is called "Admiral." It's of the soapless variety. It has an olive oil base, which works won- ders, and leaves your hair naturally soft and glossy. The same shampoo, when heated, makes a perfectly marvelous hot-oil treatment. You just follow directions, and then watch the one-and-only follow you!

for August 1933

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for August 1933

for August 1933
be the story of any girl—her virtues and her faults similar to yours and mine.

Her mistakes were not the serious, important mistakes made—and surmounted—by some of our greater stars. She was never a Dancing Daughter, careless of hours, of compliments, of reputation. Nor yet a madcap Clara Bow, jeopardizing her future by impulsive, thoughtless deeds.

Sally was simply a girl who dared to enjoy the normal, harmless pleasures of youth in a town that has no place for real youth.

For in Hollywood, Youth is the sacrifice demanded upon the altar of achievement. To attain success upon the screen, players must make their careers their gods. Their homes, their loves, their private lives—all are subject to the whims of that temperamental, generous, selfish, all-encompassing task-master—Work!

There is no place in Hollywood for a girl or boy who wishes to consider work in pictures as merely a job, in the same sense that a stenographer considers hers or a bookkeeper his. A job is that a means of sustenance, entirely apart from one's real life, which can be lived after work is done.

A life made up of pleasant hours with the family, helping mother select a hair-buying a doll for small sister. Of shopping with the girl next door and going to the movies. Of playing tennis and swimming with one's best—of dancing to gay orchestrations and driving along moonlit beaches.

That was what Sally Blane desired. Today, she realizes her folly. At twenty-four, she is setting about to reconstruct her career.

"I know now that I wasted some of the best years of my life as far as work is concerned," she told me, as we sat in her spacious suite in the St. Regis just before she sailed for England. "But in many ways, I do not regret it, even now.

"For I am still young enough to start over again. And no matter what ever happens, nothing can take from me the care-free hours, the fun, the honest young good times I had. Regardless of what heartaches or sufferings life has brought me, or may continue to bring me—I can always be grateful for having enjoyed youth!"

"Of course, I am sorry that I didn't make the most of my opportunities, didn't study as I should or work as hard as I might have done."

"Instead, during my first years in pictures, all that work meant to me was simply a sales tax to buy new clothes to look pretty for my beau. I was terribly in love then, you know.

Sally smiled a little sadly, as does every woman when she contemplates a fragment of her youth that has died. Her eyes grew misty and during the silence of that moment, I realized that Sally has definitely grown up. In place of the gay and careless young girl I had known for so long, there was now a poised, self-possessed woman with level glance and determined chin.

"Not only did I fail to take my work seriously in those days," she continued, "but I also slighted it in my haste to get away from the studio as soon as possible to keep dates with the young man in the case.

"Then, when we broke our engagement, I found that I had nothing left. My whole world had revolved around him, my life had been lived only in the moments spent with him.

"Instead of having the solace of a work in which I could throw myself wholeheartedly, I had only the skeleton of what might-have-been. And it was then, when I really needed something to believe in, something to cling to, that a real ambition was born in me. I determined from that time on to build my future on something that no one beside myself could destroy."

It was then that Sally learned her second great lesson. For she soon found that the opportunities which she had neglected had been seized by more thrifty souls. The greater part of Sally's fortune was something to which, for three years before had found more appreciative recipients of their favors. The work to which she had given such scant attention was being done by more industrious souls.

But Sally had what is often termed a "fighting heart." She did not know when she was defeated. Instead, she shrugged
her slim shoulders with something of her usual nonchalance and set about proving to the world—and to herself—that she could at last live up to all that had been expected of her.

"It has been so hard to get work, though," she explained, a shadow of puzzlement crossing her eyes. "I had been in Hollywood long enough to be considered just another old-timer. An old-timer who wasn't particularly interested in working.

"I would hear that a picture was being cast in which there was just the part for me. I would go over to talk to the casting director or the producer or the director, and would walk out with my hopes high. Every time the phone would ring during the next few days, I would think it was my call.

"But when the picture went into production, some other girl would be playing the part I had tried to get.

"At first I couldn't understand it—it worried me and almost caused me to develop an inferiority complex. Until at last I realized that I had to consider myself as beginning all over again. That my whole career had to be started afresh, just as it had when I first came to Hollywood."

Not that it was much of an effort for Sally to enter pictures. Born in Salida, Colorado, she moved with her family to Salt Lake City when she was two months old. After a childhood and girlhood in the Mormon capital, her mother and sisters brought her to Hollywood for a visit one summer.

It was at that time that Universal was preparing its "College" series and one of the officials of that organization met the Young girls. (Blane is only Sally's screen name), and offered Polly Ann, the oldest, and Sally, parts in the film.

In that manner, Sally was launched upon her picture career. After finishing "The College" at Universal, she was signed by Paramount and worked for that company for one year, the year during which she was a Wampus Baby Star. Following expiration of her Paramount contract, she was signed by the newly-formed and growing Radio Pictures organization where she remained for some time. The time, in fact, which she fears she wasted.

"One thing my experience has given me," Sally resumed thoughtfully, "and that is a real love for my work. When I was faced with the prospect of not being able to continue in pictures, I knew for all time that whatever this thing called acting may be, it means something deep down inside to anyone who has a feeling for it.

"From now on, I shall find pleasure not only in fighting for parts, but also in every actual moment before the cameras."

It is easy to understand this innate love of acting of which Sally speaks. For Loretta Young has evidenced this same quality in her work. When, at sixteen, she turned in an admittedly "fool-proof" performance opposite Lou Charney in "Laugh, Laugh, Laugh," followed by one of the most astounding rises of any young actress, public and critics alike united in proclaiming her an intuitive and instinctive actress. It is something of this quality which has transmitted itself to the sister, Sally Blane, too.

In line with her new determination about her future, Sally Blane essayed her current trip to England.

"According to all the stories I have heard," she explained, "when an American actress lands in England, she is immediately besieged with offers to make pictures. Then, after working in London for a while, when she returns to America, she is taken far more seriously than ever before.

"Under the circumstances, I thought it would be a good idea to go to England for a vacation—I've never been abroad, you know. Then, if the right opportunity comes..."
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We know you've heard Hepburn discussed from many points of view—her public career, her private life, her present, her past, and her future.

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JULY 25th

along and I have a chance to do a picture which I think will really further my career, I can show Hollywood that I am not as frivolous as I used to be."

"But what of the Earl of Warwick?" I asked, thinking of the newspaper columns which had been devoted to accounts of that young peer's devotion to the lovely Sally.

"I'll tell you the honest truth, Laura," she answered slowly. "We are good friends and congenial companions. We enjoy going places together and have lots of fun. But there is no romance."

"I just don't seem to fall in love any more. Not since I broke off with the one real romance in my life have I felt more than a pleasant, friendly interest in anyone."

"The Earl of Warwick is a grand person—he's everything that a girl might desire in a man. But I'm not in love with him. We are not engaged—and now, we're not even going to sail on the same boat!"

Which latter was really a shame. For, under the chaperonage of a conservative English couple, Mr. and Mrs. Henley, Sally and the Earl of Warwick had planned to sail to England on the Lafayette. But newspapers had got wind of their plans and sensed a big romance. Pictures and stories had covered the front pages, until Sally decided that it would be more dignified to make the trip with Mr. and Mrs. Henley but not the Earl. And it would have been fun on shipboard, her first ocean voyage, having such a personable young escort at her side.

However, her words rang true. I've known Sally for a long time, and though I'm used to the ever-ready denial of a romance, in her case I think she meant it. In fact, I'm willing to take all bets that her trip is really a vacation from Hollywood, with the alluring prospect of an English picture to brighten it, and that Sally will return to America still heartwhole and intent on the new career that lies before her.

The House that Love Built

Continued from page 29

They had the rug there on approval, unable to decide whether to keep it or not as they weren't sure everyone would understand it was all in fun, for both Joby and Dick shrunk from anything remotely resembling a parade of sentiment. One night over the whole house!" And they did.

The result is, to me anyway, the most livable house in the picture colony. Let me tell you some of the ideas Dick and Joby have carried out in making over their home.

The left end of the attached two-car garage was knocked out and the room enlarged, the wall between that and the living room knocked out, and the erstwhile automobile has become a combination library and den. At the far end has been added a large alcove with windows on three sides. Almost the entire floor space of the alcove is a loggia, topped by a deep, tufted pad. A dozen unbleached muslin pillows brighten it and, in an emergency, it can be used to accommodate an unexpected overnight guest. Glazed chintz over-curtains with ruffled edges carry out the Early American idea. Two built-in electric heaters keep the room warm on some of those cool California evenings.

Of course there are book-shelves, and to their right is a door leading into a bathroom, also just added—the bathroom that is, not the door. In addition to a built-in dressing table there is a shower. Adjoining the bathroom is a small room with a massage table and a steam cabinet to help the master of the house keep his weight down.

On the opposite side of the den are two more banks of book-shelves, and between them is a small window, in front of which stands a not too large desk. A maple Windsor chair stands beside it. A radio has been built into the wall separating the den and living room. In the opposite corner is a semi-circular brick fireplace.

The walls and beamed ceiling are all of red pine. The only modern touches in the entire room is the bridge lamp, just back of Dick as 'phones. Descending the two steps that lead from the den into the living room, we find a huge, old-fashioned piano which I discovered, surprisingly enough, that Dick can play. The cover on it is designed in what is known as a "poppet stitch" and was crocheted by Joby's grandmother. The picture on it is of Dick in his rôle in "Wings."

The glass curtains in this room are white dotted swiss with over-curtains of glazed chintz. A hooked rug in front of the fireplace assures the visitor the place is "Home, Sweet Home."
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other side is the kitchen. No kitchenette here but a large, full-sized kitchen such as our mothers were used to, equipped with electric range, refrigerator, and enough cupboard space to accommodate kitchen utensils for Buckingham Palace.

On the opposite side of the living room from the bedroom is the master bedroom. This room is almost as large as the living room and is Dick's pride and joy. "There's nothing staysy about it," he'll tell you proudly. "Joby was swell when it came to furnishing this. She didn't insist upon having a lot of dolls and lace boudoir pillows such as a girl wants." There is a big bed with a medium high headboard but no footboard. A small desk with another electrified oil-lamp, an easy chair upholstered in green plaid ginghams, and a bedside table with another lamp take up that end of the room. A large fireplace fills the corner. There are recessed bookshelves and under the window is another divan, upholstered in the same material as the chair.

Leaving off the room is a long narrow hall, flanked on each side by large, cedar-lined closets—one for Joby's clothes and one for Dick's. Both of them have built-in chests of drawers.

This hall leads into the largest bathroom I have ever seen. A sunken tub and a glass-in-shower occupy one side, and there are two built-in dressing tables—one for Joby and one for Dick.

Dick's is distinguished chiefly for a assortment of safety razors (all of the same make), large enough to shave the Russian army, and one shaving brush so moth-eaten it wouldn't last the face of a new-born baby (As if that weren't enough, the handle comes off every time you pick it up!) The most noteworthy feature of the bathroom is that it is fully carpeted.

The Arkansas house was being remodelled. At first they took an apartment in a fashionable building in town, stayed there until their month was up, and then decided they would prefer putting up with the carpenters' mess and noise to being away. When the carpenters had to start on the bedroom they moved into one of the hotels in town, stayed there a day, and then returned home again! They used to come all the way into town for their meals, and my impression was that, as they were, they happier than they would have been cooped up in a hotel—even though it was only for a week or two.

And now let us turn to the grounds. In the angle formed by the house and the garage is a good-sized patio with a lily pond. A roof protrudes from the garage furnishing shade. Under this roof is a Monterey divan, upholstered in red leather, and a couple of easy chairs to match. On the other side of the wall is another courthouse in which is located the ping-pong table and beyond that are the servants' quarters. In the front yard, hidden by the bushes, is the largest private swimming pool in the colony.

The whole thing is a striking tribute, not only to Dick's and Joby's taste, but to their thrift. The entire job, including the swimming pool, the additions to the house, the re-upholstering of their old furniture and the new pieces they bought, cost them about seventy-five hundred dollars.

One of the most expensive interior decorators in Los Angeles was called in to assist in doing the house. It was amusing to listen to him and Jobyna Battling. Every time he would bring out one of his stuffy formal pieces Joby would with him with sarcasm. "Fine," she would say. "When the place is finished it will look exactly like a motion picture set and every morning I'll wake up and think, 'I've got to hurry and get up.' The cameraman will be here in a few minutes to start shooting and I can't throw them behind schedule.'"

The decorator bow to the inevitable. Presently he would be back with another selection and Joby would pick out just the right piece to add hominess to the house that love built.

The "Young" Idea

continued from page 34

influential friends tucked deep in her bag, and merely presented a note from Chinth- cumbom Brown, a stock company impresario, based on actual knowledge of her capabilities.

Her role in "The Firebird" gave her real opportunity to unleash her dramatic talent, especially in the final act, where in one frenzied scene lasting several minutes she took the stage completely away from three such seasoned performers as Judith Ander-

son, Henry C. Stephenson, and Montague Love. Nor was this all, for after that opus had concluded its run at about the season's halfway-mark, she presently found herself enrobed in a role in Owen Davis' play of the moment, "A Saturday Night"—a role that turned out to be nothing less than the ingénue lead.

Not bad for one season, especially when your year's work has earned you the special accolade of Mr. Percy Hammond, one
of New York's more sapient critics, as well as a boisterous bouquet from the rather snotty stage publication of the nation's smartest dramatic band (frequently known as the Theatre Guild), and a general pother on the part of newspaper writers and other chroniclers of important developments in the realm of Thepsis. In short, Elizabeth Young found herself sitting more prettily than ever, which, when you pause to calculate it, adds up to a considerable sum of loveliness.

And then my agent called up and said the Paramount people were interested in me," she reports. "Well, that was no end flattering, but of course I'd never done anything in pictures, nor even thought much about it. The closest connection I'd ever had with the films was a violent schoolgirl crush on Ramon Novarro's screen shadow some years ago. So for awhile I was good and scared—so scared that I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. But I took a screen test and they must have liked it, because I got the contract."

Elizabeth herself, one gathered, was not quite overjoyed with the results of her screen test; but what self-critical actor ever has been? Certainly, with her intelligent, alive features, her frank grey eyes, and her ease of speech and unconcerned grace of posture and movement, she is one young lady whose personality is not likely to suffer by transmutation from stage to screen. Miss Young has traveled widely throughout this continent and in Europe, and is at home in several languages—advantages which, while not essential to acting success, have seldom been known to harm any actor.

And to what specific kind of rôle she would prefer with which to start her screen career, she showed a wise willingness to leave her fate to the gods.

What sort of parts would I like to play? I'm not sure that I know, but I know one thing: I'm not going to do. I'm not going out there with any fixed notions of what I'd like to do, because that might prevent my developing competence at something quite different. It seems to me there's a lot of sense in this crack that Owen Davis, Jr., made to me: 'You might go out there all ready to play a dainty young heroine, and find yourself turning out to be a Mae West type.' Maybe that's a little far-fetched, but I'm taking no chances. I don't want to do the thing I'm best fitted for—and I can't know what that is until I've tried, can I?"

"But I hope I won't find myself doing," she added, "is the fluffy little ingénue type. I've already tried that on the stage, and I felt all wrong in it, because the things I was called upon to do were artificial and didn't make sense. Whatever types I may play, I hope they'll be real, honest-to-goodness persons, with natural motives and believable emotions."

Elizabeth's mother will spend the first few months in Hollywood with her daughter, but the latter suffers from spells of loneliness. For neither is it a first Hollywood visit, though they have not seen the movie colony since Elizabeth was twelve, and then only as casual visitors. "Now it will be quite different, of course," remarked Mrs. Young, with quite as much animation as her daughter displayed at the thought of being on the inside of Hollywood. Mrs. Young is a writer of fiction and former editor of a woman's page for a national newspaper syndicate. And not least important in the Young entourage is Minnie-the-Moosher, a seven-months-old skeptical belonging to the well-known Scottish Terrier clan. It is Elizabeth's fervent hope that Minnie, when exposed to the virile blandishments of the numerous gentleman Scotties in film circles, will manage to keep her fuzzy head and decline to "go Hollywood!"

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THE GRISWOLD
WILLIAM F. INGOLD, Manager

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF SCREENLAND WILL BE ON SALE JULY 25

Divorce of Double Stars!

Continued from page 31

turned brows, indicating that her owner's point of view is as different as these eyes
reveal. The windows of her soul would make it almost hard to harmonize or see
tings eye to eye with.

To bring this closer home to you—suppose you are of such a pair and have
eyes much like Joan's, while your sweet
heart or husband has eyes like Doug Jr.
Let's suppose you are discussing a pro-
pseed vacation, and wish the sights, sounds,
and sensations that will make that play-
time pay dividends of happy memories.

Well, the things that people with eyes like
Joan enjoy most are as different from the
sights pictured by Doug Jr. as the eyes are
different, be sure of that. She, or you, if
you too have such eyes—loving glamour,

... (Continued on page 31)
wreck the viewpoints of the most austere bachelor; a woman as attractive as the former Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., might easily transform a mute into a Chautauqua lecturer.

About this Franchot Tone's physical appearance—Joan is five feet and five inches tall, and when she is accompanied by her newest boy friend she must look up—well up—to meet his eyes. Joan has exceptionally broad shoulders; Franchot's are broader. She has moderately dark hair in contrast to his milky white complexion. Picture them together and you not only conjure a vivid mind-portrait of the man, but you visualize two who form one of Hollywood's most attractive couples.

In decided contrast to Miss Crawford's flashing smile and quick wit are Tone's ponderous manner of thinking and his slow, half-smile that twists more decidedly at the right corner of his mouth. Perhaps his experience as a school teacher—he was an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department at Cornell—is responsible for his pedagogic style of talk and his semi-critical manner of listening.

Like most “silent” men, Franchot is a tireless reader. Like many thinking men, he turns to detective and mystery stories for the greater portion of his literary pursuits. He plays a moderately good game of golf, and the one time I have known him to approach garrulity was in a sand-trap on a golf course—on that occasion he employed words that the most learned professors of the English language might find unfamiliar.

He is no stranger to the Hollywood film colony, for before he entered motion pictures he was well known on the New York stage. Among his plays was “Cross Roads,” in which he appeared with Peggy Shannon, Sylvia Sidney and Irene Purcell.

Instead of occupying an apartment or town house upon his arrival in the film city, Franchot leased a beach house. There he has lived for the past year, sharing his quarters with Tommy Thompson, an old New York chum, and a Korean houseboy.

Tone is immediately likeable because he maintains no false illusions about his talents. He is eager to learn and grateful for constructive criticism. When he is not at work in front of the camera, he sits or stands on the side lines and watches the performances of veteran talking-picture actors. Whenever possible he volunteers to participate in “tests,” both camera and sound, in order that he may study and improve his screen appearance and enunciation. Such serious application cannot fail to find its just reward.

Perhaps this ultra-serious side of Tone has established the bond of understanding between the young actor and Miss Crawford. Certainly no actress is more intent upon her career than Joan. After eight years before the camera, she is no less earnest today than she was when she began her career. She may try favorously between pictures, but the minute work begins all play is erased from her mind. Tone is strikingly like her in this respect.

This story about Franchot Tone is peculiarly a story about Joan Crawford. In Hollywood, the name of one conjures that of the other. Of Hollywood's young eligibles, he is seen most often in her company. Indeed, he is the only apparent heir to the place left vacant when Joan divorced the younger Fairbanks.

I hazard a guess that if the mutual fondness demonstrated by these two expands as rapidly within the next few months as it has since Christmas, we may yet address one of our favorite feminine stars as Mrs. Joan Crawford-Fairbanks-Tone.

I rather oppose to this. I should much prefer to see Tone progress unabated. Poised, brilliant, a fine actor, he has an opportunity to establish himself as a popular, lasting star. I hope he does that first. Then I should not at all mind the happy culmination of his current romantic venture.

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It is a velvet finish for legs. It comes in paste form, in a tube. It serves as a perfect covering for blemishes.

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in Hollywood," said Beatty. "And I want to make another picture. No, it's not true that the glare of the lights made my work in the movie more dangerous and difficult than usual. But the heat was a problem. My cats got so warm they were drowsy, and I had to keep waking 'em up.

"I'm not an animal tamer. Wild animals can't be 'tamed.' They can be trained, and that's my business. I'd like to make a movie some time with other animals as well as lions and tigers, and the bears and leopards as well as cats when I tour the country with the circus. Bears are the funny boys of the act, and I think they'd make a huge hit as screen comedians."

His act had gone very smoothly at that performance, Mr. Beatty remarked. But only two evenings before, some lions had started "gangling" the tigers and a good time had been had by all, except possibly two of the tigers who would never be the same. Beatty is a social lion himself when he's in New York, having been known to break priceless antique chairs when urged by the hostess to give an exhibition of his training technique for her guests. It's all in the routine for Clyde.

His favorite lion is the famous man-eating Nero, who chewed Clyde considerably a season ago. Beatty likes Nero. He says he gets action when he works with him.

**The Art of Mickey Mouse**

*Continued from page 27*

with oils and pigments again I'd give a swift kick in the pants—"

"Hush, girl, hush—the gentleman will think you don't love Art!"

"Do I love Art?" squealed Minnie. "I eat it up—just you watch me!" She bounced up the wall and would have chewed up one of Mickey's most sensitively drawn portraits had not each of us seized her by a leg and hauled her down.

"Well, anyway, I know where there's something lots better to eat,—tanned Minnie, skipping rope with her tail. Whereupon Mickey suddenly seemed to lose interest in his new-found elegance.

"Where?" he breathed, forgetting his glasses and letting his stick clatter to the floor.

"It's a swell spread," teased Minnie, still skipping, "but now you're so ritzy I didn't think you'd care."

"Where, Minnie, where?"

"It's a party at Clarence Cockroach's house. He says the kitchen maid left the top of the cookie jar loose, and he's trying to round up enough of the gang so we can push it off and have a grand party. But you couldn't go in those funny clothes."

"I'll change 'em on the way," cried Mickey. "Come on!" And, hand in hand, they galloped out the door and down the street, Mickey trying to remove his fancy trousers as he ran.

"See you again soon," he called back turning and waving to me. "I want to talk to you about Neo-impressionism!"

**The Editor's Page**

*Continued from page 15*

Life is just one "shot" after another! Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan, on the set of "I Loved You Wednesday," move out of range of the movie cameras only to find themselves facing the "still" photographer.
The Public Be Heard!

Continued from page 6

conscience of the most jaded movie-goer; a voice, undeniably English as it is, that does not drag with a superabundance of studied broad A's and offensively rolled R's.

Miss Wynyard's voice has run a gamut of emotions in her films: a voice desperate with fear; an estranging voice, pulsing with the sincerity of its message; a proud, yet gentle voice rejoicing in the memory of an unforgotten love. Never once does she descend to that shrill, re-echoing, hysterical note that many of our esteemed actresses have unfortunately resorted to at times, and never once does she fail to convey the depth and significance of her scenes.

Mary E. Best, 272 Washington St., Marblehead, Mass.

DON'T BLINK AT ROMANCE!

We must keep the happy ending! The vast army of movie-goers do not want to see life filled with failure and bitterness. They have enough of this in their everyday world. Many have already known what it is to feel the sting of defeat and see one's dreams crumble about one. They go to the movies to escape this and enter into a world of glamour and romance. A world where dreams come true and ambitions are realized. It gives them strength to go on in the hope that some day they too may know the joy that comes with the fulfillment of dreams and ambitions.

By all means keep the happy ending.

M. Seiter, 6454 Laffin St., Chicago, Ill.

WE SUFFER THEIR SORROWS!

We wouldn't admit it in so many words, but deep in our hearts, we like to believe that the gorgeous men and women of the screen are ourselves. As the play unfolds, we identify ourselves more and more with the handsome heroes and heroines. That dashing, fearless he-man, that lovely, charming woman, are what we dream of being, and it hurts us to see them give us a miserable wallop at the end.

If we leave them happy, our own hearts fill with joy, and new hope gives us strength to carry on. Give us happy endings!

George W. Hall, Hartford, S. D.

Here's a new romantic team—both on and off the screen. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, the boy and girl in "In the Money," are boy-and-girling it after hours as well.

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10

The Past of Mary Holmes

Radio

Here's your old friend "The Goose Woman" masquerading under another name. Remember Louise Dresser in the silent film? Helen MacKellar has the title rôle and she turns in a skilled performance as the ex-opera prima donna whose fame vanishes with the birth of her son. Eric Linden, as the son, gives a good account of himself. Jean Arthur is the attractive heroine.

Hello, Sister

Fox

We can't hand this very much—maybe it's because we resent James Dunn's being unfaithful to his screen sweetheart, Sally Eilers. Jimmy is teamed with Boots Malone here, and their love hits many a bump and furrow before it finally strikes the smooth course. Even the presence of the inimitable Zasu Pitts fails to make this more than a mildly likeable picture.

The Circus Queen

Columbia

Adolphe Menjou gives another pleasant performance as Thatcher Colt, the detective. This time he has the colorful sur- roundings of a circus for his background. Greta Nissen, as the Circus Queen, is brutally murdered, and Menjou solves the mystery to everyone's satisfaction. The cast, including Ruthela Stevens, Donald Cook, and Dwight Frye contribute nice work.

Song of The Eagle

Paramount

This timely "beer" story had infinite possibilities, but went just the least bit flat on us. It's the saga of a brewer who built up a respected name in pre-war days, then lost everything rather than stoop to making il- legitimate brew, and finally scored a grand come-back. Jean Hersholt, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, and Charles Bickford are at their best.

The winner of the James Cagney Contest which appeared in the May issue of SCREENLAND is Lamar C. Rowland, 502 Nevada Street, Libby, Montana.

The winning letter was brief and breezy, and like most of the letters, expressed a preference for Cagney as "tough" rather than "tender."

We will tell you all about the winner and his trip to Hollywood in a later issue.

For Your Daily COMFORT

during Vacation

MENTHOLATUM

brings soothing relief for

SUNBURN

CHAFING

INSECT BITES

PRICKLY HEAT

CUTS AND BRUISES

MUSCULAR SORENESS

NERVOUS HEADACHE

SUPERFICIAL BURNS

NASAL IRRITATION

CRACKED LIPS

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

SAFE SIMPLE METHOD

IN USE OVER 30 YEARS

Develop your figure when needed. Build up this healthy bone, neck, arm, leg—ANY part of the body. Have a beautiful symmetrical figure. Nonappealant. Just send 11 for Large Container of your tested and proved.

PEERLESS WONDER CREAM

and your Confidential Instructions Showing You How to Develop a Beautiful Rounded Form by the Simple Home Method. Sent sealed and prepaid. And you can have your life back if you pay 40-cents the first time.

MADAME WILLIAMS Dept. 5

Buffalo, N. Y.

Easiest way to REMOVE HAIR


DEL-A-TONE

The Quality Hair-Remover
ALTHOUGH Sally Eilers got away from Hollywood and is now enjoying a vacation in Europe, she did not know until the very last minute whether her studio would permit the trip.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Sally was not sure that she would be permitted to board a seven o'clock train. Incidentally, Miss Eilers' maid refused to make the trip—she is in love with her husband and did not wish to be separated from him for so long a time. Within twenty-four hours Sally had to employ a new maid and secure passports.

FIRST HEDDA HOPPER named Hollywood's best-dressed women—and she failed to include Lilian Tashman.

Now Adolphe Menjou has burst forth with a list of the ten best-dressed men in the world—and he fails to name Edmund Lowe!

If you don't think Lilian and Eddie (who pride themselves on their ability to dress) are chagrined, you should have heard their joint remarks on the subject of self-appointed clothes-judges.

Actors named by Menjou, by the way, were Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., John Barrymore, and Clive Brook. Adolphe is also considered one of the world's best-dressed men.

RICHARD DIX has a “good-luck” necktie which he wears at least once in every picture. . . . Add amateur astronomers: Irene Dunne, . . . Arline Judge, listening to police reports emanating from her automobile radio, ran past a stop-signal and was arrested . . . Herbert Mundin received a cable asking his terms to do a London show and wired back: “Why all your idle curiosity?” . . . Joan Crawford is so fond of gardens that she has planted a bed of them; she personally takes care of this garden . . . Heather Angel, the English actress, owns six dogs and nine cats.

The Prince of Siam offered Will Rogers the gift of an elephant, but Will cabled His Highness: “Elephants no good at catching mice; will accept a car”. . . . James Dunn has asserted that he will make no more dates with girls for six months!

Jackie Coogan, first kid-star, is now studying law at college.

MONTHLY HISS AND CHEER DEPT.

A GRAND big close-up with exceptional lighting to Mary Carlisle for her unselfishness. Mary recently spent every penny of her savings and even went far into debt to pay for a costly major operation that saved her mother's life. Double that close-up, please.

A long shot to Clark Gable, who wrote to Ruth Fifer and promised support if she formed a fan club in his honor. She promoted a club to real importance but she has never heard one word from Gable—not even a note of praise for the interesting club paper she publishes.

A close-up with good lighting to Dorothy Wickers, who is not letting movie fame and Hollywood spoil her love for husband who is in Germany. She writes him daily letters—one was forty pages long.

A dimly lighted long shot with blurred sound track to the newspaper columnists who continue to bound Jean Harlow in search of a possible scandal in connection with her husband's death. Jean has twice been absolved of all blame; why not permit the girl her rightful peace?

A lovely double close-up to Ann Harding and Alexander Kirkland for their joint donation of $800 to the bereaved family of the sailor who lost his life while swimming for help when a boat in which the movie stars were sailing was overturned by a wind-squall.

MIRIAM JORDAN, the English actress who belies the common belief that Britshers lack a sense of humor, boasts that she has "talked to Greta Garbo." While I was in New York, Miss Garbo rushed from her hotel and bumped into me," Miriam says. "Immediately she cried 'Pardon me' and I answered 'Certainly,' I have never seen you again."

IT would be cruel to mention his name, but one of Hollywood's best known leading men has become very brave of late. There is a reason and I don't mean grapes.

This chap has employed a body-guard, a giant of a man who was once a professional heavyweight prize-fighter. Now the actor wands about town picking trouble with people. When his nagging brings an offer to fight, the leading man calls his henchman into play.

The one drawback to such fighting-hy- proxy is that some day that guard might be ill. A number of the leading man's "friends" are awaiting such an occasion.

ANDY CLYDE is thinking of suing the company that manufactures his alarm clock. One night Andy dreamed that he was playing opposite Greta Garbo in a picture. Just as he was about to kiss her, his alarm clock rang and awakened him.
Make-up that improves upon Nature

BY PATRICIA GORDON

... that is Princess Pat harmonized make-up. Ordinary make-up is obvious. Princess Pat make-up always gives exquisite beauty without trace of artificiality. For instance, the rouge you use. Princess Pat rouge possesses the magical secret of the duo-tone blend. Usual rouge is merely one flat tone.

And here is what happens—with Princess Pat rouge. A mysterious undertone changes to perfectly match your skin. A vibrant, beautiful overtone suffuses your cheeks with glorious color. Then indeed there is harmony to thrill you, color in your cheeks that actually seems to come from within the skin, like a natural blush.

With rouge the keynote—and it is precisely that—your complexion must be given velvety smoothness, translucence. So Princess Pat carries on with harmonized make-up—by providing almond base face powder. Starch is the usual base, you know. And what a difference almond makes. Princess Pat powder is like a caress upon your skin. It imparts soft-textured beauty to rival flower petals. It lies upon your skin so closely, clings so magically that you do not think of powder—only that your complexion has become adorably beautiful.

And a marvelous harmonized lip color. For your lips... vibrant, ravishing color of natural beauty... shades that the lips should be... and real color, no greasy, heavy substance. Truly indelible... to last all day without impairment.

Your heart bids you take this Beauty. Do so!

You are the girl in the picture, one who has hidden beauty to bring forth... with harmonized make-up that so magically transcends ordinary make-up. You'll never know until you try. So send for the Make-up Kit. It contains genuine Princess Pat harmonized make-up—duo-tone rouge, almond base powder, and inner tint lip rouge.

What a fascinating experiment... to see how lovely you can be!
I saw a marvelous mental act at the theatre last night..."  

Here's what happened:  

A magician came down from the stage and gave him my wedding ring. His blindfolded assistant actually read off our initials and the date.  

...the trick is they have a code the girl gets the message by listening for the first letter in every word of the magician's talk. Sometimes the girl can even 'read' the serial numbers on a dollar bill.  

Thank you, Bill...I'll try one and see.  

Bill, I believe you're right about Camels.  

Why do they have such a mild, rich flavor?  

It's the tobacco that counts.  

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand. You'll appreciate the mildness...the flavor...the added pleasure of costlier tobaccos.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Dept. 18-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
1 envelope fronts from 2 Camel packs. Send postpaid Free Magic Book.

Name ____________________________________________  
Street ________________________________________________  
City _____________________________________________ State ________
DIETRICH Declares Herself!
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—
SEE PAGE 22

Mae West's Secret Self

Joan Crawford Talks About Tomorrow
What I Think of Bing! By Dixie Lee Crosby
AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

BLONDEX WAVE-SET POWDER . . . 35¢
BLONDEX HAIR TONIC . . . 1.00
BLONDEX FACE POWDER . . . 1.00
3 BARS BLONDEX COMPLEXION SOAP 1.00

TOTAL . . . . $3.35

$3.35 VALUE for only 99c

ALL CHARGES PREPAID

New Beauty for BLONDES

... with these special aids to loveliness

Why blonde hair, fair skin need better care . . . . . . .

NATURE blessed you when she made you a blonde. But there's one big drawback... blonde hair, fair complexions are fragile, delicate and easily injured—need special care to stay alluring.

You can't trust to ordinary preparations. For just as ordinary harsh soaps ruin dainty silk undies in no time—ordinary skin and hair preparations will as surely injure blonde attractiveness.

Blondex, created by a well-known cosmetician, has become the largest-selling preparation for the care of blonde hair in the world! And now, new Blondex products have been added—forming a complete beauty kit especially for blondes. To get you acquainted with them, the maker offers you all the products complete for the astonishingly low price of 99¢.

Here's what you get


2. BLONDEX HAIR TONIC . . . Blonde hair is apt to look thin, lifeless, dull unless given proper care. Blondex Tonic keeps blonde hair healthy and beautiful free from dandruff, thick, lustrous and lovely—without any darkening or discoloring whatsoever.

3. BLONDEX FACE POWDER . . . Most powders are too coarse-grained for the blonde; they tend to clog the pores and roughen the fragile skin. But Blondex Face Powder is of exquisite fineness and delicacy. Gives the smart, dainty finish that enhances fair-skinned loveliness. Delicately perfumed.

4. BLONDEX COMPLEXION SOAP . . . Made from the finest vegetable oils, combined with almond cream and other soothing and healing ingredients, delightfully scented. Leaves the skin fresh and clear, exquisitely soft and smooth.

Introductory Short Time Offer

For a limited time only you can get all these fine preparations, actually worth $3.35, for only 99¢! You'd pay more than that for almost any one, if you were to buy them separately. With the super-quality Blondex Beauty Kit goes this money-back guarantee: If you are not delighted with it, every cent you pay will be willingly refunded.

Hurry! Take advantage of this money-saving offer now. Fill in and mail the coupon below together with the small sum of 99¢ and you will receive the 4 Blondex items—the only complete beauty outfit created especially for blondes.

BLONDEX LABORATORIES, Dept. 310, 33 West 20th Street, New York City
Please send me the 4 Blondex beauty preparations—regular full size—for which I enclose 99¢, all charges prepaid. (C.O.D. 20¢ extra.)

Name
Address
City State
WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Keeps Her Silver Shining...
But her Teeth are Dull...her Gums Tender
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

Thus young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about their tarnished look?

She cleans her teeth. Of course she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that brushing the teeth is not enough.

Her gums are flabby, touchy, unhealthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage
Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

VISIT THE IPANA EXHIBIT
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
General Exhibits Group—Bldg. No. 4
Chicago, June—October, 1933
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
An Important Announcement!

Vicki Baum, Author of "Grand Hotel," in Next Month's SCREENLAND!

Don't miss the next issue. There will be an original and exclusive story by Vicki Baum, one of the most vital of all modern writers. Subject, Hollywood—and Miss Baum's reactions to the fascinations of filmland and film personalities.

As author of "Grand Hotel," which was a sensation on the stage and screen, and a best-seller in book form, Vicki Baum won the widest acclaim accorded an American author in years. Hollywood, of course, signed her to write motion pictures; and for the past two years Miss Baum has been turning her talents to the screen as well as to novel and play-writing. Now she has consented to write for us and we point, with pardonable pride, to that next issue, in which her celebrated by-line appears.

Leonard Hall in SCREENLAND!

It's popular-author time in this magazine family! We're happy to introduce to you with the Constance Cummings-Benn Levy story, in this issue, Leonard Hall—the priceless Bad Boy of screen writers. Mr. Hall has a devastating and highly amusing method of pricking the movie bubble. He may break a few of your cherished illusions about Hollywood but he will do it so charmingly that you will ask for more. And you'll get it, because Leonard Hall has promised to write for SCREENLAND every month now. As managing editor of Photoplay he worked with the late dean of screen publishers and editors, James R. Quirk; and he brings to his new writing all of the wit, the style, and the knowledge that has made him a "name" in the screen field.

October, 1933

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXVII, No. 6

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH
THE EDITOR'S PAGE
JOAN TALKS ABOUT TOMORROW
THE MAN CONSTANCE CUMMINGS MARRIED
"LADY DIANA" AT HOME
PRESTO! CHANGE-O! MOVIE MAGIC
DIETRICH DECLARES HERSELF
MAE WEST'S SECRET SELF
THANKS, SCREENLAND! THANKS, CAGNEY!
JOE E. BROWN'S LIFE STORY

PERSONALITIES:

SHE'S "IN THE MONEY!" Ginger Rogers
THE GIRL GOSSIP CAN'T INJURE Jean Harlow
"MY CONFESSIONS." Charles Weather Burgess
ART IN ASTORIA Paul Robeson
PRESENTING THE MOVIES "HOUSE OF MORGAN" Ada Patterson

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

THE PUBLIC BE HEARD. Letters from the Audience
HONOR PAGE
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL
HOT OFF THE ETHER. Radio
STAR MAKE-UP FOR EYES AND EYEBROWS
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. Screen News
TAGGING THE TALKIES. About Reviews
FEMI-NITIES. Cosmetics
ASK ME

Printed in the U. S. A.
Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."

He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

"A Good Number!

...I should say, 'numbers'... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."

"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.

Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN
YOU ARE INVITED to Leo’s Birthday Party—

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Tenth Championship Year - 1933-34

It’s the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it’s going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo’s studio before! They’re coming to you in their happiest hits...because it’s Leo’s Tenth Championship Year!
ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Irene Cattell
Mae Clarke
Jockie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Meda Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hordie
Jean Hersholt
Philips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

COMING TO DELIGHT YOU!

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring Clark Gable, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy)

Joan Crawford
in “Dancing Lady” with Franchot Tone.

SHOW WORLD (starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, Weber & Fields and many more).

THE CAST:

Marie Dressler
John Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Joan Crawford
Lionel Barrymore
Lee Tracy
Elmo Lincoln
Billy Bevan
Mae Clarke
Myrna Loy
Karen Morley
Philip luxury

DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.

FIRED IN ARCTIC WILDS—BIGGER THAN “Trader Horn”

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.
The Public
Be Heard!

Get "In the Money"!
Write Your Letters!

WHAT A GRECIAN "MAMA"
COULD DO!
(First Prize Letter)
One of the first leading ladies in the
world was Helen of Troy. She was a
great beauty, but not a good actress.
Refusing to "Buy Grecian," she went to Paris
for her clothes, plunged two great nations
into war and launched a thousand ships
with her face. Yet in spite of her bad
acting, no leading lady, except Eve, has
been more talked about down through the
centuries than Helen. The reason is that
she possessed beauty, vivacity, and "It."
The same thing applies to many leading
ladies in moving pictures today. It has
not been necessary for them to have good
acting ability. The populace hastens to
view them upon the screen because of their
pulchritude, pep and personality.
One could name several such leading
ladies in pictures right now. But would
it be nice to accuse them of not being good
actresses?
Fred B. Mami,
5999 Kenmore Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

GOOD, CLEAN FUN!
(Second Prize Letter)
Constance Bennett: Rose petal dipped in
arsenic.
Lillian Harvey: Continental glass of
milk.
Lupe Velez: Pepper up your nose.
Katharine Hepburn: The glow of a
cigarette in the dark.
Mae West: Cleopatra poses for a spinach
ad.
Johnny Weissmuller: Romeo in rompers.
Libyan Tashman: Aunt Sophie's night
out.
Adine Travis,
1627 So. Carson,
Tulsa, Okla.

How direct and to-the-point are your
thoughts? Can you speak your mind on a topic
briefly and concisely, without hemmings,
whippings, introductions or conclusions?
SCREENLAND is giving you a chance to try
—and is making it worth your while! We're
offering eight monthly prizes of $5 each for the
best letters of fifty words or less on any movie
topic you may wish to discuss. Here's an in-
teresting, amusing, and—if you're good at it—
profitable test of your straight-thinking powers.
You can say a great deal in fifty words, or you
can say next to nothing!
Pick your own subjects; trot out that movie
question you've had on your mind and tell us
and the producers about it. Or, if you prefer,
confess your feelings about your favorite star.
But remember—keep your letters within fifty
words! The eight prize-winning letters will be
printed each month, with as many more as
space permits.
In the August issue we asked for your ideas
on the subject, "Which is more important in a
female star; beauty or acting ability?" Seldon
has a question called forth more ardent debate.
The beauty-lovers sprang to the defense of their
favorites, the "are-above-all" school cried for
genuis first, pulchritude second. It looks very
much like a draw, but the best letters are re-
produced herewith, so that you may pronounce
your own verdict.
And now sit down and send us your "pithy
paragraphs!" Address your letters to "Public
Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W., 45th
St., N. Y. C., and mail to reach us by the 10th
of each month.

A BACK SEAT FOR BEAUTY?
(Third Prize Letter)
It's the intangible qualities that go to
make the genuine artist. If an actress
has intellect and personality she radiates a
magnetism and inner fire that is more last-
ing and fascinating than physical beauty.
Real beauty, like happiness, comes from
within. Famous beauties who are short on
talent have a short-lived popularity and
are soon forgotten; while the art of Bern-
hardt and Modjeska will live forever.
Garbo's indelible personality and charm
(Continued on page 11)
"I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"

Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis...because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both—a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW.G.ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS
Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . .
Honor Page

Pert Kelton Swings into Stardom!

THIS Pert Kelton is something new on the screen! She has a rowdy personality and a rather raucous voice—but she also has some of that exuberance with which Mae West has packed 'em into the movie theatres lately. In Constance Bennett’s current film, “Bed of Roses,” Miss Kelton is a sort of comic Sadie Thompson, with modern improvements. She rolls her eyes, swings her hips, and almost steals the show from the star. A well-known singing and dancing comedienne on the New York musical comedy stage, Pert graduates to flicker fame in this one picture. Let’s see her in a rôle giving her grand naturalness a chance to shine.

Pert Kelton looks to us like a new, slim, more comic Mae West. She is really a very pretty girl, as her Manhattan admirers will testify. Perhaps RKO will give her parts to prove it.

There is no more amusing treat for motion picture fans than a scene in which a newcomer steals up on an established star. This happens in “Bed of Roses,” starring Constance Bennett, and with—very much with—Pert Kelton.
The Public Be Heard

Continued from page 8

permeate every character she portrays because the fires of genius burn within her, beauty being the least of her assets. Beauty, therefore, is only incidental, while talent is the first requisite of any leading lady if she is to bring sincerity and realism to the characters she depicts.

Corinne Childs,
506 Clement Ave.,
Charlotte, N. C.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS!"
(Fourth Prize Letter)

People talk of the wonderful beauty or the superb acting of this or that movie star. But think of the part played by the musical score in some of our most intensely emotional pictures.

Is it the beautiful heroine’s wide, horror-stricken eyes that make you feel that gripping suspense, that icy terror that clutches at your heart? Or is it the wild cheering of the mob that works you into that jubilant wave of ecstasy when the triumphant soldiers return from battle in a war picture?

I believe it is neither of these. I believe it is the accompanying music, with its shivery trills, its exciting, suspenseful climaxes, or its soaring poems of victory that determines whether one should feel suspense, terror, sadness or gayety.

Dorothy Jolly,
148 Pearl St.,
Holyoke, Mass.

DISTINCTIVE DIANA!

Long may she reign! Diana Wynyard, most beautiful and sophisticated actress on the screen, possesses that greatest single asset—individuality! Miss Wynyard’s appearance and acting combine nearly every feminine perfection. Dignity and excellent diction are only two of her admirable qualities. I hope to see her frequently in pictures, as I am extremely devoted to her—and may she always remain as natural as she is today! Should all the laudatory adjectives in Webster be placed before Miss Wynyard’s name, I should still consider her unexcelled.

Kay Morrison,
8 Perkins Ave.,
Reading, Mass.

HOMAGE TO QUEEN GRETA!

Is Garbo through? Certainly not; she’s just begun! Before she sailed for Sweden the press wrote of practically nothing but “Garbo, please come back!” Now she has returned, we read nothing but destructive criticism about her. What’s wrong? Garbo is a great actress. She proved it in “Grand Hotel.” Obviously miscast, yet she gave one of the most beautiful performances ever seen on the screen.

How many good stories have the producers given her? A scant few. All the others were merely backgrounds for the exploitation of the woman, not her ability. Why not give her good roles for a change?

Here’s a suggestion: Queen Elizabeth Who else could play it—a severe woman, striking but not beautiful, tragically human. An ideal subject for a movie. Maybe then Garbo could laugh up her sleeve at the cynics who say, “Garbo’s through.”

Jane De Priest,
111 29th St. N. E.,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(Continued on page 87)
You may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

The "Good Taste Trend" is All to Camay

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check that up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Camay is the Soap of Beautiful Women...
DEAR RUBY:
Don't you care!
It was about time that somebody proved that Chivalry is Not Dead in Dear Old Hollywood. And I want to thank you—and all the movie fans want to thank you, too.

When your husband hauled off and hit a certain columnist because you cried, I cheered! I mean it. I think it's all perfectly grand. It has been a long time since an honest emotion like that hit the screen colony, and it takes an inspiration like you to do it.

And it gives me an opportunity to tell the folks that Hollywood hasn't gone quite to the dogs after all. You see, the cash customers have been writing to me ever since the news broke that Mary-and-Doug were no longer the Great Love Team of the Ages. This news bust ed a lot of public illusions wide open—because after all, Hollywood, which Knew It All the Time, is only a small slice of the world; and there were many who still believed that Cupid was cooing at Pick-fair. They remembered Joan and Young Doug; and Ann Harding and Harry Bannister; and heard about Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. And they began to wonder just what was so wrong about Glamorous Hollywood.

But now I can tell 'em it's all right. When a famous entertainer can get mad enough, just because he sees his pretty wife in tears, to tear into a Broadway tattler, there's hope for Romance in Hollywood. Dry those tears, Ruby. You're a lucky girl.

I want to tell you right now that you have revived my somewhat shop-worn illusions. When I first began to hear about you after "42nd Street" I can tell you frankly I didn't believe it. You couldn't be all fresh and dewy like that—not a girl who had battled her way to success from New York night-clubs. It just couldn't be true. Then I met you and believe me, I brought my best microscope. Right off I admitted you were just as pretty as predicted—with quite the loveliest voice I'd ever heard; and the biggest and bluest eyes with the blackest Irish lashes. And you behaved more like a Spence School girl than a Broadway dancer, and you were unbelievably modest—"of course," you said in that exquisite voice of yours, "of course I can't do anything so I don't know why people should want to come to see me on the screen." And when Al joined us, and right there in that smart restaurant gave you a big hug, and beamed at you, and told you he'd be at your mother's for a corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner, I began to glow like an old softie. And I began to believe in you, too—and I joined the chorus singing, "That Ruby Keeler is the nicest, the most natural, and the most refreshing girl in pictures—and if they give her the right parts, she can be another Janet Gaynor or Helen Hayes—only 120% prettier."

You're the heroine of Broadway-to-Hollywood's very best romance, Ruby—and if a display of fisticuffs is necessary to keep you happy, then let Al go to it. He gives you rubies to match your name and sapphires to match your eyes—and if he wants to take an occasional poke at a columnist, don't you mind. It's refreshing, and it's real, and it's spontaneous—and how Hollywood needs a little of that!

P.S. Give my best to Al.

Delight Evans
Joan Talks about Tomorrow!

For the first time since her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Crawford has talked about tomorrow.

I do not intend to convey the impression that Miss Crawford has not talked at all heretofore, for she has said plenty! I do mean that until now she has divulged no concrete particulars about her future plans.

Now Joan has given me permission to proclaim certain facts. I have the exclusive privilege of revealing Miss Crawford's future aims. I am certain they will amaze and please her admirers.

Joan Crawford's plans do not include marriage!

She anticipates single-blessedness "from now on." With a near-savage shake of her head that rivetted her long bob, she informed me that her first marriage was also her last. Of course, minds of mice and men (and women), oft change, but so forcible is Miss Crawford's denial of all conjugal intent, rumors of her contemplated marriage to Franchot Tone, Ricardo Cortez, or any other of her multitude of suitors must be peremptorily dismissed.

There is absolutely no hope that Doug, Jr., may ever re-wed Joan.

From her positiveness, I can only gather that her wedded life proved to be a farce—a dismal, tragic farce. Now that the curtain has dropped, Joan has no desire to sit through a second act.

I asked Miss Crawford to tell me what new interests are filling the hours that were once devoted to her husband. "What are you planning to do in future years, if you will not marry?" I persisted.

In reply, she told me that one important idea in her mind is the perpetuation of her name. Joan realizes that despite her current fame, the public will quickly forget her when her career is completed.

"Tell me the name of just one famous actor or actress of fifty years ago," she abruptly requested.

I was unable to comply.

"I want to be remembered when I am gone," Joan said. "I know that my work in motion pictures will not commemorate my name, therefore I must evolve something else. Perhaps I will endow an orphanage, a public park, or an institution devoted to charity."

I will not be surprised if Miss Crawford's final answer to her laudable plan is the endowment of a charity clinic. I make this prognosis because I know that even now she maintains four rooms in the Hollywood Hospital. There extras and indigent studio workers may find free medical attention. Joan's own doctor devotes his services to patients Joan sends to these quarters.

I asked Joan if she had any (Continued on page 92)
The Man
Constance Cummings Married

The bitter-sweet story, never before told, of romance more fascinating than fiction. Exclusive!

LONDON, ENGLAND — Miss Constance Cummings, American film star, was married to Benn W. Levy, young British playwright, at the Chelsea Registry Office today.

This modest paragraph, tucked cozily away in American newspapers last July, sent us film fans into a case of joyous jitters!

So Connie Cummings, one of the loveliest of the screen’s junior misses, was married—undoubtedly to the man of her choice. Hey-nonny-nonny! Love Had Found a Way, and it led right smack to the door of the license bureau in old Chelsea! We sentimental sillies heaved a gusty sigh and looked dizzily up at the same moon that was smiling down on the love-birds’ Venetian honeymoon.

Yet few knew that back of the romance of young Benn and pretty Connie was the shadow of another love affair that had budded, but never flowered.

Nor did they know that the former lady of Levy’s heart was the opulent Diana Wynyard, gentle beauty of

"Cavalcade." A tenderer, even sadder, romance was never confected by a moon-maddened slave of the pen. And this is its first telling.

Who is this youngster whom Connie Cummings met, loved, married?

Benn Levy, at 33, is one of the cleverest playwrights of our time. He is practically an artistic twin of that other wonder-child, Noel Coward, author of “Cavalcade,” “Private Lives,” “Design for Living” and other fortune-bloating plays and pictures of the day.

Six months separate them in age. Both were drawn to the theatre while still in short trousers—both have written many successful plays—both eat, drink, live the world of make-believe. Even in his student days at Oxford young Levy had one eye on trigonometry and the other on a manuscript.

When his first piece was accepted, Levy dove head first into the theatre, and has never come up. Hits flew from his smoking typewriter—"Springtime For Henry," "Art and Mrs. Bottle," others. At the tender age of 30 he was a settled London success—managers mistered him, fawned upon him, asked how "the new one" was coming on.
"Lady Diana" at

Exclusive pictures of La Wynyard, the British beauty, in her own English home between pictures

Benn set out in pursuit of this sumptuous, statuesque girl with the bloom of youth upon her. Finally he found her! She was a young, almost untried actress, with her laurels yet to win, but Levy proposed to provide her with those laurels, though fifty fire-snorting dragons barred the way!

And he did.

Fate had decided that she was to be the leading woman in "The Devil Passes," and she was—briefly, in London. When the piece was brought to New York, Diana Wynyard made her Broadway début in the rôle. That night the critics dipped their pens in toilet-water and whooped for the advent of another fine and lovely young actress on the pestered American stage.

And then what? It was dollars to old bottle-caps that Hollywood's lynx-eyed sleuths would have her name on a contract before you and I could say "gin

This is home to Diana Wynyard. The lovely actress has a huge studio in Chelsea, London, where she lived before Hollywood claimed her, and which is still her favorite home between picture engagements. It's a charming place, isn't it?

And then The Girl in the Pink Dress crossed his line of vision!

For the first time in fifteen years he forgot the theatre.

He was in love, up to the hubs. And he didn't even know her name!

Levy had written another play—the most ambitious of his life. "The Devil Passes," he called it—dubious dope for the strait-laced London theatre. It pictured His Satanic Majesty visiting an English country house disguised as a young and handsome clergyman and reshuffling the jumbled lives of the inmates.

Young Benn fretted over this play. It just had to be right. He looked over the available supply of London leading women, and cried into his tea. Oh, for some one young and fresh and unspoiled! Levy rambled London in a mental fog, walking under taxicabs and into mirrors.

Then, one memorable night, the haze lifted. In the promenade of a London club, Benn Levy saw The Girl in the Pink Dress.

It was Diana Wynyard, but Levy didn't know it.

He only knew that he had to have her for "The Devil Passes."

And even as he stood there moonstruck, The Girl in the Pink Dress was lost in the crowd.
and bitters." Sure enough, one of Fox's bright young men had her lassoed and tagged "Hollywood" in no more than a fortnight.

While these interesting matters were in motion, Cupid had drawn a bead on Mr. Levy and shot him full of arrow-holes.

It was six to one and six to the other, during those brave fall days on Broadway, whether Benn was prouder of the success of "The Devil Passes" or by the sudden vogue of the beaucheous Wynyard among Those Who Know.

He was plenty in love, this boy. The Girl in Pink was now his leading lady offstage and on. Friendly wagers were offered, with few takers, that these twain would be one ere the frost was on the punkin.

Off to Hollywood swept Diana, to begin her career under the Kliegs, and off to Hollywood trekked Levy, to labor in the Universal script-factory.

Came "Cavalcade" and another Wynyard triumph in that master-picture. To Metro for "Reunion In Vienna" with the still persuasive Mr. Barrymore.

And little by little no more was heard of the Wynyard-Levy romance. In fact, Hollywood has never hinted that it knew of its existence. To the great sorrow of us moon-calves in the know, Fate made a football of a lovely love-story.

There were family scruples involved, we heard. The young folks saw that it just wasn't to be. There was love—and there was a mess of other things that strangled and smothered the tender passion. So the final curtain fell upon the romance of Diana and Benn, as dreamy and tender a story as ever was played before footlights or between book covers.

There must have been plenty of heart-burnings, in those days. But the world rolled goofily on—as it has a droll way of doing.

Then, suddenly, the bells ring out in London—bing! bong!

The organ lets loose a few bars of "Lohengrin," and Constance Cummings, spinster, and Benn W. Levy, neither of (Continued on page 95)
Presto! Change-O!

“It’s fun to be fooled but it’s more fun to know”—by special permission of the copyright owners!

*Courtesy Camel Cigarettes

REMEMBER the fairy stories wherein magic wands were waved, fatal brews swallowed, or enchanted food eaten? The waving, swallowing or nibbling was invariably followed by the changing of princes into beasts, ducklings into swans, gentle little girls into proud and haughty ladies, or plain maidens into raving beauties.

Hollywood’s spell seems to be something like that.

Once upon a time, Gary Cooper was a simple cow-hand from the cattle ranges. Joan Crawford was a hey-hey dancing gal who won cups at contests, Greta Garbo was a shy, slow-spoken person who didn’t know what to do with her hands, and Alice White was a red-headed kid with a funny nose.

Not now! Not now!

Gary, whose sole contribution to the speech arts used to be “Yes, ma’am”—or more frequently “No ma’am”—who seemed to feel at home only on a horse’s back, who was so shy that his lips twitched and ruined dozens of close-ups in his first “society” picture—Gary has become the last word in sophistication, the darling of society; whose clothes are copied, mannerisms aped, and whose steady gaze from the silver sheet sends little shivers up and down the spines of worshipping fans.

The magic wand had another effect on Joan. It changed her from a flamboyant, slightly over-dressed flapper to the exotic, perfectly gowned, picture princess of today.

The potion must have been very strong in the case of Greta Garbo, for who could have guessed that the bashful, homesick, over-grown girl who arrived here in Mauritz Stiller’s train would turn into the mysterious, elusive, glamorous creature imitated all over the world?

When Alice White first stepped into the picture, she was accused of looking like Clara Bow. There was the red hair, for one thing; and the abundance of pep and curves and what-not, for others.

Now the hair is platinum blonde, the curves have been worn down, the nose that used to worry her has been remodeled. But the “pep” is still there. Maybe she brings it forth more consciously now, for the Alice who used to be naïve is cynical, with a bitter wisdom learned from that old training school, life.

Sometimes Hollywood seems to go in for re-designing features, as in the case of Alice’s nose.

Clark Gable and George Raft, according to report, have had their ears, which were said to stand out too prominently, pinned back. It would seem that George’s is the better job.

Janet Gaynor’s teeth, they say, didn’t please those in studio authority when they signed the former extra girl, but nobody can complain about them now.

Janet, however, indignantly denies that Hollywood has any magic wand or any potent drink that alters those who venture within the gates.

“It’s life that changes you, not Hollywood,” she insists. “I was so young when I came to Hollywood that I simply grew up with it. I don’t think I’m more cynical than if I’d lived somewhere else. I think it’s your nature that decides whether you’ll be cynical or not.

“I don’t think my ideals have changed, either. Life changes some of them, of course. You know, one ideal
Movie Magic!

We present Hollywood's own magic acts, by famous stars. The transformations of the century!

By

Ruth Tildesley

And now—change-o!—La Crawford, the world's most famous changeling! She changed her figure, her coiffure, her features—with the aid of make-up expertly applied—her complete personality. See, in the close-up at the right, the details of Joan's new make-up, particularly the lips.

is shattered and you build up another to take its place. Nobody stands still.”

Now and then Hollywood deliberately picks up a player and remolds him, inside and out.

And announces it!

As in the case of Mimi Jordan—one-time Miriam.

Miriam came to town a sophisticate, reserved, aloof, with hair falling below her waist and an abnormal sense of dignity.

Mimi emerges from the shadow of the wand as a bobbed-haired, smiling, friendly, gay and carefree maid'en, with what she calls a “baby-doll” expression.

“Hollywood has changed everything about me—fancy that!” she cried. “Take clothes: I used to wear dark dresses and suits, expensive furs, specially designed hats, because I was a sophisticate and inexpensive things looked cheap on me. I believe the lowest price I ever paid for a dress was $59.50.

“Now that I’m transformed, I can wear wash frocks and sports dresses, sweaters and skirts and little dollar-
ninety-eight tams, if you please. How soothing to the pocket-book!

“And take money:

“I don’t seem able to keep one cent in my pocket. I’m always losing money and I don’t seem to mind, though I used to worry frightfully over the least shilling. When I was in show business, I’d anticipate my weekly checks and could hardly wait to get them when they were due, but now, if you can believe it, I sometimes forget to call for them for days!

“Hollywood has given me a marvelous sense of humor, too. I looked around and see people taking themselves so seriously and being so weighed about every least little thing that concerns them, and I think: ‘You’ll get like that if you don’t watch out!’

“I’m determined not to develop a swollen head, so I develop a sense of humor.

“But the best thing Hollywood has done for me has been to teach me that there is just a short time for a girl to be frivolous and to do the silly things that are part of a girl’s heritage. I used to be afraid to be silly, but my new personality makes me braver.”

The big joke about the change in Mimi is that it was all designed by Fox Studio in order that she might play a harum-scarum role in “Shanghai Madness”; and when she was all transformed and everything, they didn’t give her the part!

Then there’s Bette Davis.

When Bette arrived in Hollywood, she was a demure, retiring little thing who looked as if she was scared of her own shadow.

Out came the magic wand. It was discovered that the trouble with Bette was that she had a “blonde soul.” Her pale brown locks were thereupon lightened and Bette suddenly acquired, with the bright hair, an independent spirit. Now she looks sophisticated, she is a girl with a mind of her own, and she steps ahead steadily.

Why Hollywood concentrates so often on hair is one of those things no fellow can find out.

to!—some promising material!
Try Hollywood's Tricks on

They've just bobbed Dolores Del Rio's crowning glory, and changed the smooth-haired Latin beauty, whose looks were once so individual that she could never be mistaken for anyone else, into another modern girl.

Dolores has been changed in other ways, too.

When she came to Hollywood, she was a naïve, friendly little soul who believed in everyone. Today she is difficult to approach, a bit scornful, not exactly suspicious—perhaps cautious is the better word.

Strange how often the sorcery of the film city seems to work against simplicity and friendliness.

The cordial smile that is Maurice Chevalier's on the screen was in use also off the screen when the Frenchman first came to town. He laughed and joked all through my first interview with him. But now he often goes about with an expression of deep gloom.

Ann Harding was the special pet of all the press because she seemed so genuinely interested in writers, so ready to cooperate, so "real" a person, so untouched by the sham and gild of moviedom.

Perhaps it was her private trouble that altered her. I don't know. It seems that she has, for one reason or another, fallen into Hollywood's trap and begun to take herself too seriously.

Robert Montgomery has been accused of "going high-hat." But that's not true.

The secret of any change in Bob, I believe, is too much work and no play. Since last September he has had not even a day between pictures—sometimes working on two pictures at the same time—and for some three months exhaustion has brought on insomnia so that he has all he can do to get through the work without adding to the gaiety of the company, as he used to do.

The baby daughter, now over two months old, has been awake when her father was on hand just four times since she was born. And this to a man who knows from sad experience how frail a baby's hold on life can be, is hard indeed.

When he has had a promised vacation, I think events will prove that here is one who has not been transformed but only grown a few years older in Hollywood.

The magic spell, in the case of John Barrymore, turned out to be Dolores Costello, John's lovely wife. When John came to the film city, he was a wry and
Your Own Personality!

This soft-eyed, dreamy Latin beauty in the big hat was the first Mexican girl to "crash" Hollywood in a big and remunerative way. Señorita Dolores Del Rio, ladies and gentlemen, as she looked when she first came into motion pictures.

Now Hollywood has 'transformed' Dolores into the brisk modern woman you see in this new picture at the left. Some don't like the change—do you? Certainly there's a new fire in those lovely eyes, a certain animation, a fresh vitality.

witty devil, who delighted in tormenting those he met, who played practical jokes, and went to great pains to shock his interviewers.

But now that the soothing influence of Dolores has been working for several years, the one-time talk of Broadway has become a sedate and courteous host, the very paragon of interviewees—although nothing can change the witty Barrymore tongue.

That young Prince Charming, Buddy Rogers, hasn't turned into a Beast—far from it—but he has definitely altered that wide-eyed boyish personality that won him the nickname, America's Boy Friend.

He's older, of course, but it isn't added years, it's knowing all the answers that has altered him. He's not shy now, he's slightly bored, a bit world-weary.

Once upon a time, Norma Shearer was an eager little girl who longed to wear red shoes on Hollywood Boulevard because all the other girls did.

She was a dewy little thing, then, with hair that blew into her eyes.

It doesn't blow into her eyes now. Norma is the best-groomed woman in Hollywood, charming but sophisticated. If she wanted to wear red shoes, anywhere, she'd do it; and when she did it, it would be supremely right.

The legend is that Elissa Landi has always been regarded as cold, aloof, and disdainful; and that, wishing a nice, warm, human, passionate star, her studio undertook to wave wands and give her brews and viands to accomplish the desired end.

The glowing Landi we now have, they regard as a direct result of their efforts. But as for me, I've always thought her a vivid person, full of color and glamor. And I was the first writer to meet her in Hollywood.

Marlene Dietrich's taste in dress has suffered a sea-change, whether or not the exotic frau has undergone a metamorphosis.

When she was presented to the press in this town upon her arrival, she wore a floppy picture hat and a rather dowdy frilly gown, in a season of smart and simple sports clothes. It's no secret that the Dietrich's attire today consists usually of men's costumes from tuxedo to lounge suits. Yes—Hollywood does things for 'em—and to 'em!
D I E T R I C H

Extra, extra! The only magazine interview granted by Marlene in Europe! Read about her plans, her startlingly frank opinions

At FAIR Versailles, basking peacefully a few leagues from Paris, there is a very swank, very smart, very exclusive hotel called the Trianon Palace. It is named for the nearby historic piles where once the ill-fated Marie Antoinette spent gay moments pretending to be a farmer's daughter. But the hotel has two distinct advantages over the palaces from which it takes its title. The plumbing is strictly modern. And it shelters a real, live Queen, instead of being shrouded in drowsy, sun-webbed memories of one long dead.

For at Versailles, in the Trianon Palace Hotel, surrounded by husband Rudy Sieber and a cordon of guards, Marlene Dietrich, Queen of the Screen, holds her Court. And the beauty and the chivalry of Paris clamors for admission to the charmed circle of her presence. Presentation at a Buckingham levee, invitation to a White House soiree, a season pass (tax exempt) to the Paramount theatres, these are simple to attain in comparison to an interview with Mar-lay-na. Here, in Screenland, she speaks for the first and only time during her stay in Europe. And from her own seductive lips here is the reason for her silence.

"It is not easy for me to meet people. I am always embarrassed and ill at ease. I do not carry my heart on the tip of my tongue. So it is difficult for me to know what to say. And many of the questions that one is asked are either quite terrible or quite silly."

She speaks sincerely. And when one considers that she is on a holiday, there can be no great criticism of her decision to barricade herself against a host of inquiring reporters that would reach from the Arc de Triomphe to Napoleon's Tomb. But despite her reticence, where Marlene goes the Press follows. At a Parisian premiere, an unostentatious Dietrich was spotted in the audience by a lens man camouflaged in a box for the purpose. She attempted to out-maneuver him by veiling her face in a handkerchief. But the picture-snatcher finally won the day by pretending to abandon the chase, and then, suddenly, like a Jack-in-the-Box, hopping out upon the stage. Boom! Flash! And he got his gal. Wherever she goes, it's the same story. And it gets a bit tedious.

Reminded that the Press has been kind to her, Marlene bows a gracious acquiescence.

"That is true. But it is my idea that an actor is entitled to rise or fall by the quality of his art and his pictures. I cannot get accustomed to the idea that there is any public interest in the fact that such-and-such an artist has tea at such-and-such a place. And with whom. I do not see that this is legitimate news.

"You say the press has been friendly, and I agree. That is why I was simply amazed at the unkind attitude

"Yes, I like trousers, and
Declarations Herself!

By

Herbert Cruikshank

of the New York papers during my last short stop there. Perhaps there was a misunderstanding. But I feel that I was cruelly and unjustly criticized.

"As you know, I had only a few hours before sailing, and as it was impossible for me to see all the plays, I hurried from theatre to theatre trying to see the best bits of several. With such a schedule I had to leave each during the progress of some scene. And to my amazement I was accused of discourtesy toward the players. That was not fair. Nor was it fair for reporters to attack me without investigating."

I recalled that there had also been criticism of the star for concealing those famous legs of hers in the voluminous folds of trousers. "Now to ask a girl about her pants, whether she wears 'em, whether she doesn't, if she will or if she won't, well, there are other questions easier to ask, and equally to the point. However, here's what Marlene has to say about it.

"I fail to see that there is anything unusual about wearing trousers. Many other women have worn them. Hollywood they are quite common. In my pictures I am costumed in all sorts of frills and feathers, and away from the studio it is a relief to get into sensible clothes. Yes, I like trousers, and I shall continue to wear them."

"In Paris, however, the star sticks to skirts. It seems there is a law. And no matter what a gal's inclinations may be, her boyish spirit must be curbed when it comes to donning the lower half of a masculine outfit. All this, it is said, was gently intimated to Marlene by Monsieur the Prefect of Police shortly after her trousered arrival. And Marlene took the tip. But the topper to the tale, as they tell it along the Rue de Castiglione, is that Madame, the wife of Monsieur the Prefect of Police, besieged Marlene to attend her fête as guest of honor, and please, oh please, to wear ze pants! Marlene accepted. But Marlene left her pants behind. That is to say, she wore skirts.

But in tweeds or chiffons, this changeling star is the idol of the Continent. Whether she appears in trim, mannish, tailored grey, with masculinely cuffed and linked flannel shirt, a loosely knotted cravat at her throat, appropriately shod, and with the famous soft chapeau slouched boylishly over one smouldering, comelither eye, or whether she affects pure feminine fascinations, with daintily slippered feet hidden in soft, clinging skirts, with flowers at her shoulder, and her shapely head carefully coiffed, Marlene is utterly fascinating. Paris knows, admits, and admires.

No woman deserves the description "orchidaceous" as does Mar-lay-na. She defines the word perfectly. Like an orchid there is nothing "natural" about her beauty. She is no rosy-cheeked milk-maid type. Nor is she a bounding, sun-kist, hundred percent American product of the great out-doors. She is a carefully cultivated, exotic, almost too perfect product. Her haunting pallor,
See Marlene's new clothes! Exclusive, last-minute sketches of fashions designed for Dietrich in Paris by Lucien Lelong

fairly slashed by carmine lips, the sweep of sooty lashes that fringe her hypnotic eyes, the marvellously penciled brows, the blood-dipped beauty of her finger tips, the careful carelessness of her hair, all combine in a triumph of artistry.

Yet the languor that should accompany this ensemble is no part of Marlene's personality. She moves briskly, decisively. She clicks her heels in true Prussian precision upon introduction, and extends a cool, firm, strong hand that returns the pressure of a solid grip. Her eyes meet yours, direct, unwavering, soft, yet with a green glint of cynicism lurking in their grey depths. Her voice is utterly lyrical. The words it utters reflect a mentality masculine in its incisiveness. Like a boy she crosses one long leg over its mate. But those legs are divinely feminine! Which set of characteristics make the true Dietrich? My guess is neither—and both. In any event they form a combination that is irresistible.

At present she is having fun in Paris. And on the Riviera. And, indeed, wherever she goes. Long, low motors sweep her and her entourage through the adorable, leafy boulevards of the French capital to tea at the Ritz or at Laurent.

to the theatre, to Les Ambassadeurs, or a dozen different night-spots such as keep Paris gay twenty-four hours a day—or, at least, a night.

As Marlene, in person, is a Parisian sensation, so are her pictures. It is not a question of "have-you-seen-her-latest," but of "how-many-times-have-you-seen-it." And if the answer doesn't admit a half-dozen visits to the theatre, you don't belong in our set. This goes for the mondaines, the demi-mondaines, the semi-demi-mondaines, and the women who sell white orchids and cabbages amid the mingled fragrance of flowers and onion soup that pervades the great dawn market called Les Halles.

Upon the authority of Messrs. Ike Blumenthal and Frank Farley, the astute and erudite gentlemen who keep the Continent safe for Paramount, and vice versa, you may have it that the socially elect of the beautiful, brilliant city plead for projection-room previews of Marlene's new ones.

Nor is this hysteria confined to Paris. In visiting Vienna, Marlene was at the mercy of enthusiastic crowds that actually threatened her safety by thronging around and (Continued on page 83)
She sang "The Gold Diggers" song so well everybody believed it!

HOLLYWOOD, as you may have heard, is rich in luscious blondes more cherished for their beauty than for their brains. At first and cursory glance, Ginger Rogers might be placed in this category.

Upon concentrated observation and lengthier conversation, however, it becomes obvious that such classification would be rank injustice to the intelligence and talents of the erstwhile carrot top.

Ginger Rogers belies both her appearance and her mannerisms. Beneath her crown of synthetic gold is a mind as active and alert as that of any captain of industry. And as capable of accomplishing its purpose.

Many of these things I had heard from mutual friends before ever I met Ginger. More, I learned while having luncheon with her in Hollywood's favorite rendezvous. A much-interrupted luncheon, as Miss Rogers' friends are legion and most of them paused at our table to chat with her.

To begin with, she was quite late. When she breathlessly arrived, she attracted just the proper degree of attention. Wearing a brown tweed suit, square-shouldered and double-breasted, tan shirt with high collar and man's cravat of soft green, brown hat tipped rakishly on one side of her pretty head, she was the cynosure of all eyes as she made her way over to the booth where I was waiting.

"I'm sorry to be so late," she apologized in greeting. after I arrived in Hollywood the first time. It wasn't pleasant," She smiled gaily but a shadow lurked in the depths of her bright blue eyes as she recalled those days so fraught with hope and expectancy—and disappointment.

The Charleston was responsible for Ginger's theatrical career. Born and reared in Fort Worth, Texas, she surprised relatives and friends by winning a Charleston contest held in one of the theatres of that robust village.

The prize was a six-weeks vaudeville engagement on a local circuit and so well did Ginger acquit herself on her initial tour that upon its conclusion she was tendered a contract for bigger and better appearances in some of the larger cities of the middle west.

This led to an engagement with a well-known orchestra in Chicago. When the orchestra was booked to appear at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre, Ginger went along too, feeling that at last she was nearing Broadway.

Her expectations were realized. (Continued on page 78)
Mae West's

By Aileen St. John Brenon

Mae West leads a double life—yes, she's that kind of a girl! There are things in her life you've never even heard about, and that she'd never dream of mentioning. She's tight-lipped, that's what she is, about her personal affairs.

You know her only as that easy-to-get, hard-to-forget gal, who says she got that swaggering gait of hers "walkin' over men."

But after you've been around her a while you find there are things about her you've never known before—never even merely suspected—and she's very reticent about this secret life of hers.

I asked her one day to tell me something she had done to help a girl along. She couldn't think of anything at all.

"I don't know much about girls," she said, as she drew her maroon velvet peignoir about her lily-white and shapely shoulders.

Strangely enough, a young woman came into the dressing-room just then. She was wearing a new dress. "It's swell," she said to Mae, "to be wearing a dress I didn't have to take."

"I'm No Angel" is the title of Mae West's new picture. These close-ups of Mae show her in various screen moods. When she's good she's very, very good; and when she's bad, she's better! That's one of La West's own lines. She has a million 'em!
"You'll do!" That’s Mae West’s new phrase—current edition of "You can be had!" She uses the new line in "I’m No Angel" in a scene with Cary Grant.

Scoop! Screenland turns the searchlight of truth on the easy-to-get, hard-to-forget gal—and reveals certain secrets never before published

It developed that this was one of the girls from Welfare Island, where Miss West was a visitor for ten days at the government’s insistence because of a certain play she appeared in. The young lady had become addicted to drugs, and the drug habit led to shoplifting. Miss West heard about it, and gave her some money in the hope of building up the girl’s morale.

The first thing the girl did was to buy herself a dress. A man had followed her into the dressing-room. He gave Miss West his card and they drew aside. Before he left, Miss West had agreed to pay doctor’s and nurse’s fees and hospital bills amounting to several hundred dollars, in an attempt to cure the girl of the drug habit. The man was a specialist, but Miss West had been loath to give the case into his hands without summing him up herself. She has learned to size people up at a glance.

When the pair had gone, Miss West looked like a naughty school girl caught mauling the larder.

When she was a vaudeville headliner some years ago, a performer named Dan Makarenko frequently appeared on the same bills with Mae West. He was an important figure then, in the world of the four-a-day. But entertainment tastes shifted from vaudeville to the deluxe motion picture theatres, and Makarenko used to be seen often around Broadway and 46th Street, New York’s mart for vaudevillians.

While she was in New York recently, Miss West encountered her old acquaintance of the variety shows, and sensing his predicament, promised to find some film work for him in Hollywood.

She did not forget.

Makarenko, now in Hollywood, will appear in an important role in her new Paramount picture, "I’m No Angel."

Here’s a girl who tells her own story. She had just served a term in jail for taking things that did not belong to her.

"The few dollars they gave me when I was freed didn’t last very long," she said. “Broke again, I decided upon a bold step.

"Mae West was playing at the Paramount. I had read about her, and I felt she would help a girl in want.

"I waited at the stage entrance for her one night. When she got out of her car, I approached her. She looked like a real person. She was kind enough to listen to me and immediately invited me to her dressing-room.

"Once there, I told Mae West my story. She didn’t ask me any questions, but simply said she understood. She gave me $10, and let me sit in her dressing-room to get warm. She told me if I ever needed any more to come to see her.

"I wonder if Mae West realized how great a sum that $10 seemed to me! I left her after almost kissing her hands in gratitude. And since that night, things have seemed so much better.”

Mae West swears that nobody remembers a good girl, and that you’ve got to be bad to make the world give you a break. Well, listen to this:

She gave her first Hollywood party the other day.

“Come on, boys,” she said, with that husky, insinuating drawl of hers, “let’s go!” (Continued on page 90)
“Thanks, Screenland! Thanks, Cagney!”

One of the big moments of the trip! Our contest winner, Lamar C. Rowland of Libby, Montana, enjoyed a heart-to-heart talk with Cagney.


SOMEONE once said that ninety-nine out of every hundred boys have, at one time or another, the ambition to become President of the United States. I am afraid that I must be the hundredth as I have never had the longing to possess that coveted honor. Instead, I have wished and hoped for something far dearer to my heart—to be a motion picture star.

Since the time I was a little kid, hardly able to read, I have followed the movies and the stars up and down their famous yet uncertain paths, always hoping (but never daring to believe) that some day I might visit Hollywood and meet the men and women who have shaped my life.

At last my prayers were answered and my ambitions realized, for through the courtesy of Screenland and Mr. James Cagney, I was given my chance to see Hollywood from the inside, looking out.

Screenland, with the co-operation of Cagney, offered a free trip to Hollywood for the reader who could write the best letter on whether he likes Jimmy "tough or tender." I was very fortunate in winning the contest and thereby obtaining the chance to visit the movie colony.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles, I was luxuriously installed in the beautiful Ambassador Hotel and from the first moment I stepped into the lobby my glorious adventure began. The hotel itself breathed an atmosphere of excitement and magnetism which, I later learned, seemed to typify the whole of Hollywood.

The next day proved to be a continual round of adventure in meeting players and acquainting myself with the studio life. This day was spent in the Warner Brothers Studio, and everyone I met, from executive to extra, sought to make me feel right at home. This feeling of friendliness dominated my entire visit.

Of course the logical beginning for my tour was on the big stage where James Cagney was starring in a new musical, "Footlight Parade." I truly had the greatest thrill of my life in meeting Jimmy and in realizing that I was in the studio and actually watching a picture being made.

No words can give a true description of James Cagney. He is the most real and the most understanding man that I have ever met. We had a long heart-to-heart
So says our contest winner, relating the thrills of his visit to Hollywood

By

Lamar Rowland

talk. I vowed that if ever I may become a movie star (which is now my highest ambition), I want to be just as unaffected and as much of a "real fellow" as I found Jimmy Cagney to be.

When I determined to write about my visit, I decided to give my impressions of the people I met, pointing out both the good and the bad qualities in each, but try as hard as I could, I was not able to find, after all my contacts, one deficiency in the character of Jimmy Cagney.

He took me to lunch the first day and at our table were Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert, and Edward G. Robinson. These men were all very kind to me and because they were so very interesting and full of fun, the noon hour passed far too quickly.

After lunch, I again went on the set and watched Cagney, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and many others rehearsing for one of the dance numbers in the picture. This was all very entertaining to me and I find myself impatiently awaiting the release of "Footlight Parade," when I shall see on the screen the scenes that I saw being photographed.

In the afternoon a studio executive took me on an excursion through the rest of the studio. He explained the technical side of pictures and accompanied me through all the departments, pointing out the duties and responsibilities of each.

I was amazed at the thoroughness that goes into the production of motion pictures. The research department has books and material from all over the world. Each minute detail of a picture is carefully studied so that everything in scenes will truly depict the countries or periods represented.

The property department was perhaps the biggest surprise of all. There are buildings and buildings of furniture, costumes, and minor accessories. For instance, on

one floor are hundreds of lamps, covering every era in world history, and all ready for use at a minute's notice.

Each piece of property is marked and catalogued so that an entire house, from basement to attic, can be furnished within the short period of an hour. This goes to show that making movies is not merely acting before cameras, but beneath the surface are years of experiment, research, and rehearsal before pictures can be completed.

After my departmental tour, I visited a set where Eddie Robinson and Kay Francis were working in "I Loved A Woman." Then I again met Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler. These two exceedingly gracious young ladies displayed the same feeling of friendliness toward me that I had experienced from the male stars whom I had met.

Nice talks with them closed my first day at the studio and I returned to my hotel with the understanding that I should come back next day (Continued on page 85)
What

“Here’s the chance every woman dreams about,” chortles Dixie, “to tell the world what she really thinks of her husband!” And if you think Dixie doesn’t tell all, just read the story. The Croon Prince of screen and radio is “exposed” for all time!

If one of us did something the other didn’t like, the Injured Party just walked out and the Left-Behind One never knew what had happened. I went home to mother more times than I can remember and Bing used to go to that mythical place men call “The Club” so often he must have met himself going and coming.

Everything’s just ducky now, though, and I think we’re more in love today than when we married—and Beatrice Fairfax had nothing to do with it, either!

About the only time we ever really quarreled was when, as a young bride, I got ambitious and made a chocolate cake for him. We were living at the Essex House in New York at the time. Bing was making records and personal appearances all day and broadcasting most of the night so I had to occupy my time somehow. He’s inordinately fond of sweets (no, dear public, he doesn’t call me “Sweets” or “Honey”) and I intended surprising him. I slaved over the thing all day.

When he came home that night I proudly led him in to see it—brown and shining in all its glory. He sweats he accidentally dropped it and I might have believed him if the janitor hadn’t phoned up and told us to stop throwing things out the window—that we’d knocked two of his men unconscious.

The Croon Prince of screen and radio is “exposed” for all time!...
I Think of Bing!

By Dixie Lee Crosby

To make matters worse, the very next day one of the chorus girls at the Paramount, instead of writing him a fan letter to let him know how she felt about him, decided to say it with cake. He came home hugging that monstrosity she had concocted and I had to sit there in outraged silence while he ate every crumb of it—and me devoutly wishing he'd choke on every mouthful he swallowed.

It's the only time I ever felt like going into Everywoman's theme song—"Nobody knows what I go through." He's often tried to make amends by begging me to stir up another one but a Lee is not to be trifled with—particularly when she departs so far from type as to cook—or try to.

He's the most gullible person in the world, with the possible exception of Dick Arlen. I used to see girls who not only knew the score but every trick of the game that would run it up, roll their eyes at him—and other men, too—and then he'd come home and say, "Isn't she sweet? It's refreshing to meet a girl as innocent as that!" Innocent, my eye! Those dames could have given Peggy Hopkins Joyce cards and spades and still beaten her. But I could never convince Bing. He says one of his philosophies is that every girl is innocent until proven otherwise. From Bing's viewpoint the virgins of Bali and Stamboul are no more numerous than those of his acquaintance.

He's got no more dignity than our dog Snoopy. The other night Dick Mook (the same who writes for this magazine) was up at the house. He's always telling Bing that his best record is "Chances Are." Bing never made a record of that song but it happens to be Dick's favorite and he's always throwing the hooks into Bing about it. So this night Bing said—very gravely—"I haven't a copy of my transcription of that song in the house but I'll get one of the broadcasting companies to play it for you."

With that he went to the 'phone, called up one of the stations that plays records, and asked them to put it on the air. When he told them he was Bing Crosby the announcer at the station thought he was being kidded and instead of letting it go at that and hanging up the 'phone, Bing sat there for nearly half an hour singing into the receiver in an effort to convince the guy it was really he!

Most stars would have got highly indignant but Bing thought it was a good joke.

But then everything's a joke to Bing. One day last week he decided about nine in the morning we should have a party that night. Dick volunteered to catch us some crawfish. It was getting on in the afternoon and he didn't have time to go home to change his clothes so he asked me for some old togs of Bing's. In the words of my illustrious husband "I don't know from nothing about men's clothes" and I gave him a pair of trousers and some shoes that must have looked old because they were badly in need of polish. When he got back about seven o'clock Bing was there to greet him. He started improvising a song—"Home with the scaly spoils"—and then he caught sight of Dick's costume. His voice quavered but he kept bravely on. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the expression on his face. I'd given Dick a pair of $32.50 trousers and a $28 pair of shoes to go fishing in!

Incidentally although this has nothing to do with Bing, you should have seen your contributor. Bing is a little more—er—ample around the (Continued on page 88)

Dixie says when the neighbors tell her they like to hear her husband sing, she asks them to let her know the next time they hear him so she can listen, too—it's a Crosby family joke that Bing's never home long enough to finish a number. But this is a nice picture, anyway!
The big-mouthed, big-hearted Joe E. Brown of today—below and at left—contrasted with the earnest lad of seventeen at the right. Joe was still a "child wonder acrobat" at that age. His success was honestly earned!

Joe E. Brown's Real Life Story

Chapter I.

LIFE'S most triumphant experience came to Joe E. Brown at the tender age of nine. That day he came back home with the circus!

From the deep-cushioned comfort of his Beverly Hills home, Joe E. Brown, famous screen star, proud father and devoted husband, reviews the thirty years of his circus and theatrical career and admits life has never supplied him another thrill like that.

That day Joe would not have traded places with any other boy in the world. The homesick weeks of the long summer, the rough treatment, the scanty food, the abuse and punishment he had absorbed,—all these were forgotten when he saw the pride in the eyes of his family and the envy on the faces of his school chums.

Contrary to many stories, Joe E. Brown did not run away from home to join a circus. What really happened was this:

The Brown family, mother, father and seven children, lived in one half of a double house in the Irish settlement district in Toledo, Ohio, known as "The Hill."

The other half of the same house was occupied by a Jones family, almost as numerous and equally poor. Joe was not the seventh child of the Brown family, another common mis-statement in stories about the comedian, but the middle one. George Jones, who lived next door, was two years older than Joe and his best friend.

For a long time George, who was ten, had been talking about joining a circus. He knew a man, a Mr. Ash, whom he had met at the old Valentine Athletic Club in Toledo, who was planning to form an acrobatic troupe for circus work, and George believed he might be able to get a place on it.

For the first time the beloved comedian gives you the true account of his life and career!

As told to Carlisle Jones

Joe's sons will never have the heartaches that Joe had. Joe, Jr., and Don are growing up in Beverly Hills, where their father is a leading citizen.
He confided as much to Joe, who, up to that time, at least, had shown no special aptitude for tumbling or acrobatics generally and Joe excitedly extracted a promise from George to get him a place too if the chance came.

It was March and Mrs. Brown was doing the annual spring house cleaning. During the process, which was prolonged for several days, a leather couch was moved from the living room to a side porch. Joe found that by standing on the high end of the couch and making full use of the springs under the leather, he could turn a back handspring, better known among boys as a "flip-flop."

He practiced until the couch was returned to the living room and his mother put a halt to the proceedings. The next day at school, Joe called a number of children about him on a cinder path, promising to show them a new trick. His favorite teacher was watching from her school-room window. He took a great breath, leaped high in the air, and came down head first in the cinders. The teacher helped dig the ashes out of Joe's scalp and for a time Joe's circus ambitions went into a decline.

Then one night George Jones brought home amazing news. Mr. Ash needed another boy, a smaller boy, for his act which was to be known as "The Five Marvelous Ashtons." Joe, said George, could have the place if his parents were willing. They would be gone all summer and the pay would be one dollar and a half a week.

The Brown family was poor. The boy's pay for the summer months—there was never any question then but that Joe would return to school in the Fall—would help out in the purchase of needed groceries and clothes. Mr. Ash brought over a contract which was read to the whole assembled family and signed with enthusiasm by everybody concerned.

"I remember how excited we all were," Joe recalls. "and how happy I was. I went singing around the house all day and laid awake all night. I was the happiest kid in Toledo."

During the few short weeks which Mr. Ash devoted to rehearsals in the Valentine Athletic Club, Joe found that his partial success with "flip-flops" on his mother's leather couch had not exactly (Continued on page 80)
"YOU CAN'T JUDGE HIM BY ORDINARY STANDARDS . . . .
HE WAS TOO BIG"

... AND THIS PICTURE IS TOO BIG
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be de-
vised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present
day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented
in NARRATAGE—talking pictures
newest wonder—forever revolution-
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the biggest step forward since the
introduction of sound and another
great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch
for your theatre's announcement of
this sensational picture.

THE
POWER
AND THE
GLORY

SPENCER • COLLEEN TRACY • MOORE
RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard  
Story by Preston Sturges
Inspiration!

Joan the Gorgeous! In her new film, "Dancing Lady," she has two leading men, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

"Quite comfortable, thank you!" Franchot is as keen for the outdoor thing as the next man, but when he finds a congenial nook he refuses to trifle with his luck! So here he sits in his living room, and defies you to lure him out of doors!

Here's an enticing view of the Tone living room. You can almost feel the cool restfulness of its white and pale beige coloring. The walls are white, the furniture, draperies and rug are beige, and white Venetian blinds keep the sun's rays from becoming too ardent. A nice setting for a pleasant Tone!

Inspiration of writers, artists, musicians, it's only natural that the thought of Joan Crawford's beauty should have inspired the interior decorator who "did" the rooms of Franchot Tone's new Brentwood Heights home. Notice the two lovely portraits of Joan in the room pictured above.
Rustic!

As relief from the ardors of his energetic acting in "Goodbye Again," Warren William goes in for country life, grinning over the garden gate with his pipe in his mouth and Nippy, his severest critic, by his side.
MENACIN' Miriam Hopkins makes the most of her pert charm in Noel Coward's gay comedy, "Design for Living," in which Miriam, Fredric March and Gary Cooper prove that three isn't always a crowd!

Sophisticate!

The New "Little Women"
Close-ups of the two most colorful "Little Women": Katharine Hepburn as the tomboy, Jo, and Joan Bennett as the dainty, artistic Amy.

"Little Women" brings us the quaint appeal of an American home in the 1860's.
Beth at the piano, Jo singing heartily, Marmee between Amy and Meg.

Louisa M. Alcott's beloved characters are re-created for the screen: Katharine Hepburn as Jo, Frances Dee as Meg, Joan Bennett as Amy, Jean Parker as Beth.

Below, a clash of wills! Hoydenish Jo and pretty Amy disagree. Jo is the literary light of the family; Amy, the artist. Much of the charm of "Little Women" lies in the dext characterizations of the four very real sisters.

Below, the Alcott home in Concord, Massachusetts, where the author of "Little Women" lived and, according to tradition, the setting of the famous story. The house is now preserved as a memorial museum.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in “Paddy, the Next Best Thing”

The straightforward Baxter, brought face to face with so delectable a lady as gentle Janet, finds himself at a loss.

Janet, as the irrepressible Paddy, hops out of her tub to hobnob with Eileen (Margaret Lindsay). Remember Margaret in “Cavalcade”? 
Colleen
Comes Back!

At last the clamor of the fans has been heeded, and Colleen Moore's Irish eyes soon will be smiling at you from the screen again. You'll see her in "The Power and the Glory," with Spencer Tracy.

In the bloom of youth, Tracy and Colleen, as lovers, Here are Colleen and Spencer as an aging couple.
They're off! Most of them are, anyway, as Adele Lacy starts stepping lively. She's good-looking, too.

Jimmy, playing a dance accompaniment, warms up to his work, while Joan Blondell, his favorite secretary and inspiration, follows suit.

We caught you, Cagney! Can you picture the movies' toughest terror the chorus? Here's Jimmy in the role of a dance director, showing hers. The versatile James was a stage chorus man.

Hollywood's
"Footlight Parade"

Maids of the mist! Even the water falls for these nymphs as they disport themselves in their sylvan paradise, safe from the gaze of all men except the director, cameramen, etc.
a dancing dilettante, stepping his stuff for the edification of Frank McHugh and the admiring boys and girls a few tricky numbers he "smashed" through to picture stardom.

Film favorites flock together for record musical frolic!

Just a busy day in the life of Showman Cagney, aided by secretaries Joan Blondell and--oh, yes it is!—Ruby Keeler. Wait till Ruby comes out from behind that disguise—lovely!

The life of a hard-working dance maestro! They're rallying round the Cagney, these lovely lassies who form part of the chorus of 200 in "Footlight Parade."

Fallen "angel"! Guy Kibbee, who's backing the show, has a devilish moment as Claire Dodd gives him a much-needed lesson in thrift. He's an attentive pupil!
Marion à la Mode!

Marion Davies is the perfect fashion model. She wears trimly tailored things and gracefully feminine frocks with equal ease. See how smartly she sets off that vagabond hat, left.

Marion in a Schiaparelli mood! Her black wool crêpe coat, shown at the left, has double sleeves to the elbow. A white scarf is loosely knotted at the collarless neckline. The hat has a roll brim at the front.

Monkey fur has returned to favor, as you know, and Miss Davies' white matelasse gown, which she is wearing in the picture above, has a semi-fitted jacket with a scarf collar and over-the-shoulder cape sleeves edged in that same long black fur. And, as worn by Marion, it's effective, don't you think?

Marion's favorite evening jacket is fashioned of velveteen in a snail print design, and we suspect Marion likes those sleeves—we know we do! Her gown, of white crépe, has a softly trailing skirt.

All photographs of Miss Davies posed for Screenland exclusively by Clarence Sinclair Bull.
Hollywood’s most famous blonde star, Miss Davies, models her new clothes for you!

Every girl can’t wear an evening tailleur—but Marion can. Her suit is of black crinkled cire satin; the skirt, in long willowy lines, is contrasted by the silk piqué vest with its black buttons. The swagger coat has cuffs to match the vest.

Color note! Miss Davies wears a red crocheted cap and scarf of red and blue to brighten up dark street dresses. Accessories are always of importance.

Dy in blue—two shades! The skirt and bolero jacket Marion’s three-piece suit navy blue and the house of lighter blue crépe. The skull cap is navy and rimmed with two bows.

Here’s an idea for evening! It’s smart to wear a coronet gala occasions, as Marion is wearing in the close-up to the right. Becoming her delicate blonde beauty—gives any girl that cherished wistful look!
CHARMING Ruth Etting, queen of radio song, makes her feature picture debut in "Roman Scandals," with Eddie Cantor. Special songs have been written for Ruth, and she will win a wider audience than she has reached heretofore.

Vocal Venus!
NEED A LOVELY COMPLEXION

LOVELY hands, smooth... soft... caressing. How simple to have them, in spite of work and weather. Con sider modern actresses; they aren't Dresden dolls. They play just as hard, and use their hands as much as you! But they give them thoughtful care. After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "carnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates deeply, to heal and soften. And it costs so little!

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, delicate, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.

UDETTE COLBERT, whose exquisite hands are so alluring, in Paul Cavanagh in Paramount's film, "Tonight Is Ours."
NOW that Fay Wray has won her way to straight dramatic rôles, she shows you that she can wear clothes with the best of the glamor girls. For instance, her striking accessories, which include piqué collar, bow, and gloves—and see the clips?
JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star in "DANCING LADY"
Max Factor’s Make-Up Used Exclusively

How
Joan Crawford
Gives Her Beauty
Dramatic Appeal

Florence Vondelle interviews
JOAN CRAWFORD

HOLLYWOOD is a world of personalities. The personality of Joan Crawford reflects this modern age. She believes that one must be at one’s best, at all times, to harvest the greatest rewards.

"Life itself is colorful," says Joan Crawford, "but even a colorful personality can stand added charm. That is where make-up comes in. That is the double reason for color harmony make-up. Max Factor’s idea in creating color harmony make-up is to accentuate beauty. This means to bring out your own personality with the correct color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasizing your more attractive features with color harmony make-up."

Discover the difference Hollywood’s magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood’s make-up genius. Now featured by the leading stores at nominal prices ... Max Factor’s Face Powder, onedollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick; one dollar. For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in and mail the coupon.

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood’s Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor’s ... Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics

Max Factor
*Hollywood
Society Make-Up...Cosmetics of the Stars

1. The blending color-tone for my colorings ... golden-brown hair, blue eyes and tanned skin ... is Max Factor’s Sun’s Tan Powder. Exquisitely fine in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

2. For color attraction ... Max Factor’s Blondeen Rouge to harmonize with the powder and with complexion colorings. Like finest skin-texture, it blends beautifully and clings perfectly ... appearing like a natural glow of color.

3. To keep lips in the color key, Max Factor’s Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick ... its dependable permanency of color and smooth texture keeps lip make-up lovely all day. Remember to dry your lips first, and keep them dry when applying lipstick.
Jean Harlow.
Jean Harlow bares her heart to you! Read what she says about her rumored "feud" with Gable

By

James Marion

The Girl Gossip Can't Injure!

"One great lesson I have learned since I became a motion picture actress, is that people in the public eye must learn to be indifferent to the wicked thrusts of gossip."

A late summer sun was stretching its lazy arms across the Californian foothills when Jean Harlow spoke those words. She had just returned from Chicago, and preceding her had come a story that abused the platinum blonde cruelly. Let me tell that story:

When Jean visited the World’s Fair, some one without authority arranged for her to make a personal appearance. On the night when she was supposed to appear, thousands of persons gathered to see her, and they waited from eight o’clock until after one o’clock for Jean to arrive. Then they demanded their money back, and the promoters lost heavily on their venture.

The following day, every newspaper in the city heaped vilifications upon Jean’s head. They called her high-hat, said she had “gone Hollywood,” and in general cauterized her severely for her failure to make the scheduled appearance.

Now some of those newspaper writers were Jean’s friends. They were reporters and editors she has known for years. When Miss Harlow read their stories, she was cut to the quick.

"For Jean had never been informed of her scheduled personal appearance!"

"If anyone had come to me about the matter, I should have explained that before I left Hollywood, studio executives ordered me not to make any personal appearances whatsoever. I should have advised the people who advertised my Chicago appearance to telephone Hollywood for permission for me to go on. I should not have liked to disappoint so many who were willing to pay money to see and hear me."

"But I was not told I was to appear, and it was most unfair that I should be blamed for what occurred. At first I was dreadfully hurt that my friends should so quickly criticize me. Gradually, I understood their positions. They are newspaper writers, and their duty is to print the news. They were told that I was to appear, and when without explanation I apparently chose to disregard my promise, they misunderstood. I do not blame them for their angry attitudes.

"Nobody was really to blame except the person who arranged the appearance without proper authority. Still, although no one was to blame, I was and am the sufferer. Why? Simply because the newspapers gave considerable space to my apparent negligence, but contributed only brief items to the true explanation of my failure to appear. For every thousand who read the original and unfair stories, I doubt if one read the brief items revealing the truth.

“And there, in a nutshell, I have explained the position of a motion picture actress. Glaring headlines are given rumors about her, and only a (Continued on page 76)
For sheer pictorial charm this shimmering celluloid wins the Beauty Prize of the screen season. You've never seen more gorgeous pictures. Close-ups of La Dietrich to make men's heads swim. Breath-takingly beautiful outdoor scenes to make women dream. This doesn't mean, I'm sorry to say, that the drama of "The Song of Songs" will electrify you. The story of the lovely Lily, who leaves her aunt's musty bookshop for the thrilling realities of life in a sculptor's studio, only to become in turn a bored baroness and a bold, bad gal, seems tawdry, old-style stuff. Rouben Mamoulian's direction is at times so studied that it has a heavy, early-Griffith grandeur. But this same M. Mamoulian must be heartily cheered for.coaxing Marlene to give a really vivid performance. She comes alive in this picture: she never says "No-o-o"—not once. Brian Aherne has a superb voice—he'll do. Alison Skipworth is, naturally, perfectly swell. Lionel Atwill plays the theatrical baron. See this lovely, if not lively film.

The two most human and hearty souls on the screen are with us again—Min and Bill—I mean Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. You've been waiting so long for a sequel to that favorite film that a review is almost superfluous—well, practically. But for the few of you who want to be reassured let me say that "Tugboat Annie" is an ideal vehicle—if you can call a tugboat a vehicle—for these two beloved stars. Marie is skipper of the Narcissus, married to the worthless but good-natured Wally. It's Marie who slaves so that her son can go to college and become Captain of a liner. And all the time Beery is getting into mischief as only Beery can—Wally, as you may imagine, is no sissy, and brings Marie grief as well as grins. But he aces with the month's most heroic film sacrifice. Of course, it's a familiar formula, but the team's fine acting saves it from bathos. Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan are the Young Folks. And where will you find nicer movie love interest?

For sheer enjoyment I recommend this picture unreprovedly. It's smooth, suave, satisfying entertainment. And it is so superlatively directed, by John Cromwell; and so expertly played by Ann Harding, William Powell, and the cast, that it's only afterward that the "if's" and "but's" and "why's" begin to creep in. You'll find no fault with the story as you sit there interested, amused, and highly entertained by the intelligent and charming proceedings. Miss Harding has never been so altogether delightful as in this role of a girl who sets her pretty cap for Mr. Powell, the town's gayest and hardest-to-get bachelor. He loves her, but he's altar-shy. She tricks him, becomes his wife—and then fights really to win him. The excellent dialogue sparkles as these two super-troopers toss it about. You'll relish the knockout ending. Reginald Owen is a joy as an understanding butler. And you'll like Lucille Browne, a blonde beauty with a luscious voice. She is a find—sign her up, somebody!
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Highlights of the Movie Month:

Ruggles and Boland in "Mama Loves Papa"
Harding and Powell in "Double Harness"
Lionel Barrymore in "Stranger's Return"
Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"
Walter Huston in "Storm at Daybreak"
Miriam Hopkins in "Stranger's Return"
Dressler and Beery in "Tugboat Annie"
Frank Morgan in "Best of Enemies"
Pert Kelton in "Bed of Roses"
Leslie Howard in "Captured"

Captured
Warners

The dramatic smash of the movie month—and Leslie Howard's finest performance. This Leslie Howard, you know, has Changed Things in Hollywood. He has made the boys work out there. An actor, now, must have more than a pleasant face to get along—thanks to Leslie, who has not only the perfect technique but a more pleasant face than any of them. And he calmly tops them all, and himself, too, in "Captured." I was—and you'll be—rather deeply touched by his magnificent portrayal of a British officer and gentleman who displays the true sporting spirit in a prison camp during the late war. When he finds out that his wife, played by Margaret Lindsay, loves not him, but his best friend, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., his world crumbles about his ears, but he carries on—into a terrific climax. It's a splendid picture. The one flaw I can find is the fact that any heroine could prefer some other actor to Mr. Howard. That's just silly! This is powerful adult drama—don't miss it.

Mama Loves Pa
Paramount

Maybe you're quaint. Maybe you like to go to the movies once in a while just to be amused, with no Hollywood heroine's Love Problems to ponder on, or prisons to reform, or battles to help fight. I'm quaint, too. So I enjoyed "Mama Loves Papa." It's one of Paramount's gay and slightly goofy numbers. This company has a sense of humor. It breaks out often with a light, frothy piece like this and rounds up the family and gives it a good time. Charles Ruggles, one of the finest actors as well as funniest men on the screen, is seen here as Mr. Average Man married to Mary Boland, the movies' most engaging nit-witted wife. I hear you laughing quietly to yourself already. Well, it waxes more mirthful when Mr. Ruggles encounters Lilyan Tashman—good to see you again. Lil—as the wife of a politician and presently Papa himself is engaged in politics, both civic and domestic. It's not an important picture at all, but you'll have a good time. And how you'll laugh at "Mr. and Mrs." Glad to see a real domestic comedy—it's been a long wait.

Stranger's
Return
M-G-M

I am not christening Phil Stong the Shakespeare of the celluloids when I say that he brings a human quality to the screen literature that no other writer has managed to muster. His "State Fair" was a movie "natural." He should write directly for the screen—and then we might have a pungent, truly American screen classic. Right now his second book, "Stranger's Return," engages our attention in its celluloid translation. A good picture, it has some of the "State Fair" flavor without so much of its engaging appeal. But I can't carp about the chance it gives Lionel Barrymore in the rôle of a fine old farmer welcoming his wandering grand-daughter back to the soil. Miriam Hopkins, the sweet little Stranger, glows and glimmers in her own half-imish, half-intense fashion—you'll agree that she's grand. Franchot Tone, once you accept this sophisticate as a farmer, does a good job helping to keep Miriam down on the farm, only to—but you may not have read the book, and I'm not the one to be spilling it for you. I know you'll like the picture.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
The most womanly star on the screen, Ann Harding, has her devoted following who look to her for guidance in clothes, conduct, make-up, and manners! A large order, but Ann is equal to it. She endorses naturalness in make-up. See how skillfully she has enhanced the beauty of her eyes with careful use of good cosmetics.

Ann has never bobbed and never will! But she spends more time on her lovely hair than most women, because that gorgeous blonde mop must be brushed until it shines, and tended with the care it deserves. The result is the charming Harding coiffure—and have you noticed how in harmony it is with our "romantic" current clothes?

SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Below, the screen's most gracious actress shows you the fascination of graceful, well-cared-for hands. Miss Harding doesn't go in for bright nail polish, wisely selecting the natural or coral tints as best suiting her type.

Ann Harding wears the most charming clothes she has ever worn on the screen in her new RKO picture, "Double Harness." Here she is, left, in a delightful dress of black and white cross-bar wool, with petal-shaped collar and cuffs.

Ann's coat, which she wears over the dress at the left, is brown and white striped wool, with wide sleeves, patch pockets, and a tie at the neckline. Brown suede gloves and handbag, and a beige hat with a brown band.
Be feminine—wear lovely lacy collars, and soft, graceful fabrics, and don't be afraid to go just a little bit gentle in your dress! Ann Harding is the happy combination of wistful womanliness and modern sophistication. She's a careerist who has never lost her sweetness, her grace, her very, very feminine appeal.

But being feminine doesn't mean being sad and clinging! Ann illustrates what she doesn't mean in the picture at the right! Girls these days don't just sit around brooding for beauty; they go out and acquire it, by way of study of their screen favorites and artful imitation! Ann Harding is as worthy a model as a girl can find.

SCREENLAND'S
Glamor School

Ann Harding believes it's smart to be feminine! And she gives us her exclusive ideas on Glamor in clothes, coiffures, and make-up

Ann's smartness is always and forever quiet and gracious, never brittle or spectacular. In "Double Harness" she is a beautiful picture in this suit of black velvet and gold check, pictured at the left. The blouse with its dainty jabot is of ecru silk lace. The tiny turban of black horse-hair has leaves of black velvet. Miss Harding's twin silver foxes add the note of correct luxury.

"Glamor" photographs of Miss Harding posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Ernest Bachrach.

The "big scene" pajamas of "Double Harness" in which Miss Harding co-stars with William Powell. When the heroine faces her father in her lover's apartment, with marriage in the offing, she wears these altogether luscious yet discreet pajamas of pale blue satin. The bodice is a series of chiffon flounces, accordion-pleated. These Harding pajamas are the big moment of her new film.
Hello, everybody! I'm the new baby at Wesley Ruggles' house. I'm still just a kid—was born February 4, to be exact, but oh boy, what I've learned about this funny old world! Before I came here we unborn children used to wonder where we'd land and if we would really like our parents. It's an awful gamble, you know, sight unseen and everything. We'd get into a huddle and thrash out the possibilities. We might be born in the South Seas, or in India, or France, or in Arizona. Anyway, it helped pass the time while we waited. Now I always had a leaning toward sunny California and motion pictures, so you can imagine my delight when I found my mother was pretty Arline Judge, my father, Wesley Ruggles, and Hollywood my home.

Then, there's my Uncle Charlie Ruggles. He's fun. I'm named for him and my dad; I'm Charles Wesley. Sometimes Wesley explodes. "Here I've waited forty-three years for a baby and my brother gets the first billing!"

The day I was born father stayed at the hospital with mother and me—guess he needed some moral support for he sent out an S.O.S. for Uncle Charlie, who cut a date at the studio and came rushing to us. When he saw me he gasped, "Is—is that it?" Then he gave me a wink and I knew we were going to be pals.
"And don't forget my mother is Arline Judge!" crows Hollywood's newest baby star

As told to

Maude Cheatham

I heard him say I was surely going to be a comedian because I looked so funny, but Wesley, who is a director, exclaimed dramatically, "Heaven forbid! No, the boy shall be a banker."

Guess they have it doped out all right. Arline says I must go to college and then I may choose my own career. She talks about ideals and principles and holds me close to her heart and whispers that she expects great things of her son. Wesley seems to think I'll shine at football. He's always saying to his friends, "Take a look at the kid's mit, it's swell for a forward passer. Why, he's bound to be an athlete." Ho-hum! Well, I guess that's O.K.

Everybody seems so surprised that Arline, who they say is the most modern of all modern girls, should turn into a real old-fashioned mother. I guess this is because she loves to bathe and dress me herself while the nurse stands around and watches us. Her friends say it is too amazing and they wonder where she learned these things. Arline tosses her curls and smiles. When no one is listening she tells me she is getting the biggest kick of her life taking care of me. She believes in schedules and diets—oh, you should see me stall on orange juice and flirt with the pretty tomato juice. We have regular hours, too, and she says nothing shall interfere in giving me a good start in life.

I like Tuesday. That's the nurse's day out and Arline takes care of me herself. Sometimes she takes me out into the world and we visit the beauty parlor and gay gown shops. It's very exciting and I like it, all but the oh-ing and ah-ing over me and the baby talk they give me. I seem to favor blondes. Perhaps it is because I love color and it is fun watching the lights play with the golden hair. Of course, Arline is a lovely brunette with sparkling black eyes and she's the prettiest girl of them all. So, my blonde (Continued on page 74)}
Art In Astoria!

Paul Robeson, singing star of "The Emperor Jones," plays a convict in the chain-gang sequence. Director Dudley Murphy is seated under an umbrella at left.

By Mortimer Franklin

Filming of Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece, "The Emperor Jones," restores to the East its vanished cinemagory

BETWEEN close-growing trunks of palm, mango and guava trees, lush tropical foliage crowded up from the warm jungle earth. Leaf-laden vines crept lazily around the ancient tree-trunks; a slight swish, that might have been the darting of a bird or the sibilant crawl of a snake, was faintly audible. Through the stillness of the somnolent forest a barbaric yell rang out:

"Okay for sound! Number Eight-Four-Two!"
A breathless hush; then came an answering chant:
"Cam-er-ah!"
And Brutto Jones, in the magnificent person of Paul Robeson, plunged through the underbrush on his last frenzied dash through the jungle.

Such episodes have been frequent in a score of motion picture studios. But this one was different. It did not take place in Hollywood, under whose fervid sun nothing ever is new. It occurred at the other end of the continent, just twenty minutes from Broadway and 42nd Street, where no less a pair of showmen than Messrs. Krimsky and Cochran, American sponsors of "Maedchen in Uniform," had leased the old Paramount eastern studio at Astoria, L. I., to make a cinema version of Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" as their first film producing venture. A venture, you are hereby given fair warning, which threatens to go down in movie history as one of the leading steps toward the emancipation of the films from Hollywood's apron-strings.

While the lights were being adjusted for a retake, John Krimsky, senior member of the firm, confessed to me his hopes for an Eastern revival in motion pictures, in which he and his equally youthful associate, Gifford Cochran, are to play a starring rôle. Extremely serious they are about it, and extremely confident of their ability to produce their own motion pictures in Astoria. Mr. Krimsky, in his quiet, restrained and smiling way, admitted as much.

"New York," he insisted, "isn't merely a favorable place for making good pictures. Developments of the past few years have made it the logical place!"

As everybody knows, the stage and the screen have been coming closer and closer together from year to year. A good stage play becomes a movie almost as a matter of course. The actors have become interchangeable to such an extent that today there is hardly a single player of any note who belongs to the stage exclusively. The same thing is true to a large extent of the writers, and even the directors. And since New York is the center of the stage world, and the stage is more or less a proving ground for the cinema, the (Continued on page 84)
Here's Lou Holtz with his stooge, Shawowsky. What's the matter, Lou, is Shawowsky pulling an old gag?

SO YOU want to know all about Lou Holtz. All right, let's dash up to the Columbia Broadcasting studio. There he is—the chap with the cane; the plumpish lad with him is his stooge, Shawowsky. Lou has a complex about that cane—he never appears on the stage or before the microphone without it. Yes, Holtz always carries his props with him even to the studio. When he imitates a Frenchman he invariably wears a beret; if he impersonates a woman, he dons a sort of "Gay Nineties" chapeau, and throws a feather boa around his shoulders. It puts him in the spirit of the character. Lou's mother sits in on all his broadcasts—she's his most devoted public.

Now let's meet the man in person. Come on, Lou, step up and say a few words: "Hello, my fr-a-a-a-nds—so glad to be here—no, that's what they say at movie premieres! Seriously, though, I like my radio work—and I hope you do, too. It's thrilling to know that your voice can be heard all over the country. But I must break down and confess that the microphone awes me—when I think of all the millions of people listening in I get the radio jitters! Every Friday night is like the opening night of a Broadway show!" (This from a man who has been associated with the theatre for seventeen years!)

It was Lou who discovered the delightful Lyda Roberti. She was an unknown actress with the Publicix circuit. Holtz and Jack Yellen were preparing to produce "You Said It" and they were looking for a "different" comedienne. Lyda was different, all right—she could barely speak English, and she had very little stage experience; but Lou saw the tremendous possibilities in this Polish girl. Even the agency that booked him asked Holtz if he were insane—imagine taking a chance like that on a Broadway show! But Lou persisted. Even Lyda, herself, wasn't keen on it. She was getting a nice salary from "Pooblicks," as she called it, so why should she go into a show that might turn out to be a flop? However, "You Said It" was a tremendous success. And look at Lyda! Lou can pick 'em!

And here's news! Lou is one comedian who has no yen to play "Hamlet" or go dramatic on us! He prefers to dish out the laughs—for which, three cheers!

You'll be amazed when you see Mitzi Green on the screen again. She's tall, slender, pretty—and very ingénue-ish! She's been delighting the radio listeners with her grand imitations. In a ten-week check-up, Mitzi ran "Buck Rogers," the current radio favorite, a close second in the affections of juvenile listeners. Besides her radio work, Mitzi has been going to school. (P.S. She loves it!) And she has been taking singing and dancing lessons. And she's a contract bridge fiend. Tune in on her "Happy Landings" program, and give yourself a treat.

Radio Jottings:

Sitting in on a Phil Baker broadcast is more fun than a circus. Phil clowns throughout the program. While the announcer makes his dignified commercial announcement, Phil—smart boy—picks up several packages of the product and exhibits them to his studio audience. If the orchestra is playing a particularly inspiring number Baker and Bottle, his stooge, are apt to break out into the wildest dance you ever saw.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians broadcast every week from the stage of Carnegie Hall before 3,000 spectators!

Don't be too surprised if Rudy Vallee becomes a movie director! He has a motion picture camera and equipment and wherever he goes, he totes the camera along. Rudy has some grand stuff—theatre rehearsals, street scenes, and some marvelous country scenes that he filmed at his summer home in Maine.

Baby Rose Marie has been on the stage since she was two years old, and on the radio since she was three. Baby Rose Marie can learn her song in five or ten minutes.
Presenting
The Movies’
“House of
MORGAN”

"I SHALT not knuckle to any of the Barrymores!"

Can we believe our ears? A murmur, nay a
shout of rebellion? Yes, a shout—and that in
clear, controlled, yet emphatic tone! Whence
came the shout? From the suave, the quiet, the smiling
Frank, younger of the brothers Morgan. He, who had
played the principal role of "Topaze" most successfully
on the stage in New York, had been asked to appear
again in the screen version. But not in the leading role!
His aid was solicited for the second role in the screening
of comedy. John Barrymore had been selected to play
the part Mr. Morgan had created in New York. Then
came Mr. Morgan’s answer.

An answer that shook Hollywood! An actor had
flouted the Barrymores. He had snapped the finger of indiffer-
ence in the united facial front of the Royal Family of the
stage, the monarchial trio of
the screen. He would not
knuckle, not he, to any Barry-
more, be it, as the refrain had
it, “Lionel, Ethel or Jack.”

Was Morgan daring to the
point of madness? What mo-
tivated this scene of defiance?
Did he not know that the Barry-
mores are the oldest acting
family of the American theatre?
Was he unaware that there had
been gloriously stellar nights
when the names of the sister
and her two brothers blazed,
each above a different theatre,
in New York at the same time?

No! Morgan was not mad.
Yes, he believed he remembered the three-star radiance
that once had illuminated Broadway. Then why had he
said coolly, calmly, with a good-humored smile: “I will
not knuckle to any of the Barrymores”?

Because he was quietly conscious that although he and
his brother were not the ninth but the first of acting
generations of their family, he had played “Topaze” so
well, and Duke Allessandro in “Firebrand” so super-
lative, there approached a time when their names would
flash at the same time from Broadway’s portals. So
ture was his prophetic vision that the night arrived when
the name Morgan radiantly was spelled five times along
the Lane of Lights: “Ralph” before two of them,
“Frank” leading three, all in popular motion picture
offerings.

Ralph, the elder of the Morgan bro-
thers, and the more quiet and reserved
of the two, launched his screen career
with two famous characterizations;
Charlie Marsden and Czar Nicholas.

In "Rasputin" the strange fate which
seems to have intertwined the paths
of the Morgans and the Barrymores
brought Ralph, as the Czar, opposite
Ethel Barrymore as the Czarina.

Ralph Morgan seeks diversion during
a busy screen season by playing tennis
with his daughter, Claudia. Miss
Morgan has also embraced the pro-
fession of her father and uncle.
All about Ralph and Frank—famous brothers of the Broadway stage who've "arrived" on the Coast—to stay!

By Ada Patterson

Of the first generation of actors were he and his elder brother Ralph, but their line ran back not to an acting ancestor nine times removed, but to Goethe and to the time of the war lord Charlemagne. That could be proved beyond a doubt. The family archives hold proof of a Wuppermann (Wupper, the river, and Mann, meaning the man of the river Wupper), who fought with the conqueror, Goethe was his father's cousin, as documents bore witness.

Yes, it is true that Wuppermann is the family name and Morgan the assumed one of the distinguished brothers. Raphaele bestowed it at the same time that he shortened his own christened name to Ralph. "Morgan" was terse. Morgan balanced easily the chosen Ralph. Morgan it would be. Since Ralph was the first of the brothers to adopt the theatre his choice of the professional name was accepted by Frank, the younger, and Carlos, the middle brother—Carlos, who had the dramaticist's gift and proposed to write plays in which his brothers should appear. Who indeed wrote "The Triumph of X" in which Frank made one of his earliest appearances. Carlos, the idealist, who went to war and who died while a member of the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Raphaele Wuppermann, by family decree, was to become a lawyer. He trod the family-decreed path by finishing a law course at Columbia. While he was so preparing himself for submission to the weighty family wish he played often with Columbia students in amateur theatricals. Admiring friends persuaded him to appear in a special Ibsen offering at the special matinée, in "The Comedy of Love," in New York. Mrs. Fernandez, then the foremost theatrical agent in New York, saw his performance, and going back stage, advised him, in motherly and authoritative accents, to turn his back upon a career in the law and adopt the more colorful and romantic one of the theatre. Listening to the voice of the Circe of business, gently ignoring the voice of another mother, his own, saying "If you go on the stage I will disinherit you," he signed as utility man for a stock company in Richmond, Va. Passing the first rung he became a juvenile of the company. His minimum salary of twenty-five dollars a week grew commensurately. He remembers playing a soldier in "The Prisoner of ZENDI" with Richard Bennett, and the next week becoming Circe, the juvenile of Rachel Crothers' first successful play, "The Three of Us." His middle-aged, motherly Circe, in her Broadway office, was thinking of him. She arranged for George Tyler's engagement of (Continued on page 82)
If You Are The Girlish Type—Janet Gaynor Shows You How!

The way you “wear” your eyebrows—and the way you make up your eyes—has a great deal to do with the impression you make on people. If you are naturally girlish and have a round face like Janet Gaynor—then you want to keep your eye make-up as simple as possible, in accordance with Janet’s custom.

If you are her type, Janet Gaynor advises that you keep your eyebrows as near their natural shape and line as possible. Never pluck them too thin, and always pluck from the under side. This makes the eye look larger. Never use a razor on your eyebrows.

If your brows grow together in the center, pluck them to allow a one-inch space between the eyes.

Unruly eyebrows may be softened by using soap or vaseline on the eyebrow brush.

If it is necessary to use mascara on the eyebrows to make them appear darker, first apply the mascara by brushing against the grain of the brows. This colors the under-part of the brow, as well as the top. Then smooth them back with the brush. Always remove mascara at night. Blondes should use a brown mascara. Brunettes may use black.

The girlish type should very rarely use eyeshadow, since it makes the eyes look heavily-lidded. You may, however, use a bit of vaseline on the eyelid to make it gleam and glisten, and to accent the curve of the lid.

(Above) Keep your eyebrows always flat and neat by brushing daily with a dry mascara brush. If your eyebrows do not grow in a complete curve over your eyes, pluck the scraggly hairs at the end, and fill out the line with an eyebrow pencil.

(Right) If your eyes are far apart and you want them to look big and luminous, place a tiny pin-head dot of cream rouge at the corners. Use mascara only on the upper lashes, for a natural effect, and always stroke the brush upward.
If You Are The Exotic Type—
Carole Lombard Sets Your Style!

Eyes and Eyebrows
Hartley

THE sirens of the screen started the uplift movement in eyebrows. Carole Lombard shows how an exotic effect may be achieved by arching the eyebrows upward at the temples... and by using a heavy eyeshadow and plenty of mascara. If your face is long and oval, then try the Lombard make-up.

- You may be able to train your eyebrows to arch upward at the ends, by always plucking the under-part of the eyebrow, and by using vaseline and oil applications on top of the eyebrow. If not, you will have to pluck the ends out and pencil in the upward arch.
- If your lashes are not naturally long and thick, you can wear artificial lashes. These are glued on, as many as 40 or 50 to an eye, then trimmed to a suitable length.
- An eyebrow pencil may be used to extend the eye-line. Do not “pencil” under the eyes.
- Eyeshadow should be applied only on the lower part of the lid—to give a contrast between the lid and the skin under the eyebrow. Blue and gray are usually best for blue eyes—and lavender, green or brown for brown eyes. The newest eyeshadows have tiny silver or gold specks in them.
- If you wish to verify the correctness of your eyeshadow, stand in front of one mirror and hold a hand-mirror under your chin. Look down into the hand-mirror at your eyelids which may be seen in the mirror in front of you.
AFTER all these years, Janet Gaynor clings to the same make-up kit she used during "Seventh Heaven." It is not really a make-up box at all, but is a fishing-tackle container with grease paint, rouge, and lip-stick where hooks and leaders are usually stored.

Janet laughingly explains her odd kit with: "If cosmetics don't come under the head of fishing tackle, what does?"

AN ENVELOPE addressed: "Why Don't You Come Up Some Time? Hollywood," was delivered promptly to Mae West. . . . Did Maurice Chevalier look up the lovely lady stars after his return from Europe? No; his first call was upon Baby LeRoy. . . . The James Gleason's celebrated their twenty-seventh wedding anniversary during the week when nine divorces were announced in Hollywood. . . . Less than a fortnight after Peggy Hopkins Joyce was quoted, "I was never so happy to get away from a place." she was back in Hollywood. . . . Jean Harlow's radio-interview elicited more letters than any single program ever broadcast from that station. . . . Wearing Benda masks, fifty chorus girls in "Dancing Lady" have features the replica of Joan Crawford's. . . . This is no joke; Lew Ayres returned from his debut-visit to New York with a neck-crick brought on by gaping at tall buildings.

Holy Smoke? Queen Greta, in what is probably the most informal snapshot ever taken of her, appears as a hardy mariner, pipe and all. It happened during her European vacation.

High and dry! Lilian Harvey does her autumnal surf bathing from the diving board, dabling her dainty toes in her own Beverly swimming pool. P.S.—Our last swimming picture of the season!

Perhaps Greta Garbo does not realize that she was observed. If not, this tribute to her "kindest deed of the month" will inform her.

One day I was motoring on Washington boulevard where I recognized the Swedish star's limousine in front of me. As I watched, her car swerved unexpectedly to the curb. The reason was immediately apparent—a tiny girl was seated beside the street, crying bitterly. At her side lay the inert body of a dog; evidently her pet had been crushed by an automobile.

Garbo stepped quickly from her machine and sat beside the child. I meanwhile parked a safe distance away. I saw the actress lunge in her purse and summon her chauffeur, after which the driver departed. Within a few minutes be returned and in his arms wiggled the cutest, liveliest puppy imaginable.

Three minutes later the entire episode had ended. The small puppy and the child were playing gaily. The chauffeur had removed the body of the dead dog. Greta had smiled and re-entered the deep recesses of her limousine. Her car had drawn peacefully away.

I remained parked for minutes, wishing the world might have witnessed the charming story that had unfolded itself before my eyes.

You'll giggle at this: Ernst Lubitsch, Napoleonic little director, flew from New York to Hollywood. For some time following his arrival he was stone deaf; in fact, after hours had passed and he still could not hear, he hurried to a doctor.

You guessed it—Lubitsch had forgotten to remove the cotton wads (often worn for airplane travel) from his ears!
HOLLYWOOD!

Confidential close-ups of your picture pets at home

Below, meet Jean Harlow's favorite escort, Hal Rosson, photographed with the famous blonde.

MONTHLY CHEER AND HISS DEPT.: A LOVELY close-up to Peggy Shannon. Her fans staged a great campaign to return the red-head to the screen. Perhaps due to their efforts, she is back. To prove her gratitude, Peggy is setting aside a part of her salary toward a fund which will be donated to a charitable institution in the name of her fan club.

A beautiful, soft-focus close-up to Claudette Colbert for her thoughtfulness. When Claudette and her house-guests were about to take a swim, Miss Colbert saw that some birds were enjoying baths in her pool. She insisted that her own swimming party be delayed until the feathered visitors concluded their plunges and preenings.

A nice close-up to Charles Bickford (who received a long shot here a few months ago), for his generosity. Bickford donated his $10,000 automobile service station to the Assistance League of Hollywood, in order that the profits might be devoted into charitable channels.

A HOLLYWOODIAN who is well acquainted with Jean Harlow telephoned the platiblonde and said: "Jean, a friend from the East is visiting town and I'm showing him the interesting sights. He has seen the Chinese Theatre, the Brown Derby and the Rudolf Valentino statue. May I bring him out to your house, Jean? I want to show him you!"

THE studio publicity director asked Joan Blondell if she would make a personal appearance at a local theatre. "All you must do," he promised, "is say a few words, and then present a prize—a refrigerator."

"No; I won't do it," said Joan. "I tried to lift one of those things once before."

Jaunty Janet! The little apostle of cinematic sweetness and light has her frisky side as well! Here's the Gaynor in a gay moment.

SHORTLY after Ed Wynn's arrival in Hollywood for his talkie debut, he was guest of honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club. As a part of the proceedings, Wynn was made honorary chief of the city fire department.

"Now that I am fire-chief," squealed (you know how) Wynn, "I want to tell the merchants of Los Angeles to go right ahead with their fires—I promise I will not interfere."

IN her quiet, undramatic way, Joan Crawford has once again written a humanitarian entry into her book of kind acts.

Not even employees of the studio knew exactly why one member of the girls-chorus, at work in "The Dancing Lady," was suddenly absent. Perhaps those who missed her believed she had been discharged.

The truth is, the absentee was suddenly stricken with an ailing appendix. Joan saw her faint, and it was Joan's car that rushed the girl to a private hospital. Also, Miss Crawford's personal check paid for the operation.

Some day an index of Joan's generosities will be compiled. It will be a voluminous book.

THERE is no news in the Miriam Hopkins-director King Vidor romance, but few people know that he reads and okay her scripts before she consents to do a picture.

Ernst Lubitsch knows, however, so when Miriam received her newest script from the little German director, she found written across the front by his hand: "Dear King: Will you see if you think I should play this part? Miriam."
Happy homecoming! Irving Thalberg, youthful film executive, Norma Shearer, his lovely wife, and Irving, Jr., return from their recent vacation abroad, brimming with health and energy. Note Norma's quaint traveling costume—not to mention Junior's snappy sailor suit!

If looked like a "shotgun wedding" for Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, the day when she and the boy friend were lunching in the Brown Derby, and Russ' dad, Jimmy Gleason, blew in brandishing a revolver, just as in the second act of a mellerdrammer.

Customers gulped with consternation, but when pater Gleason amicably joined Mary and Russell, the tension eased. Actually, Gleason senior was in make-up for a picture, and his garb included the artillery he was toting.

AMUSING, that letter George Raft received from a fan. She enclosed a newspaper clipping of a girl's picture over which appeared the heading: "GIRL CLINGS TO RAFT FOR 36 HOURS."

"The fan scribbled across the face of the clipping, "Is this the record? May I compete?"

FIRST-VISITORS to the estate of Edward Everett Horton are mystified by the fact that every tree on the property bears a name plate, and some are numbered. There are for instance, Hollywood No. 1, Hollywood No. 2, and so on. There are also Orange, Orchid, Franklin, and other names.

Horton explained the perplexing name arrangement to me. It seems that Eddie keeps a close watch on Hollywood street improvements, and when he sees an avenue being widened, he asks if the trees are to be destroyed. If so, he obtains permission to transplant them on his own property. This is an expensive undertaking—but you've no idea how much he saves by not having to buy the trees. Horton names the woody plants after the avenues from which they are taken.

T H I N G S I never hope to see: Oliver "Babe" Hardy on a diet.

Greta Garbo involved in a bridge argument.

A divorceless month in Hollywood.

Lilyan Tashman at a fire sale.

Lupe Velez quiet for two consecutive minutes.

"Vive Novarro!" shouts most of the population of Paris, as the ever-boyish, ever-popular Ramon leaves the Alhambra Theatre in that city after a personal appearance. The esteem in which this singing star is held abroad more than matches the popularity he enjoys in this country.
The merry Munis! Paul, the dramatic star, and Mrs. Muni, beam graciously upon the ubiquitous cameraman. Watch for Paul's next film!

Greta Garbo has talked again; she has said, "I like California for its sun baths". A fan wrote to Bing Crosby: "Your baby is the world's luckiest. Imagine you crooning it to sleep in the middle of the night!" The studio publicity department swears that when Cecil B. DeMille called for 300 rats, the casting office was flooded with gaugster types. Pickfair, home of Mary and Doug (Pickford-Fairbanks), was advertised to sell for $400,000, including complete personal possessions. Colleen Moore has leased her gorgeous Hollywood-Bellaire home and is in New York. Boris Karloff returns to the screen soon in a sequel to "Frankenstein."

ADD dumb-girl remarks: Jack Oakie between scenes of the new movie musical comedy in which he is appearing, idly asked a member of the chorus what she thought of President Roosevelt's reforestation movement. "I dunno; I've never done it," responded the lovely-but-dumb. "Will you show me the steps?"

Out of my envelopes: From Miss Ruth Fifer, 5300 Pensacola Avenue, Chicago: "I'd spend my whole salary, if necessary, to make my Clark Gable club a success. I'd go without all the luxuries I so enjoy to give him a wonderful club."

Wilma Eliot, Jean Harlow Club, Short Falls, N. Y., writes: "Speaking of rumors, I read in one newspaper that Jean had an operation in Chicago, in another paper that she was in Cape Cod, and in still another that she had returned to Hollywood. Is Jean triplets? What's the answer to this one?"

"I am glad that the depression is ending," pens Katherine Manning, 7639 No. Ashland Avenue, Chicago. "The world may well be thankful to motion pictures, for the screen has preserved peace of mind for the discouraged during the long troubled period. The movies have done their part, and more."

"Many of these English actresses are beautiful, and I see no reason for keeping them off the screen." So impartially writes Elenore Bellsom, 727 W. 14th Place, Chicago. "Heather Angel is a lovely thing, and Miriam Jordan and Phyllis Barry are stunning. The screen has room for any number of such charming creatures."

Jean Betty Huber, president, June Clyde Club, 18 Glenbrook Road, Morris Plains, N. J., opines: "I think Katharine Hepburn is the grandest person! I so admire her originality, her independence and her 'I-don't-give-a-darn!' attitude. I hope we’re going to keep on seeing a lot of Katharine in the movies."

Mrs. S. J. Barnum, 555 Starkweather Avenue, Plymouth, Mich., writes gratefully: "When I was confined to a sanatorium with a lingering illness, Alice White drove sixty miles out of her way to visit me. God bless her, she brought a lot of sunshine into my monotonous sanatorium existence."
THE story of how a leading riding academy did not sell a valuable horse to Greta Garbo bears re-telling.
Garbo was a constant visitor at this academy, from which she rented mounts and went for long rides, always alone. A newspaper cameraman heard of her practice, so for days he lurked near with his picture-box.
After about a week of waiting, he was rewarded when Garbo appeared. He stepped forward camera aimed—but Garbo fled! She never returned, and the academy owner threatened a damage suit because he had expected to close a deal with the star for the purchase of a very high-priced steed.

EVERYBODY who is Hollywood knows that Bing Crosby regards Russ Colombo as an imitator. Bing is never reluctant to aver that Colombo aped his (Bing's) singing style.
Well, soon after the birth of Gary Evans Crosby, Bing received a wire from Russ. It read: "Passed hospital and recognized your baby by its voice."
To which Crosby answered: "Don't start imitating it!"

Laughton's heaviest rôle! As the corpulent King Henry VIII, Charles Laughton, that accomplished character actor, finds a part worthy of his unique talent. Note the elaborate upholstering in which he plays the part.

GROUCHO MARX, to help out a friend, bought a lot sight unseen. The friend told Marx the property "is only a hop from the station."
Groucho and his wife decided to drive out and look at their lot. They drove about three miles from the station, at which Marx said, "This is one of those America-to-Europe hops!"

TO ACHIEVE what he calls a "sexy mustache" for scenes in "The Worst Woman in Paris," Adolphe Menjou waxed that hirsute adornment until it was starchy stiff. Whereupon he was faced with a new worry—the mustache was so hard that it was in danger of being snapped sharp off if struck suddenly.
So what did Adolphe do but invent a new gadget—a mustache protector! Like a nose guard, it fits over the mustache and protects it from heavy blows. It is held in place by hooks that loop Adolphe's ears.

Royal rendezvous! Supporting Laughton in the rôle of one of the much-married Henry's flames is Binnie Barnes, pretty ingenue of the English screen. This picture was filmed in England by British International.
ROMANTIC DOO-DADS: That little chap staggering around Hollywood with a dazed expression is Dan Cupid. He has received some terrible blows during the past few weeks.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Carole Lombard and William Powell, Richard Dix, Zita Johann, Oliver “Papa” Hardy—the separations were so numerous that the nude archer is daisy-eyed.

Because rumors pursue facts, there are hints of other marital smash-ups to come. The Clark Gables, the Neil Hamiltons, the Townsend Netchers (Constance Talmadge), Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, and Ruth Chatterton and George Brent are all sadly denying.

The rumors about the Gables and Miss Chatterton and Brent sprang from a similar source—Both Clark and Ruth left Hollywood alone—and separately, I mean—and gossipers blamed marital dissensions, when in truth, illness was the reason in each case.

Cupid’s month was not a total loss, however. After three years of courtship, Marguerite Churchill and George O’Brien at last reached the altar. Dorothy Jordan eloped to Arizona with studio executive Merian Cooper. Mozelle Britton became the bride of Alan Dinehart.

Cooper wooed Miss Jordan expensively before he won her. Each and every morning during their courtship he sent her an orchid corsage, and when she flew to New York he caused flowers to meet every stop of her plane.

Further lifting the darkness from Dan Cupid’s heart are the expected weddings of Frances Dee to Joel McCrea, Alice White to John Warburton, Boots Mallory to Cy Bartlett, Eleanor Holm to Arthur Lake, and Benita Hume to Jack Durfee, English speedboat pilot. Odd that McCrea’s expected merger should so quickly follow the marriage of Hollywood’s other most eligible bachelor, O’Brien. Also strange that Miss White and Bartlett, sweethearts, should simultaneously be rumored about to announce their prospective knottings, to other than each other.

Hollywooders who are raising the mercury these days include Randolph Scott and Vivian Gage (this was oh-so-cold for a spell). Estelle Taylor and director Rowland Brown, and Miriam Hopkins and director King Vidor.

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres are telephonically again. Joan Crawford mixés any serious intent about her friendship with Franchot Tone. Maureen O’Sullivan says she will not marry John Farrow.

Speaking of romances, a nifty heart-attack for 1953 faded when the Crosby baby turned out to be a boy. Before its arrival, papa Crosby had practically promised Richard Arlen that if his child were a girl, she should wed Richard Rathston Arlen, Jr.

Amidst the disconcerting succession of divorces and broken romances, several lengthy marital unions merit mention. George Arliss has been married 34 years. Charles Murray is 27-years-wed. James Gleason is a 26-year husband, and right at his heels follows Will Rogers with a silver anniversary just celebrated. Jean Hersholt and George Bancroft have each been married 20 years.

Others long-wed include Eddie Cantor (19 years), Warner Baxter (16), Clive Brook (13), Paul Muni (12), Spencer Tracy (11), Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis, and Lionel Barrymore (10 years each).

Margaret Sullivan, new importation from Broadway, has the leading feminine role opposite John Boles in Universal’s “Only Yesterday.” It’s a sweeping drama of American history of our own generation.
A FUNNY story that Richard Arlen tells on himself dates back a few years to a time when he sought to complete an arrangement whereby any document or contract he signed would be worthless without his wife's signature.

Dick's attorney informed him that in only one way could that be accomplished. To make the arrangement legal, Arlen would have to have himself adjudged mentally incompetent.

HOLLYWOOD news and gossip while it is news and gossip—that is our motto. We point with becoming immodesty, to a few statements printed in these columns months ago:

George O'Brien will wed Marguerite Churchill. He did.

Karen Morley will become a mama in the fall. She denied it then, but now admits.

Richard Dix and his wife will soon separate. They have.

Gary Cooper will not wed the Countess Frasso. Just about everybody else stated otherwise, but their romance seems to be cold.

Barbara Stanwyck will not divorce Frank Fay. They'retheclose.

Carole Lombard and William Powell will part soon. Done.

The Arlen and Crosby babies will both be boys. Well, even if those were guesses, Richard Ralston and Gary Evans are proof of our correct guessing.

In "I Loved a Woman" Eddie Robinson adds another distinctive characterization to his extensive gallery of stage and screen portrayals. With him, as a sweet young woman of a bygone generation, is Kay Francis at her loveliest.

IF YOU have observed a large automobile bearing a California license passing through your town, look inside and see if Zita Johann is curled on the rear seat.

Miss Johann, who crosses the continent often, always travels by automobile. She employs two chauffeurs and makes the New York-to-Hollywood journey in six days.

"Half the time I don't even know where I am," confessed Zita after her last trip.

"I sleep and read until night falls, after which I stop at the first big city until next morning, when I'm off again."

YOU are ninety-nine-one-hundredths crazy if you don't think Bing Crosby was stumped for a come-back when Richard Arlen brought out a dictionary and read aloud the definition of the verb croon.

To save you investigation-trouble, Webster avers, to wit:

"Croon: To sing in a low, monotonous manner; to bellow in a low, muffled tone."

JOAN BLONDELL reads in the bathtub; appropriately, she reads sea stories. . . . Mac West did not see "She Done Him Wrong," until it arrived at her neighborhood theatre seven months after its first runs. . . . After several years off the screen, Anna Q. Nilsson returns in "The World Changes". . . . During his personal appearance tour, Dick Powell, with a temperature of 118, went on the stage and sang "I'm Young and Healthy". . . . Joan Crawford has a new collecting fad—this time it is miniature toy Scotties. . . . Will Rogers treated his entire company to luncheon at the Assistance League, a charitable organization. . . . Hollywood got a chuckle out of that report that Mickey and Minnie Mouse had pfft. . . . Clara Bow, Edward Everett Horton and Mac West were born within the same three blocks, New York City. . . . Esther Ralston, career-long blonde to date, turns brunette in her next, "To the Last Man". . . . Ricardo Cortez has collected Hollywood's finest stable of Arabian horses since Rudolf Valentino pursued a like hobby. . . . They say Bing Crosby wanted a boy so he could prove that crooners are born, not made.

Robert and Mrs. Montgomery pause in their travels to smile at the world. You'll be seeing Bob soon in "Another Language."
ALICE WHITE is one of Hollywood's more clever actresses. When Paramount's search for a girl to play the title role in "Alice in Wonderland" was at its height Alice sent the casting director a group of pictures of herself in the part, complete with scenery.

Studio officials believed that Miss White constructed a set, hired "Alice in Wonderland" characters, and then posed amidst the entire outfit. Not so; the pictures were taken years ago when Alice was a Warner contract star.

ONE enterprising salesgirl peddling candy within a studio has discovered that the stars are as children—seekers of free prizes. This girl hides gifts in some of her candy sacks, and the stars hastily buy her out in their frenzy to discover these presents. Just another case of human nature at work!

I arrived on the set one day to learn that Claudette Colbert had just purchased nine sacks of candy (which she divided among set workers) in an effort to win a prize.

THE Marx Brothers can work more havoc in a studio than an earthquake.

They arrived early one recent morning, and armed with screw-drivers they visited the executive-building and interchanged the name plates on all doors. The consequent confusion is indescribable.

YOU could have knocked Gary Cooper over with a feather! Here he was rushing Judith Allen, the screen newcomer whose presence in Hollywood was attended by so much mystery. It was whispered that she was a member of Boston society, and to hide the family name she assumed an alias.

But it turned out that she is really the wife of Mr. Gus Sonnenberg, the beeg, beeg wrestler-jeller. He has muscles and everything, so Gary decided caution is wiser than foolhardiness—he ceased rushing "Miss Allen."

P.S. She is divorcing Gus.

BILL GARGAN'S new baby is named Leslie, after his father's close friend, Leslie Howard. Gargan played with Howard for several months as the latter's whimsical manservant in the Broadway stage production of "The Animal Kingdom," and the two friends were reunited in their respective roles when the play was filmed in Hollywood.

A STORY that is being told around Hollywood is most typical of Will Rogers:

It seems that the master-wit drove his car ten miles to Beverly Hills and parked near a theatre where one of his own pictures was playing. As he neared the ticket office, he explored his pockets and discovered that he had forgotten his money.

Without a word Rogers returned to his car, backed pains-takingly from his parking place and retraced the ten miles to his home and bed.

SHATTERED loves command newspaper bannerlines in the film city. Renewed loves rarely receive more than a mention.

I am reminded of this because only recently I ran across Wallace MacDonald and his wife, Doris May. A few years ago, both were prominent on the screen. They married, then divorced—and their estrangement was flashed across front pages.

But for the past several years the Mac-Donalds have been re-united; re-married. They have found a happiness more poignant for the unhappy recess of their parting.

Robert Young and his bride face life smilingly from their vine-clad cottage. Mrs. Young was Bob's childhood sweetheart.

Arctic warmth! Molla (don't get them confused, that's the man) makes far from frigid love to Jack in "Eskimo," epic of the North.

High and handsome! That famous romantic screen couple, Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, return to Hollywood.
Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide.

Delight Evans' Reviews on Page 52
More Reviews on Page 77

Bed of Roses
Radio
Cheers! A brand new, grand new comedian—Pert Kelton's the name! She's a sort of modern Mae West. Connie Bennett and Pert play two hard-boiled gals on the make. But there's a moral, Mr. Hays—La Bennett gives up a luxurious apartment and grand clothes to marry Joel McCrea and live on a barge—you see, money isn't everything! Nice, smart dialogue and swell comedy keep this film stepping briskly.

The Narrow Corner
Warners
Here is Somerset Maugham's novel of the tropics with weary, bad-tempered old gentlemen cooling themselves with fans and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Patricia Ellis keeping themselves warm for love interest. Doug is a fugitive and Patricia a jungle girl. There's a grand performance by Dudley Digges, and helpful contributions from Reginald Owen, Arthur Hohl, and Ralph Bellamy. Oh, so-so.

This Is America
Frederic Ullman, Jr.
From the newsreel records of contemporary America, covering the period from 1917 down to the present, Gilbert Selles has constructed a cinematic history of our times. The World War, the subsequent unrest, the great boom era, and the depression pass in quick, though not always coherent, review. Result: an exciting, instructive, frequently amusing lesson in current history, accompanied by lively and penetrating commentary.

Arizona To Broadway
Fox
Do you like crook melodrama? Wait a minute—keep your seat! You'll like it pleasantly coated with nitwit romance, as is this bit of flip foxtrot. Modeled on the "cheating cheaters" theme, it frequently lapses into burlesque, abetted by Sammy Cohen's shrewd comedy playing, James Dunn is effective in a snugly-fitting rôle, but Joan Bennett gets few acting opportunities. See it in one of your gayer moods.

Storm At Daybreak
M-G-M
Gracious and colorful in the high romantic tradition, this three-cornered love story will delight all you sentimentals to whom "Smilin' Through" appealed. The plot, to be sure, won't bear scrutiny. But who will want to scrutinize it in the face of the gentle charm that pervades the film, the lovely musical score, and the finely sensitive acting of Walter Huston, Kay Francis, and Nils Asther in the principal roles?

Professional Sweetheart
RKO
Some fun! Here's a satire on radio broadcasting. We behold hothead Ginger Rogers as the Purity Girl of the ether, forced to live up to her ga-ga radio personality and shun the gay life she loves. The complications are fast, furious, and merry. No static here—just clear, loud laughter. Good work by Norman Foster, Gregory Ratoff, Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh. Put this one on your comedy "must" list.

Heroes For Sale
First National
This exhibit was undoubtedly intended to be a sincere plea for the down-trodden war veteran. But something went wrong, because no war veteran with any fight in him would continue to take it on the chin as Dick Barthelmess takes it. In spite of Dick's good performance and helpful contributions by Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young, this mournful flicker gets the Boo-Hoo Blue Ribbon for the month.

Best of Enemies
Fox
Buddy Rogers and Marian Nixon are the principals in this familiar tale of a modern clan war that cannot sunder the bonds of true love. Though their respective families are anathema to each other, the young lovers manage to bring peace and happiness to all in time for the final fade-out. Buddy and Marian perform pleasantly, and Frank Morgan contributes much in his rôle as Buddy's emotional father.
Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."

"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings do look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful fit."

YOUR STOCKINGS can fit flattering, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck.

TRUST TO LUX
preference must be merely a baby complex. 

Mary goes musical! The dark-eyed little Brian girl hops aboard the Hollywood band-wagon with a part in Universal's tuneful "Moonlight and Pretzels." Playing opposite her is Roger Pryor, attractive young juvenile from the New York stage.

When "Are These Our Children?" was completed, Arline returned to New York for a visit. Only a few months before she had left at a, 1 up her mother; now, and bath, all my own. We are to have a tennis court, a swimming pool and—not do you think? There's to be a miniature pool just for me! Arline was so concerned, "We must have some protection around the pools so the baby can't fall into them," she said; and Wes laughed. "Don't you bother your pretty head about that. As soon as son can toddle he'll know how to swim. It is just as natural to swim as to walk and he is to learn both at the same time. He couldn't belong to us if he wasn't a fish in the water."

Uncle Charlie lives right around the corner and he drops in every day to see how I've grown. He calls me C. W. Guess he's afraid to come right out with Charlie, before my dad. Sometimes he and Wes babbled all kinds of baby talk and clown around like two children and I nearly burst laughing at them. Then sometimes they look at me as if awed and frightened and I'll say to them, "But do you suppose the kid's thinking about? How do you suppose he sizes us up? Look, there's the wisdom of the ages in his eyes."

They quiet down and talk to me as if I were their contemporary.

The other day Uncle Charlie came dashing in to say goodbye before leaving for New York. He said, "Hi, you C. W. When I come back in ten days I'll expect to see you running out to meet me, yelling, "Hello, Uncle Charlie, what didya bring me?"

Anyway, that's a swell idea. I'll remember that one.

My play hour is from five to six every afternoon and Wes and Arline both make a point to be here and we have the best times, just the three of us. I show off my new tricks, a different gurgle or a funny twist, and what a fuss they make over me. Arline says I've changed the whole world for her. For her, when she danced through life without a serious thought. But now, she's discovered the most thrilling role of all is motherhood. There's nothing like it. And she was right. The only thing which I think was such happiness. Oh, yes, we get sentimental and everything. And it's grand.

Arline continues to practice her singing and dancing and she has one lousy voice keeps just for me. Perhaps you know it, "You're my Willie, I'm your Lillie," and I can sing with a high little dance 'cause its rhythm just suits me.

Wesley is so ultra-modern that besides taking moving pictures of me every day or two he has a sound machine that records all my coo's and even my lusty howls when I'm hungry. He takes about a hundred feet of film each week and once a month Uncle Charlie comes over and we have a premiere showing. They're picture people, all right, for they keep commenting, "Lord, look at the lighting I got on that. Did you catch that camera angle?" "That's a bit of montage," and "See the way that kid is stealing the scene!"

Whenever Wes and I go out to parties in the evenings they always come in to see me when they come home. I don't let on but I always open one eye, for I love to see them all dressed up. But the big joke comes when they have guests. They always sneak them up to see me. I play possum and pretend to be asleep though all the time I'm giving them the once over. You see, if I really woke up they might mauл me around and chatter baby talk.

Whenever Wesley is directing a picture, Arline and I can follow the scenes, for if they are serious he is grim; if they are comedy he is laughing, and working out funny gags. He is directing Mae West's new picture, "I'm No Angel." I hope Mae waits for me until I'm grown up.

It's nice out here in my garden, isn't it? I like the red roses on the high brick walls, the splash of the fountain, and the sunshine. I guess I'm getting drowsy. I wish Cook would really give me these little cakes she's always promising. She said something about having them for my first birthday, but that's a long way off.

You don't mind if I have a nap, now, do you? You see, I've got to eat and sleep a lot to grow up into the fine young man Arline expects me to be. I'll be seeing you. So long!
**The Magic of Lovely Light Hair**

There is something magical in lovely light hair. It fascinates men. Long ago the golden-haired beauty of the Lorelei enchanted the sailors of the Rhine. Today the blonde draws men to her side—with irresistible power it seems!

How magical—yet how real is the lure of light hair! Make it yours!

Be one of the girls who enjoys good times, marries well and stays young looking. MARCHAND'S WILL HELP!

If your blonde hair has darkened, restore youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light pretty hair.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your beauty. Many shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

People may wonder at your new-found loveliness—but the secret will be yours! No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

**Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!**—with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

**IMPORTANT**—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

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few lines correct those rumors the next day.

"A publicity- or money-seeking woman in Wisconsin may suddenly decide to sue me for alienation of her husband's affection. Her suit will command newspaper headlines. But let me prove conclusively that I had never seen the woman or her husband, and the facts will earn negligible items in newspapers. I do not condemn the dailies. The jobs of reporters is to obtain and print news. If a screen star is sued, that is news. If she proves the suit false and unjust—well, there is seldom any news attached to a lack of scandal!"

Since the day she first became a motion picture actress, Miss Harlow has been the victim of a ceaseless barrage of malicious gossip. At first, the stories that she heard and read hurt her dreadfully, because she is actually a very human, very impressionable young woman who likes to be decent and have friends and play the life-game squarely.

Repetition injures the heart, and now Jean admits that gossip bounces off her skin like water from a duck's back. Idle rumors that once sent her to her bedroom, where she cried for hours, still annoy her but she no longer takes them to her heart. She has learned that public figures must suffer the slings of gossip, and that they have no recourse.

"So numerous have been the rumors circulated about me that I can no longer remember them all," Miss Harlow said.

The receding sun cast a reddish glow that found harmony in reflections from her startling hair.

"The first stories I heard were that I was completely at odds with my family because I had chosen a motion picture career," she reminisced. "It was reported that I was disinherited and banished forever from the home of my grandfather. That was untrue, and I was disturbed greatly, because then I was new to the scorch of gossip and I feared its consequences.

"When I was cast in 'Hell's Angels,' people exchanged malicious stories as to why I had been chosen for my rôle. 'She is an unknown girl,' they said. 'She must know somebody, or she would never have gotten the part.'

"Again I was hurt and dazed by gossip. I did not understand. I was actually quite young when I was cast for that picture—only seventeen, you may remember. Those stories caused me many nights filled with frightened tears. Foolishly, I sought to repudiate them. I tried to make people understand the truth—that I was given that part in 'Hell's Angels' simply because I was the only girl who so closely resembled Greta Nissen that long shots of that lady, taken for the silent picture, could be salvaged for the talkie version.

"Of course, the more I repudiated, the more people talked. To deny a rumor, even if the denial is honest fact, is equally as damaging as to admit a story's veracity. My defense only served to instigate more gossip. I'm not entirely dumb; when I saw that my fight to tell the truth was hurting me as much as the gossip, I shut up. Now I never deny rumors. I have learned my lesson. I have learned that to ignore gossip is to scorn it, and gossip dies beneath scorn.

"As years slipped by, I have been the constant victim of the most absurd rumors. Because I played a hussy in 'Hell's Angels,' people seem ready to accept me as such a girl in real life. I have never yet convinced a half of my supposed real friends that, while I enjoy the screen parts I play, I am one actress who never thoroughly lives her rôle, simply because the majority of my screen characteristics are of girls who would repel me in real life."

Old Sol was by this time dipping his regal face into the purple folds of his royal night-covers. Jean's platinum hair took on a deeper hue, reflecting the brightness of the heavens like the surface of a still pool.

"One of my favorite dancing places is the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica," she wrote. "I go there often because I like the brightness of the place. I like the music—and I am rather bored with other hotels and night spots. There, often, I was not unladylike to read in the newspapers that I was supposedly in love with Jay Whidden, conductor of the Miramar dance orchestra.

"That situation was amusing, because I did not know Mr. Whidden at the time the rumors were published. In fact, an editor of a very reputable newspaper sent the story met me at the Miramar one evening, and he introduced me to the orchestra leader. In the presence of that editor I said, 'I am so happy to know you, Mr. Whidden. I suppose you, too, have read stories of our romance?' The editor did not have the grace to laugh.

"A few weeks ago I went to the Colony Club with Randolph Scott. Mr. Whidden was there, and during the evening we met each other and exchanged a few words. I imagine my amusement to read in a newspaper column the following that 'Jean Harlow and her orchestra friend, Jay Whidden, made a public appearance together at the Colony Club.'

"The newest rumor in which I am involved is one that I can not understand. Newspapers printed a story that I said I would never again play in a picture with Clark Gable. Other newspapers answered with the statement that Clark had told a reporter that his pet name for me could not be printed.

"I went at once to the office of our publicity director, for I wanted that gossip denied. I like Clark. I think we work well together. I'd like to do many, many pictures with him.

"When I stormed into the publicity offices, the head-man of the department was talking on the telephone, and the person with whom he was talking was Mr. Gable. It seems that Clark was also upset by the newspaper articles. He was calling the studio to have them deny and to ask someone to assure me that he had made no such remarks. I took the telephone and talked to Clark myself. Incidentally, he was ill at the time, and I think it was in that moment of him to telephone from his sick bed to assure me that he had been misquoted.

"I wanted to see him at once, but the publicity director said, 'What's the use? They'll only be given a few lines and nobody will read or believe them. When Clark returns to the studio, we'll shoot pictures of you having luncheon together, and that will right matters. Denying will only strengthen the gossip.'"

"How can one fight that principle? I know the publicity director is right—that denying only adds fire to rumor.

"I have gradually built up for myself a wall that shields me from gossip. I do not mean that malicious stories do not hurt me, but I don't heed them as I once did. I read that one of the duties of fame in motion pictures is being talked about. There is nothing to do except be thankful that my real friends disbelieve such trashy gossip as often printed. I am deeply, heartily for those loyal friends. Without them, my film career picture success would not be possible."

Mary Carlisle relies on the war from the autumn breezes in this costume. Mary and those like her of hers appeared to excellent advantage in "College Humor."
Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 72

Gambling Ship
Paramount

British Benita Hume as an American mobster's moll! That's something to gaze at, but it's the only novelty discernible in this melodrama of gat-toting gamblers and their customary loves, hates and murders. Cary Grant is likeable as Ace Corbin, a good-natured crook whose efforts to go straight and marry Benita are hampered by the sinister Jack LaRue. Miss Hume fares better in drawing-room drama.

Disgraced
Paramount

Bruce Cabot, that heartless playboy, wreaks revenge upon Adrienne Ames for her indifference by seducing Helen Twelvetrees. But Helen has the consolation of a father on the police force, who rises to the occasion and shoots the malefactor. Miss Twelvetrees, looking somewhat less determinedly doll-like than usual, does her best to lend the story a semblance of conviction.

It's Great To Be Alive
Fox

Highly colorful, musical movie. Raul Roulien—he's new and nice—is jilted by Gloria Stuart because of his philandering. Gloria squelches him with "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" And before the film is over Raul is the "last man on earth." Actually! Imaginative? Why, it's positively fantastic! Good comedy by Edna Mae Oliver and Herbert Mundin.

Private Detective 62
Warners

This is a down-to-earth and often exciting exposé of what goes on in the office of a private detective agency. William Powell, formerly of the diplomatic service, and presently in hard luck, joins the staff, then finds himself involved in an assignment to "frame" the girl he has fallen in love with. Margaret Lindsay is the love interest, and very nice, too; and Arthur Hohl is convincingly low-down.

Midnight Mary
M-G-M

Here we find Loretta Young not only a gangster's moll, but a murderess! But it isn't Loretta's fault—blame it on Leo, the Metro lion, for giving her that kind of a role. Anyway, Miss Young does a grand acting job, and besides that she reforms and marries that nice Franchot Tone. Ricardo Cortez and Una Merkel are worthy supports; and Loretta never looked lovelier.

Baby Face
Warners

Any picture with Barbara Stanwyck in it is interesting, and this is no exception. However, the story ran into censor-trouble, and so the result is somewhat haphazard, but occasionally these adventures of a hard-boiled, ambitious gal are entertaining. Stanwyck is the show, looking especially swell as a blonde. In support are George Brent and Donald Cook.

HAVE YOU BEEN
ASLEEP
about lingerie
soaps?

Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich round bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and wools . . . saves colors . . . and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are four good reasons . . .

1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves completely.

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant?—NO! A BIG package costs only 15c.

99 99% PURE
She's In the Money
Continued from page 25

for she was soon signed for several seasons of musical comedy. It was while appearing in "Girl Crazy" that her work attracted the attention of Paramount officials and she was offered the role of the unforgettable Puff Randolph in “Young Man of Manhattan.” Which role, by the way, is her favorite of all she has portrayed.

When “Young Man of Manhattan” was released, the effervescent Miss Rogers’ performance received its due share of praise and the young lady herself the usual number of motion picture offers. She accepted the proposition made her by Pathé and came straight to Hollywood, having not the remotest idea that she was setting sail in troubled waters.

Until that time her youth and irresistible good humor, augmented by a very real comedy sense, had carried her far. Of talent, she had some—but not the talent of which Hollywood stars are made. That fact she was destined to learn.

“After I came out here I played in several program pictures; my parts were normal, average parts that any number of actresses in Hollywood could have played lots better than I. There was no chance for comedy—and comedy was all I knew. As a result, I soon found myself with time on my hands—and little else. I was pretty discouraged.

Before Ginger could continue, we were interrupted by Ruth Etting’s husband, who greeted her with great concern. “Don’t tell me you have succumbed to this abominable Hollywood fad of women wearing trousers!” he admonished her, pointing to her tailored attire. “Ruth and I have been so worried ever since you came in,” he continued toward a nearby table at which the lovely Ruth was sitting. “Why, Ginger, you’re too nice a girl to dress that way—I like to see you in soft, feminine things.”

If Ginger resented his criticism, she gave no indication. Instead, she smiled sweetly and made haste to reassure him. “Oh, no, Colonel Snyder, I have on a skirt. It’s just this collar that looks so tailored. Look, I’ll show you!”

Sighting the action to the word, she obligingly rose that Col. Snyder might satisfy himself that she was properly garbed.

His peace of mind restored, Ruth’s husband returned to his table and Ginger resumed her story.

“I waited around Hollywood for a good while, then decided that since I was evidently of no use to anyone, I might as well go back on the stage where I had been not unsuccessful.

“Once in New York again, my self-confidence began to come back, and as soon as that happened, my luck came back with it. I was offered a part in ‘Take a Chance,’ which meant Broadway—and success—again!”

At this moment Ginger’s attention was claimed by Dorothy Mackail, who stopped at our table. “When can we have a game of tennis, Ginger?” she asked.

Ginger’s eyes sparkled. “I have to go to the studio tomorrow but I think I’ll be free early the next day,” she replied.

“Well, call me and let me know. I’m at the Gaylord Apartments.” Dorothy suggested. “I’ll make it any time you can.”

With a smart salute, she was gone and for a moment it appeared that Ginger and I could chat some more.

“I think the biggest thrill of my life was on opening night of ‘Take a Chance,’ when I realized that at last I had conquered my defeat in Hollywood, and that it really was possible for me to achieve success in a Broadway show again,” Ginger began when—“How’s the square dancer, Ginger?” Jimmy Fidler’s voice called out, as he joined us.

“Tell me, when can you play ping-pong with Dorothy Lee?” he inquired. “She told me to find out for her.”

“Most any time,” Ginger informed him.

“Tell her to give me a ring and we can go up to Lew Ayres’ and play whenever she likes. Lew’s just moved into a new home and he has ping-pong courts, tennis courts, a swimming-pool, and everything up there.”

At mention of Lew’s name, Jimmy smiled knowingly and departed. I turned to Ginger.

“Tell me, are you really going to marry Lew?”

“We haven’t thought that far ahead yet, honestly,” she replied. “And I’m afraid to talk about it. You see, talk broke up one very nice romance for me—I don’t want the same thing to happen again.”

“You mean your romance with Mervyn LeRoy?”

“Yes. We really cared very much for each other. At first, we got along together fine. But pretty soon the papers carried items about our being seen together and everybody began to ask us questions.

“No matter what we answered, it was wrong. If someone asked me if I were really in love with Mervyn and I told them he was only a good friend, the next day it would be printed with various elaborations. ‘Mervyn would come over that evening waving the paper furiously. ‘So that’s what you think of me!’ he would remark frigidly.

“I’d either be too mad to explain or he wouldn’t exactly believe my explanation.

“The following day, I’d pick up a paper and read some strange statement attributed to him. When he arrived that night, I’d be waiting for him, the offending column in my hand, fire in my eye! We’d start!”

Sisters? Not quite, but little Mirra Rayo resembles Claudette Colbert closely enough to be her "stand-in" on the set. Mirra was quite a star herself back home in South America.
ON the other hand, if I admitted to someone that I really was in love with him, that would make him just as mad. Or if his answer to the usual query was that any statement should come from me, I was incensed. Eventually we found ourselves constantly glaring at each other on any and every occasion—and the romance was over!

"I don't want the same thing to happen to Lew and me."

It was Miss Rogers' second advent into Hollywood that occasioned her meeting with Mr. LeRoy. Following her personal triumph in "Take a Chance," she was again tendered several motion picture contracts and this time her choice was a role offered by Warner Brothers.

While working for that organization she quite naturally met Mr. LeRoy, one of their ace directors, and it was not long before friendship ripened into—well, you know what.

One role led to another and Ginger was fast growing in ability and reputation. But as her progress increased, so did her dissatisfaction. When "Forty-Second Street" was released, critics and public alike united in praise of the fair Ginger. But in all the advertising released by the studio, her name was found "way down near the bottom of the cast." This caused Ginger some unhappy moments but she hid her time.

Surely, she thought, when she gaily accepted her next part, that of one of the featured roles in "Gold-Diggers of 1933," she would fare better.

"But some of my best footage was cut out," she said ruefully, "so I wasn't at all proud of the showing I made. I'd just as soon no one even knew I was in the picture, except for the one song, I'm in the Money."

"That's what happens to a player who free-lances. Oh, I know there are lots of arguments in favor of being your own boss and accepting only roles which you really like and think will be good for you. But a player under contract to a studio is a commercial asset to the organization. For that reason, such a player is built up and safeguarded in order to increase his or her value.

"I've never had a term-contract with a studio," she added with frank wistfulness. "I've always wished for one. Now, I believe my wish is coming true. I've signed with Radio Pictures for a year. And I'm all excited over my new assignment. It's 'Sweet Cheat' from the novel by Herbert Crooker and it's a swell story. I only hope I can bring to the screen a girl as interesting as the heroine Mr. Crooker created in his book."

While this is Ginger's immediate desire, her real goal in life is far more ambitious proportions.

"I want to be a millionaire and have about sixteen children. I'm in this business to make money first, last, and always. Of course it's fun and I love it—but not for one moment do I forget that it is a business."

"After I make my million (I think it would be grand to be known as Ginger Rogers, the lady-millionaire!), I shall marry the man I love and have a big family. Maybe occasionally we will all take nice long trips. But for the most part we just be happy at home and spend the million together!"

That is quite an ambition for a young girl. But Ginger should achieve it. She has the beauty, the energy, and the last few years have developed her ability as an actress. So much for the first or financial part of her goal.

For the latter part, I'm sure that her character and disposition will undoubtedly carry her to whatever goal she sets for herself! She has what it takes, has Ginger!

WHOD BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny," and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "TV" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugists. Ironized Yeast, Co., Dept. 3610, Atlanta, Ga.
Joe E. Brown's Real Life Story

Continued from page 33

prepared him for the strenuous schedule
mapped out by Mr. Ash.

Mr. Ash had one grown partner in his
act and three boys of varying sizes. The
three boys were Joe and George and a
cross-eyed boy larger than Joe but smaller
than George. When Mr. Ash stood on a
box, as he did when the troupe had its
picture taken, the five made an even series
of steps down from Mr. Ash to Master
Joe. Joe was not quite nine years old and
weighed less than sixty pounds.

Mr. Ash booked the act with the Sells
and Downs Circus, making promises as to
the ability and experience of his performers
which he could not substantiate, and the
five left Toledo one bright summer day
headed for Topeka, Kansas, where they
were to join the show on the following
Sunday.

But when they reached Topeka the show
had moved on to Chanute, Kansas, where
the “Five Marvelous Ashton” were al-
ready billed as a “guaranteed attraction.”

That first day with the circus is one day
Joe E. Brown will never forget. In selling
his act, Mr. Ash had promised that all
members of the troupe could do “Leaps,”
an old-fashioned circus stunt in which acro-
bats run down a chute in rapid succession,
leap from a spring-board at the end of the
chute, and do “rolls” or somersaults in the
air. Mr. Ash had promised the boys he
would show them how it was done on Sun-
day in Topeka, but they joined the circus in
Chanute just in time to take their places
in the line-up for “Leaps” without any pre-
liminary practice.

Joe, being the smallest person with the
circus, was put at the head of the line. Mr.
Ash gave him a bit of last-minute advice,
telling him to run off the end of the chute,
being careful not to land with both feet on
the spring-board because that would throw
him up into the air.

“It was a small circus and a small city,”
Joe recalls, “but it seemed to me there
were thousands—millions of people watch-
ing me as I stood at the head of that line
of circus performers waiting for the music
to start—the signal for me to run.

The chute was fourteen inches wide but
to me it looked like a ribbon and I didn’t
see how I could keep on it all the way
down.

Then the band blasted out the signal
and somebody started me down the incline.
I forgot all about Mr. Ash and his advice
and hit the spring-board with both feet. It
threw me high in the air, with my feet still
running, automatically.

“I knew I was going to be killed or ter-
ribly hurt. I knew all those thousands of
people would pile down on me as I lay there
crushed and broken. I knew I would be
sent home to die or already dead. I thought
about all this as I pawed through the air
forward the landing canvas.

“A few performers always stand at the
foot of the runway to help out acrobats
who over-shoot the landing mark or who
need an extra impetus on a roll. One of
these big fellows plucked me out of the air
like an apple, set me down on my feet,
sparked me gently and turned away as if
nothing had happened.

Instead of being the center of all eyes
as a dying hero I realized that no one was
paying the slightest attention to me. I was
furious. But I was never quite so fright-
ened again.”

A few days later Joe fell from a consid-
erable height and fractured his jaw. Mr.
Ash devised a special cap for Joe then, a
cap with straps that fastened under the
boy’s chin and so hid the braces he wore
while the fracture healed.

Mr. Ash was careful that way. When he
wrote home to Joe’s mother, inclosing the
dollar and a half pay and another note to
Mrs. Jones, next door, with George’s pay—
both in one envelope to save stamps—he
always assured her that Joe was well and
happy.

In fact Joe wrote her much the same
story—when he could find a stamp. Two
or three years ago he found a letter he had
written his mother that first summer with
the circus in answer to her suggestion that
perhaps he ought to leave Mr. Ash and
come home.

“Me come home?” wrote Joe, “and have
the kids say I was a flop? Not on your
life.”

“The Five Marvelous Ashton” failed to
impress the management of the Sells and
Downs shows and eventually Mr. Ash told
the boys that they had out. Joe under-
stands now that they were fired. The
presence of the cross-eyed boy in the troupe
had not improved their chances with the
superstitious circus people.

Lona wins by a shoulder! These two picture pretties, Toby Wing and
Lona Andre, join Hollywood's "fast" set and go in for foot races. You'll
notice that the smart lassies do their running toward the cameraman!
Meanwhile Joe had learned that he was supposed to forget that his name was Brown. He became "Master Joe Ashton"—the "World's Greatest Juvenile Gymnast." Mr. Ash advertised his troupe as a family act although no two of the members were related.

When Mr. Ash and his boys "left" the Sells and Downs Circus they found themselves stranded in Greene, Iowa, ten days in advance of a county fair. Ash promptly booked his act with the fair management and hired out his three boys to the hotel as dish-washers. This tided them over until Mr. Ash received an offer from the Busby Circus which they joined in St. Louis.

Joe has many amusing memories of Busby. A near food riot broke out one day and Busby was called to account by his disgruntled employees. They complained, among other things, that they were fed insufficient breakfasts.

Busby reneged indignation and called for the cook.

"I want the boys and girls to have all the eggs they want," he roared, holding one finger in the air at the same time as a sign to the cook, "all the eggs they want."

But he kept that one finger in the air as a sign to the cook.

Years have softened any resentment Joe E. Brown once may have felt against Mr. Ash. He toured with that interesting gentleman for four seasons, returning late each fall to Toledo and to school. A few months ago Joe met Mr. Ash again, in Toledo. He is past seventy now and has been working as a clown in the circus in recent years. They had their pictures taken together.

"Whatever else he did," says Joe, "he really started me. I suppose I owe him something. Anyway, I hold no resentment toward him."

When the season ended with Busby, Mr. Ash and the boys returned to Toledo. He had sold his act to the management of the Walbridge Park, a combination beer garden and amusement center in Toledo, and it was there that Joe enjoyed his one great boyhood triumph.

He remembers that he wore plum-colored satin knee breeches and that his family and his school friends and even his favorite teacher, the one who had picked cinders out of his scalp many months before, came to Walbridge Park to watch "The Five Marvelous Ashtons" perform.

That is the stuff of which small boys' dreams are made.

The second spring Mr. Ash and his boys went with the John Robinson shows and toured the Southern states. The following winter Joe finished the Toledo Grammar school, his last regular schooling. The third season with Ash was with the Floto Circus, and that year the cross-eyed boy was left at home and the "Four Marvelous Ashtons" carried on. By this time Joe had become a competent performer. He was still small for his age and he received "top billing" in the act; sometimes as "Master Joe Ashton, the Wonder;" sometimes as "Master Joe, World's Greatest Juvenile Gymnast." His pay had been advanced to seven dollars a week, on weeks when Mr. Ash did not forget to send it to Joe's folks at home.

The fourth season with Ash was spent in vaudeville, beginning at Denver, after the circus with which they had started out flopped. They toured west from Denver to the Pacific Coast and then worked up and down the "Sullivan and Considine" and the "Pantages" circuits. Their number was increased to five and they were billed as "European Acrobats." A return engagement brought them back to the old Haymarket Music Hall on Mason Street in San Francisco in April, 1906, where Joe got the second greatest thrill of his life.

(to be continued)
him in "Blue Jeans." Witnessing which performance Clyde Fitch offered him a role in "The Bachelor." His law studies were an excellent preparation for his playing role of Frank Bacon's lawyer in the court scene in "Lightnin'!"

The family trait of independent decision, due to security of wealth and family background, revealed itself in the older brother of the Brothers Morgan, when he did what left Broadway, breathless. He resigned from "Lightnin'!" The play that had a two years' record run on Broadway! The play that ran in Chicago until the star, Frank Bacon, died.

"I think I have been with the play as long as I can derive any benefit from it," was his declaration of independence. "I want to do something new!"

He appeared in the sensational play "Gobra." He was engaged to impersonate in "Kasputin," the doomed Czar of Russia. In this he played with the trio of the Barrymores, but without question of "knuckling."

Romance came early to both the surviving brothers Morgan. Ralph married a fair-haired Norwegian girl who came from her home in Brooklyn unwillingly to the stage—she never liked the theatre; but though she played roles unwillingly then and afterward in stock companies, grumbling much at the necessity, some of her fellow players were congenial. Most of all, Ralph Morgan.

"Your complexion is more beautiful than any I ever saw, except Lilian Russell's," Ralph told her—and has since declared, "I fell in love with Daisy Iverson's complexion!"

She still has the complexion that won his heart. Their marriage was one of the permanent unions of folk of the theatre. They have a daughter, Claudia, who, marrying hastily and too youthfully, has professed her repentance in the courts.

More tumultuous was Frank Morgan's wooing. At a graduation dance of the pupils of the Gardner School in New York—at Sherry's—he was presented to a tall, shy, quiet girl, whose regular features recalled to him the faces of Phidian sculpture and whose crown of flame-like hair would have inspired Tintoretto.

She was nineteen, a few years older. He had left Cornell University to join the business staff of one of his wealthy father's, George Wuppermann's, several interests, one the manufacture of tone bittes, the other a device for teaching languages by phonograph records. She was the only child, and heiress of Rudolph Muller, who lived in Muller Castle, the finest home in Monticello, N. Y. In several cases, they admired each other across the table. At least he was still Frank Wuppermann admired the girl with the lovely flame-crowned head and the classic profile. They exchanged confidences. And fell in love.

So ardently that in a short while they were married. Like Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mrs. Frank has appeared occasionally, in some emergency, on the stage with her husband, but her ambition is centered in her husband's acting achievements.

The Frank Morgans have a son, christened George Rudolph in honor of both grandfathers, who, though he says he will be like one of them, a manufacturer, or, like the other, a real estate operator, seems more interested in drifting toward the stage or screen. His father says his fate is inevitable because he "makes so many faces."

In a spacious apartment on the Upper East Side in New York, not so long ago I met the mother of the brothers Morgan. A tall woman of aristocratic features and gentle bearing, who looks like a taller Queen Mary of England. "It was my belief that a child's character is formed in the first two years of his life," she said to me. "Therefore I was strict with my sons."

"When Raphaele (Ralph), grew up, and told me he wanted to be an actor I told him that the two professions, the law and the stage, were much alike. "You may act for your jury," I said. When he persisted I threatened to disinherit him."

"Then Carlos showed an inclination to the stage. He wrote a play 'Triumph of X,' that delighted the people of Detroit when Jesse Bonnette produced it there, but when I produced it at the Comedy Theatre in New York the critics did not understand it. I believe Carlos would have done brilliant work in the theatre had he lived."

"By the time that Frank had made his choice of acting I did not oppose it. Raphaele had taught me there was no use. I said to him, as to the others: 'If you must work in the theatre do good work.' When I saw their names above live motion picture theatres at the same time in New York I decided they had."

The blazing signals of success suggested, by the law of association, a story at which the gentle, stately woman laughed.

"Raphaele (Ralph), was fond of his little brother Francis (Frank), and took care of him without grumbling. Once, though, he was very angry with him. Raphaele said he was going to the stadium to watch a ball game. Francis clambered to go with him. At one point in the game Raphaele and the big boys he had met wanted to go on the field. He said to his little brother, 'You stay here. Don't move.' When he came back from the field Francis was gone."

"Raphaele came home hoping to find him there. He was not. He explained that he had forbidden his little brother to leave his seat and he had disobeyed him."

"There was an excited family conference. We telephoned the police. We were considering what else to do when in walked eight-year-old Francis. 'I forgot I had promised to sit still when I saw the fire engine come by. I followed it.'"

"He always did. And is still interested in fires!"

A calm, restrained woman of fine, natural beauty is Mrs. Wuppermann, the mother of eleven children, eight of whom are living. Marriages have related her to the Havemeyer and the Harri- man millions.

Only one event has permanently shadowed her life. She moved to the "middle west" as a very young girl. "My parents were very fond of the Stockton, Galena and St. Louis area, and I think I am becoming a true midwesterner."

"Here are a couple of new 'angles' on June Knight! She dances, sings, and shakes those blonde ringlets in "Park Avenue Ladies," a musical picture which has nothing to do with the prize ring! Neil Hamilton is the romantic interest in the film."

Presenting the Movies "House of Morgan"

Continued from page 61
Dietrich Declares
Herself
Continued from page 24

seizing for souvenirs like fans the world
over. In Berlin of course, she is "kolossal"
with a capital "K." And so through
Europe. But it is these besieging crowds
of idolators that have helped make the star
airy of contact with the multitudes.
She misses Hollywood. And she seems
a little surprised that she does.
"When I am there, I long for New
York. In New York I am hungry for a
glimpse of Paris. When I reach Paris, it
seems that I simply must visit Vienna.
But when I reach Vienna, Berlin looks
more alluring. And then—and now—I am
homesick for Hollywood again! You
know, Hollywood gets you after all!"
Information about the picture that is to
be first on the schedule when she returns
this Fall is scantily supplied with:
"I do not know. There are two stories,
and a possible third. I really do not know
which will be first. Mr. Von Sternberg is
working on one of them now. He will
direct me, too. I leave all that to him."
So it seems that the really curious must
ask Joe. He knows.
In addition to her personal success, her
social triumph, the victory of each Dietrich
production, Marlene is having a very defi-
nite effect on French fashions. And that
means that her influence extends to all the
feminine world, and the masculine world
that pays the bills.
Not trusting theUnique proof of the
Marlene Vogue apparent in the Parisian
fashion parade gowns, at the Grand Prix,
the Drag, Chateau Madrid, all the spots
where style is paramount, I consulted an
American girl who has made good in Paris,
Mlle. Lilian Fischer, probably one of the
world's authorities on dress, and presently
Fashion Editor of Harper's Bazar. She
gave confirmation of the Dietrich Vogue.
There is no denying the fact that Holly-
wood is having a great influence on fashion.
The wide, floppy hats you've seen at the
races are directly traceable to Mae West.
Joan Crawford has served as inspiration
for the puffs and bateau effects. But Miss
Dietrich is responsible for a style that is
even more revolutionary, and that is the
return of feathers to fashion. All kinds of
feathers. But especially Paradise.
"There is a story that is both romantic
and dramatic about this returning vogue,
and it has served to make Miss Dietrich
even more of a heroine to a certain class.
That class is the guild of feather-workers.
This is a highly specialized industry, and
with no demand for its skill, the workers
have been drifting into other lines of en-
deavor. Very shortly, I think, the guild
would have been extinct. But Miss Die-
trich's picture penchant for feathers has
actually resuscitated an industry."
So, you see, a Hollywood star can save
an industry, can restore prosperity, while
princes, professors, presidents struggle with
economic problems. The sphere of influ-
ence dominated by Hollywood and its
satellites is worldwide. The stars are
persons of vast and vital importance after
all. And of them, lo, Marlene Dietrich's
name looms large.
And so, until Fall, we'll leave her in the
murmuring sun-flecked shadows of Ver-
sailles, where the spectral Court of a fair
French Queen smiles approval on this new
royalty. Leave her to Herr Sieber, her
husband; little Maria, her daughter; Frau
Von Losch, her mother, and the citizens of
Paris. Among them all she should find
companionship to suit her mood.

ROMANCE
begins with
that schoolgirl complexion

A lovely skin
invites Romance.

YOU must take the first steps toward romance
alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . .
if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely
skin will help you most.
Won't you let Palmolive—the soap of youth—
help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's
precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of
loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses
gently but thoroughly.
Palmolive lather penetrates the pores, freeing
them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin
soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.
Palmolive is nature's own green in color. A
pure soap safe for the most sensitive skin in
all the world.
Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather
into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water,
followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in
the romance that is every woman's right!

PALMOLIVE
... the Soap of Youth
Art in Astoria

Continued from page 38

logical place for a producer is at the source of things, where he can make his own contacts and his own discoveries of new and promising material, whether in acting talent, manuscripts, or directorial ability."

"There's another big advantage in producing at this end of the country," contributed the somewhat aristocratic-looking Mr. Cochran. "I mean the freedom it gives you from the celebrated Hollywood mentality. New York may not be the most matter-of-fact city in the world, but compared to Hollywood it's realistic as a ham sandwich. Everyone is in a more businesslike, more tractable frame of mind, and nobody's going to throw monkey-wrenches into production by going Hollywood in this atmosphere."

And so, with "The Emperor Jones" completed by this writing, and soon to be released, these two sanguine young film-makers are already considering a number of other scripts with which they intend proving that good motion pictures do not necessarily spell "Hollywood."

As for "The Emperor Jones," if the degree of care, preparation and expense which they have lavished upon this production is to remain the standard, they need have no fear of failure. The quarter of a million dollars which they have invested in the film is an almost unheard of sum for an "independent" production. The musical direction they placed in the hands of J. Rosamund Johnson, foremost living authority on Negro spiritual and folk music. The script was prepared for the screen by Dubose Heyward, author of such Negro classics as "Porgy" and "Mamba's Daughters." The settings were fashioned by designer De Rossi, widely known on the continent of Europe, who came over from his native Holland expressly for the purpose. His jungle set, for elaborateness and visual beauty, rivals any that the films have seen in recent years. The production was supervised by no less a veteran than William DeMille, with Dudley Murphy directing. And the crowning stroke of genius was the choice of Paul Robeson, that dark-skinned Titan of Negro drama and song, to play the central role and sing some of his famous spirituals.

To watch Robeson at work on the set was an unforgettable experience. Clad as he was in only a pair of tattered trunks for this final scene of the picture, the epic proportions of his body and the rhythmic grace of his movements showed up to the best advantage. It is easy to see in his six-foot-two frame, and in the powerful formation of his shoulders and chest, a descendant of some proud family of rulers among the dark races of ancient civilizations.

Robeson's record of high achievement in art, in sports and in scholarly pursuits is a familiar story. The son of a colored minister in a small New Jersey town, he won entrance to Rutgers College on a scholarship in 1915. During his four years there he made the unprecedented record of winning his varsity letter in four sports, gaining a place on Walter Camp's All-American football team for two successive seasons. Unlike so many collegiate athletes, his mental attainments matched his physical prowess, and he achieved the rare feat of winning his Phi Beta Kappa key in his junior year, graduating with honors in 1919.

Later he took a law degree at Columbia University, but never went into practice, for in the meantime he had discovered that a career lay before him as a singer. And it is mainly as a singer that the world still knows him—an ebony god of a man whose brooding and exultant delivery of his racial songs has moved listeners as few vocalists ever have.

Robeson made his stage début in 1924, in the same play of Eugene O'Neill's which he has now turned into a motion picture. In the same year he created the leading role of O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings." Both portrayals won him the unrestrained applause of the most severe critics of the drama, his performance as Brutus Jones in particular being remembered as one of the triumphs of the season.

During a lull in the afternoon's shooting I asked Robeson his opinion of the character of Brutus Jones as playwright O'Neill delineated it. Did it ring true? Was it faithful to the Negro character?"

"As a character study I consider it a masterpiece," he replied. "O'Neill sounded the very depths of Jones' soul—and the master of Chillun paid no thought to himself a ruler, only to be overtaken at last by the superstitions of his ancestors. Coming from the pen of a white man it's an almost incredible achievement without a false note in the characterization."

He spoke quietly, the sound of his deep, rich voice falling so low as to be at times nearly inaudible. Though this was near the end of an exhausting afternoon of plunging through the property underbrush and falling headlong upon the sand in a clearing of the jungle set, he sat at perfect ease, answering questions with a cordial smile, talking now earnestly, now humorously.

"You know, I've come to like this business of acting in the movies. Somehow I never thought I would, and during the first few days of it, before I was sure of my technique, I almost regretted having any natural medium, the concert stage. But it's different, now I've got the hang of it, and I'm looking forward to making other pictures if the right stories are to be found. The thrill of witnessing one's own acting is new to me, but I've seen some of my scenes run off, and I'm quite pleased with the results.

"Though I enjoy acting, both on the stage and for the screen, I don't want to lose sight of the fact that singing is my natural medium of expression. And it's also the medium through which I can best serve my people. To interpret the Negro soul through Negro song—that is what I've come to regard as my purpose in life. I hope some day to prove scientifically, as I now attempt to prove through art, that the Negro heritage is as glorious as that of other peoples. For if we go back far enough in history we will find a time when men of the dark-skinned were among the loftiest rulers of mankind, as well as the most civilized.

For years I have been making studies in anthropology, the Negro arts, and making notes for a book whereby I hope to prove my point. It's my ultimate ambition; having achieved it, I'll feel that I've served my people to the fullest extent that one man can.
Thanks, SCREENLAND!

Thanks, Cagney!

and see more of the life which proved such a fascination to me.

My next morning at the studio was spent on location where I watched a group of young folks making "Wild Boys of the Road." This is a picturization of youthful hoboes who now frequent the railroads in great hordes. Because the players were so near my own age, the trip held a double purpose and I felt that the morning was a very successful one.

The afternoon was spent at the Sunset Avenue branch of the Warner Corporation. There Allen Jenkins, Pat O'Brien, and Bette Davis were working in "The Bureau of Missing Persons." The sets were very impressive, and I found in Miss Davis, after a long talk, a real friend and one who understood my sincere longing to be in pictures. Following this excursion, I was only too satisfied that I had had a full day and I was glad to return to the hotel and re-visualize the adventures of my first days in Hollywood.

My first Sunday in the colony was spent on a tour of Beverly Hills and Malibu Beach. My host was none other than James M. Fuller, the Western Representative of SCREENLAND. The estates and bungalows of the stars were very beautiful and the tour made me immensely happy, for now I can always remember the players as they look in their own homes.

On my next visit to the Warner Studio, I saw in the making one of the most elaborate scenes ever staged in Hollywood. It was the fountain-and-swimming pool setting for "Footlight Parade," and even though I had seen the inner workings of the studio, I was still awed by the grandeur and the intricate workmanship of the scene. This day proved to be my last at the Warner Studio and surely there could have been no greater climax to such an interesting week, than being permitted to see the fountain set and the scores of beautiful chorus girls in action.

My last day in Hollywood was spent in an excursion through the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Fox Studios. At Metro, one of the great ambitions of my life was realized; I met Joan Crawford! She is just as I had imagined her and, after meeting Joan, I was ready to go home for I felt my trip had been completed.

Throughout my whole visit, everyone I came in contact with was very kind and I am most grateful to all who were instrumental in making my trip such a success. To SCREENLAND go my sincerest thanks for making my visit to Hollywood a reality, and to James Cagney, who proved to be a perfect host.

Too soon did the day of my departure arrive. As I boarded the train which was to carry me back to Montana, I said to Mr. Fuller, "My visit is over and I'm going home, but don't forget I'm coming back because I've got Hollywood in my blood!"

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Tired, Aching Feet

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for October 1933


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**Femi-nifties**

Beauty is as Beauty Buys in the Cosmetic Market

By Katharine Hartley

"Guili-Guili"—the perfume god that gets them all...

MODERN Girls, as well as South Sea Islanders bow down before the Tropical God of Good Fortune—as symbolized by that grand Vigny perfume, "Guili-Guili." "Guili-Guili" really is the name of a god worshipped for years in the land of Hula-Hula. And if you want your man to get a worshipful look in his eyes try wearing "Guili-Guili" perfume. Not that it's a love potion, or anything like that—but you know how a lovely perfume will wait a romance along.

You can buy "Guili-Guili" in small sizes in less fancy bottles—or if you say "pretty please" you might get someone to give you the large-size bottle shown above. (The size of the bottle in the drawing is a bit exaggerated we'll admit.) The head and feet are hand-carved from a dark, rich wood, and it's a perfectly stunning addition to any dressing table.

Our old friends the Pacquin Hand Creams have put out a new nail polish—so now we can have "Pacquin's to the Finger Tips." And if you're likely to go to the opera, it's not just another nail polish. It has several very distinct advantages. It is an ideal consistency—goes on smoothly without streaking—and it doesn't get thick in the bottle, after standing a while. You may buy it in several shades colorless, natural, rose and a very smart new and darker rose for sophisticated finger tips. It's one of those polishes that you don't have to fool with for hours, to give a professional-manicure look to your nails. You may buy the polishes and remover separately, or you may buy them in a combination package at a very reasonable price.

We girls have a problem with hair—particularly since a great majority of us have been going in for tighter and water waves so consistently. And quite often our waves would have a longer life (and a less expensive one), except that our shampoo day rolls around before the wave highlights of your hair. A number of the stars in Hollywood have found that a bit of Eden's Wave used before a close-up shot gives their hair new life and freshness—makes it look as though they had just come from the hairdressers. Incidentally, the blonde stars like it particularly well because it doesn't darken the hair.

There's a very interesting product on the market known as Kleerplex Wash—only it's really more than a wash. You wet the face with hot water, then apply a little Kleerplex Wash. Allow it to remain on your face for a minute or two, then remove with warm water, and follow with cold water or an icepack. That's all there is to the treatment, but it helps to put a skin in good normal condition. It clears up oiliness, helps remove blackheads and refines large pores, and in general, corrects a sallow, sallow skin. Sensitive skins should use this Wash only three times a week, but it may be used daily by hardly normal skins. The Wash has a nice fresh fragrance which makes it delightful to use. Order it direct from the maker.

Coty's skin beautifiers have blossomed forth in perfectly stunning new packages. The jars and bottles are pure white, with gleaming turquoise blue tops.

One of the new Coty items is the Coty Eye Cream—which should meet with great acclaim everywhere. It is especially designed to do a good job in correcting wrinkles around the eyes.

Another headline is the Acne Lotion which is tinted so that it won't leave a pasty white look on the face. It's antiseptic and healing—and may also be used as a powder base over blenished skins.
The Public Be Heard
Continued from page 11

POINTED PARAGRAPHS
I am a weather-beaten old fan of several years' standing, and I can't but admire Hollywood for the excellent entertainment that is regularly turned out, year after year, with such apparent ease. Every taste is catered to, from the "arty" enthusiast to the gangster expert—and with uniform success.

P. S. Phillips,
46 Countess Road,

Wild animals and politics in the pictures are only a passing fad; but romantic love, being a universal quality of human nature, must always remain as potent to us as it was to the First Man and the First Woman in the Garden of Eden.

Mary Ford Miller,
Montreat, N. C.

Give us idealism in our films. No, it won't always be strict truth. But give us, nevertheless, something to which we can aspire, some ideal for which to struggle, hope and pray!

Marjorie Schlosser,
Saegertown, Pa.

I'm for Katharine Hepburn! She intrigues my reluctant admiration—and I consider her attractive, but not beautiful. Her incomparable crust in dealing with writers, interviewers, and publicity makes me yearn to snicker.

Sally Stroud,
Conway, Ark.

We demand beauty, yes; but it must be suggested rather than actual. Mere prettiness may appeal to some eyes, but it does not bespeak a great actress, Arc Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Helen Hayes, pretty or beautiful? Yet they enchant with a word, a look, a fugitive gesture.

Bonnie Boone Newell,
Alice, Texas.

What could be lovelier than "The Merry Widow," filmed in technicolor, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and starring John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald?

Margaret A. Connell,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Hurrah for musical pictures, the sensation of the year! Such pictures as "42nd Street," "Melody Cruise," and "Gold Diggers of 1933" delight the eye and please the ear. When I saw "42nd Street" the theatre was packed to the corners.

Frank Pominen,
Lakeview, Ohio.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RAVE
FOR DOROTHY!
You movie fans can keep your favorite stars—your Garbos, Shearers, Crawfords, Gables, Chevaliers, and so on. I had rather see Dorothy Jordan on the screen than any other star.

In my opinion, Miss Jordan is the best motion picture actress ever produced in Hollywood. She is an actress who can act vividly, emotionally, sympathetically, and as brilliantly as any. She has personality, charm, youth, and brains. Her films, nearly every one of them, are first rate, from "The Wet Parade" to "Bondage."

So—give me Dorothy or give me death!

Frederick Wood,
San Francisco, Cal.

HONEY, WHY DO
YOU WEAR THAT OLD
KIMONO TO
BREAKFAST? YOU
USED TO BE SO
DAINTY. LATELY
YOU'VE EVEN... EVEN...

"B.O."—PERHAPS I...
COULDN'T BE WHAT
DON STARTED TO
TELL ME? I'LL GET
SOME LIFEBUOY
RIGHT AWAY

LATER
CEILA, YOU LOOK CHARMING—
SO FRESH AND SPRUCE! I'D
NEVER DREAM YOU'D BEEN
DANCING ALL NIGHT, TOO

THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE
JUST HAD A LIFEBUOY
BATH. IT'S SO REFRESH-
ING! AND IT PREVENTS
"B.O."... KEEPS ONE
TRULY DAINTY

"B.O." GONE..."lived happily ever after"

HURRY, DON,
YOU'LL BE
LATE FOR
WORK

GOSH, HONEY,
YOU'RE SO
SWEET I HATE TO
LEAVE YOU

LIFEBUOY'S MARVELOUS.
NEVER IN MY BORN DAYS
HAVE I SEEN SUCH SMOOTH,
CREAMY LATHER. NO WONDER
IT ENDS "B.O." IT'S FRESHENED
MY COMPLEXION, TOO

WE'RE INDOORS SO MUCH
NOW WE MUST BE EXTRA
CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O."

THE minute we step indoors "B.O." (body odor) becomes twice as easy to detect. Play safe—bathe regularly with LIFEBUOY, the purifying toilet soap with the fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent. Its creamy, deep-cleansing lather destroys pces—stops "B.O."

A real complexion aid
Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's gentle, pore-purifying care. Irresistibly clears and freshens a cloudy skin—gives it a healthy radiance.
What I Think of Bing!

Continued from page 31

hips than Dick and the pants fit him too soon. There was no belt handy so he'd ventured out without one and the pants had slipped down until he looked like Jimmy Savo—all seat and no legs.

People are always asking me what Bing is like around the house. I wish I knew. He gets up at daylight and I like to sleep in the morning. The result is he's gone before I wake. He usually phones a couple of times during the day but I don't lay eyes on him until he staggers in around dinner time, flops into a chair and moans, "Am I tired? How about a quiet evening at home?"

The neighbors tell me they like to hear him sing. I've asked them to let me know the next time they hear him so I can listen, too. They must catch him over the air because he's never home long enough to finish a number.

If ever there was a golf widow, I'm IT! When he isn't working he's out on the golf course from sun-up to sun-down. When I tell him he ought to pay more attention to Gunter (our baby) and me, he says I ought to be glad he plays golf so he'll be in shape to make his next picture. Ah, me!

He's got the most curiously complex character of any person I've ever met. I know he loves me devotedly and yet he'd much rather be out with a bunch of men than with me. He's strictly a man's man. I never worry about what he's doing when he's away from me because Bing is one of those men who believe when once you're married, you're married, and that's all there is to it. The thought of chiseling or divorce would never enter his head.

He says he's the laziest man who ever walked the earth and yet he'll work his head off. He explains that by saying that as much as he hates work he hates being broke more. He's got to have money in his "kicks," as he puts it.

And, speaking of money, he's got no more idea of the value of it than our baby. We're building a new home and I wanted to get one of the best interior decorators in town to "do it" for us. That furniture is something we'll have to live with the rest of our lives. The man wanted eight thousand dollars and Bing thought that was too much. Yet last summer he chartered a boat for two thousand dollars to go on a fishing trip that was over in a week!

He eats very little breakfast—according to him—usually just a glass of orange juice, toast, bacon, a couple of eggs and coffee. He's always on a reducing diet but he'll eat a double chocolate fudge sundae in the middle of the day. And I must admit he never carries his diet to the point of being disagreeable around the house. If we have something for dinner that's a little fattening and which isn't on his self-prescribed diet, he just goes ahead like a little man and eats it anyhow.

There's one sure way to get a rise out of him. He says when he was little that his folks provided him with food, shelter, and clothes, but that from the time he was ten years old he had to get his spending money for himself. He sold papers, the Saturday Evening Post, trekked through Montana selling subscriptions to magazines to win a scholarship, mowed lawns, split wood, and even worked as janitor in the Everyman's Club in Spokane—the latter a club for down-and-outs who have nowhere else to go.

His mother, on the other hand, says he...
She's the "All-American Girl!" Lucille Lund won that title, and a picture contract with Universal, from among 1200 co-eds. Watch for her screen début in "Saturday's Millions."

never had to do a lick of work in his life until he was grown and that makes Bing hot under the collar. The thing that worries him also as much as the reflection on his industriousness is that he can't decide whether I made it up to heim or whether his mother really told me that—and his attitude doesn't sit too well with either of us! He says it's callumny and the law should take charge of women who make such gross misstatements!

When he gets going good Jimmy Durante with his fancy language can't hold a candle to Bing. Half the time I have to go round with a pocket dictionary so I'll know what he's talking about.

I worry myself sick every time he gets in a car to go anywhere because he's already completely wrecked four cars and hasn't profited by the experience. He still drives like a madman because he's more interested in getting to where he's going than he is in the driving.

We have a steam cabinet in the bathroom (a last, futile attempt to reduce him). Instead of sitting on the stool and letting his head stick out, as ordinary people do, he computer up the hole in the top and sits on the floor. He takes a pair of sun glasses in there with him and does his reading as he sweat. The perspiration drips on the books and the heat warps them out of shape. When we borrow books it's the same thing. Half my allowance goes to replacing books people have loaned us and which he ruins. He always forgets to send me flowers but he thinks it's cute when I send them to myself, with his card in them, and charge them to him.

He's got the sweetest, most even-going disposition I've ever come across and I ask you: What can you do with a man like that except love him and wait for him to stagger in with his customary "Am I tired?"

Anyhow, I've got Gunder to prove that even he has his moments!

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No matter how well you have
nourished your bust, perhaps
now he, my famous Miracle Cream treatment will work
wonders. Just a few minutes' application a day quickly
enhances the bust to ideal size, lifts sagging tissues and
re-moulds the form. Just give me 5 days to prove that my Miracle Cream treatment will develop
your bust, and it has done for thousands of other women.
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A stellar conference in the Paramount studio front yard. Dick Arlen and George Raft stand by while Richard Bennett, in make-up, Lona
Andre, Jack LaRue, and Judith Allen talk it all over. The dog? He's
daddy Bennett's pet.

Mae West's Secret Self!
Continued from page 27

And they went, with a will!
Was that party gay? Did they yell and
scream? Did they make whompee? They
certainly did. There was no stopping that
gathering once it got under way, and the
guests ate too much and drank too much
and joy was unreined.
Did Hollywood stare! The guests—there
were two hundred of them—came to the
party by the busload. The hostess didn't
even know their names! Yes, Mae West,
who has captured London, Paris, Park Ave-
ue, Main Street and the Bronx by her free
and easy ways, who exhibits sex without
moonlight, flowers or sweet whispers, who
scorns Betsy Ross because all she could
make was a flag, is big-hearted when she
gives a party, and her invitation was carte
blanche.

Miss West greeted her guests at the
circus tent, of all places, where she met
them with consignments of peanuts, pop-
corn, and pink lemonade, and these guests
guessed—hold your breath!—orphan chil-
dren from the Los Angeles asylums. Do
you wonder the party was a huge success
and that everyone, including the hostess,
thought it was swell?

Mae has led a busy life, busier than most
people. She has written and produced
plays, as well as acted in them. She writes
her own scripts for pictures, invents bits
of business, gags, wisecracks, is the author
of books, but she's never too busy to lend
a helping hand, to listen to a tale of woe, or
to give the other fellow a lift up. She's
especially thoughtful of old comrades.
To her dressing-room at the studio or the
theatre comes asteady procession of those
in trouble. She keeps a wad of bills in her
sock, and before the day is half over, the
money is gone—found its way into the
empty pocket of some needy comrade of
day gone by.

This same Mae West is a practical, sen-
sible woman, who has seen many sides of
life. She knows its hardships, its uncer-
tainties, its recomposes.

When George Raft was having difficul-
ties with Paramount, she called him into
her dressing-room, where she was making
personal appearances in conjunction with
"She Done Him Wrong." Raft had left
Hollywood in a huff and was out of a job
Miss West was the hit of the town. Every-
one was flocking to see her—authors, paint-
ers, all the so-called literati, whose approval spells success—but she managed to find time to talk to George Raft like the Dutch uncle we hear about.

"Have you ever been hungry?" she asked him.

"Sure I have," he said defiantly.

"Do you remember it?" she asked.

"Sure?"

"Do you want to go hungry again?"

"I went hungry before, and I can do it again."

"You know, it's a terrible feeling," said Miss West, "not to have even a nickel for carfare."

Raft was beginning to melt a little. Miss West saw her opportunity. "Look here, George," she said. "Be sensible. You may never have another chance. You go out of here and make friends with Paramount again—be yourself!"

He looked sheepish, but he went. Raft's on the best of terms with Paramount now and is the possessor of a long-term contract with that company.

But let me tell you that Mae West, who claims that when she's good, she's very, very good, and when she's bad, she's better, seldom smokes, never drinks, is afraid of nothing—but is scared to death of a mouse.

Oh, yes, there's one thing she wouldn't and couldn't do. She tried it once, so she knows. She was getting a huge sum weekly for it, too. After the first night she quit. It was singing in a night club. She didn't like putting on her act for a lot of people, nearly all of whom were tight. That's a bad girl for you—a bold, bad girl. She started her career at the age of four, giving impersonations of well-known people of the day. She got her first job giving an imitation of Eva Tanguay, the once-famous "I don't care" vaudevillian, who has just recently had her eyesight restored—thanks to Mae West.

---

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All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

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Joan Talks about Tomorrow

Continued from page 14

definite financial goal at which to aim. "I have none," she responded. "Perhaps the statement may seem unreasonable, but I realize that most human beings have a financial goal. Few have not said to themselves, 'I want to save a thousand dollars, or a hundred thousand, or a million.' I invest as much of my salary as is conveniently possible, but other than to achieve independence, I have no goal.

"Never expect to retire. My mind is too restless for idleness. My body is too energetic; my nerves are too alive. Inactivity drives me insane. When the screen and stage are lost to me, I shall turn to art, literature, designing, or something that will keep me occupied. I will keep busy until I am too old and weak to go on. When that moment arrives, I want to die.

"In the future I plan to go annually to Europe, not only for vacation purposes but also for broadening educational reasons. I want to visit every nook and corner of the world. I believe I will profit in earthly knowledge from these contemplated journeys, for my mind is receptive.

"Joan also has definite plans to become a stage actress. In this regard, she said that she would like to be known as one of the important figures on the stage. She hopes to have a career as an actress and writer.
The Man Constance Cummings Married

Continued from page 17

this parish, become one. The bride carried no flowers, and the groom no torch.
Then it is off to Venice, buckety-buckety, where the moon is as big as a ferris wheel and the gondoliers howl ballads in rich, garlic-laden tenors.

So Constance Cummings, née Halverstadt, of Seattle, has a fine young spouse, one of the smartest theatrical lads of his time. Forgotten her first false steps in the film colony, when she wasn't the type for a Ronnie Colman picture, and she ate bitter toast as she saw another lass get the role she had been hired to play.

Only remember, now, the recent screen triumphs that have rocketed her to success. Those—and the fact that she has married the man she loves.

Health and success to the 'appy pair! And as their honeymoon gondola glides down the Grand Canal, I trust and believe that no shadow of a beautiful English girl shares the craft. For gondolas, like the bicycle in the old song, are built for two!
Miss BLONDE ... want to be Mrs.?

O' COURSE you do! Then let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the new Blondex blond shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents tarnishing, too. Contains no dyes—no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users.

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A Gargan Fan. If you saw William Gar- gan in "The Animal Kingdom" and if you didn't, why not, you'll have no trouble in putting him in the top-notch place he de- serves in pictures. William, or Bill to his friends, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 17, 1905. He has reddish brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 170 pounds and is 6 feet tall; is married and has a four-year-old son, a baby daughter, and just recently an- other son, Leslie, made his debut at the Gargan menage.

Shirley G. Many are asking about "Be Mine Tonight," featuring Jan Kleipara and a full foreign cast—don't get me wrong— the cast is fine. It was a German-made film co-starring Jenny Jugo and Kleipara, under the title "A Song for You," and re- leased for American trade by Universal as "Be Mine Tonight." Sorry I haven't much personal information about the foreign temper except that he is a raving in Europe and Uni- versal will present him in more films.

Vancouver Fan. I take it or you take it, you have a birthday in October. Constance Bennett, Marian Nixon, Janet Gaynor, Carl- ole Lombard, Boots Mallory, Jean Arthur, Marjorie Beche, Sue Carol, Sally O'Neill, Mitzi Green, Lloyd Hughes, Buster Keaton, and James Hall—all October "babies."

A Veer Dee Fan. Don't I feel important! Dwight Frye was born in Salina, Kansas, 33 years ago. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall. He played with Adolph Menjou, Greta Nissen, and Donald Cook in "The Circus Queen Murder."

Christine M. As far as I know, Florence Eldridge is the first and only wife of Fredric March, and a very congenial couple they are. Robert Montgomery was mar- ried to Elizabeth Bryan Allen in 1928. (No —not the Elizabeth Allen who is on the screen.) Dorothy Jordan is under con- tract to RKO Pictures. She played in "Bondage" with Alexander Kirkland. Dorothy was born August 9, 1910, in Clarksville, Tenn. She was married, on May 27, to Merian C. Cooper, RKO pro- ducer. Anita Page is free-lancing. John Boles will be seen with the English star, Lilian Harvey, in "My Lips Betray."

Dorothy S. Will I make room for a brother and sister argument—why not? In the picture, "Hell's Angels," with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jean Harlow, and many other birds of the air, James Hall was the brother that was sacrificed for the good of something or other, if I recall it correctly. Constance Bennett and Richard Barthelmess played together in "Son of the Gods," Richard is 38 years old, Ben Lyon is 32, and Gene Raymond is 25.

Judith D. After making "Lily Turner" Ruth Chatterton vacationed in Europe with her husband, George Brent. The Brents are back at work now, appearing together in a new film.

B. S. After the fans had a glimpse of Frank Lawton as J. F. Marryat in "Caval- cade" my department was swamped with in- quiries, asking for "Lawton, Lawton, who and where is Lawton?" He was brought over from London to play that role and after his work was finished, he returned to his stage successes in England, but he may be pursued to make another picture for our entertainment, in the future. Lawton

Ask Me!

Greta Nissen, blonde charmer of many a well-remembered stage and screen opus, is the seductive school-marm who gets Phil Harris all excited in "Melody Cruise." Note the "cardite sleeves" on Greta's negligée!
was born in London, England, on Sept. 30, 1904. His mother is Daisy May Collier, an English actress, and his father is Frank Mokeley, an American actor.

Joan M. I don't know of any one I'd rather say nice things about than Glenda Farrell. She made such a hit in "Life Begins" that her admirers have been calling for more Farrell pictures. Glenda made her film début in 1932; besides "Life Begins," she has appeared in "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "Girl Missing," "Grand Slam" and "The Keyhole." She was born in Oklahoma about 28 years ago, was married at 16, and has a nine-year-old son, Tommy, whom she adores. Bette Davis was born April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. Madge Evans is not married. The principals in "Halway to Heaven" were Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur, Helen Ware and Paul Lukas. Buddy Rogers' comeback to the screen after an absence of a year was in "Best of Enemies" with Marian Nixon, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn and Greta Nissen.

E. Z. H. You are going to lose your bet as sure as your name is E. Z., for "Union Depot," with Joan Blondell and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was released in February, 1932, and "Grand Hotel" was universally released in May, 1932. You may have seen "Grand Hotel" at your favorite theatre before the Blondell and Fairbanks film was shown there—it's impossible for me to check play-dates in local theatres.

Vee Bee W. Not trying to steal my thunder, by any chance? If you'll review the 1933 June and August issues of SCREENLAND, you'll find beautiful pictures of Elissa Landi in the Special Art Section. Elissa was born Dec. 6, 1906 in Venice, Italy. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, and has light autumn hair and green eyes. Randolph Scott plays with Sally Blane in one of her recent releases, "Wild Horse Mesa." Sally is 23 years old and weighs 118 pounds; and her sister Loretta Young is 21 and weighs 100 pounds. Philippe De Lacy is now 16 years old; his birthday was on July 25, 1917. Morgan Golland made but one picture to my knowledge—"Lena Rivers."

Picture-goer. With so many letters from London this month, I feel quite what-ho and a cheerio." The actor you refer to is Roscoe Karns, who appeared with Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Richard Bennett, George Raft and Wynne Gibson and a host of other prominent stars in "If I Had a Million." He also played in "The Crooked Circle," "Gambling Ship," "A Lady's Profession," "Today We Live," Joan Crawford's latest release, and other big features that I haven't space for here. Roscoe is one of the screen's best-known supporting players. He was born in San Bernardino, Cal., has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Roscoe's long stage work fitted him for his success on the screen.

H. K. H. Sorry I can't give you the home address of Martha Sleeper but you can reach her at her studio address, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Her latest picture is "Midnight Mary," with Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone and Una O'Connor.

Mary Anna. Your latest crush, Katharine Hepburn, was as much surprised as any one to find she had made the biggest over-night sensation of any film star in many moons. Dashed off to Europe—did not wait to hear the applause she received after her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement." Katharine was born in Hartford, Conn., about 24 years ago. She has reddish brown hair, green-grey eyes, is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her second film was "Christopher Strong" with Colin Clive, Ralph Forbes, Jack LaRue, Billie Burke and Helen Chandler. Just a quiet tip—watch for the glamor girl in her new attraction, "Morning Glory," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
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Harriett H. Frankie Darro, the Midget
Cowboy, is one of the outstanding young
actors of the screen—one boy who doesn't
do any out-standing at the casting office
—his always in action on the inside
lines. Frankie was born in Chicago, Ill., on
December 22, 1918. Both parents were
vaudeville stars and as soon as Frankie was
old enough, he was taken into the family
act. His first screen appearance was in
"Judgment of the Storm," made in 1928,
soon followed by other important roles
with famous stars; notably as the news-
boy in "KiKi," with Norma Shearer, and
as the boy in "So Big," with Colleen
Moore. These youngsters grow so fast,
it's difficult to keep up with their weight
and height, but why worry about that?
Frankie has played with Tom Tyler
in many of his Western films and can "ride
cowboy" with the best of the old
timers. See Frankie in "The Mayor of Heli" with James Cagney and don't say I
didn't tell you he is good.

Isabel S. "Maedchen in Uniform" was
adapted from a novel and stage play. I'll
give you the names of the ladies in the
cast but I won't promise to pronounce
them. Emilie Ulda, Hedwig Schlchter,
Ellen Schwannecke, Hertha Thielse—and
the leading lady, Dorothy Wick, the
new sensation. The performance of the
sympathetic teacher won her a Paramount
contract. She's now in Hollywood.

C. D. You have been misled as to title
of picture and star of "Ann Carver's Pro-
fession" with Fay Wray as the lead—not
Loretta Young. Loretta plays with Rich-
ard Barthelmess in "Heroes for Sale" and
in "Midnight Mary" with Ricardo Cortez.
Little Cora Sue Collins almost runs away
with every scene in which she appears, as
Vesta Gerhardt, in Sylvia Sidney's new
picture, "Jennie Gerhardt."

Betty C. Ask me all the questions you
can—and watch this department for your
replies. Frances Dee was Doris Braden
in "The Crime of the Century," and William
Jamey was James Braden. Gene Ray-
mond's latest releases are "Zoo in Buda-
pes," "Ex-Lady," and "Ann Carver's Pro-
fection," and he is scheduled to play with
Carole Lombard in "Brief Moment." Fred-
rick March played in "The Eagle and the
Hawk" with Cary Grant.

Mrs. O. L. K. Shades of the movie past!
Pearl White hasn't made a picture for a
long time. She has been living in Europe
for years. I don't know her age but she is
5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and
has blonde hair and blue eyes. She started
her career on the stage and became well-
known on the screen in the serial, "Perils of
Pauline."

Norton Fan. We told you so! Barry
Norton was bound to get a break and is in
"Cocktail Hour," with Bebe Daniels and
Douglas Scott your favorite looks his usual
handsome self and has acquired a good
command of English as we speak it. Ned
Sparks can always be depended upon to
give a perfect performance in comedy and
comedy-drama. Ned was born in Ontario,
Canada, educated in Toronto, and has spe-
cialized in law, railroading and mining,
and finally turned to the stage. He has ap-
ppeared in many films as a featured player,
writes and plays in short comedies, and is
in great demand as a comedian. Did you
see him in "Gold Diggers of 1933?"

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**OZZIE NELSON RECORD:**

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Galena Park, Texas.

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New Haven, Connecticut.

**RUDY VALLEE RECORD:**

Consuelo De Cordoba,
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Sherman, Texas.

**ISHAM JONES RECORD:**

Howard Jeroloman,
735 St. Nicholas Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

**GUS ARNHEIM RECORD:**

Frank C. Kernan,
Dorm. No. 5,
Boulder City, Nevada.

**LEO REISSMAN RECORD:**

Jackie Fensterer,
187 East Main Street,
Bayside, Long Island.

**GUY LOMBARDO RECORD:**

M. Frazier King,
1010 Chester Street,
Bristol, Virginia.

**WAYNE KING RECORD:**

Paddy Spalding,
720 A. Himnan Avenue,
Evanston, Illinois.

**TED WEMS RECORD:**

Bill Joncks,
627 W. Washach,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

**NAT SHILKRET RECORD:**

Louise Mette,
327 Roosevelt St.,
Union City, New Jersey.

**CAB CALLOWAY RECORD:**

Evelyn Steel,
940 Private Road,
Hubbard Wood, Illinois.

**LUKE DEMPSEY RECORD:**

Willie Nelson,
403 Sherman Ave.,
Toronto, Canada.
Here’s Hollywood

Continued from page 71

HATS off to Ginger Rogers’ youthful mother, Lela Rogers. Not content with allowing her talented daughter to corner all the glory, Mrs. Rogers produced a play titled “Funny Man” in a tiny Hollywood theatre. The cost of production was less than $150.

The author was a first-timer and every member of the cast was chosen by Mrs. Rogers from the extra ranks. Only one night did fame tread the stage—the night Ginger played the feminine lead in place of the regular principal, who was ill.

Mrs. Rogers sold her play for Broadway production, the author has signed an M-G-M contract, five members of the cast have been engaged by studios, and latest reports indicate that “Funny Man” may reach the screen before the year ends.

AN eerie feel, thrilling as a horror picture but obtainable free, may be had by listening to an ordinary conversation between El Brendel, Roscoe Arbuckle, and other actors of typed screen characterizations.

Brendel talks perfect English. Arbuckle never stutters in real life, and few of the faulty-voiced comedians talk with impediments or in broken English. To hear them off-screen is to experience a creepy feeling that something is amiss.

THE International Beauty Shop Owners in new York decided that the ideal beautiful woman is five feet and five inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Wonder what that congregation of beauty-guessers have to say about Janet Gaynor, Lilian Harvey, Marion Nixon and other five-feet-no-inch-stars? Or about Frances Dee and Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert and Miriam Jordan, who are all less than five feet and three inches tall?

“Beauty is not measured with tape lines,” wisely commented Edmund Long. “One measures beauty with one’s eyes.”

You have heard that expression: They get in my hair? If Lionel Barrymore did not originate the phrase, at least he has good use for it.

Lionel is an inveterate cigarette smoker—at times a “chain smoker.” Most of his recent screen roles have demanded that he wear great beards and mustaches, and several times the Barrymores whiskers have caught on fire.

The hazard proved too appalling and one day Lionel arrived at the studio with a strange parcel. This, turned out to be a can of fire-proof liquid, which the star now sprays on his hirsute adornments!

Billie Burke, beloved American actress, adds a little make-up between scenes at the studio. Miss Burke scores a personal success in the all-star picturization of “Dinner At Eight.” And you will be seeing her also in Universal’s “Only Yesterday,” with John Boles.
IDLE CHATTER: Greta Garbo does not appear to walk; she glides. Jean Harlow's hair always looks best cared for. No one ever received a noisier "come-back" welcome than Anna Q. Nilsson.


Myrna Loy's eyes promise the most excitement. Neither Groucho Marx nor Robert Woolsey ever smoked those cigars they wear in their mouths.

That gateman St. Peter-ing the main MGM entrance always smiles when he says, "No admission." My vote for the cutest figure in Hollywood: Lilian Harvey. Neil Hamilton refused a $6,000 offer for his magician's paraphernalia. Clara Bow's hair, for photographic reasons, has been red, black, brown, and salmon-pink.

The most oft-heard greeting at any studio is Richard Arlen's "Hi-ar-yuh!" Those deserted Real-Art studios mimic a haunted house.

Once they beeched with the activities of Betty Compson, Max McAvoy, Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee and Wanda Hawley.

Wonder if Lilian Tashman always spelled her name that way? Guards bristling at two gateways maintain Mali-

la's privacy, and without special permission visitors are stopped five hundred yards from the beach-proper.

Frank Craven and Randolph Scott were golfing together, when Randy discovered a queer bug on one of the greens.

This is a Japanese beetle," the blond actor explained. "These bugs ruin a golf club."

"Yeah? Then our club has several of them as members," Craven responded.

JACK OAKIE was telling Fredric March about a picture in which he (Jack) and Stuart Erwin shared comic honors.

"I saw that picture," scoffed March. "But I didn't see you."

"I was in every scene with Erwin," expostulated Oakie.

"That explains everything," chuckled March. "I was so busy watching Stu's stuff that I didn't see you."

And did Oakie burn!

WHEN "Ann Vickers" appears, keep an eye out for Estelle Brody in Irene Dunne's supporting cast. Miss Brody has been a big-time star in English plays and pictures for a number of years, and makes her Hollywood début with this picture.

Though her advent is comparatively unheralded, there is plenty of reason for believing that she is going to click.

New! Exclusive! SCREENLAND shows you, hot from the studio, the first pictures of Joan Crawford in her new and revolutionary character as a dancing girl. Brisk, peppy, and scantily clad, you'll find a new and unsuspected Joan when "Dancing Lady" appears!
The measure of YOUR BEAUTY is the COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought... to give color first place over features... as the "measure of your beauty!" Yet how true it is, and how comforting. For while your features may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking... through rouge!

Ah, yes, but not the usual rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. It must seem color coming from within the skin. It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but absolutely natural.

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious... many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual one tone rouges. But Princess Pat is DUO-TONE. The only Duo-Tone rouge... and therefore absolutely different from any other rouge you ever knew.

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone... perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all, but actually color that is your very own!

Duo-Tone Ends "One Shade" Choice. The Duo-Tone secret makes an entirely new art of choosing rouge. Any one of the eight Princess Pat shades will perfectly harmonize with your type, no matter what that type is. Do you realize what this means?... that you may perfectly follow the fashion of using the correct rouge shade to harmonize with your costume. Or you may look as you desire to feel. If for any reason you desire to possess brilliant, sparkling beauty, use one of the more intense Princess Pat shades. If you wish subtle, demure effects, choose the quieter colors. It is so simple to choose. Beginning with VIVID, Princess Pat shades are named as follows: Vivid, New Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Gold, Medium, Tan. The special, perfect shade for evening is NITE.

Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought... and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features less than perfect... enhance with utterly new beauty when features are perfect. Then... with Princess Pat rouge... be beautiful today as you never were before.

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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

- ABOVE — A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

- RIGHT — AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.

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Camel's Costlier Tobacco
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