Jan 35 NBC
Feb 35 NBC
Mar 35 NBC
Apr 35 NBC
May 35 Ond 85-30, NBC
Jun 36 Ond 53-56, NBC
BILLIE SEWARD, vivacious ingenue, intends to stay as charming and beautiful as she is in the Columbia picture, "Among the Missing", in which she is now playing opposite Richard Cromwell. You, too, can keep your figure slim and youthful — the Hollywood way! Eat Ry-Krisp with every meal. The loveliest movie stars have learned that Ry-Krisp is a real beauty aid—because it's filling but not fattening. At meals and between meals you'll find these crisp, delicious wafers are the perfect thing to serve — because they taste so good.

June In! Mme. SYLVIA of Hollywood

**STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the FOOD SHIP**

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

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

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

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

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

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

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

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

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

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. PU-1, St. Louis, Missouri.
ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
Will Your Favorite Star Survive Color?
Could You Love, Honor and Obey These Men?
Making a Man's Picture
Fun Like Mad
Hollywood Holiday Follies
Scene from "A Wicked Woman"
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood
Seymour—Photoplay's Style Authority
Copperfield in Quest of His Youth
Here's More Perfection for You
All the World's His Stooge
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop
Movie Fill-in Contest Winners

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
The Shadow Stage

Personalities

Me and My Pal
A Quartet of Big Pay Babes
Nelson Eddy
Margaret Sullavan Wants None of It
At Last the Films Round Up Joe
Tha-a-ank You-hoo, Maxine Doyle
Romance with an Angel
Mr. Broadway Gambles Against Hollywood
Kitty Crashes Fame
Norma Shearer Relaxes
Here's One Fat Man Somebody Loves
She's the Belle of the Film Colony
It's Never Been Done Before
The "Rediscovery" of Bill Frawley
Salute May Robson!
Paul Muni and Bette Davis
Tom Meighan Is Restless
Pert's Reducing Vacation
Pat Paterson

On the Cover—Shirley Temple—Painted by Earl Christy

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets
Hollywood Menus
Ask the Answer Man
Addresses of the Stars

Screen Memories from Photoplay
The Fan Club Corner

Published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Bernard Macfadden, President
Irène T. Kennedy, Treasurer
Wesley F. Pape, Secretary


Carroll Rheinstein, Advertising Manager, Graybar Bldg., 440 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Charles H. Sharron, Manager Chicago Office

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; $3.50 Canada; $3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1935, by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York
That cute little trick, Shirley Temple, tells her Mexican pooch Poncho to “sparkle.” But Poncho looks as though she’s about to do a running leap away from the staring glass eye of the camera. It may be true that English bulldogs are gentle creatures, but would you want to be the first to try and get by George Brent’s prize winning pug, Whiskey? And he’s George’s constant companion. Jean Muir is asking her favorite canine chum to come take a walk. He is tagged Shandygaff, which is a drink consisting of beer and ginger ale!
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in
“SWEET ADELINE”

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63 — on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY

And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Lewis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!
A Quartet Of Big Pay Babes

This manly little lad, David Holt, went into his eighth year a few months ago. Now he's into high gear in his screen work, for which he gets a neat one hundred and fifty dollars per week. Because he knows just what to do when he goes before the camera.

Virginia Weidler, the petite miss above in her after-school play dress, has also passed her seventh birthday. Like David Holt, she is under a Paramount contract. And since her outstanding work in "Mrs. Wiggs," she is viewed as a big bet at the box-office.

Cherubic June Preston is about to make her screen bow under the optimistic eyes of RKO-Radio in "Anne of Green Gables." June was snapped up when she paid a visit to the studio. A keen-eyed executive saw her and forthwith called for a screen test. Result, a contract.

He's known as Baby (The Scene Stealer) LeRoy. Old and young stars watch him as he comes on the set. It is said he rates seventy-five dollars a week. And when the actual time he works is figured out, it puts him just about at the top of the pay-roll, he's that big a draw.
Bigger than THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH is the amazing story of Barnum! His audacious humbuggery... his hilarious family uprisings... the beautiful women who came in—and out—of his life! Not even Barnum himself could have conceived a more fascinating drama than this—the story he actually lived!

Joseph M. Schenck presents

WALLACE BEERY

in DARRYLF. ZANUCK'S production of

The MIGHTY BARNUM

with ADOLPHE MENJOU, ROCHELLE HUDSON, JANET BEECHER, VIRGINIA BRUCE

Written by

Gena Fowler and Ross Méduvy
Directed by Walter Lang
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

By the producers of "THE BOWERY" and "THE HOUSE OF ROTHCHILD"
ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Tantalizingly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

AFFAIRS OF CELINI, THE—20th Century-Fox.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the love of Renaissance Celini (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great Shakespearean love's predicament: a confection's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME SALTY—Gainsborough.—So-so British comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual role, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED?—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization to the marriage sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

BABY TAKE A ROW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict James Dunn and his wife, played by the "pears." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Roy Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pat Kelton, Sheets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE—M-G-M.—M-G-M.—Well made and perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover, Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount.—La Belle, a success at the box office, Katherine DeMille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animals and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

BIG HEARTED HERBERT—Warner.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is ground, but not soskillfully—minding Alene MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Bera Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells which in his weird abode seem all too uncon- vincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enthralled with Voodoo, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothorn going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic little film produced will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outtalks, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo.—Dr. Robert Usborne (Lon Chaney) is a drowned man reincarnated as the Duke of Westminster. Delores del Rio and Suzy Parker. (Aug.)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regarded as the finest work ever produced to overcome the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)


CAT'S PAW, THE—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and lovely wife, Greta Garbo. (Sept.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor—Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chaps in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Meldorama aboard the Dover-Cairns liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Warner.—Charlie Chan has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn is centering around a young man who, in the interests of his country, has to solve a case for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)


CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone bad in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Sept.)

CLEOPATRA—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claude Rains Colbert splendid in the title role, Warren William as Caesar and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

COCKEYED CAVALIERS—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious lark in Merry Old England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox—Gaumont-British.—Margaret Lockwood's novel about the chil- dren of the mad composer, Sauer, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful por- trayals. (July)

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is Dantès; Elsa Landi leads fine, too. (Nov.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unsavory minded. Claude Rains, Maro, Wallygore all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!
Brickbats & Bouquets

THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

YOU'LD almost think this was a love-est column or cupid's headquarters these days! Letters on Charles Boyer's sex-appeal, and advice to dissatisfied wive, and one on harems—my, my! We get so steamed up we even gave a prize to a letter that mentioned sex twenty-two times. It must be that love's in bloom. And it's nice to have a good crop of bouquets floating in for a change.

THE $25 LETTER

It was not until I married that I ever attended the movies.

When a child I longed with a passion that became an obsession to go to the movies. But when I saved penny by penny till I had the fare my father wouldn't hear of my going. He was surprised that a child of his even thought of contemplating herself by going to "the devil's playhouse."

Since my marriage I'm thankful to say I've been a frequent attendant and I get more pleasure and relaxation from a good movie than from any form of recreation.

But somehow I can't forget that forlorn kid who was denied the supreme pleasure. So each week I pick two children from the poverty stricken district and take them to the movies. Their shining eyes and happy faces are all the thanks I need. And when I find a man or woman who is blue and burdened with troubles I press a quarter in his or her hand and tell them to go see a picture.

Miss H. E. Adam, Cedartown, Ga.

THE $10 LETTER

Let's abolish sex! Make a law against it! Sexcommunicate everybody who breaks the law, no sexuses, no sexceptions, no sexemptions, no sexenucating circumstances! Every siment intelligent individual should sindorse it.

Let's have no more of Eddie Cantor's sin- uendo, no more of Wheeler and Woolsey's sin- temperance, no more of Ann Harding's sin- timacies, nothing as sextoxic as Kay Francis, no more of Jean Harlow's sexpositions, no more of the sexquistite Garbo and the sextational Streus: we must sexpurate the sexhaberant Mae West, and alas, we must sexterminate the sexpressive Harpo Marx.

Let's take the sin out of cinema! No more sextravaganzas like "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers." We will show only sexeted sexamples like Mickey Mouse and Shirley Temple, who are surely sexempt from sexcration.

We'll give the sinors a break!

But what of the sexcheuer? Will we pay sexpenes? For sex is still spelled sex! Can we get a guarantee against sinolvency? Yours with much sinterest.

FRANCES M. STEPHENSON, Columbia, Tenn.

THE $5 LETTER

Last Winter, I was very poor. I had a temporary job that paid me five dollars a week—barely enough for food and shelter. Christmas was coming. The Christmas trees, the tinsel shop windows, the "Silent Night, Holy Night" of the Salvation Army band, mocked me. I'd always loved Christmas so. This year, when I could neither go home nor send gifts, I hated it. On Christmas Eve I couldn't go to church—there would be old songs I loved, remembrances, I couldn't stand it.

I had twenty cents in my purse—and that was all. I knew a girl who was penniless. "Come on, I'll take you to a show," I said.

We forgot there had been happier Christmases. We sat there and saw the picture through three times. Afterward, we ran through the frosty night, and fell into our beds to get warm, re-living the picture until sleep brought us forgetfulness.

If I had my way, I'd give every poor person in the world a free ticket to a movie for a Christmas gift.

Anita Pinkham, Minneapolis, Minn.

GARBO VS. BENNETT

Having just come from a showing of "Outcast Lady" I am impelled to compare it with "A Woman of Affairs" as played several years ago by Garbo. Both pictures, as you know, are made from the book "The Green Hat."

In "Outcast Lady," Miss Bennett gives a smooth, excellent performance. But never once does she make me feel like that Iris is an individual, a warm, living personality. It seems to me hers is a carefully studied technique. Polished, to be sure, but it leaves me cold.

In "A Woman of Affairs" Garbo created an Iris so vital, so alive that my heart ached with the poignancy of her suffering. While Miss Bennett's a clever young actress, Garbo is the rare genius who interprets with an almost divine understanding the souls of her characters.

Nora DuPree, Kiowa, Colo.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month $25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
HAREM OF STARS

It's time we women admitted that we really are all polygamous at heart! When we see George Bancroft portray real he-man parts in which the heroine leads a tempestuous, here-today-gone-tomorrow existence, we thrill to it and vow that is the only life for us.

Until, we see Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall with their quiet sophisticated gentility. Then, just as suddenly, the old heart does a right-about-face, for handsome Gable is in the next movie we see!

Ah me! The Sultan of Turkey used to have his harem of women but we women secretly have our harems of stars.

EMMA EMMETT, Portland, Ore.

CROONERS' KITTY

Salvos of praise to a new sensation—Kitty Carlisle. She actually looks intelligent all the time that Bing is singing to her. This is refreshing after seeing other girls with an inane emptiness of expression while listening to the crooning of the male.

MARGUERITE VARNES, Denver, Colo.

THE COLONEL'S GREAT IN COURT!

Cheers! Cheers! Cheers!

For Henry B. Walthall, for his splendid performance in the picture "Judge Priest."

No other actor has ever come so near stealing a picture from Will Rogers as did Mr. Walthall in the courtroom scene.

I remember Mr. Walthall years ago as the Little Colonel in the picture "The Birth of a Nation." He was a great actor, then. He is great now.

T. MATTHEWS, Houston, Tex.

TEAM 'EM, STUDIOS

Here are some screen teams we fans would like to see together:

Anna Harding and Fredric March
Norma Shearer and Clive Brook
Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman
Carole Lombard and George Brent
Margaret Sullivan and Robert Montgomery
Madge Evans and Richard Arlen
Loretta Young and Joel McCrea
Frances Dee and Robert Young
Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres
B. HOLT, Fort Smith, Ark.

MORE—

And while you're on the subject of screen teams, how about Tom Brown and Anita Louise? On the screen, off the screen, they're my idea of a swell pair!

JUNE ELLIS, St. Louis, Mo.

NO GYP

Anna Sten cost Sam Goldwyn a million dollars. (So you said in a past issue of PHOTOPLAY.) Well, believe me! She's worth it! I've just seen Miss Sten in "We Live Again," and while it only cost me fifty-five cents to see the show, I think Goldwyn and I both got our money's worth.

J. M. P., New York City

For consistently fine performances over a long period of time I vote a gold medal to Lewis Stone. I do feel, however, that Mr. Stone's roles recently haven't been quite as good as they have in the past. Please, Mr. Movie Executive, keep Stone in leading or strong supporting roles.

R. L., Stamford, Conn.

You can just quote me as saying, "I have just seen 'The Gay Divorcee' with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and wish to say it is the most delightful picture I've seen for years!"—and let it go at that. P. S.—I've seen it three times.

LILITH KITCHELL, Kansas City, Kansas.

CHARLES HAS WHAT IT TAKES

Talk about sex-appeal! I didn't know the meaning of the word until a few days ago when I saw Charles Boyer in "Caravan." One day Boyer was only another obscure actor to me and the next I had him heading my list of favorites.

BERTHA SMITH, Mullins, S. C.

LONG A WINNER

She's been my favorite star for fifteen years. On the screen and in the public print, I've followed her through flops, tremendous successes, changing roles, motherhood, four marriages. I'm glad now to see her back on the screen again, more beautiful than ever, in a smashing good picture. I'm talking about Gloria Swanson, star of "Music in the Air."

EVELYN ANDREWS, Des Moines, Iowa.

SEALS FOR BABES?

I thoroughly enjoyed your article, "Robbing the Cradle for Stars," in the November PHOTOPLAY. However, I think the sudden outcrop of child

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 10]

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mace.—War story, good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pal, Ben Lyon and Judd Ogilvy, handled with dash. Excellent in love with ambulance driver Sari Matzka. (Dec.)

DAMES—Walters.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Gay Lake, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Jean Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANGING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre mystery, featuring Renald Denny as a gigolo in love with Madeleine Carroll, and with her stepmother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)


DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Impossible in spots, yet meat for football and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining, non-fictional but laughable unfortunatle criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Walters.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

DOUBLE DOOR—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinner who crooks her brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this title of "Blue Booklets" of 1929 giving way to "Red Streetcars" of 1948, but: Sidney Fox, Nora Lane, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. V. Van Dine standard—netherwise satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing Philo Vance, Helen Howell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyde Talbot. (Nov.)

DR. MONICA—Walters.—Kay Francis handles the title role with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband, Warren William, is superb. (Sept.)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like Westerns, you may like this one. George O'Brien rides, Irene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it. (Dec.)

ELMERS AND ELSE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals his true comedy talents. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the most practical joke, Chester Morris does an excellent job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Betty Davis (as the "queen of the China Town" police force) and a love story. With Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods. Yule Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catharine Hessinger, J. E. Cold and Slow-Moving. With Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet excellently produced with a capable cast including Victor Mclaglen, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a big crash at mid-night of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Walters.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a bone-headed editor. (Nov.)


★ GIFT OF GAB—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, Gail Patrick, a funny goon, newcomer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart, Story fraught for cues, swear, sketches, Alexander Woodcott, Paul Baker, Edwall Winter, Paula Prentice. (Oct.)

★ GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE—M-G-M.—Fox and fluffy adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chérie, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire husband. Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

★ GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Walter Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recapitulates past standing by wiping out a plaque of, yellow fever. Madge Evans in his romance. (Sept.)

★ GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Charles Farrell, Ann Dvorak) marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

★ HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "The Blot" by Sidney Howard. Brannon Church will again rating good hands. Joel McCrea and Diana Blais become the leads. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ HANDY ANDY—Fox.—As the apothecary. Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

★ HAPINESS AHEAD—First National.—Tuneful and pretty. About a wealthy miss and her associate with washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and hum the tunes. (Dec.)

★ HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of laughs when Border Patroler Ray Walker goes after crows who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Nov.)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO Radio.—Fair adaptation of the classic, but in the cast of: Ann Dvorak, Robert Montgomery, Patric Cortese his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (Nov.)

★ HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jim Dunne). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

★ HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—Sesso comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—unto and they're married. (Aug.)

★ HERECOMES THE NAVY—Paramount.—One of the best Canadian pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Sunset Beach, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)


★ HIDE-OUT—M-G-M.—As a racketeer playboy, escaped from police, and being "done in" by the gangster, O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

★ HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot not very far removed toward early knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

★ HIS GREATEST GAMBLE—RKO Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his conventional loving wife for the molding of daughter Ethel's character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

★ HOUSEWIFE—Walters.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

★ HUMAN SIDE, THE—Universal.—Absolutely satisfying family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

★ I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Osmow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

★ Photosplay—Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.
GIVE
HATE
Parisian
PLEASE
O.
Boy—
Margaret
lingering,
couple's
dramatic.
can't
irrepressible
formation
LeRoy,
taining.
Nigel
Howard
and
race.
•
Grant
•
Plot
•
Sinn
digging.
I.
Edward
in
•

LIFE
LET'S
LEMON
ynyard
KANSAS
IT'S

JANE
IT'S
EYRE

LOVE—
OF
THE—
NO

GREAT
ALONE...

Perfect
Together!

WARNER
MYRNA
BAXTER
LOY

"Broadway
Bill"

A
FRANK
CAPRA

PRODUCTION
By

ROBERT
MARK
HELLINGER

WALTER
CONNOLLY

HELEN
VINSON

A
COLUMBIA
PICTURE

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

TWO BRILLIANT STARS BROUGHT TOGETHER
IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE

The producers of "It Happened One Night" "Lady For A Day" and "One Night Of Love" Now Bring You The Greatest Romantic Comedy Of All Time!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]
talent on the screen is just a passing fancy. Today a cunning child tops handsome heroes and beautiful girls at the box-office any night in the week. But by tomorrow the pendulum of public favor may swing from babies to black-faced comedians or trained seals. Who knows?

GEORGE MACK, Omaha, Neb.

WANTED: A NETWORK

If I had a million I'd buy a radio station and give coast-to-coast broadcasts in praise of Helen Mack. As it is, I'll have to content myself with a twenty-five cent megaphone, which will serve the same purpose in a smaller way. I think she's one of the grandest little actresses on the screen, and certainly the prettiest.

A. K. L., Knoxville, Tenn.

AMEN!

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," this very night, has taught me the difference between the Amen of a parent who breeds hate and fear in the souls of his children and the Amen of love, capable of destroying illness and the fear of death. No greater sermon has ever been preached than by this stirring drama.

We don't know whether or not Anna Sten can win at ping pong, but she certainly comes out on top with the movie audience! Latest fame-winner for Miss Sten is "We Live Again"!

Call off the bloodhounds! Little man, you've had a busy day! Irvin S. Cobb is all worn out after his jail break. People have been hollering for funnier comedies, so Colonel Cobb is coming through with a series for Hal Roach, one of which is "The Ballad of Paducah Jail." Cobb says it isn't biographical, even if it is about Paducah.

were given one wish, it would be that every mother and father who dominate their sons and daughters might see this picture.

MRS. HAROLD VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio

MRS. CUPID

I would like to say a word to all dissatisfied wives. Annex a movie hero! The advantages are numerous: No broken homes. No lawyers' fees. No half orphaned children. No scandal. No divorce.

When the world goes wrong just take the afternoon off and see your favorite movie star. For a blissful hour you will be the most desired of all women, your every wish granted by a handsome man who is always romantic (as our John never was), never forgets to be polite and never, never makes a scene over the bills.

You will return home from a movie with a veneer of well being that can withstand being blamed for everything, from junior's tummy ache to the rain's spoiling an afternoon of golf. And it costs so little!

MARY MIKSH, Clovis, N. M.

MOVIE MIRACLE

The police department of a hamlet went to the home of a man upon being informed that contraband articles—machine guns, pistols, counterfeit money, etc.—were hidden there. They surrounded the house, then the captain stole in quietly and covered the suspect. At the police station after the suspect was booked, the captain asked him why he had not tried to escape, and why he had not continued to keep the contraband hidden.

The man answered, "I saw a movie last night, 'The Defense Rests,' with Jack Holt. I've been thinking it over and decided to end my career of crime myself, before another ends it for me. I'm willing to take my punishment."

CHARLES ENIBINDER, Minneapolis, Minn.
HATS OFF, PLEASE
It ain't no sin to go to the movies, but it is a sin to lose one's temper and swear.

Along with the Mae West influence and the "Gay Nineties" styles, large hats have reappeared.

We sit behind them swearing to ourselves, missing half the picture, craning our necks. Isn't it about time to display that old sign on the screen again, "Will the ladies please remove their hats?"

Mrs. Paul Redeker, Springfield, Ill.

HAPPY ENDINGS?
There seems to be some timidity on the part of producers in making pictures with tragic endings.

I have noticed it in two recent productions, "Chained" and "British Agent."

Here were two fine pictures, yet I know I would remember them longer if in "British Agent" Leslie Howard and Kay Francis had died together as would have happened in real life, and if in "Chained" Joan Crawford had stayed chained and not given up at the last minute.

These and other productions have failed to reach top because of melodramatic, artificial endings which you feel are not real.

Lennon Allen, Winter Park, Fla.

DIDN'T EVEN CHANGE THE TITLE?
My pet movie peeve recently is against producers for their ruthless distortion of stories in adapting books to the screen.

I salute, however, with a high hand RKO-Radio for its splendid production from Mrs. Wharton's charming book, "The Age of Innocence."

Its flawless photography, perfection of cast, fine fidelity to custom and costume of the period and the beautiful and accurate con-

stunity of the text, places this movie in my gallery of exquisite picture memories.

A. Watson, Oak Park, Ill.

STUPENDOUS PANCAKE
I've discovered when a picture is advertised as stupendous, colossal, dazzling, gigantic, thrilling, it usually is very disappointing and sometimes as flat as the proverbial pancake.

Why all the ado over so-called "big" pictures?

Agnes McTague, Colorado Springs, Colo.

POET'S PRAISE
After seeing "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," one can rightly agree with Robert Browning:

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Well, the cinema world, anyway.

M. McKay, Dallas, Texas

NIGHTHOOD IS IN FLOWER
Surely a splendid production like "One Night of Love," featuring Grace Moore, could have had a more appropriate title. Not often are we given a superb picture like this one.

But why the title?

I have seen seven pictures in recent months with the word "night" in the titles! Dawn (once a favorite word with title-thinkers-uppers) has apparently faded into night. Why not give dusk or evening a chance? Nice words, too.

And also made for love.

Mrs. Mary R. Brooke, Hollywood, Calif.

A news article never appears concerning a marriage, divorce, extravagance or scandal about an actor or actress that someone doesn't exclaim, "Those movie people! Isn't it terrible?" And a barrage of unkind criticism follows.

We put them in glass houses so we can watch their personal lives. Is it fair, then, to stand off and throw stones?

Mrs. Alice C. Wood, Phoenix, Ariz.

CHILDISH AMERICANS?
Traveling about Australia I have often heard the cry, "We're tired of American movie nonsense. It's so childish. Why doesn't America grow up?" And any intelligent person can see this plea is justified!

America, look to your laurels! There are other countries making pictures now.

J. A. Glennon, South Australia.

DODGE 'EM, HOLLYWOOD!
I'd like to know if the following "entertainment" doesn't rate a workload of brickbats:

Two lugubrious comedies.

One pathetic imitation of a Walt Disney cartoon.

A news reel with only one bright spot—a passing shot of Will Rogers in Japan.

And "Chained," ill-starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, who, of course, couldn't help it if their vehicle had flat tires, a lugsless motor and no particular design.

Please tell Hecht and MacArthur to hurry to the rescue!

Marie Brennan, St. Louis, Mo.

I am a farmer boy—the old-fashioned, garden variety. I rise at 4:30 in the morning, bring the cows from the pasture, milk them, feed the horses, the pigs, the chickens, then begin on the real day's work. If it's July, I cut hay; if it's March, I make maple syrup. Summer, winter, spring and fall—there's always something to be done.

But in the evening I drive dull care away. Get my sweetheart and go into town to watch a love story on the screen. Whoopie! I even forget about the alarm clock!

Archie R. Albso, Marathon, N. Y.

NO SALE ON SHORTS
Why the sudden hue and cry against double feature programs? I prefer two long features, even if one is inferior, to a lot of un-funny comedies, silly shorts, and news that often isn't news.

Ruth King, Cranford, New Jersey.

Helen Mack comes in for a big bouquet this month. Here she is attending the preview of "The Lemon Drop Kid." Her escort is Charles Irwin, and he usually goes where Helen goes, making it a romance.

Are children screen players just a fad? One reader says so. Baby Juanita Quigley and Marilyn Knowelden, on the set of "Imitation of Life," hope it isn't true. They're having too good a time.
Be Moviedom's guest in your own easy chair!

Tune in on

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

EACH THURSDAY NIGHT AT 10:00, E. S. T.
OVER COLUMBIA NETWORK

Join Hollywood over its teacups—as you hear Cal York's newsy Hollywood talk. Attend a Hollywood "First Night" as we pre-view a thrilling new movie, enroute to your nearby theatres. Meet your best-liked screen stars—interviewed during each broadcast. Hear the latest successes from the studio music shops, brilliantly interpreted by Mark Warnow's Orchestra.

Here's Hollywood—the town, the people, the industry, transported to your loudspeaker. Swift-paced. Enthralling. Grand entertainment in "45 Minutes in Hollywood." Tune in this Thursday night.


Hollywood!... Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, in Columbia's new picture "Broadway Bill."

Hollywood!... Elissa Landi and Cary Grant, caught by the camera in "Enter Madame," new Paramount production


Presented by BORDEN'S distributors of NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
IS this outfit smart, girls? And is Gloria Swanson very smart looking in it! Certainly, it's something brand new in a woolen blouse and skirt effect, with the niftiest sort of touches. Incidentally, Gloria and John Boles are giving us all a vocal treat in the Fox film version of the stage hit, "Music in the Air."
STEFFI DUNA listens to Regis Toomey cooing sweet nothings in a scene from RKO's tale of the South Seas, "Kara." It's quite a change for Steffi from her many-flounced Spanish costumes of "La Cucaracha," sensational Technicolor short. The previous assignment for Regis was in Majestic's "She Had to Choose."
SYLVIA SIDNEY looks to be a very pensive little Indian girl. But actually, she is enjoying herself immensely. Because Sylvia, in between her own scenes, likes nothing better than to sit on the sidelines and watch the work of the other players. She wears this lavish tribal garb in Paramount's "Behold My Wife"
PATRICIAN ANN HARDING, cool and poised, as she appears in the M-G-M picture, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," in which she is co-starred with Bob Montgomery. Ann, a tennis addict, was compelled by the doctor to give up her racket during the filming of this production. It was sapping all of her vitality.
WHEN, several years ago, I saw Helen Hayes on the New York stage in "What Every Woman Knows," I had a fleeting wish—which soon vanished as hopeless—that I might some day see this distinguished little lady on the screen in the same rôle.

Therefore, I was more than delighted when, a few months ago, M-G-M announced that Miss Hayes was on her way to Hollywood to bring to life once more the unmatchable Maggie of Barrie's creation.

Miss Hayes, who never once in her whole career failed to portray splendidly any rôle she essayed, has, I believe, never surpassed, either on stage or screen, this latest production.

You have probably seen "What Every Woman Knows." If you haven't, it is likely there will be a later billing in your town. Everyone who has once seen it is eager to see it again. You'll be sorry if you miss it.

It pays to screen a good story. Walter Wanger, who produced the sensational picture "The President Vanishes," estimates, it is said, that the studios' expenditure for indifferent material runs far ahead of that for really good stories.

Mr. Wanger's estimate is that of $2,500,000 expended in five years for stories, only one quarter of that sum has purchased real quality. The rest may be classified as poor.

In last month's Photoplay you read an article entitled "Let's Go To Tomorrow's Movies," in which the prediction was made that, by 1940, the screening of pictures by television in your home would be practicable. Now, M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, announces he believes this dream will come true, and that we can enjoy in our easy chairs current news features, instead of going to the theater to see them.

From this, it looks as though our news is going to be truly pictorial, and that the newspapers of the future may have strong competition.

Incidentally, Mr. Aylesworth allows five years for the consummation of this idea.

Those stinging little gnats, the "quickies," are annoying the major studios. A "quickie" manufacturer, you know, is usually an enterprising fellow who manages to get together enough cash to turn out a picture fast. He releases it through the lower priced theaters and often makes a neat profit on each production.

The big, well-established studios see no reason why they should not have some of this profit, too. Plans are being considered by them for this type of production. The major studios certainly will turn out as good, probably better films than these
little competitors. And, as an added advantage, these "quickies" could serve as a training school for many actors.

THE life of the late Lou Tellegen was really an epitome of a considerable period of motion picture history. It was romantic, dramatic, tragic.

About 1915 he entered into a contract with Famous Players, and for the next decade his star was in the ascendent. Tellegen was unique in the fact that he was representative of every phase of the motion picture colony.

Fame suddenly flamed before him when Sarah Bernhardt gave him a leading rôle in "Madame X" for her American tour. The stage was his by inheritance. His mother was a Dutch dancer. At the age of eighteen, he appeared as Romeo, and in Ibsen's "Ghosts."

After his appearance with Bernhardt, his career secure, he became a tremendous matinee idol.

Jesse Lasky gathered about him celebrated names, and Tellegen was one of them. His Broadway fame, through the medium of the screen, was reflected in every city and village.

Tellegen became a symbol for Hollywood. His charming personality, his good looks, his grace of manner, his appeal to women everywhere, his sensational marriages and divorces established in the public's mind a conception of a Hollywood that was really mythical.

No man could live at such a dazzling pace forever. When fortune turned, he fought bravely to keep up a front. Only an incurable illness finally conquered him. Though he could no longer stave off defeat, nevertheless, we must take off our hats to him.

THERE'S going to be more real music in the air than we ever dreamed of. Maybe the intelligence norm of the average person is low, as the abstruse psychologists say, but there is one thing certain, good music fills the theaters. "One Night of Love" has proved that.

Among other studios, Universal has caught the idea and Director Howard Hawks will work into the next Margaret Sullavan production, "The Good Fairy," a complete symphony.

Paramount's "Enter Madame" has several operatic selections in it. Of course, the initial big hit with classic music woven in was "Be Mine Tonight."

Welcome the movie all-year round opera season!
It'll be grand—but—will the men have to buy top hats and tails?

WHAT effect will the developed Technicolor process have on women's clothes? Off hand, I would say a lot, for it no longer takes an argument to prove that the screen fashions our garments, manners and ways of living.

"La Cucaracha" gave us the first of the new colorful splendor. In "Becky Sharp" and in "Peacock Feather" we shall see dazzling rainment surpassing even King Solomon's famed lilies of the field. I wish to go on record as making this forecast: Spring will witness the gayest adornment on ladies we have seen in many a season.

EVEN Mickey Mouse is to have a new paint job. Walt Disney has decided that the lovable little rodent is too anemic and is suffering in comparison with the gorgeous "Silly Symphonies." You will soon be seeing Mickey Mouse with a pink nose and a school girl complexion.
HERE'S proof that all opera stars aren't fat and all movie songsters aren't crooners. For Nelson Eddy is tall and handsome, and a baritone. M-G-M has lured him from the operatic and concert stage. His small but successful rôle in "Student Tour" probably will be followed by the male lead in "Naughty Marietta"
Will Your Favorite Star Survive Color?

**You can’t fool the color camera! It’s going to set a new standard of beauty**

*By Mildred Mastin*

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

**BLEACHED heads must go. No more platinums. No more artificial blondes. No more heavy make-up.**

How many stars can survive these edicts?

Yet, according to Robert Edmond Jones, these rules must govern the choosing of stars in the future.

"Because," Jones says, "color has come to the screen to stay. And you can’t fool the color camera! It catches the slightest artificiality, magnifying it, making it ridiculous. Bleached hair which may be beautiful on the shadow screen, in Technicolor looks like a straw wig."

Robert Edmond Jones, famous stage designer, designed the sets and worked out the color composition for "La Cucaracha," the first motion picture to be made entirely by the new Technicolor process. He is in Hollywood now working on "Becky Sharp," an all-color full length feature which RKO-Radio is producing.

The title rôle in "Becky Sharp" was, of course, a coveted one. It would be the first full-length feature picture filmed by the new process which photographs all the colors of the spectrum. It would attract tremendous attention and comment.

However, when Robert Edmond Jones looked over a list of all the eager applicants for the rôle, his answer to each name was "no." Becky Sharp must be blonde. But she had to be a natural blonde. The plum finally went to Miriam Hopkins, whose golden hair has never been touched by a bleach. It photographs beautifully, soft and silky, shining yellow.
"We all live in a world of color," says Jones. "It is ridiculous to think that people do not want color in their movies. People are now prejudiced against color pictures because they have seen bad ones, made by the old, imperfect process. When they are shown movies in which the color has been brought to the screen truly and naturally, they won't be satisfied with black and white pictures any more."

And whether you agree with Jones or not, you are compelled to remember back, seven years ago, when sound came to the screen, and movie-goers resented the imperfect recordings, the cracked voices. They said it was just a fad, that silent pictures would remain, that the talkies would never be accepted.

However, sound advanced swiftly, and the public's early prejudices against it were soon swept away by the rapid improvements in talkies.

Technicolor, on the other hand, has been building up a wall of disfavor for twenty years. The first Technicolor picture was made in 1914, and it was not till recently that any major improvement in the process was made.

Except for Disney's colored symphonies, "La Cucaracha" is the only picture released so far that has been entirely made by the new process. Pictures made by the old process you did not like. They looked highly artificial, and the colors were not true.

There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the old color camera could not photograph blue. Of the primary colors it "saw" only yellow and red. Since blue is one of the three primary colors, it was impossible to get a true color picture of any shot with the old Technicolor cameras. Even white did not
Perhaps marriage may be the happy exchange she seeks for fame, fortune and Hollywood

By Kirtley Baskette

When you see Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy," take a long, lingering look. For nobody knows at what moment this girl who hates Hollywood will walk out of movies, never to return
It’s no act—it’s an actuality, which time has made more and more insistent, more and more evident. I rather imagine she herself wondered about it for a while, whether or not she was sincere in her dislike of making pictures. I know, however, that time has convinced her that being a motion picture star presents a hopeless ordeal—that somehow Fate ironically picked the wrong person to thrust into a spotlighted spot in which somehow she cannot bear to remain.

I remember talking to her when she first came out from “Dinner At Eight” on Broadway to make “Only Yesterday.” She was firmly convinced then that she was completely unequipped for the screen. John M. Stahl, the director who from his seat in a theater audience had picked her for the part he had searched all over the world to fill, had to plead and coax her to come to Hollywood, to fame, fortune and future.

She didn’t want to. She had never heard of John Stahl, she wasn’t interested in any part of a Hollywood career. She finally weakened, not from the desire of becoming a screen star, not with the faintest idea of ever possibly becoming a screen star. She weakened because she had played a series of unsuccessful Broadway shows—and here was a successful, guaranteed engagement.

“I’m a mess for movies,” she believed then, after a few days on the set of “Only Yesterday.” “I’m not even half-way beautiful. I don’t know anything about making pictures. As soon as this is through, I’m going back to New York.” Which she did; in fact, she started to leave a time or two before the picture was finished.

Her interrupted flights, her sincere protests, her storied rebellions, her eccentric actions were not temperament. They were inspired by a sudden and overpowering realization that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
Could You Love, Honor

W. H. E. S. and sweethearts, please give heed! I have something very exciting and also very personal to ask you. Would you exchange your husband or your sweetheart for one of the famous lovers of the screen? Would you, if you had the chance, exchange your John for John Boles? Or your Bill for Bill Powell? Or your Bob for Bob Montgomery?

Could you and would you love, honor and obey—obey, mind you—Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, George Brent, Leslie Howard, Robert Montgomery, William Powell, Franchot Tone, Warner Baxter, John Boles, or Fredric March if you had the chance?

Isn’t that something to think about? Can’t you see yourself bustling briskly about the home of some noted screen star, supervising the meals, sewing on buttons, placing away, in neat little stacks, piles of socks and handkerchiefs, or telephoning the shops that Mrs. Colman or Mrs. Gable was speaking and how about a nice tender chicken for Mr. Colman’s or Mr. Gable’s dinner?

Stop, my quivering heart!

Would you gladly and willingly lay aside your comfortable existence and the comfortable understanding that exists between you and your best beau for the hectic existence as the wife of a famous screen lover, with its overwhelming need for tactfulness at all times and under all circumstances (no matter about your personal feelings) and its demands on your time? Demanding that you go places and do things when you don’t want to?

But wouldn’t the sound of an awe-stricken voice whispering, “There goes Clark Gable’s wife,” make up for all the lost comfort? What do you say, girls? Could you really love, honor and obey one of these fascinating men?

But wait. Before you decide. Let’s contemplate a bit more on the Mrs. Colman idea. On the screen, Colman is pretty much considered the remote and unattainable lover. Generally, he has a reputation for being the same off. But certain delightful English women in Hollywood (sorry, but he does prefer them a wee bit English) will tell you, in strict secrecy, that he is the most gay and charming companion imaginable.

That he rather likes the English idea of superiority of the male. The Americans like it too, poor sweet lambs, but they don’t know how to get it. But Ronnie does, make no mistake. In fact, he prefers very feminine women—but they must play tennis.

So for marital bliss with Ronnie you’d have to brush up on your backhand stroke, be sure to speak the King’s English and serve scones at tea—and by all means, wear blue—any shade of blue, but give the preference to navy. It’s his favorite color. And cheerio, here’s the best news yet, unless you’re a giddy fly-by-night. He likes comfort and a glowing fireside.
and Obey These Men?

The Big Twelve, who rouse more thrills, perhaps, than all the other male stars in Hollywood

By Arline Merton

Close your eyes for a moment, girls, and dream dreams. Rain dropping gently on the roof. Dripping from long, weary tree branches outside the window. Inside, a warm glowing fire. Across, in a deep, comfortable chair, Ronald Colman. The man you had promised to love, honor and obey. Could you take it, girls?

Or maybe you'd attached that fireside dream to Gary Cooper with his long legs stretched out from the easiest chair. Well, forget that dream, for you couldn't keep Gary in a chair very long. He'd have to tear outdoors for some plain and fancy riding or a bit of camping out or even rounding up. And how would you be on a round-up?

On the screen and off the screen, Gary is about the same, I'm told. The strong, silent type who loves one woman to the exclusion of all others. Could you love, honor and obey Gary Cooper for as long as you live?

Then there's the irrepressible Bob Montgomery. Just how would you like to be Mrs. Montgomery while you're at it? Sharing always and forever in that little bad boy grin and those bad boy pranks? For example, supposing you were giving a party and some Mrs. Prim-and-Proper wanted to use the telephone, and the telephone, heaven help us all, suddenly shot forth a stream of water in Mrs. Prim-and-Proper's eye just as Bob had intended it should. What, oh what, would you do then, Mrs. Montgomery?

For Bob will do those things. He will have people sitting down on cream puffs or grab up someone, more than likely you, and off you'd go to the beach for a day of kewpie-dolling and merry-go-rounding.

And then he'd look at you with that mischievous but guilty little smile and—well, here's where you make your choice. Would you say, "No, I couldn't take a lifetime of loving or obeying him. I couldn't." Or would you say, with your heart bursting with love and joy, "Bob, you imp, I—l just love you so much; I'm glad you're mine to honor and to keep."

Oh dear, we haven't even touched on Herbert Marshall or Fredric March or John Boles, and here we are all dewy-eyed and everything with our dreams brought so completely into the open.

Smooth and gentle Englishman that Herbert Marshall is, if he loved you, he would go through the bad place and high water for you. But he would expect the same in return,
We now pause for long, drawn-out sighs.

Or is the suave Bill Powell your preference? If it's poise and wit and social sense you value in a man, Bill is elected. But study up on your answers, because Bill likes the girl who knows him. He is always gay and amusing—he likes gay companions. You would have to like dogs or Bill wouldn't do for you at all—he's crazy about 'em. And his favorite costume (honest) is a pair of bathing trunks. He has a crazy kind of fantastic humor, and it requires a rather worldly sophisticated woman to really appreciate him. You naive little girls should fall for somebody else—you wouldn't be happy with Bill. And, too, Bill goes in for new fangled electric things. Buttons that open gates or fling down beds in the most awful places. Like the one in the projection room, for instance. And remember, Bill likes his women plenty colorful, gay and smartly turned out. Look at Lombard. Look at Harlow. Look and at Bill. Could you take him forever and ever?

But Leslie Howard—well, in spite of his extremely cultured air of rather tired sophistication, Leslie has a very tender and understanding side. An eye for the beautiful ladies, Leslie has. So unless you have the understanding of ten women, you'd curl up and die of jealousy in no time. But if Leslie is your ideal, make no final decision until you have seen him in a polo outfit. Then you can judge the triumph of mind over matter.

Now for you girls who like to feel the latent caveman in your ideal lover—Clark Gable is made to order. He is the perfect Male Triumphant, whose word would be law, and who would give the impression of plenty of force available—if necessary. Some of us enjoy thinking that he could even be cold—that he could leave without a word or a backward look, if he were displeased. He is the dominating type, whose word would be law. But the Right Woman always knows she could appeal to the little-boy side of his nature.

For instance, if Clark grew too dominant for any good, you could run right out and buy him a new gun. Not to shoot you with, my dear, but to distract his attention. Clark, you know, is the big outdoor type and even if you were left alone by the telephone for weeks on end while Clark went hunting for wild animals, could you or would you give all your love and life to honor and obey him?

You could be sure of one thing in Franchot Tone. And that's faithfulness. But just supposing you could pry Franchot away from Joan Crawford—and I'd like to see the team of elephants that could do it—would Franchot be that dream Prince in your life? Have you ever wondered just what romance, love and marriage with Franchot would be like?

For one thing, you dreamers, you'd have to know a lot about books, art and culture. And you'd have to be careful about putting forth that old positive personality of yours. Franchot is a gentle man, who wants to
At Last The Films Round Up Joe

For eight years, Joe Morrison did some planning, and it must have been good, because it landed him right where he wanted to be—in the movies. And, Joe says, he’s doing right well, thank you.

In the course of that eight years, Joe decided he might as well do something about his voice. It’s been described by rapt admirers as “golden honey.” So, he tried it out with “The Last Round-Up.” You could cut the silence—but it wasn’t the silence of close attention, it was that cold silence of disapproval. Well, Joe put that song right back on the shelf—until three months later. Stuck for a song, he dragged it out and dusted it off. He was soloist with George Olsen’s orchestra at the time. Anyhow, Joe sang the plaintive plains song. The dancers stopped in their gliding and listened. Joe finished and they mobbed him—demanding more. They made him sing it until he was hoarse. Overnight, he became a sensation. Not so long after, he was in New York and Adolph Zukor heard him.

P.S. Joe got a Paramount contract.

But, that sounds easy. Far from that. Previously, Joe got a job as tenor in a vaudeville quartet, and headed toward Hollywood. There he spent a desperate year trying to crash the golden gates. But no go. The studio scouts and executives didn’t even give him a tumble for his work in “Nine O’Clock Revue,” and he was in that in Hollywood for eight months!

But, that’s all water under the bridge. Joe is now right where he wants to be, and he’s coming along—fast. You last saw him in “The Old-Fashioned Way,” and now, “Me Without You.” And he has at least two more pictures ahead of him.

He’s only twenty-seven, and not married—not even “in danger,” he says. But, there is one thing certain, should he marry, the little girl will just have to live in Hollywood. Joe is not only sold on the movies, but on the town, too.

Tha-a-ank You-hoo, Maxine Doyle

Maxine Doyle is one little girl who went back home and made out better. That sounds funny, but Maxine was doing right nicely with a job as Master of Ceremonies in a Washington, D. C., theater. She decided she’d rattle out to Hollywood and give it a look-over. She bought herself an old car and went. Now California is Maxine’s home grounds, so she knew just where she was going. Also, Hollywood itself was no novelty to her, in that many of the stars had been under her eye in their Washington personal appearances.

So, you have Miss Doyle in Hollywood, and Hollywood took one look at the five-foot-two, eyes-of-blue Maxine, and then and there the Master of Ceremonies business was history for Maxine. She was a novelty, and Warner Brothers was not passing up such a delightful one.

The net result was a contract and a part in a stage production of “Take a Chance,” with Olsen and Johnson, two delightful people to take a chance with. Maxine was a hit from the opening curtain. So much so, that M-G-M promptly borrowed her for “Student Tour.” Then she hopped on her little bicycle and pedalled around with Joe E. Brown in “6 Day Bike Rider.” Soon you’ll see her in “Babbitt.”

“How’d you do it?” she was asked.

“Why, I didn’t do a thing!” she said. “I just smiled and took any old thing they gave me. I never asked nor demanded, and I think my meekness just broke them down.”

And now, here’s a deep, dark secret on how Maxine started the road up. It was when she was Master of Ceremonies. The first night, when she said “Thank you” to the audience, she was so scared, her voice broke and the “you” went way up to the roof. It was a howl! And she had to do it all the time thereafter. The good people just ate it up.
"MAYBE," said Director Henry Hathaway, with just a tinge of irony in his voice, "we had better call this picture 'Wives of a Bengal Lancer!'"

And tearing into shreds a sign reading, "No Women Allowed," which he had just jerked down from a tree trunk, he resigned himself to the gloom of his thoughts.

You see, the reason for Director Hathaway’s inward struggle was the fact that the dust from Gary Cooper’s retreating car was still sitting up his nostrils. And the reason that Gary Cooper’s car was bedusting the scenic shores of Malibu Lake was that Gary was deserting camp in a hurry to meet his wife, Sandra Shaw Cooper—

And all this was very much against the rules.

The setting for this bit of dramatics is the greatest excursion of modern movie times—Paramount’s rugged (and partly ragged) expedition of some four hundred masculine souls into the wilds to make "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." You probably read the book by Francis Yeats-Brown, and if you did you’ll know that it’s pretty exclusively a male affair. No women. Well—there is to be one in the movie—Kathleen Burke—but she’ll slip in and out inside of two hundred feet of film.

Incidentally, this is not the only picture planned or in the making, in which the males are an overwhelming majority. On the M-G-M list, there’s "Mutiny on the Bounty," also with a lone woman. Fox is going in strong for masculinity. "Hell in the Heavens" is a one-woman film, he being Conchita Montenegro; "East River" has just two, Marjorie Rambeau and Grace Bradley, and in the same studio’s "Lottery Lover," three-fourths of the cast are men. It’s something for the ladies of Hollywood to worry about!

Hathaway was to have with him four hundred hairy-chested gentlemen, including some hundred and fifty Hindu olive pickers from the Napa Valley, a troop of a hundred mustang-bitten cowboys (made up as lancers), and such two-fisted fellows as Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue, Richard Cromwell, Douglas Dumbrille and Colin Tapley. There also were to be a host of dare-devil war veterans from all over the world, including Russian generals, Cossack cavalry commanders, Australian light-horse officers, and even a former member of Pershing’s staff. So, with these stiff-whiskered gentlemen filling the woods, Director Hathaway decided that members of the weaker sex would seem a bit out of place on this particular expedition. Oh, there’d be a production staff member or two, but those business-like girls wouldn’t interfere with plans. So he determined to make the whole affair a he-man’s holiday. Hence the sign—

"No Women Allowed."

It was the very next day after the monastic edict that up to the forbidden spot...
The "Bengal Lancers" director hid his masculine cast in the mountain wilderness, but women still pursued them

By Kirtley Baskette

Four hundred hardy men invaded the wilderness around Mount Whitney, to make the exciting Khyber Pass sequences of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount. Among them were many cowboys, war veterans, and Hindus boiled Sandra Shaw Cooper in her roadster and registered at the nearby Malibu lodge. Immediately she dispatched a messenger to the forbidden precincts with a note. And whatever she wrote, her words had more authority for Gary than military orders.

Gary said he thought he should go over to the lodge, but Director Hathaway said he wanted the entire company to stay Hollywood, and therefore within convenient feminine seige distance, was due to pack into the bare and rocky slopes of Mount Whitney—three hundred miles from anywhere, to film the Khyber Pass excitement of the picture.

Getting into the location at Lone Pine, Mr. Hathaway reflected with satisfaction, would be something of a feat for a lady who had no business with...
Many times she seemed way out of reach, but persistent Rafe Forbes at last touched heaven

By Jerry Lane

For romance: A tennis court inspirationally located between a rose-covered tea house and a dahlia garden.

A balmy afternoon.

One very handsome, very blond young man.

One slip of a girl with hair like buffed ebony, an adorably piquant face—and the meapest serve in Hollywood.

"I didn't know an Angel could play a game like you do!" Ralph Forbes lunged for a well placed low one, returned it, missed her answering shot.

"Forty, love," sang out someone from the sidelines.

"Love?" echoed Mr. Forbes, reaching for a high ball.

"Love!" chanted Cupid, swinging on the net.

They'd met a bare half hour before. H. M. Howard, writer extraordinary and "Tottie" to his friends, had done the trick. And Heather Angel had smiled, a very secret little smile, as Rafe lingered over her hand. She couldn't very well explain what she was thinking. But in her mind's eye she was back in India, escaping from the broiling sun into a small, rattan-roofed theater, seeing a picture years old—"Beau Geste."

"That young one, that Forbes, he seems so familiar," she remarked to her friend, a member of the same repertory company in which Heather was touring the Orient. "Do you suppose I could have met him anywhere in London? He's obviously from England, too."

And then in Colombo, another cinema with Forbes a Scotch nobleman this time. In Sarat, he was a dashing army officer up there on the screen. In Calcutta they saw him as a spy. In Hong-Kong he was Betty Compson's lover.

"Is there any other actor in America?" Heather demanded. "Every time we go to a motion picture, there he is! . . . And I still can't place where I met him."

But they'd never met. Not until that afternoon on Howard's tennis court. A haunting memory of something never lived, half remembered scenes from an unknown past. Where do they come from?

This, however, was real enough! Rafe Forbes was asking for her telephone number in the customary fashion of young men the world over. There was but one slight hitch. He wrote it down wrong! The very next morning he dialed the number. A cool, impersonal voice slid over the wires to him, "Sloot and Sloot, plumbers. No sir, there's no angel here. This is a plumbing shop."
It all happened so suddenly, when they were married, that Rafe didn't have time to make an official proposal!

"Hang!" said Mr. Forbes. 'No use trying to wheedle it out of the operator. The private numbers of picture people are guarded more zealously than the crown jewels. He tried Howard. Mr. Howard, his secretary informed Rafe, had been called out of town unexpectedly.

Not fifteen minutes later, Howard's secretary was informing a Miss Angel that yes, she thought she could get Mr. Forbes' telephone number. Just a minute please. It's... here it is, Oxford 3216.

But—here it wasn't! Heather had no way of knowing that the secretary had inadvertently read "6" instead of "7." She was sure of just one thing. Never would she ring Ralph Forbes again. Not as long as she lived. That furious woman who had answered the call. Brrr!

It left her petrified. He wouldn't be invited to this cocktail party—nor to any other she gave!

And that's the way matters stood for four months.
SURE I'm worried about this movie. I've been worried for sixty-three years. You say I don't look sixty-three? What? Forty-five? Lady, if I were forty-five, I'd jump up and swing from that chandelier. And then I wouldn't have to earn a living by playing in a movie. And then, maybe, I wouldn't be worried!"

It was George M. Cohan speaking. The movie he was worried about was "Gambling." He had written the play himself some years ago. He had played in it on Broadway, and it is numbered among his successes. And now, out at the Astoria, Long Island studio, he was making it into a motion picture.

Most people thought that Cohan would never try to make another movie. His Hollywood talkie experience, just two years ago, was brief and unhappy. It started when he was lured to the Coast to appear in "The Phantom President." And it ended the minute the picture was finished.

"I wouldn't have gone back into pictures—in Hollywood," Cohan says bitterly, "I didn't like the folks out there; they didn't like me. But making this movie here in the East, that's different. For one thing, it's my own play; I wrote it. 'The Phantom President' was written by twelve hundred other people. Oh, it must have been at least twelve hundred, for there was a new author brought in every minute!

"Another thing, I'm making this picture for a boy I've known all my life—Harold Franklin. That makes a difference."

But if you know Cohan, you realize that his dislike for Hollywood is based on something far more human and fundamental than the fact that on the Coast he didn't know the producer, and that the script had too many authors. And even Hollywood must admit that George M. Cohan was treated strangely.

In the first place, Cohan went to Hollywood with the understanding that he was to help write the script. But among the alleged twelve hundred authors, Cohan was not numbered. It was almost as if Hollywood forgot, or didn't know, that George M. Cohan [please turn to Page 114]

Cohan didn't like Hollywood and says Hollywood did not like him. But if "Gambling" proves a success, he may make more pictures in the East.
MEET the general! Ruby Keeler looks so fetching in that uniform, we'd even smile if she ordered a court martial! Wearing gold braid and epaulets, Ruby is commanding attention now in Warner Brothers' musical, "Flirtation Walk." Yes, Dick Powell wears a uniform, too. But it's Ruby Keeler who gives the orders.
RALPH BELLAMY in a striking studio pose. Ralph is soon to be seen in Fox's "Helldorado." He recently returned, you know, from a trip to England. And, lo and behold, he brought back seven lamp-posts. But, 'sall right. They were relics from the historic Waterloo Bridge, which has been torn down
PEGGY FEARS, who acted and produced plays on Broadway, shows one of the gowns and a gorgeous hat she wears in Fox's "Lottery Lover." This is her début as a screen player, and, under the terms of her contract, we may hear from Miss Fears as a writer and director. And a striking looking woman she is, too
BEHIND this innocent exterior is dynamite! "Spanky" McFarland doesn’t keep all his devilment for his picture scenes. In the filming of his latest, RKO-Radio’s "Kentucky Kernels," he had Wheeler and Woolsey in a constant state of dithers—chairs whisked from under them, trip lines everywhere. Nice "Spanky"!
Kitty Crashes Fame

Mr. Opportunity had to rap hard and loud before Miss Carlisle listened to his Hollywood offer

By Julius Irwin

"No, I won't sign the contract, until I've seen my test."

"But why?" protested the perplexed Paramount executive engaged in signing up practically unknown Kitty Carlisle for a movie career. "It's our gamble—not yours."

"I might be terrible, and I'd feel like such a fool!" was the explanation that didn't explain a thing.

It's just such unorthodox, upside down things about this amazing and amusing Carlisle person of New Orleans, Paris, Rome, London, New York and points cosmopolitan which have just about convinced Hollywood that Kitty is one of the most interesting, completely captivating and unusually destined things that has happened to it for a long, long time.

For one thing, it's hardly cricket for a girl to be in Hollywood only six months and, with no particular stage prestige, to leap right up to stardom with that secret passion of the nation's femininity, Bing Crosby. Kitty shares the headlines in the picture she has just finished, "Here Is My Heart."

Then again, for a girl who has to make something of herself to click professionally is admirable, but understandable; however, for a girl like Kitty, who was cradled on a velvet cushion, tutored by royalty, polished and finished abroad, introduced into Continental society, and tossed about in the soft lap of luxury to suddenly say, "Oh, rats, I'm tired of being worthless. I'll just have myself a career—" and get it—well, it's like the Hollywood climate—unusual.

Of course, to most of the career of Kitty, whose name rhymes quite nicely with 'ditty,' starts with a tune which perhaps you have heard once or twice, called "Love in Bloom" (and if you haven't heard it, you'd better drag out your ear trumpet because you're going stone deaf as sure as the world—it fills the air these days). Which is to say, that Kitty Carlisle first made the general public sit erect and focus attention when she did the hitherto unheard of; namely, splitting singing honors with Bing Crosby in "She Loves Me Not."

Naturally that wasn't the first time she had ever tried out her voice, nor the first time she had put on greasepaint. In fact, the strange business noted above of an unknown girl's refusing to autograph a movie contract which she really did want very badly, took place in the artistic setting of Westport, Connecticut, where Kitty, having successfully completed her first professional engagement, a tour with a condensed company of "Rio Rita," was busily engaged in trying out the musical "Champagne Sec," an American adaptation of Johann Strauss' operetta "Die Fledermaus" (the flying mouse; i.e., Bat). Although just what champagne has to do with bats and flying mice is a little vague. Maybe you see them after you drink it. Kitty wasn't sure. Anyway, she played the part of "Prince Orloffsky" and they say she was really something in tights.

Possibly the Paramount talent scout was attracted clear down to Westport by the tights or the tasty, tangy title of the show, but finding Kitty twice [please turn to page 118]
DEAR JOAN:  

H'ar yuh? I'm very chipper myself. Thought I'd be heading for the Old Maid's home, didn't I, in my last letter? Well, t'aint so. Louise Fazenda's multiple birthday soirée, the opening of Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Nelson Eddy's cocktail gathering, Colonel Van Dyke's party—to say nothing of the elegant wedding in the DeMille family, a couple twirled at the gay Troadcadero, and several wildly expensive luncheons—have left me feeling anything but old-maidish. In fact, I'm utterly limp from so much festivity. Deah, deah, such popularity! 

I know that nothing but minute details will satisfy your avid curiosity, Joanie, so I shall relate everything that I've saw and did all this past month. I won't leave out a single word. 

Let's start on a nice, dignified note. Shall we? The DeMille wedding. The great C. B. was his son's best man, and I might mention that Noah Beery, Jr., Gwynne Pickford (Mary's niece) and Katherine DeMille were among the entourage. It was a beautiful ceremony, with exquisite music that just thrilled me to the marrow. Weddings always make me sentimental, anyway, and here I was longing for a nice, handsome fellow to lead me to the altar. However! 

Well, the bridesmaids looked heavenly in light blue gowns with trains, long sleeves and large swashbuckling hats to match, and lots of flowers around their necks. They carried small blue velvet Bibles. Then came the bride. Ah, the bride! She was Louise Denker, a society bud, and the niece of that big banking mogul, A. P. Giannini. 

Everyone in that beautifully dressed congregation craned necks and then gasped. Louise, like her bridesmaids, was completely in blue. Her fifteen-foot tulle train was a mass of blue foam. There was a rosary of amethysts twined in her fingers, and she carried a prayer book, and a long, silver-twined sheath of powder-blue water-lilies. I've never seen so exquisite a bride. In fact, her beauty, and the inspiring ceremony, took all my attention. I couldn't even tell you who was there. 

NOW from the sublime to the other thing. 

We took two hours for lunch at the Vendome's—the lovely Mrs. Robert Florey, Josephine Hutchinson, that delightful and capable young actress who is going to appear in the screen version of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Doris Warner LeRoy, and me. And we had a giggle when Doris suddenly pointed to our hats. All four of us had gone Tyrolean with mad feathers. Style slaves, that's all we are. 

Doris was awfully excited because for the first time she was going out to visit husband Mervyn LeRoy's set of "Sweet Adeline." Poor gal! For weeks now she's been staying home every night and going to bed early. When that director-spouse of hers is making a picture that's real, she'slearner. But she's quite content to stay in her mansion and read out of her first edition library, or look at a movie in her private projection room. With all that luxury, though, she's simple and sweet and fine. 

I KNOW you're going to think I'm always ravin' about Woody Van Dyke, the director. But I can't help it, he's such a peach. Last letter, if you remember, I told you how he called and invited me to a party and simply skyrocketed me out of the doldrums. Elegant party. Always elegant parties. Billie Burke was there, and Madge Evans, Minna Gombell, Ted Healy, Bob Woolsey and Anna May Wong. 

The Chinese lady was late because she was giving an Oriental dinner and had to wait until she was free. She is so charming and cultured that I'm always on pins and needles waiting for her. Someone said regretfully that she had just missed the Chinese consul—he couldn't wait any longer for her. To which our Miss Wong murmured, "Ah, these Chinese, they always retire early."

My friend Woolsey and I had quite a séance, we did. And I learned all
about his life. He was a jockey at the age of fourteen. But he thought he oughta use his face to make people—not horses—laugh, so he became a comedian! Did you ever hear of such a man?

That Healy tells me, honest. He's such a scream. We were sitting outside by Van's swimming pool, where there is a barbecue place and a big log fire (which was burning, believe me). It was just delightful, sitting there in the starlight, listening to Ted's amusing stories. Just a little group of us—Muriel Evans, Irene Hervey, Nick Stuart and a couple of others.

"Once," Healy tells us, "I was a master of ceremonies at a benefit where one of the guys to appear on the program is named Tito Schipa. I never heard of him, so I stick him on first, which is the worst spot. But when I go out and announce him, the house comes down. I can't imagine what for. Well, the little fellow goes out and starts to sing, and gosh, he's plenty good. I send him back three times before I learn that he's one of the world's finest opera singers. I guess he must have liked me, because that evening he comes to my dressing-room to get better acquainted. A couple thugs were there. They wanted to go out to a night club, and the little fellow asks to go along. We took him with us, and he told me afterward that he never had such a swell time in his life."

Healy shook his head. "Gosh, that boy's gotta voice. Wish I owned ten per cent of him!"

ONE particular day recently was what you might term momentous.

The beautiful, cultured Anna May Wong was so leisurely over dinner he missed the Chinese consul

Max Reinhardt's presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will come to the screen now. Here is Reinhardt signing a contract to produce spectacles for Warner Brothers. Jack Warner (left) and Hal Wallis are watching.

Louise Fazenda's party was that night and, of course, I wanted to look very special. So to the beauty shoppe, where they let loose on little Cummings.

And, I must first tell you a story about Miriam Hopkins that came from my operator, who, like Miriam, is a Southern girl. It was that, I'd judge, which started the bond of friendship between them. Anyway, the little beautician gets herself a vacation, spends it on a trip to Panama, and promptly falls wildly in love with an army flier. She comes back, and one day during a shampoo, confesses all to Miss Hopkins, plus the information that her beau is coming up to Los Angeles to see her... and maybe to marry her.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]
Norma Shearer surely is just about as chic as anything we ever saw on horseback—or off, for that matter, when she dons her fine tan whipcord breeches and her English knit shirt of darker tan. She's taking things easy, after her success in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street".

When you need rest, stand on your head! Norma does it on the springboard of the swimming pool at her Santa Monica home. And isn't her nautical lounging suit, shown above, a nifty beach outfit?
Here's One Fat Man Somebody Loves

EDWARD ARNOLD should know. He says that being a fat man has its advantages, particularly in the movies. Because, he explains, he can play all sorts of character roles and last indefinitely. He'll tell you that a movie fat man, in that respect, has it all over a romantic leading man. Of course, that's Eddie's opinion.

He declares he's the happiest man in Hollywood—for two reasons. First, because he's the proud father of three fine children, nine, fourteen, and sixteen. Second, because he's gone beyond being just established in pictures and has reached the stage where he's in constant demand. And his record backs up that last statement. You know of "Wednesday's Child," Going the rounds now are his "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," and "The President Vanishes." There are three pictures in about three months. And two more are already lined up for him. Yes, it might be said safely that Eddie is in constant demand.

And here's something about his private life. His favorite indoor sport is cooking! Honest. He likes nothing better than to don a huge—and huge is the word—apron and prepare the evening meal for his family. "And if you don't think I'm a good cook," he'll challenge you, "take a look at my youngsters. They're the healthiest in town!"

Born on New York City's East Side, Eddie had to hustle for himself very early in life. Why, at ten he was an office boy in a law firm! Through a settlement house club, he became interested in theatricals. Then came years of vaudeville and stock. And those years were well interlarded with many lean and hungry stays! But, they taught him the lesson of saving for that improbable (for him) rainy day. Which brings this up:

He never carries an umbrella and nobody can get him into a pair of galoshes, overshoes, if you like it that way.

She's The Belle Of The Film Colony

TOBY WING, a pink and golden doll-baby, a peppermint stick of loveliness. Well, to sum it all up, Hollywood is completely Toby-struck. Toby-struck has a real meaning down South, Suh, where Toby hails from. It means a homely colt. Can you imagine Toby, at any time in her young life, being homely?

And speaking of her young life, this nineteen-year-old blonde of enjoyable pertness is just what the doctor ordered, Hollywood's males contend.

But why? Well, gather closer. Here it is, as Toby gives it: What's sauce for the goose, is applesauce for the gander. And this is how it works:

Toby's first great romance was Jack Oakie. Jack asked for a movie date. But, said Toby, you must ask mama. And Jack had to ask not only mama but papa. And Jack had to have references! So he brought over his sister and her two children! Then H. B. Franklin, Jr. "I simply adore beautiful cars," she said of his. (Remember that statement for when you read further.)

Ah! And then came Maurice! None other than Maurice Chevalier. A demure little red dress with a more demure little Toby in it got Maurice, Toby says. But Maurice also got Toby. "I shall never, never forget Maurice," she vows.

Anyhow, enter Mr. Jackie Coogan. This one still stands, with a few intermissions, such as Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, Jr., and Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," is also prominently in the running. And another young producer was no proof against Toby's spell, for a time.

Now remember that line about H. B. Franklin's cars. "I simply adore old cars," Toby told Alfred when he drove up for her in one.

Toby's great fun, and really most naive.
Hollywood Holiday Follies

On Schulberg! On Thalberg! On Zanuck and Selznick!
On Briskin! On Ruskin! On Rivkin and Riskin!
The cheering practically tore down the Derby. Then a director from Paramount stepped forth and said he wanted to contribute another gem of Yuletide cheer in the little poem, "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way."

"Our version," he said, glancing nervously about, "goes like this:
"Jingle Belle of the Nineties,
Jingle Belle of the Nineties,
Jingle all the way up to the nearest

YEA, ye good old Yuletide draweth nigh. Too nigh for any good, if you want cold, hard facts. And poor old Hollywood, its muffler knotted about its quivering Adam's apple, plodded on its weary way un rejoicing. Weary from its long skipping o'er the ice cakes with the bloodhounds of censorship yapping at its heels. As well as its nice people. In fact, Hollywood wouldn't have cared a jingle if Santa Claus had fallen off someone's simple old chimney and broken his silly old neck.

To be honest, a lot of people had no idea what all the rushing around was about. Some had a vague idea St. Patrick's day was about to descend on them and others decided it must be Groundhog day that was approaching. But nobody cared much, one way or the other.

And then, as if by magic, one lovely morn, battered old Hollywood lifted its blackened eyes and took one look at the holly berries, took one sniff at the plum puddings and one glimpse at Sam Hardy's new red and green overcoat and cried, "It's Christmas. Let's rejoice. Let's throw off this mantle of gloom and make this a Christmas none shall forget."

Loud rang the huzzahs. In fact out at Warners they had to gag Joe E. Brown to keep him from splitting asunder the nearby mountains and Al Jolson's head. Overnight committees were formed and Hollywood's Holiday Follies was on.

Meetings were held nightly at the Brown Derby, "We'll unite in one grand colossal holiday jubilee," Winnie Sheehan announced. "Let's have all the old Christmas jingles printed and handed out so all may read. What about the reindeer one that goes 'On Dasher!
On Dancer! On Prancer and Vixen!'"

"Just a minute," another producer spoke up. "Just who are these 'Dasher' and 'Dancer' people? Why should we give publicity to those guys? I move we make this a Hollywood thing and exclude all outsiders."

So a writer from one of the studios was hurriedly summoned who made the necessary changes. The poem was then rewritten and passed out around to great applause while everyone read in unison.
Paramount theater and see Mac West in her new super colossal picture."
Screams of protest arose just as he had expected. "Let there be no advertising, gentlemen. Let this be strictly uncommercial."
The director retired in silence.
A timid little assistant director from Warner Brothers then arose and said, "Gentlemen, we offer this old rhyme, "Little Jack Warner, sat in a corner, Eating his Christmas pie, He put in his thumb——"
"And Joe Brown bit it," someone rudely interrupted while the little assistant director broke into sobs and had to be led from the place.
Walt Disney then arose and said he would like to submit his version of a famous Christmas poem. So saying, he began, "Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even Mickey Mouse."
"I don't know about that," a supervisor said. "Sounds like to me it ain't got no class or somethin'. That way it could be a house just anywhere. Why not give it a touch of Beverly Hills, like this:"
"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the twenty-two room Spanish stucco house including the tennis court, swimming pool, patio and Gilbert Roland, Not a creature was stirring, not even Mary Boland."
"Yea, but where was Charlie Ruggles about that time?" someone wanted to know, which just spoiled everything.
"There's more to that poem," Adolph Zukor said. "There's one part that says, "When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."
"Well, there's nothing new in that," Gary Cooper protested. "Everyone in Hollywood has been springing from their beds for years at terrible clatters, and it's always Jack Oakie getting home from a party. I move we skip that part."
It was skipped. While someone else asked what about the one that went,
"Here are the stockings of little Nell, Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, fill them well."
Immediately Howard Strickling of M-G-M sprang to his feet and said, "I submit this one in the name of my boss, Louis B. Mayer."
At this, flags were unfurled all over everything while, amidst loud cheers, Howard read, "Here are the stockings of little Greta Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, don't forget-a."
Immediately Paramount leaped up with, "Here are the stockings of little Marlene. See if you can fill them as well as she can-a."
All of which was terribly confusing to a little gentleman in the corner who, in some way, had gathered the idea it was Yom Kippur that was on its way and just why Garbo's stockings and Santa Claus should be messing around with Yom Kippur was beyond him.
"How about this, 'Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh'?" Harry Cohn of Columbia asked next.
"No one rides behind a horse in anything these days," Bob Montgomery replied, "except Will Rogers, and certainly you can't go around singing, 'Oh what fun it is to ride in Will Rogers' one horse open buckboard.'"
"Skip the buckboard," someone else suggested, "and give the whole thing class like this,
"Oh what fun it is to ride in a 16-cylinder limousine with red leather seats, convertible bars, flower vases, cigarette boxes—"
"No, I got it," a director snapped. "We'll sing,
"Oh what fun it is to ride in Bill Fields' trailer, including everything."
And so it was decided.
Sam Goldwyn now arose and said, "Gentlemen, I propose that during the Holiday Jubilee, the studios show their good will to each other."
"We can show you our good Will Rogers," a gentleman from Fox interrupted. And in view of the fact that Will's high box-office rating was a heartbreak to everyone, a stunned silence followed while the gentleman (or maybe he wasn't in every sense of the word) from Fox crept out the back door. And that ended the good will business for once and all.
Right here, a little trouble arose. W. C. Fields said that unless he could climb up on Paramount's roof and sing his favorite Christmas song entitled, "Up on the houseop, hic, hic, hic," he wouldn't play. And Jimmy Durante came back and said that if Fields was allowed to "hic" on the roof, then he wanted to wear the mistletoe on his hat. It was finally settled that Fields could sit on the roof and sing, "Up on the houseop, hic, hic, hic" to his heart's content and Jimmy could wear the mistletoe and if anyone succeeded in kissing him in spite of the nose, he should be awarded the role of The Artful Dodger in the next Dickens drama.

WHEN it came to the selection of the Carol singers, the confusion was terrible. Warners insisted the serenaders consist wholly of Rudy Vallee and Dick Powell. This simply crushed the spirit of Lyle Talbot forever as Lyle was dying to sing under all the girls' windows.

Paramount immediately turned pink with rage and insisted that Bing Crosby be the Carol singer. M-G-M rather timidly said they had thought of Chevalier, and in no uncertain terms everyone howled they would tolerate no one going around in a straw hat singing "The Merry Widow Waltz" under their windows with a French accent. That life was hard enough as it was.

WELL, the argument waxed long and fierce. Finally Paramount screamed, "We simply will not have Rudy Vallee going around under windows singing, 'Hi ho, everybody, I'm just a vagabond lover,' and Dick Powell coming in with 'Pop goes your heart'."
"We could fix that," Warners argued. "We could give it a little Christmas twist like 'Pop goes your little new popgun' or 'Pop go your nice little popcorn balls'."
"Aw, pop goes your weasel," Paramount sneered. "Well," they came back, "it's better than Bing Crosby going around warbling, 'Is it the trees, is it the spring? No, it's love in bloom, boo boo booboo'."
"That's easily fixed," a song writer from Paramount said. "We'll just have Bing sing, 'Is it the trees all covered with tinsel? Is it the Spring in my little Jack-in-the-box? No, it's my little potted poinsettia in bloom, boo boo booboo'."
Anyway, it was finally decided that Bing could sing under the Paramount windows and Rudy and Dick under the Warner Brothers windows, while all the other studios could stand by with buckets of scalding water for anyone who dared warble a note near their premises.
Then came the most important problem of all: How to entertain Santa Claus. This brought on a terrible clamor of disagreement but finally it was decided a committee composed of a prominent supervisor from each studio stand on guard at Mac West's chimney, for, knowing Santa Claus from a way back they had a hunch that that would be the first place he'd break for. All things being considered [please turn to page 105
It's Never Been Done Before

Ketti Gallian did not speak English when Winfield Sheehan discovered her. She learned to in a hundred days!

IT has never happened before. True, there have been the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Stens, the Lilian Harveys, the Madeleine Carolles—a whole parade of glamorous ladies from Europe to the American screen—but they were all stars in their own countries before boarding fast liners for our shores.

Never before has a virtual unknown—a girl with only one major stage appearance to her credit, and whose screen experience consisted of appearing as an extra and bit player—been brought to Hollywood from overseas and pitchforked into a starring role for her picture début.

The girl is Ketti Gallian, of France. The story of her discovery and the odd provisions of her contract is one of the most unusual in the history of a place where the unusual occurs so often that it has become commonplace.

It happened one night—

An extra girl from overseas becomes the star of her first Hollywood film

By Robert Burkhardt
CERTAINLY
Mady Christians is someone to look up to in this scene from M-G-M's "A Wicked Woman." Charles Bickford is the intense gentleman embracing her, and another Charles, by last name, Brabin, is directing them. He is the man with one foot on the stairs. Behind Mr. Brabin are his cameramen and technicians, getting some unique shooting angles for the first American film of the Viennese Miss Christians.

This photograph was taken on the set at the M-G-M Studio, and shows you actual working conditions. "A Wicked Woman" is now ready for your inspection, so you may see this sequence as the movie camera caught it.

THE screen story is based on a novel by Ann Austin. It involves a woman's determined fight to give her children a decent upbringing, after she has killed their rum-running father and fled with them from a miserable existence in the malarial swamplands of Texas. Bickford plays the part of a man who comes into Mady's life after she has established herself in a position of respectability. But then the veil is torn from the ugly past, and the complications are stirring in their drama. It all—but, see for yourself.

HERE are a few facts about Mady Christians that may have slipped your mind. Although this is her first Hollywood picture, she has acted before the cameras across the sea. She was in the Fox-Gaumont-British "Heart Song." She is no stranger to the New York stage. Earlier, she attended Max Reinhardt's school in Berlin. Some of the other players in "A Wicked Woman" are Jean Parker, Betty Furness and Sterling Holloway.
The late Lou Tellegen was at the height of his romantic career at the time this picture was taken, shortly after his marriage to Geraldine Farrar in 1916. Then there was not a hint of the divorce and other clouds that were to darken his horizon.

Frank Fay and his charming wife, Barbara Stanwyck, as Frank was about to officiate as Master of Ceremonies at the dedication of a Sunday Night Frolics series, in Hollywood. Frank and Barbara are still one of the most devoted film colony couples.

The month's laurels for tact go to the head waiter at the Tropicana, Hollywood's super supper spot. Douglas Fairbanks sat with an after-theater party including Clark Gable, Richard Barthelmess, Kay Francis and other friends. In came Mary Pickford with another party, including the Johnny Mack Browns and the Charlie Farrells.

The head waiter never batted an eye. With perfect calm and poise, he escorted Mary and her entourage to a booth at the other end of the room.

And there sat the Royal House—divided, as far as the house would allow—until Doug broke the ice and went over for a friendly chat with Queen Mary.

They are now running excursions, in Hollywood at least, to view that magnificent new fence of Garbo's. It is made entirely of willow branches, ten feet high, with sharp points suitable for catching the trouser seats of any prying cameraman.

Willow, weep for us!

A LIST of grand old-timers, glorious stars of not so long ago. Chesterfield has this line-up: Mary Carr, Barbara Belford, Bryant Washburn, Robert Frazer. At Columbia: Lou Tellegen (whose death came before he could make a picture), Hobart Bosworth, Claude Gillingwater.

They were taking pictures of Margaret Sullivan in gorgeous evening gowns. Maggie was all done up, fine feathers, fancy hairdress and everything. Then the cameraman happened to glance down at the floor—and almost fainted. La Sullivan was barefooted! “Why not?” she advanced. “My feet don't show, and it's a lot more comfortable.”

Charlie Butterworth and the Missis (Ethel Kenyon Sutherland Butterworth) were observed at the El Rey Club, evidently having a grand time. The third person at their table was none other than Director Eddie Sutherland—former husband of Mrs. Butterworth, who was the third Mrs. Sutherland.

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall seem to favor the old established Cocoanut Grove, rather than the newer and fancier night spots. They were observed there again recently—Gloria looking like an eighteen-year-old college girl.

At the Hollywood premiere of "The Affairs of Cellini," Louis Calhern, one of the cast speaking from the stage, said, "I consider it an honor to have worked in this picture with such artists as Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Vince Barnett, Fay Wray—and that's all." Was Connie Bennett's name deliberately or accidentally left out? Louis said "And that's all." But he won't talk.
Among the celebrities at the "Welcome Home" for Marion Davies were the Countess di Frasso and the noted producer, Samuel Goldwyn.

YEARS ago, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle gave James Cruze a gold watch. He engraved it "Roscoe to Jimmy." Shortly after, someone stole the watch. Recently at a party at Cruze's house, a guest drew out his watch and Cruze saw it.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.
"In a pawnshop, bought it for the gold," said the man, "then I decided to use it."
They opened the case. There were the words — "Roscoe to Jimmy."

IT was Lee Tracy who sprung this.
"Yeah, when you don't work on Broadway, it's a lay-off. But when you don't work for two years in Hollywood, you're a supervisor."

Now that Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg have decided to go their respective cinema ways, can it be that Rouben Mamoulian, here with Marlene, is to be her next director? Ernst Lubitsch has a bid in, too.

NOW that Marlene and Von Sternberg have decided to go their separate ways, professionally, it will be interesting to see the paths that each choose.

Maestro Von Sternberg believes that "We have progressed as far as possible together. My being with Miss Dietrich any further will not help either her or me. If we continued we would get into a pattern which would be harmful to both of us."

So, when "Caprice Espagnole" is completed, Marlene will have another director and Von Sternberg will have another star. Rumors also persist that Josef will be leaving Paramount.

WILL Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert remarry? Virginia still insists on being addressed as Mrs. John Gilbert. And there's the baby.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr. comes home next February, for a stage play, "Moonlight Is Silver," starring him and Gertrude Lawrence. If I'm correct, it was in this play, on the London boards, that Doug, in one scene, clasps a jeweled bracelet on Gertie's wrist, prop jewels of course. Now listen closely—one night Doug popped on the bracelet—and it was the real thing. Just a love token.
Girls, you needn’t pass up that date with the boy friend now, because you’re just back from the hairdresser’s with your locks all done up tight in pins. Because, Joan Crawford, appeared at a premiere of a picture with Franchot Tone—and Joan’s hair was all done up in paper curlers.

Samuel Goldwyn, noted Hollywood producer, has chosen the following as the ten most outstanding stars of film history, and rates them in the order named: Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Janet Gaynor, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Wallace Reid, and Marie Dressler.

Of the ten listed, only five are making pictures today, two have died, and three, including Mary Pickford, have retired from the screen.

After this, anything’s likely to happen. You don’t have to imagine Mae West with a lorgnette—you can see her with one. Hollywood got its first glimpse of the haughty article at Emanuel Cohen’s recent testimonial dinner—when Mae impressively eyed the assembled guests through it.

She says she always has carried one—but maybe she was bashful before.

Hollywood, slowly recovering, expects a monocle any day now.

While making “Repeal” at the M-G-M studio, Carole Lombard had a birthday. Among the lovely gifts were six or seven huge bouquets from William Powell. But the climax to the celebration came when the delivery boy, through error, tried to deliver the flowers to Jean Harlow’s dressing-room.

The ill-fated “Trader Horn” catastrophes are clearing up a little. Dozens of doctors have attended Edwina Booth, trying to effect a cure for the mysterious jungle fever she is said to have contracted during the African expedition.

Now there is a doctor who is certain of a cure.

And friends of Duncan Renaldo are making an appeal for his release. He was convicted on an immigration quota infringement.

The Marquis de la Falaise was stricken with a similar jungle fever, and John Barrymore has recurrent attacks of the same disease.

Paramount employees are all for Emanuel Cohen, studio head. So much so, that they gave him a testimonial dinner, at Hollywood’s Ambassador. Mr. Cohen is smiling happily. And why not, with such a bevy of beauty about him? From the left, you can readily recognize Mary Boland, Katherine DeMille, and (standing) Arline Judge.

Sidney Kingsley is referred to as the “Dark Horse” in the life of Sylvia Sidney. This is the first time they have been caught together by the camera, although they’ve been around town quite a lot, off and on.

Step up and meet royalty! King Edmund Lowe and his Queen, Mrs. Wilson Jones, as they presided at the gay charity entertainment given by the Twenty Little Working Girls at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood.
When royalty was divided. Here you see Mary Pickford and her guests at the Tropicadero, in Hollywood. From the left, are Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Queen Mary, and Johnny Mack Brown. And, although you cannot see him, Douglas Fairbanks and his party are at another table, with the width of the big room between them. However, shortly after this picture was taken, Doug joined Mary.

The mysterious lady who has been calling on George Brent is Greta Garbo—after all the speculation going around for weeks and weeks. The Toluca Lakers have been practically dithered ever since they discovered Greta in George's back yard playing handball and punching the bag with a right good will.

Two comedians went to the wrestling matches together.

"That wrestler certainly has a lot of stamina," one remarked.

"Yes, but not nearly as much as Rosco Ates," the other drawled.

The proudest possession of a Hollywood child star is his bridge-work, of all things! As fast as the children lose their front baby teeth, they are rushed to a dentist who fits them up with false ones which they wear all through the picture. You should see little David Holt and Cora Sue Collins proudly displaying theirs. "It licks, too," they say.

If E begins at forty. But to Arthur Byron, a good actor all his life, stardom, with its famous reward, eluded him until he was sixty-five. It was then Walter Wanger signed him to the starring role in "The President Vanishes." And from all reports, the delay was well worth waiting for.

When you can get Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers together for a picture, it is a rare event, indeed. Mrs. Will is very modest, and shuns the limelight. However, Will is fond of boasting he is about the only man in all movie-dom with his original wife.

The lowdown on the Cary Grant-Virginia Cherrill bust-up, which was followed by Cary's dramatic bender, mistaken for a "suicide attempt," is that the two couldn't get along on money matters.

W. C. Fields a real actor, or is he like Mickey Mouse?"
The "Rediscovery" of Bill Frawley

One of the "pioneers" of Hollywood, he has made a film comeback after a long absence

By Scoop Conlon

The Frawley in this scene from "The Lemon Drop Kid," with Minna Gombell, is the same Bill you see seated at the desk in the old production still at the right.

One of Hollywood's newest screen "discoveries" turns out to be one of Hollywood's "pioneers"!

Because of several sparkling performances during the past year, William Frawley, of the Broadway stage Frawleys, has been presented with a long-term contract by Paramount.

During the filming of the "The Lemon Drop Kid," one of those Damon Runyon stories of big city life in which Bill Frawley is right at home as a wise-cracking, sentimental tough mug, it was accidentally discovered that the new "discovery" knew more about Hollywood than most of the boys and girls who earn their bread and butter, swanky cars and Beverly Hills estates out here. How do you like that?

Bill Frawley knew all the picture stars of one, two decades ago—when. More than that, he knew most of them very, very well.

Bill is still quite a young fellow, but he has a well-stocked memory. He remembers when all colossal movie deals were made on the Million Dollar Rug of the old Alexandria Hotel; when Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett dined nightly at Al Levy's cafe; when Richard Bartheimess, Bobby Harron and D. W. Griffith squired the Talmadge and Gish girls to the Alexandria Tea Room to dance to Paul Whiteman's music; when Richard Dix and Douglas...
JEWELRY makes a perfect feminine gift, especially when it comes in sets as this above. Hollywood loves the bracelet with matching dress and ear clips. A triangular motif in rhinestones is a novel detail employed here.

SPARKLING IDEAS IN GIFTS

VIRGINIA PINE, appearing in "Lady by Choice," wears her gift suggestion! Earrings and a large pin of multi-colored stones follow an old-fashioned design. This duet is as charming for formal costumes as for informal ones.

CERTAIN to make a hit is the gift of matching accessories. Here, at left, is a set of hat, gloves, scarf and hand-bag—all in a soft, hairy knit fabric. The metal initials are part of the set.

TRICKY watches are the pets of the smartest stars. They like to give and to receive them. Two of the newest designs are sketched. One is encased in a lipstick holder. The other is a money clip with tiny watch for the motif. The latter is a good gift for men as well as for women.
MOIRE shot with gold is one of the loveliest materials of the formal season. Helen Vinson wears this Kalloch model in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Wide, suspender-like pieces that tie on the shoulders make a daring top to an otherwise demure gown.

CHIFFON returns for the late Winter and resort wear. In "Imitation of Life," Claudette Colbert presents this charming vision in white. The soft movement of skirt and wide sash are interesting details. Front and back décolletage are the same.
LACE of cobweb sheerness is Banton's thought for a forward looking mid-Winter evening gown. Gertrude Michael wears it in "Menace." Both a cape and peplum treatment with a back flare to the skirt are stressed, giving a crisp, graceful line.

BEADS embroidered in a herring-bone tweed pattern form the unusual tunic of Fay Wray's dinner gown designed by Kalloch. The tunic, longer at back and slashed on the sides, is girdled with flame chiffon. The same chiffon edged with beads makes a large handkerchief which Fay wears also as a scarf.
BANTON'S keen fashion eye spots the screen possibilities in the pencil slimness of the tunic. He gives this simple gray dress of Kitty Carlisle's added dash with an unusual collar framed by a brilliant splash of plaid silk. Kitty wears it in "Here Is My Heart".

A LIGHT colored tunic with dark skirt is Shirley Grey's favorite afternoon costume. The tunic is straight and plain except for the softly draped collar held by a gold tongue clip. This is from her personal wardrobe. She appears next in "Wednesday's Child".
NO, Wallace Beery isn’t taking a couple of youngsters out for a walk. The two little people are Olive and George Brasno, midgets, fully grown. They play the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb in the 20th Century picture, “The Mighty Barnum.” Wally is Barnum himself, the world-famous showman.
GARBO'S FIRST FASHION SITTING IN FIVE YEARS!

OF all the great stars, Greta Garbo is the most elusive when it comes to posing in new fashions. Thus, it is a distinct thrill to give you a preview of three costumes designed by Adrian for her new picture. A gray silk tea gown, above, has a pleated organza jabot and deep dolman type sleeves. THE sports type of thing Garbo loves—nonchalance in the swagger lines of a white flannel coat. A man-nish note in the polka-dotted navy blue taffeta scarf. And the favorite felt hat, also in navy with a new height to the crown and a downward flare to the brim. Adrian's hint for a resort costume.
Three exciting costumes from "The Painted Veil" posed exclusively for PHOTOPLAY

Se y m o u r

These costumes are not obtainable in Hollywood Cinema Fashions' stores

A NEW version of the famous Garbo pillbox hat is this distinctly Oriental creation in corded felt with jade ornament. Jade is repeated in the exotic Chinese ornaments used to trim the simple white crêpe dress. The scarf neckline is held by the large clips and the wide belt is composed entirely of antique squares held by the carved jade buckle. Adrian uses the dolman sleeve again but continues the fullness to the hand, where it flares outward. This, too, is a grand Winter resort suggestion.
LOOKING at luscious Ann Sothern through the camera eye, we see her upside down. But Ann herself has nothing to be upset about. She's a star among stars—in that glittering background! She did a very pleasing job in United Artists' "Kid Millions," and her next picture will be Columbia's "Georgiana."
Salute May Robson!

A great-grandmother, she's a fine example for every woman who's afraid of growing old

By Ruth Rankin

MAY ROBSON will be seventy years old on the nineteenth of April, 1935.

For most of us, the late sixties are regarded as a ripe old age at which to retire and contemplate our blessings. If, indeed, we are lucky enough to be around contemplating anything.

But when this amazing woman could count three score years plus, she started out upon a new career. After twenty years as a stage star, and some years on the stage before she was starred, and then a successful silent-screen career, she launched out into the audible pictures to hang up additional laurels for herself.

May's vitality, her grand spirit, are marks to shoot at. If you have half as much steam at fifty, consider yourself a success. There is certainly no woman in public life who offers a better example to those who fear approaching age.

Sometimes she has as long as two days to rest between pictures. So she spends them sitting for portraits, shopping, or making tests at the studio. She goes to see a picture four or five nights out of the week. Sometimes she drives her car, sometimes Lillian Harmer, her friend, companion and secretary for more than twenty years, does the driving.

May Robson was born near Melbourne, Australia, on April 19, 1865. Her father was Captain Henry Robson of the British Royal Navy. He died when May was six, and she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in London. As no young girl's education was considered complete unless she spoke Parisian French, May was later sent to the Pension Passy in Paris, and to a branch of the same school in Brussels. Her life was extremely sheltered but very happy, because Sister Teresa encouraged in her the ambition to be a great actress.

MAY ROBSON never knew poverty or privation in her youth. She had perhaps as fine a classical education as any actress you can name, and she fully appreciates it. But it did not make the way any easier when she decided to go on the stage. Many people did not consider acting a suitable career for a young girl in those days. She had mountains of prejudice to conquer.

From school she returned to London—he fell in love, and married E. H. Gore, a handsome young inventor. They crossed to New York, established a home there, and a son was born. E. H. Gore, Jr., still lives in the same home. So did his son, Robson Gore, until his marriage a few years ago. A baby girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robson Gore, has been christened May Robson II, which gives May Robson the honor of being the only great-grandmother in pictures.

It was very daring of May to express a wish to divide her early married life with acting. But she had some friends in the theater, and they gave her the first boost. One day, back-stage with one of them, she heard a frantic producer grappling with some lines in French which an actress was to speak. Impulsively, May rushed to their assistance. May wound up with two parts to play. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
They were mistaken. For, when it came to casting the picture, they could find no boy to play David in his tender years, and the part would be an important one. The rest of the cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Lewis Stone and Maureen O'Sullivan, were carefully chosen. Frank Lawton was selected to play David as a man. The story was completed, and the production date was set, but, as yet, no suitable boy David had been located.

In February, 1934, when still no David had been glimpsed on the immediate horizon, the search began in earnest. Mothers in Hollywood were invited to bring in to the studio any child whom they thought might qualify. And the qualifications were set forth plainly and at length. But what qualifications!
The boy must be from eight to ten years old, refined in appearance, handsome, unaffected, must have a true English accent, and no professional experience at all. Furthermore, this paragon must have enough personal magnetism to steal each of his one hundred and ninety-five scenes from the rest of the cast and carry the title rôle of the

Copperfield

In Quest Of His Youth

It took almost a year of frantic, intensive searching to find the right youngster

By Sara Hamilton
picture on his slim little shoulders. There, in a nutshell, was David.

Practically every child in town was either seen or tested. None was found who answered all the requirements specified. Several were found who had one or two or even three of the qualifications, but were either too large, too small or had a slight East-side accent.

When, in the course of a month or two, it became apparent that in all Hollywood there lived no David, the search turned to England.

Director George Cukor and Producer David Selznick, with their cameramen, sailed the sea with the ultimate goal of bringing back a David to the restless, waiting studio.

WORD was sent throughout England that a David Copperfield was needed in Hollywood, and to gather the youngsters together in merry old London, the home of one Charles Dickens.

They gathered. From the north, south, east and west of England, they came. The boys were interviewed, tests were made, and the cameramen worked overtime as the dozens of potential Davids poured in. And poured right out again. For, of all the groups of lads with their chopped-off syllables and broad English "A's," not one was found who could completely fill the bill.

"Let's try Boston," someone suggested. "Let's try the whole New England States," someone else spoke up. So once again, a crew of men, all at the expense of good old M-G-M, remember, set out on the search, while back in Hollywood producers took to grabbing their thumbs and mumbling aloud to themselves.

In fact, one anxious and worried supervisor dreamed that Wally Beery had been cast for the part and awoke howling with such unearthly screams it took his wife, three neighbors and two radio cops to quiet him down.

"I can't stand by and see Wally Beery play David Copperfield," he kept wailing over and over.

It was now July. Exactly five months had passed since the serious search for a little boy David had started. While through the New England States, the weary little group of searchers went on, day after day, testing this child and that one. Sending back the tests for a nerve-torn studio to view. And the view wasn't too lovely.

By this time, the last member of the tremendous and imposing cast had been signed. Expenses at the studio mounted and mounted.

The tour of the New England States ended, with the seekers no nearer a David than they had been before.

The studio then established, at

A scene with Peggotty and little David. So exacting were qualifications for the boy's rôle, thousands were tested before young Bartholomew was discovered

Freddie Bartholomew (left) shares title rôle honors with the grown-up Copperfield, Frank Lawton. What a resemblance!
Here's More Perfection For You

Madame Sylvia is "assembling" the perfect model to guide you in reshaping your figure. Last month she selected Grace Moore's throat, Norma Shearer's shoulders, and Jean Harlow's bust. Now she adds the waistline, hips and abdominal sculpture for the hypothetical ideally-formed woman.

Says Sylvia

Well, I certainly started something last month when I began to set a standard of beauty by picking out the perfect bodily features of the stars and telling you how to perfect yourselves. I'm practically snowed under with letters from all my girl friends outside the profession. You're all asking me, "Who has perfect arms? Who has perfect legs, feet, hips, etc., etc.?" Listen, babies, just be patient. Give me time to catch my breath—a good deep breath. I'll get around to it. And in the meantime remember to improve yourselves from day to day, little by little, until you're completely satisfied.

One letter gave me a real thrill. It said, "Ever since I've been reading your articles, Sylvia (and I've read every word you've ever written), I've wanted to know what your ideals are. Now you've told me. But tell me more. It gives me an inspiration." And let me tell you, letters like that give me an inspiration.

So this month I'm going to

The perfect waistline is the enviable possession of Jean Parker. And Sylvia tells you how you may achieve a symmetry equal to hers. So get busy, girls—and you ladies further along in years can do it, too.

Margaret Sullavan is your example for perfect hips. She has no bulges and no bumps, yet none of her bones shows. Follow Sylvia's exercises and diets, and you, also, may have the same exquisite contours.
pick the stars who have the most beautiful waistline, hips and abdominal sculpture. Take them as your basis of perfection and then do what I tell you so you can be perfect, too. Are you ready? Then here they are:

THE perfect waistline? You guessed it—little Jean Parker's. Yes, I know she's young, but that doesn't make any difference. I've seen girls in their teens whose waistlines looked swell when they had on their clothes—but put them in bathing suits—and good heavens! what sights they look! Some with their rolls of fat and others with their scrawny waistlines. Yes, I said scrawny. The waistline is one of the parts of the body that needs a little covering of flesh. No, I don't mean a spare tire and I don't mean flabby muscles. I mean a covering of nice firm flesh. And that goes for you older girls. I know you'll squawk and say, "I had a nice waistline at seventeen, too." Well take it from me, waistlines can begin at forty. So get busy.

Look at Jean Parker. She has a perfectly proportioned body. I'll admit, and her waistline inclines on the long side, which is right. Another thing that adds to the beauty of it is that lovely flatness at the back and that grand length between her bust and waist. And when Jean Parker puts on a girdle she hasn't got a jelly-roll of fat pushing up over it.

I remember how thrilled my mother was because she had a seventeen-inch waist. But how did she get it? By hooking her corset strings around the bed-post and walking away from it. So what happened to the flesh that was rightly at the waistline? You've guessed it. The flesh rolled out of the top and below the bottom of her corset. Isn't it grand that we're so much more sensible now? Yet even today we do things to ourselves—wrong things—that spoil the natural symmetry of the body.

So if your waistline is too long or too short, conceal it by wearing clothes with correct lines. Your mirror can tell you what you need to know about that. Also remember to make your bust firm with exercise and wear a good brassiere so that your bust and your waistline won't roll into each other. That's very important. And then you've got to make the muscles in your back firm and flat. Here's how.

Place your feet about six inches apart, with the toes straight out in front. Don't move your feet. Don't bend your knees. Arms above your head. Twist and bend your body until your finger-tips touch the floor as far out as you can reach and slightly to the right. Do you feel the waistline muscles pulling, particularly that one at the back? Repeat on the left side. Start by doing this ten times a day and work up to twenty. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
GARBO is Garbo—forever. And lighted by her magic presence this Somerset Maugham story is distinguished and powerful on the screen. She has seldom been more real or compelling than in the tragic rôle of the girl who goes with her doctor husband (Herbert Marshall) to China, there realizes a consuming passion for another (George Brent), suffers the heartbreak of his disappointment, and then discovers a love greater than passion for her husband amid a cholera epidemic. Director Richard Boleslawski has captured a tremendous movement and tense realism in his climactic scenes, but in others a vagueness hampers the film's meaning. Marshall is as polished as usual. Brent plays his scenes convincingly and with warmth. Jean Hersholt, Forrester Harvey and Cecilia Parker distinctive in small rôles.

THE PAINTED VEIL—M-G-M

BLESSED with fine acting and superb direction, here is a picture you'll long remember. Against a hospital background which is at all times genuine and human are portrayed the good times, the bad times, the dreams and ideals of a group of girls in nurses training. Loretta Young, giving the best performance in her career, stands out in the group.

A Cinderella love story threads through the picture, with John Boles, wealthy play-boy, as the Prince Charming and Miss Young his desired. Jane Darwell, as the soft-hearted head nurse who must be stern, is outstanding. The entire supporting cast, particularly Sara Haden, Muriel Kirkland and Dorothy Wilson, is excellent.

It's a beautiful, a heart-stirring picture which keeps you trembling between tears and laughter.

THE WHITE PARADE—Fox

HERE is a hit and a long run picture—a Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast.

Eddie, a poor and homeless lad, learns he has inherited from his father a treasure worth millions which he must go to Egypt to collect. Sailing on the same boat are torch singer Ethel Merman, posing as his long-lost mother; her thug boy-friend, Warren Hymer, pretending to be his Uncle Lonie; and Berton Churchill, unscrupulous Southern gentleman, all planning to cheat Eddie out of the fortune. The attempts to bump him off on shipboard are hilariously unsuccessful.

Once in Egypt things happen fast and funny. Eddie’s scenes with Sheikess Eve Sully are side-splitting.

Eventually Eddie (now Eddie Bey) escapes with the treasure, and returns home keeping his promise to all the poor children in the neighborhood to build them an ice cream factory. The final sequence, with the youngsters making merry in the ice cream plant, is in Technicolor, and you’ve never seen anything lovelier on the screen. It’s truly an inspired wind-up.

The love songs in the picture are sung by Ann Sothern and George Murphy, as sweet-singing a twosome as you’ve ever heard. “Kid Millions” is an earful and an eyeful, and you’ll be humming the tunes and repeating the gags for days.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month
KID MILLIONS  BROADWAY BILL
THE PAINTED VEIL  THE WHITE PARADE
GREAT EXPECTATIONS  MUSIC IN THE AIR
EVELYN PRENTICE  COLLEGE RHYTHM
THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA  FLIRTATION RHYTHM

The Best Performances of the Month
Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil"
Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions"
Myrna Loy in "Broadway Bill"
Loretta Young in "The White Parade"
Jane Darwell in "The White Parade"
Myrna Loy in "Evelyn Prentice"
William Powell in "Evelyn Prentice"
Florence Reed in "Great Expectations"
Jack Gilbert in "The Captain Hates the Sea"
Victor McLaglen in "The Captain Hates the Sea"
Warner Baxter in "Hell in the Heavens"
Joe Penner in "College Rhythm"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122

★ BROADWAY BILL—Columbia

Dot ted with unforgettable moments, this is a grand picture. The story is of Warner Baxter, who breaks away from the dull task of making paper boxes under the dominating fingers of his wife, Helen Vinson, and her father, Walter Connolly, and stakes his future on a gallant race horse, Broadway Bill.

Everything, except Myrna Loy, seems to plot against his winning—living in a ramshackle stable, unable to raise money for the entrance fee, Broadway Bill catching cold during an endless rain storm, a crooked jockey.

When the race is finally run, for sheer, unbearable excitement it should end all horse races on the screen. Nothing so tremendous could ever be repeated. The story leads up beautifully to such a dizzy height of emotional relief that you will rise and cheer furiously at that wonderful horse, Broadway Bill.

Director Frank Capra executes a miracle of timing and direction, and the entire cast has lifted the picture to dramatic excellence.

Myrna Loy's performance is distinctly memorable. And Clarence Muse, Raymond Walburn and Harry Todd are stand-outs. Baxter's work is extraordinarily effective.

Those who love horses will be particularly enthralled with this movie. It is a Capra picture, and a racing picture, and a good picture.

★ GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal

Where has Dickens been all this time? Or possibly, where have the studios been? Here is superb movie material.

This is the story of the orphan boy, Pip, (admirably played as a child by George Breakston, later by Phillips Holmes), and his love for Estella (Jane Wyatt), adopted daughter of the eccentric Miss Havisham (Florence Reed) who took the orphan boy into her weird home.

The story unfolds with interest and mystery, and is clearly delineated on the screen. Florence Reed gives an outstanding performance, as does Henry Hull.

Alan Hale, Rafaela Ottiano, Francis L. Sullivan and the rest of the large cast are more than equal to their roles, and the result is a fine and worthwhile production.

★ MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox

In this charming musical, gay with laughter and rich with song, Gloria Swanson returns to the screen. With a fine sense of comedy she portrays Frieda, tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, Bruno (John Boles).

Miss Swanson's voice may not be adequate as a foil for that of Boles. But their scenes together—their violent quarrels and ecstatic reconciliations—are so amusing and spontaneous that this possible fault is offset.

Charming, too, are the bewildered Bavarian villagers, Karl (Douglass Montgomery) and his sweetheart, Siegfinde (June Lang) and her father, Dr. Lessing (Al Shean), who have come to Munich to hear Frieda sing.

Altogether it's a delightful adaptation of the operetta, with Jerome Kern's fine score given its full value.
THAT ace of teams, William Powell and Myrna Loy, score another hit! In deeply human roles they bring a rare sense of reality to the characters: Myrna as the wife who thinks she has murdered a man, Powell as Myrna’s lawyer husband hired to defend Isabel Jewell who is accused of the murder. Miss Jewell makes cinema history in a short courtroom scene. Una Merkel and Harvey Stephens give grand support.

FOR the grandest trip of your life board the ship commanded by Walter Connolly, a Captain who really hates the sea. On board you’ll meet John Gilbert, tippling reporter, Victor McLaglen, detective, Tala Birell at her most gorgeous, and a whole boat load of favorites. The story sails smoothly, with bright dialogue, good comedy, and strong direction by Lewis Milestone. A man’s picture no woman will want to miss.

THIS exquisitely wrought picture is proof that the movies have grown up. The story is of Ricardo Cortez, an actor who tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, wife of Lionel Atwill, into a love trap. Verree spurns him, but her young daughter, Anita Louise, is caught in the web, when Cortez is killed. Here is splendid adult screen entertainment, magnificently acted. Anita Louise gives an outstanding performance.

GET ready with a sis boom rah for another bright and tuneful collegiate musical with football star Jack Oakie stealing girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross, and Joe Penner adding gales of laughter. A wow is Joe, and no mistake! The music is catchy, the comedy hilarious, and the climax hysterical with the nuttiest football game ever played. Helen Mack, Lyda Roberti, George Barbier, help greatly.

THE colorful background of West Point, the double barrelled charm of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, and the sensitive human directorial touch of Frank Borzage make this a grand parade of entertainment. Pat O’Brien plays the tough knuckled, sentimental sergeant to perfection. Ross Alexander scores as Dick’s pal. Bring the whole family—and perhaps handkerchief for the final scenes.

LEAVE your superiority complex at home and indulge in unrestrained mirth at the most absurd antics of Wheeler and Woolsey. As custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland—who is alone worth the price of admission—they go down to Kentucky and get mixed up in a feud, with moonshine, amorous and phony Southern accents. Mary Carlisle and Noa Birty add to the merriment. You’ll have a good time.
A STORY as fast, breezy and active as James Cagney himself puts this one well out in front. Jimmy, a peppery truck driver, talks up a milk strike in a country town and then, with his buddy, Allen Jenkins, has to run the gauntlet of enraged farmers with a milk-laden truck. You should see Jimmy sock 'em with his head. Romantic prize is Patricia Ellis. Definitely prescribed for Cagney admirers.

FRANCHOT TONE gives his most able performance to date in this modern story of four pals just out of college, struggling to place themselves in their professions. Nick Foran, as Smudge is good, and the other major parts, played by Jean Muir, Ross Alexander, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak and Robert Light, are convincing. In spite of its trend of hopelessness, you'll enjoy this picture, for it is real.

A FAITHFUL and sympathetic screen adaptation of the novel makes this an enjoyable picture, suitable for the whole family. The cast is good, with Anne Shirley in the title rôle of the orphan adopted by kindly Matthew Cuthbert (O. P. Heggie) and his sister Marilla (Helen Westley). Tom Brown, Sara Haden, Hilda Vaughn, are all excellently cast. Well directed. Romance, humor, and pathos well balanced.

MAGNIFICENT in its beauty, here is a saga of the fishermen folk who live on the rocky Aran Islands, off the coast of Ireland. The film has no plot. Its purpose is to tell the story of people who must battle with the sea for a bare existence. One can easily understand why this picture received the Mussolini cup as the most beautiful film of the year.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 120]
"Hello, Jimmy, how are you?"
Ask him that question, and Mr. Savo will answer, "Oh, I can't kick, I have a sore foot."
Or, "Just like a stove—grate!"
Or, "Like a bundle of wood. I'm all broken up."

Then he'll smile ingratiatingly and say, "I'll bet you won't like me any more—after that last one!"
But you will. All Broadway has, for the past twenty years. And Jimmy Savo has been making terrible puns and groan-provoking jokes since he first learned to talk.

He takes off his hat, looks at it a moment, and comments, "I like to wear a derby. They seem musical to me. On account of the band, I guess. And I wear a fur coat and a palm beach suit most of the time, too. Then, no matter what the weather is, I'm always comfortable. By the way, do you know who wears the biggest hat in the world? Give up? The man with the biggest head!"

At this point Charlie MacArthur groans and says, "That's the sort of thing Hecht and I were afraid of when we asked Jimmy to play the lead in our picture, 'Once in a Blue Moon.' And we have the guy under contract, too!"

"Aw, that's all right, Charlie," Jimmy pats his director on the shoulder. "Cheer up! I'll sing you a little song entitled, 'Don't Throw Spinach At Me; There's Iron In It!' Oh, you've heard that one? You don't like it? Well, then, Charlie, how about the little ditty, 'She Used To Be A School-teacher, But She Lost..."
On the set of "Once in a Blue Moon," Mr. Savo has just asked Edwina Armstrong a question. She'll be his stooge soon.

Jimmy tells the dove what a bird cocktail is. And his feathered friend's answer is "Cheap, cheap!"

But MacArthur's silent disapproval doesn't worry Mr. Savo. For, when Charlie doesn't laugh he is distinctly in the minority. Everybody else laughs at a Savo joke. Maybe you heard it before. Maybe it is a terrible pun. But with a comical Savoese gesture, it's screamingly funny. And Jimmy, known as the king of pantomiming comedians on Broadway for many years, can throw a theaterful of people into paroxysms of laughter simply by counting to ten!

Strangely enough, Savo didn't know he was funny until he had been entertaining audiences for a long time. Like W. C. Fields, he began his theatrical career as a juggler, not a comedian. The juggling started when, at the age of eight, he and his brother watched a man on a New York street corner juggling lighted torches. Using small stones, Jimmy tried to copy the trick and soon perfected it. For the amusement of the youngsters in the block he performed,
CAROLYN VAN WYCK has turned detective and for the last few weeks has snooped around Hollywood and New York like nobody's business, in an effort to forecast what the stars will be giving for Christmas this year, for the benefit of you, my readers.

My explorations were full of adventure. Around a corner might come Norma Shearer, glowing like an Autumn leaf, trim and chic in the smartly tailored street clothes she affects, her eyes twinkling merrily about a mysterious armful of packages. Or Marlene Dietrich, her blue eyes and golden hair like sunbeams, lifting those strange brows slightly when questioned. Or any of those hundreds of lovely players that make Hollywood the center of the world's beauty and charm, some of whom we corralled straight to the studio to pose for you. But to one of my young pets, Rochelle Hudson, should go the biggest of Christmas trees, the fullest of stockings and the nicest of gifts, because Rochelle took time and patience to have a tree decorated as she thinks one should be, to have packages wrapped and tied to make them look appealing and enchanting as all gifts should look, whether they happen to contain the rarest of...
Dolores Del Rio exhibits one of the newest Hollywood and Paris fashions, mirror accessories for your evening bag. Here is a lustrous compact of inlaid mirrors with down puff.

A gift gadget that many a girl will welcome for her bag is a purse perfume case in platinum tone with red and black accents. Protects and prevents spillage, and comes filled in any of ten favorite fragrances. Judith Allen suggests this gift.

Complete treatment and make-up kits fill your stockings with delight. Evelyn Venable, appearing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is enthusiastic about this compact arrangement containing everything that makes you well groomed and beautiful.

Perfumes or a practical little thought like hair pins designed for your special needs and the color of your hair.

So take a lesson from Rochelle, and invest in gay papers, ribbons and cards to make your thought look like a gift, not a mere package. The sentiment on your cards is important, because, with a little care on your part, you can hand the recipient a laugh as well as a gift. And a happy laugh is always a true gift.

The stars like to give beauty—gifts that are beautiful in themselves and that will make you more beautiful. Perhaps this tendency is largely due to the fact that these girls have learned the value of beauty or what passes for beauty. The compact, for example, which adds thrill and color to your street or evening bag. Perfumes, whose inspirational value can never be over-estimated. Irene Dunne will frankly tell you that the scent of perfume once saved her from a bad attack of stage fright. Powders, treatment and make-up kits, bath accessories, the list goes on. So for every girl confronted with a gift problem, I think I may safely advise, give beauty. It is lasting, inspiring, beautiful.
**HOLIDAY SHOPPING WITH BENITA HUME AROUND NEW YORK**

*Spraying your fabric gloves with perfume is another of Benita's ideas. A fragrance to titivate the imagination is enclosed in that inspired flacon studded with crystal sparks. Very elegant*

*After Benita Hume completed "The Private Life of Don Juan," we joined her on a shopping tour. One of her purchases was a flacon of pine bath essence, in a pine-needle green bottle dressed up with gold banding and seal. Divinely exhilarating in your bath*

*When Benita Hume finished "The Private Life of Don Juan," she began a vacation, stopping in New York to look over the shops. From a shopping expedition she came straight to the studio to show you some of the things she had bought. You can see that Benita has a penchant for perfume. I'll tell you all about her gifts, names, prices, details, if you'll write to me, or any of the other ideas shown in these pages. Benita, in my opinion, is one of the most beautiful players. Her gray ribbed wool frock and gray astrakhan toque, with ruby-like clip, were perfect backgrounds for her rich brown hair and velvety brown eyes. All of my pictures seem to fill the bill for the ladies of our families and acquaintance, young and not so young, but we've neglected the men and the very young generation. One of this season's offerings is a very new perfume for men. Don't be too surprised. It is not the alluring, charming essence which we like to waft as we walk, dance or sit. Instead, it is essentially masculine and refreshing, denoting just that note of immaculacy and thought that we like in our sweethearts, husbands and friends. I think most men will be pleased to find that world-famous chemists have at last concocted for them an essence that is appropriate, masculine and in perfect taste. If you have little sisters or nieces running about, my best suggestion for them is a small manicure kit. You can buy good ones from fifty cents up, and I suggest this for an important reason. The very sophistication and grown-upness will please immensely, but the point is that it is the best means in the world...*
A STOCKINGFUL OF IDEAS FROM YOUNG PLAYERS

Florence Rice approves of this combination that gives you both perfume and atomizing device in the same package. A romantic concoction that lingers in memory.

of overcoming grimy and nail-biting habits. The manicure kit is a perfect idea for the grown-up, too. Even if you go in for professional manicures, the kit is necessary and will do worlds of good between manicures.

The basic treatment boxes are always welcome. Creams and lotions should work together, and it is wiser to use especially face creams and lotions by the same maker.

Besides, the kit idea often introduces you to one grand preparation that ordinarily you might not know about or think that you needed.

The same is true of make-up combinations. Rouge and lipstick should be in the same tone. A number of manufacturers have worked out perfect tone combinations in these beauty fashions.

Who ever has enough bath accessories, powders, eaux de Cologne, bath scenting and softening preparations? Any or all are grand gift ideas. Most of them come in charming, gay packages especially for the Christmas season, that add a note of luxury to your purse, no matter how simple. June Clayworth's choice is worth a second look. A stunning cabinet in white, washable composition, accented with red, containing just what every woman would adore, bath essence, eau de Cologne, powder and soap. The cabinet sets hangs, as you wish.

I never pass up the permanent wave idea at Christmas if you want to go in for a bit more of a gift. Mothers, even grandmothers, especially adore this gift. It is one of those lasting, comforting and beautifying suggestions. Or generous blow to a facial or two or several manicures has a very uplifting effect.

An attractive and practical make-up ensemble is shown by Ruby Keeler. The idea of make-up in combination is advisable, because it gives you harmonious and related tones. A thought for the girls whose color preference you know or can choose, wisely. They will like twins.

For the evening, Kitty Carlisle, now appearing in "Here is My Heart," suggests a good-looking compact and cigarette case combined in black and white. Sophisticated.

Something to get excited about, thinks June Clayworth. A bath-room cabinet holding eau de Cologne, bath essence, bath powder and soap. White and gay red.
A NOETHER starring combination, Paul Muni and Bette Davis. These two Warner luminaries will be seen together for the first time in "Bordertown," which will be released very soon. You'll easily recall the hilarious performance of Muni in his previous picture, "Hi, Nellie!" Bette's latest was "Housewife."
Tom Meighan
Is Restless

The man with the million dollar personality smile has an idea. When he has, then step lively, World!

By Walter D. Shackleton

If you had one palatial home in the exclusive Great Neck section of Long Island, whose broad expanse of lush lawn fronted on the Atlantic. And if you had another in sunny Florida. And if you enjoyed outdoor games by day and bridge by night. And if you had a host of gay, intelligent, congenial friends to enjoy all these things with. And, more to the point, if you had a plump purse to maintain such an existence, would you be apt to get restless with a desire to do a gruelling piece of work? No need to answer. I can readily visualize the scoffing snickers the question caused.

But, believe it or not, there is such a person. Thomas Meighan.

Tom is restless again. Fresh from the success of his "Peck's Bad Boy," he wants to leap right into another screen story with all that stimulating vitality and vigor of his.

And what is more, he's going to do it. You can't stop him. When he gets an idea, you can't stop Thomas any more than Thomas can stop that Atlantic tide from ebbing and flowing at the foot of his Great Neck dooryard, or prevent Florida from getting a devastating gale ever so often. Or, let us say, no more than Tom can help his great smile from warming the deepest cockle in the heart of anyone it is turned on. Meighan's smile is one of the most potent and captivating ever flashed in this vale. It is a million dollars worth of personality. And the best of it is its sincerity—good honest value in it.

However—about the restlessness of Mr. Meighan. His restlessness is always directed. It is thoughtful, not hit or miss. No, indeed. You don't know your Tom Meighan if you as much as suspect such a thing. Meighan gets restless because he has plans that demand action, plans that have come to a keen edge only after studied shaping and sharpening. All right, Mr. Meighan is going to get action. He'll see to that. As a matter of fact, as you sit reading this, he will be in Hollywood getting that action.

As for his plan, the only thing that may be divulged about it at this time is that it involves the screen characterization of an internationally known figure. And it is a figure that American writers, at least, have right under their respective noses—and have not been able to see.

Yet, Thomas Meighan has seen the possibilities for some time. And he's got his ideas about the screen development set. He's even got a writer picked out, his close friend Gene Fowler. To Tom's mind, Fowler is the only writer who can do justice to this character. That, unquestionably, is a great compliment to the ability of Fowler, noted as a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]
Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

Many a girl who thinks she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not thoroughly free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, active lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!
Undress your FACE too!

Hollywood's Beauty Care

Fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap protects the loveliest complexions in the world—and has for years! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth. Begin your Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "KANSAS CITY PRINCESS"

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin.
THE ear-to-the-grounders tell me, that Hal Mohr and Evelyn Venable may have called it off, but they are still lunching together.... And for your information, Walter Donaldson, brand new hubby of Walda Mansfield, composed such tunes as “Blue Heaven” and “Sleepy Head”... John Drew Colt is an ace suquire to Tallulah Bankhead... Merle Oberon, British star, confirms it was just a “trial engagement” between her and Joseph M. Schenck... Loretta Young will tell you she and Fred Perry, tennis star, are to wed in London. But he still has an Australian tourney ahead of him... The sole memento between Gulinn (Big Boy) Williams and Barbara Weeks is an unused marriage license... The Herbert Mundins have separated... The Chaplin boys call Miss Goldard Aunt Paulette... They say that gorgeous ring Kay Francis is wearing is the gift of that European noble admirer... Mrs. LeRoy Prinz, wife of the dance director, told her lawyer that she couldn’t stand it any longer. LeRoy coming home with saber cuts all over him from duelling... It lasted just two months with Onslow Stevens and Phyllis Cooper... Oona Munson has been giving parties for Ernst Lubitsch... So, Helen Kane, after all those denials, is going to divorce Max Hoffman... That was an eloquent of elopements, that of Barbara Fritchie and wealthy J. Ross Clark, 2nd— all the way across the continent... Will Morgan is silent when Esther Ralston says no wedding bells for her... Kathleen Burke, “The Panther Woman,” and her Chicago photographer husband, Glen Kardin, have gone their ways... Are the Conrad Nagels to get together again?... The Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres wedding has probably taken place as you read this... Eddie Buczell, another groom of two months, and Sara Clarke already have a divorce... ’Tis said the Jimmy Durantes have separated, too... Joan Marsh has switched to Monroe Owsley... And the Roscoe Ateses have split... Glenda Farrell and Robert Riskin are now “friends”... The testimony in that suit was that Ed Wynn had hired a woman bodyguard to protect him from his wife... Mervyn LeRoy and Doris Warner are nearing that event wherein they will choose pink or blue.

MAY ROBSON says the tinted toe-nails, dyed hair business is old stuff—not at all the extremes of the present generation. Forty years ago, May says, she startled Broadway by wearing a green wig to match a gown of that color.

YOU can look for a new experience when “The Little Minister” is released. Katharine Hepburn is going to sing.

Mae West made a good speech at the Emanuel Cohen party. Among other things, she remarked that the jokes in her pictures didn’t need censoring half so much as some of the jokes that are in circulation about Mae herself.

Here’s a new one, discovered by Neil Hamilton. If you are a canary fancier, try sprinkling paprika on your bird’s diet. His plumage will turn to a lovely red-gold, about the color of Marlene Dietrich’s hair. That is, if you want your canary to look like Marlene.

Newest romance—Mary Carlisle is listening seriously to young James Blakeley, from the Broadway stage. Blakeley is the son of Mrs. Grace Hyde, of Park Avenue, New York, and once was engaged to Barbara Hutton, five-and-ten heiress, now Princess Mdivani.

Cal York announcing the Monthly

Out on the Warner lot a two-hundred pound bruiser sits on a sound stage and tries peach blossoms on a tree limb for Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart to sing beneath.

Don’t make the mistake, however, of saying, “Whops, my dear,” in his direction.

One electrician still has a black eye to show for it.

Maureen O’Sullivan, who will marry John Farrow next Winter, will never forget her recent trip to her home in Ireland. So overcome were the natives with Maureen’s visit, they refused to let her drive anywhere. Instead, they insisted on pushing her car from street to street.

But the height of their enthusiasm was reached when Maureen was awakened every morning by a bagpipe serenade under her window.

The clothes closets and dressing-room cupboards in Adolphe Menjou’s new house have the town a buzz.

His seventy-five suits are in cellophane wrappers so that Adolphe may select one without removing the covers.

And, for the same reason, the drawers are of glass.

But what has Hollywood completely stupefied is one large glass drawer which contains, in solitary repose, an Alpine hat.

Credit Gloria Stuart with this one—but somehow other we doubt whether her argument had as much effect on the officer as her pulchritude. Gloria was parked in a taboon zone on Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. A motorcycle policeman came up and demanded her driver’s license.

“Why?” said Gloria. “I’m not driving. I’m sitting.”

Whereupon the cop was much confused and said he guessed she was right.

The Chamber of Commerce of Southern California is seriously considering making Sir Guy Standing chief good news speaker about the land of sunshine and flowers.

When the doughty knight—on location with “Lives of A Benga Lancer”—was choked by dangerous “black widow” spider and was out of the cast for two weeks, he made a special plea to the Paramount publicity department. “Don’t put anything about this in the papers,” requested Sir Guy, “it might keep some people from coming to California.”

The Little Minister” riot that was staged between the soldiery and the townspeople in that picture ended in several unanticipated casualties. In the melee, Reginald Denny’s white horse reared, causing an extra armed with a pike to leap, his pike butting John Beal in the eye.

Katharine Hepburn was so excited she fell off the make-believe cliff on which she was perched and sprained her ankle.

So the company is temporarily laid up for repairs.

“SO, you won’t talk, huh?” Charlie Chaplin says he’ll still remain silent in his next picture.

Youthful producer and director, Howard Hughes, is taking an important part in Patricia Ellis’ entertainment these days. Here they are dining at the Trocadero. Toby Wing is another young player who has been seen with Mr. Hughes.
Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

W C FIELDS was being bored by an actor who insisted on pouring his life story into the ears of the Paramount comic.

"And then I ran for forty weeks on Broadway," went on the actor.

"It's a pity they didn't catch up with you," Fields replied.

ARCHIE MAYO, the rotund director who has megaphoned many of your favorite pictures, went down to San Pedro to a wrestling match. On the way to the stadium, he was stopped by a stranger who accused, "Just because you've shaved off your beard, you needn't think I don't know you! You're 'Man Mountain' Dean" (pct wrestler in the movie colony).

BILL GARGAN arrives home to tell us that he had a hard time remembering he was in London. Going into the Savoy for dinner was just like entering the Brown Derby, there were so many Hollywood actors and directors around. For instance, in one evening there were the Charlie Farrells, the Clarence Browns, Laura LaPlante and Irving Ascher (her new husband), Ralph Ince, the Leslie Howards—to mention only a few.

PATIENTLY sitting about in absolute silence—waiting for a baby to doze off in a certain scene for the picture, "Wicked Woman," the entire cast grew drowsy. And when, an hour later, the baby finally dozed off, Mady Christians, Betty Furness and Charles Bickford had to be wakened in order to shoot the scene.

BING CROSBY’S records, long a favorite with Joan Crawford, have been replaced on the Crawford phonograph. A new singer has taken his place—Joan herself.

Joan has gone into the record making business with a vim.

And those who have heard the Crawford records declare them very, indeed.

REMEMBER all the old mollycoddle jokes about ping pong?

Well, Hollywood has been playing it for years, its devotees numbering many of the most he-man stars. But the final masculine touch came when Max Baer bounded into the Paramount gymnasium, spied a ping pong table and reached for a paddle. "This is the game," said Max. "It helps my timing."

WHENEVER Jackie Coogan comes on the set where Jack Oakie is working, Oakie hails him thusly: "Hello, Bobby—oh, I'm sorry, you're Jackie Searl, the great child actor, aren't you?"

Which burns Mr. Coogan very severely.

THEYVE had fan dancers of every variety—but it remained for Rudy Vallee to feature a number with twelve two-hundred-pound football players as fan dancers!

WHEN that battery of twenty-one-thousand-watt lights exploded, Marlene Dietrich, Josef Von Sternberg, and Marlene’s husband, Rudolf Sieber, came through the tower of hot glass unscathed. But two stars weren’t so fortunate.

was met at the train by her husband, Dr. Frenke, who brought along the entire Sten-Frenke menagerie—and still nobody recognized her!

NO one can say Leo Carrillo isn’t a thoughtful man. He has installed a row of large hooks along the edge of his bar. You are given an aviator’s life belt to put on, and hook yourself up to the bar. Clever, these Spaniards.

THE M-G-M wardrobe went into a dither when an order arrived for a negligee—for Bob Montgomery! He wears one in a comedy sequence with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others." And they couldn’t find one around the place that Bob could get into. Not many ladies are built like Bob.

FOR a comedy scene in a Warner musical, it was necessary to splinter a violin on the head of Allen Jenkins. Nine times the scene was taken, but a tenth was found necessary. A prop boy handed over another violin. As it was raised over Jenkins’ head, the anguish of "Stop! Stop! It’s my violin!" came. The boy, by mistake, had picked up an orchestra player’s fiddle, valued at three thousand dollars!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY wore a lady’s dressing gown for a scene in "Forsaking All Others." It was supposed to catch fire. To create smoke without flames, a certain chemical was used. And it went right through Bob’s gown and burned him!

"An antidote, get an antidote!" yelled Bob, leaning about the set like a mad hen.

A hurried phone call brought no results, the formula was a secret one, and they refused to divulge the contents. Bob had to suppress his howls and finish his scene before he could be rushed off to the first aid station.

Two young English players who have made splendid progress in Hollywood are Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan. Both are working in M-G-M’s important screen version of Dickens’ “David Copperfield.”

THE story is around about the little extra who enjoys her gold digging. She calls her latest "The new buy friend."

WALLACE BEERY’S new plane is his fifth in seven years. It only goes two hundred and forty miles an hour.

GARY COOPER’S method to aid charity is novel to say the least. Gary has installed a coin box on his front door. And it takes a dime before you can make his front doorknob ring.

DO you get confused in the spelling of movie names? Well, here are some rules then.

It’s Alan Mowbray and Alan Dinehart, but Allen Jenkins.

Roscio Ates, but Roscoe Karns.

Katharine Hepburn, but Katherine DeMille, and Kathryn Carver.

Adolph Zukor, but Adolph Menjou.

Merian Cooper, but Marion Dix.

MacWade and Mac Clarke, but May Robson.

Bette Davis, but Betty Compson.

Aileen Pringle, but Eileen Percy, Aline MacMahon, and Arline Judge.

Hugh Herbert is a comedian, but F. Hugh Herbert is a writer.

Cary Grant, but Gary Cooper.

Gilda Gray, but Zane Grey.

Frida Lederer, but Frances Dee.

Harry Joe Brown is a director, but Joe E. Brown is a comedian.
from the rolling kitchen, and deposited about the nearby crags and peaks by "Cracker" Henderson, Gary's faithful retainer.

Of course, Gary almost had a real buffalo to add to his collection as a souvenir of the "Bengal Lancers" safari. He and Hathaway, seeking good location sites, came upon a herd of fourteen American bison roaming a valley. What's more, they're still there, because neither Gary nor anyone else had the heart to shoot!

Nor was Gary the only one with a soft heart in camp. There was Serevan Singh, who had been a fortune teller on the Strand in Long Beach, near Hollywood. He heard that Paramount wanted Hindus, and being a high-caste Hindu himself, journeyed to Hollywood.

Serevan was asked to leave his telephone number at the casting office, so the story goes.

"No phone number," said the Hindu. "I just think of me, and I'll report for work."

Later, Hathaway and his assistant decided they would need several Hindus in the next day's shooting. Jokingly, Hathaway said, "Come on, you Serevan! Come eleven—tomorrow morning."

And the next morning at eleven o'clock sharp, Serevan Singh was on hand!

"I heard you call me last night," he said simply.

Gary and Franchot and Sir Guy and Monte and all the gang heard of this wondrous seer, and wanted their fortunes told. And Serevan, in the fastnesses of Lone Pine, obliged—until he came to Gary.

"I am too soft-hearted," he said. "What I have to tell you, you would not like to hear."

Gary doesn't know what terrible fate lies ahead for him—although Franchot Tone thought surely Serevan had got his signals mixed and meant him, after he had been in the altitudeous location a few days. Every few steps he took, Franchot had to sit down and rest.

A newspaperman along with the outfit wrote a squib about Franchot's height-susceptible heart, and a Los Angeles paper printed it.

The next day a messenger dashed frantically into the scene.

"There's an important long distance call from Miss Crawford at Lone Pine for Mr. Tone," he panted.

Shooting was abandoned and the company twiddled thumbs while Franchot made the three-mile hike back to the telephone.

When he returned, the face of Mister Tone wore an expression of perturbation—a sort of sheepish look mingled with wounded pride. An eyebrow was arched dangerously.

"She was worried about my health!" confessed Franchot. "She wanted me to watch out and not overdo!"

"Not weedy—those words seared a lancer's soul. "Come on," said Lancer Tone, with grim lips, "let's get to work!"

And Director Hathaway, raising heavenwards a prayer of thanks for the final defeat of woman, grabbed his opportunity like a shortstop grabs an infield drive.

"Let's go on this cavalry charge scene," he cried. "Come on, Cooper, Standing, Cromwell, Blue—let's make this a man's picture!"

And that's just what they've done with "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—made it a real man's picture—in spite of the women.
Fun Like Mad!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Miss Hopkins, a romanticist at heart, tells the little shampooist that she wants to help the thing along. She'll invite the two of them to lunch with her at the studio, take them on the set, introduce them around to everybody. Then have them to dinner at her home that night—and on to the Coconut Grove. Surely a build-up like that would secure a proposal.

But what happens? The diller arrives, he and his girl have a great big fight, and he goes right back to Panama. Such an ending! I really couldn't blame the poor thing when she turned on the cold instead of the hot water and nearly froze me to death.

Over at M-G-M someone got the smart idea of giving Mr. Louis B. Mayer a fine new office to surprise him with. He returned from Europe with Mrs. Mayer. They worked night and day. The building sprang up—all white and many-windowed and modern—like magic. I took a peak just after he'd arrived . . . and such flowers! With my all-seeing eyes, I took in a big basket of lovely white blossoms from Jean Harlow, and a solid silver desk clock also from the thoughtful Jean and her mama to the big boss.

His office is my idea of something pretty neat. There's a real fireplace of black marble, not fakey, like most of our Califony fireplaces, and a big circular desk. Concealed in a small ante-room is an ice-box and a double electric plate where the man can whip up some tasty scrambled eggs. Just think of the fun!

In case, my lamb, you'd like my opinion on Max Reinhardt's opening of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl, I shall give it to you in few buts, and they'll all spell Gloriussof. (By the way, I suppose you've had that with the Warner Brothers to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and other spectacles for the screen. Great, eh?) I snuggled down into my seat and just let myself go. The night was serene and warm, the stars were flung in mad abandon across the heavens. Around the rim of the Bowl the trees were outlined like black, marching sentinels, and the crowd, including the complete roster of Hollywood, was expectant and excited.

Then it started. Such a pageant of color, such breath-takingly lovely fairy dances, like you imagined when you were a child. There were tinkling little bells, and fairy lights, thousands of them, winking on and off on the hills whenever the fairies appeared. I could go on and on like this, but maybe I'd better just skip to the spectacular end—the wedding scene, down from the distant, furthermost peaks, to be music of "The Bridal Chorus", marched a slow procession of several hundred people bearing flaming torches aloft in the night. The most awesome sight I've seen in a long time. My heart wanted to turn hand springs! My gentleman friend must have felt that he needed a snack after that, for he led me, unprotesting and dreamy-eyed, to the newest night spot, the Trocadero. Wheeeeee! What a place! The red and white and Continental and so gay. Romantic was the place. Pola Negri, with the dead white face and shack down she usually affects (and so successfully) was at a table with my hero, Ramon Novarro. Arline Judge, who is so cute and pert, was with her director-hubby, Wesley Ruggles, and then they visited another good man, Frank Capra. The megaphone wielders were out in numbers that evening. I noticed the attractive Charles Vidor, too. Then I spotted George O'Brien and his wife, Marguerite Churchill, and Thelma Todd in a black velvet chapeau that was high, wide and handsome. And in came her ex-husband, Pat de Cicco, with Sally Blane. But nothing happened.

I run into Sally at the oddest places. Yesterday I went to a baby christening and there she was—godmother! Maybe he knew the beauteful little pinkie, you ought, for if that didn't give out on me, I'd probably fill sixteen pages more.

However, this, I promise, is the end. Well almost, for I just must tell you about Nelson Eddy's cocktail party.

Instead of being a conventional little affair that does itself up from five to seven, it goes on till two the next A.M. That gives you a vague idea.

Of course everyone yelled madly for Nelson to sing, and he obliged—by phonograph record. Smart ole Nelson. The point I mustn't forget to stress, though, is that he's got a truly magni-

Sleep-'n'-Eat, RKO-Radio's rival for Fox's Stepin Fetchit, about to fasten up his part in Wheeler and Woolsey's "Kentucky Kernels." The dusky lad's real name is Willie Best, but he's been tagged "Buckshot"
Titian-haired Pert Kelton went to an idyllic spot for a vacation—Catalina Island. But there was no rest for Pert. She was out to take off pounds. One of the methods was hauling a boat into the water. Try it sometime. You'll vow it is tied to a buried anchor. Her riding, however, was more fun. But the best time was when she was allowed a few minutes to sit and knit. And, believe it or not, that was the sole relaxation Pert got!
Pat Paterson came to Hollywood with a rich background of cabaret-radio-film-and-stage fame in London. In less than a year, she has made four pictures. "Lottery Lover," for Fox, is her latest. It is golden blonde, a talented singer and dancer.
For Your Christmas Dinner

Some new, some old suggestions, but all delicious additions to the festive meal

As capable a cook as she is an actress, Margaret Sullavan bastes her huge turkey with pure olive oil, thereby enriching the flavor of bird and gravy and giving the white meat a fine texture.

Basting with olive oil works wonders on the turkey itself, but without a properly blended, taste-tempting filling no holiday meal can be quite complete.

Chesnuit Stuffing is perhaps our wisest choice. Besides being a perfect accompaniment, it imparts a delicate tang to the meat while roasting. Here, as in every cooking venture, measuring accurately and carefully following directions will pay big dividends. Now for the method:

Loosen the shells and inner skin from 1 quart of large chestnuts by cutting a gash on the flat side of each nut, shaking them in a little melted butter, and setting them in the oven for 10 minutes. Remove shells, and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and press through a potato ricer. Add 1 pint of dry bread crumbs or an equal amount of hot mashed sweet potato, 1 egg, 1 cup of butter, 1 teaspoon salt, some chopped parsley, and the turkey liver, chopped finely. A little onion and lemon juice and pepper may be added. Mix all ingredients well, and if you prefer dressing moist, add soup stock or cream.

Fruit Salad made with 3 oranges, 3 bananas, 1 1/2 pound Malaga or seedless grapes, 1/2 cup chopped pineapple and the juice of 1 lemon helps balance a hearty dinner.

An excellent fruit salad dressing is made by combining and heated through, add the beaten eggs and stir until it thickens. Then add butter and pour into a crisply baked crust while hot. Place in a moderate oven and bake the pie slowly until the filling is firmly set.

If you would like to depart from custom and vary your dessert from the usual pies and plum pudding, why not serve the typically English dessert—a Trifle?

This requires 1 pound each of lady fingers and macaroons, 1/2 pound each of shelled almonds and crystallized cherries, halfed, 1 pint each of fruit juice and hot milk, 1 quart of whipped cream, 2 tablespoons of flour, 1 well beaten egg, and 1/2 cup of sugar.

Soak macaroons in fruit juice, Blanch and chop the almonds. Make a custard of the sugar, flour and well beaten egg. Add gradually to the hot milk in double boiler and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool, add the almonds and half of the whipped cream.

Line a large glass bowl with the lady fingers, add the cream-custard mixture and the macaroons, placing the cherries all through the bowl.

Cover with the rest of the whipped cream and decorate with cherries. Serves twelve.
Car keys lost!

POCKETBOOK PANIC*
cures this star!

Now

Katherine deMille

insists on handbags with

TALON Fastener

convenience and security!

In the film world, where every detail of the costume must be carefully considered, the stars insist on handbags with Talon Fastener convenience and security. They find that Talon-fastened bags set the pace for style and beauty, can be depended upon for quality, and assure safety for handbag contents.

The Talon Fastener used on handbags is a lightning-like streak of usefulness that operates smoothly and easily, and closes snugly and securely. And this trim-lined device contributes to the smart tailoring of the handbags it is used upon.

Talon-fastened handbags for morning, noon and night, in a wide variety of styles and at all prices, await you in your favorite store.

When you buy, look for the name TALON on the slider. It's your guarantee of quality, as well as security and convenience.

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE
Books That Every Book Lover Will Treasure

The Economy Educational League is performing a service of great value to the booklovers of America. Situated in New York, the center of book publishing activities, it continually combs the market for remnants of specially fine editions of educational and cultural books that we purchase at prices which permit us to supply our customers with truly excellent editions of great and authoritative works at amazingly low prices.

Already more than twenty-five thousand booklovers have taken advantage of this service of whom many hundreds have become permanent customers, sending in new orders time after time as new bargains are offered.

Of the books listed on this page all of those offered at $2.98 could well be priced at from $3.00 to $5.50, and those offered at $1.98 from $3.00 to $5.00 and you would still feel you were getting your money's worth full and plenty. Every book sent out by the Economy Educational League is returnable for refund if not satisfactory. Do not hesitate to send for any books that interest you.

1. GREAT POEMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—One of the finest anthologies of its kind ever compiled. Indispensable to homes with growing children or where poetry is loved and appreciated. Beautiful great volume weighing four pounds. Cross indexed three ways, by titles, by first lines, by authors. 1502 pages ........................................ $2.98

2. A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ART—By Sadakichi Hartmann. New revised edition, two volumes in one with 66 illustrations. 601 pages ........................................ $2.98


4. THE STORY OF MEDICINE—By Victor Robinson. A survey of the development of medical knowledge from the Stone Age to our own times. 527 pages ........................................ $2.98

5. AMERICA—By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. With 12 illustrations in color and more than 100 black and white drawings by the author. 463 pages ........................................ $2.98

6. PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE—By Madam Campa. The most famous intimate biography by her lady-in-waiting. 775 pages ........................................ $2.98


10. THE OMNIBUS OF ADVENTURE—Forty-four complete stories of stirring adventure by the world's greatest romantic writers. Edited by John Grove. 882 pages ........................................ $1.98

11. BEST AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOUR—Edited by J. B. Mussey. An anthology of modern humour representing the finest work of a score of the great humourists of America. 301 pages ........................................ $1.98

13. GREAT SEA STORIES—Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Thirty-two salty tales by Captain Marryat, Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Masefield and others. 680 pages ........................................ $1.98


15. GREAT PIRATE STORIES—Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Two volumes in one. 634 pages ........................................ $1.98

Use the coupon—circle numbers of books desired—any book that proves unsatisfactory may be returned for immediate refund of your money.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Dear Economy Educational League,

I enclose $ ....... for which please send me postpaid the books circled below; my money to be refunded on any unsatisfactory purchase.

[Numbers circled: 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 10 11 13 14 15]

Name ........................................

Street ........................................

City ........................................ State
HAVE reserved for this page a very special Christmas gift, one for yourself. You didn’t expect that, did you? But I feel that we could all do something for ourselves at this season that makes us look, and therefore feel, appier and lovelier.

One thing that you can do that will immediately transport you is to change your hair. Change of coiffure is a ritual with Hollywood, and it might well be a ritual with many of us. Nothing is so tiresome to ourselves—and others—as the same hair arrangement day in and day out. Yet it’s a very popular and constant habit with many of us.

With holiday parties in mind, I show you a beautiful arrangement for evening. From June Lang’s photographs, you can even admire her hair as well as her dress. Now this coiffure could be done for you by a hairdresser, and you must have at least a long bob to begin it. Any competent hairdresser should be able to follow the design if you will take these pictures with you. Or if you have a good permanent or natural curls, a little homework might be a great success.

Hair style trends are up, up. To my mind, evening is the time for the climbing coiffure, because it is neither appropriate nor practical for most of our daytime affairs. But every girl who can should take advantage of these charming upward styles for evening. They poetize you. They add the frail beauty of a Gainsborough portrait, invest you with qualities that are often fatal to your escort.

The modern evening coiffure is decidedly romantic. Through our highly piled curls walk the ghosts of Marie Antoinette, Catherine the Great, and other grand, romantic ladies who have made history.

High curls do something else for you. If you are even fairly young, with reasonably good facial contours and nice ears, this coiffure, with the right touches of make-up, seems to sculpture, dramatize and accent all good points. Let’s take advantage of this charming style, while we may.

Recently I met Hedda Hopper, her usual vivacious, charming self. She was enthusiastic about a new coiffure just created for her. Her comment was, “It makes me feel years younger because it all goes up.”

For decoration of the evening coiffure I suggest a ribbon, a tiny clip or a real flower. With a high coiffure, especially, you have no idea of the allure of one lovely flower, such as a gardenia or carnation among your mounting curls.

**By Carolyn Van Wyck**

**BEAUTY at Bedtime,** leaflet form, tells you what to use and how. You may have it as well as advice on any beauty problem by writing to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Other leaflets at hand, too, covering skin, hair, nails and make-up.

"Southern Belle" is the name of June Lang’s new coiffure. Denis Phillips created it for her, to accent her youthful facial contour and give full play to her gorgeous, blonde hair. And a fitting face frame, indeed.

That ingenious twist of the hair at forehead and sides introduces a new note in hair dressing, and is distincly charming when hair texture is soft and smooth. Nice break from usual wave design. For debutante formal wear.
Here's More Perfection for You

You must remember that the waistline is the center of your body and that if you are to have any grace of movement at all you must keep it supple. The best way to do that is to turn on the radio to a snappy tune, put your arms lightly above your head and hop, skip and jump around the room in a little two-step. Don't imagine that you look silly. Do it! It's good for you! And all the time keep swaying and bending at the waist. This, too, will flatten that back muscle.

THERE'S just one word that describes the perfect abdomen. That word is "flat." Joan Crawford comes nearer to having the perfect stomach than any girl in pictures. She knows how to stand. Her muscles are strong in her stomach, so her hip-bones don't stick out like razor blades.

I give Joan three claims to distinction. She is a grand actress. I saw her not long ago in "Chained," and thought she was swell. She is a good scout. Everybody who knows her says that. And—she has a flat stomach.

You mustn't have any rolls or bumps or lumps. Here's how to tell whether or not your stomach is right or wrong.

Stand in front of the mirror without any clothes. Put a ruler down the front of your stomach. Is it flat? No? Then get right to work.

First of all, walk straight and sit straight. Don't slump down on your back-bone. Sit the way you're supposed to sit. You've got to make your stomach muscles strong. The way to do that is to lie on the floor on your side, with your arms above your head. Stretch your arms so you can feel your stomach muscles pulling. Without changing the position of your arms or legs, roll over on your face, making sure your stomach touches the floor. Roll back and forth like that, but at the same time progress along the floor, hitching yourself along on your stomach. It will take away inches and make you nice and flat.

And every day use the ruler to see how you're progressing. Use the ruler after meals, too, because if your stomach muscles are strong enough, you won't bulge after a heavy meal.

But, listen, I don't want you to eat heavy meals. Remember, exercise alone won't give you the perfect figure. I hope you have sense enough to stay on my diets all the time. And you can never be perfect until your stomach is right.

Even you mothers who have had several children don't need to give me any alibis. You can make your muscles tight, too. You expectant mothers should insist that you are bound tightly after your baby is born, and the third day after, you should begin taking exercises in bed. Yes, I mean it. Lift your heels off the bed, keeping the knees straight. Lift the heels about four inches. Then lift your head off the pillow. Do this seven or eight times at first. Increase day by day. Feel how your muscles tighten.

NOW I want to show you the perfect hips.

It makes me sort of sad, too, since for years I pointed to Connie Bennett as the girl with the most perfect hips. But she's let little Margaret Sullivan swipe the title from her. Connie, I'm ashamed of you! The thing that makes me sad is that you know better, because I taught you how to have beautiful hips. You'd better get back to the old exercises and diets that I gave you, baby.

So, while Connie is getting her hips back where they were, I want you girls to take a look at Margaret Sullivan. Gosh! what beautiful lines! There are no bulges and no bumps, yet every bone is nicely covered. She is lean, yet softly rounding and appealing. Oh, Connie, Connie! Don't you remember that night at Joe Kennedy's when Gloria Swanson and Laura Hope Crews and I were there, and I told you that your hips were your greatest advantage? Please, Connie, get back that beautiful line.

Very few people are fortunate enough to have hips equally high. One is very apt to be a little higher than the other. This usually comes from a slumping walk in childhood. If you're afflicted that way, the thing for you to do is to squeeze off excess flesh from the higher hip. Then both will have the correct proportion.

And listen to the exercise that will give you hip perfection. Stand straight, feet slightly apart. Raise your arms above your head. Stretch your fingers. Turn your body so that without moving your feet you are facing side-ways instead of straight ahead. Now, with your body in this twisted position, bend over and touch a spot on the floor about two feet from your feet, with your finger-tips.

Isn't that great? You can tell when you're getting results—you feel your hip muscles becoming tense. Also don't forget that eating too much meat puts fat on the hips.

And, please—please—well, I won't beg you, if you haven't got sense enough to do this I don't want to bother with you—remember to walk correctly. Don't slump, or stand with one hip higher than the other. Take your exercises. Eat right. Sit and walk right, and before you know it you'll be giving all these Hollywood girls a run for their money.

But I'm not through yet. Next month I'm going to describe perfect arms, legs, hands and feet. And come on, you girls, jump right up on the beauty band-wagon!

Answers by Sylvia

Maybe some of us can't be perfect, girls, but we can make our selves—ugly and better than we are—healthier, more attractive. I've helped many, many women to overcome their faults, and I can help you banish yours, be they large or small. No obligation. Just address your letter to Sylvia, in care of PHOTO-PLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I was having an argument the other day with a friend of mine who said that if you took exercises you didn't have to diet, and if you dieted you didn't have to exercise. It didn't sound right to me, so I said I'd ask you about it.

Mrs. R. McI., Providence, R. I.

Tell your friend to read my articles and book. That will settle the argument. Of course, she might use a little common sense, but I suppose that never occurred to her. Exercise and diet go hand-in-hand. One is useless without the other. What could be more stupid than exercising systematically and then eating your head off? If you want a beautiful figure you've got to work for it, and you've got to do everything I say.

My dear Sylvia:

My fingers are very blunt and stubby from using the typewriter all day for years. Is there any way I can overcome this defect?

L. L. D., Cincinnati, Ohio

It's simple. Every day, as often as you think of it, squeeze the tips of the fingers of one hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other, tapping them toward the end. You can do this a hundred times a day, if you will, and you will be amazed at how quickly your finger-tips take on a nice, tapering shape.

Dear Sylvia:

I seem always to have cold hands and feet. I feel sure that this is because my circulation is bad. I appeal to you to help me.


Your circulation won't be bad if you'll go on a big health campaign. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for my exercises and diets that will improve your circulation. In the meantime, here's a little tip for you. Never sit with your legs crossed. Always sit upright.

Dear Sylvia:

I am a mere man and, I suppose, shouldn't be writing to you, but I'm quite fat and I'd like to know if your diets and exercises are good for men as well as women.

B. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Well, hoohah! Another man has gotten some sense. You bet my diets and exercises are for men as well as women, and if you fat boys could hear some of the remarks that women pass about you, you'd be more eager to reduce. Come on, boys and men, why don't you string along on the reducing wagon? Study my diets carefully, practice my exercises. I guarantee that anybody—man, woman or child—who follows my system can lose fifteen pounds in a month. So go to it, and let me know how you get along.

For others of my male audience who are underweight or nervous, my diets and exercises build you up or relax you, as you need.

98
My dear Sylvia!

Will you kindly tell me some healthful foods which will put weight on my body?

K. W., Los Gatos, Calif.

Hominy with ripe, sliced bananas, thick soups, chocolate, rice or bread pudding, cup custard, avocados, butter, spaghetti—these are a few of the fattening foods which are very healthful. But I suggest that if you want to add pounds you send for my building-up diet.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly tell me what to do for fallen arches. Is there some exercise one can take that will help?

D. R. W., New York City

You bet there is! Don't I always have a corrective exercise for handicaps? Stand straight, with your feet tight together. Lean as far back on your heels as you possibly can, and then rise upon your toes. Be sure to do this for ten or fifteen minutes every single day. Also be careful of your shoes. Don't wear flat heels except for such sports as tennis. Use high heels for evening, but be sure you have a medium heel for street wear. And don't be vain about your feet. Be sure that your shoes are plenty long enough.

Edward G. Robinson is in his element, hunting. Eddie enjoys his leisure all the more, because he gets so little of it.

Tuck a carton of Kools (200 cigarettes) into any smoker's stocking and listen to the grateful "O-ohs!" and "A-ahs!" you get. The mild menthol cools the smoke and soothes the holiday-harried throat, but the fine blend of Turkish-Domestic tobaccos is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. Coupon in each package (like a touch of Xmas all year long!) good for nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U.S.A. only).

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS
Write for free illustrated booklet
JANE WYATT is the outstanding player in the Answer Man's mail bag this month. Movie-goers who saw her as Dinny in "One More River" went scurrying home to write letters asking about her. And here's the low-down on the cute little miss who made such a hit in her very first picture.

Jane was born in Camp Gap, N. J., August 12, 1912. At nineteen she left Barnard College, where she had studied for two years, and started out on a theatrical career. In addition to a great deal of work in stock, she appeared in such plays as "Tradewinds," "The Vinegar Tree," "Give Me Yesterday," and succeeded Margaret Sullivan in the cast of "Dinner At Eight" when Margaret was called to the Coast, to appear in pictures. Last year Jane was appearing with Lillian Gish in "Joyous Season" when Carl Laemmle, Jr., saw her and gave her a contract with Universal. This contract permits Jane to spend part of the year in pictures and the balance on the stage.

Jane is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 118 and has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. She is an excellent tennis player, swimmer and horsewoman. She will soon be seen in the leading feminine rôle in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations." At this writing she is appearing in a Broadway play, "Lost Horizons."

PEGGY ANN, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, Josephine Hutchinson is a newcomer in pictures. "Happiness Ahead" was her first picture. Her next is "The Right to Live." Josephine was born in Seattle, Wash., October 12, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 110 and has red hair and golden brown eyes.

LOURNEE PORTER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Sorry, I couldn't make the December issue with your answers. Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada on September 15, 1907. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 114 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She has three brothers and one sister. Fay entered pictures in 1924 and was made a Wamnas Baby Star in 1925. She has been married to John Monk Saunders since June 1928. Fay recently became a Citizen of the United States. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago, Ill., December 22, 1917. His real name is Frank Johnson. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Still growing so I can't give you his exact height and weight. His next picture will be "Racing Luck."

ANNA CRITIE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—You can write to both Alice Faye and Lew Ayres at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

DORIS HUTCHINS, DETROIT, MICH.—Margaret Sullavan's next picture will be "The Good Fairy." John Beal is her leading man in this. Margaret is twenty-three years old and celebrates her birthday on May 16. George Raft did the dancing in "Bolero."

AMELIA EHRKORIN, KINGSTON, CAL.—Shortage of space hinders me from listing the complete cast of "Back Street." However, if you send a stamped return envelope, I will be pleased to send you a cast. The principals in the picture were Irene Dunne, John Boles, George Meeker, June Clyde, Doris Lloyd and William Bakewell.

MARGARET J. ANDERSON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Joan Crawford is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was born March 23, 1908. Her next picture will be "Forsaking All Others" with Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery.

MARGARET BURKE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Frank Lawton, whom you liked so well in "One More River" was born in London, Eng., September 30, 1904. He made his stage debut in 1923. Entered British films in 1929. "Cavalcade" was Frank's first American picture. His next is "David Copperfield."

MILDRED CORCORAN, NEW LONDON, CONN.—Millie, it was Sir Guy Standing who played the role of the Admiral in "Hell and High Water."

EMILIE COOKE, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Colin Clive was born in St. Malo, France, January 9, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and has dark hair and gray eyes. Made his stage debut at the age of 19.

ALTHEA ASHBY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—You can't fool this old Answer Man Althea, by saying that Photoplay has never printed any pictures of Franchot Tone. In April, 1933, we ran a lovely color portrait of Franchot and in August, 1933, a rotogravure of him. In November, same year, we published a story "I'd Rather Know Joan Than Anybody Else" says Franchot Tone. Franchot was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on February 27, 1906. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He graduated from Cornell University. Appeared on the stage prior to going into pictures in 1932. Among the plays he appeared in were "Age of Innocence," "Pagan Lady," "The House of Connelly," and "Green Grow the Lilacs." His latest picture is "Straight Is the Way" which John Gilbert made as a silent under its original title "Four Walls." Next Franchot will be seen in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

MARY HELEN EADS, MOSTICELLO, KY.—The lad you refer to in "Sky Bride" was Tom Douglas. Nick Foran was the one you liked so well in "Stand Up and Cheer."

J. Y., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The two ladies who appeared in the picture in the upper left-hand corner of page eight in the April, 1931, issue of Photoplay were Greta Garbo and Dorothy Sebastian. It was an off-stage shot from "A Woman of Affairs."

MARIAN ORTH, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Unless he has been holding out on me all these years, Tom Tyler is still fairly fancy. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married October 20, 1933.

EDMUND BOCHARD, NAROY, FRANCE.—Tom Mix has deserted pictures and is with a circus. Mary Boland was born on January 28, 1892 and Randolph Scott on January 25, 1903.
DOROTHY MACKAY, HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.
—Elissa Landi was born December 6, 1906. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 119 and has light auburn hair and green-gray eyes. Her latest picture is "Enter Madame."

PADDY, DAYTON, OHIO.—The little lady who did the solo dance in "Too Much Harmony" was Grace Bradley. Gracie is a Brooklyn girl, born and educated there. And was she a smart youngster! At the age of six she was a child prodigy and gave many piano concerts in New York and other cities. At sixteen she decided to take dancing and dramatic lessons. Her first dancing engagement was in "Ballyhoo." Then came the "Third Little Show" and "Strike Me Pink." Paramount executives saw her, a screen test followed and Gracie reached Hollywood a year ago. She is the first actress in her family, although one of her grandmothers was a dancer. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 108 and has red hair and hazel eyes. She is of French, German and Irish descent. Her hobbies are music, fencing and horseback riding. Harold Lloyd chose her for one of the feminine roles in his new picture, "The Cats-paw." Her latest picture is "Redhead."

R. R. O., RACINE, WISC.—How could you let anyone spoof you like that? Of course your pal Bing doesn't wear a wig.

ELEANOR WERNZT, SAVANNAH, GA.—David Manners hasn't forsaken the screen. Since appearing in "Torch Singer" he has been in "Roman Scandals," "The Black Cat" and "The Great Flirtation." His latest is "Moonstone."

MRS. EDITH WALKER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—I am always delighted to supply information for scrap books. Gene Raymond, was born in New York City, August 13, 1908. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 157 pounds and has blonde hair and deep blue eyes. His real name is Raymond Guion and he is of French descent. Gene was educated in private schools and appeared on the stage prior to entering pictures in 1931. His favorite recreation is horseback riding. If you will send me a return envelope, I will give you a list of his pictures.

W. J. McMAHON AND GANG, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Shirley Temple's latest picture is "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Next she will be in "Bright Eyes." Shirley was born in Santa Monica, Calif., April 24, 1929. She has golden hair and hazel eyes.

DOROTHY MACKAY, HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.
—Elissa Landi was born December 6, 1906. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 119 and has light auburn hair and green-gray eyes. Her latest picture is "Enter Madame."

PADDY, DAYTON, OHIO.—The little lady who did the solo dance in "Too Much Harmony" was Grace Bradley. Gracie is a Brooklyn girl, born and educated there. And was she a smart youngster! At the age of six she was a child prodigy and gave many piano concerts in New York and other cities. At sixteen she decided to take dancing and dramatic lessons. Her first dancing engagement was in "Ballyhoo." Then came the "Third Little Show" and "Strike Me Pink." Paramount executives saw her, a screen test followed and Gracie reached Hollywood a year ago. She is the first actress in her family, although one of her grandmothers was a dancer. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 108 and has red hair and hazel eyes. She is of French, German and Irish descent. Her hobbies are music, fencing and horseback riding. Harold Lloyd chose her for one of the feminine roles in his new picture, "The Cats-paw." Her latest picture is "Redhead."

R. R. O., RACINE, WISC.—How could you let anyone spoof you like that? Of course your pal Bing doesn't wear a wig.

ELEANOR WERNZT, SAVANNAH, GA.—David Manners hasn't forsaken the screen. Since appearing in "Torch Singer" he has been in "Roman Scandals," "The Black Cat" and "The Great Flirtation." His latest is "Moonstone."

MRS. EDITH WALKER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—I am always delighted to supply information for scrap books. Gene Raymond, was born in New York City, August 13, 1908. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 157 pounds and has blonde hair and deep blue eyes. His real name is Raymond Guion and he is of French descent. Gene was educated in private schools and appeared on the stage prior to entering pictures in 1931. His favorite recreation is horseback riding. If you will send me a return envelope, I will give you a list of his pictures.

W. J. McMAHON AND GANG, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Shirley Temple's latest picture is "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Next she will be in "Bright Eyes." Shirley was born in Santa Monica, Calif., April 24, 1929. She has golden hair and hazel eyes.

FASHIONS
No man can escape them and no woman wants to.
You'll find this issue of Photoplay full of news about forthcoming styles and fashions.

CHOOSE YOUR
Christmas gifts from
Devilbiss' Wide Selection

The new array of Devilbiss Atomizers, in both imported and domestic glass, includes distinctive perfume atomizers, smart encased styles for traveling, and attractive 6-ounce atomizers for spraying eau de cologne—an atomizer for every occasion and purpose, and to harmonize with every type of boudoir or traveling accessory. And any one of them is an ideal gift for Christmas. Now that leading perfumers are recommending that perfume be sprayed, women will be more than ever happy to receive these beautifully designed atomizers as gifts. The Devilbiss Atomizer transforms one drop into 2000 atoms, bringing out the fullest fragrance of the perfume. Prices start at $1; with Closure, at $3.50. The Devilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

CHOOSE YOUR
Christmas gifts from
Devilbiss' Wide Selection

The new array of Devilbiss Atomizers, in both imported and domestic glass, includes distinctive perfume atomizers, smart encased styles for traveling, and attractive 6-ounce atomizers for spraying eau de cologne—an atomizer for every occasion and purpose, and to harmonize with every type of boudoir or traveling accessory. And any one of them is an ideal gift for Christmas. Now that leading perfumers are recommending that perfume be sprayed, women will be more than ever happy to receive these beautifully designed atomizers as gifts. The Devilbiss Atomizer transforms one drop into 2000 atoms, bringing out the fullest fragrance of the perfume. Prices start at $1; with Closure, at $3.50. The Devilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

CHOOSE YOUR
Christmas gifts from
Devilbiss' Wide Selection

The new array of Devilbiss Atomizers, in both imported and domestic glass, includes distinctive perfume atomizers, smart encased styles for traveling, and attractive 6-ounce atomizers for spraying eau de cologne—an atomizer for every occasion and purpose, and to harmonize with every type of boudoir or traveling accessory. And any one of them is an ideal gift for Christmas. Now that leading perfumers are recommending that perfume be sprayed, women will be more than ever happy to receive these beautifully designed atomizers as gifts. The Devilbiss Atomizer transforms one drop into 2000 atoms, bringing out the fullest fragrance of the perfume. Prices start at $1; with Closure, at $3.50. The Devilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.
Mary Forbes, coming to dine with her son one night, had big news. "I saw a charming girl today at the Gleasons. Really charming. I think you two should meet. Her name is Heather Angel."

"I like her, mother! Oh lord," growled Rafe, "why didn't I break that date at the dentist's and go to the Gleasons?" Mrs. Forbes, fishing thoughtfully for a cherrv in her fruit compote, smiled slowly.

It was a certain violently black, star-appointed midnight which he did run into her. They were coming in opposite directions through the entrance of a popular night club. She paused. He turned: Neither liked the other's company. The air vibrated, changed to a chilly blue.

"Why on earth did she pick him to go out with?" thought Rafe.

"He's here with that woman," thought Heather.

This was the end between them. The definite finale. They'd forget—

But it was queer how, for people no longer interested in each other, sleep eluded both of them that night. How Forbes stormed and raged and ranted to his genial man Friday the next morning.

Imagine letting that blankety-blank tag around after her! There ought to be a law against such men! She ought to know better. She—?

IT took the British navy to bring them together. At least a part of it.

When His Majesty's ship, Norfolk, steamed into San Pedro harbor, flags flying, a slim, shining greyhound of the deep, you could hardly suspect it of doubling for Cupid.

"Boom!" went the great guns in salute.

"Boom!" went that mischievous little fellow's bow and arrow.

Rafe saw her as she stepped up on deck. Lanterns were strung along the gleaming length of the decks. There was the exciting medley of gold-braided uniforms, beautifully gowned women, the gaiety a warship takes on when it turned into a flower-trimmed ballroom. "I'll Close My Eyes To Everything Else If You'll Open Your Heart To Me," played the band. The Admiral, Sir Reginald Plunkett-Erle-Drax, was bowing over Heather's hand. Who was that with her? Ah—relief—her mother!

Luck was with him tonight. He'd brought his sister, Brenda.

You don't have to worry about a sister, not when she's already surrounded by a half dozen young blades.

By a little expert maneuvering, Rafe managed to get Heather alone for a moment.

"Have you seen the shore lights from that nice spot up forward?"

"Yes," acknowledged the littest Angel, "about eight officers have shown it to me already!" And suddenly they were laughing, looking deep into each other's eyes, drifting—

He appraised a dress with her, although by that time Heather was having serious Admiral trouble. She'd forgotten which dances she had promised him. It was a Waltz, Dreamy, Filliting. . . . She was so exquisite and dainty and young. Breath-taking young.

"I'm having a buffet supper for the officers at my house tomorrow night. Can you come?" His arm tightened about her.

"Yes, I'd love to." murmured Heather against his coat lapel.

"You're so blissfully sweet. You're—"

"I believe," said the Admiral pleasantly, "this is my dance!"

SAFE'S house is an English Norman affair "swooping up a hillside in the gentlest fashion possible. A rather glorified bachelor's quarters, surrounded by sweeping lawns and trees that were young when the Spanish conquistadors arrived. A gray parrot, the gift of a sea-wandering friend, holds forth at the entrance. "Hello, darling!" he chirped as Heather entered.

"He's speaking for me!" said Rafe, coming to greet her.

It was good fun, that party. Sea stories were spun until you could fairly feel the spin-drift off the bow and the roll of the deck. Rafe made an exceptionally fine host—considering the fact that he kept his weather-eye constantly fixed on an Angel. And like all good angels, she held the singing. In the garden, that was, along about the pre-breakfast hours. No one thought of departing.

There were rollicking natty songs to sing, three verses to a song, and the purple hills echoed with them. Laughter, clever toasts, a hasty chorus.

It was two o'clock the following afternoon that Rafe awakened. His man was peering around the door in a slightly perturbed state "What shall I do, sir? There are two ladies sitting out on the lawn." Forbes made a Nurmi-like leap for the window. There, calm and quite unconcernedly chatting, were Heather and her chum, Pat Paterson. "We're driving down to the beach," they told him when he put in a hurried appearance. "We thought Mr. Forbes might be lonesome for a breath of salt breeze."

Why, come to think of it, Mr. Forbes was!

Now Hollywood was still ruminating over the sudden Pat Paterson-Charles Boyer matrim.ials. And Pat was in that state of enthusiasm peculiar to bridegrooms, where she wanted to see the whole world happily married. Here was a chance to help the good cause along! Not that it needed helping.

In ecstatic mood, Heather reached for a flower on a nearby bush as they slowed up for a stop sign. It was a nice little flower—only it happened to have a hornet on it. He thoroughly resented being a captive in a slim white hand. It didn't take him long to make the fact known in drastic fashion. Heather screamed. She backed against Rafe's shoulder like a frightened child.

And Rafe—what does any young man do in a case like that? Anyone knows that the general first aid treatment includes considerable hand-holding.

"Oh," breathed Pat looking on, "it's just like something you read in a book."

And, in truth, the next six weeks would have written a highly romantic chapter in any novel.

T HE blessed part of it was—there were no rumors. For once, Hollywood failed to do its usual blaring about a budding love affair. Because Hollywood didn't know. No one suspected. Not even the columnists. It wasn't that Rafe and Heather were trying particularly to keep it a secret. It was just that columnists don't "cover" the Riviera polo field on off days.

"Great shot!" Rafe pulled up to Pat. He'd been surprised, but he was such an ethereal little thing to be racing so madly down the field, swinging a mallet. A celestial cherub in white woopцd breeches and a silk shirt, riding her mount like a gaucho. He didn't know then that she'd ridden a pony in Oxford almost before she could walk. That in India she'd been in the habit of getting up at five in the morning to exercise a friend's racing horses. But she was a wonder on the polo field.

She was a wonder anywhere. In the evening across candle-liy tables . . . on long rides through orange groves on up to the mountains. They appeared together only twice in public. And then the name-linkers of Filmtown were not around!

It was at her farewell supper for Boyer that Rafe told her:

"Heather, sweet, I'm leaving tomorrow for a fishing trip up in the Sierras. I—I think it's best."

He wanted to figure out this thing that had happened to him, to get a perspective. It's one thing to drift into a romance—and another to be caught in the glorious whirlpool of it that makes your senses reel, your heart pound.

TEN days later he was back. He knew exactly what he wanted of life. He wanted an angel with unfathomable dark eyes and an
Simple words—and then the full meaning of them struck Rafe spellbound. He pushed back his soup ... went, in a trance, to the other side of the table ... Carolina, Pat's French cook, dropped a whole tray of plates and no one heard.

These Fortresses are a swift acting lot. Rafe called five airports in so many minutes. Not one plane available. He routed his secretary, Jane Grey, out of bed. She in turn routed Henry, the chauffeur.

"I thought so," said Henry sleepily. "I knew we'd be traveling to Yuma one of these days!"

It occurred to the pair that there were people who might rate being notified. His mother—her mother. "Will you come right up to Pat's apartment in the Sunset Towers." was their cryptic message. "We have something important to tell you!"

There was the little matter, too, of an engagement ring. Rafe searched through his pockets in a frenzy. He had to use something! He did—the slender chain of his watch! He wrapped it around Heather's finger and no ten-carat diamond ever was put on with more tenderness and feeling. There was a catch in her throat as his arms went around her. A love summed up, a question asked, an answer given in that one little phrase—"How long does it take to get to Yuma?"

Usually it takes something like six hours driving from Hollywood. It took them ten. There were delays at the start, of course. Heather had to find a frock of Pat's she could wear. People came. Rafe caught sight of the diamond and sapphire ring on his mother's finger. It had been his grandmother's. His mother was taking it off, giving it to him.

"This is better than the chain!" she smiled. "Funny, I haven't worn it for years. I don't know what possessed me to slip it on tonight."

Jane Grey contributed the wedding ring—one she had worn on her little finger. Everybody uptight their purses, for there's no place you can cash a check at midnight.

Finally they were off, at two-thirty in the morning. Dinnerless, sleepless and blissfully in love.

It was just past Indio that they threw a main bearing. Fortunately, in front of a garage. Hitch-hiking to your wedding ... falling busses at daybreak.

But all the busses were going in the wrong direction.

"I've got a 1922 car here," confided the garageman, "but it goes." It did. Just. It was held together by the grace of heaven and little else. There was no back seat. Only a choice collection of antique farm implements. And in it Heather and Rafe rode to their marriage.

Only four minutes it took, with Judge Freeman reading the simple service. A hot, white sun streamed in.

A bluebottle flew swung in lazy circles. Funny, how Paradise can shift down into a dry little courtroom.

On the way home by train Rafe murmured, "Darling, do you know we have to begin all over again? I'll begin with a star sapphire engagement ring and then we'll get a link of Jawy's ring put into a wedding ring of your own."

"It would be nice, dear," said the Angel, "if you'd begin with a proposal! You know you never have—officially—asked me to marry you."
reproduce truly, but photographed with an orangish-yellowish tinge.

Rich purples, lavenders, all shades of blue, and many lovely in between colors could not be recorded.

Now, however, the camera, by the new process, is able to "see" all three primary colors, and their combinations, of course, make up every color visible to the human eye.

You can understand the impossibility of getting true color pictures by the old process if you try to imagine yourself painting a water color picture, using only red, yellow, and green.

Under the old process, too, outlines were blurred, making the pictures not only displeasing but hard on the eyes.

The failure of former Technicolor pictures, however, should not be blamed entirely on the camera's back. Those who made the pictures were partly to blame. They were used to working in black and white. They did not realize that a production done in color had to be handled differently; that careful planning of color combinations and design were of paramount importance.

When Robert Edmond Jones worked out the color for "La Cucaracha," he made thousands of crayon sketches, designing the movie, scene by scene, from the script. Every scene, each tiny sequence, was then created from his crayon sketches, copying the exact colors. Thus each shot was a perfect picture so far as color and design were concerned, making a beautiful and artistic whole.

He is doing "Becky Sharp" with the same care and exactness.

Those working in color realize now that such careful design is necessary: They have learned, too, that in many other respects their picture-making must be treated differently. For example, the heavy make-up so effective in black and white photography is ugly and artificial in Technicolor. A light, natural make-up must be used. This, of course, makes it more difficult to cast a role.

Skin defects cannot be hidden beneath a coat of grease-paint and powder. Freckles can’t be powdered over.

Eyes that are too small can’t be made to look large by tricky use of mascara and eye shadow. Colorless hair won’t do, while artificial coloring or bleaching photographs badly.

It's putting an added demand on stars! Those that passed their voice tests several years ago, and have been breathing easy, ask nervously now, "How will I photograph in color?"

"It will change the standard of screen beauty," says Robert Edmond Jones. "It will bring naturalness into favor and toss artificiality into the discard. Beauty like Irene Dunne's, for example, will then become fully appreciated—rich reddish-brown hair, skin of lovely texture and color."

And, those stars who do survive the test are going to find themselves confronted with a more difficult job in movie-making.

The tedious business of wardrobe planning, for example, will be even more difficult than it is now.

Furthermore, according to stars who have appeared in color pictures, the intense lighting necessary for its photography makes working conditions trying and unpleasant.

Jeanette MacDonald, who appeared in the Technicolor sequence of "The Cat and the Fiddle," says, "It was terrible, trying to work under the lights. The heat was terrific; make-up was ruined after five minutes, and the intense light was so hard on our eyes, it was almost unbearable."

Miss MacDonald, incidentally, with her gold-red hair and gray-blue eyes, is one star who should certainly rate high before the color camera.

But, all the players find themselves confronted with difficulties, what of the studios?

The studios have millions of dollars worth of equipment for making black and white pictures. It cannot be used for color movies. Are they going to be faced with junking all of this? Of course, when the tornado of sound hit Hollywood, almost overnight equipment that cost fortunes was thrown on the junk heap. And there is no doubt that, if the public demands color pictures, Hollywood must, and will, provide them.

But, aside from the high price of equipment, the actual cost of producing a color picture is tremendous.

For example, it cost sixty-four thousand dollars for RKO-Radio to produce "La Cucaracha."

The average black and white picture of the same length costs around fifteen thousand.

One reason for the steep cost of color pictures is that the Technicolor camera uses three times as much film as the black and white camera. It carries one strip of negative film to record each of the three primary colors. Thus when the cameras grind, three photographs of the scene are actually being taken at once. It follows then that at each step in the handling of the film the work and cost is tripled.

The process itself is not as difficult or complicated as one might expect. Let us imagine that the color camera is photographing a holly wreath, hung on a blue door. Your eye sees the holly berries, the green leaves, the blue door. A beam of light carries these three colors into the camera.

As the light enters the camera, it strikes a prism which splits it into three parts. In the camera are three filters made of gelatin—a green gelatin filter, a red one, a blue one. Each of the three parts of the light beam strikes one of these filters.

The green filter permits only the green in the light to pass through and hit the negative film.

The red filter lets only the red in the light through.

The blue filter carries through the blue in the light to the negative film.

Now the actual color is not recorded on these negatives.

Looking at them, you see only shadow, as on an ordinary negative. The thing that is recorded here is the intensity of the light that has struck each negative.

These negatives must be printed now on a positive which will preserve these values of intensity and which can take dyes and print color.

The positive used is a gelatin-coated film. After the negative is printed on the positive, the positive is put through a chemical process which hardens the gelatin of the positive in proportion to the light that strikes it. For example, the red berries were dark on the one negative behind the red filter, and those spots let little light through, so the gelatin there remains soft. On the same negative, the green leaves and blue door are not dark, and light hardens the gelatin in those spots. Each positive is now taken out and washed. Naturally the soft gelatin washes away, leaving little "valleys" where the red berries should be, and reliefs of hard gelatin for the door and leaves. These gelatin positives are known as matrices.

Now these matrices must be dyed. Each is dyed with its opposite or complementary color. The red matrix is dipped in a green dye; the green matrix is dipped with red dye; the blue matrix is dipped in yellow dye. You now have three strips of film, one yellow, one green, one red. The dye, of course, is absorbed according to the thickness of the gelatin coating. Where there is no gelatin, no dye will "take." Consequently, the berries on the originally red matrix, having no gelatin covering, take none of the green dye. By the same token, on the originally green matrix, all the red berries retained the gelatin, and so absorb the red dye.

The three matrices are now printed on the final positive film. First the red matrix (now dyed green, remember) is placed against the film. Since, on this matrix, the red berries retained no gelatin and consequently picked up no dye, the spot where the berries should be simply remains blank on the film.

Next, however, the green matrix (now dyed red) is placed against the film. Here the berries retained the gelatin, absorbed the red dye, and now print it on the film. However, on the third matrix (the one originally blue, now, dyed yellow) the berries also retained the gelatin and took the yellow dye. When this is pressed against the film, then, yellow dye is placed over the red dye of the berries. The same is true of each impression: each is dyed twice.

But the light in the projection machine, striking the film, makes each of these dyes being shown, clear this up. The light contains red, green and blue elements—the three primary colors. As it shines through the film, the red element holds up the green, the green stops the red, the blue deters the yellow. Thus the holly berries, stained with red and stained with yellow, come onto the screen as red only, because the blue element in the light deters the yellow, and only the red is allowed to go through. On the screen, you see the colors now as accurately and truly as if you were looking at the original objects.

If black and white movies are realistic to you, it is only because your imagination supplies the color. Technicolor, however, leaves nothing to the imagination. There is even a process which makes it possible to record such realistic touches as a blush, or a players turning white with fright or crimson with anger. In "La Cucaracha" you may remember when Paul Porcbs became angry at Steffi Duna in the restaurant, his face turned purplish red.

This is done with a machine which contains a variety of colored lights set on and off in different combinations. A pivot is turned, shedding the desired light in front of the projector, and directing it to the spot in the scene where the effect is wanted.

The man who invented the machine says it
will increase the possibility of interesting effects—
immeasurably, permitting even such realistic
touches as pale greenish tinges for seaweed
actors and pasty white effects for "hangovers,"
if desired.

Hollywood today is pretty much divided on
the subject of color. Sam Goldwyn and Eddie
Cantor recently leagued with the pro-colorists
when they made the final sequence of "Kid
Millions" in Technicolor. RKO-Radio signifies
its belief in the future of color by tossing tall
sums of money into "Becky Sharp."

But the fate of its future lies in the hands
of the public.

If the public demands it, the expense to
the industry, the discomfort to players will be
considered of small consequence.

If the public wants it, Robert Edmond
Jones' prophecy will be fulfilled—color will
come to the screen, to stay.

Hollywood Holiday
Follies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

Mae agreed he might come down to see her
sometime, so it was settled.

Dietrich and Von Sternberg were to walk into
the Paramount dining-room, each with a
shoe-box lunch under an arm and, selecting
a table, were to calmly lay out their weiner-
schnitzels to their hearts' content and the
waiters' astonishment.

This too, would please and surprise Santa,
they felt sure.

Joan Crawford begged to be allowed to
twine gardenias in Santa's beard so he would
smell in harmony when he came down her
chimney.

Provided Franchot would stand for any
such monkey business.

The only snag they ran up against, however,
was that all the girls wanted to tickle the jolly
old rascal; he being such a plump old lamb.
In the end, they finally had to lay down "no tick-
ing" rules which simply put Miriam Hopkins
as bed with disappointment.

After lunch (at the Brown Derby) Santa was
view the Bus Berkeley girls in action. If
santa still lived, a simple little twenty-seven
course supper was to be spread at the new
Fracodero. "And let's finish up with nuts,"
someone suggested.

THAT settles it," everyone screamed, "if
the Marx Brothers come, we won't. They'll
must it up all right."

Just to show that every little thing had been
bought out, it was agreed, if a Turkish bath
uted to being Santa around after the evening's
in, Adrian was to stitch a bale of cotton
round Guy Kibbee and with Santa's pack on
is back, he was to finish up the job.

"But what if I get stuck in a chimney?"

"I don't know."

"You've been stuck in worse things than
imneys, haven't you?" they argued. So it
as agreed.

And with this last detail complete, joy broke
ose all over everything and Gracie Allen had
clean it up. Cheers, huzzahs and three
gers for "Hollywood's Holiday Follies" rang
it over the land.

And as Tiny Tim never in the world said,
Merry Christmas to you all. And God help
everyone."

World’s Easiest Chocolate Frosting

Eagle Brand
MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened 1/2 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand
chocolate 1/2 cup Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water
Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water
5 minutes until thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5
minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool
cake before spreading frosting.

- Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And
it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes
on in lovely rich swirls! B But remember ... Evapor-
ated Milk won’t... can’t — succeed in this recipe.
You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just
remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! World’s most amazing Cook Book!
Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing
astonishing new short-cuts. 150 recipes, including:
Lemon Pie without cooking! Caramel Pudding that
makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up
Mayonnaise! Ice Cream (freezer and automatic)!
Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards!
Cookies! Quick Bread! Address: The Borden Co.
Dept. P115, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name ________________________________
Street ______________________________
City ________________________________
State ________________________________

(Print name and address plainly)

What $2.50 Will Bring You

Hundreds of pictures of the stars of Hollywood and illus-
trations of their work and pastime—in twelve big
(monthly) issues of Photoplay, The News and Fashion
Magazine of the Screen.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on
the screen.

Brief reviews with the cases of current photoplays. The truth
and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for tell-
ing you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written
and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone
in its field of motion pictures.

Send a Money Order or Check for $2.50 if in the U. S. its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba
($3.50 to Canada and foreign countries), for the next twelve issues, addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 1-P, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
A producer, in London on business, sought relaxation at the theater with friends. The play was "The Ace," which had been a sensation in the English metropolis for several months. Even so, tired from a day of conferences and checking reports, the producer leaned back in his chair, prepared to be bored.

But in the first five minutes, he was not only interested, he was sitting on the edge of his seat. A new personality—vibrant, intriguing, compelling—had flashed across his consciousness.

A

An olive-skinned beauty with flux-blond hair and big blue-green eyes, she wore the simple costume of a French gamin stranded in Germany during the war. A scarlet hair-ribbon and sheer black silk stockings added a saucy pertness which was devastating.

It was easy to identify her from the program, as she was the only feminine member of the cast. Ketti Gallian! An intriguing name—one that would glow well on theater marquees.

The producer, Winfield Sheehan, sighed deeply. For more than a year he had been searching the world over for the ideal girl to play the title role in "Marie Galante," the Prix de Rome novel by Jacques Deval which had caused a sensation in Europe and an equal one in America when it was published in English.

Here, if the gods were good, was the very girl he had been seeking. If she filmed well, his long search was at an end.

Through his London associates, he arranged for an interview at Miss Gallian's hotel. When he arrived to keep the appointment, her secretary was called in to interpret. Miss Gallian's English vocabulary embraced no more than "How do you do," "Thank you," and "Good-bye," despite her months in London.

She had no intention of remaining in England when she accepted the role of the French girl in "The Ace," and, as her lines were all in her native language, there was no necessity for her to learn English. She did the same as most Americans do who go to France for a visit—hired a bilingual secretary, and transacted all business through her, even to her shopping.

Mr. Sheehan found Miss Gallian delightful on acquaintance and speedily arranged for her to make a screen test. Language offered no complications, as she merely did a scene from "The Ace" before the camera.

She screened gorgeously, the searching eye of the camera recording many facets of her piquant personality that were lost over the footlights.

The producer found the little French actress more than eager to visit Hollywood. But there were several items to be settled first. That matter of language—oh, she would learn English within one hundred days. Screen training—she would submit herself to any instruction deemed necessary. Remodeling her figure—Oh, la la!

Famous artists had pronounced her figure tres chic. Why must she change?

It was pointed out that the camera magnifies, and that a person who may look perfect on the street or the stage, often will look too large on the screen.

Oh!—Gallian would reduce, too, if it were necessary. And so the very unusual contract was signed.

On Christmas Eve, her birthday, incidentally, Ketti Gallian arrived at the Hollywood airport. A stranger in a strange land, her first impulse was to hop another plane for home.

She had been seasick on the rough ocean crossing aboard the Italian Rex. She was a sick following her speedy dash across the continent by plane, and heartllast and homesick for her relatives and friends more than six thousand miles away in Europe.

An additional provision of her contract required that, in order to insure her concentration on learning English, she must not associate with French or French-speaking people during the period of her training.

The only answer she knew to homesickness and discouragement was work, so the volatile, flaxen-haired starlet settled down to a period of intensive study and the dilly drudgery of lonely labor.

Margaret Knapp, who last year coached Anna Sten, the Russian actress, in English so successfully, was retained to tutor the Frenchgirl. - The young ladies shared an apartment, to obtain better results on the concentrated course of lessons.

Miss Gallian's only relaxation contributed to her education, too. She listened to the radio and attended American movies to become accustomed to the proper pronunciation of words.

TECHNICAL resources of Fox Movietone City were placed at Miss Gallian's disposal. She was coached in histriionics, she was drilled in poise and carriage.

In a hundred days she had learned English. She became sufficiently acquainted with the language to read her lines clearly and distinctly, with just the trace of accent which movie-goers find so delightful in foreign stars.

Through exercise—horseback riding, bicycling, tennis and swimming—and a balanced menu of wholesome foods, she retained her proper weight and the slender, silhouetted height, and characteristics of the French coloring, features and figure are not typical of that region. She is a marked contrast to the small-statured brunette woman of southern Europe.

Straight as an arrow, she is wide-shouldered, thin-eyed, with light tires and blue-green eyes.

Perhaps this is due to the influence of her mother, whose family was of Nordic origin, though French for generations. Ketti's mother was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the English Channel. Ketti's father, Victor Galliano, is Italian born, from the Piedmont. A grape-grower, his vineyards extend up the flanks of the Mont-blanc, drinking in the sun from the warm southern exposure.

Victor Galliano became a French citizen before the war and was mobilized with the French army when hostilities broke out in 1914. He went to the trenches early in 1915, was slightly wounded, went back to the lines, then came down with pneumonia.

After a long siege in a hospital, he was finally invalided out of the service.

Ketti was war brides, a term she has been during the dark days of the great struggle, far from the front, but a stone's throw from the Mediterranean Sea, where enemy sea raiders frequently attempted to shell the ports—where enemy aircraft soared down the Rhone Valley to bomb distant cities.
Margaret Sullavan Wants None of It.

[continued from page 29]

she was not and never would be happy making pictures at Hollywood. Margaret had preconceived ideas about Hollywood—playtime Hollywood—and stunningly ignored it. All during her début picture she was "regular" enough about doing the extra-set tasks demanded of a star. The publicity gags, pictures, smiles, introductions. No one called her a "prima donna."

But she was terribly unhappy every minute of the time she spent within studio gates. And she still is. I happen to know that ever since "Only Yesterday," and its undreamed of result of lifting her to the small pinnacle of great screen stars, Margaret Sullavan has never been the same.

Even during the filming of "Little Man, What Now?" under the kindness and understanding of Frank Borzage, whom she liked, on a set where harmony and pleasantness ruled, Margaret suffered the same soul-twisting tortures.

Every picture has been a Hell for her to get through. Her attitude, which is genuine and uncontrollable, has not changed one iota from the first discouraging week of her screen career. Chilly, single-minded, Margaret Sullavan has never been the same.

To completely understand it would be to completely understand Margaret Sullavan—and only the gods can dare boast such perception. For she is no ordinary person; on the contrary, she is one of the most intensely interesting and individual characters ever to visit Hollywood.

However, here is an attempt at least to penetrate the shell of a psychology which has provided Hollywood with an enigma rapidly becoming as classic as Garbo.

In the first place, all the rich rewards of movie stardom leave her as cold as a casting director's eye.

Money, movie money, big money simply has no lure for her. She doesn't want mink coats and town cars. Making good in a show world doesn't lend her the slightest desire to make a show.

Last year she drove a small, second-hand medium priced roadster; this year she doesn't even own a car, but rents a 1942 rating, two-seater of one of the lowest priced makes.

Living in style, wearing sensational, expensive clothes, putting it on in the grand manner is distasteful to her. Last year, again, she took a house in Coldwater Canyon, not a big house, but a nice house. This year she lives right in the heart of Hollywood, in a small apartment. The address is good, but not ultra-ultra. Fame, publicity, glamour, ballyhoo, they make her shudder. I doubt if she has read one one-hundredth of the stories written about her. She keeps none of her countless still portraits. She wasn't enjoying having luncheon with me, although we are friends, because she knew I was going to write about her. Anything attempted in the nature of an interviewer is actually painful to her. Talking about herself makes her weak inside. She made me promise not to quote her.

The fact that millions of people all over the world are being entertained and made happy by her pictures, the fact that she is succeeding in what most people consider an immeasurably great career does not begin to compensate her for what she sincerely feels she is missing because of it.

To her any career—even the stage, which

Margaret Sullavan has never been the same.
she loves almost reverently—isn't worth a snap of
the fingers if it in any way bounds her free-
dom. If it keeps her from drinking to the
fullest of life.
In some ways, Margaret Sullavan is a wise
old woman; in others, I suspect that she is a
naive child.
Because she eagerly wants, she insists on
every worth while fruit in the world's Eden—
not sometimes, but now.
She wants a stage career (she wants to "learn
how to act")! she wants to travel, she wants
marriage, a home, children, she wants leisure—
and all pretty much at once. The fact that
all of these can come in a few years, after she
has made herself independent for life, by a
short prison "stretch" in Hollywood, cuts no
figure whatever with her.
She thinks that now is the time to be free—
not later.
Of course, most of us wouldn't consider the
making of two pictures a year (even though
each picture, being the most important on
Universal's schedule, takes from two to three
months to film) exactly the four walls of a
prison—but to one so geared as Margaret Sullavan,
it is more than a prison—it's a tor-
ture chamber.
Every day she spends on the set saps her
energy to the last dregs and tires her to nervous
exhaustion. She goes home in a state of mind
which carries the conviction that her day's
work has been futile—that she has given a mis-
erable performance—that she has wasted a
precious, irretrievable day of her life—for
naught.
She can't bear to view the rushes of her day's
work in the evening after the final "Cut" has
sounded.
During William Wyler asked her as a
special favor to see them on her present
picture, "The Good Fairy."
He thought it would help her.
She went for two evenings. She couldn't
stand to see herself and begged off; she
hasn't seen them since.
From all of this she wants to escape. Weary
of the bargain which unsuspected, unexpected
success has forced on her, Margaret Sullavan
wants a way out.
Will the marriage that she contemplates help
her find the freedom and the rich experience of
life she demands, and which, being made as she is
made, Hollywood denies her? Will it be the
first step towards her eventually forsaking the
screen?
Or will it change her whole psychology, re-
ramp her unusual attitude towards screen
stardom, give her enough of the extra-studio
she now lacks, and make what now seems
full torture an attractive career?
There is only one answer—
She will still be essentially Margaret Sullava-
an, no matter whom she marries—and so sin-
er is her unhappy dislike of a screen star's
life, that no mere wedding ring can transform
is aura from gray to golden.
Of course, marriage or no marriage, she can't
just quit. She's a very valuable piece of screen
property, whether she likes it or not—and Uni-
versal has a contract with her for two more
cars.
But she is just enough of a life loving, free-
dom seeking person to go in for this marriage
ith her whole soul, found a home and raise a
family.
So take a good look, a long lingering look at
Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy," for
at picture and the one after it might be your
st chance to see her for some time.

"Here's How!" says Wing to Perelman
All over the country they are taking up the new Hawaiian "Here's How"
based on one-third of a glass of DOLE Pineapple Juice to each long tall glass, seltzer
water, ice, plus the infinite variety of other fruits and juice added to
your own taste. Pure, unsweetened DOLE Pineapple Juice, vacuum-packed,
makes the perfect "Here's How." Order a dozen cans from your grocer today.

**ALWAYS ACCLAIMED by HOLLYWOOD**

*This New Fur Accessory!*

![Image of a woman wearing a fur accessory.]

**PAR-I-O-GEN**

**FEMININE HYGIENE TABLETS**

Every bride, every matron should know of this modern convenience!

**NO WATER REQUIRED**

The convenience of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets appeals to women, as no water or other accessories are required. These tablets quickly dissolve in the natural secretions forming an efficient
deodorant. Stainless, greaseless. PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets will not deteri-
porate in ordinary temperatures.

**Send for Trial Box! To make it easy for you to try PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, we offer a special trial box of five tablets, conveniently
packaged for travel or home use, for only fifty cents (stamps or coin) post-
paid. Or get them at your drug-
store—a tube of twelve tablets
for a dollar.**

[Details on how to order.]

**Address.**

**American Drug and Chemical Co.**

**50C**
**LOST JUNGLE, THE**—Mason.—Clay Britt gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers on the loose at this South Sea Island experience add to thrills. *(Sept.)*

**LUSTY LADY, A**—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in her first starring adaptation, with Pauline Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. *(Nov.)*

**LOUD SPEAKER, THE**—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Waller) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing play. *(July)*

**LOUISIANA**—RKO Radio.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between the old and the new is very well handled. The gypsies are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. *(Sept.)*

**LOVE CAPTIVE, THE**—Universal.—A confusion issue over the death of a hypnotist in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. *(Aug.)*

**LOVE TIME**—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther), his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. *(Dec.)*

**MADAME DU BARRY**—Warner.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame Du Barry. A number of pranks in the French Court, King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. *(Aug.)*

**MANHATTAN MELODRAMAS**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic end of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. *(July)*

**MAN FROM UTAH, THE**—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young and Robert Alda. *(Sept.)*

**MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE**—First National.—Clear-cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decided good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. *(July)*

**MANY HAPPY RETURNS, THE**—Paramount.—Just a bundle of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting cast giving a Riot of fun. *(July)*

**MENACE**—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A mad, maniacal doctor (Robert Allen) plays on the fears of Laurence Olivier, and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. *(Dec.)*

**MERRY FRINKS, THE**—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frank C. Butler, Wadsworth and Gay Hubert give all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. *(Aug.)*

**MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Operetta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. James Cagney, MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. *(Nov.)*

**MUSES WIVES OF RENO, THE**—Warner.—This feeble and amusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. *(Aug.)*

**MIDNIGHT ALIBI**—First National.—At the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Doran) of a thief (Spencer Tracy) is excelled in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fire support. *(July)*

**MURDER AT THE VANITIES, THE**—Para.—In this familiar tale of the mother who turns up on the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brown, Vivian Blaine and a host of well-known players in support. *(Aug.)*

**MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.**—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Myrna Loy, Lucien Merkert, Charles Ruggles. Russell Crouse all well. *(Aug.)*

**MURDER IN TRINIDAD, THE**—Fox.—While Nige Bruce investigate smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Helen Morgan. *(Aug.)*

**MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO.**—Really of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a luminous Phil Vance role. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. *(Aug.)*

**MYSTIC HOUR, THE**—Progressive.—Crocked est crooks, lightning-fast, top with fast trains, naddo-ado-doado—greatly improved. On the other hand, no cut-rate pies. Montague Love, Charles Hutchison, Milton Sills. *(July)*

**NELL GWYN**—British & Dominion-United Artists—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story of the life of the lovely actress who become Mrs. of King Charles II. *(Oct.)*

**NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE**—Para.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Dillon Skipworth. *(Sept.)*


**NOW I'LL TELL**—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, as told by his closest friend. Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fire support. *(July)*

**OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO-**—Radio.—Darwin (Cary Grant) is a cripple (Leslie Howard) helplessly in love with a vivacious girl (Irene Dunne), who in turn is enchanted by his life and his work. The principal actors are excellent. *(Oct.)*

**OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Para.—Parodying gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revivals of songs play "The Drummer. *(Sept.)*

**ANCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marion Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Adele Marlow. *(Aug.)*

**ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE**—Universal—Serving for serious role story of much intrigue. Neil Hamilton returns Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds kith and kinser. His lais, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Patelle, Grant Mitchell. *(Dec.)*

**ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a tribe ponderous. *(Okt.)*

**ONE NIGHT OF COLUMBUS**—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed in an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Talbot Carminati. *(Aug.)*

**OPERATOR 13—M-G-M.**—Marion Davies does a double act in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Dicky Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. *(Aug.)*

**ORDERS IS ORDERS**—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all English cast excepting Jimmy St Claire and Kathleen Crowther, who are a comedy riot. *(Aug.)*

**OUR DAILY BREAD**—United Artists.—Frankly commercial, this film portrays community ranch life. Played by Lucile Watson, the character of Jim Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. *(Sept.)*

**OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.**—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall and George Brent—are superb. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. *(Nov.)*

**OVER NIGHT—Mundial Distributing Corp.—Commedia dell' arte style. An unsung masterpiece. *(Dec.)*

**PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.**—Good story and acting, but disjointed telling. History is thyme; Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. *(July)*

**PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by,生效 in role, as girl who wants Joe McCrea to be the bad boy,' and Thomas Meighan is Mr. Peck. *(Nov.)*

**PERSONALITY KID, THE**—Warner.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an escaped convict. That's his story, but it's kind must have been kidding when they made this picture. *(Dec.)*

**PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy- mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Low Cady is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, as a local detective chief suspect. Zasu Pitts and Ned Sparks. *(July)*

**PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE**—Par- mount.—Hinges on the long gone custom used by Joe McCrea, a Hebran soldier and a Colonial in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing. *(Dec.)*

**RANDY RIDES ALONE**—Monogram.—Western devotee will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. *(Sept.)*

**READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, shameless and well-acted farce about a paper owner, mistakes ldo Lupino for the inamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, T. E. Truhrink, Ben Alexander, and others. *(Aug.)*

**REDHEAD**—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the sound of the marriage. *(Sept.)*

**RETURN OF THE TERROR—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a similarum for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. *(Aug.)*

**RICHETTI COURT IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO- Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job as patrician heiress, with John Halliday, Lyle Talbot to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. *(Nov.)*

**ROCKY RHODES**—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. *(Nov.)*

**ROMANCE IN THE RAIN**—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. *(Oct.)*

**SADIE MCKEE—M-G-M.**—Aan Crawford makes the part her own. Her film is highlighted by Arnold Crawford's superb drunk scenes. Gene Tierney is glamorous, and Time to Tell. In the end the story line turns and plot to work. Thoroughly entertaining. *(July)*

**SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An unsung presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marie Dressler as the princess, and Jean Arthur as Grand Duke Peter, John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. *(July)*
STOP A COLD
the First Day!

Drive It Out of Your System
—Roots and All!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grievous feeling and tones the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies these four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by name, the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.

In the Picture Capital

PHOTOPLAY Magazine for January, 1931

111

Stop a Cold the First Day!
Salute May Robson!

[Continued from Page 67]

One—a beautiful ingénue, herself. One as Tilly, a slyly servant girl.

The play The Hoop of Gold, opened on September 17, 1883, and in her very first performance May learned the most valuable lesson of her whole career.

The audience took the beautiful ingénue for granted. But they shouted with laughter at Tilly. So May decided then and there to play characters, and only characters. The satisfaction of looking beautiful couldn't compare with the laughs and the applause one rated for being funny.

It was a smart decision.

Her husband died, and several years later she married Dr. A. H. Brown, who was then a young Harvard medical student. This was an ideally happy association. Always devoted and considerate, Dr. Brown never wished to interfere with his wife's career on the stage; rather, he encouraged it. He became a surgeon with an extensive practice, and May became a Frohman star. Dr. Brown died in 1923, after more than thirty years of an ideally happy marriage.

Long before this, May's friendship with Marie Dressler had been formed, and once they made a memorable trip to England on a storm-tossed old steamer, quite positive they would never reach the shore alive.

May played The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary over there and then for a four-year run without a break in New York. It is one of the theatrical successes which will go down in history. She never had a failure on the stage and never closed a play with less than a season's run.

In 1924, she starred in several silent pictures for Cecil B. DeMille.

Her first starring sound picture was "You Can't Buy Everything," but her greatest personal success was "Lady for a Day" made at Columbia by Frank Capra. She has just made another one there, "Lady By Choice," which almost tops the first.

She recently finished Woman Aroused at RKO, and she loved his story of an old-nai school-teacher whose life is wrapped up in her boys and girls.

She will do "The Mills of the Gods," for Columbia. This time a strong-willed and determined old lady.

Then she thinks it will be time to go to New York and take a long rest. May's favorite characters are the inebriated old bats, as in the two "Lady" pictures.

"When I go out, I am not ashamed to ask for a glass of tomato or orange juice, when the others are drinking stronger things," she says.

"I am an old lady, you see, so I have to be humored."

"But I have observed many inebriates in my day, and my characterizations are taken from them. The business with the hat, in 'Lady By Choice,' was a direct study of a woman I used to know who sometimes took a drink too many. She was never concerned about anything but her hat.

"'Where's m' hat, oh dear, oh dear, what did I do with my hat?' she would moan. Nothing else ever concerned her.

"You have to love your work or you can't do it well. You have to be looking for ways to improve it, and my way is by watching people."

May has a poor memory for names, and she and Miss Harmer have developed a pretty good system on this. Some one comes up to talk with them, and May can't remember his name.

She squeezes Miss Harmer's arm, and Miss Harmer says, "We were so delighted, Mr. Splivits, to read of your daughter's success," or some such statement in which she can incorporate the name.

One recent evening when Miss Harmer wasn't near, May was certainly in a predicament.

She had been to a man's house where there is a perfectly remarkable parrot.

(May is very fond of birds and has hundreds of them.)

The parrot had a trick of standing on one's forefinger and saying 'tickle, tickle.'

One night at a theater, May thought she saw the owner of the parrot. In a panic, she tried to think of his name. That failing, she advanced and squeaked, "Tickle, tickle," thinking at least that would let the man know she remembered him. He looked at her with a totally blank expression. She tried again. "Tickle, tickle," said May, coyly. A look of fear, amazement—acute discomfort spread over the man's face as he backed away and quickly disappeared.

Miss Harmer returned just in time to see his face, and May told her the episode. "Buthewasn't them," explained Miss Harmer.

Well, you can't expect to keep all the people straight, May laughs. She hopes the man, whoever he was, will see this and find out that she was not loony at the time.

May is, surprisingly, only five feet, two inches tall.

She weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, and is always beautifully and appropriately dressed and groomed.

She lives in a small, comfortable, unostentatious house, in a section of Hollywood where you seldom find picture people. The neighbors' youngsters run in to see the birds, and to hear a story as only May can tell it.

She swaps recipes with the neighboring housewives. Dignity, activity, ability—the dominant factors in May Robson's life.

"Salute," then, to a grand old girl!
Mr. Broadway Gambles Against Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

had written forty plays himself—among them successes such as “Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,” “Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway,” “The Miracle Man,” “Seven Keys to Baldpate,” “The Song and Dance Man,” “The Tavern,” and many others. Whether Hollywood remembered or not, the script of “The Phantom President” was never given benefit of the Cohan touch.

In the second place, when Cohan went to Hollywood, he took his transposing piano along. But he never had a chance to use it. The whole world had marched to his “Over There,” and his “Sidewalks of New York” had become a political anthem. “The Phantom President” would have been helped immeasurably by a stirring song.

And Cohan was hanging around the studio idle, anxious for something to do. But nobody seemed to want George M. Cohan to write music.

Added to these situations, Cohan was homesick for Broadway. It’s been home sweet home to him most of his life.

So, if the nation’s movie public is going to get well acquainted with the famous Song and Dance man, it looks like it will have to be in Eastern-made pictures.

Not that movie-making, even in the East, is looked upon gladly by Cohan. He isn’t very enthusiastic about facing motion-picture cameras anywhere. If he were, he’d be a big Hollywood star now instead of Mr. Broadway.

Even back in 1916-1917, when Cohan made his first excursion into picture-making, eventually filming six of his Broadway plays for Artcraft, he wasn’t very enthusiastic. Well launched then in the first boom days of pictures, he dropped the work and scurried back to Broadway. He didn’t look a camera in the eye until he was talked into the unhappy “Phantom President” experience in 1932.

Ask him now if he likes working in pictures and he’ll answer slowly, “Well, I guess it’s that I don’t like getting up so early in the morning. Work over here at the studio, you know, starts at eight A.M. That means rising at six for me.”

But watch him on the “Gambling” set and you suspect the six o’clock rising is a minor and superficial reason for his lack of enthusiasm.

Picture making is obviously a tedious business for Cohan. The stage is his element. He was born in it. He came to the Astoria studio with the applause of many audiences still ringing in his ears. His acting for the Theater Guild, in Eugene O’Neill’s “Ah, Wilderness,” probably was last season’s most admired performance. He played his first big role forty-four years ago, as the juvenile lead in “Peck’s Bad Boy.” For nearly half a century since he has been working in the theater, and much of that time he has been his own boss. Before he went to Hollywood he was quoted as having said, “I haven’t worked for anybody since I was twenty.”

But in pictures—even if you’re a pal of the producer’s—you’re working for several people. Pictures are closely directed. Working in a movie, Cohan must act on a chalk-mark. If he steps off the mark—“Cut! Cohan’s out of camera range!” And the scene must be repeated. Yes, pictures are closely directed. Mr. Cohan must raise his hand just so high, he mustn’t take a step on that line, he mustn’t turn or the shot will be out of focus. Of course, he wrote the play, but Mr. Cohan must not ad lib. Lines must be followed precisely or the others miss their cues. But Mr. Cohan, accustomed to the freedom of the stage, ad libbed. The scene must be shot again. Over and over and over. On a narrow set, without an audience, directions to be exactly followed, lines to be memorized and repeated precisely.

Cohan usually has been his own author, director, often his own producer. Why, much of the time he even owned the theater he was playing in, for at one time he was landlord of a number of the legitimate houses on Broadway.

However, throughout the tedious of filming “Gambling,” George M. Cohan retained his Irish good nature, his quiet sense of humor.

“I don’t know whether I’ll make another picture here or not,” he said. “Wait till I see this one, then maybe I can tell. Just now I’m so worried about ‘Gambling’ I can’t be bothered with future picture plans.”

It’s undoubtedly important to Cohan that “Gambling” be a success. For many years he has been one of the most successful men in the show business. And the standards he sets for himself are high.

But more than that, Cohan undoubtedly wants to show Hollywood what he can do, making a movie in a friendly, sympathetic atmosphere. Probably it’s more correct to say he wants to show Hollywood what he can do, making a movie in New York. For Cohan is a man of terrible loyalties and great patriotism.

He is Cohan, the flag waver, Mr. Yankee Doodle. And his patriotism is particularly strong where Broadway is concerned. “Gambling” is a Broadway play; Franklin is a Broadway producer. The pictures is being made twenty minutes from Broadway, on Long Island, New York.

Good? It’s got to be good! It’s Mr. Broadway’s gamble against Hollywood. And, on home ground, he’s never lost a bet yet!
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

This issue printed a daring photograph of a bathing girl, right in the roto section. She wore high-laced bathing shoes, silk hose, a satin-skirted bathing suit, and a tam-o'-shanter. The lady, ready for her swim, was Phyllis Haver. She married William Seeman, wealthy New Yorker, in 1929 and retired. There was a story about the happily married life of Wanda Hawley and Burton Hawley. (She divorced him in 1921, shortly before his death. The last we heard of her she was demonstrating cosmetics.) Harrison Ford, a favorite leading man of the day, confessed that he could not dance, but insisted he could cook like a French chef. There were lots of photographs of the child wonder star of the time, little Frankie Lee, who made a name for himself in "The Miracle Man." Proof that motion pictures were beginning to be taken seriously was evidenced by an announcement that Columbia University had established a Department of Photoplay Composition for college students who wished to become scenario writers. It was revealed that Harold Lloyd's specs didn't contain any lenses. Another illusion smashed! The slow motion camera, a new invention, was being used in treating crippled soldiers. The slow movement enabled physicians to detect the cause of faulty limb movements. Best movies included the Douglas MacLean comedy, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave"; "In Old Kentucky," with Anita Stewart; "Strictly Confidential," with Madge Kennedy; Dorothy Dalton in "L'Apache." Cover—Norma Talmadge.

10 Years Ago

JOSPEH VON STERNBERG had just finished directing "The Salvation Hunters," featuring George Arthur and Georgia Hale. The movie, considered a knock-out by critics, cost only forty-five hundred dollars. ("Scarlet Empress," Joseph's latest film, cost several hundred times that amount.) No studio was interested in "The Salvation Hunters," and it had to be financed by selling shares. Doug Fairbanks was a major shareholder. Mary Pickford was so impressed by the film that she wanted Von Sternberg to direct her next project. He then made a Pickford movie, however. The stars were all busy making New Year's resolutions. Among those that were kept was Norma Shearer's resolution not to marry during 1925. (Her marriage to Halberg was in 1927.) Fortunately, Ben Lyon didn't keep his resolution to shoot every reporter who rumored him engaged. The rumors continued until his marriage to Bebe Daniels, five years later. Incidentally a story titled "Hollywood's New Heart-breaker" meant Ben. Richard Dix, just starred by Paramount, wrote an article for this issue called "How It Feels to Become A Star." Gist was, it felt okay. A current thriller was "The Lost World," with Bull Montana in a King-Kongish role. Favorite films of the month included Pola Negri and Adolphe Menjou's "Paradise Lost." Lon Chaney's "He Who Gets Slapped"; Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates"; Richard Dix in "Manhattan"; "The Siren of Seville," starring Priscilla Dean; and Harold Lloyd's "Hot Water." Cover—Betty Bronson.

5 Years Ago

JILM DOM was breathing more easily—Garbo passed her voice test, and work could begin on her first talkie, "Anna Christie." An article, "Garbo-fanatics," discussed the public's raze for the Swedish star. Those who said her strange fascination could be short-lived were certainly mistaken! Polly Moran in a story, "Fifty Years of 'IT,'" confessed the facts of her love life. At that time she said her current flame as Bill Haines. Bill refused to make a statement, denying everything in pantomime. (In 1930 Polly married lawyer Martin Malone.) Polly was ill, incidentally, was just launching on his interior decorating career, changing his Spanish ungalow into a Colonial house. It's hard to elieve, but on a fashion page titled "Fashions of Tots," one of the tot mannequins was Anita Louise, in half-socks and a school dress. Anita is now featured in grown-up roles, and rumored engaged to Tom Brown. My, my! How time does fly! The issue carried a lovely picture of Ann Harding, husband Harry Bannister and their year-old daughter. The Bannisters were divorced in 1932. A chap named Don Jose Mojica was being hailed as the new Valentino. Wonder if they'll ever find one? Films of the month included Ronald Colman, Ann Harding and Dudley Digges in "Condemned"; "Daley," with Marion Davies and Donald Oglesby; "The Unknown," with Warner Baxter and Mona Mari in "Romance of the Rio Grande"; "John Barrymore and Marian Nixon in "General Crack"; Constance Bennett and Eddie Love in "This Thing Called Love." Cover—Billie Dove.

NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

Do Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable? For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to look better and feel better.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

[Blank coupon]

Northwestern Yeast Co.
1730 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name ________________________________
Address ______________________________
City ______ State ______

[Blank coupon]
Movie Fill-in Contest Winners

THIRTY-NINE movie followers will soon be receiving checks to help them with their Christmas shopping—cash awards totalling $500.00 for their prize-winning solutions in the Photoplay Movie Fill-in Contest, which appeared in the July, August and September issues of Photoplay Magazine.

Many thousands of solutions poured into the offices of the Puzzle Contest Editors, at Chicago, from all over this country and foreign lands.

Weeks of work were necessary to carefully check each and every one for accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of Fill-ins in their proper solution ballots.

Neatness and simplicity in the contestants' method of submitting the solution also was considered—one of the contest rules.

From this tremendous array of solutions, first, were selected what, in the belief of the judges, were the outstanding ones, under the rules of the contest. Then these were judged on their individual merits, and the prizes awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$125.00
MRS. JOHN W. UMSTED Brownsville Rd., Jackson, Tenn.

SECOND PRIZE—$75.00
JOSEPHINE WERNER 1017 North 25th St., Kansas City, Kan.

THIRD PRIZE—$50.00
MRS. F. E. NIMMER 11 Elliott Place, West Orange, N. J.

FOURTH PRIZE—$25.00
MAURICE NEMOV 104 West Queen St., Inglewood, Calif.

TEN $10.00 PRIZES
IDA E. JACKSON 202 St. Philip St., Baton Rouge, La.

MISS LYNDELL SCHWARTZ 19 Howe St., New Haven, Conn.

MR. & MRS. R. TYLER PRIZE 1763 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, Ga.

MRS. R. F. JOHNSTON 2461 North 40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

DOROTHY D. HEALY 177 Prospect St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE SPERRY 1266 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

MARY PENCE 2381 Neil Ave., Columbus, O.

MRS. W. H. GOLDSMITH 1319 West 8th St., Anderson, Ind.

ETHYL GATES TASKER 5006 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARY WINTHERED KEEFE Middlesex County Sanitarium, Waltham, Mass.

TWENTY-FIVE $5.00 PRIZES
LOIS SMITH 147 Kell St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

RUTH SCANSON 45 East Lincoln Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

MRS. CELIA POWER 1083 Fourth Ave., Woodcliff, N. J.

ANNA VAN DEUSEN C. 23, Box 38, Orlando, Fla.

EDNA SADLER 1731 East Commerce, San Antonio, Tex.

MRS. ROYALIA MOONIE 33 Noe St., San Francisco, Calif.

LAURA A. WEIKEL 105 Ryers Ave., Chelsea, Penna.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN 5400 Queen Mary Rd., Montreal, Canada

MILDRED G. MILLER Bennett Hall, Philadelphia, Penna.

MARJORIE C. LAWSON 126 Florence Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AGNES HANNAY 2013 New Hampshire Ave., Washington, D. C.

BEAVER BARTON 1830 Grant St., Denver, Colo.

ETHEL S. SHERWIN Bismarck, N. D.

MRS. ETHEL PAUL 842 Madison Ave., Evansville, Ind.

JAMES W. BLANTON Box 115, Glenshaw, Penna.

GEORGE C. GLIDDEN 6 Percival St., Dorchester, Mass.

IRIS MARSHALL 2804 East 132nd St., Cleveland, O.


MRS. E. F. BAMBRICK 383 1/2 Chapel St., Ottawa, Canada

DOROTHY DOREY SULLIVAN Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York

LUCRETA MCALLISTER 616 Bell Building, Montgomery, Ala.

INEZ SCHAUKEL Luling, Texas

YVONNE FRASER East Burnham Grove, Farnham Royal, Bucks, England

MRS. PETER SCHUME 118 Superior Ave., Youngstown, O.

MRS. GEORGE CARSON 1309 North 180th St., Seattle, Wash.

The "Rediscovery" of Bill Frawley

[continued from page 58]

MacLean and his crew were leading men with the old Missouri stock company; when Bill Hart founded the Round Table at the old Bohemian cafe, the Hoffman, run by Dorothy Arner's dad; when Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevoost, Phyllis Haver, Mary Thurman, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, Bebe Daniels and Barbara La Marr might be seen at Vernon, the Ship, Sunset Inn, or the Tavern, with Mickey Neilan, Lew Cody, Harold Lloyd, Ford Sterling, Roscoe Arbuckle, Norman Kerry, Jack Mulhall or Rudolph Valentino.

Bill can even remember back to the days when Santa Barbara, now the swankiest millionaire's playground in the West, threatened Hollywood as the film capital.

Bill Frawley can remember all these things because Bill was once a movie actor in the old American Film Company in Santa Barbara, and because he was once a song and dance man entertaining in Al Levy's Spring street cafe. Hollywood pioneers can never forget Bill Frawley and Louise. His partner was a beautiful red-headed girl, his wife. They rank in cherished Hollywood memories with Paul Whiteman, the Lymans, the Sennetts, bathing beauties, the Keystone Kops, the wild West cowboy stars, and the above-mentioned hot spots.

Yes, indeed, folks, Bill Frawley knew Hollywood when motion pictures were just in their infancy. (Some say they are still in their infancy.)

During the last ten years that he has been building up a reputation on Broadway as a graduate from the song and dance men ranks, the Bill Frawley of the Hollywood pioneers has been forgotten. He is well known for his press-agent in the stage presentation of
“Twentieth Century,” and for his performance with the late Jack Donahue, another song and dance star, in “Sons O’ Guns.”

I will admit that Bill has changed somewhat—but only in looks. He still has those Irish blue eyes, but he has widened out a bit, fore and aft.

He still talks out of the corner of his mouth and greet old pals with a warm grin and that rich baritone voice.

Speaking of that baritone voice, the new Hollywood picture producing moguls, who know how the Bill’s pioneer days, have just “discovered” that the character actor can warble like a baritone canary. If there is such a bird. Henceforth, William will be called upon to lend his distinguished vocal talents to pictures, even as Bing and the rest of the warblers.

“Bill,” I asked, “how did you happen to come to California?”

“I was born in Iowa!”

Well, certainly we haven’t got to have any further into that.

A brief biographical revelation shows that he was born in Davenport, of a highly respected, substantial family.

The males of the family ran mostly to railroads. Work, I mean.

When Bill had managed to get through high school, he became a traffic inspector on the Burlington at the age of nineteen. And he used to entertain the boys on Saturday nights with those good old barroom ballads. The solos in that baritone voice won Bill a pass on every railroad in the country.

One night in a Chicago cabaret, a vaudeville booker heard Bill playing on the customers’ heartstrings. After he had enjoyed his cry, too, he crooned a siren song in the railroad man’s ear.

What was he doing working on a railroad? Why, boy, across those footlights you’ll panic them and lay them out in the aisles. You know how ten per centers!

Anyway, Bill left the luxury of the Pullmans.

How could he know that a few months later he would be riding the rods under the same cars where he once rolled in ease and comfort? His boss predicted jail or worse. There was weeping and wailing in the Frawleys homestead in Burlington.

His mother took on so that even Bill ad miraculously landed a singing role in a Chicago musical comedy, “The Flirting Princess,” he quit the stage as abruptly as he had left the railroad.

For nearly a year the broken-hearted baritone pored over musty books in his uncle’s old line office in East St. Louis. He saw only the dry traffic words. Finally he grew indifferent that his uncle fired him. Within a few weeks the exiled prisoner had fashioned vaudeville act, persuaded his brother Paul to join him (Paul sang tenor), and jumped heading into a precocious stage career. Eventually he played Burlington—for three days—and then Mother Frawley was persuaded to see he hear them in person on the third and last night. she was closed and cried right out in the theater.

The boys were delighted with their mother’s action to their renditions—until she got back the dressing-room.

“Boys, I knew you were bad,” she said between sobs. “But I never dreamed you were as bad. For the love of the saints, will you leave home and get a job on the railroad?”

Except to say that they didn’t take mother’s advice, we will pass very quietly over the next two years of hit and miss. Bill “pioneered” night club singing in such towns as Denver, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, where he became a favorite. He would send for Paul, and Paul would follow him right in. It was a swell brother act.

In Denver, Bill met a beautiful red-headed girl named Edna Louise Bloedt, and persuaded her to take a chance in marrying an itinerant troubadour.

Out of this marriage a famous vaudeville team was born—Frawley and Louise.

One time when Bill and his Louise were troup ing through Texas, he found himself booked into Juarez, Mexico. Rather a quaint idea, too, even for a booker, as the Mexicans didn’t understand English, and Bill couldn’t speak Spanish.

In less than time it takes to say “Adios, amigo,” the Frawleys found themselves temporary residents of El Paso, without benefit of money.

Bill ran into an old pal, Jack Curley, who was then trying to promote the Jesse Willard-Jack Johnson fight in Juarez, with the favor of Pancho Villa.

If you want to know why Bill Frawley scored a hit on the New York stage as the rough, tough, cynical press-agent, “Twentieth Century” refer to the days when he became press-agent for the fight and secretary to Jack Curley.

Only, the fight never came off—that is, in Juarez.

The promoters folded their tents, as it were, and faded away into the night, Havana-bound. They forgot to take Bill with them, so the booking p.s.a. was left holding the sack with the El Paso Chamber of Commerce.

So, Bill and the Chamber of Commerce headed man got together and put on a whal of an Elks’ benefit, which pleased the Elks so much that they presented Frawley and Louise with enough money to get to Santa Barbara. Why Santa Barbara, you say?

Oh, just another one of those optimistic vaudeville bookers.

At this point Bill got smart. He put his beautiful wife in the act, as the piano player had departed south.

Louise didn’t know the wings from the flies, but she was game.

They opened in Santa Barbara and knocked them hotter than a Harlem dancing contest. Next day the movie gang from the American Film Company called in a body at their hotel.

They had heard Bill sing and they had seen Louise.

Bill boasts that all they really saw was Louise, but he rented a dress suit and became a movie actor, too. For a year the Frawleys acted with Frank Morgan, then juvenile; the late William Russell, Harold Lockwood, May Allison, Roy Stewart, Neva Gerber, and other favorites.

But their fame as a song and dance team brought them so many more lucrative offers from Hollywood that they soon found themselves too many opportunities.

Many years later, in 1927 to be exact, the team of Frawley and Louise split for keeps. She went her way and he went his way.

Now that the new Hollywood has found Bill Frawley out, they can take it from another pioneer that he wears the same hat.

I knew him when! 

Men are impressed more by a beautiful skin than by any other feature of a woman’s face. A satiny, radiant skin lingers in their memory!

Satinmesh

If used faithfully, gives a woman that satiny, radiant skin because it combines—preparation—the four steps necessary to create the youth and glamour of an exquisite complexion.

With magic touch Satinmesh

—opens the pores, cleanses deeply—closes them in a few seconds—stimulates the skin tissues—refines and protects—gives glorious radiance under makeup

Satinmesh is one liquid that is absolutely non-drying. Delightful to use—quick—and thrifty because it does the work of four expensive preparations.

Send for the “OVER-NIGHTIE”

Don’t fail to get the purse packet of Satinmesh. It is yours if you send 10c to cover postage and packing. Address Alma Woodward, Dept. P-2, Graybar Bldg., New York.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming.

They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take at night. All druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!


NATIONAL ART SCHOOL

DENISON’S PLAYS

97 WAYS OF HITTING RITAS


as bubbly as Dry Monopole, he set about the baffling business of trying to convince a career-minded rich girl that she should hearken to the tap of opportunity, when she wanted to but was still afraid to.

Well, Kitty finally gave in, and when the show closed its run on Broadway, she made her first trip to California for a part in "Murder At The Valettes." But Hollywood dates her from the time she went to town with Bing in "Love in Bloom."

"THAT song seems like a child of mine or something," Kitty confessed in the privacy of her brand new and very fancy blue dressing-room, which still reeked of turpentine and white lead. "I mean, it keeps following me around." She nodded across the studio to the music department where Bing Crosby's recorded split-larynx was crooning: "Can it be the spring?"

A passing bicycle messenger joined in whispering the chorus, and the carpenters on a nearby set kept time tapping home nails.

But the strangest thing about Kitty's success and her songs, is that she has clicked rendering popular numbers, after devoting years to a study of classical music abroad.

After childhood schooling in Switzerland and her society debut in Rome, she deserted the gaiety of the Continental social whirl to devote herself seriously to becoming an opera singer. Cunelli of Paris and Mme. Kaszowska of London groomed her for an European operatic career, and practically disinhibited her when she decided to come to America and get a job in a show.

Though Kitty was born in New Orleans, Catharine Carlisle ("there were fifteen Catharines in the first school I ever attended; so they had to call somebody 'Kitty'") grew up abroad, learned to speak French, Italian and German like a native, and probably would today be singing arias from "Rigoletto" in London if England hadn't gone off the gold standard.

"I don't know that that had anything to do with it," giggled Kitty, "but in order to sing in London, I had to get a labor permit. In asked for it the day England went off the gold standard, and they turned me down—said I'd be taking the money away from English singers—so I've always blamed it on the gold standard." That amazing, paralyzing, hypnotizing laugh again.

America, even for an expatriate, was still the land of opportunity—especially Hollywood, although at first Kitty was a bit wary of how she and the movies would hit it off.

"You know, I'm not beautiful," she insisted, "and I wasn't so sure I could act very well. At first my face twitched—every time I came anywhere near a camera it twitched. It's a little disconcerting trying to act with a twitching face. And when I finally got over that I started worrying about singing with Bing."

"Doesn't she like Bing?"

"I'm mad about him—I mean about working with him. But you know he simply won't rehearse songs. Not even once. Says he gets stale—and I'm just no good at all, at impromptu singing. So when we sing together, I start worrying. About everything. I worry about the harmony. I worry about the tempo. I worry about the key. I ask Bing if such and such a key is all right and he says, 'Oh, sure,' just like he isn't giving it a thought—so I know we'll be singing in entirely different keys when we start."

"Of course, everything comes out all right, but at first it made me nervous just to walk right up to the camera and start singing without any rehearsals at all. The first few times I'm afraid we went goggling off in entirely different directions. But I've got used to it— I've had to, because Bing just won't rehearse."

Just at this point Bayard Veiller, the playwright, looked in on the elegant blue dressing-room and after recovering from its splendor, the turpentine and white lead, and Kitty's electric charm, he wanted to know when "the beau" was coming out. "Soon," said Kitty, "any day now."

The beau:

"Don't tell a soul," said Kitty, sotto voce, after he had left, "but there isn't any beau You know, everyone here at the studio believes I have a mysterious sweetheart in New York. He's always coming out. Really it's a grand idea; it makes me very intriguing, and exciting. But really, I haven't any sweetheart."

What, no sweetheart?

"OH, I have had," admitted Kitty, dimpling her pretty brown eyes with a tremendous grin. "In Rome I fell in love with the son of the Brazilian ambassador, but 'Mummy' stopped that. He wasn't the right man."

"But right now I think I'm in love with my work Honestly, I'm crazy about it. I get up at six in the morning and just can't wait to get started. I love every minute of it."

"Here Is Your Heart?" I asked.

"Here Is My Heart," smiled Pretty Kitty. "Perfect—but honestly, nobody's in love with me."

Of course, that's where Miss Kitty Carlisle is wrong.

Because everyone in Hollywood, including me, is simply crazy about her.

---

Kitty Crashes Fame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

as a delineator of character. But it is also more. It is an indication of the thoroughness of Thomas Meighan. Nothing but the best will do.

You see, first, Meighan has picked himself an original character. (This writer, when the name was whispered to him, breathed his amazement that it had been overlooked. It's what is called a natural.) Then, secondly, Thomas wants that character at his best advantage.

Thus the importance of the writer.

Tom Meighan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

deliberate, "no individual is wholly responsible for any particular picture."

Now, during all this discussion, there was nothing said by Thomas Meighan about Thomas Meighan's ability. Getting self-praise out of this man is like trying to turn a well inside out. It may be possible, but I have my doubts. Whoever coined the word "modesty" must have used Thomas Meighan for his model.

And Tommy will like that, should he read it, because he insists he's the most boring gable on the subject of Meighan that ever came along the pace.

But it isn't necessary for Tommy to talk about himself. Others have done that very nicely, and with enjoyment.

For instance, here's one writer on Tommy's acting ability: "... as true in his depiction of emotion as Telegren used to be when he played on the stage with Bernhardt." For good measure, here are a couple of other remarks culled at random from volumes of comment about him: "... second to no man in popularity," and "... career unparalleled in his profession."

Just to heap up that good measure on this "boring" person, here are some of the names of producers, writers, actors and actresses, with whom he's been closely associated on and off stage. This is not a full list, mind you, merely a few plucked here and there from the records: David Warfield, George M. Cohan, Henry W. Savage, William H. Crane, William Collier, Sr., Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Grace George, Pauline Frederick, Blanche Sweet, Billie Burke, Valeska Suratt, Laura Hope Crews, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford— Enough? One more. Frances F. Ring.

TO Miss Ring goes top billing, because she is still the leading lady. In fact, she has been since she and Mr. Meighan met in George Ade's first play, the first of a number the noted humorist has written for Tommy. The play was the well-known, three-seasons success, 'The College Widow.' It was during the run of that play Miss Ring became Mrs. Meighan, and theirs is still one of the few stage and screen romances with any permanence.

But, some more about the interview with Mr. Meighan. Naturally, I spoke of "Peck's
I asked Tommy if he'd like to do again either of these two,
The answer was another insight into the character of the man Meighan.
"I never," he said, "try to play anything younger than I feel. Those two pictures were done some years ago. Also, I don't like to go back to anything."
Yet, in how "The Miracle Man" came to life as a movie at all serves as an illustration of Mr. Meighan's ever-present determination to carry out a particular idea as he sees it. It is typical of his present directed restlessness.

He read "The Miracle Man" as a magazine story. He saw in it a perfect movie. But he was alone in this thought. But that was no drawback to Tommy Meighan. He was convinced he was right.
So, he organized an independent company and produced the picture.

What happened is glorious history. And, the possibilities are strong that history is just about due to repeat itself.
Because Tommy Meighan is restless with an idea he knows is good. And, he's gone to Hollywood with it.

The Fan Club Corner

MEMBER clubs of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, attention! All fan club correspondence, and matters pertaining to the Association, should be addressed to the New York address of Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Club secretaries should, hereafter, send all reports, inquiries and news bulletins to the above address.

FANS everywhere will be happy to learn that the international Francis Lederer Fan Club a now a member of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs. The purpose of the club, as stated by the president, is "To put thinking people all over the world in touch with one another so that they may exchange ideas, broaden their views, and improve their knowledge of the rest of the world thinks, acts and lives." The club paper is called 'Czechago' and appears monthly. Headquarters of this fine organization are at 4541 North Albany Ave., Chicago, III. Miss Beatrice Kramer is acting secretary. She will endeavor to answer all inquiries from fans regarding the club. Foreign inquiries may be sent to her British representative at 67 Hodford Road, Golders Green, N. W. 11, London, England.

Bonnie Bergstrom, 6808 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, III., reports that the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies have received some beautiful new photographs of Miss Stanwyck. Many out of town "Buddies" have visited president Bonnie lately, she writes.

THE Billie Dove club celebrated its sixth birthday at a party in the home of president Eugene Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, on Nov. 4th. Many plans for future activities of the club were discussed at the meeting.
Lillian Conrad, busy president of the Ruth Roland club, won the contest for naming the club news bulletin of the Ginger Rogers club. She was rewarded with a gorgeous personally autographed portrait of Miss Rogers. Those interested in joining the Ginger Rogers fan club should write to Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

A report of the activities of the Ramon Novarro Service League for the past year shows the wonderful progress this group is making. All inquirers regarding this progressive organization should be addressed to Ethel Musgrave, general secretary, 6384 Elgin St., Vancouver, B.C., China. Foreign inquiries may go to L. Margioci, 3, Allington Road, Hendon Central, London, England.

THE Lanny Ross League, Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Del., president, announces that the club will begin a big membership drive around Christmas. There will be special prizes to the winners. Fans interested in Lanny Ross should write Miss Macadam.

The news bulletin of the Gloria Stuart club is filled with interesting items and member gossip again this month. "The Gloria-ous News" is its name, and it goes to all members of Miss Stuart's club. Estelle Novak. 3223 N. Central Park Ave., Chicago, is president.

FANS interested in the newly formed Pat Patterson club are invited to write the club's headquarters at 955 N. Central Ave., Chicago, for information.
Nell Hamilton's host of fans will be glad to read of his fan club organization, The Hamiltonians, 4254 Normal Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Those wanting more information are invited to write John G. Whidding, president, at the above address.
Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Franchot Tone club, invites all interested fans to write to her at Portland, Maine.
Irene G. Rourke, 7908 S. Ridgeland Ave., is president of the Douglass Montgomery club.

The Movie Club Guild, of Chicago, held another penny social event, a big success, late in November.

New Soapless Oil Shampoo gives
hair life and lustre immediately

* Will you do one, easy thing to give your hair beauty you did not dream it possible? A single shampoo with MAR-O-OIL will instantly restore alluring lustre, color and softness. MAR-O-OIL is not only easy to use and easy to rinse out—not only rinses the hair of dirt and dandruff more thoroughly than old-fashioned methods—but it is actually a scalp treatment and tonic as well. That is why the hair is so radiantly beautiful and soft after a MAR-O-OIL shampoo. Why, also, waves last 3 times longer. Obtain MAR-O-OIL at all drug or department stores. It must delight you, or your money back. Or, mail the coupon below with $1 for a generous-sized bottle.

MAR-O-OIL
Soapless Oil Shampoo

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c FOR GENEROUS-SIZED BOTTLE

J. W. Morrow Mfg. Co., Dept. P-1
1937 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________

BY THE DAY, MONTH OR YEAR
at the

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

A residence of quiet, private-home charm...individually decorated rooms and the advantages of Sherry-Netherlands service. Tower apartments, and suites of one to four rooms. Boudoir dressing-rooms, serving pantries. Fifth Ave. at 59th St. on Central Park, New York.
IN spite of a brilliantly vital performance by Eliisa Landi, and some rollicking comedy, this is spotty entertainment. It’s well worth seeing, however, for Landi, as a capricious prima donna, is at her best. Cary Grant, as her bewildered spouse who escapes briefly to the arms of a quieter lady love, is fascinating in both his comedy and romantic moments. Frank Albertson, Lynne Overman and Sharon Lyne top the support.

THE SHADOW STAGE

ENTER MADAME—Paramount

In a story of a woman who is sentenced to the penitentiary after being double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook). A melodramatic train wreck results in a case of mistaken identity that pits her in the rôle of the estranged wife of another man (Neil Hamilton). Plenty of action, a fair story, good direction. Florence Rice will go far on the screen.

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia

STAGE star Florence Rice makes a successful film début in this picture. It’s the story of a woman—other than the penitentiary after being double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook). A melodramatic train wreck results in a case of mistaken identity that pits her in the rôle of the estranged wife of another man (Neil Hamilton). Plenty of action, a fair story, good direction. Florence Rice will go far on the screen.

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal

ACTION and suspense, aided and abetted by comedy and gags, guarantee this to please if you like the mystery and crook type of picture. Complications arise when two gangs of crooks bent on the same mission, cross one another. Fay Wray is convincing as a girl crook, and Henry Armetta and Hugh O’Connell provide the comedy, while the snapper twist that made this a stage success adds zest to the entertainment.

THE GAY BRIDE—M-G-M

GOLD digger de luxe goes on a rampage! Carole Lombard, chorus girl out to get a husband, becomes involved with a crowd of racketeers who obligingly kill off each other in order to please her. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy and Leo Carrillo pay; while Chester Morris, who behaved himself, wins the prize. A good story loaded with plot complications and blurr character drawings. Even ZaSu Pitts seems more bewildered than usual.

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty

THERE’S lots of heart appeal and some grand family scenes in this picture, but the plot is anticipated and the acting too often unconvincing. Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a fascinating siren break up their happy home. Then their kids grow up, go flaming youth, and eventually bring about a reunion. Dorothy Lee and William Janney as the scorching youngsters, and Dickie Moore and Cora Sue Collins as the toils, steal the show.

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrick Prod.

AN HOUR of howls with the old movie phash-bound album. It’s a weak story, but priceless when Mac Busch, as the star, shows a collection of old pictures with Eddie Love, Wally Berry, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor, and other veterans, emoting in scenes from the nickelodeon days. The modern part is unimportant. But you won’t want to miss those museum flashbacks. The “secrets” is just a come-on.

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists

ITS galaxy of stars is picture’s chief drawing power. The story, beginning with a murder on ship board, is none too intriguing. But radio entertainers Jack Benny, Sid Silvers, and the Boswell Sisters are good. Dramatic load is carried by Nancy Carroll, Gene Ray mond and Sidney Blackmer, with Gene way out in front. Mitzi Green helps the entertainment. Picture has its moments, but not many.

THE RETURN OF CHANDU—Principal

SPooky music, ghost drums, and thrills! A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) as a sacrifice to their god. And it’s all Chanda (Bela Lugosi) can do to foil them—even with genie, magic charms and self-steering automobiles to help him. It’s good entertainment for the kids. And if adults have their doubts at And if it’s good entertainment for the kids. And if adults have their doubts at

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram

A STORY with a good idea that went rather weak. Eddie Nugent and William Cagney, air service pals, differ for the first time over June Collyer. Eddie’s girl who William swipes. Enemies now, the two boys are sent up together on a stratosphere flight. Fourteen miles up the balloon goes haywire. Pauline Garon and Lona Andre appear briefly. Edmund Breese is a good commanding officer. This is one for the kids.

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.

AN adaptation of John Galsworthy’s play of the same name, this is a story of a wealthy Jew robbed by a British Army captain at a house party. Class and racial prejudice enter into subsequent justice for the Jew, over-ruled by Basil Rathbone. An all British cast, the accent is practically unintelligible for American audiences. With clearer dialogue it might have been more entertaining.

GIRL O’ MY DREAMS—Monogram

LOTS of rah-rah and college confusion centering about a campus election and fraternity pin engagements. In spite of the devastating humor of Sterling Holloway and breezy, refreshing student characterizations by Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent, Arthur Lake and Creighton Chaney, you’ll find this an old story. Better decide how much collegiate atmosphere you can stand before seeing this one.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio

IF YOU can be entertained by a mystery built on a murder that didn’t happen, intermixed with mistaken identities, you’ll be amused. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are funny as the befuddled young men-about-town, and Pert Kelton is good as the fan dancer. Laura Hope Crews, John Hale and Thelma Todd also turn in able performances. But the cast can’t surmount the weak and incoherent story.

I SELL ANYTHING—First National

YOU’LL be talked to death in this gassy monologue delivered by Pat O’Brien, an auctioneer out to get the public. Spurred on by a Park Avenue gold digger, Claire Dodd, Pat moves into society and the shady business of selling faked antiques. But when Miss Park Avenue walks off with the money, Pat goes back to Second Avenue and Ann Dvorak, sad-der and gableer. Fair comedy in spots, it’s mostly dull and heavy.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount

SINISTER business in this one, with lurking Chinese, thugs, dopes, and Scotland Yard inspectors. George Raft tilts his eyebrows as a half-caste Oriental, and desires Jean Parker who loves Kent Taylor. Somehow the chills and thrills fall flat. It’s a bit gruesome for the kiddies, and old stuff for the grown ups. Anna May Wong is fascinating in her Hollywood return role.

ELINOR NORTON—Fox

THIS attempt to photograph the strange quirk of a diseased mind is hopeless from the start. It is an unbelievably dull picture. Taken from Mary Roberts Rinchart’s story, “The State Versus Elinor Norton,” there is nothing left of “The State” and very little of the audience after the first reel. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland, Norman Foster and Henrietta Crosman can’t lift it from complete boredom.

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures

HERE is a picture as quiet and leisurely as a walk in the country. To the soft accompaniment of Tyrolian folk music unfolds the story of the schoolmistress (Fay Compton) who, touring the Alps, falls in love with the young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he is married. Adapted from the stage success, this is beautifully photographed, but rather slowly paced for the average movie-goer.

NORAH O’NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.

IRELAND’s Abbey Players, justly famous on the stage, fail dismally in their first movie. Handicapped by a seeming lack of direction and with a trite, unconvincing story, they do not bring to the screen any of the spontaneity and charm which has endeared them to play-goers. Shots of the Irish countryside and village scenes featuring folk dances and Irish music are the only bright spots in the film.

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield

JUST another murder mystery—the usual stereotyped story, with killings, false clues and suicides. An old man is murdered at a masquerade party and suspicion is instantly thrown upon his granddaughter and her young sweetheart; it’s the writer of detective stories. Charles Starrett, who outrips the cops and solves the mystery. Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Way and Dorothy Revier are all adequate.
Copperfield in Quest of His Youth

[continued from page 69]

its own expense, a camera crew in every principal point throughout the whole of the United States. Men who waited for a word to dash into a neighboring state, a nearly city or an obscure hamlet and test a David. A writer from a studio, who was planning a trip to Europe, was detoured through Canada by M-G-M to see what he could find in the way of a Copperfield. He found nothing.

All this time, remember, would-be Davids were pouring through the gates of the studio in Hollywood. Testing went merely on. Well, no, not merely, for by this time everyone was pretty well convinced that no David existed, or had ever existed, and they might as well give up and jump in the ocean. And one or two actually did, so it’s hinted. August boiled. Letters by the ton poured into the studio. From every country in the world they came.

And letters, everyone of them, had to be answered or helpful mothers might accept silence for consent and bring on their offspring. And goodness knows, things were bad enough.

When enclosed photographs looked at all promising, scouts were immediately sent to investigate. Not one bet was overlooked. But alas, all these Davids proved to be false alarms and August, said as I am to say, was drawing to a close.

“Let’s try California again and not leave a stone unturned,” was suggested. Advertisements appeared in every newspaper throughout the state of California. Announcements were made in every theater. Arrangements were made with a local broadcasting station which, every hour of the day beginning at twelve o’clock midnight, sent out calls for a David.

“Do you have a David Copperfield in your home?” “Do you know of a David Copperfield?”

The plea rang out over the air again and again.

Starred groups of young folks paused in their listening to the question. Lonely visitors in hotel rooms looked up in amazement at the plea. The ill, in hospital rooms, pondered over the quest.

“David!” “David!” “David.” Up and down he land, the cry rang out. A writer at the studio tells of going home that evening and seeing met at the door by her father who was more than a little de\d. “Well, them kidnappers have been at it again,” he said excitedly.

They’ve been yelling for the boy on the radio all day. ‘David,’ they said his name was.” And he writer practically swooned to the floor.

As many as three thousand boys were seen in the north and south of the state in one day. Talent scouts all over the state sent back to the studio a total of sixty or seventy prospects. But none qualified.

It looked absolutely hopeless and the studio knew it. And they were ready to admit defeat.

David Selznick, the producer, was ready to give up as he sat at his desk. Nervously, he whirled about in his chair to speak. And then sat motionless, Frozen. Unable to say a word.

For, in the doorway stood David! The little boy. The lad for whom they had searched so long and faithfully for almost a year.

“You’ve come,” the producer said.

“Yes,” the lad said simply and that was all.

Without a test of any kind, Mr. Selznick knew that here, indeed, was his David.

Little Freddie Bartholomew had traveled seven thousand miles in answer to the plea of a great studio in far off Hollywood. At the time the director and producer had been in England conducting their search, he had been unable to get to them. But so sure was his aunt that Freddie was the one and only David, she packed up and, with Freddie in tow, boarded the ship for America for the first time.

THE New York offices of the studio weren’t so sure about Freddie as David, so at the aunt’s expense, the two traveled over the vast and strange land of these United States to Hollywood. And to “David Copperfield.”

A bit of a lad, Freddie, with the same ethereal sweetness in his face that belonged to the youthful Philippe DeLacy. The “David Copperfield” crew, happy and working at last, look after the lad as if he were the long lost brother.

And, indeed, he is. Freddie must have his milk at a certain time. Freddie must have his rest. Freddie must be watched every minute, every second, lest he disappear before their eyes and they’re right back where they were all those long, hectic months. And above all, Freddie must be protected from American children and their American twang. Their precious English accent must be guarded carefully.

The day Freddie announced to his director, “Gee, ain’t it a hot-diggidy day,” practically threw the studio into a breaking out all over. After all, the search was too long and fraught with too much bitterness to be spoiled now. So, until after “David,” little English Freddie, is being just one person. And that is Master Copperfield.

Could You Love, Honor and Obey These Men?

[continued from page 32]

art no one. And if you tried to dominate him, you might be disappointed in him and in your-\self.

If you’re one of those who are destined to have their own way, there’s at problem to ponder. Tenderness and softness about little things, birthday presents, anniversary gifts, flowers, perfumes, the things that make married life a continuation of two lovers’ dreams, would come from an anchor.

You could depend on that.

So here we have them. The most fascinating men on the screen.

The men who have lived at some time in every girl’s heart. Here they are—sweethearts by proxy.

Look them over, girls, make your choice, and then answer to yourself this question: “Could I love him, honor him and obey him through sickness or health, through poverty or wealth, through success or failure until death do us part?”

NEW YORK HOME OF
Hollywood Stars...

WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.

Parlor with Bedoom and Bath

$5.00 PER DAY SINGLE

Each additional person $1.00

$125.00 per month (single)

$25 per mo. each add. person

for this Beautiful 2-Room Suite.

3-Room Suites in proportion.

All rooms equipped with radio, combination tub and shower bath and running ice water. Ideal location — adjacent to shopping, business and theatre districts.

Swimming Pool and Gymnasium FREE to Guests.

Write for details. Telegraph reservations (Collect)

ENJOY NEW YORK’S FAMOUS COCONUT GROVE AND

TIC TOC CLUB

ParkCentral

56th St. at 7th Ave.
New York City
“ANNE OF GREEN GABLES”—RKO-Radio.

“BROADWAY CHEATING”—COLLEGE—ELINOR


“KENTUCKY KERNELS”—RKO-Radio.

“LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE”—RKO-Radio.


“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.

“LIMEHOUSE LADY”—RKO-Radio.
**Hughes, Also play he...**

**RETURN OF CHANDU, THE...**—Principal.


**ST. LOUIS KID, THE...**—Warner's.


**TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND...**—United Artists.

—from the story by Leon Gordon. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: Jimmy Brit, Gene Raymond, Sally Marsh, Nancy Carroll, Chad Denby, Jack Benny, Dan Campbell, Sydney Howard, Mike, Mike Green, Shorty, Sid Silver, Lee Loker, Sidney Blackmer, Herbert Bernon, Ralph Morgan, Anny Roma, Shirley Grey, Jack Jamerson, Sam Hardy, Joe Swanson, Don Ford, Inspector Merc, Archie Goodwin, Robert Elliott Frank, Edward Cahn, Robert Cohn, Nell Marsk, Carlyle Moore, Jean and Jean Sargent.

**VERGE OF DEATH**—Dark.

—from the story by Rian James. Adapted by Seneca Levens and Ernest Pascal. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Jane Arden, Loretta Young, Ronald Hale, H.L., John Boles; Zoe Stribfeld, Dorothy Wilson; Gladys Farrell, Murid Kirkland; Gerrie Mack, Astrid Allwyn; Doctor O'Hara, Frank Conroy; Sailor, Jane Darwell; Doctor Barnes, Frank Melton; Doctor Moore, Albert Maltz; Robert Elliott Frank, Edward Cahn, Robert Cohn, Nell Marsk, Carlyle Moore, Jean and Jean Sargent.

**WITHOUT CHILDREN...**—Liberty.

—adapted by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's "Eye" of Youth; Screen play by Gertrude Orr. Directed by William Singh. The cast: David, Bruce Cabot; Sam, Margarette Churchill; Shirley, Evelyn Brent; Piet, Regiellenite; Frederick, Tom Helmore; Thea, Sally Blane; Thea, Sally Blane; Thea, Sally Blane; Thea, Sally Blane; Thea, Sally Blane.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE’S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your home city, write the nearest store for complete HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHION information. And when you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

ALABAMA
Van Kitch Co., Inc., Dothan

ARIZONA
Co-El Shop, Tucson

CALIFORNIA
The May Co., Los Angeles
The Emperor, San Francisco

CONNECTICUT
Howland Dry Goods Co., Bridgeport
Scott Furriers, Inc., Hartford
Style Millinery Shop, New Haven
Sugenheimer Bros., Waterbury

DIST. OF COLUMBIA
The Recht Co., Washington

FLORIDA
Turner’s, Marianna
Yowell-Drew Co., Orlando
Sam’s Style Shop, Pensacola
Rutland Bros., Inc., St. Petersburg
Steyerman’s Style Shop, Tallahassee

GEORGIA
Michael Bros., Inc., Athens
Davison-Paxon Co., Atlanta
Kiralfy & Company, Columbus
R. L. Stephens, Dublin
Leopold Adler, Savannah

IDAHO
Helene Shop, Idaho Falls

ILLINOIS
Hollywood Shops, Benton
A. Livingston & Sons, Bloomington
W. A. Carpenter Co., Champaign
Mandel Brothers, Chicago
Bank & Co., Moline
D. W. Klein Co., Peoria
Newman’s, Waukegan

INDIANA
Wolf & Deanser Co., Fort Wayne
Blackston’s Shop, Gary
Fashion Shop, Lafayette
The Schmitt-Kloeger Co., Logansport

IOWA
Abraham Brothers, Inc., Davenport
The Fellerer Co., Sioux City

KANSAS
Bon Marche, Emporia
Lewis Fashion Shop, Wichita

KENTUCKY
The John R. Coppin Co., Covington
Kaufman Strauss Company, Louisville

LOUISIANA
The Dalton Co., Baton Rouge
The Parisian, Crowley
Belle Scherck Davidson, Monroe

MAINE
Chevceruch’s, Augusta
Usabney’s New York Store, Calais
P. Eck Co., Lewiston

MARYLAND
Lazarus, Cumberland
Fashionsland, Hagerstown

MASSACHUSETTS
Alexander’s Fashion Shop, Brockton
Forbes & Wallace, Inc., Springfield
Gros Straus Co., Wellesley
Gros Straus Co., Worcester

MICHIGAN
The J. J. Hudson Co., Detroit
Robacker Furniture Company, Flint
Women’s Shop, Green Peale
Fred Mahoney’s, Kalamazoo
The Winkelman Co., Port Huron

MINNESOTA
M. C. Albensberg Co., Duluth
The Dayton Co., Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI
Field’s Women’s Wear, Jackson

MISSOURI
W. E. Blattner & Son, Fulton
Kline’s, Kansas City
The Paris, St. Joseph
Six, Barr & Fuller Co., St. Louis

MONTANA
Stites Style Shop, Great Falls
The N. Y. Dry Goods Co., Helena
Eppstein & Katz, Missoula City

NEW JERSEY
M. E. Blatt Co., Atlantic City
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark
Chauncey Shop, Passaic
Lillias Charm, Trenton

NEW YORK
Kale’er’s, Auburn
Bollywood Fashions, Binghampton
E. Jacobson, Cooperstown
W. Scott Arzensinger & Sons, Gloversville

PARISIAN, Inc., Ithaca
The Abraham’s-Bigelow Company, Janesville
Idamas Shops, Johnstown
John Schoonmaker & Son, Inc., Newburg
R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., New York City
M. J. McDonald & Co., Worcester
McCordy and Company, Inc., Rochester
The Carl Co., Schenectady
Fish & Co., Inc., Syracuse
Doyle-Knower Company, Utica
Mabel Bentley Shops, Watertown

NORTH CAROLINA
Bon Marche, Inc., Asheville
Lucile’s Shops, Inc., Charlotte
The Fashion, Durham
Hurdle’s, Elizabeth City, N. C.
Ladies’ Sport Shops, Gastonia
Neil Johnson, Goldsboro
E. L. Brownhill, Inc., Greensboro
Purcell’s, Kinston
The Ladies Shop, Winston
The Corner Shop, Mount Airy
Purcell’s Modes, Salisbury
Dressmaker Shop, Wilmington
Lucile’s Dress Shop, Wilson
W. Robins Co., Winston-Salem

NORTH DAKOTA
G. M. Black, Fargo
Beller’s, Grand Forks

OHIO
Spring-Holsworth Co., Alliance
The W. M. Norrell Co., Chillicothe
Irwin’s & Riddle’s, Cincinnati
The Higbee Co., Cleveland
P. & R. Lazarus Company, Columbus
Elgin & Johnson Co., Dayton
Simon’s, Findlay
The Leader Store, Lima
The King Dry Goods Co., Newark
The Atlas Fashion Co., Portsmouth
La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo

OKLAHOMA
Freng Co., Inc., Tulsa
OREGON
Acker’s, Pendleton
Meier & Frank Co., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Hess Bros., Inc., Allentown
H. H. Siegel & Sons, Bethlehem

Feldman’s, Bloomfield
Fashionland, Chambersburg
G. C. Davidson, Connellsville
Bush & Bull, Easton
Keene & Johnson, Erie
La Rose Shop, Greensburg
The Leder Store, Hanover
Bowman & Co., Harrisburg
Elie’s, Johnstown
Ginsel Bros., Philadelphia
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
A. G. Essential & Co., Punsatway
Credle & Kerk, Reading
Goldberg’s, Shamokin
Hal Lewis, Washington
Hollywood Apparel Shop, Wilkes-Barre
Bella, York

RHODE ISLAND
Scott Furriers, Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
J. W. Haltiwanger, Columbia
The Aug. W. Smith Co., Spartanburg

SOUTH DAKOTA
Olin-Angell Co., Aberdeen
New York Store, Deadwood
The Style Shop, Mitchell
Schaller’s, Watertown
The Style Shop, Winner

TENNESSEE
Anderz Dunil Varnell, Inc., Knoxville
J. Goldsmith & Sons, Memphis
Levenham, Berger & Teichlehaus, Nashville

TEXAS
Goodfriend Specialty Shop, Austin
Knochter’s Style Shop, Brownwood
Herstein’s, Dalhart
Robt. L. Cohen, Galveston
Skowkis Brothers, Houston

VIRGINIA
W. G. Reynolds Co., Inc., Burlington
Economy Store, Inc., Roanoke

WASHINGTON
The Palace Store, Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA
The Women’s Shop, Berkley
The Vogue, Bluefield
Joffel’s, Grafton
F. S. Emmett & Son, Martinsburg
The Hub, Inc., Wheeling

WISCONSIN
E. L. Chester Co., Beloit
C. & S. Newman’s, Green Bay
Wm. Dorringer Co., La Crosse
Ed. Schuster & Company, Milwaukee

BRITISH WEST INDIES
Brew’s & Co., Kingston
Mary Pickford's Search for Happiness
UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at $450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that it will not harm the most delicate tissue. At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMA
cal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For Colds and Sore Throat...LISTERINE...The Safe Antiseptic
Lois January, beautiful Universal Pictures player, takes no chances with her slender figure. She well knows how important loveliness is to her career. In Hollywood, where beauty is their business, most famous stars eat Ry-Krisp with every meal. They've learned that these crisp, whole rye wafers are filling but not fattening. Try Ry-Krisp! See how delicious it is with any food...how popular it is with your guests when you entertain.

June In! Mme. Sylvia of Hollywood


Every Wednesday night, NBC Network, 10:15 Eastern Time—9:15 Central, 8:15 Mountain, 7:15 Pacific Coast.
Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier...roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page...that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!
High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
Hollywood, My Hollywood
Who Is Your Husband’s Favorite Actress?
The School That Never Has a Truant
And So the Great Master Arrives
“We Want a Divorce”
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood
They Didn’t Mean to Be Funny
Here’s the Standard for Beautiful Legs and Feet
Seymour—Photoplay’s Style Authority
What I Like and Hate About Myself
Mitzi’s Hollywood Merry-Go-Round
Photoplay’s Hollywood Beauty Shop
“Afternoon” Tea

Photoplay’s Famous Reviews
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
The Shadow Stage

Personalities
Mary Pickford’s Search for Happiness
He Failed for a Million
Carol, Wally and Me
Marion Davies’ Secrets of Success
Nonchalant Noel Coward
How Carole Lombard Plans a Party
The New Ambitions of Joan Crawford

On the Cover—Myrna Loy—Painted by Earl Christy

Information and Service
Brickbats and Bouquets
Hollywood Menus
Ask the Answer Man
Addresses of the Stars
Screen Memories from Photoplay
The Fan Club Corner
Casts of Current Photoplays

February, 1935
EVEN you two hundred per cent Americans have to admit that the studios overseas certainly send Hollywood exotically beautiful women. One of the newest and loveliest importations is Mady Christians. The Continental star made her American screen début in "A Wicked Woman." She's with M-G-M
The Picture of the Month

PAUL MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

—a hellcat with murder on her conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things that will burn themselves into your memory of a drama which combines the best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and "Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

PHOTOPLAY FOR MARCH!

The best work of famous authors, famous artists—a coring issue.

On your newsstand
Feb. 5

PHOTOPLAY

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—20th Century-United Artists.—you won't see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps brooding into the most impossibly dramatic situations in many a day. Loretta Young. Charles Butterworth line. (Aug.)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio. You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the landlord in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Constance Collier. (Dec.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox. An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabbie characterization and Pat Patterson's fresh charm make it a fair entertainment. (Aug.)


CARAVAN—Fox. For a notorious cavalcade of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend the film laid in Hungary. A cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)


CAT'S PAW, THE—Fox. Doing his familiar characterization—naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a janitor's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Dec.)

CHAINED—M-G-M. Splendidly written, acted, directed. All-American story of a negro's struggle. Claude Gillingwater stars. (Dec.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox. Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Walter Huston star should definitely get this light play about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British. Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce and Michelson Long all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox. Warner Oland's Charlie Chan has well-deserved a re-creation of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox. This year's entry among Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal. A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and action. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Herman Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snappy twist. (Aug.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British. Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)


CITY PARK—Chesterfield. As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blaine) gone in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is awful. (Nov.)

CLEOPATRA—Paramount. A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title role, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. A typical De Mille spectacle. (Sept.)


COLLEGERHYTHM—Paramount. A high-tone college farce, with the Chicago Gang of Marjorie Main and Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—United Artists. A masterful adaptation that builds up skillfully to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is Dantes. Elissa Landi line, too. (Nov.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount. A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an incomparable Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot. War story, good tension, plenty of exciting scenes. Two pals. Ben Lyon and James Buis, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Mariza. (Dec.)

DAMES—Warner. A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

(Please turn to page 10)
You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in Bright Eyes
with
JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURZEL
Directed by
DAVID BUTLER
When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn’t count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

I am quite sure this is the first letter you have ever received from one who listens to your magazine. I am a blind boy of eighteen, but every month I buy PHOTOPLAY and my sister reads it to me.

I go to the movies very often, more often than the average person, even though I cannot see the pictures. At the top of my list of favorites is Ann Sothern, then Fay Wray, Myrna Loy, Kitty Carlisle, Grace Moore, Maureen O’Sullivan. Of the men, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown and William Powell.

Once in a movie house I saw—or thought I saw—a flash of light and a movement of objects for a second. The doctor says perhaps I did see it. And that second of “sight” provides me with my only ray of hope—hope found in one of your movie palaces—that some day I too may see.

E. N. V., New York City

THE $10 LETTER

I am a widower with six youngsters, and the movies are helping me with the many real problems I have to solve.

Although we live twenty miles from town, the children and myself go in to a movie about once every two weeks. If it’s a Janet Gaynor picture, the girls insist on our going. If it’s Will Rogers, my eldest boy says we must see it!

For the littler ones, Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat are the whole show. And when I get in my world, it’s for Walter Huston and Leslie Howard.

But whatever the picture, it is good entertainment for us.

It doesn’t end when the show is over either.

A. A. Anderson, Fairview, Montana

THE $5 LETTER

One rainy night recently while waiting for a bus, I heard a crowd of small hoodlums planning to rob a fruit store.

A middle aged man standing beside me also heard the conversation. Stepping up to the eldest boy, he said: “Son, it’s been impossible to get a cab tonight! If you’ll find me one I’ll treat the crowd of you to a movie! How’s that?”

For a moment, they stared at him suspiciously. Then one of them darted off to hunt for the cab while the others told the man that the picture they wanted to see was being shown just down the street.

Thus a certain fruit store wasn’t robbed that night and perhaps the juvenile court was spared a case.

Those little Jesse James were too busy seeing, “Treasure Island!”

Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

Has Garbo changed? Some of our readers think so. It is certainly a smiling and human Garbo you see above, with Herbert Marshall and Jean Hersholt in a scene from her new movie, “The Painted Veil”
A NEW GRETA?

Is Garbo's iciness and seclusion going to melt? In most any picture nowadays she no longer has a sad, tragic face. I think she looks better smiling. Here's luck to the changed Garbo.

K. C., Scarsdale, N. Y.

GLAD YOU ARE ALIVE, "SNUB"

It was with much sorrow that, in your issue of November, 1934, I read of the sad demise of Snub Pollard, the distinguished veteran. How much of a shock I received you may judge for yourself when I tell you that I knew him very well—in fact, all my life.

You've heard of the "quick and the dead?"

Well, this poor old corpse is awful quick to assure you that he is alive and very much kicking in this land of forgotten men—Hollywood. Since the oft-repeated news of his decease, he has graced with his presence such pictures as "Stingaree," "The Cockeyed Cavaliers," and "One More River."

The Harry Pollard who died was the director. Yours truly, Harry SNUB Pollard, the comedian, is still doin' nicely, thank you! So here's to reading about him in the next edition of your very popular Photoplay Magazine. "SNUB" POLLARD

THE MOST BELOVED

Never have I approved of naming successors to departed stars but since the passing of Marie Dressler, there has been an empty spot in my heart that has forced me to seek some one to fill it—if possible.

Last night I saw The White Parade. As this tremendous drama unfolded, I suddenly realized that an actress was tugging at my heart strings as only Marie had done before. Yes sir, there she was, a big hearted soul shouting orders like a general. Heartily laughter in one breath was drowned with tears in the next.

I mean, of course Jane Darwell the slim girl who twenty years back entertained us in films has returned with her comfortable avoirdupois in a characterization that will make her the most woman beloved on the screen.

FRANCES SILVERTSON, San Francisco, Calif.

ROYALTY IN DANCING SHOES

My hat is off to Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers for their splendid performance in "The Gay Divorcee." All the nation must hail them as the King and Queen of the Musical World. And the picture is the most amusing musical comedy that has ever been produced. It not only introduces new song hits but starts the nation in a new and brilliant dance, The Continental.

RONALD C. BARON, Bakersfield, Calif.

DRY YOUR EYES

I'm asking the world why the general trend of movie productions are going tragic? For weeks after a sudden bereavement in our family I tried to find a picture that would make me forget myself and smile a little.

There's enough grim reality in the world without rubbing it in by giving a teary screen diet. The only happy note I've seen and heard lately is Grace Moore's "One Night of Love"—a beautiful picture.

I hope it blasts tragic films from the picture industry and blazes the way for a new version.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Yvonne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks to you as a gypsy auctioneer who is taken by a society gold digger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Oct.)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British gem, Edward Everett Horton is a top notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, bashed with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox.—Will Rogers makes his first appearance as a sentimentally pious character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heightens our desire. Tom Brown, Aunt Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Catherine Spaak plays the lead, and two mourners (from ondell, Gladna Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as castanaders of a young heel named Joe DeFeal, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Oct.)


KID MILLIONS—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of sizzle while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN—Paramount.—A delightfully droll screwball comedy with Cary Grant revealing himself as a force of distinction in the role of a Parishian bachelor, Frances Drake. Beautiful settings, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Nov.)

LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia.—Freida and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Arold Lombard, fan dancer, 'adopts' May, an impostor for alcohol. Margaret Haines. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild English farce. Bianco Barnes, 23d Avenue. (Nov.)

LAST GENTLEMAN, THE—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who isn't decided on his last, real refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Jan.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Lippert.—Jerry Fairbanks rides a white horse and really doesn’t bother with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

LAUGHING BOY—M.G.M.—Dull, slow-moving film about Indian boy Raimon Navarro's love for Lapa Bella who is scalped. Tom Brown. (Aug.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A screwball type goes straight for marriage and a baby. Joe Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby Matison. (Oct.)

LET'S TALK IT OVER—Universal.—Amusing and amusing it is this film in which John Vassal and Clive Brook plays a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and testy is this film in which Evelyn Vassal and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris), all for the love of a society damsel (Mar Clarke). (Nov.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. With Lynn and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Bert Fields is a fan dancer. Story at last. (Jan.)

NOBODY EVER TOOK ME OUT... BEFORE A MONTH WAS OVER MY SKIN WAS BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP BEAUTIFULLY AM I HAPPY NOW? A DATE EVERY NIGHT IF I WANT IT. AND I OWE IT ALL TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!

WHEN ONE DAY I LEARNED WHY BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I HAD TRIED NO END OF WAYS TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN AND NOTHING SEEMED TO HELP

YOUR SUE DANIELS DOESN'T GET RID OF THOSE UGLY SPOTS... SHE'S BEING A PEACH IF SHE'D ONLY CLEAR UP HER SKIN!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS HAVE ENDED UGLY SKIN BLEMMISHES FOR THOUSANDS OF WOMEN.

YOU'RE STUNNING TONIGHT, SUE! I'M GOING TO TRY THEM.

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these conditions are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food superbly rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel.

Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
of the old fashioned picture—the one Sunday Afternoon romance, the lazy elm shaded main street picture, or good Westerns.

Helen C. Willsey, Boise, Idaho

RAABS FOR THE TEAM

Gentle readers, you may name all the new screen teams you want. But in my opinion you can’t top one that is already in existence—Loretta Young and Ronald Colman. I shall never forget their work in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." How about another picture teaming them, studios?

A. W. Worth, Denver, Colo.

EAVESDROPPER’S THANKS

I thoroughly enjoyed eavesdropping on the most intimate secrets of the most fantastic lover of the ages—"Madame Du Barry." Thank you, Dolores, for giving us such a human, lovable "Du Barry," rather than a scheming politician.

Mrs. Charles Toles, Colorado Springs, Colo.

GIVE MR. COWBOY A CHANCE

Why is it that the best talent, the big names, and unlimited funds are showered on gangster, historical, and love pictures, but somehow, the line is drawn on Westerns? This outright discrimination against Westerns is a puzzle to me, and it is to blame for their decrease in popularity.

Elissa Landi, who has been coming in for a large share of bouquets recently, is a fine organist as well as a novelist and screen star. In her new home this pipe organ has been installed.

Robert Raynold’s prize-winning novel "Brothers in the West," for example, is a perfect vehicle for a nation-wide box office attraction if well produced with a star of the first magnitude in the lead role.

RAYMOND GOLDSMITH, Staten Island, N. Y.

SENTENCED FOR GOLD-DIGGING

I’m demanding a pardon for one of my favorites. She’s been sentenced too long to one type of rôle. I mean Glenda Farrell and her gold-digging parts. She’s a fine woman, and in her real life she is an intelligent person of generous impulses, warmth and understanding.

I would like to see her cast as a young mother, for example. Anyhow in some rôle that would permit her own personality to shine through.

J. B. Dean, Kansas City, Mo.

SMALL TOWN SLICKER

A few weeks ago I had the opportunity of visiting friends in New York City. Coming from this small town in Ohio I was considerate from the sticks. But when we started on my sight seeing tour—Every time they pointed out a place I could truthfully say “Oh, yes! I have seen that before.” When they would ask me just when I had seen it, I would reply, "Oh, the screen," recently.

Yes, you have brought Broadway to the small cities! But please have your camera come out in these here parts and take a few pictures for my friends back East. It’s the only way they will ever be able to break even with me.

Wayne Milton Weber, Galion, Ohio

HERE COMES A MARINE

This is a voice from the Service. We Marine-see more country than most civilians will ever see, and we have experiences that civilians can only read about.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

Oh, no! All the baby medals aren’t going to little Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy! Dickie Moore has been pedalling right along for his share of moviedom’s interest in children stars.

And Spanky McFarland is riding right up into film fame, too. Known since "didey days" for his work in "Our Gang" comedies, Spanky recently came through featured in "Kentucky Kernels"
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount—Groseme (Irish), an old-line lawyer, has his daughter, Vivian, taken away to an asylum. She escapes and swims to the rescue of her lover in a London slum. A strange, hypnotizing story of a woman's struggle with life. Margaret Sullivan is superb, and Reginald Owen, as Vivian's lover, is all that a leading role demands. (Aug.)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gum—British—The touching story of a little Irish boy who turns his strength and ingenuity to helping his sick mother. A plot that is so sweet and tender that it is hard to believe anyone is not moved by it. (Aug.)

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Universal—A rather sweet, half-tender, half-comic story of a boarder's struggle with life. Margaret Sullivan is superb, and Reginald Owen, as Vivian's lover, is all that a leading role demands. (Aug.)

LITTLE WOMAN—Good—Margaret Sullivan is superb, and Reginald Owen, as Vivian's lover, is all that a leading role demands. (Aug.)

LONELY LADY, A—First National—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck does a fine role; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Aug.)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Aug.)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal—A confused crowd of lovers. Atmosphere is thin in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story weak. (Aug.)

LOVE TIME—Fox—The struggles of Franz Kafka's The Metamorphosis. Played with quiet intensity by Pat Patterson; her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to emanate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Aug.)

LOYALITIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overblown attempt to depict a wealthy Jew, with the Jew Victorious. Bosi Rathbone the Jew. (Sept.)

Madame Du Barry—Warners—An elaborately montaged picture based on Madame Du Barry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court, which are made even more brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram—Thrilling radio shots speed this Western in which John Wayne and Amanda Blake are all right. Polly Anna Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont—British—A picturesque saga of the lives of the fish folk on the barren isles of the Irish coast. All the acting is good. (Aug.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction. A story that is making this a decidedly good low. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern good. (Aug.)

MENACE—Paramount—Mystery. Starts weak, picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alonzo Stuart. (Sept.)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National—Alene MacAlmon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Gay Kimber are all right. Making a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)


MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners—The noble and amusing tale is too much even for the most salted, including Margaret Lindsay, Chester Morris, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIODNIGHT ALibi—First National—As the anglo lady who loves the sister (Anna Dvorak) of a villainous, sadistic butcher. Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal—In the role of a former lager baron going to try his luck at Wall Street, therapies and pleasures surpass the fifteen-year style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram—A w dull spot, but on the whole this yarn about the lopping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the Salathiel (Agnes Moorehead) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram—David Manners and Rhys Williams play a good acting jazz in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "buddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Parntom—Interesting adaptation, with Paul Henreid, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Aug.)

MURDER AT THE VANITY—Paramount—Two back-stage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Sept.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M—A rack of tricks and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlile, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Harre all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox—While Nip Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodramas Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO Radio—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philip Marlowe role. Jimmy Durante and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a temperamental opera singer and dangerous man. John Boles and Gene Tuneloo. (Dec.)


NEIL GWYN—British and Dominion-United Artists—Plays neat card trick for straightening man, John Boles and Gay Tunell. (Aug.)

Noah O'Neal—Cowl-Hurst Prod—Dubin's ABBREVIATIONS, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks its spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Aug.)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alonzo Stuart. (Sept.)

NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond runner. Garson Kanin, motherless dot. Carol Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO Radio—And Errol Flynn, both it's a wonderful novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by screen's newcomers Doe, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)


ONE TO EACH BY BACHELOR—Liberty—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and AlanBronson. (Sept.)

ONE ADVENTURING—Universal—Serious. For serious comedy story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds and is thither. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pollette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullo Carminatti. (Aug.)

OPERATOR 13—M-G-M—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS

- My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of my druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too — now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleaseing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take — children love it. And because you can take it the laxative needs to be even more through the system and gives more thorough relief without gripping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT, 15 and 25c at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM...THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THROUGH.
Yet, when the bugle call sounds, meaning movies are ready to start on the quarter deck, there's a mad scramble of men, carrying benches, stools, and chairs, to sit on.

And it would be hard to find a brickbat thrower in the whole crowd—for we've been "at sea" for many weeks, perhaps, with never a glimpse of a member of the opposite sex or anything resembling home life. It's a real treat to see it on the screen.

GEORGE M. JONES, U. S. S. Arizona
San Pedro, Cal.

BABY STAR-GAZER

At the age of eighteen days our little daughter saw her first movie. The spectators who chanced to see her being dragged that late in the evening to a movie, probably criticized her parents.

She is now twenty-two months old. And the movie habit has not made her a nervous child. It probably is partially responsible for the fact that this youngster is at much at home in a strange hotel suite or in a pullman car as she is in her own little nursery.

MRS. THOMAS B. CONLEY, Memphis, Tenn.

WE HEARD YOU!

There's been so much shouting about Baby LeRoy and Shirley Temple, I'm afraid my lusty yells for Spanky McFarland and little Dickie Moore can't be heard! But I'm hollering louder and longer—Spanky's been a screen veteran since diedy days and Dickie is as clever a youngster as ever faced a camera. Praise for both of them—by loud speaker.

J. ARNOLD, Springfield, Ill.

SWEET TWOSOME

I would like to see whom I consider the sweetest couple on the screen in a few pictures that are not sad.

Helen Mack and Lee Tracy.

D. STANTON, Oneida, N. Y.

REFORM OF THE WEST

In days of old
When knights were bold,
And damsels were so shy
The knights were prone
To roam from home
And leave the maids to cry.

But since Mae West
Has done her best
To teach them how to win,
With use of wiles
And shrewd beguiles,
They always get their men.

MARVIN MOORE, Fort Worth, Texas

FIVE YEARS LATER

Recently a number of my friends were discussing photoplays we had seen during the past five or six years.

Realism came and went, so did musicals. Then "Nothing but the Truth" with Richard Dix came into the conversation and lingered on.

Everyone remembered it. And I consider it a high compliment to Dix that all of us recollected, in detail, his superb performance—after five years! A splendid actor, Richard Dix. We don't get half enough of him!

JAMES C. GRIEVE, JR.
WOMEN LIKE 'EM THAT WAY

It seems to me women of the screen change their looks and their personalities with their hats. But the men, always look the same. Cooper is always Gary, Franchot always one, Herbert is Marshall in every role he says—etc. Is it because the women stars are perior as artists? P.S. I'm not a woman.

J. P. HURTZ, Chicago, Ill.

BRITISH GENIUS

Does Hollywood appreciate the genius of Albert Donat? He has an individuality, a charm and culture not found in most of our stars. I shall never forget his acting in "The Hunt of Monte Cristo." The courtroom scene was especially superb.

NINA WHITE, Louisville, Ky.

MOTHER'S HELPERS

A mother of four children has so many, many things to take up her time, it is really almost possible to check up on the movies by cy. And yet I know that mother should be the first. I'm always grateful when Bobby or Lee, dashing in to see if they can go to a movie, say, "It's Joe E. Brown." Or "It's Will Rogers." Then I can send them packing off with no time-taking investigation, no worries, because I know it's a clean picture and one they will enjoy.

MRS. E. T. WRIGHT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVIE HUNGER

Someone said that in order to appreciate a thing you must do without it for a while. Since joining the CCC, I have discovered this is true. Our particular Camp happens to be situated twenty-five miles from the nearest drive house, and it is not often that we see a picture. When we do, however, we appreciate it thoroughly.

Now I know what a void there would be in our lives without them.

LEE DE BLANC, CRESTON, LA.

PAPA KNOWS BEST

As an economy, when times got bad, my parents limited us children to four movies a year. Can you imagine a set of movie fans being permitted just one picture in every three months? That, however, was all B. C. (Before Cats-tle) I chose the Lloyd film for my once-in-three-months picture. I was so enthusiastic about it that my parents decided to throw dis-count to the winds, and take the whole family. When the picture was over my father said, "That movie ten years off my life! From now on our budget must include plenty of movies. For there can be no depression when good show is in town."

R. R., Cottage Grove, Oregon

MUSICAL ALBUM

Each musical picture I see leaves me with a wish to see and hear again certain of the songs and dance numbers. Why don't each of the studios make a picture composed of the pieces song numbers in their past musical numbers? What movie fan wouldn't enjoy being, again, John Boles singing "Waitin' at the Ce for Katy" in "Bottoms Up," or who didn't like to see again the Caribou scene from "Flying Down to Rio?"

MRS. CLYDE SHAFFER, Santa Rosa, Cal.

"AT 41
I get compliments
ON MY SKIN"

writes Mrs. C. M. A. of N. H.

YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL, CATHERINE.

"Catherine," one of the young men said to me, "what keeps your skin so young and beautiful?"

"I had used one special cream for over 14 years. And yet when I first started with Junis Cream the tissues I used looked terribly soiled. My skin certainly needed the cleansing effect of Junis."

WHAT LOVELY SKIN!"I am forty-one years of age, and after using Junis for only a few weeks, I got compliments on my young-looking face from women around twenty. I know that Junis is going to keep my skin that way."

WOMEN who have used this new face cream are reporting remarkable results. Some say their complexion is smoother, fresher than ever before. Women over 30, especially, report a new glowing, healthy skin they had never hoped to see again.

This enthusiasm is not surprising, for the new Junis Cream is entirely unlike all other creams . . . because it is based on a principle that is natural and at the same time scientific.

A cleansing cream with Nature's own softening element

For years, you see, scientists have been trying to solve the problem of why skin becomes older-looking. They have uncovered many surprising facts. One important revelation is that all young skin is rich in a certain natural substance . . . that helps to give smoothness and freshness. As skin grows older, this precious substance decreases.

But now, for the first time, a way has been found to put this rare substance into a cleansing cream . . . into Junis Cream . . . thus enabling women to apply to skin the freshening, softening element so vitally needed. This substance, as contained in Junis Cream, we call Sebisol. When applied externally, this natural substance again softens and lubricates the skin.

We invite you to use Junis Cream regularly, as an all-purpose cosmetic. Then watch results. You need no other. For Junis Cream cleans perfectly, gently. In addition, it contains Sebisol . . . to soften, lubricate, beautify.

See what this new kind of cream can do for your skin. Junis Cream is on sale at all toilet goods counters.

JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT
The Arabian Nights

BEAUTIFUL DE LUXE EDITION

For Lovers of the
Rare and Exotic
Original
Lane Translation
1260 Pages
Priced at Only
$2.98
POST PAID

W
hat lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own
The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane?

Who, having read them, can ever forget these astonishing stories of lion-hearted
heroes and their madly loved ladies? Of
silken-clad beauties who turn from the
murmuring of amorous verses to the devising
death and torture in the name of love?
Where is the Orient that could love
blossom so tenderly or distil so maddening a
perfume? Only the passion and imagination
of the Orientals could conjure up these
stories of love and hate, poison and steel,
intrigue, treachery and black magic.

For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation
from the original Arabic that placed the
Arabian Nights among the great literary
achievements of all time, it was published
as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at
$60.00 and upward. Thousands of institutions,
collectors and individuals of affluence purchased it, but at that price it was
out of the reach of uncounted thousands
who had heard of its magnificence and
who wished ardently to read it. It was not,
however, until comparatively recently that
an enterprising publisher succeeded in secur-
ing the necessary rights to enable him
to publish the entire contents of the origin-
al set in one great, magnificent volume—
and what a volume it is! How widely,
wonderfully, gloriously different from the
simple children’s volume which so long
passed current as The Arabian Nights.

It is printed on fine quality paper in
beautifully clear type, luxuriously cloth
bound in black and red and gold—124
Oriental tales, 1260 pages, rich in the lure
and thrill, fire and passion of the misteri-
ous East. Complete, with a wealth of
translator's notes on Oriental life, customs,
magic and other alluring subjects, the
Economy Educational League has been ex-
tremely fortunate in securing a limited
number of copies upon a basis which per-
mits us to offer it to our customers at the amaz-
ingly low price of $2.98, postpaid—a credit to an
collection of beautiful and exotic books. Order
today before the supply is exhausted. You run
nothing for if this great volume, which weighs
over three pounds, fails to come fully up to your
expectations, you can return it for immediate re-
fund of your money.

Send coupon today with $2.98. Money back if
not satisfactory. When ordering request catalog
of other exceptional book bargains.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
IN each of her movie rôles Katharine Hepburn has portrayed a different type of person—from sophisticated lady to the lovable Jo. Now as Babbie in "The Little Minister," she reveals a quiet dignity and grace which lends her latest rôle a new kind of Hepburn charm. John Beal plays opposite her in the screen version of Sir James Barrie's famous love story.
ALWAYS fascinating, Carole Lombard has never looked more intriguing in a portrait than in this one. But you can practice for months before a mirror, ladies, and never achieve that come-hither look of Lombard's! For it's the contrast of languid eyes and radiant blonde beauty that does it. Carole's latest picture is "Rhumba" for Paramount.
BARBARA KENT'S ambition to become a movie star was suddenly interrupted three years ago when she married her press agent, Harry Edington, and decided her home was more important than a career. Now, after three years of smooth sailing on the matrimonial seas, Barbara believes she can manage both. She recently signed an M-G-M contract
WHAT the well-dressed lady will wear—model by Miss Temple, borrowed from her mother's wardrobe. Shirley was eager to show folks the newest addition to the family, too. The child, she says, will in no way interfere with her career. And her career is doing nicely, thank you. She crashed to stardom in her latest film success, "Bright Eyes"
I OFTEN wonder at the patience of the motion picture industry. Here are hundreds of millions of dollars invested, thousands of persons employed, half the population of the nation entertained—and yet any player, any film, is at the mercy of anyone who can get his words into print.

There are many professional critics whose judgment is sound and whose verdicts are just. But there are also a number of others who write best when they are panning someone or something, and who, thereby, wise-crack their way to a certain kind of fame. Such critics are dangerous. They may amuse but they don't help the public in choosing pictures, and they damage the industry. And when they do that they strike at the public's greatest recreation. It is bad all around.

LET'S see how this kind of criticism would operate with a merchandise type of business—a style show, for instance. The morning after the opening, the promoters might read in their (erstwhile) favorite newspaper:

"La Petite Paree style show opened last night with the customary music, the customary lights and the customary mannequins wearing not unusual gowns—one of those things the public is a little fed up on.

"The models were none too graceful and the tripping down the stairs was startlingly realistic. But the two girls who fell quickly regained their feet.

"Strangely enough, the audience of fashionably gowned women seemed to like the show. But my recommendation is: stay home with the radio."

WOW! How would the gentleman putting on the style show like that? And wouldn't there be an uproar? The parallel of this to some of the criticisms of films needs no elaboration.

If Bates, the popular grocer, found himself living in a movie player's goldfish bowl—with the top off, at that—he'd be walking out of court some day a free man, acquitted by a jury with the verdict "Justifiable homicide."

HOLLYWOOD New Deal note: Posted about on the walls of the Central Casting Bureau is a recent bulletin advising the telephone operators no longer to say "No work" to job-seeking extras.

Instead, commands the decree, the hello-girls should reply, "Try later."

IN a town of strange happenings, one of the strangest took place recently when hundreds of men in evening clothes walked across a bare stage, removed their coats, gloves and hats, bowed and smiled and then passed on.
AND what a parade of heartbreaks it proved to be! Men, whose dress suits were green with age, faltered on, their white faces twitching with nervousness, their hands trembling, telling over and over the tragic story that lies forever seething beneath the pomp and glitter of Hollywood.

One elderly gentleman in his frayed evening clothes, entered nervously, dropped his gloves and stooping to retrieve them, stumbled to his knees. Carefully averting his face to hide the tears of shame, he slowly walked from the stage.

"That man will never make the grade," one woman judge remarked. "He evidently knows nothing about etiquette and has probably never been anywhere."

"My dear," said her neighbor, "that is only a former Russian nobleman. And he has dined with kings."

The parade continued.

THOSE newlyweds Margaret Sullivan and William Wyler were house hunting, and hearing of a place that sounded suitable, they sent their chauffeur out to investigate, they being unable to leave the studio.

In a little while the chauffeur was back.

"Well, what was it like?" Margaret asked him.

"Oh, just like a house," was the reply.

"What was in it?" she asked next.

"Oh, just rooms."

"What were the walls like?"

"Well, they were neither dark nor light," he replied, "they were just blase, I guess."

The Wylers didn't take the house.

IF we could see enough newsreels, we would scarcely need a newspaper. The development in this field is as amazing as that in journalism. The reporting of the burning of “Morro Castle” and the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia are arresting examples of news enterprise.

It would be almost impossible to imagine anything more gripping than this raw drama captured by the eye of the camera. The mimicry of the screen loses significance, for the moment at least, compared with such stark realism.

IT happened at a motion picture theater in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Two women were talking about the stars of Hollywood. “I think they’re terribly over-rated,” one woman remarked to another. “There are just as many distinguished looking girls right here in this town. Glance at that girl next to you, for instance. Isn’t she just as striking as Hepburn?”

But—it was Hepburn! On her way East she had stopped off the plane at Albuquerque to catch “The Chief,” and had taken in a movie while she waited.

There’s only one Hepburn after all, be it Hollywood or be it New Mexico.

YOU who love Old Hollywood will get a kick out of Scoop Conlon’s reminiscences of the days when the cinema was young, and its first players trooped down Wilshire Boulevard in the grand parade that marched straight to fame. Turn to “Hollywood, My Hollywood,” in this issue. It’s a treat.
Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrait of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings." Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabre" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U.S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederate in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between his English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gaily into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War, Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.
Hollywood, My Hollywood

If only we could have rubbed Aladdin's lamp twenty-odd years ago!

There we were luxuriously sprawled beneath the shade of a palm tree on the soft grass of a Hollywood boarding-house lawn. We had parked our tired dogs after our daily hike over the tortuous Cahuenga Pass to and from a quaint little joint they called a movie studio, a trail worn through the mountains by two centuries of weary journeys made by gentle old Spanish padres and their Indian neophytes.

We were neophytes in this new game they called the movies. An Irish song and dance man from Iowa and an Irish writer from Missouri trying to crash the studios. Carefree birds of passage, we had no serious thought of movie careers.

Three squares a day and a soft bed was the main idea.

Bill Frawley dreamed of Broadway musical comedy, while I toyed with mirages of the South Seas. How could we know? We didn't have Aladdin's lamp. Besides, motion pictures were "still" in their infancy!

Hollywood siesta-ed in the sun. The air was laden with the sweet scent of orange blossoms. Ranches dotted the boulevard of yesterday. Majestic eucalyptus, palms and peppers shaded the streets. Flowers ran riot everywhere. Roses, poppies and hibiscus graced the lawns, wistaria, bougainvillaea and honeysuckle colored the bungalows. The climate was balmy.

Here and there an occasional two-story village business building defaced the pastoral...
In the good old days, when Hollywood siesta-ed in the sun, and everybody stood on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street to watch the movie parade go by. Those were the days when you saw Charlie Chaplin with his cane and baggy trousers, when Mary Pickford dressed in gingham and had her curls, and Bill Hart wore a ten gallon hat.

landscape. But, even these village necessities possessed a certain quaint charm and tradition.

How well we recall Hall’s grocery store where the genial, trustful proprietor cashed our movie checks. Here we loafed, swapped lies and did a little whittling with the boys.

Or, "Frenchy" Blondeau’s barber shop where we hung out to get an occasional haircut and read a free Police Gazette. Or, the charming old Hollywood hotel where we dined and danced with our best girl of a Saturday night, if we had the price.

If only we could have rubbed Aladdin’s lamp.

Once again Bill Frawley and I stroll together down Holly-

WILLIAM FRAWLEY

By Scoop Conlon

Bill Frawley has a past which he has been trying to live down for years. He was Hollywood’s first crooner.

Like all good hoy-boys, when he left the old homestead, he headed straight for California, driving a buggy.

Bill had a vague idea he was an actor, but the movies, “still” in their infancy, decided he was a song and dance man.

Being Irish as the shamrock, Bill’s sentimental nature lent a devastating charm to his crooning of sad ballads, to the cultured devotees, Broadway heard about it, adopted him. He knows everybody in show business and the sporting world. Talks with Broadway accent.

Came the talkies, or the dawn of something. Lo and behold, Hollywood “re-discovered” Bill Frawley. He came back as an actor.

He’s unmarried, girls. Husky, hot-tempered, but sweet-natured.

My old pal is back from the Broadway wars, a successful actor giving Hollywood his first double-take in many, many moons.

The sun still shines, the climate is still balmy. But the trees, the flowers and the orange ranches are gone these many years. With them went the beauty, the charm and the spell of the Southern California village street. The song is done.

Today, if you stand on the corners of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street long enough you will meet everybody you ever knew. Sure, just like Forty-Second and Broadway of New York.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105
Who Is Your Husband's Favorite Actress?

And What Are You Going To Do About It?

By Ruth Rankin

Does your husband go out of the theater doing a rave about Mae West or Greta Garbo or Janet Gaynor? Does he keep it up all the way home? And does it quietly burn you to a handsome brown crisp or show up the electrical sparks like a blown-out fuse?

Come on now, girls. Don't deny it. I know better. If you don't get mad, either inwardly or visibly, you simply are not human. And if you weren't human, you wouldn't have a man, or go to a movie. Case dismissed.

The less you resemble the actress who rates the rave, the madder the whole business makes you. If you are a little bit like her, it's apt to be quite flattering. I know a man who can snap his wife out of her worst peeve by saying, "Take off those whiskers, Joan Crawford, I know you!"

The sages tell us it is fatal to analyze too closely those who have our devotion. So don't put your husband on the pan. Analyze yourself and the woman on the screen who has his admiration. Remember, you can change practically everything else in this life, but you can't change a man.

Why not regard your man's enchantment at the hands of his favorite picture-girl as a break for you? It is certainly a perfect indication of his choice, a barometer of his likes and dislikes. Instead of being incensed about it, why not be guided by it?

For instance, there is a certain brawny gentleman (you all

Many a quiet, stay-at-home man goes crazy over Harlow. If your husband comes out of the theater raving about Jean's radiant loveliness and bare shoulders, you should do something about it. And you had better not waste much time.

Does the man you love walk a mile to see Gaynor on the screen? If he does, look into your own past and present, and govern your future accordingly. There's a reason for his preference, and it's very important to you.

Many a quiet, stay-at-home man goes crazy over Harlow.
Maybe you are one of those wholesome-as-bread-and-butter women, and your husband does emotional cartwheels at the mention of the glamorous, languorous-eyed Garbo. However, don't be incensed by his raves over Greta. Be guided by them when he had the situation in hand and was permitted to be protective. Then she will know that his enchantment is in reality an indirect compliment to her.

This one happens to be a case-history with an obvious solution. There are many which offer more of a problem—in fact, there are several which seem beyond hope at the first diagnosis.

A perfectly charming merchant, who seems quite well-balanced in every other respect—has gone gaga, non compos mentis, in plain American—nuts—about Greta Garbo. He admits it without a blush, the rogue. He will drive to Pasadena in a pouring rain to see a Garbo picture for the third time.

To make the situation practically hopeless, his wife is a bouncing athletic girl with all the glamour of a bowl of wholesome baked beans.

She pretends to be amused about it, but it annoys her. If she had eyelashes as long as Garbo's, she would trip over them, and her eyes snap and sparkle in place of her rival's troubled languor. But all is not lost. She has two natural assets which would safely eliminate the accusation of imitating Garbo, and she could use them to advantage.

One is a long free stride and the other is a gorgeous [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]
The tiny but completely furnished playhouse is a favorite spot for the kindergarten youngsters. The little girl with the doll, in the doorway, is Mary MacArthur, child of Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur. Next to her, seated in the chair, is Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Joe E. Brown.

A class of younger pupils, playing while they learn. They may choose to do whatever they wish—modeling in clay, building with the blocks, working out puzzles. The sturdy young chap standing with the ball in his hand is Dick Thomson, son of Frances Marion, writer.

MIDWAY between the film factories of Culver City and Hollywood is the Carl Curtis School for Boys and Girls. Here children of the stars receive their educations.

You've probably supposed that the favored sons and daughters of the movie great attend no ordinary school. And you're right! For Curtis is the kind of school little boys and girls dream of—where swimming and boxing are part of the curriculum, and outdoor games are as important a subject as arithmetic.

The kindergarteners go home. Each child is taken by the principal, Mr. Broadbent, to the school bus, where Miss Alice Calhoun, instructor, sees them to their doors. The kidnapping menace has made such precaution doubly important.
Fortunate children, these youngsters of the stars! For Hollywood has that kind of school that every little girl and boy has dreamed about

By Julie Lang Hunt

It all began ten years ago when Cecil B. DeMille, Jack Holt, Will Rogers, Noah Beery and other film celebrities learned that the late Charles Curtis, well-known physical culture specialist, and J. Howard Broadbent, an all-around academic man, had devised a system whereby physical and mental development were given equal importance in child education.

A more narrow, conventionalized community might have been afraid to start a school on such a radical idea. But it sounded like sense to Hollywood. So stars, directors, producers, brought their children to the two educators, and school began.

Before the end of the first year, every parent in Hollywood was excited about what was happening to the youngsters at Curtis.

Even the kindergarten babies had learned to swim. And all the grade children could speak French. Serious physical defects had been corrected by gymnastics. Timid children had become social ring-leaders. Sullen ones had acquired happy, normal dispositions. And the increase in each child's weight, general health and mental alertness brought the star-mothers and fathers in swarms to the doors of the Curtis School.

Almost immediately applications from private families as well as Hollywood's inner circles swamped the institution. It was necessary to place a limit on the student body, so it was set, and still is set, at eighty.

But the sturdy approval with which Hollywood looks up to the Curtis School is no mere fetish. I think the attitude of the
Acrobatics are an important part of the curriculum at the Curtis School. Two of the girls demonstrate their skill in this sport. The girl on the right is Marcelite Boles, daughter of John Boles and an accomplished athlete.

film parents is summed up in a statement Clive Brook made to me a year ago when both his daughter Faith and his son Clive were attending Curtis.

"The youngsters are getting the best in scholastic training there," he said, "but that is available at many other schools, too. The feature of this school that appeals to me is the physical skill it produces even in a child as small as Faith. She will never have a chance to be bored much with life when she's older. Not only her mind will be trained, but her body as well. And when a boy or a girl can swim, ride, skate, play tennis and golf expertly, there isn't going to be much loneliness or restlessness ahead for them."

And Clive Brook is right.

When the body is trained as skillfully as the brain, life is bound to be a nicely balanced, absorbing affair.

And it is the convincing theory of J. Howard Broadbent and his staff of dozens of instructors, a theory based on the findings of a decade, that physical prowess speeds up mental development trem-

endously. He can prove this with records which show that eighty per cent of the students transferred from Curtis to the public grammar or high schools are advanced from one to three grades in all branches of academic work.

Let us follow a hypothetical student, first, through the amazing pyramid of details attendant upon his entrance into the Curtis School, and then through his courses. His mother, let us say, is Gloria Glorious, a famous star, and her five-year-old Jimmy is the sugared apple of her eye, even more sugared than her studio contract.

Miss Glorious calls upon Mr. Broadbent with Jimmy in tow, and is slightly piqued by the absence of flurry and scurry when she announces her desire to place her child in the kindergarten class.

If the school is not over the eighty mark, she is supplied with a medical blank, told to have it filled out completely by the family physician and return with Jimmy for his mental and psychology test within two days.

If Gloria can recover from such casual treatment, and she usually does, she returns promptly with Jimmy, who is turned over to Dr. J. Harold Williams of the University of California at Los Angeles, for a thorough mental analysis.

Then the star and her Jimmy go home and wait until a notice from the school informs her whether the child is eligible. If his medical account shows up too badly,
the mental tests reveal too great an emotional stability. Jimmy hasn't a chance.

But if Dr. Williams' findings reveal that Jimmy is only a spoiled, over-indulged, imperiled little boy, who can be re-taped into a fine citizen, he becomes a Curtis charge.

His first day at school is spent in the examination room of the head of the physical culture department, William Mc-Masters. Jimmy is photographed in silhouette to show defects in posture, fingerprints are taken, his hand grip tested, his shoulder strength tried, his legs measured, and tilt of his head noted, his heart, his lungs, his muscle tone, nutrition, his skin, fact isn't a blemish or cracky of Jimmy that isn't charted and indexed by the examiner.

By the end of the day, Mc-Masters and his three skilled assistants have mapped out Jimmy's physical work for the forthcoming year. His stooped shoulders are to receive certain stretching exercises, his flabby muscles will require slow development, his fear of physical pain underscored for careful consideration swimming classes and acrobatic work.

The next day, Jimmy joins the kindergarten, rich, because of California's almost flawless climate, is conducted outdoors almost every day in the year. Among his classmates he discovers chubby, bl and Constance Bennett, Constance Bennett's son, and his young cousin, Diana, daughter of Joan Bennett. The little girls at the end of the play table are Mary MacArthur, daughter of Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, and Mary Elizabeth Brown, the wide-grinning Joe E.'s youngest.

Later he makes the acquaintance of John Brooks Morris (Chester Morris) and William David Powell (William Powell), a pair of robust youngsters.

Jimmy's teacher has a detailed account of his psychological and physical tests in the top drawer of her desk and she knows already that he is over-sensitve, unsocial, inclined to be destructive and domineering and abundantly curious.

But a series of scientifically arranged games soon build up Jimmy's self-control and stimulate the sprouting of his first pinfeathers of good sportsmanship. His demolishing little hands are kept so busy with crayons, clay, tools and scissors, he forgets his original plans to scratch the colored pages out of the picture books.

He learns, painlessly, to take a nap from eleven to eleven-thirty every morning, although his mother and all his nurses never had any luck along this line at home.

These youngsters learn ballroom dancing before they are "grown up" enough to feel self-conscious about trying a tango with the best beau or the girl friend! The tall young lady with the boyish bob, on the extreme left, is Jane Rich, daughter of Irene Rich.
Mary Pickford's Search for Happiness

I FIRST saw Mary Pickford in "The Warren of Virginia." She played the part of an angelic golden-haired little girl and to me—just a child, myself—she seemed as radiant as the princess in the fairy tale! If anyone had told me that she wasn’t completely happy I would have burst into tears—tears of disillusionment.

That was the only behind-footslights-rôle in which I ever saw Mary Pickford, but through the years I have watched her upon many a motion picture screen. I have followed her film career with breathless interest; I have seen her achieve recognition and near greatness and—at last—actual greatness. I have applauded silently as she became a world figure—and this is not my first written tribute to her, not by any means! And yet—although I have applauded her both silently and with my pen—the conviction that she was the always gay, invariably light-hearted princess of romance left me long since.

MARY PICKFORD, in common with every other normal, wholesome woman, has had her plethora of problems and tragedies—her moments of pain and heartbreak. When I finally met her I knew that my diagnosis had been correct, for underlying her charm was a sense of wistfulness, and her eyes—at times—were shadowed with longing. As I have come to know her better and better I have often felt that she was searching through the highways and byways of life for some intangible thing. Her search has carried her across desert places and beyond the seven seas. She has gone exploring—really exploring—in the hope of finding for herself the loneliness of existence that she has given to so many people.

Finding the loneliness of existence! It hasn’t been as easy for Mary Pickford as the casual observer would suppose. Life hasn’t always been a bed of roses for her—no, indeed! She has told me that, as a youngster, she knew actual poverty, and poverty is an experience that lingers in the mind no matter how much—and how often—success comes your way. Of course, she had the most wonderful mother in the world—you should see her face when she speaks about her mother! Mrs. Pickford could by the magic of her personality make even cold and hunger seem part of an amusing game. It was she—I am sure—who started Mary on her search for happiness; it was she who gave her daughter the courage to seek—beyond the minor discomforts of the moment—for truth. Mrs. Pickford’s code was to square the shoulders and to keep the chin up to pack one’s troubles into the proverbial kit bag and "smile, smile, smile . . . "

Mary Pickford learned from her mother that gallantry is a gracious garment which the soul wears—that if one dresses one’s soul in a brave garment a ragged frock doesn’t count against one. During the long years that have led her from obscurity to fame, Mary Pickford has had to tell herself, often, that gallantry of the soul was more important than the surface sparkle that is known as glamour. She’s been surrounded with glamour—saturated with it—for a couple of decades, but it hasn’t meant very much when measured against the real thing. Her, striving toward an elusive goal has been something far removed from that veneer which the world calls success. There are times when I have thought that the applause of the crowd must have had an empty sound to her ears. For—in her personal life—Mary Pickford has known her times of defeat. She has struggled against fate—and has not always triumphed.

Take her first marriage, with Owen Moore. Mary entered into that marriage, with high hopes and brave ideals, but it didn’t jell! Her second marriage—which was thought by the general public to be the perfect thing—has come to a saddened cross-road. The two people she most adored—her mother and her brother, Jack—were taken from her prematurely. Even now her eyes fill with swift tears when Jack’s name is mentioned, and—as I’ve said before—you should see her face when she speaks of her mother! Although she

Before the microphone, Mary must feel her search for happiness has nearly ended. By closing her eyes, she can visualize thousands who care for her.
"An angelic, golden-haired little girl," Miss Sangster described Mary when first she saw her — then completely happy.

... every youngster in the world, she has no children of her own — her maternal affection is lavished upon her niece, Gwynne — her sister Lottie's daughter.

And then, too, the prestige which she has gained and the wealth that she has accumulated have not brought ease. Fary Pickford works harder than anybody I know. Sometimes I think she is goaded into the terrific amount of work by her search of hers — this search for happiness. Sometimes I think that she expects to find, in artistic and spiritual endeavor, the fulfillment that she has not found in her personal relations.

Trouble, to Mary Pickford, is something that must be worked with and transformed. The following incident — which I trust I will quote correctly — illustrates my point in this. Her company, it seems, was making a picture and the picture needed to lend tragi-comedy to a certain sequence — a decrepit, forlorn horse. There was a long and involved search before a nag pitiful enough to fill the bill was located. When the right animal was finally found the entire studio must have declared a holiday!

I don't suppose that ever — before or since — there was seen such a lean and hungry horse. I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]
And So the Great

Max Reinhardt fully believes Shakespeare should be on the screen, and he's going to put him there, for Warners. His first will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and here he is signing his contract for the merry Bard-of-Avon Comedy.

Across the desk in his office at Warner Brothers, he looks, in his plain brown business suit, modest tie and equally modest linen, more like a successful merchant or a banker than what he is—the world's preeminent theatrical maestro—Max Reinhardt.

Also, this smallish man with the quiet eyes and hair looks like a man of forty instead of the sixty that he is. And there is an enthusiasm that rings through his voice which sounds like twenty rather than forty.

Reinhardt's dramatic school in Berlin was the alma mater of practically every important actor on the Continent. In fact, it was the proudest boast an actor could make, "I've studied with Reinhardt." Lil Dagover was one.
Master Arrives  By Kirtley Baskette

Max Reinhardt, stage genius, is the man of promise to Hollywood. To him, Hollywood is the Land of Promise.

Now because of "not just talking pictures, but talking pictures with Shakespeare" Max Reinhardt has come to Hollywood. He has trained his talents definitely, hopefully to the screen. He has signed to produce his famous, imitable plays and spectacles for Warner Brothers, the first of which, Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is already in production. Reinhardt is making his picture debut with this his favorite play, because it was his first Shakespearean stage production—away back in 1905. Recently he staged it in the famous Hollywood Bowl to the applause of the entire picture colony.

Reinhardt has no ties to draw him back to the Berlin he made famous as a center of basic drama. A hostile government has owned on him, confiscated his seven theaters, every bit of his property, every penny of his wealth. Outside of his annual festivals in Salzburg and Florence, he has nothing to draw him back to Europe. Of course, New York will claim him part of the time—but to him Hollywood is Mecca.

So this man might well bring about a Shakespearean revival and increase our appreciation. He might also be just the one to give the movie going public a few healthy doses of Shaw, Ibsen, Moliere or Goethe—and make us like it!

About Shakespeare, Reinhardt says, "He was not—what you call it—a highbrow. He did not write for the academician. No! He was a poet of the people, for the masses. Actually everybody understands Shakespeare.

"And the screen should not look to the stage or the poets of the stage for its themes and material. It should reach into the rich..."
and mountains and meadows to be caught by the camera—such a poem should be twice as full and complete. You cannot bring the beauties of nature to a stage—so you are always limited. The screen should be ideal.” Reinhardt paused in his enthusiasm for a note of caution, “However, it is an experiment.”

I wondered if his greatest experiment wouldn’t be with Hollywood actors. Reinhardt, you know, while securing the greatest European actors for his Continental productions, has always had about him a group of personally trained artists. His Reinhardtschule in Berlin was the alma mater of practically every important actor on the Continent.

In his seven theaters in Berlin and one in Vienna, almost every European dramatic artist has appeared.

In fact, while for years the proudest boast an actor could voice was “I’ve studied with Reinhardt,” it also became a standing joke abroad—because every actor claimed the distinction, even though he had merely walked backstage in a Reinhardt theater!

Here in Hollywood, Max Reinhardt will have to do what any other director has to do—cast from the large group of Hollywood actors—and shoot with them. He will not have the time to train them to his methods.

I asked him if he intended to found another Reinhardtschule in Hollywood.

“No,” he replied, “at least not at the present time. There is much talent here,” he smiled, “you will be much surprised. There will be some discoveries. The future will show.”

Max Reinhardt is a pioneer by instinct and an adventurer at heart. He is sure of himself, daring and he is never afraid to do the new or unexpected.

[Please turn to page 92]
RONALD COLMAN is soon to be seen as that fighting romantic, the two-fisted conqueror of a land unconquerable, "Clive of India." With him in the 20th Century production will be the classic Loretta Young. Colman's rôle is the direct result of his sterling performance in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
RUDY certainly can make the girls step! One lift of the baton, and they go around in circles. Looks like an easy job, too, and Mr. Vallee seems to enjoy it. He is putting them through the paces in his latest film, "Sweet Music," for Warner Brothers. Vallee has a new leading lady in this picture—the petite brunette, Ann Dvorak. After nearly four years in dramatic rôles Ann donned a pair of dancing shoes for her first lead in a musical
THEY made no mistake when they cast Ann in a song and dance rôle! Watch her step! Rudy looks pleased, too. Ann was a dancer long before she was a movie actress. For a year she danced in a chorus, then instead of giving her a lead rôle, the studio promoted her to position of assistant dance director! But it didn't take Ann long to get back in front of cameras. Many insist she and Rudy will be the musical team sensation of the year.
PAULETTE GODDARD, Charles Chaplin's leading lady, posed for the very first photograph to be taken on the set of the forthcoming Chaplin picture, mysteriously known as "Production No. 5." But, it is not a scene from the movie. Nothing is known about that, not even whether Chaplin himself is going vocal
Mrs. Pat O'Brien was the lovely Eloise Taylor whom the late Valentino named a prize-winning beauty.

Though it took Pat five years of luck and pleading to get her, they're happily married now.

One of those six foot, divil-go-take-'em sort of fellows who are born with Luck for a middle name and Laughter for a charm piece. Maybe that accounts for it.

If, faith, there's any accounting for Patrick O'Brien!

He has lived a life as full of drama and strange conundrums as one of his grandfather's stories. After that smash hit of his in the screen version of "The Front Page" people asked, "Where is O'Brien? Have you seen O'Brien?"

No one had. They couldn't know that by a queer Hollywood twist, that "hit" had nearly killed him professionally! But it led him into making a fortune. That's the way things happen to him.

From the time he was born in Milwaukee on Armistice Day — several years before the Armistice —

He Failed For A Million

S TAR vanishes in Hollywood for three years — and makes a million in the movies!

Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But wait. The star is an Irishman. One of those six foot, divil-go-take'em sort of fellows who are born with Luck for a middle name and Laughter for a charm piece. Maybe that accounts for it. If, faith, there's any accounting for Patrick O'Brien!

He has lived a life as full of drama and strange conundrums as one of his grandfather's stories. After that smash hit of his in the screen version of "The Front Page" people asked, "Where is O'Brien? Have you seen O'Brien?"

No one had. They couldn't know that by a queer Hollywood twist, that "hit" had nearly killed him professionally! But it led him into making a fortune. That's the way things happen to him.

From the time he was born in Milwaukee on Armistice Day — several years before the Armistice —

With laughter for his luck piece O'Brien has a philosophy that can beat the Hollywood jinx

By Jerry Lane

was signed, of course — Pat has magnetized Fate, in one form or another, into doing tricks for him.

To start at the beginning — from a choir boy to chorus boy is a long step. But in between Pat was a sailor. That helped. He'd stretched the truth about his age to the recruiting officer, done a two year turn on the deck of a battleship and, the war over, he had stridden down Broadway prepared to give Hamlet a break.

"Hamlet!" snorted a theater manager. "Go take the straw out of your hair!"

"That," said Pat with dignity, "is not straw. It's what is left of the hey-hey from my sailor's hornpipe!" So they put him in the chorus. At the same time, down the street in another show, was a redheaded hoofer by the name of Jimmy Cagney.

It was the ostrich feathers that did it really. They provided cost-

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]
Carol, Wally and Me

By Mrs. Wallace Beery

In a city of triangles, there is no threesome happier than the Beerys—united in affection

Wally is more than a hero to Carol Ann. He is a demi-god whom she worships. What a pair they make as they walk along—he huge and bulky—she tiny, tagging along. And he is so proud of her! Actually, he's a bigger kid than she is. I call the pair of them my two children. Her most vivid recollection doubtless will be of Wally at the controls of his aeroplane flying her to Palm Springs over the week-end. For the aeroplane today holds all the glamour and romance for children which the train held for youngsters a generation or so back. I can remember how my father was just as much a hero to me as Wally is to Carol Ann. He was a crack engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. There were three children, and how we would prepare to meet him at lunch! The house was the scene of no end of excitement as our blessed mother would stand before the stove and fry

CAROL ANN has filled the only gap that was in our lives, Wally's and mine. Her coming into our household has meant far more to me than I am able to express. From the moment I had her intrusted into my care I loved her, and was hardly able to believe my good fortune.

Watching her fuss around as she was getting ready to go to lunch with Wally at the Vendome one day, it struck me how much her excitement compared with similar scenes in my childhood. She tried on several dresses before she decided which one was just right. She is very particular, tiny tot that she is. All her colors must match—especially if she's going with her Daddy.

The Beerys at home: Wally, the hero, Rita, the mother, and baby Carol Ann. Carol Ann isn't really as bashful as she looks here. But she isn't used to having strange cameramen invade the privacy of her quiet home
chicken. When it was done she would pack it in a big pail along with other delicacies, and we'd go down to the station proudly carrying the pail between us.

We would be scrubbed and dressed in our very best, and be waiting there as the train pulled in. Then when Dad got his orders from the station-master, he'd swing off the train, and we'd open up the lunch and help him eat it. If the station-master didn't happen to be around, Dad would take us for a ride on his engine. We were wonderful friends, my father and I—and still are to this day. He never comes to see me without bringing some little token of love, if it's only a sack of fruit.

This same bond exists between Wally and Carol Ann. And when Wally wanted to fly her down to Palm Springs I was delighted. I recalled how thrilled I was when my Dad took me for rides in his train engine. And I wanted to see Carol Ann have that same wonderful understanding with her Daddy as I had with mine. There is no greater thing in the world.

Carol is drawn to me by the tenderest of bonds. She is a priceless legacy left from my mother's half-sister, and lifelong playmate, Juanita. As she, a young woman in her early thirties, lay on her death-bed, she whispered that she wanted to leave something to me—it was her dearest possession, her baby Carol Ann, then nine months old. Carol Ann had two brothers—George now twelve years old and Billy six, who live with their grandmother, but who often come to play with their little sister.

The day after Juanita's funeral, I had a talk with her husband. I pointed out that raising a little girl alone was a great responsibility. Without even saying a word to Wally, I told him that I would raise Carol Ann, and showed him a letter wherein her mother requested I do so. He agreed that perhaps it was best that I should raise, educate and give her a real mother's care.

Wally and I were in the midst of remodeling our

Carol Ann's a great talker. Here is her Daddy making an electrical recording of one of her very first speeches. It was a good speech, too, says Wally

Heap big chief, and papoose. After seeing "Viva Villa," Carol Ann wanted to play Indian. The Beerys have a Mexican sunroom, so with a couple of Indian blankets, Wally and Carol had a perfect setting
They sat side by side on a straight little sofa in a producer's waiting room—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, that popular comedy team of the screen. Charlie twirled his round little hat, his dimples nervously popping in and out like a pair of Jack-in-the-box as he stole little side-wise peeks at Mary, sitting so straight, so determined, with a decided no-moonkey-business air.

Across the room, a blonde secretary sat behind a desk filing a long, gory-looking nail. Occasionally a flash of crimson shot through the air as her manicured hand flew to a stray curl over an ear.

The silence grew thick and clingy like fungus on a battered oak tree.

"Hum-umm," Charlie suddenly cleared his throat and Mary jumped.

"Don't do that," she protested. "It's enough to shatter my nervous system."

"I—and I can't help it if I have a frog in my throat, can I? I've got to get it out, haven't I?"

"Charlie, you could be full of frogs for all I care. In fact, the way you keep jumping around it wouldn't sur-

Domestic rifts like Mary's and Charlie's happen in the best of screen families

By Sara Hamilton

It's incompatibility. Charlie has a ranch where he raises nuts and grapefruits. His pet is a Great Dane. He craves quiet, peaceful evenings at home.

prise me in the least if you were." Mary glared at him.

Charlie squirmed about uneasily.

"Quit fiddling," Mary snapped.

"Can I help it if I have to fiddle?" Charlie demanded.

"Well, you don't have to fiddle here. There's a time and a place for fiddling. This isn't it."

The blonde secretary glanced witheringly at the sounding buzzer on her desk. With a sigh she threw down the nail file, yanked at her stocking, patted the curl again, and disappeared through a door marked PRIVATE. In a few seconds she was back.

"The producer will see you now. Gwan in," she said.

Mary and Charlie rose. Charlie, at the door, tripped over Mary's feet and fell headlong into the astonished producer's lap.

"It's the hop toad in him," Mary explained. "He leaps before he looks."

"Well, this is indeed a pleasant surprise," the producer smiled when Charlie had regained his balance and his hat.

"What can I do for you this morning?" He fairly beamed on the screen's greatest comedy team. A team that brought many golden shekels into an undernourished box-office.

It was Mary who spoke first. In firm, clear tones she said, "We want a divorce."

The pencil leaped six feet out of the startled producer's hand and landed at his feet. The producer stooped and Charlie stooped, their heads meeting with a thud.

Proof that mama loves papa—even if she did want him to wear a horse-shoe charm around his neck and curl up his hair like Francis Lederer. The producer couldn't believe ma and pa had tired of each other.
Charlie hung his head but then suddenly he brightened. "Well, I wore a charm for her, didn’t I?"

"But you wouldn’t keep it on," Mary complained. "You see, that lovely Mr. Lederer (Charlie moaned) always wears a good luck charm around his neck and Charlie never had anything glamorous around his neck except his Adam’s apple and there’s nothing glamorous about that. So I persuaded him to wear a darling little charm, too."

"Well, I tried to wear it, didn’t I? Only the darn thing gave me lumbago and gangrene of the epiglottis."

"Charlie, don’t be vulgar," Mary snapped.

"What was the charm she gave you?" the producer asked.

"A horse shoe," Charlie groaned, "with all the nails left in. When I stooped over, it took two electricians to help me up. If that’s what it takes to make a Francis Lederer out of me, I don’t want it. I want a divorce, too."

"Besides," said Mary, "we’re incompatible. He has a Great Dane and I have a Pekingese." A slight hiss escaped Charlie’s lips. "Then, too, he lives on a ranch and I live in Beverly Hills. He raises grapefruit while I raise Sweet Williams."

"And what else do you raise?" the producer asked Charlie.

"Nuts," answered Charlie.

"And nuts to you," Mary cried. "Besides, people think when they see us on the screen together all the time, we’re romantic off the screen. I never see Charlie off the screen. Life is hard enough."

"Nonsense, I don’t believe it. Please turn to page 97."
Edward G. Robinson is a camera bug. He can't take a shot or leave it; he has to take it. And nobody is safe from him. He bobs up everywhere, taking candid pictures. From the expression on the face of Jean Arthur, this one's a honey.

This is the handsome young buckaroo who has claimed all the attention of Sally Eilers lately. He's Harry Joe Brown, Jr. But now, Junior has given his mother permission to return to the screen, and you'll see her again soon in "Carnival!"

A COUPLE of Hollywood actors were having a feud.

"Why don't you tell that other fellow what you think of him and get it over?" Bob Montgomery asked.

"I can't;" was the answer, "the cad has no telephone."

Margaret Sullivan is all dressed up here, just before she became the bride of William Wyler, with her. But for the ceremonies at Yuma, Margaret went right back to slacks. And William thinks they are one of his wife's best points.

Edward G. Robinson is a camera bug. He can't take a shot or leave it; he has to take it. And nobody is safe from him. He bobs up everywhere, taking candid pictures. From the expression on the face of Jean Arthur, this one's a honey.

This is the handsome young buckaroo who has claimed all the attention of Sally Eilers lately. He's Harry Joe Brown, Jr. But now, Junior has given his mother permission to return to the screen, and you'll see her again soon in "Carnival!"

MAURICE CHEVALIER came back from Europe with a lot of suits you can hear coming through the front gate at M-G-M. Bob Montgomery is positively green with jealousy and has gone into retirement until he can find some checks, plaid and scarfs louder than Chevalier's.

Margaret Sullivan is all dressed up here, just before she became the bride of William Wyler, with her. But for the ceremonies at Yuma, Margaret went right back to slacks. And William thinks they are one of his wife's best points.

FOR years and years Alan Hale played o meany heavies until it was discovered that he has a nice kind face and can also sing. He acts, too, as you may have noticed. He marked the other day. "I did get so tired being in Wolf's clothing. Why, it got so that was hiding my own wallet from myself!"

MAY ROBSON was on location in a small California oil town. She was wearing Salvation Army bonnet.

At noon, May walked into a lunchroom, sat on one counter stool and put her S. A. chapka on the other. She was hungry, and attended to the business of eating.

When finished, she hopped down off the stool and reached for her hat. As she prepared to don it—a quarter fell out. May is saving it as a souvenir.

GOOD digestion—at any price. Which is the current motto of Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Jimmy, who had recurrent trouble with indigestion, fired hit on the idea—and then Pat, his side-kick took it up.

So now you see both tripping to work carrying an old-fashioned tin lunch pail, complete with sandwiches, salads and cold cuts, at home prepared, in one hand—and a thermos bottle in the other.

Each noon, they find a clear spot behind a set prop—and swap sandwiches that aren't the restaurant brand.

Incidentally, they don't get tired out writing autographs in the studio commissary.

WE imagine a deep-sea vacation with Le- Tracy and Jimmy Durante on Le'boat, will be something to write home about. They are after big fish in the Mexican waters—but the tuna will probably die laughing. There are three boats—the big mama boat, a small sailboat to go out and capsize—in—and a dory to rescue the capsizers. Full equipment you might say.
LENDA FARRELL made her last payment on her San Fernando Valley home—celebrated. A rather unique celebration was a trunk-burning party. A big old bath wardrobe trunk went up in smoke, and Lenda remarked, "It isn't everybody who can and watch her home for many years ring to the ground, and smile about it!"

LICE BRADY instructed her maid to tell a certain gentleman if he phoned that she was in the bath, as she didn't wish to speak to him. The gentleman phoned and the maid lowered instructions. After half an hour he phoned again and got the same answer. A third time he phoned with the same result.

finally, in exasperation, he yelled over the line, "Well, maybe she's drowned by this time. Am I don't you go see?"

Beverly Hills telephone calls poured into the police station from frantic mothers saying their children hadn't returned from school auto patrol set out to trace the missing children. Suddenly the officers heard laughing and laughter coming from the back yard of a newly occupied house. The maid answered the door, "Jackie Cooper," was the answer, "He's got a hundred kids in the back yard helping to build a new shack. He says if they work hard enough, he'll let them be in his club."

EMEMBER the grand old ostrich plumes of mother's time? They must be coming back. At least Jeanette MacDonald is setting Hollywood on its ear by appearing at all the art spots in a chapeau dripping with plumes. "Well, I'm glad someone invented the Macdonald ostriches," she said in a furtive manner, "if I had own it was a costume party I'd have dressed myself."

To which several bystanders echoed, 'Moow, etc.' Jeanette only smiled.

The son and heir of Joan Blondell and her husband, cameraman George Barnes, is not going temperamental; he's merely hungry. Joan is certainly proud. George wonders where that volume from such a tiny bit of humanity can come.

They may be fan dancers, but they are not to be whooped at. Decidedly not! They represent four hundred pounds of football, boxing and stevedoring, all set for some burlesquing in Rudy Vallee's picture, "Sweet Music," for Warners.

Bronislava Nijinsky, widow of the noted dancer, discusses details of the forthcoming ballet in Max Reinhardt's production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Screen history is in the making with this movie. Watch it!

MAYBE M-G-M will have to go in the houseboat business. Up on the beach in Ventura is Pegotty's house, built in a boat turned bottom up. It was constructed for scenes in "David Copperfield," but the studio has received a dozen offers for it from persons who want to use it for a beach cottage.

HENRY HULL has been made a Kentucky Colonel. But here is what makes it unusual: Henry Hull actually came from Kentucky! Louisville.

Most of Governor Ruby Laffoon's staff officers never sniffs bluegrass in their lives.
THE aura of mystery which surrounds the romances of Greta Garbo conjures up all sorts of wild guesses as to what a suitor does to woo the lady nobody knows.

Well—I was riding down the Coast highway a Sunday or so ago and almost bumped into a small flivver coupe turning around in the middle of the road. George Brent was at the wheel and beside him was a lady with a hat pulled very far down over her face, but not far enough to disguise that famous face.

For five miles or more my rear-view mirror revealed the pair of lovers coasting along, even as you and I, and sniffing the salt air. Finally, Mr. Brent and his lady pulled off to the side and parked to watch the wild waves—hand in hand.

Love is grand—but its manifestations are not very different in the case of Garbo and the rest of the world.

A Sunday afternoon drive in a flivver. A silent parking to watch the sea together. What’s mysterious about that?

NAT PENDLETON was telling Charles Butterworth about unexpectedly meeting his old school-days’ sweetheart in Hollywood.

“Boy, I hadn’t seen her in twelve years,” Nat said.

“Has she kept her girlish figure?” Charlie asked.

“Kept it!” Nat exploded. “Why, man, she’s doubled it.”

THE most exciting lot in town, at the moment, is Warners, what with Reinhardt and Marion Davies moving in. The German contingent, consisting in the main of Reinhardt, Korngould, Heinrich Blanke and William Dieterle, plus any number of fellow associates, have practically taken over the lot. Some of them bring their wives, they sputter German by the yard, and there is a general air of bustle and activity.

One of the sights of the place is the enormously tall and shaggy Dieterle, in his white cotton gloves (once he contracted an infection in his hand while directing a picture, and ever since he has worn the gloves) striding down the causeway with little Blanke, about five feet high, both gesticulating wildly and hurling German at each other.

To make things more involved, the official interpreter doesn’t speak English!

Mr. and Mrs. Warren William were among the many celebrities present at the Screen Actors’ Guild annual ball. This is a rare picture in that neither Mr. nor Mrs. William goes in for a great deal of social activity, both being strong for a quiet home life.

Mrs. Robert Montgomery (left) and Mrs. Chester Morris find a good laugh in what Chester Morris is saying. But Robert seems to be far, far away for the moment. They formed one of the foursomes at the Screen Actors’ Guild ball, a seasonal highlight.

ALAN HALE actually proposed to his Gretchen Hartmann, twenty years while they were making a love scene in silent pictures.

BETTY FURNESS carries a small come in her compact. Well, a girl likes to know where she is, doesn’t she?

CAROL ANN was so lonesome to see papa that she hopped on a comm plane and went to San Antonio, where she is now on location for “West Point of the Air.” Of course, Mrs. Borey was with her.

Which is Bill and which is Jimmy Cagney? They are alike enough to be twins! Anyhow, we’ll do the traditional left to right and you can see whether your guess was right: Mrs. Bill Cagney (Boots Mallory), Phil Regan (rear), Bill, then Mrs. and Mr. Jimmy Cagney.
THEY were making a scene in "Mississippi" where W. C. Fields enters, takes a drink from a mint julep glass and does a bit of dialogue. After several false starts, what seemed to be a perfect scene was run off. However, Director Eddie Sutherland waved his hand in negation. "No good," he proclaimed, "Bill, you forgot to take a drink."

Fields recoiled as if indigected with a horrible crime. "Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Yes you did..." said the director. "Well," said Bill in a dazed, weak voice, "it's the first time I ever forgot to do that."

WELL, you will have to admit that little Shirley Temple is doing all right when she rates Lionel Barrymore as her co-star. The picture is "The Little Colonel," which you adored when you were ten, and Shirley makes her first appearance in pantalettes. Bill Robinson, who must have invented tap-dancing (he taught all the famous dancers their routines), will appear in the picture.

GRACE FORD, pretty dancing teacher, took two of her child pupils to the Warner casting director, Max Arno. He looked them over and announced, "I can't use the children—but how would you like a contract?"

Grace is playing her first part in "Midsummer Night's Dream." But here is the part of it that no one except a certain passer-by knows. In sheer exhuberance, Gracie wanted to dance for joy. The only place she could find which was not public, was a table top in the prop department, where she executed a Spanish fandango! (Ah, ah, Gracie! You're in pictures and nothing is secret now!)

RICHARD DIX turned down forty-six thousand dollars offered him to appear in a shirt advertisement, so you can imagine the consternation when his picture and endorsement appeared in the publicity of a new tea.

His manager, suspicious, asked him, "Did you really endorse this tea?"

"Endorse it?" shouted Richard. "I own it!"

EVELYN LADE worked until seven A. M. when "The Night Is Young" was finished. She stayed awake just long enough to get to Santa Barbara where she slept for two days without a quiver.

BERT WHEELER gave his little girl a dime for charity, but she invested it in a soda instead. When papa questioned the investment, the young lady informed him, "It goes twice as far this way—I give it to the soda-jerker, and he can give it to charity!"

Could two girls show greater admiration of husband or boy friend? Petite Alice White smiles up at husband Cy Bartlett (left); and Isabel Jewell puts that certain something into her smile for Lee Tracy. They made up one of the jolliest Guild parties.

Dick Powell was just about tops as squire at the Screen Actors' Guild ball in that he escorted not one but two charming ladies. On his sturdy right arm was Mary Brian, as was to be expected, while on his left was Mrs. Joe E. Brown. Joe E. was home with laryngitis
"EVERY woman," said Miss Davies, concentrating on a silky ear of her almost inseparable companion, Gandhi the dachshund, "Every woman should decide what is her one most sincere ambition—most sincere, not necessarily her highest. Then she should attempt to fulfill it, before she tries anything else." At the right, is the music room of the Warner star’s gorgeous home at Santa Monica, which faces on the inspirational surge of the Pacific, within hearing
Marion Davies' Secrets of Success

"—grow into the best sort of human being we can. Live—and help others to live"

As told to William P. Gaines

Some have asked me if I could give them six, ten, twenty, or any number of rules to live by.

And I've had to reply, tritely but truthfully, "There isn't any certain number of rules for living that apply to all individuals alike—that will steer anyone through all the circumstances that arise in a lifetime."

But I'll tell you what I've told a lot of those girls. There are some policies that won't do any woman any harm at any time. So, if you want to hear them, here goes:

Every woman should decide what is her one most sincere ambition in life, and then she should attempt to fulfill it, before she tries anything else.

"Please notice, I said most sincere; not necessarily her highest ambition. Every young girl's head is full of a lot of conflicting ambitions, day-dreams, and what we used to call the 'natural' feminine urge. The natural urge, in days gone by, was to marry the boy, settle down, and make a home. But the world has changed. Today it's just as natural for a girl to want a career. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred of the girls probably think they'd love to be movie stars—not knowing what it takes to get to be one. Of course, the huge majority of them would be more comfortable in business, or as housewives. And I believe most of them know, deep down inside, which of their ambitions are inspired by hopeless yearnings, and which one is substantial."

"Well, if a girl sincerely believes she can become an actress some day, or a cabinet member, I say it is foolish—almost criminal—for her to marry some young chap and try to keep up his suburban bungalow. That way her discontent can ruin two lives. The other way, if she fails, she has wasted only one life, and there is some inner glow from a try that was genuine."

"All right. Once a girl has decided what she wants to do, I think she should then and there reconcile herself to any sacrifices she may have to make to achieve her goal. If she has married the boy, her goal is domestic happiness. And if she thought that was coming without a thousand readjustments, she was just sappy, that's all. It's give and take, give and take—always trying to take a little bit more than you give. Which, if you are sincere, is for the man's good; you'll take the right things, and build on them."

"Security is the domesticated woman's goal. And, if she's honest, she knows that means security."
They Didn't Mean To Be FUNNY

Zasu Pitts started out to become a tragedienne, but the audience laughed at her vague hands. "They have always waved around—sort of without me," she explains. That "Oh, dear" of hers was an accident, in her first talkie.

SOME actors are born comedians, some acquire comedy, and others have comedy thrust upon them.

Heartaches, chance, desperation, accident, luck, coincidence ... upon each one of these hangs the career of some comedian who didn't mean to be funny at all.

Harold Lloyd, after he evolved Laughsome Lake, a comic type that many considered an imitation of Chaplin, worked out his smooth-face, funny fellow with the horn-rim specs—worked it out deliberately, after long consideration. But Harold had been a stock company character man. Louise Fazenda's aim was to make people laugh—only she didn't mean to make them laugh quite so hard. The Marx Brothers had a definitely comic act when they first started out minus Harpo, but Harpo never meant to be the comedy riot he is now. His comedy was thrust upon him when he was dragged unwillingly on the stage one evening, and was screamingly and silently funny because of his intense fright.

W. C. Fields was born a comedian. Charlie Chaplin began as a boy entertainer in London, but it was not until he more or less accidentally developed his sad little tramp that he became the target for a million laughs. Eddie Cantor discovered that he could roll his eyes and so became a singing comedian. Mary Boland was so ravishingly beautiful that she was always cast as the conventional leading lady opposite such actors as John Drew, but she achieved higher rating as a comédienne when she got a light rôle in "The Torch Bearers."

It is difficult to pick out many comedians who were born in the interest of pure comedy. Most of them acquired it or had it thrust upon them. A thousand potential Hamlets are sending America into stitches, and a thousand comedians are reducing us to tears.

Consider, for example, the sudden popularity of Una Merkel since the talkies. Sitting in her blue and white dressing-room at M-G-M, we discussed the reasons for the giggles when she appears on the screen.

Bob Woolsey's funny, mincing swagger is natural. He actually walks that way! But the cigar was an accident, from a gag. Wheeler's little boy manner is studied.

Joe E. Brown's yell came from trying to get a friend up mornings. The friend was a heavy sleeper, until Joe E. thought of the yell. The mouth, of course, helped.
But few actors are born comedians. Most of them acquire the role or have it thrust on them.

By Winifred Aydelotte

I know I’m funny on the screen, but I still don’t know why,” she said. “The first time I went to a preview of a talkie I was in, I was mystified by the audience reaction. But I’m getting used to it. Just let my face come in view and everybody laughs.”

“Is it your face,” I told her. “It’s your voice.”

“Perhaps you are right,” she said. “It must be my voice. Because in the silents... But my voice that bad?”

“It’s just funny. What about the silents?”

Edna May Oliver was flabbergasted when an audience howled at her first scene. She added the nose wrinkling after that. But she hates slapstick

Laurel and Hardy fought bitterly against being teamed as comedians. Their gestures are naturals, Hardy’s tie twitching, Laurel’s wild hair

Jimmy Durante’s side-wise leer was protective. You see, he began his career in a section where audiences were plenty tough. And Jimmy developed the habit of watching the crowd out of the corner of his eyes—ducking missiles!

“...Well, when I played in silent pictures, I wasn’t funny. They thought I was the Gish-y type, fluttering through the night, sort of a waif in the storm. Nobody laughed at me then. Even at home, nobody laughed at me—because they were used to my voice, I suppose. I never meant to be funny. I was going to be a great dramatic star. But then talkies came, and I opened my mouth, and everybody began to laugh. Well, well, so that’s why I’m a comédienne!”

And there you are! An invention shattered the celluloid silence, and a star of the Lillian Gish type has comedy thrust upon her overnight.

The origin of ZaSu Pitts’ comedy trade-marks is as vague as her hand waving.

I went out to see her early one morning recently, and found her all done up in a blue jumper effect, apron, and towel wrapped around her head. She was cleaning house and baking Brownies, the best cookies ever made. ZaSu etched a vague arch in the air and said, “I really don’t know when I first began waving my hands. I mean, I never noticed that it was funny until an audience laughed at it. My hands have always waved [please turn to page 108]
Sylvia says Gloria Swanson has perfect feet and ankles. However, the perfect foot is not necessarily a small foot. With proper exercise and Sylvia's beauty treatments, a foot of any size may be made attractive.

In the last couple of months I've pointed out the stars who had the most perfect figure features. And I've told you how you, too, can have hips, shoulders, neck, waistline, etc., as beautiful as those I said were okay. I've set the standard for you and, baby, when I say something is good, it's got to be good.

You've all been begging for more and more and more. I told you to have patience. And see? I'm telling you everything I know. This month I'm de-
tipped with cotton and dipped in peroxide, treat the toe-nails exactly as you treat your fingernails. Press back the cuticle. Let little pads of cotton saturated with peroxide soak on each toe-nail while you're massaging the other foot. And be sure that you cut the toe-nails straight.

Never round them. You'll have ingrown nails if you do. Now wipe off all the peroxide and cold cream and paint your nails with liquid polish.

It looks swell, especially when you wear evening sandals, for that big night.

You great big girls who teeter and toddle around on fat feet squeezed into shoes a couple of sizes too small for you should be ashamed of yourselves. Better still, you should give yourselves the once-over in the mirror and see how ridiculous you look. If you're fat all over, reduce! In a minute I'm going to give you an exercise for the legs that will also reduce the feet and don't forget that with my good old squeezing method you can take off stubborn lumps of flesh.

If you stand a lot and your feet swell take alternate hot and cold foot baths and afterwards lie on your bed with your feet propped up so that they are much higher than your head.

And don't have bunions. The only way to avoid them is to have properly fitted shoes. If you have a bunion get scientifically fitted shoes. Yes, yes, I know. You say they're not very attractive. Maybe they're not, but it's far better to wear these shoes for a couple of months than to spend the rest of your life with unsightly bunions. Take a good look at Gloria Swanson's feet. There are no bunions. Remember this also—no foot can be really beautiful unless it's hooked onto an attractive ankle and no ankle looks well unless the rest of the leg is good. Maybe you can guess one of my requirements for a beautiful ankle. It's the same as for every other part of the body. I can say it in one word—my favorite. Slim!  

Joan Blondell's ankles and the lower part of her leg from and including the knee down are wonderful. Take a good long look. You won't regret it. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

Additional advice by Sylvia about other personal beauty problems found on page 85
Nonchalant Noel Coward

If Noel Coward is ever persuaded to make a picture in Hollywood—and there is still a possibility that he may do it some day—he will follow the lead of his friends, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and make it a sort of "hop, skip and jump." A hop into Hollywood, a skip out again and a jump back onto the stage. For the author of "Cavalcade" and "Private Lives" has no desire to be a movie actor.

This doesn't mean that the brilliant young dramatist hates the movies. Speak of Hollywood's production of "Cavalcade," and he will tell you enthusiastically that it was magnificently done. But he is so completely wrapped up in the theater—everything he has is in it—that being a picture star has no appeal for him.

I met Noel Coward in the lounge of the Empress of Britain, the liner that brought him to America for the opening of his new play, "Point Valaine," in Boston on Christmas Eve. He was with Lady Louis Mountbatten and Viscount Duncannon, son of Canada's Governor-General, when I introduced myself, some time before the ship reached Quebec. Without a moment's hesitation he had excused himself from his companions and had taken me over to the other side of the lounge. There I chatted with this good-looking and thoroughly charming Englishman for almost an hour.

Noel Coward's personality takes hold of you in a second. He has made a brilliant name for himself in the theater—he has been lauded and praised and called a genius, and nobody could blame him if he went "up-stage." But there is nothing standoffish about this remarkable young man, unless it is with the people he feels are playing up to him in their own interests. I found him easy to approach, enthusiastically ready to talk and charming in manner. His smile is infectious. He has a decided English accent, but it is the well-modulated, pleasing accent of the cosmopolitan Englishman.

The author of "Cavalcade" and "Private Lives" may go out to Hollywood—but he won't stay.

By John Rhodes Sturdy

What exactly I wanted to know at the start, were his actions when he sits in a movie house and sees his plays on the screen?

He crossed his legs, settled back comfortably in his chair and smiled.

"But I seldom do," he replied simply.

"Oh!"

"No, I very seldom watch movies of the things I write! Have you seen 'Design for Living?'"

"I haven't." Then his eye twinkled. A little smile crept to the corner of his lips. "A picture was made in Hollywood. It was a perfectly stunning offer and I am told that there are three of my original lines left in the picture. Most important line like 'Pass the mustard, please!'"

His conversation is constantly punctuated with wit, the wit that made "Private Lives" and "Hay Fever" hit on the stage. Sometimes it is sharp and pointed, and if you attempt to sting Noel Coward he will give you back that and more. They tell the story—wouldn't vouch for the truth of it—of the young dramatic meeting Lady Diana Manners, star of "The Miracle." She said to have greeted Coward with the words, "So you are the young man who wrote 'Private Lives.' Not very funny." He is reported to have replied, "And you are the lady who played in 'The Miracle.' Very, very funny."

I asked him about "Private Lives," and what he thought of it as a picture. He wasn't pleased with its production. I tried him on "Cavalcade," and he was seriously enthusiastic.

"It was beautifully done on the screen," he told me. "I don't believe it could possibly have been made into a better film than it was. Really fine and those who handled it and played in it deserve a great deal of credit. I was immensely pleased."

Noel Coward loves the theater, naturally, because it is a part of it. If he takes an occasional dig at the movies [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]
From Our Hollywood Sketch-Book

WITH ITS USUAL INGENUITY, HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERS THAT CLIP EARRINGS MAY BE WORN ON UPPER EAR AS WELL AS LOBE.

NEW CONCEITS IN FUR JEWELRY, ERMIN TAILS POSE AS BRACELET AND CLIP THE LATTER EDGED WITH BRILLIANTS.

A SILK BELTING HAT WITH A DOUBLE PURPOSE IN LIFE - IN DARK TONES FOR TOWN WEAR, IN PASTELS FOR CRUISING.

PEPPERMINT ACCESSORIES FOR EVENING - BENITA HOMER'S SCARLET-STRIPED WHITE VELVET JACKET AND BOW WORN WHITE CREPE GOWN.

LOIS MORAN SOLVES THE PLACING OF A CORSAGE ON DROP-SHOULDER LINED JACKET WEARING HER ORCHID DIAGONALLY.
ROYER, Fox Film stylist, added a touch of luxury to this black and gold travel ensemble designed for Mona Barrie in "Mystery Blonde." Collared in silver fox with cuffs and long fitted waistcoat of gold-checked sheer black wool.

The traveler will appreciate a costume of this type, for when the topcoat is removed, she is ready for the dinner or hurried tea engagement direct from the train. The dolman sleeves and ascot are in gold metal cloth. Hat is black.

FOR resort wear, Royer created a white shantung suit for Mona to be worn with white accessories. Semi-fitted and with buttoned pockets as the only accent. Fringed coin dotted scarf is worn on the outside of collar, and a white hat is draped with a military cord. Pull-on gloves and flat white bag.
ADRIAN’S unmistakable genius always creates simply smart clothes for Ann Harding. In her newest picture, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," we find this three-piece outfit and hat band in beige woolen, navy blue dots and a blue organza collar.

BLACK and white for a picturesque effect by Adrian. A Japanese print silk forms the frock and hat crown, and the black wool redingote is trimmed with silver fox. An Oriental and South Sea Island style influence grows. You will see more for Spring.

FOR late Winter wear under a topcoat, we suggest Ann’s ensemble in oxford gray novelty weave woolen with red blouse and beret. A special fashion interest centers on elbow length cuffs and wide revers. Adrian’s inspiration is perfect for mid-season use.
NORMA SHEARER DRESSES FOR DINNER—AND LATER

ON the warmth and richness of red cut velvet alone depends the dramatic value of Norma’s musketeer evening cape. A broad bias shoulder roll and an upstanding collar suggest a cape. Note the jeweled twin clips. The gown is soft white suede crêpe.

NORMA’S preference for beautiful fabric, good line and simplicity is emphasized in a dinner dress of white frosted crêpe, embroidered in gold thread. An accordion pleated underskirt peeping from a slit in the back skirt is the only frivolous touch. Peaked turban in velvet.

THE loveliest of stars in a gracious dinner gown of gold lamé. Again, only the metal cloth and cut are depended on for a strong note of chic and sophistication. Norma’s high neckline is a fashion favorite for dinner gowns, and the almost school-girlish collars are accompanied by small trains. Designs by Adrian.
HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS CREATE IN BLACK AND WHITE

NORMA SHEARER

SHEARER...wears black velveteen to her favorite aileurs for daytime, and a white piqué gilet, gardenias, doeskin gloves. An Adrian design. Her black hat is new.

HE calla lily inspired an exquisite formal ensemble for Myrna Loy in Evelyn Prentice...The tunic in black velvet, with big crescent clip; skirt in white blister crêpe. Gown and wrap opposite by Dolly Tree.

A WHITE frame for Myrna’s Titian beauty, in a flare collar which Dolly Tree has so cleverly devised in a matching white blister crêpe. The coat is lined with black velvet and corded heavily to accent the gracile lines. A suspicion of the velvet shows at hands and beneath the tunic lines of this flattering wrap.
GAY STRIPES AND PLAIDS FROM BELOW THE RIO GRANDE FOR RESORT AND CRUISE CLOTHES

JUST the outfit for a Tropics-bound steamer. By Orry-Kelly for Margaret Lindsay in "Bordertown." A Mexican atmosphere is introduced in those stripes as gay as Margaret's smile. The wide revers are slashed, scarf-drawn through. Close hat is breeze-proof.

ORRY-KELLY chose a chenille striped velvet jacket for Margaret to wear over a formal dance frock. Double collar, wide gold kid belt and fullness below the waist. This costume worn in "Bordertown".

A WHITE gabardine suit with mess jacket and striped halter vestee is suggested for Southern resorts, because you can change accessories for costume variety, an idea that Margaret also likes.

MARGARET dines in a gown of white chenille-striped crêpe, charmingly brightened with a kerchief, belt and skirt inset of brilliant plaid velvet. Style notes: high neck, wide belt, train
NEZ COURTNEY and Arthur Hohl are wondering what that book's all about. But George Murphy won't even give them a look-in. The cameraman caught them between scenes of "Jealousy." Murphy won the male lead opposite Nancy Carroll in the Columbia film after he clicked in "Kid Millions."
IT'S a howling success when Charles Butterworth and his pet terrier present a number. That's a smart pup, too. He knows all about resting at bars and following the scores. He doesn't like puns though. Bit the M-G-M actor once when Charlie innocently told him to never B flat in "The Barkerole"
How Carole Lombard Plans A Party

Foremost hostess in the Hollywood social whirl Carole confesses here her secrets of success

By Julie Lang Hunt

It looks like a long, hard winter for Hollywood hostesses.

You see, Carole Lombard is back in the social scramble, and that's very bad news for all the party experts in the movie territory.

Last Autumn, when she opened her new gem-of-a-little-house for a series of smart parties, Carole was a dark horse in the hostess line-up, but she finished the fabulously gay season of '33 and '34 two laps ahead of all the established favorites. Now, even the social die-hards out here concede first place to her, on the strength of her perfect little dinners and brilliantly managed buffet suppers.

Last Winter, in the midst of one of her large cocktail parties, I overheard a veteran hostess exclaiming over the apparent success of the gathering. She said:

"Just look at her (indicating Carole), not a furrow of worry on her. Why, she actually manages to be casual with a hundred guests under her roof!"

And right there, in the wailing lady's lament, lies the secret of Carole's social sorcery. She is casual, or seems to be, which serves up just as well. Her guests are never conscious that hard work and thoughtful planning have gone into the party they are enjoying. An evening in the Lombard home seems to unfold itself on a magic carpet, where even the food manages to appear as the inspiration of the moment.

And by this time, if you're not frantic to know how Carole does it, you'd better skip the rest of this story, for it is dedicated to only those women who are interested in the fine art of modern hospitality.

According to Carole, her casual manner in the drawing-room is a luxury she earns with a right smart bit of work before each party. She says:

"I wouldn't think of giving a dinner, even a small one for six people, without at least a week of planning. This gives everyone in my household time to organize details. It gives me time to plan a menu, my cook time to carry it out, and the stores time to order any special or out-of-season foods. And then it gives me time to arrange my own engagements so that I won't be all tired out for it." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
A FRESHMAN in high school was talking, and she was regarding her nose in the mirror with gloomy distaste. "It must be wonderful to be a movie star and know that everything about you is absolutely right," she said.

"What do you mean 'absolutely right'?" I asked.

"Well, my goodness!" she snapped. "If millions of people go to see you, I guess you have to be pretty good, don't you? And I guess if you know that millions of people like you just the way you are it gives you a lot of self-confidence, doesn't it? I mean, on account of all those people liking you, you have no kick coming, have you? I mean, you like yourself just the way you are, don't you?"

She turned back to the mirror.

"The thing I don't like about myself," she continued, "is my nose. How do you think I'd look if it was straight instead of turned up? And I don't like my hair. Would you have it bleached, if you were me? Or what would you do? And another thing, I hate the way I get all red and embar-

Imagine that! Neil Hamilton doesn't like his smile! The ladies, however, go for it in a big way! And we'll bet Neil has no fault to find with the way his daughter Patricia laughs.

The lovely Virginia Bruce has been called Hollywood's most beautiful woman. Yet, she is dissatisfied because she doesn't like her chin. She considers her eyes her best facial feature.

Douglass Montgomery won't tell his dislikes. Says if he doesn't mention his bad points, maybe others won't notice them. But for a man that's not conceited, he has a long list of likes!

rassed when I talk to a stranger."

"I think I'll prove to you that you're not one bit different from a lot of actors and actresses." I grinned at her. "I think I'll go out and prove that many of the famous people of the screen have likes and dislikes about themselves just as lively as yours."

And so I sallied forth to ask two difficult questions of the famous, because a little high school girl dislikes herself so thoroughly.

"What do you like best about yourself, and what do you like least about yourself—on the screen and off?" were to be my questions.

The first person I called on was Virginia Bruce. After a good deal of hard thought, she decided that she likes her even disposition and that she does not like her inferiority complex in the presence of people of high intelligence. On the screen she likes her chin the least and her eyes the most.

Lee Tracy, dashing back and forth on the set between me and the camera, took two hours to answer these questions, due partly to the fact that he had to answer them..."
Hate About Myself

So indeed, the stars are not satisfied with themselves. They may be handsome and beautiful, but every time they look in the mirror, they wish—

by Winifred Aydelotte

Look her over carefully, and we'll bet you can't detect a single bad feature. Elissa says, however, that she is most dissatisfied with her mouth. Miss Landi confesses, too, that she has a quick temper between shots, but mostly because he was anxious to answer them honestly.

"On the screen," he said, "I like best the fact that I have an instinct for the right movement at the right time. Now I'll take the ego out of that statement by changing it a little. I like the fact that after years of studying to get my particular technique—movement of hands, body, and timing—I don't have to think consciously about my tricks. I have made them mine, and I can recognize the instinct when I see myself on the screen. Get it?"

"Now, the other side of it: I hate my looks!"

"Don't you like your face—really?" I asked.

"No! The face is terrible!"

Off the screen, Lee likes least about himself his laziness—his not being able to drive himself to do what is necessary. He says he spends most of his time just putting things off. He likes best his ability to enjoy solitude.

"It isn't exactly self-sufficiency, but—well, look, here it is: Everybody gives too much. Keep yourself to yourself. I don't mean to be rude or hurt anybody, but learn how to be happy by yourself. That is not selfishness. It's just a courtesy a human being owes to himself. I drove out here all alone from New York. And I drove alone to Florida. I was kind to myself and not rude to anybody else, because if I had taken someone with me we couldn't have agreed every single time about where and how long to stay at a certain place, or what to do. Either he or I would have been hurt, or uncom—[Please turn to page 102]
HERE is a fine and beautiful picture which will amaze you because its story of animal life in the magnificent Sierra Mountains will stir you more deeply than any human drama. Jean Parker (perfectly cast) rescues a young fawn and a baby puma from pursuing hunters. The two animals, natural enemies, grow up together in a miraculous friendship, until Jean is forced to release them. The love story that follows when the deer takes a beautiful doe for his wife and they set up housekeeping in the woods, is one of the loveliest things you've ever seen on the screen.

The human romance, with Jean Parker and Russell Hardie, is effectively woven through the picture. Take grandpa and the children, and you'll all probably stay to see it twice. For it's a triumph in motion picture making.

YOU will weep gallons, but you will love this warm, human story of the fine friendship between two mothers of different races allied in the common cause of their children.

Boa Pullman (Chaulette Colbert) a widow with a baby girl, is selling maple syrup for a living, when along comes shining black Aunt Delilah (Louise Beavers—and what a performance!) with her little girl, Pofoo. Delilah makes delicious pancakes. Result: Aunt Delilah's Pancake Flour, and eventually a fortune for the two women. As the children grow up, however, difficulties present themselves. Pofoo (Fred Washington) looks white, and denies her black mother. Boa's daughter (Rochelle Hudson) falls in love with Warren William, whom Boa was to marry. The story, skilfully handled, makes a fine film

STEP right up, folks, and see just about the grandest show you ever paid your money for. You get the show and all the behind-the-scenes business as well, plus fascinating biography, and a laugh a minute. And the pathos is there, too when it is needed.

Wallace Beery as Phineas T. Barnum gives his best performance since "The Champ," and the rest of the cast is right up with him. Virginia Bruce, as Jenny Lind, is a surprise, looking more beautiful than anyone we can think of, and singing like an angel. Adolphe Menjou as Mr. Walsh, an alcoholic scientist, is a wow, Janet Beecher is a perfect shrewish Mrs. Barnum, and Rochelle Hudson lovely as the girl Ellen.

The opulent production, the movement, color, fantastic characters, the smoothness and direction, all combine into a brilliant background for some grand acting. The story is of Barnum's career from the New York small shop-keeper with a passion for freaks, on through his museum days, up through his mad infatuation for Jenny Lind which ruins him. Then he stages a grand return, uniting again with Mr. Walsh—whose first name turns out to be Bailey. This picture of the greatest show-man on earth, who was the originator of present-day exploitation, is salty and vigorous and one of the best evening's entertainment you will ever enjoy.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

MIGHTY BARNUM - SEQUOIA
IMITATION IN MANHATTAN - Imitation of Life
THE PRESIDENT VANISHES - RKO
BRIGHT EYES - Fox
BABIES IN TOYLAND - M-G-M

The Best Performances of the Month

Wallace Beery in "The Mighty Barnum"
Virginia Bruce in "The Mighty Barnum"
Francis Lederer in "Imitation in Manhattan"
Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life"
Louise Beavers in "Imitation of Life"
Edward Arnold in "The President Vanishes"
Arthur Byron in "The President Vanishes"
Guy Kibbee in "Babbitt"
W. C. Fields in "It's a Gift"
Gene Raymond in "Behold My Wife"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 110

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN - RKO-Radio

Once in a while a well-nigh perfect screen play is written; a practically flawless cast is assembled to make the already lifelike characters breathe, and a clever director lifts the whole thing to a rare height.

Such a picture is "Romance in Manhattan," directed by Stephen Roberts and enlivened dramatically by Francis Lederer, Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Butler, J. Farrell MacDonald, Sidney Toler and Donald Meek, all of whom make the film an offering of rare excellence.

Lederer plays the part of a Czechoslovakian immigrant who enters the country illegally and gets a job from Ginger Rogers' small brother, Jimmy Butler, selling papers. Ambitious, he rises to the triumphant heights of being a taxicab driver—and in love with Miss Rogers at the same time. Ah! America is a wonderful place! But he cannot marry her because he is not a citizen, and the small brother is placed in an orphan asylum because Miss Rogers is judged an unfit guardian, and things look pretty black until an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald, comes to the rescue in one of the most hilarious scenes ever designed to bring about a happy ending.

Lederer is charmingly at home in his rôle, and Miss Rogers excellent. But the bulk of the bravos must go to Stephen Roberts whose direction is just this side of miraculous, and to the authors whose pens were inspired.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES - Walter Wanger-Paramount

For once a picture deserves the term "sensational." Timely, startling, even shocking, this screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis, is guaranteed to do more than capture your intense interest. It will make you think.

In no recent film have there been so many cameo-cut, vigorous characterizations. Arthur Byron plays the conscientious President Stanton with earnest, human dignity. Edward Arnold achieves another triumph as Secretary Wardell. Osgood Perkins, Paul Kelly, Edward Ellis, Janet Beecher, Andy Devine, and the entire cast keep up the high standard.

To some it may seem illogical in spots, colored slightly with propaganda. But all will find it intriguing.

BRIGHT EYES—Fox

A BRIGHT bit of entertainment, not too sad, not too gay, not too incredible.

Shirley Temple, orphan, is sheltered by the boys at a flying field, and quite firmly but without benefit of legality, adopted by Jimmy Dunn. A battle ensues when one, Uncle Ned (Charles Sellon), a grouchy old fellow in a wheel chair, sets his soft, old heart on having the child.

The end is pretty exciting, what with Jimmy and Shirley bailing out of a doomed plane, Jimmy being accused of kidnapping her, and a courtroom scene where a judge brings Jimmy and his estranged sweetheart, Judith Allen, together again, and makes a happy ending all around.

A fine characterization is offered by Jane Withers, a little girl not much older than Shirley. Sellon is superb.
George Babbitt, Sinclair Lewis’ famous character, comes to the screen via Guy Kibbee, as a naively exasperating old gent, who is very susceptible to flattery. As a result of Kibbee’s characterization—and he’s at his best—the picture escapes the caustic preachment class and is humor-laden entertainment. Aline MacMahon is excellent as the wife. Minna Gombell, Alan Hale, Minor Watson shine in support.

This screen version of Victor Herbert’s nursery-rhyme classic is a marvelous mixture of stirring, if fantastic, drama and riotous tomfoolery. With Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy at their best and funniest, with Charlotte Henry as a wittily charming Little Bo-peep, Felix Knight the handsome Tom, a Henry Kleinbach the villain, this is gay and pleasant entertainment for young and old.

It is a gift! W. C. Fields makes this one long laugh from start to finish. In his favorite role—that of the henpecked husband—he starts with his family for sunny California and an orange grove. And the laughs pyramid with each of his successive absurdly amusing adventures! Good support from Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard, and Baby LeRoy. But Fields is the show.

A NEW screen personality, Joe Morrison, makes a strenuous bid for fame in this spritely little yarn depicting the life of an office clerk for a stenographer, Helen Twelvetrees, at their difficulties when their romance is nearly wrecked by their boss, Conrad Nagel, and a file clerk, Arline Judge. Laughs are frequent, pathos well spaced. Entire cast is good, but Morrison and his sweet voice you’ll remember.

WHAT should have been a completely strong and gripping story breaks in spots because of glaring implausibilities. Ketti Galian, the new French star plays the part of a little French girl kidnapped by a sea captain and put ashore at Panama, where she becomes involved with spies and intrigues until rescued by Spencer Tracy. Ned Sparks, Helen Morgan, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Byron good.

THIS is ye old time hokum, done convincingly with distinctive audience appeal. Sylvia Sidney is an Indian princess who would do justice to any reservation. Gene Raymond marries her to get revenge on his socially-elegant family, who thwarts his love affair with his sweetheart. But Sylvia turns the tables. Miss Sidney is lovely, but Gene Raymond easily makes it his picture. A newcomer, Ann Sheridan is good.
If you think in-laws are a joke, you'll appreciate Roger Pryor's predicament when he married a Russian Princess and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston and Valerie Hobson, with servants and swank, for Pryor to support. Then comes a one man revolution and Roger marries off the whole tribe to his friends. Walter Walker, as papa of the clan. June Clayworth, as the wife, are A-1.

If you think in-laws are a joke, you'll appreciate Roger Pryor's predicament when he married a Russian Princess and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston and Valerie Hobson, with servants and swank, for Pryor to support. Then comes a one man revolution and Roger marries off the whole tribe to his friends. Walter Walker, as papa of the clan. June Clayworth, as the wife, are A-1.

If you think in-laws are a joke, you'll appreciate Roger Pryor's predicament when he married a Russian Princess and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston and Valerie Hobson, with servants and swank, for Pryor to support. Then comes a one man revolution and Roger marries off the whole tribe to his friends. Walter Walker, as papa of the clan. June Clayworth, as the wife, are A-1.

If you think in-laws are a joke, you'll appreciate Roger Pryor's predicament when he married a Russian Princess and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston and Valerie Hobson, with servants and swank, for Pryor to support. Then comes a one man revolution and Roger marries off the whole tribe to his friends. Walter Walker, as papa of the clan. June Clayworth, as the wife, are A-1.
thought I, little lamb Shirley would “pipe her eye” because of that, for sh a very good little girl. No, she autographing a photograph, and photograph was going to a little whose mother had just died. Li Shirley pleaded through her te; “Can’t we help the poor little ch., mummy dear?” The darling!

But suddenly, as a loud and hea smack smote my ears my sorrow tiwings. I looked around. Love: Tom Brown and Anita Louise. T girl is such a beauty. When I get file rich I’m going to take an option on and just sit around and look at l cameo profile. Mister Brown was luhing in make-up and had been wait for Anita. She came tripping happ in, and smack, they were in each outhem before you could flutter your c lashes!

After lunch they came over to hullo and goodbye. It was the ni Anita was leaving as a guest on the crack speed train, and it was a for Tom who tried to put on the big brav act. I said, “Separation’s good for h

Jean certainly looks beautiful at a typewriter! Imagine her mother being scared she might not photograph well! Mitzi asked Miss Harlow about that new novel she is writing. But Jean was too modest to talk
Merry-Go-Round

IT certainly is a star-studded existence that girl Mitzi leads! One round of gaiety, with handsome heroes and beautiful heroines around every table. There is a tearful note in this letter, however, "but it doesn't last long! She tells everything, too—from complexion secrets to how Nelson Eddy and the lovely Jeanette MacDonald sang to each other in very flat notes! It was all in fun, of course. Which is the way everything is for Mitzi!

Mitzi says Alice White's home and husband are so important to her, just to talk to Alice gives one an urge for domesticity. Here is the happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cy Bartlett, sitting side by side at a party and getting a huge kick out of it.

Mitzi says she thought Bill Gargan's face looked familiar, but she didn't recognize the body. Reason, Bill is reducing. Lost thirty pounds, by diet. His wife is worried about him. But even while Mrs. Gargan pours his tea, Bill says, "No sugar, thank you"

Mitzi says Alice White's home and husband are so important to her, just to talk to Alice gives one an urge for domesticity. Here is the happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cy Bartlett, sitting side by side at a party and getting a huge kick out of it.

Anita. It will make him appreciate you." But when I looked at the poor guy my hard heart melted and I added, "I guess that isn't necessary, is it?" He shook his head quick. Then Anita turned a melting look on him and they both dissolved in a mist of love! Wheeeeee!

About this time I noticed a gentleman nearby eating a salad. The face, as the saying goes, was familiar, but I couldn't place the body! No wonder. Bill Gargan less his thirty-three pounds! His proud missus told me that he practically has to force-feed him, she's that afraid he'll be snitching Baby LeRoy's parts!

Did I mention how I bumped into Dick Powell at the desk of his apartment-hotel one night when he was trying to cash a check? Not important, dear, but cute. He had an indorsed check for $6.79, but the cashier had no change, so he gave him seven bucks and then bade him cross his heart and take an oath he'd bring back the twenty-one cents in the morning! Dick made a solemn promise!

As he turned to leave, the seven dollars clutched in his fist, he bumped squat into Georgie Stone, that par-excellent little actor you've always raved about. They shook hands like they hadn't seen each other in years, and they hadn't, even though both had been living in the same place for ages! They made a date for breakfast the following morning, and I made a date for dinner with Georgie right that night.

Last week I got a bankering to see my old friend, Ann Dvorak, for whom I made wise predictions when she was in the M-G-M chorus. So, I slipped into my motor and whisked over to Warners, where she acts. We went for a spot of lunch at which Alice White, another old friend, joined us. There's no nonsense about them gals, lamby. Glamorous actresses, sure, but their homes and husbands look so important in their lives that before the meal was over I was feeling the urge of domesticity so strongly I nearly lassoed a strange (and attractive) man at the next table!

First off, Annie the cow is the pet of Ann the actress. And every Sunday morning Annie moos some poor dreadul until her mistress comes out and says hullo. How does Annie know it's Sunday... the only day Ann... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
The New Ambitions of Joan Crawford

"The time is so short—and there's so much to do—"

I had just asked Joan Crawford about her plans for the future.

I hadn't talked with her for any length of time since twelve years ago, when she was an unhappy, work-weary student at a Missouri college. From the future then, she wanted desperately freedom, recognition, a chance for expression, and some security—things she had never known then.

The woman who now sat across from me beneath the white pergola in the garden of her Brentwood Heights home had all of those things.

She had carved a monumental career out of nothing. She had satisfied a consuming inner demand to be somebody. She was a star, one of the greatest stars in the movie heavens—high, shining brilliantly.

From where we sat we could see the perfectly appointed, substantial house, which painters and decorators were then remodeling to meet her whims. The expansive swimming pool flanked by her newly erected little theater and a bath house spoke eloquently of the comfort and stability she had achieved.

The woman who sat across from me in a white lawn chair, looked, in the pergola-filtered sunshine, very much like the college girl I had known.

Joan Crawford turned in my direction the same clean, carved, faintly freckled face with its wide, intense blue eyes. She smiled with the same generous mouth; shook the same auburn tinted locks over her shoulder.

But all her security, her fame, triumphs, possessions—somehow I forgot them.

For beneath the mobile mask of the actress was also that same restless, harried look, which had made you look twice at that vital college girl and wonder what it was she wanted out of life!

That shadowed crevice between her brows. That tense tug at her under lip.

Eager, insistent, seeking—for something more—struggling against restraining bonds.

"The time is so short." Short? For Joan Crawford, still in her middle twenties?

"My contract calls for three pictures a year," she told me, "with an option for a 'special' picture. So it may mean four. I never know how long they'll take. 'Dancing Lady' took five months. I never know when the next one will start. I can't plan on any definite free time between pictures.

"And when I'm working, all of my energy, all of my time, goes to the picture. I can't do—I can't even think—of anything else. Everything has to be so perfect." I know what she means. Joan Crawford doesn't have one costume fitting—she has five and six for each gown. One make-up doesn't last her through the day. Each noon she spends her lunch hour changing to fresh make-up—eats in ten minutes.

Sundays are her only days off. She spends them learning new lines or a new dance routine. Nights, spare minutes, meals—she never relaxes during a picture. Her nervous

Above, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in a scene from "Chained." Left, Joan on her way to work. For her now there are no holidays or vacations. Every minute's time is taken: work, study rehearsals, more work. Yet she says, restlessly, "I can't just sit back and be a star."
Today she is one of the brightest stars shining in the cinema heavens, yet she sets new goals for herself to attain

By Kirtley Baskette

Energy is taxed to exhaustion. She worries until her stomach knits—she's made that way. A picture takes everything—everything—from her, leaving nothing with which to accomplish the things that she feels must be done.

I asked her if she didn't think maintaining movie star's career was enough.

"But I can't just sit back and be a star," she said. "I've got to justify my life. I have to develop. I need to do many things—so many things. I need the experience of the stage. Not only for my work but for me.

"I haven't enough self-confidence. I haven't enough poise. It makes me miserable."

In the middle of a scene of "Forsaking All Others," Joan was working with her back to the door of the sound stage. Suddenly she stopped, taut. She hadn't seen anything. She hadn't heard anything. But she knew that someone had

Crawford seven years ago, Joan of "Rose Marie." She has learned so much since then, and gone so far, it seems entirely possible that her present plans and ambitions for the future will be attained

Crawford of today—beautiful and gloriously successful. Yet she is finding no satisfaction in fame, and Hollywood, once so important, means nothing to her today

Crawford entered, then, deepened.

"That's what I've got to conquer. And the only thing that can do it is the stage. I don't want the fame of the stage, I want the experience.

"It isn't the money, either. If I could have the time off, the studio could take any extra profits. But I haven't the time. I'd need six months. But when have I ever had six months? When will I?"

The crevice between her brows deepened. Then her tense, earnest face relaxed with a smile.

"Of course," she admitted, "the very thought of it scares me to death. I would be petrified, I know. But I must do it. That's one reason I built the theater here."

We walked over to the famous and somewhat mysterious [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
NEW GROWTH—OR FACTS ABOUT BEAUTY AIDS

The hair vogue that captured the world's fancy, and a favorite fashion with the Parisian manikins at the moment. The traditional Hepburn bangs reappear, this time in "The Little Minister." Another Hollywood sweeping fashion.

ANNA STEN at a recent reception in New York, an engaging picture in gold and white from her simple white crêpe gown with jacket em brodered in huge gold medallions to her golden hair brushed back from her face. A striking face is Anna's. Her blue eyes are wide apart, giving her face a deep sense of repose. Her lips are pleasingly full, her cheekbones and bawline prominent and strong. A mobile face for the camera because the contours and features are expressive and emotion can play fleetingly and subtly on this type of face without obvious effort.

In a low, husky voice Anna tried to explain away the mystery of her hibernation in Hollywood for more than a year. With the aid of four or five tutors the Russian girl had to learn English. The designers and make-up experts had to experiment with the right clothes for Anna, the make-up touches that would translate the true spirit of her rôles on the screen. It was all a matter of growth, new growth for the little Russian. Then the public was introduced to her as Nana and Katisha. As Katisha, especially, I believe she will live in our memory for a long, long time.

Anna's experience in Hollywood, growing, studying, working, has prompted me to a message of what I hope will be practical help to those of you.

Brushing for beauty is a legend as old as Mother Goose, but Helen Vinson knows the grand results. Upward strokes, advises Helen, with a ripple-bristle brush polish every strand, encourage a rapid circulation.

June Lang, in the first act of a play toward nicer eyebrows. June thinks all brows improve with a mild tweezing of the outer ends, and advises first the application of cream to ease the operation or compresses wrung out of hot water or skin tonic.
All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted
By Carolyn Van Wyck

I read my department and write to me. Your letters are especially significant. A desire to be better, to correct your small physical imperfections and to make an effort to do so. For even that effort takes some of your precious time.

There is a keen feeling of skepticism in the world today. We have been taught to believe in crumble. People and things have failed us, so that we hardly know what to believe any more. I think this sense of skepticism applies to many of us in many ways, so it is with an effort to give you a straight story on your personal appearance and physical growth, as relates to this angle, that I sit before my typewriter now.

Without the many aids that we have developed to promote good looks, we should certainly all be less attractive than we are today. Thirty-five years ago, the girl of twenty-five usually looked twenty-five or more. Today it is difficult to guess whether a trim figure is actually twenty-two or thirty. The modern woman seems to gain her full charm around forty.

The reason for this welcome change is perhaps first, a different attitude toward age. And second, the sensible care that we have been educated to use with ourselves. I feel that the years from sixteen should bring new and better growth, both in-

the interest of lovely hands, June works conscientiously. June gets that nightly application of olive cream or oil prevents hangnails and flaking, broken nails, and encourages new growth to be smooth and flawless under lacquer

A typical Antoine of Paris idea. Several layers of muslin, a handful of pins, a rosebud or two beneath the chin, and Cecilia Parker looks charmingly ingenue in a babyish bonnet for evening. Can be made by yourself in no time

Antoine's sculpture curls on the head of Muriel Evans. Movement is upward, in the approved style, and interesting design is worked out here and there with unusual curls in a true Antoine manner. A party idea

79
wardly and outwardly. And so I proceed with some actual growth facts that should encourage every one of us to some effort and patience. Most of us will make the effort but when it comes to patience we fal down. We should like to find the cream that will transform us over night; the hair tonic that will instantly give us silken hair. Well, then just aren’t any, and lacking these magic aids, many are inclined to give up. However, if you can make that effort and bolster up your patience besides, here are some of the transformations that can take place over certain periods of time.

The life of an eyelash has been estimated at between three and four months. Each lash probably lasts about that time, at the end of which it falls out and another takes its place. If you are not satisfied with your lashes, and few of us are, the modern growers will help you to produce a much more satisfactory crop. In fact, I think every girl should use a grower nightly. Growers cannot, of course, produce lashes entirely unnatural to your type, but they can encourage a heavier growth, longer, stronger and silker hairs. If you would use a grower steadily for six months, you would see a pleasing improvement.

The same idea applies to brows. If your brows are scanty, scragglng, you can induce heavier ones and you can train them to grow in a neat line. A little grower on an eyebrow or dry mascara brush applied nightly not only makes for more brows but will definitely train them in line. Then, of course, you will need to use the tweezers sparingly, just as June Lang is doing, to make that line perfect. The end is usually the unruly area. If you will apply a little cream first, then shape, it will be quick and almost painless. Hollywood has taught us that the brow that extends a bit beyond the outer
From this back view of Phyllis' head, plastered and persuaded into a curious pattern, will come a revelation in soft loveliness, witnessed by the finished front picture. Notice that the hair is kept well off the face, softened only by loose, big waves, with all the intricacies kept well to the rear. An important hair fashion note to keep in mind.

...one of the eye is a universally becoming one. It extends the upper third of the face to create the impression of more oval lines to the upper part of the face, and it adds much expression to the eyes. The constant use of grower on the outer brows will grow new, fine hairs in it. For immediate need, however, your finely pointed eyebrow pencil solves the problem. With a very light stroke, because even brows here will be lighter, extend the brow line a tiny bit.

Skin growth occurs daily. With every bathing or creaming, we not only take away make-up, oil and dust, but a certain amount of deadicle is also removed. And usually it is this dead cuticle, more than imperfect texture or a small blemish, that mars your beauty sooner in anything else. For this dead cuticle is usually dull in tone, and ups your face from looking radiantly fresh. A very thorough cleans-

Only clever fingers and great patience can produce a masterpiece of hair-dressing like this. But the effort is well worth the result for a coiffure like Phyllis' contributes much style and charm to most faces.

Details of the tiny tailored bows that hold Betty Grable's curls. These with your daytime clothes, but for evening velvet or lace ribbon is the thing, contrasting with or matching your dance frock. Very girlish.
"Afternoon" Tea

I

SAY, old thing, have you heard the news? Hollywood—chummy old place, don't you think—has gone English. My dear, it's too jolly and all that sort of thing. I say, what?

American actors have been flocking to good old Lunnon—nice old spot, Lunnon, rath-er—and by Jove, they've brought back with them all sorts of cozy little English habits and customs and well, here we are. Stalking about like a retired British officer with a load of asthma and a yen for suet pudding.

Good old Americans, who never drank anything but strong coffee and applejack straight, are now hoisting tea-cups, eating watercress sandwiches and loving it. Nobody hurries anymore. Nobody shoves. And fancy anyone shoving Everyone. British-like, just takes his time. No need to go scampering about good old Hollywood-on-the-Downs 'Tisn't British and all that sort of thing.

Yes, dear old Hollywood-on-the-Downs has gone so British, the best of stars are now hoisting tea cups

By Jane Hampton

Actors who once raced across movie lots like hound-chased rabbits (and oftentimes it was the sheriff instead of a hound) now saunter, calling a merry old "Cheerio there," as they go.

The only "pip" America ever knew before the return of the Americans from England was a disease which, unfortunately, but through no one's fault but their own, and let that be a lesson to them, gave a chicken the yaps. A couple of pips were simply two chickens with the yaps. But not now. My dear, you're far, far wrong if you think "Pip pip" has anything at all to do with a couple of ailing chickens. It's now Hollywood's favorite form of saying, "Farewell, a fond farewell."

Actors no longer say to their lady-loves, "Darling, good-night. The dawn breaks and so does my heart at this sad parting. Farewell, sweet one, farewell."

Today he merely says, "Well, pip pip old thing," and leaves the lady yapping like a chicken. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 58]
Here's the Standard for Beautiful Legs and Feet

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Listen, you babies, watch that lump of fat in the inside of the knee. It will spoil your chances of beauty in a bathing suit. Lots of girls ask me what to do about knock-knees. Half the time it isn't the knees that are knocking; it's those lumps of fat on the knees. Errrile! The call of the leg should be well rounded but not muscular. A girl with over-developed calves—it's the escalators for you. Don't climb steps! Don't ride bicycles! Don't do any kind of Russian dancing! But you kids with canary bird legs can do all of these things. These things develop. They do not come off. I've got the perfect reducing exercise for the lower legs, calves, ankles and feet. I've never given it before. Are you ready? Sit flat on the floor with your legs straight out in front of you, the knees straight and your toes pointing to the ceiling. Place the palms of your hands on the floor slightly out from your sides. Slowly raise yourself up with your weight on the palms of your hands. As you do this slowly point your toes away from your body so that your legs from hips to toes are in a straight line. Raise up higher until your whole weight is on your hands and your heels. Can you feel a pulling in your legs? Can you feel the fat breaking away from that lump on your knees?

Just as slowly—and keeping as relaxed as possible—lower yourself to your original position. Move your feet so that the toes are pointing toward your face and at the same time make believe that you're trying to push something heavy with your heels—push the heels in the opposite direction from the way the toes are pointed. Don't be afraid to pull and pull hard. Do this until your toes are pointed just as far as they'll go. When you feel that big pull in all the fat spots, you're on the way toward having perfect legs.

But that's not all. You've got to have lovely upper legs, too. Look at Gertrude Michael—and that's not a bad idea. You remember her in "Cleopatra." The upper part of her legs are beautiful and I don't blame her for posing in photographs to show them. They're slender with no bulges, no protruding muscles. The upper leg is a place where fat is most likely to gather. Fight it! You've got to, because those lumps show when you're dressed. And in a bathing suit! I can't stand it! Get rid of that fat on the front and back of the upper leg. Here's the exercise:

Stand a little away from and at right angles to the back of a chair. Put your left hand on the back of the chair. Stand on your left foot. Lean over at the waist. Put your right hand back of you. Lift your right leg back. Grab your right ankle with your right hand and pull it up toward your back, bending the knee. Pull hard. Ouch! Yell if you want to—but do it! Stoop over as you're doing this. Now let go your ankle and swing the right leg forward and grab your ankle with your right hand in front of you this time. Keep your knee slightly bent. Pull hard.

That's a new exercise, too, but I want to warn you, as I do with all my exercises, relax! Relax your muscles while you're doing the exercises. For if you don't, you'll develop muscles instead of reducing them off as you should. Oh yes, when you've done this exercise on one leg repeat on the other. But I hope to heaven you've got the brains to do that without my telling you.

Okay, babies, there you are—Gloria's feet, Joan's ankles and lower leg and Gertrude's upper legs. They confess that the main reason in the world you can't have them just as beautiful. Don't be lazy. Don't put off. Do what Sylvia tells you to do. And while you're exercising stick on the diet wagon. And now I've gone and used up all my space and haven't told you how to have lovely arms and hands. So watch out for my article next month. I'm setting the standard for arms, hands and backs!

Answers by Sylvia

Are you too fat? Too lean? Have you any physical defect that mars your beauty? How are your nerves? Do you sleep well? I shall be glad to offer you advice—free of charge—of course. All you have to do is write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sylvia:

I'm only fifteen but I'm terribly fat. Because of this I don't have dates like other girls. My mother tells me not to worry, that I'll outgrow it. But I do worry and outgrowing it doesn't help me now. I'm writing to you with the hope that you'll help me.

B. G., Fort Smith, Ark.

I feel so sorry for young girls whose mothers tell them they will outgrow fat. Maybe they will, but fat isn't pretty and every fifteen-year-old girl wants to be pretty. Besides, fat isn't good for anybody, whether that person is fifteen or fifty. I've got to know that my exercises and diets are just as good for young girls as they are for older ones. But, you'll ask me, how am I going to convince my mother of that? I'll tell you. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to me for my general reducing diet and exercises. Then ask your mother to take them to her doctor. Then, if he says they're okay she'll believe him. And here's a little secret, baby. He won't disappoint you, because doctors all over the world know that every one of my diets have enough food properties for anybody.

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried very hard to follow your diets and exercises but in my business I travel a great deal and it is often difficult in trains and hotels to get what you recommend. Is there anything I can do about it?

H. R. T., Chicago, Ill.

You bet there is! There is always something to do about everything. And I know that when traveling it is difficult to stick on the diet wagon, but here are some things you can— and must—do. Don't eat just what is put before you, a fat, out of rich sauces. Scrape them off the vegetables. Refuse dessert unless it is mentioned in one of my diets. Maybe you can't get as many raw fruits as I give. But you can always get apples! And tell yourself that you are going to try your hardest to overcome your difficulty and live up to my routine as nearly as you can.

Dear Sylvia:

I have very thin scrawny legs. I don't want to be fatter than I am anywhere but in the legs. Can you give me some exercise to help me?

Mrs. R. L. T., Raleigh, N. C.

Tapping develops the legs. Climbing stairs is another wonderful leg developer. But the best of all is riding a bicycle. If you can't actually bicycle then lie on the floor on your back with your legs in the air and make vigorous movements with your legs as if you were pedaling and pedaling hard and fast. Do this for three minutes a day at first and then work up to ten or fifteen minutes a day. You'll be surprised how quickly your legs will become nice and firm and round, as perfect legs should be.

Dear Sylvia:

Will you tell me how to remove a lump of flesh that has come on the back of my neck at the top of my spine?

Mrs. D. C., Jeffersonville, Ind.

I call that the "old woman's bump." Now don't tell me you're just twenty-five. You may be. But hot or cold, that's an "old woman's bump." You got it by slumping, well, stop that! Straighten up. Don't slump any more. Then take this exercise to remove it. Lie on your back. Arms above your head, backs of hands lightly touching the floor. Relax completely. Stretch your arms so that you feel as if your shoulder blades are coming together. You can feel that back lump moving. Now then stiffen your knees and pull yourself forward with your arms still above your head until your head is touching your knees. Keep relaxed from the waist up. While your head is on your knees make your shoulder blades squeeze that bump. From this position roll back, rolling all the way to the base of your spine and touch your toes over your head, with almost the entire weight of your body resting on that bump. You can feel it smashing off. At first you may be stiff but keep trying until you can do the exercise. Start rolling back and forth like that ten times a day. Work up to twenty. I guarantee that it will do the trick and exercise your diaphragm, hips, legs and upper arms to boot. How's that for you?
“GETTING home with the milkman” is an old saying but it actually happened to Jean Harlow. On her way home from visiting her friends, Jean’s car came to a dead stop on a lonely highway. She had run out of gas.

For hours Jean sat there waiting for someone to come along and yet frightened that they would. At last, after what seemed years of waiting, a milk wagon hove in sight. With a welcome cry, Jean hailed the driver and went merrily home on the milk wagon.

AFTER Leroy Prinz, the Hollywood dance director, fought that famous duel, and his wife sued for divorce, someone asked, “What on earth?”

“But he led a duel’s life, of course,” was the reply.

THERE is a writer in Hollywood who is frankly worried. He has to kill a friend and certainly loathes the job. You see, when it was decided that Dashiell Hammett would write a “Thin Man,” it was found that one of the number would have to be killed off in order to form a plot. But, who to kill was the question.

The author has become so fond of all his characters, he can’t bear to commit the necessary crime. As you can imagine, every member of the original cast is anxiously waiting to see if he will be the victim.

Hollywood, at least, hopes the dashing Bill Powell, the lovely Myrna Loy and the adorable little dog, Asta, will be spared.

ONE day a carpenter on the set of “The Good Fairy” missed his bicycle.

The next day the Universal lot was treated to the spectacle of their problem child, Margaret Sullavan, reeling furiously about the studio on a rickety bike.

“Five miles every day,” said Margaret, “that’s the schedule.”

She wears an amazing pajama ensemble consisting of green, floppy pants and a red coat, and stops for nothing.

P. S.—The carpenter got paid for the vehicle.

BOB MONTGOMERY smiled.

They had just told him of his role in “Vanessa,” the Hugh Wallpole novel before the cameras at M-G-M. They had further told him that in the prologue he would play his son, in the main body of the picture, himself, and in the epilogue his sixty-five-year-old grandfather.

“The part of my dreams!” said Bob. “A nice part you can really grow up with!”

CLARA BOW and Rex Bell made some well-advanced plans for the heir-apparent. Rex just couldn’t resist the temptation to buy a Shetland pony. He had a beautiful little silver mounted saddle made, and the pony is quartered in the patio, bedded down in straw—all ready to leap on and away—no. Of course, the pony will probably be an old man with a long grey beard before the baby can ride—but anyway, it’s a cute idea.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has decided to stay out of department stores and all other public places, since an over-enthusiastic fan snipped off one of her curls the other day.

ARE any of you the facetious admirers who send George Brent’s mail to Ruth Chatterton’s house? Because George and Ruth and Warner Brothers are quite burned up about it, and George has reached the place where he doesn’t even think it’s funny.

WHATEVER secrets Josef Von Sternberg has about directing Marlene Dietrich are safe.

Even the small crew who officiates when he makes a picture are in the dark about half the time.

Josef gives all his directions to Marlene in German—and no one else can understand it.

I DON’T know whether Adolphe Menjou would approve of them, but Allen Jenkins thinks they’re a sartorial gift from heaven.

His slippers.

Allen hurt his toe a few months ago, and gave up shoes for slippers. The slippers were so easy on his feet that he tossed all his Oxford into the attic.

Now he has black slippers for evening, brown ones for street wear and even patent leather ones for dress. Not to mention the old broken down pair he wears around the yard.

And no worries about a broken shoelace.

WE might have expected it of a younger actress but when Alice Brady suddenly disappears right in the middle of “Gold Diggers of 1935” and leaves Warner Brothers wildly searching Heaven and Earth for two whole days, it’s a little unusual.

What’s more, when she finally did show up, Alice refused to explain anything. Where she was and what happened, she inferred, was her own business.

But it’s all very romantic to Hollywood—not to say surprising.

EVER year, it seems Hollywood has been getting farther and farther away from itself. It used to be quite satisfied with just Hollywood—then the stars began moving to Beverly Hills, then Brentwood—then away out in the San Fernando Valley. They commute, of course, to the studios.

But now Genevieve Tobin has moved into her home at Montecito, the very elite section of Santa Barbara. She is just a little more than one hundred miles from the studios—and she intends to commute.

Meaning she’ll leave the seaside city at five bells or earlier in the grey and misty dawn—to make an eight o’clock call.

MARGARET SULLAVAN tripped blithely off the set of “The Good Fairy” a few days ago. It was noon time and she was hungry. So she hopped into her decrepit roadster and started the engine. She let out the clutch. Nothing happened. She stepped on the gas. Maggie and the motor roared, but nothing repeated. She fouled with the brake and really got all hot and bothered.

Then she looked out and saw her set playmates—the grips and the props and the juicers—rolling on the ground.

Margaret hopped out to find the rear wheels spinning in the air. Jacked up. It’s an old gag, but it worked.

JANET GAYNOR and Shirley Temple were both being fitted for costumes in the wardrobe department. Janet asked Shirley for that autographed picture she promised her, and all the girls in the department chimed in and said they wanted one, too.

“You can all have one,” said Shirley, “but you’ll have to wait awhile. I can only sign two a day because it takes me so long.”

THE mama of little Anne Shirley, who made such a hit in “Anne of Green Gables,” carefully censors her daughter’s romantic flutterings. Anne is so popular that mother had to call in an assistant to get the front door-step cleared by ten o’clock. The sad she called upon was young Henry Wilson—and Henry has a crush on Anne’s "A pleasure," said he.

Director David Butler was pretty sure of beating Jimmy Dunn in the checker game, when along comes Shirley Temple and slips a bit of advice to her pal Jimmy on how to make a strategic move.
A BROADCAST OF HOLLYWOOD GOINGS-ON!

AND the Gloria Swanson-Herbert Marshall tête-à-têtes continue.

However, when Gloria and Herbert underwent an evening in public at any of the smart incising spots of Hollywood, they invariably ek a shadowed nook just inside of the table.

Which makes people all the more i the look for them—and all the more excited out seeing them together.

THERE'S something about radio broadcasting—

louise just a strain on the nerves, even to hopped trouper.

Ever since I've been broadcasting news and interviews with the stars of "45 Minutes in Hollywood" each week, I've had numerous uses of vacillating knees.

But now I feel all right.

I have it on good authority that Mary Pickford almost cuts her reading sheets to pieces latching them tensely each week when she skis over the air.

If it makes Mary all hot and bothered, why couldn't I be embarrassed?

RUMORS that Margaret Sullavan and the studio which made her a sensational screen star, Universal, were at the parting of the ways somewhat dampened down when she up and married Director William Wyler.

Film mentor Wyler, who, by the way, is one of the very best directors at Universal City, is a relative of the Laemmle family, who run the works at Universal.

AMAZING new romantic combinations have been springing up all over Hollywood recently. For instance, the Carole Lombard-Bob Riskin twosome has given a surprise to the customers at the recent prize-fights and local sight shows.

Edna and Lowes has been squiring the lovely Virginia Bruce (ex Mrs. John Gilbert) here and there. Also Florence Rice.

Pat de Cico and the lovely Genevieve Tobin have been taking in the sights together. And the biggest surprise of all is Norman Foster's sudden escorting about of several of the local beauties.

Which has everyone wondering just what Chaudette Colbert thinks about it.

DOCTOR, visiting Cecil DeMille in the hospital just before Cecil began work on "The Crusaders," was shocked to see a strange, iron figure in a corner.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"It's only me," a little voice called, "I'm the nurse, Mr. DeMille wanted me to try out the different armor for his new picture."

EVEry day, it seems, Virginia Bruce gets lovelier and lovelier—and every day she becomes more and more positive about the impossibility of a reconciliation with Jack Gilbert.

Putting the two together, it's no wonder that Virginia is the object of several Hollywood swains' attentions. No one yet has pried into a definitely romantic arrangement, and, of course, Virginia always smiles that slow smile. But she's been seen out with Billy Baskett and Edmund Lowe both, a few times of late, Nelson Eddy also is said to be strongly in the running.

LYLE TALBOT is still wondering.

Recently Lyle asked a friend if he thought it bad luck to postpone a wedding.

"Not if you keep on doing it," the friend replied.

LOIS WILSON will leave all predictions to Gene Dennis, who does pretty well by them, after this—

Many, many months ago when Lew Ayres looked into Ginger Rogers' eyes and gave her a funny feeling around her heart, Lois said—

"You'll never marry him."

"You'll receive the first wedding invitation," replied Ginger.

And Lois did. What's more, she swooped up the bridal bouquet when Ginger tossed it.

FAV Wray left for Europe several days before John Monk Saunders' birthday. Birthdays are always state occasions in the family, so Johnny obligingly moved up the date, and they had a breakfast-birthday party, with all the presents served with the coffee.

THE latest Hollywood behind-the-scenes-drama in three acts: (and it's a true one).

W. C. "Bill" Fields was going through a scene. In the middle of his antics the cameraman yelled—"Cut! Re-loading!"

Bill fiddled while they loaded the camera with film.

Another take, and in the middle the sound man shouted, "No good—sound re-loading."

They set up for a third take. The director looked around. No Bill anywhere in sight. Shouts re-echoed up and down the stage.

"Bill—Bill Fields. Hey—we're ready."

There was a brief silence, and then from a far, obscure corner of the vast building sputtered a moist voice—

"Fields re-loading!"

YOU'Ve never suspect an abundance of the maternal instinct in Carole Lombard perhaps, or perhaps you would, but I happened to be in her dressing room the other day when Arline Judge came by with that cute youngster of hers, Charles Wesley, and proceeded to fill the room with "Ooohs" and "Ahhhs" contributed by all present. When the tot and his pretty mother left, Carole sighed wistfully.

"Darn it," she said, "I'll just have to get married and have one of those."
OF COURSE, I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN — THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S EASY TO HAVE A GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.

GINGER ROGERS
STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"
THRILLING WORDS... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

You can use cosmetics all you wish, yet guard against this danger the way the screen stars do...

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and keep it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! It's so easy to guard against this modern complexion trouble the way the Hollywood screen stars do.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a woman who thinks she removes make-up thoroughly is actually leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Gradually the pores become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear, blackheads, perhaps. These are the warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Gentle Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect your skin with this safe, sure care 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, thousands of girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' complexion care. The ACTIVE lather of Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics thoroughly—protects the skin, keeps it lovely.
tunes for the chorines and at every performance they made Pat sneeze. Besides, he reasoned, what right had a chap who'd hauled lumber and nursed a sixteen-inch death-speaker to be doing fancy steps for a living? Consequently when Wisconsin announced free tuition to service men desiring higher education, Captain Patrick O'Brien was the first to register. He had arrived home on a milk train, none for a two-day diet of carrots.

"What course are you taking?" asked the secretary at Marquette University. Pat flipped a coin. "Make it law." He had divided between that and engineering. Pat mixed in some football with the law and licked Notre Dame practically single-handed.

Then he made the mistake of going into a class play. The stage germ worked. It worked so hard he couldn't sleep nights. Law was definitely out. He convinced the state's representative that War Veteran O'Brien should be in the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

BACK in New York Pat starred like a gentleman, studied like blazes, and stalked theatrical agents.

There were two excellent reasons why, early in 1923, our Mr. O'Brien returned to Milwaukee. One has to eat occasionally—and the other was a desperate major cardiac disturbance known as "young love." She was a blonde. She was lovely. And she had been his sweetheart from childhood. Pat—for the second time—turned his back on the stage forever. Substantial Young Bond Salesman was the role he set himself to play. And it was probably the worst performance Pat O'Brien ever gave.

The O'Brien sales fell to zero as he grew more and more bewildered and unhappy. And somehow the romance had faded out. There was no glow left in the world. It was funny how often Pat's feet carried him to the door of the stock company Jimmy Gleason had. A friend cornered him one night and tucked a script under his arm. "Listen, Pat. This 'Under the El' is a great play. We're going to try it out here and that part suits you to a T. Just read it!"

"Noope," muttered O'Brien. "I'm through with the stage. It's no go." But he sat up the whole night reading the play, going over the lines. . . .

It was his father who settled it. The kindly old man, with eyes that once had been fiercely blue as Pat's said, "Why don't you quit biding yourself, boy? The theater's in your blood. Now there's that old insurance policy for a thousand that I took out for you when you were ten. Borrow on it, get back to New York, and sitch it out!"

It sounds like manufactured fiction, this part of Pat's story. But here is exactly what happened seven years later he bought the New Manhattan with $5.45 in his pocket. He had borrowed only enough to get him there. After that—well, he was going into the clinches with old lady luck and one of them was going to give in! This time it wasn't Pat . . . He ran into an old classmate of his from the Academy of Dramatics who was throwing a party. Around midnight a short, stocky fellow he hadn't suspected of being Good News, drew him aside. "There's a chap leaving the cast of 'A Man's Man' tonight. Why don't you go down and see about it in the morning?"

"In the morning!" shouted Pat. "I'm on my way now!"

It was blindingly cold in the darkened theater but Pat himself, still going on, "So you want that part, eh?" said Eddie Goodman, the director. "All right, go down there and try it! But remember this is Saturday and we open Monday and you'll have forty-eight sides to learn."

"That's all right. I know this play—every line of it."

"You do?"

"Sure. I read it," Pat told him, "when it was called 'Under the El'. . . ."

Coincidence? Or the special brand of O'Brien magic? A few months later it worked again—to furnish Pat with the biggest moment of his life. He had been travelling with the road show of Broadway and the producers sent him a wire to join the Chicago cast. At the same time, they sent a girl there who was beautiful and something more. Valentino had selected her as the most gorgeous girl in Iowa. And when young Mr. O'Brien saw Eloise Taylor he went the great screen idol one better. He selected her as the most gorgeous girl in the world. . . . His . . .

But it wasn't to be a whirlwind romance. It took Pat five years to catch up with her! They played in stock together, on the road, on Broadway. More often than not they were broke together. A couple of kids joy-riding through poverty.

But you can't get married on nothing. They were on a vaudeville tour. And because they were tired of waiting and tense and nervecranged they quarreled. Bitterly. And separated.

"If you ever want to see me again you can write," said Eloise.

"The same goes for me!" said Pat.

He stuck it out as long as he could. Then, while he was playing Baltimore, he poured his heart out to her in a letter and airmailed it to her address in Worcester. No answer. Weeks passed. Months. He went to New York. It didn't matter that he was credited with one of the ten best performances of the year as the Russian communist, Maxin, in "Overture." Nothing mattered.

But Fate was up to her special tricks reserved for O'Brien's. One morning Pat received the charred fragment of an envelope with a note from the government saying this was one of his airmail letters. That plane had crashed, burned . . . the pilot was killed . . . They were returning the remains of the letter for his records.

Pat made a record of a very particular nature in getting to Eloise with that burned bit of paper. He airmailed it to her, she turned it over to get it framed.

At first Pat couldn't believe his ears. The operator said Hollywood was calling. The United Artists Studio. And he heard Howard Hughes' soft Texan drawl over the wire. "O'Brien, how about doing the role of the reporter in 'The Front Page'?"

Pat arrived in California at 8 A.M. and at ten he was working. Before the picture was half through they knew they had something. A sensation. Pat sent for Eloise and at the same place he and Mary Brian got the marriage license in the picture Pat bought himself a regl license.

They hadn't counted on such a honeymoon. Pat had been sent East almost immediately after the world's première. It was his turn to be the star, for seven months with Van Carroll. And there was a six weeks' delay. And the studio that had refused him back so often was now paying for his royal suite at the St. Moritz! Pat and Eloise walked about in a dream—down streets where a bare six months before they had been so broke and eager and hopeful. Now a corsage of orchids waited for Eloise daily. And Pat had the satiety of smoking the studio's finest cigars.

For the first six months they couldn't hand their money. They returned to California and decided to bring both families out for Christ mass. "We'll long distance them instead a writing," grinned Pat. "We're big shots now! They bought drawing rooms for their folks arranged for them to meet in Kansas City and when Poppa O'Brien stepped off the train he was wearing spats. Got to do you proud, Pat," he whispered as Pat grabbed him. It was an almost hysterically happy three weeks. They journeyed to Agua Caliente—in tour cars! The old gentlemen played the horses and Pat paid the bills. They had a bungalow up themselves at the Biltmore in Santa Barbara.

The O'Briens were in the money!

But by a strange anomaly that could occur only in Hollywood, Pat O'Brien then dropped out of sight from the rank of top notcher. After that first big production there had been a delay—then a poor production. The leading producers could see Pat only as a reporter—and the newspaper story cycle was over. To most people it would have meant fade-out. To Pat it meant—extraordinary financial success. He went cheerfully from one fifth rate picture into another. Pictures that were "shot on the cuff," yet they spelled good money for Pat. He saved up $10,000, which he kept for nearly four years. And during all that time when nobody heard of Pat O'Brien, he made enough money to retire for life!

He bought a fifteen-room Beverly Hills mansion with a swimming pool, badminton court, handball court and an outside barbecue that is a replica of Bill Hart's. He had more cars and servants than the better known "names" around him. What's more, he had a good-sized trust fund. And out in San Bernardino, Pat purchased a ranch for his wife's people. His own parents he brought over to share it. Sometimes it pays to be a "failure!"

When he felt he could afford it he went after the real parts. And got them. But he took a salary cut of five hundred dollars a week just to get a chance at them—and a contract with the same studio of which he had the confidence of "Here Comes the Navy" and "Fighting Walk" and other successes behind him. Pat's income will not come up to his free lance standard until next option time.

Sure I've got a grand philosophy for this business," he'll tell you. "I explain to myself that every picture is my last one! Maybe he'll be teaching it to the littlest O'Brien—Margaret Mavourneen, aged eight months."
**Marion Davies' Secret of Success**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

The man, as well as herself. It's possible that she'll find their security can be increased by getting out and taking a job. But now she should have a different meaning than it had before marriage.

I know you're going to ask me, 'Can a man successfully manage both a career and a family?' Yes, she can, if she doesn't let her love eclipse her marriage. But the examples are very few — if you refer to women with extravagant ambitions. You want a short answer, don't you? Not a volume. All right, the career girl takes it on the chin more readily and a lot harder, than the girl at the low cook-stove. She's confronted by the so infinitely much bigger and more complicated world. Even in this day and time, she is against a man's world. The other way, one is her world. And the women the career girls are more determined adversaries. An amount of all the thousands of girls who our into Hollywood, all trying to rush into small opening that points toward success. In a business, it's the same — in proportion to opportunities. What chance has the girl who has reconciled herself to a bruising and tiring of spirit? What hope is there for the who has underestimated her abilities? It's cruel, but it's the woman's lot to make of the sacrifices on this earth. One who survive them is just out of luck.

And when a girl has decided what she wants to do, she should study, study, and try to prepare herself. She must be com- petent to take full advantage of opportunities. If she's so freakish that opportunities some- times present themselves to women who are prepared. But how long can anybody ride the crest of success? If a poorly equipped for the work, it's long before her paper falls, and some other smart person, get most away from her. Well, a woman who can't think and talk in a house — whether her job is to make a charming, or to manage an estate — in a very good position to hold a husband. A incapable woman gets promoted in this, just accepting her walking papers. Who tries to be a secretary and makes a of taking dictation is such a difficult that she can have no self-respect. And can't name me one actress in the movies that got a break, and held on, who wasn't skilled to keep her position. Well, can you?

ED. note: Not, no longer. There's always the office, you know.

And I don't think any woman should stop studying just her job. Do you know any- thing more boring on earth than the housewife who can talk nothing but ways to feed her? Or the social worker who speaks of playground improvements? Or the woman who can you of nothing but what happened on the last day?

It seems to me that we are here on this hir to grow into the sort of human beings we can, with all due respect for the qualities and properties of other human beings. I know any other one rule that covers the better than that.

Nobody but a psychopathic case is anti- al. Nobody but an amiable person, physi-

---

**To prevent this!**

Insist and see that clean, fresh pads are used on your hair!

Don't take chances with your hair. The risk is too dreadful; the penalties too severe. Failing hair, scalp infection, loss of lustre and hair vitality are a high price to pay for any permanent. All too frequently they follow the use of improper materials and the alarming practice some shops employ of using the same pads repeatedly, thus transferring hair and scalp disorders of another woman's head to your own. Most women are unaware of such things but Nestle feels that the facts should be known. For Nestle is thoroughly protecting you against unsanitary and dangerous waves. To those beauty shops guaranteeing the use of genuine Nestle materials, Nestle has issued a certificate that readily identifies them as a Licensed Nestle Shop. Look for it when you enter a beauty shop. It is your assurance that sanitary conditions in permanent waving prevail at that shop.

**THE NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY • NEW YORK**

SEE the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads and battle of waving lotion — your assurance of fresh and genuine materials.

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your assurance of a genuine Nestle Wave.

Nestle SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE
And So the Great Master Arrives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

What's more, he has shown that he can pick 'em. When he was bringing "The Miracle" to the United States, Reinhardt found himself somewhat on the spot. He was near the shores of a land eagerly awaiting evidence of his heralded dramatic genius minus one of the most important cast characters in the religious spectacular, the nun.

On the boat was Rosamond Pinchot, a governor's daughter. Reinhardt saw her, and in the world he could make into the nun of his drama. From the passenger list of an ocean liner, he proceeded magically to pluck a star.

Just recently when he was casting for his Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he chose for the important part of Puck young Mickey Rooney, a child actor who had never been taken too seriously in Hollywood. Mickey was known chiefly for his "Mickey McGuire" Comedies.

WHEN Reinhardt announced that Mickey would play Puck, Hollywood gasped, and relaxed into a few knowing chuckles. Reinhardt must be slipping to cast a kid for the part which the greatest actors had played since time immemorial, was the opinion.

Well—Mickey Rooney stole the gorgeous show. He stole it with the thundering applause of one of the most dramatically distinguished audiences ever assembled, and from a cast of seasoned and distinguished players. "Puck was never played before as Shakespeare intended it until Mickey Rooney played it," Max Reinhardt told me. "The greatest actors in the world have played it—but never like Mickey Rooney."

Rosamond Pinchot is now under contract to M-G-M, and Mickey Rooney, of course, has plenty of prestige in Hollywood. He was the first actor cast for Reinhardt's screen production of "The Dream."

From what Reinhardt told me I think he undoubtedly intends to give us some new stars. With his marvelous ability to recognize potential talent and to mold it—and with as fertile a field as Hollywood to pick from—he should be just the man to create new screen idols.

In fact, before he came to Hollywood, he fathered much of Hollywood's greatest genius.

I mentioned to him such greats as Ernst Lubitsch and William Dieterle, two of Hollywood's most artistic directors, of Mady Christians, who had played the lead in "Drei kurze Jahre," with Francis Lederer, and, indirectly, Marlene Dietrich, Lil Dagover, Tala Birell, Joseph Schildkraut, Conrad Veidt and Elisabeth Bergner—the latter known here, but yet to come to Hollywood.

Many of these artists lived, studied and worked with Reinhardt in Europe before they ever came to the screen. Others had only the remote rays of his genius to warm them. But all reaped from the experience something they never could have obtained in any other way—all caught the divine spark from Reinhardt and blew it into brilliance with their own breaths.

Max Reinhardt shook his head and answered: "We are all merely limbs from one tree." I insisted, "Of course, I am proud of the actors and former pupils of mine who have come to success in Hollywood. But what they have done is not traceable to me. Rather, whatever any of us has done is traceable to our common schooling. We all worked together."

JUST the same it was Max Reinhardt who saw and inspired their greatness, and all would, I am sure, without a moment's hesitation, lay their laurels at his feet.

Years ago, Ernst Lubitsch, then an ambitious little comedian, enrolled in the Reinhardtscule in Berlin. Reinhardt sensed the promise of the then unknown actor. He put him quickly into his major productions—and for five years Lubitsch stayed with the master, worked and grew with him. He played everything from the fool in "King Lear" to the grave-digger in "Hamlet." When he finally departed from under Reinhardt's wing, he startled the screen world by directing, in Germany, "Carmen" and "DuBarry." Hollywood lured him back to him—and he made him one of his highest paid directors.

But when Ernst Lubitsch made those sensational pictures abroad which revealed an entirely new and delightful technique, he was still in his twenties. And it is taking nothing away from his own individual genius, along whose lines he has developed since (the Lubitsch touch) to speculate whether he would have been able to find himself and reveal that genius without those years of inspiration and guidance under Reinhardt.

Certainly it would never have occurred to me in his lifetime to believe that Lubitsch was the master, the man of total serenity and his sure guiding hand.

When Lubitsch, well along in his Reinhardt schooling, was playing in "The Miser," green, gawky seventeen-year-old blonde girl joined the cast in a small role.

HER name was Mady Christians. Today Hollywood knows her as a star from whom M-G-M expects greater things than any other new member of its stellar family. She has just completed her first Hollywood role, starred it "A Wicked Woman."

When she went to Reinhardt, however, no one knew her, except as the awkward daughter of Rudolph Christians, a great character actor and a close friend of Reinhardt's.

Mady wanted, against her father's wish (he said she would make an excellent cook), to become an actress. Reinhardt promised her an audition and told her to forget the part.

Mady's audition was quite terrible. "So this is all we get from the offspring of Rudolph Christians," Reinhardt muttered sadly. But he took her into his school.

I smiled when I remembered what she had told me about her tragi-comic first days in the Reinhardtscule.

Mady was proud then, though awkward, she couldn't bear the repertory theater director to think her green.

So I said I was a great American actor," she laughed as she told me, "I said I had played every part worth mentioning—in America. They asked me to list my plays and I put down everything I could think of, including a play called 'Minna von Barnhelm,' which was then being presented in a Reinhardt theater.

Of course, the whole sum of my actual stage experience was the time when as a tot I'd played a princess in one of father's plays.

"So when the director came to me a few days later and said, 'Get ready to jump into the lead of 'Minna von Barnhelm,' I almost fainted. I sat up for forty-eight hours, drank gallons of coffee and learned the parts.

"After the first act, an old actor looked at me and smiled, 'You've never faced an audience before, have you?"
From then on I couldn't lie any more. I was scared to death that Professor Reinhardt would hear of my disgrace and take me out of school."

Just he didn't and Mady Christians worked with Max Reinhardt seven years in all. Now she is in Hollywood—a star.

I can attribute my entire development as an actress to him. I couldn't think of any way I could possibly replace what I learned from him. At times now, if I'm in doubt about a part of the stage or on the screen, I find myself asking, "How would he have me do it?" I still hear him," Mady said.

"For me he is and always will be the master magician of the theater."

In Reinhardt's productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Damekur," Mady Christians had the same stage lover—a young livarion actor named William Dieterle. Dieterle, nine years with Reinhardt, as an as, like Lubitsch, turned his talents to directing when he left to try his own wings. For Lubitsch, too, he came to Hollywood and important success. "The Firebrand" was his first picture. Dieterle has always been very close to Max Reinhardt—loves him as a son to a father. In fact, it was Dieterle who bought Reinhardt to Warner Brothers, even though Reinhardt's own son, Gottfried, works at M-G-M.

Dieterle actually will co-direct "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with Max Reinhardt, ostently he told me, "We will do it together. You job will be to catch Reinhardt flying."

Now as Dieterle sat between Reinhardt and Lubitsch, straightening out the occasional misunderstandings of two people groping in strange hues, I recalled the reverence which had made him to put himself on a plane of quality with the master; his refusal to shave his bristles, and his words, "Helping out with my knowledge of picture chique will give me a way to pay back a little for what he gave me. For without a bat, a great idol such as Max Reinhardt, one could not be inspired. I could never have been a director without those years spent with him."

UT in spite of these tributes I could tell, by his modest dismissal of the subject, that Max Reinhardt does not care to look back on the artists he has inspired in the past—To Doka Negri, who danced and acted a mime part in his "Samurai," to Francis E. Skirer who five years ago went to him to say "Romero and Juliet." To Marlene Dietrich who got her first break in a Reinhardt picture, "It Lies In The Air," and her underling the same girl named Birell, who achieved a brief Hollywood ardor and recently came back in "The Captain Hates The Sea." To Silka Viertel, a writer and intimate of Garbo, who started a career as an actress in his "Dress Has Theatres," Rudolph Arnoff, Jannings, Bergman, Veidt, and the large host of other pupils who have read his fame over the world.

Nor does he care to look back to the theatrical triumphs of the past.

Like any great genius he realizes that it is dangerous to look back—that the future and that is yet to be done are what counts.

I shook his hand and prepared to leave, citing a few last-minute notes of description—"Strong nose...sensitive mouth...easy hair..."

"William Dieterle touched my arm. He had seen my jottings—"Yes, the hair is gray," he said, "but the eyes are still young."
With her companion-secretary, Madalynne Fields, Carole works out the plans for each social gathering like a set of blue-prints. Her system runs something like this:

On Thursday, Carole decides that a week from Friday she will have Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bartholomew, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Taurog for an informal dinner.

On the same day or the next, Carole and Madalynne will telephone the guests, and if any of them are busy on that date, other individuals from her large circle of friends are substituted immediately.

Not later than Friday evening, seven days preceding the dinner, Carole works out a complete menu, including hors d'oeuvres, and gives it to Edgar, her cook.

And for those of you who are servantsless, let me explain that Carole Lombard's party formula can be handled without the aid of caterer or cook. Carole works eight and nine hours daily at the studios and she must have trained servants to carry out her orders, but her system of planning a dinner can be followed to the letter by the clever housewife who must do her own cooking and shopping.

NOW let's see, where were we? Oh, yes, the menu is completed, and you can depend upon Carole to avoid all food that is merely fussy and decorative.

"The success of a party doesn't rest entirely upon the food." Carole told me. "But you can bet your last dollar it will be a flop from the start if the food is one shade less than excellent."

The Friday night dinner might possibly include cream of mushroom soup, salmon in lime aspic, Cuban chicken with wild rice and purée of peas, and ice-cream with marrons glaçés.

And right here let's take time out for the ambitious hostess to make a mental note that the salad course in this dinner is out because the fish course is in. If Carole should decide upon a salad, she would eliminate the salmon and probably order French endive with beets, marinated in French dressing.

But Carole says she refuses to follow any rigid set of rules for her menus. She is very likely to serve corned beef and cabbage with all the trimmings to her group of English friends who fancy a boiled dinner, or Italian and Spanish dishes for the clique that leans to Latin flavorings.

Edgar, it seems, can cook in any language, and if necessary, can even accomplish a few tasty morsels in Russian.

Not later than Wednesday the flowers are ordered. On Thursday Madalynne, or Carole, if she is not working, checks over playing cards, score cards, pencils, backgammon boards and anagram sets.

Dawns the day of the dinner, and Carole is almost sure to be hard at work at the studio until six o'clock or later. She is certain to arrive home tired, and it's a nine to one bet she'll be late as well; but she takes time out for a visit to the kitchen. Every dish is inspected, the canapés looked over, and if there's a last minute change, Carole is informed, so there won't be any sudden surprises for her when dinner is served.

Next comes dining-room duty where the process calls for a good soak in a warm tub stingling with pine salts, and if that doesn't work, a small glass of sherry sipped while she relaxes in the soothing water is bound to turn the trick. Carole says she never fails to step out of her cold shower humming and actually relishing the prospect of guests.

"I try to get downstairs in time to see the first arrivals. It's really the ideal way to start things, but I won't rush myself to pitch of nerves to accomplish it."

"I am careful about my make-up and hair, even if that last guest is waiting, I can assure a good half of this hostess case is knowing that you look your best."

And here is another gem of advice from Carole for every woman with hostess wearing.

"An at-home costume or hostess gown is absolutely essential for the woman who entertains, and for two reasons. First, this type of costume is extremely flattering, and that determines the part any woman's poise, and secondly, it eliminates the possibility of appearing overdressed in case a guest shows up in a simple daytime outfit.

"If a woman has a limited wardrobe, I would be wise to sacrifice a second dinner evening frock for one hostess gown. She'd soon rate it the most valuable asset in her clothes collection."

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres are served with the arrival of the first guests. An another sage warning from Carole:

"Don't serve hors d'oeuvres unless they are superb," she says. "There is nothing more dismaying to the palate than a mediocre bit of fish and egg heaped on a piece of soggy, too brittle toast. Until you can attain hors d'oeuvres that cause oh's and ah's, serve you cocktails unaccompanied.

"I really believe that Carole's long list of unusual canapes and hors d'oeuvres are responsible for a good measure of her successful parties. When her maid brings out a plate of piping hot chicken livers that have been broiled and then skewered on toast, the aroma never fails to draw bravos from the initiate guests. And then there is the master stroke of fresh shrimps stuck with toothpicks ready to be dipped into a chilled bowl of sauce that is a sublime blending of chives, chili sauce mayonnaise and tabasco."

"The zero hour for any dinner," Carole told me, "arrives along with the coffee and brandy. At that moment even a party that has started off at a rollicking pace can then walk up and die, unless the hostess is in her toes."

CAROLE carefully avoids tragedy by permitting her guests to plan their own amusements. The harrowing business of herdin everyone for games is eluded by the simple plan of having bridge tables, backgammon boards and anagram sets or any other likely entertainment spread out in the playroom while the guests are still at dinner. Then those who wish to play games will migrate of their own accord to the tables, while those who find the conversation diverting will gather without prompting, in sociable corners.

"Fortunately, I have a number of friends who are excellent musicians," Carole continued. "Music, if it is good and also impromptu, is a hostess' best benign ally. When an evening at my home finishes up with all the guests crowded around the piano singing at the top of their voices, I know the party can be checked off as a success."

Another item in the Lombard dinner ritual that should be well heeded by the inexperienced hostess is the absence of all food following

What would "The Night Life of the Gods" be without a Venus de Milo? Marda Deering was chosen to play the rôle of Venus in the film
and liquors. Highballs are made for those who desire them, but sticky candies are pressed upon unwilling guests and middle sandwiches are absolutely out. The buffet supper is a less delicate instruction to handle than the dinner, according to Carole, and it is a great boon to the hostess who entertain now and then for large numbers of guests.

Carole's suppers, which she works out delightfully in a really small house for as many sixty guests, are famous because of the active dishes and because there is always a room in which to enjoy the grand food. Call tables for four are distributed through rooms and in the garden when the weather permits. If the garden isn't available, the list is pared down, because Carole knows the only party that can be crowded with gay is the cocktail gathering among the delicious things I've tasted at Lombard buffets are caseroles of creamed mushrooms and sweetbreads, chafing dishes of piquant chicken, caseroles of frog legs. It's true that this one is made, it's too complicated to that, and carrying them to a sublime height Hollywood still talks about her famous original party, inspired by a series of small events among her friends. Carole decided to turn regulation informal dinner into some serious fun at the last moment, and with the help of a surgical supply house she changed her living-room into a hospital ward.

Carole met her guests at the door in a nurse's uniform and issued long handled white dressing gowns over his night clothes. Then she had them escorted to the white beds complete with names and charts overheading over the footboard.

her fur coat, disguised as an interne, served as a cloak and glassed in with glasses and glasses of surgical instruments.

COULD not advise the unskilled hostess to attempt anything as complicated as Carole's formal dinner, unless she is very certain of the humor and spirit of her guests. Another little addendum to the social season was the Roman banquet, prompted by a nurse's regrets to a dinner invitation because, put it in her own words, "She was so tired she had a headache, and she had to sit up straight at the table." Carole assured the fatigued friend she didn't have to sit up for her dinner, and served mounds of pillows that served as comfortable lounges in her drawing-room. Dinner was served to ten reclining guests on low individual tables.

While I'm taking the Lombard hostess rule apart to see what makes it tick so smoothly, I must not forget to underscore the important rite in her list of "do's." And it is to forget the hostess' role with the arrival of the first guest. A fan, work, scheme and manage to be unseen beforehand, says Carole, but the moment the party starts, forget you're running it, and you're one of the guests.

Kools don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for nationally advertised merchandise; playing cards, cocktail sets, cigarette cases and others. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS
Write for free illustrated booklet

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS
Pineapple in Piquant Rôles—

The kitchen holds an undeniable lure for most of us. Measuring, mixing, tasting, and finally our own creation that tempts the appetite at a mere glance. Hollywood stars form no exception to this kitchen urge. It's amazing how many of them can cook, and cook well. As women, we might agree that they like it because they don't have to do it, but they do do it, just the same. Gail Patrick, for example, recently delved into the possibilities of canned pineapple and canned pineapple juice. And Gail's discoveries might well grace our own serving trays.

Baked Hawaiian Ham—Suggested for a fairly large family or when you entertain. You will need a smoked ham of about twelve pounds, a large bottle of ginger ale, two quarts (eight cups) of Hawaiian pineapple juice, one cup of raisins, two boxes of cloves and a bouquet-garni. (This last is made by tying together sprigs of parsley, several green onions, a bay leaf, sprig of thyme, rosemary, marjoram, basil and sage, if you like the latter). Soak ham in cold water to cover and a cup of vinegar overnight. Put ham, boned and tied if possible, in roaster in hot oven. Add bouquet-garni an water to cover roaster bottom. Brown for an hour. Then add ginger ale and pineapple juice. Turn ham every fifteen minutes three times. Reduce oven heat to 325°, place covered on roaster and bake slowly four hours. When done, remove skin, sprinkle with brown sugar and press on cloves in design. Finish with slice of pineapple and place directly under broiler for brown. Let the gravy stand so fat may be removed. Add raisins, boil for ten minutes an thicken with a little flour and water. Dar raisins make the richest colored gravy. If ham is used, divide the recipe in half.

Duck, Goose or Pork Stuffing—A delicious variation. Pare, core and chop four large apple Mix with two cups stale bread crumbs, one te spoon powdered sage, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon paprika and grated rind of one lemon. Moist with one cup of unsweetened pineapple juice.

Delight Cocktail—Something different in appetizers. Mix together two cups unsweetened pineapple juice, one cup tomato juice and juice of two lemons. Chill and shake well before serving in small glasses.

Mulled Pineapple Juice—An idea in hot drink for a cold night. Tie together in a small squ of cheesecloth, one-inch stick cinnamon, th whole cloves, one-fourth teaspoon ground all spice, one-fourth teaspoon grated nutmeg and pinch of salt. Add these to a quart of pineapple juice and bring to the boiling point. Serve with crackers and cheese.

Pineapple Mint Ice—A double-duty delic either for dessert or meat course accompaniment. Soak tablespoon of gelatin in two tablespoons of cold water for five minutes. Make a syrup by bringing to the boiling point and a half cups of pineapple juice and one-half cup sugar. Add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Stir in one tablespoon of fresh chopped mint (or mint flavoring), one cup crushed pineapple, two tablespoons lemon juice, a little grated lemon peel and pinch of salt. Freeze to a mush in your electric ice box freezing pan. Remove, add the unbeaten whites of two eggs and with egg-beater whip in a deep bowl until the ice light and frothy. Return to the freezing pan and free stirring several times during the process.

Iced Pineapple Coffee—For bridge or a dancing party, this drink cools you off between rounds. Boil one-third cup sugar, three teaspoons of grated orange rind and three-fourths cup water together for ten minutes. Cool, strain and add the cups of cold but freshly made coffee. Just before serving tall glasses with cracked ice, add one cup of pineapple juice and one-third cup cream.

Gail Patrick goes in for a bit of kitchen testing on the pineapple and pineapple juice and comes out with some different and delicious results.

96
We Want a Divorce

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

people believe you and Charlie are romantic on
screen," the producer argued. 
Oh, you don’t?" said Mary. “Well, after
aunt of Happiness" was shown, two hundred
and fifty people wrote in telling me what to do
about Charlie's cold stomach. As if I haven't
tried to help you without other people's cold
mums to worry about.

"Well, what about me?" Charlie cried.
"I don't have a hundred people write in to me after
a picture, telling me what they thought of a
woman who would make a man wear asafoetida
bed? Haven't they written in over and over,
telling me what to do with a hen-pecking
man?"

Mary's wail grew louder. The producer
licked wildly about for some solution.

"Well," he finally said, "I don't know.
we're already cast as ma and pa in 'Ruggles

Leontine Sagan, famous as the
director and creator of "Maedchen in
Uniform," is in Hollywood now, un-
der contract to M-G-M

Red Gap, you know. The public is going to
terribly disappointed.

"Well, I don't want Mary out of the pic-
ure," Charlie said. "Couldn't she be my—"

"Your what?" Mary snapped.

"Well, my aunt or—"

Once again Mary's wails reached to heaven.
Do you see how he insults me? His aunt, my
"Well, my cousin," Charlie suggested. "My
cousin Mary."

"Wait," the producer interrupted, "I have
idea! That's it, you and Mary can be
unins and I'll get you new spouses!"

"Whoo-hoo-wh-what?" they gasped.

"Yes, that's the very thing. Now Mary, I'll
ve in mind a handsome Romeo for your new
stand in 'Ruggles of Red Gap.' A dashing,
charming chap.

For tonight's
BIG MOMENT...

Keep MIRROR FRESH
WITH MARVELOUS FACE POWDER!

W when your big moment comes,
will you grab for your powder
puff, long for a mirror—be fussed and
nose-conscious—and spoil it?
Or, will your complexion be mirror
fresh—as soft and lovely as it was when
you left your mirror? It will—if you're
wearing Marvelous!

Marvelous Face Powder is a Richard
Hudnut product—made with a brand-
new ingredient never discovered for
powder before. It makes the powder
cling longer than any you ever tried.

Don't take our word for it—take
our samples! They cost you nothing
(a mere 6c for postage and packing).
In four shades—clip the coupon.

Or don't wait for the postman. The
name is MARVELOUS. The maker is
Richard Hudnut. The price—for the
full-size box—is only 55c. Drop in at
the nearest drug or department store!

New Discovery BY RICHARD HUDNUT
NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 TO 6 HOURS
(BY ACTUAL TEST)

Maravelous Face Powder 55c

Mail this!
FREE—Marvelous Make-up Guide—
and FOUR generous trial boxes of four
popular shades of Marvelous Face Pow-
der. Mail coupon now!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I want to try Marvelous. Send me the four trial boxes and
Make-Up Guide. Here's 6c for packing and postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(AM NOW USING

POWDER)

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1935
Love scenes are being rewritten for the screen by the dozen. No longer does the hero say, "Darling, I love you, your wonderful smile, your lovely eyes, your fair hair." Nowadays he bares in with a nonchalance and a pearl-handled cane and says, "I say, old thing, you're a bit all right and all that sort of rot. What? What?"

We no longer, alas, go to the Brown Derby. May heaven have mercy on us, we now go to the "Darby." The good old Brown Darby for plum-duff and boiled cabbage. And, come to think of it, that's what gave Al Smith that uncomfortable expression in a recent newsreel. He was beginning to suspect that on his head he wore a "darby." It's enough to wreck any man's nerves, isn't it?

Every day brings another load of the British influence. And remember, this doesn't come from the English actors themselves. They're as amazed as anyone. It comes from the Americans who have sprinted off to England normal and sane—or what passes for sane in Hollywood—and back they've come with a kidney pie complex and a Bond Street stoop. Like with the little mannersisms and customs of the motherland have spread throughout the length and breadth of Hollywood.

Louise Fazenda came home and the trumpet idea took hold. Ralph Bellamy came home and in two days coat-of-armor door-knobs opened practically every front door. Charlie Farrell came home and cricket took over polo like the Deans took Detroit. Bill Gargan came home and you should see the prize-fights.

Dinner jackets are now the last word in prize-fight attire. At least the first ten rows gleam with white bosomed spectators. Two prize-fighters, new to Hollywood and unaware of the English trend, made their first appearance at a recent Hollywood fight.

No sooner had the burly boxers stepped into the ring than the referee handed them a dainty cup of steaming liquid.

"Wot's dis?" they asked suspiciously.

The referee raised a reproving eyebrow. "It's your tea," he said, "don't be silly." Like a flash the two fighters were at him, tearing the screaming referee into bits before someone interrupted.

The fight progressed amid subdued enthusiasm. Finally one fighter landed a terrific blow on the other's head. There was a ripple of hand-clapping from the audience.

"Jolly well struck, that blow," some ruffian from the fifth row said, and that ended it.

Naturally, the errors in swanky drawing-rooms gone British are just too ghastly. For instance, one hostess asked a certain screen villain if he would like a crumpet. "No, lady," he answered, "I could never learn to blow the damn thing. I'm good on the bass drum though."

"Tell me," a hostess gurgled to Nat Pendleton, "how would you like to play cricket?"

"Yes," Nat snapped with scorn, "I see myself rubbing my two legs together to make a funny noise. Why not let me play I'm a bee and sting somebody?"

"Do you know anything about Piccadilly?" another gone-British dowager asked a screen comic.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "my mother made it out of green tomatoes."

"He means piccadilli as I stand here and breathe," an actress gulped before she fell in a swoon.

And then there was Bill Gargan who landed home one day and the next went crazy for a bit of good old English bacon. "I've got to have some Wilshire bacon or I can't live," Bill howled as he raced from one restaurant to another in his search.

"You're sure you aren't mixed up with Wilshire Boulevard," one inn-keeper asked, which only sent Bill off all over again. At last at the Vendome he thought he had found it. But Bill took one look at what passed for Wilshire bacon and, putting his head down on his table, sobbed out his heart.

After six actors and two waiters had smaied called him down, Bill decided to try the marmalade. But again the marmalade proved another wash-out so Bill rushed home to the English cook he had brought with him and the two are now busily pouring kettles of jolly old English marmalade into jolly little jars and are selling the stuff as fast as they can make—and no kidding. So get in your order early. But can you see the red-headed Iris Gargan ladiddle-daddling around with a little pots of marmalade?

People who sell merchandise in Hollywood shops are no longer clerks. They are now clerks. No relation to the Gables, of course. Why, in English craze has even spread to the telephone operators.

A comedian, a little dizzy from too much English tonic water, strolled into a telephone booth and asked for a number. Presently the operator's voice answered, "Are you there?"

"Well, not altogether," the actor apologized.

"You see, I inherited a little mental trouble from my Aunt Hattie."

A famous Hungarian star and his wife come to Hollywood. They are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lorre. Mr. Lorre has been signed by Columbia. His first picture will be "Crime and Punishment."
The barest of bare knuckle stories in the matter of economic relations, as the Bellamy story also suffered a terrible fate on its return home. British-like, they played their best shoes outside the bedroom door, their first night home, for a bit of polishing up. Next morning they opened the door, and no shoes. Ringing for a servant, in walked a young Filipino house boy in Ralph's best shirt and behind him strutted the cook in B. Bellamy's best chaps.

"Tanker," the house boy grinned. "You now away shoes. We keep."

They didn't have the heart to say him nay, bogging British costs money, me lads. For instance, there's the gay young actor about town who wanted to be a bit daring and, waving a strapping big Irish cop, called, "I say, this is a hobby for you."

The cop instantly motioned for him to stop.

"So," he said, "I'm a bobbytype, am I? Well, bit crack will cost you five bucks, and Gawd help ye if ever call me a Percy. Drive on."

Of course, English passion for abbreviated ones could never be passed up in Hollywood. I think the English could call Cholmondeley an old Chumley and Worcestershire just plain Wooster, was just too much for the homing pigeons. No sooner had the last little padded in Hollywood than Toluca Lake, innocents, well meaning little Toluca Lake, mind you, that wouldn't lift a hand against a fly, some overnight just plain "Tooley." Warner bothers First National in Burbank is now "Tootsie in Bootsy."

So if you say "Tootsie" asks at "Woosty in Bootsey," isn't everything just "cutesy"?

But for some reason, everyone felt that after Beverley Hills being what it is and all, it could never be gobbled off in one gulp, what with all those big houses and swimming pools of District and things. So by simply reversing the English habit of shortening names, they could make it work two ways. So, strangely enough, Beverley Hills is now Beverly-Hilllington-on-the-Sound. Pretty, isn't it?

Well, I tell you, visitors who have been out town return to "Toosey" (that's English for Hollywood, you know) and see sights and hear sights they never have heard before. We're pre English than the island itself.

An actor just back from New York tells of rushing into a major studio set one afternoon at four o'clock. He opened the sound door and stopped dead in his tracks. At a cozy little table sat the ex-mannish director. Instead of a usual snorting and ranting he was calmly gliding a snack of tea. With scones! Fascinating little things, scones, don't you think? A tray of hard-boiled gangster roles was bbling on a watercress sandwich and sipping oolong. What's more, the electricians sipid, the carpenters sipped, and the prop boy sped. Tea over, the director asked calmly, "Well, shall we proceed with another scene?"

Hereupon the visitor crawled from the set and tore to his manager's office.

"Say," he began, and then stopped. About a table sat his manager, several rough and ready newspaper reporters, a plumber who had been fixing the pipes and two hard-fisted actors. The chaf affect suddenly appeared with a tray pastries. "Boss, have I gotta wash the teabags again tonight?" he asked. Mumbling, a visitor crept away, only to run headlong to Max Baer, George Raft and his bodyguard, "the Kiiller."

"Wait, wait fellows," he cried, "I—"

"Can't stop now," Maxie cried. "Boy, we'll late for tea. See you again."

I'M LARGER THAN EVER
YET DEALERS ARE SELLING ME
FOR LESS!

The famous Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Now in New 10% Larger Tube

Actually more tooth paste but same high quality

WHY
this greater saving is possible

The new, larger Pepsodent tube holds more tooth paste than the old. And dealers are featuring the larger tube at new low prices! Thus you save in two ways at a time when true economy means so much. Thousands who never used Pepsodent will welcome this chance to try it at a saving. Millions who know this special film-removing tooth paste are enthusiastic over its new economy. The formula is unchanged.

Watch your drug store window
Practically everybody has wanted to use a real film-removing tooth paste. Now that drugists are selling Pepsodent at new low prices, you don't need to risk the use of so-called "bargain" dentifrice. Get a tube of Pepsodent as soon as your drug store displays the new larger package identified by the red banner. Look for it TODAY.

Made to remove film

Years ago, The Pepsodent Co. discovered a scientific fact known to comparatively few...that film must be removed from teeth if they are to be really clean. Film was found to harbor unsightly stains—to glue germs to teeth, germs that could be the forerunner of decay. Scientists set to work to make a true film-removing tooth paste. A tooth paste without grit or pumice or soap, so it could not harm precious tooth enamel. A tooth paste that would polish teeth to a gleaming lustre with perfect safety. Pepsodent, as you know it today, is the result. Famous in 67 countries!
A beautiful skin is a responsibility—to keep it that way, believes Gloria Stuart. Here she illustrates an effective, thorough cleansing method. Herb sachets are soaked in very warm water for beautifying ing vapors.

Gloria then gives her face full benefit of a thorough steam bath from the herb-laden moisture, which is cleansing, clarifying, softening. A herb balm is applied, allowed to remain for a while, then rinsed well away.

PLAN YOUR BEAUTY

By Carolyn Van Wyck

BEAUTY at Bedtime" is a helpful leaflet, telling you the names of beauty aids as well as how to use them, "The Perfect Home Manicure," making it possible for you to do a good job on your own, and "Skin Worries," which helps you to overcome blackheads, whiteheads and eruptions, are also on hand and yours for a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

texture or tone. Hair responds quickly to proper treatment, thorough, mild shampoos, reliable tonics for correcting the troubles of dryness, oiliness, thinness and dandruff. There are scientific preparations for correcting your individual troubles, and I can vouch for the fact that they work. Again, no magic. If dryness is the trouble, we choose a tonic that encourages the glands to secrete more oil; if too much oil is our woe, we use something to discourage the overflow on the scalp and hair. And so on goes the work of these understandable, practical aids.

Since nails, too, are always replacing themselves and the growth extends about an eighth of an inch under the cuticle, you can see how the daily use of a lubricating cuticle oil or cream might soon reward you with a firm, smooth nail even if your own are now brittle and flaking. While this condition is often due to some chemical lack in our bodies, the oils and creams really do wonders toward supplying a lubricant.

A workable beauty plan for many might be the following, preferably at night: thorough face cleansing, application of cream about eyes, on any lines and over neck and hands. Use of a grower on lashes, and brows, if desired. A thorough hair brushing and use of a tonic if the hair is not satisfactory. When in good condition, a weekly use of tonic is enough. Use of a cuticle cream or oil. All this takes little time and as you become adept at following this little schedule, you will soon be amazed how little time it takes to insure that new growth, which in turn spells new beauty for you.
The New Ambitions of Joan Crawford

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)

The theater. Mysterious because few have seen it. "You're one of the first," Joan said.

It's white, with natural wood paneling. Simple, but tastefully attractive, Joan and Bill Haines designed it.

Between pictures we're going to put on one-plays," she said. "The more literary plays. I'd like to do a drama, or an experiment, and an entertainment all at once. You know how pitifully little education I really have—"

"I didn't. I knew she had gone to three girls' schools.

Where I learned mostly how to work, and one thing mostly of getting away," said she. "The things I've studied since I came to Hollywood have been the things I had to learn to screen. diction, screen technique. But if I want something more, something of the things I've missed. Every minute that I'm not reading aloud. And I have a dictionary. I've had to have a professor from the diversity come up and tutor me every week. If I had to stop that, I was so busy—"

ASKED her who would act the plays—she and her intimate group of friends? Joan nodded. She read my thoughts. "I've heard about my going high-hat," she volunteered, "and restricting myself to an intimate group. I'm not high-hat. But I have so little time that I can't waste it on people to whom I can't give something. I used to think I had lots of friends. Then, when Douglas and I separated, I found I had two—just two real friends. Now I have five. I know they're my friends, because they have come back. I can see them, and they have much to give me. But Hollywood—"

Hollywood doesn't mean anything to me. It's just a name to me now. I'm completely out of it. My studio is in Culver City, my home is here. Hollywood used to mean much to me. It was my life.

When I first came out I sat around for months with nothing to do. They wouldn't let me touch greasepaint. I had to let my face go. I used to go dancing. I used to dance, then, so I became," Joan added wryly, "the 'hey-hey' girl.

But I'm not sorry. I think it helped me to come early in pictures. Although I've never yet been able to get away from the 'modern peasant girl' classification.

But Hollywood was capable of hurting me much. The things about Hollywood that did hurt me, then, can't touch me now. I decided that they shouldn't hurt me—"

"I have a memory like an elephant," she replied.

As we left the little theater, Joan assured me that her ambitions for the future were still dimly with the screen, in spite of all this we talk.

I wish I could do one stage play a year, because I need the training. But I'm just as anxious to do a costume play on the screen, like to do," she hesitated, "Joan of Arc?"

I said she had the right name.

"It would thrill me a great deal," she sighed, to do one costume play a year. I've never done one. When I was doing all of those flamboyant youth parts I wanted badly to be a

When

Crems

come true

Ask the women of the world how many dreams come true . . . ask them also how many creams come true to the dreams of beauty they build up in a woman's mind . . . and out of the answers shall come a whole literature of disillusionment . . . yet, not all dreams are false and not all creams are failures . . . do not give up the quest for beauty just because you have not found it in the formulas you are using . . . keep up the search, but try some other clue . . . it is in that spirit that we suggest Luxuria and related Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations . . . the world's most famous family of fine beauty formulas . . . so pure in quality and so sure in the benefits they bring to skin and complexion that two million women have realized their dreams of loveliness in the daily beauty regimen that begins with Luxuria.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, INC.

323 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

Beauty Preparations

Montreal

Paris

London
fortable, or bored part of the time. See what I mean?”

From the eager, vital, impetuous Lee Tracy I went to see the beautiful Anna May Wong on the “Limehouse Blues” set. Rehearsing for the part of the dancer in the noisy, smoky den, she stood with an immense dignity on the dingy platform... a thousand, stunning, Chinese dancers were lashed into a wild, feverish state. “I never like people who like themselves,” she told me. “There are traits and emotions, however, which certainly create likes and dislikes within a person. I probably have generations of self-disciplined ancestors to thank for what I like most about myself: the ability to face situations calmly. That is a Chinese trait which has not been difficult for me to develop. In fact, I think little of it until I see others go to pieces, so to speak. I am so hard to tire that sometimes I get provoked with myself for not flaring up once in a while. Some people seem to go through life looking for fights. I shrink from them. Certainly it is not cowardliness, for nothing I have encountered so far has frightened me. I am simply thoroughly convinced that temper and anger are against all standards of right living, and I do not count them among my emotions. Certainly, Hollywood is a difficult place in which to keep calm. But, I have and like that ability. Yet I take little credit for it. I was born with it.”

Alice White likes the impression she gives on the screen of being the fresh little kid next door. She told me that old ladies would come back stage during her recent personal appearance tour and call her “Alice,” explaining that they couldn’t help it. They felt they really knew her.

She dislikes the parts she plays, however. “The mother in ” — more than the little lisswa-cracking, gaga snips I play, but I look so young when I get a good cameraman that nobody will cast me as a girl with any brains.”

As a person, she likes the fact that she’s learned not to take herself too seriously. “I’ve traveled around the country a bit and I’ve seen that other people have lives, too.”

“But what I can’t stand about myself is my eternal procrastination.” A friend of mine of engineer's continued glory, a stage star's self-confident poise, and an opera singer's career, she also wanted to dance, really dance. Classically. Ballet.

I told her, restless face that she still wants many things. I wondered if she wanted marriage again.

“What about marriage? I asked her.

“What a shame,” Joan said, pointing to the back of my coat. “All white. It's off the law chart.

It was disconcerting, because the suit was new and also dark. I dusted furiously, he rallied.

“What a—a—”

“What a pity,” said Joan, “that you have a little— I'll get your hat.”

I went to sit by the door.

She returned, smiling sweetly.

“What about marriage?” I repeated, “I've got to say something about it.”

Why don’t you say,” suggested Joan handing me my hat, “that you asked me about marriage and I changed the subject.”

What I Like and Hate About Myself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Karen Morley, I’m afraid, waxed a little facetious when she chose her new false eyelashes as the thing she likes best about herself on the screen. “They are beautiful,” she said earnestly, “just the kind of lashes I’ve always longed to have, and they look as if they grew on me.”

“The thing I like least about myself on the screen is my walk. I really can walk nicely if I think of it, but when I’m playing a part, I’m too mentally occupied with it to watch my walk. And then when I see myself—whew!”

As an individual, she voted for her ability to give an imitation of the great Garbo. “That is her pet like. The quality she most dislikes in herself is her absentmindedness. One morning, she even forgot to bring her treasured eyeshadows to the studio!”

No mother ever told her little girl that she couldn't play with Madge Evans. Practically any mother would be happy to leave her children with Madge when she went shopping. “And that’s,” says Miss Evans, “is what I dislike about myself on the screen. I dislike my extreme reliability. I’m always cheering someone on to win a football game or to make a man of himself. I’m always safe. I always do the right thing. I'd like to be just a little less reliable. But I do like the way I wear my sports clothes on the screen.

“I have a major fault as a person that I would like to correct. I’m always imagining that I have hurt someone. I’m not demonstrative. I’m lacking in even the most common social graces. It’s impossible for me to go up to a close friend and say, ‘Hi—you love you!’ I'd love to be utterly and devastatingly charming, but it’s impossible. And I’m always wondering whether so and so a hurt one of the person, and I doubt that I like about myself. I’m not afraid of anything.”

Neil Hamilton flatly refused to give me a line. So he made up for it by giving me four for just likes. He likes his smile on the screen. “I looks,” he says, “just like a scared rabbit looking up at a mad elephant.” He also thinks river uses too many gestures. He dislikes, off the screen, his total inability to follow anything to its logical conclusion, and his lack of natural judgment of people.

And now I'll fool him. What I like about him is his vitality, his tremendous enthusiasm. He goes whole-heartedly at everything, and nothing lasts very long. When he was building his home, he couldn't think of anything else.

Then it was finished and you couldn't get him off his boat. Then he built a swimming pool and practically lived in it, until it was up planted by a tennis court. Then he took up bicycling, then hiking. Then he discovered hermit living in the hills and went up there and stayed a week, eating nothing but raw vegetables. Then he decided to study French. Next came a period devoted solely to health with trainees and everything. Then he took up, in rapid succession, music, art and horticulture. His latest enthusiasm is a cat which he discovered near his house. He particularly lives in it, cooking his own meals, and that badly has to send messages out to him. Neil wouldn't tell his likes. Douglas Montgomery wouldn't tell his dislikes.

“My mother told me when I was a child, 'For goodness' sake, don't tell your faults to people. They might miss some of them.' So I refuse to tell any of my faults, because people would immediatelylock the like been around a pot of honey if I drew a attention to them. But Lordy! how I can to
about my likes! This is a chance of a lifetime!

To begin with, I like my high cheekbones, as I like one side of my face, and the area around the eyes and the cheek bones. I'm grateful that my ears don't stick out, although they have no holes and fall, therefore, into the criminal class. I like my voice because it is beautiful and therefore does not detract from what I am saying. My legs are good, with the exception of my knees, which knock, and my back is all right. Outside of that, I'm very easily—or rather, my great disappointment to myself as an individual and as an actor.

Lissa Landi dislikes her mouth on the scene. She likes her walk—the way she walks. She likes her ability to tell the truth under all circumstances, and she dislikes her quick temper. Both, she said, get her in the same amount of trouble. And I like the way she answered those questions—quickly, and honestly, and straight from the shoulder.

One Knight likes her voice and the fact that on the screen she has more personality than beauty. She dislikes the way she walks. S. likes about herself her inability to say "no." "I have overcome so much (she was capsulised for years and by sheer determination made herself into a very fine dancer) that I have a feeling there is nothing I cannot do," she dislikes her whole trust in people. Evelyn Venable said, "I can't stand various like idiosyncrasies I have that I never knew until I saw myself on the screen. For instance, I never knew that I raise my eyebrows every time I smile. Ever since I first saw myself do that in a picture, I have tried to control it and now I am quite self-conscious about it.

I didn't like the way I walked when I first saw myself. So I set about to develop an entirely new carriage. I use my pictures as examination papers, and I'm still far from graduation.

What do I like about myself? I'll tell you what I would like. I would like, some day, to get a chance to do Shakespeare on the screen. When I do, I'll tell you if I like myself.

Little Raquel Torres could think of only one like—her loyalty to her friends. She dislikes her ability to be fooled in her judgment of people, and she dislikes (of all things) her scent on the screen.

And so I went back to report to my little high school friends.

"I've found out something," I told her. "The bigger you are on the screen, the more critical you become. Because a million people write letters of admiration to you does mean that you become serene with a feeling of perfection. The more seriously you take your screen career, the more attention you pay to your faults." And I told her the results of my investigations.

"Then you think it is all right for me to go to a plastic surgeon and have my nose changed?" she asked eagerly. "But Mother has forbid me to go," she added.

"Your mother," I said firmly and with great dignity, "knows best. All I wanted to persuade you is that famous people of the screen are human beings and not concieved for gods. Fame has not dulled their capacities for self-analysis. So admire them for what they are, and don't envy them for a self-satisfaction they haven't got. A lot of them have mothers who won't let them cut off their noses, either."

And with that I went home to my mirror to see what I wanted the plastic surgeon to do.

"83% of my mail says . . .

Wondersoft Kotex ends chafing entirely!"

A MILLINER, who sits at her work all day, writes to tell me that Wondersoft Kotex has relieved her entirely of the chafing that used to make her "perfectly miserable." That's because Wondersoft Kotex is filmed in tender cotton at the sides, where the pad touches, but the surface is free to take up moisture.

A housewife, on her feet from morning till night, says pads always used to rope and pull and twist but "Wondersoft seems to adjust itself perfectly to the body." Mary K. writes me: "The best thing about Wondersoft is that the sides are always dry and next best I like those smooth, flat ends. One can wear any sort of dress and not feel a trace of self-consciousness." Yes, Mary K., this new Kotex gives greater security against soiled lingerie, too.

Notice what some of the users say about Wondersoft Kotex. Then, try it yourself and I am sure you will agree with them.

Mary Pauline Allen
Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

Free Booklets!
Write for either or both of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene: "Health Facts on Menstruation"; and "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday", for a child. Address Kotex Company, Room 1406, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

WONDERFORM or De Luxe
WHEN Ross Alexander made his screen debut in “Gentlemen Are Born,” everyone started asking about him. With the release of “Flirtation Walk” his following increased by leaps and bounds, so the old Answer Man now endeavors to tell a “waiting public” all about him.

He has been in the theatrical business since he was four years old, when he appeared in a play called, “A Nest of Birds.” As the years rolled around he appeared in such plays as “The Ladder,” “Under Glass,” “No Questions Asked,” “After Tomorrow,” “Let Us Be Gay” and “The Wooden Slipper.”

Back in 1932 Ross appeared briefly in a picture made in Paramount’s Eastern Studio. It was “The Wiser Sex” featuring Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Idlynn Tashman and Franchot Tone. Ross went back to the stage after that and forgot about making pictures until Hollywood beckoned last year.

Ross was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 27, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His family name is Smith. Last February he was married to Meta Freie, a stage actress. All you admirers of this lad can address him in care of the Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. His latest picture is “Maybe It’s Love.”

SIR, NEWARK, N. J.—The cute trick who danced with Edward Everett Horton in the “Let’s Knock Knees” number in “The Gay Divorcee” is Betty Grable. You can write to her in care of the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

D. & M., CHICAGO, ILL.—No need for further scolding, boys, you’re both wrong. Frank Fay was the leading man in “Under a Texas Moon.” Raquel Torres and Myrna Loy were his leading ladies.

MUSIC LOVERS EVERYWHERE—So many have sent requests for the names of the songs that Grace Moore sang in “One Night of Love,” that I have to answer them ea masse. Here they are: “Sent le libre” from “La Traviata,” “Last Rose of Summer” from “Martha,” “La Havanera” from “Carmen,” “Un del di” (One Fine Day) from “Madame Butterfly,” “Ciri-biri Bin” sung in the Italian Restaurant scene. Grace also sang in the sextette from “Lucia di Lammermoor.” The theme song of the picture was “One Night of Love.”

R. R. SMITH, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Betty, you’re just one of hundreds who has fallen for Tullio Carminati. Well here’s the low-down on him. Tullio hails from Zara Dalmatia, Italy, where he was born September 21, 1896. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 155 and has brown hair and blue eyes. His real name is Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla. He has been in the theatrical profession since he was nineteen years old. Upon the completion of “One Night of Love” Tullio went to Italy to make a picture. He is back in Hollywood again ready to make more American pictures.

MISS RAE PETERS, ALLENDALE, N. J.—Rae, both Leslie Howard and Fredric March appeared in “Smilin’ Through.” Leslie played the role of John Cateret and Fredric was Kenneth Wayne. Others in the cast were Norma Shearer, O. P. Heggie, Ralph Forbes, Bryn Mercer, David Torrence, Margaret Seddon and Forrester Harvey.

L. NEWTON LEIGH, PORTLAND, ORE.—The movie based on Susan Glaspell’s novel “Book Evans,” was released under the title “The Right to Love.” It was made in 1930 by Paramount and featured Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, David Manners, Irving Pichel and a notable supporting cast. Richard Wallace directed the picture. If you want a complete cast send me a stamped addressed envelope.

Hazel Savin, Toledo, Ohio.—In 1927 Dolores Del Rio and Rod LaRocque appeared in “Resurrection” for United Artists. Universal made a talkie version of it in 1931 with Lupe Velez and John Boles. Anna Steen and Fredric March recently appeared in still another version which was released under the title, “We Live Again.”

RUTH MOONEY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Going in for all talking disc recordings, eh, Ruthie? Alice Faye is the smallest of those you mentioned, reaching just 5 feet, 2 inches. Next comes Jean Parker, 5 feet; then Maureen O’Sullivan and Claudette Colbert, each 5 feet, 4 inches. Elissa Landi and June Knight follow with 5 feet, 5 inches and Margaret Lindsay tops them by one inch.

B. M. SEYMOUR, DALLAS, TEX.—The principle characters in “The Hell Cat” were Robert Armstrong, Ann Sothern, Benny Baker, Minna Gombell, Charles Wilson and J. Carroll Naish. Send me a stamped return envelope if you want a complete cast.

HAROLD BRENNAN, PORTLAND, ORE.—I don’t blame you one bit for falling for Anita Louise. Ah, me, if I were only a young lad again. Anita is a born New Yorker, the eventful day being January 9, 1917. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 96 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Anita Louise Fremault. She received her education in New York, Hollywood and abroad. Entered pictures in 1921 at the rite old age of 4 years. Her most recent pictures are “Judge Priest,” “Most Precious Thing in Life,” “Bachelor of Arts” and “Firebird.” Anita is “keeping company” with Tom Brown.

E. A. F., LA JOLLA, CALIF.—So glad to hear from you. Ronald Colman is a native of Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. Made his debut into pictures in England in 1919 and in the U. S. A. in 1921. Prior to that he was on the stage. You’re right, he appeared in both “Raffles” and “Arrowmith.” His next picture is “Clive of India” in which Loretta Young is his leading lady.
Nonchalant Noel Coward

[continued from page 58]

Producers now and again for the way they produce his plays, he is always ready to applaud when they produce one of his shows in a way it pleases him. He will not condemn Hollywood because the movie capital changes a play named. He will make a joke or two and let it be at that. And when they do a thing like "avocade" he is the first to be on hand with congratulations.

"I have some jolly good friends in Hollywood," he told me, his hands in his pockets and his head back. "I enjoyed myself out there. I found things interesting. They wanted me to make a film, but I couldn't see it at the time." Greta Garbo, in Noel Coward's eyes, is one of the most sensible screen players in Hollywood. So is Ronald Colman.

"It seems quite obvious," he said. "They make comparatively few films. They stay away from too much publicity and all this thing around and on so. They do things quietly and steadily, and that's what really counts in the long run. The very obvious salt is that they are welcome by film audiences when they appear in a picture. It sounded like good logic. Noel Coward said not to have made a fortune in the theater without a keen sense of logic. It is not difficult to realize that, looking at him,

NOBODY knows if he will ever make a picture. He might, and he might not. But no one can tell about Noel Coward. He just writes a play one week and be off to him or Alaska the week after.

"I like traveling," he told me, as we sat there. "I'm always too late or too early. I live in Japan when the cherry blossoms have fallen. I get to China too early for the next volution. I reach Canada when the maple leaves have gone and the snow hasn't arrived. People are always telling me about something I haven't seen. I find it very pleasant."

Seeing that we were on the subject of travel, decided to get to the bottom of his Mediterranean episode last summer. The newspapers were a delightful deal out of that. They had him shipwrecked in his yacht off Corsica—sunk in a storm, as a matter of fact. Later they had him blown away without any clothes in a lonely herman's shack.

He smiled and settled back more comfortably. "The publicity given that little incident," he declared, "was a lot of blash."

"Blash? Simply blash! I had just got over appendicitis and decided to take a sea trip in my yacht for a little blissful convalescence. If Corsica we ran into a storm. It was a beautiful affair, and the boat did everything at once. I decided, then and there, that we was enough for me, so I went ashore from the yacht. The next thing I heard was that the boat had been shipwrecked. Practically all my things were lost. Luckily my valuables weren't on board. But, Good Lord, what a holiday the papers had! They made me shipwrecked in my yacht, simply floundering round in the sea, you know, when all the time it wasn't near the thing. And then they had me completely marooned in a fisherman's hut—some dusty hovel with barely a stitch of clothes left clinging to me. As a matter of fact,
I was resting comfortably in a first-class hotel; very ritz, if you want to know the truth. I looked at him. Evidently the London tailors had been busy since that yacht went down in the Mediterranean.

"I got back to London for rehearsals on 'Theater Royal.' Immediately I developed colitis, and had to stop work every few hours and rest up. It was really a lovely rest—completely restful!"

That twinkle in his eye again. The play "Theater Royal" was the London version of the American production, "The Royal Family," which appeared on the screen as "The Royal Family of Broadway."

Noel Coward began to chat with me about the theater and plays. He may never produce his war drama, "Post Mortem," because he thinks the time has passed for it to be a success. He is producing his own plays today, and he admits that he is glad to be doing it. With John C. Wilson as his business manager, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the American stage stars, as acting partners, he is running his own show, writing, producing, directing and acting.

He is reticent about his private life. It will all come out, he says, in his autobiography. He started work be that some time ago, and is still putting a few words to it whenever he gets the chance. Characteristically he said: "It's quite a job. I mean, when you write a play you know what the ending will be, but you can't know the end to an autobiography, can you?"

Noel Coward is an amazing personality. He is the most versatile man in the theater, and his energy is little less than astounding. In his thirties he had already a long list of successes behind him—some of them loved and some of them hated, but nearly all of them admittedly brilliant.

Today he will finish off a play which, like or not, will be a hit in New York and London. Tomorrow he will sit down and write one or two more, both fables and music. They may go into a musical show he has in mind, or they may not. But in a short time the public will hear him singing them on gramophone records. He has made broadcasts from London stations. He produces his own productions and directs them, and nine times out of ten he will play a part in them. He is a capable actor, a composer of better-than-average tunes, finished showman and a brilliant dramatist.

Noel Coward will never be "typical" in his plays. He can be the last word in modernism, as he was in "Private Lives," and "Design for Living." He can switch back and write a lovely musical romance like "Bitter Sweet."

He can handle drama like he did in "A Dance to the Music of Time" and be passionately sincere as he was in "Bitter Sweet." He can write a spectacle that had England and the world drying tear-filled eyes, like his never-to-be-forgotten "Cavalcade."

He has stated that he had no time for patriotic fervor when he wrote that drama a year or two ago. He is always just looking at things as I did when I was a reporter in the press gallery.
NIGHT LIFE

Twenty years ago the lads and lassies who lived night life could find it only in the farm-like suburbs of Los Angeles. Hollywood was a nine o'clock town. It is true they could dance to Paul Whiteman’s swell music at the Bandleader hotel, now quite extinct. They old dine well in that grand old hofbrau, Hoffman, run by the genial Louis Arzner, face of the girl picture director, Dorothy. Those who liked fish went to the Goodfellows’ Otto, still one of the best in this country, or, the Chodzer House. The sports patronized Old Harlow’s or McKee’s. For all-around good food and cabaret entertainment the gang ghaled at Al Levy’s, where Bill Frawley and a beautiful platinum-haired wife Louise kept the whistle from the door by yodeling and hooping nightly for the cash customers. Kindly little Al Levy has catered to Southern California society for more than thirty years, moving through the world. Today he is still one of Hollywood’s favorite hosts.

But, for the jolly old night life the boys and girls had to take their fun and frolic at Baron von Sermon, birthplace of many celebrated entertainers. Among them Paul Whiteman, Abe and Abe Lyman, Blondy Clark, Chris Stoebeg, Pee-Wee Byers and the late Ike Taylor. Or, we went to the Baron’s in the unromantic town of Watts to see Harry Richman. On warm nights we drove to the beaches. What fond recollections the unique Ship at Venice, the Jewel City Seal Beach, The Sunset Inn at Santa Monica and Nat Goodwin’s at Ocean Park bring. Spending time in those good old days—but few.

Today, Hollywood night life is smart, snappy and expensive. In the good old days the “kits” it was an intimate, one-happily-idea. The entertainers were pals of its customers and vice-versa. Wally Reid wild play Pee-Wee Byers’ saxophone, Fatty Aukle loved to work out on the snare drums at Norman Kerry coveted Whiteman’s baton. Marston of the Hollywood spots today is the Trocadero, a restaurant with the Continental flavor. Old Boy! It is operated by an able showman one Billy Wilkerson, who also runs the very, very exclusive Vendome where it “better class” movie stars lunch and dine.

THREE TICKETS
...TO “REEL” ENJOYMINT

Every show’s a HIT if you take along Life Savers. They’re your ticket to reel enjoyment. Crisp, flavor rings of purest candy...in delicious mint or fruit flavors!

IF IT HASN’T A HOLE...IT ISN’T A LIFE SAVER

You Can Work for Us In Your Spare Time...

Local agents are now being appointed to solicit new and renewal subscriptions for a large group of popular magazines.

An exceptional opportunity for advancement will be given to those who enroll as spare time agents with the intention of making this work a means of full-time employment.

These positions are open only to men and women over 20 years of age and who are willing to call on selected prospects in the interests of our publications.

NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY. However, these positions will appeal especially to men and women who have had experience in collecting installment accounts or canvassing.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN HAVING MORE MONEY, write today for particulars of our offer...no investment required.

APPLICATION FORM BELOW

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT’S DIV., DESK 234
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:
I AM INTERESTED IN HAVING MORE MONEY. PLEASE SEND ME AT ONCE FULL PARTICULARS OF YOUR OFFER.

NAME.
ADDRESS.
CITY...STATE...
They Didn’t Mean to Be Funny

(continued from page 55)

around—sort of without me, if you know what I mean. And that ‘Oh dear...’ The first time I said that I was in my first talkie, ‘The Dummy,’ and I’ve been saying it ever since. Sometimes I swear I’ll never say it again. I’m so tired of me on the screen. I started out to be a tragedienne. But my hands and voice and any face were too much to work against."

Charles Butterworth, he of the dead pan and serious man, was a very grave steady young man, laboring continually under the delusion that life is real and life is earnest, and with no thought of a stage career. He aimed at politics.

With his features frozen into a doleful come—what may expression, he related the following ridiculous (but true) story:

“IT was all a sad mistake, my becoming a comedian. To my dying day I will never forget the pain and shame of it. It happened about nine o’clock one evening at Rockford, Illinois—a political rally. No one will ever know the sleepless hours I had spent in preparing my speech, with the burden of America’s political problems upon my shoulders. When I stepped upon the stage, I was dazzled for a moment when I saw so many strange faces down front.

“If no more than a hundred words had passed my lips before I began to detect a faint sound of snickering in the audience,” he sighed. "Then I saw that it was my oration.

“Well, that speech, in the end, got the place in an uproar—and I walked out leaving most of the vegetables right there on the stage.”

Acting on the advice of friends, who had almost died laughing at his grave attempts to tell people how to vote, Butterworth went on the stage and became one of the greatest of monologists.

And, dear reader, always planning to be a comicéenne, never dreamed, however, that her comedy trade-mark would be that devastatingly contagious giggle.

“I knew when the talkies came in that I would have to do something to hold my own, or else open a restaurant someplace,” she told me. “Anybody can talk. And so I experimented with several sound effects. Thusly the giggle came. Nobody ever can giggle as sillily as I can.”
The story back of Stuart Erwin's, serate dumb comedy is interesting.

After graduating from Egan's dramatic school in Los Angeles, he stage-managed about 10 years and then took the same job with George Wood, who was producing "Women Go Wherever," at the Music Box in Hollywood.

When he cast a small two-side part, that of an arrested young man, Erwin took it himself.

"I realized my part was so small that nobody would ever remember me," he recounted. Suddenly it struck me that if I read the two very slowly, taking a lot of time out for reaction and general dumbness, I would stay the stage longer and the audience would have to notice me. And it did."

This is a good example of how desperation had an actor into acquiring a comic trade-mark.

Iona May Oliver's famous sniff and nose wrinkle are her trade-marks. She gave that historic sniff in "Half Shot at Sunrise." The picture she had to do something to show disdain at the clowning of Wheeler and Woolsey. So, she did the most natural thing in the world. She sniffed. And how! All conspicuous, she went to the preview of the picture and was flabbergasted at the howls of laughter her sniff caused. So, she continued and later-developed the nose wrinkle that ended "Cimarron." These accidental trade-marks are her only concessions to slapstick, since she hates it.

Speaking of Wheeler and Woolsey—imagine embarrassment when I asked Woolsey how he happened to think of that funny, mincing little word of his.

"I naturally walk that way," he said, laughed at my discomfiture. And he does. So watched him walk down to the company.

As everlasting and active cigar accidently became another of his comedy trade-marks, so Wheeler had a line of dialogue he used to use in a play. The gag was for Woolsey to blow smoke in Wheeler's face, then have Wheeler inhale it, blow it out, say, "Thanks. That's the first thing you gave me." It went over big, and since Woolsey has kept his cigar, Wheeler is distinguished from other comedians by his little boy manner and hesitant, funny manner of speaking. Woolsey suggested it to him, so they could have one person on a team who could carry the romantic interest and thereby eliminate the necessity of using the conventional romantic leads. Wheeler was, at one time, what he calls "a silly-pants" comedian.

For Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy—they got bitterly against being termed as comedians. They lost. Hardy's comic-trade-mark is his way of appearing the self-conscious, embarrassed little man, a perennial discovered screen laugh, although he does it quite naturally and entirely naturally in real life. In his first picture, Hardy spread his little legs wide over a mud puddle for the leading lady to walk over, and then stood watching her twiddling his tie quite unconsciously as he walked. The tremendous laugh at the premiere was totally unexpected, and the tie was adopted permanently.

Evel's elegant gesture of throwing his elbow up and scratching the top of his head is a natural thing for him to do. He did it before it was found to be funny for screen purposes, and the condition of his hair is just the same. It sticks up in all directions all the time and nothing can be done about it.

The Hawaiian "Here's How" is right at home in this "Girl of the Islands" set on the RKO-Radio Pictures lot. Regis Toomey has just mixed a long tall one for Steffi Duna.

The "Here's How" for a "Girl of the Islands"

When you begin to wilt, a Hawaiian "Here's How" will revive you. First and most important step: one-third DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. After that, choose from the infinite variety of other refreshing fruits and fruit juices, according to your taste. Then add cracked ice and as much seltzer as you like... The perfect "Here's How" is made with pure, unsweetened DOLE Pineapple Juice. Order a dozen cans today.

Now EIGHT BEAUTIFUL COLOR PORTRAITS of Popular Film Stars for only 15c

Not ordinary pictures, but attractive reproductions made from the original color pastelles by Earl Christy.

We have selected eight poses like those illustrated and have reproduced them in color on good quality stock. Sheet size of each picture 5 1/2" x 4 1/2". They will be supplied unmounted suitable for framing or mounting in your collection book.

This choice selection includes the following stars

Greta Garbo, Nancy Carroll, Joan Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, Helen Hayes, Ruby Keeler, Claudette Colbert

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW—TO

WALT PRODUCTS,
155 E. Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 15 cts for which send me the eight portraits of movie stars printed in color, as per your advertisement.

Name.............................
Address...........................
City..............................
State............................. PH-2-35
thrusty voice. The stride, slowed down to the Garbo tempo, would be stunning. But this girl always tears through a room like a squirt of seltzer. She wouldn't have to sink her voice way down to the plumbing—it's there already—but the way she uses it will never make papa close his eyes and imagine Greta has him enfolding her in a tender embrace. The girl I mention sounds off like a fog-horn and is about as mysterious as a black eye.

She's really a very swell girl, and popular.

She has a lot of pride. Naturally, every woman wants to be loved for herself and not because she reminds a man of somebody else. This one has apparently decided she would rather let her husband go off now and then on a harmless emotional binge with Garbo and his imagination, than make any effort to be a little Garbo in the home. She is confident he will always come back, good as new. (One nice thing about these picture affairs—they're harmless, and quite inexpensive.)

A CERTAIN local automobile dealer has been married only a year to a dear, little plump blonde, and he is obviously crazy about her. So how can you account for the fact that he tormentors her, her hair, her face, her entire being with his tremendous enthusiasm for tall, dark Kay Francis?

Perhaps he does it for the fun of seeing her pouter. Perhaps he likes a change in type when he goes to the theater. But it proves a man can be sincerely in love with her wife and still enjoy looking at another woman who isn't the least bit like her. (It's the double nature of the brutes.)

It is extraordinary the number of quiet, movie little males who seem to get a bang out of Mae West. Look around you, next time you see one of her pictures. All the henpecked husbands in town will be there. "Here is a woman who really understands men," their rapt concentrations seem to say. "She would never be a nag or a chatter-box or take away our rights. We could tell her anything and she would comprehend it." Mae is an out for a lack of frustration.

Many girls resent their suitor's interest in his favorite actress because they feel the picture queen has more money to look beautiful, the facilities for it are available, and she is always presented to the best advantage.

It is good keen competition, all right. But regard it as a standard to live up to, and above all things, don't do your resenting out loud. This gives any man the edge.

It is always a mistake to carry your desire to please to the extent of too-obvious imitation. You can never be another person—and you don't want to be another person. Most hate copy-cats. You can adapt your voice, your clothes, your coiffure, your attitude. But it is silly to strive to please to the extent of bleaching your hair or gluing on eyelashes that wave languidly down to your chin, if the rest of you doesn't belong.

The other night I listened in brazenly on a little scene between husband and wife leaving the theater. "Boy, how that Lombard girl can wear clothes!" exclaimed the man.

I looked to see if the missis reacted. She didn. She looked as if she yearned to push him off a cliff. "Oh, clothes! clothes!" she disdained. "Anybody can put on a lot of clothes and look pretty."

My unspoken answer to that was "well, why don't you?"

An attractive woman, but the fact was almost concealed. An old beret was jammed down over her hair, a pair of loose slacks whipped around her legs. She wore sandals meant for the beach, from which raw toes stuck out to the cruel world. Her face was entirely innocent of make-up. There is about one man out of ten who approves this sort of sloppy-comfortable get-up. This husband was one of the other nine. He didn't go for it. "You don't have to be clothes-crazy" was his Parthian shot, "neither do you have to look as if you dressed torough hands!"

Often it is a bother to get dressed just to go up the street to a picture show—but it is also a bother to lose your man.

In the smaller communities and the suburbs, you frequently see some quaint costumes going into the theater. The idea is to be comfortable—a perfectly laudable idea—what with the lights out most of the time anyway, you figure. But man is a strange creature. Even in this emancipated age, he would rather wait half an hour for a girl to get ready who shows results, than wait five minutes for one who slips on the top stair and comes down. (The joke has a beard—but you get the idea.)

If your husband is an inarticulate sort of a guy who would be embarrassed to admit his favorite actresses—or even hint that he has one—you will have to do a little probang. There is always one whose picture he goes to see without fail. If she happens to be Jean Harlow, and you are an anxious housewife, maybe a little frivolity on your part would be a good idea. Or maybe you should take off a few pounds. Have you ever noticed how these lads who claim to be crazy about you plump take a new lease on life when you get the bulges off your hips?

A SURPRISING number of men suffer with Claudette Colbert trouble, and an equally surprising number of wives either dismiss it as a joke or wonder what they can do about it. I suspect one wife of taking the hint. She has had her black hair cut in a most becoming bang, and trimmed her figure down to perfection. Then suddenly, she began to dress for dinner every night. Now don't snicker and accuse her of being affected. She has to get the dinner herself, just as many wives do, but you can get a much better dinner with your arms bare. Maybe it was her own idea, maybe she decided that was what the sage Claudette would do. Anyway, she slips into a snug little black dress, does something miraculous to her hair—and you would be surprised how frequently papa shows up with flowers these winter evenings.

Of course, girls, if you're going to continue being hot and bothered over Clark Gable and John Boles, you may as well expect the other side of the house to retaliate in the only possible cruel way.

After all, remember you are the girl he selected. His movie crush is an indirect way of informing you about a few details—how he likes to see clothes worn, and hair and figures, whether he likes his answers snappy or meek and mild . . .

Find out his favorite actress—and take the hint.

"—at my bridge party, even my little daughter noticed how embarrassed I was over my red-tough hands."

"Later she said, 'Mother, don't you think maybe your hands would look as nice as Mrs. Nugent's if you used Lux when you do dishes? She says anybody can have nice hands by using Lux instead of harsh soaps that make people's hands rough and red.'"

"And it's true! Since I've changed to Lux for dishes, I'm actually proud of my hands! It takes so little to make rich suds that a big box lasts more than a month for all the dishes,"

* * * * *

Who Is Your Husband's Favorite Actress?

[Continued from Page 29]
THE CURTAIN FALLS—Chesterfield

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress (Sara Crabtree). Obscure now, she takes a last chance and impersonates the titled Lady Scoresby, a former friend. She moves in on her Ladyship’s relatives, solves their involved problems, then confesses her hoax and the curtain falls on her last performance. Dorothy Lee, Holmes Herbert, Natalie Moorhead, William Bakewell and others, form a capable cast.

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible

HERE is Eric Von Stroheim in the kind of role that made him famous—uniformed eyeglass, and all. And he’s just as good as he ever was as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. While the story is slender, and sometimes slow, it is well acted and well directed. Not a children’s film.

MAYBE IT’S LOVE—First National

A YOUNG couple, during the first six months of a hasty marriage—the girl desperate over lack of money and the boy burdened by the Interferences of her family—is the theme of “Maybe It’s Love”. Bass Alexander makes the young husband an extremely interesting person, but the picture on the whole is frankly dull. Philip Reed and Gloria Stuart are hampered by their parts. Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly, Helen Lowell and Henry Travers.

THE SILVER STREAK—RKO-Radio

THE new streamlined train, hero of “The Silver Streak”, lends this picture a swift dramatic sense. The human actors are forced into the background by this mechanical miracle which gallantly speeds across the continent, delivering respirators to the stricken men at Boulder Dam, and saving Sally Blake for Charles Starrett. William Farnum is the old railroad owner and Hardie Albright, his son. Edgar Kennedy turns in a grand performance.

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic

HERE is a new picture idea—the intrigue who starts mysterious blazes and the drama of tracking him down. It gives a grand opportunity for a flock of spectacular fires and you get all the thrill of going to them. There is also a newspaper story with Bruce Cabot a the young reporter who turns smoke-eater and saves Judith Allen. H. B. Warner and Sam Hardy help to make this quite worth your while.

THE PERFECT CLUE—Majestic

NOT too expertly made, but this murder drama-society play has its moments. You’ll find the plot wandering a little as a wealthy girl falls for a handsome stick-up man and clears him of a “framed” murder charge by blasting the state’s “perfect clue.” Bright moments are contributed by Skeets Gallagher and a smooth performance by David Manners. Director Robert Vignola has done well with the slim cast and story handicaps. Dorothy Libaire, Betty Blythe.

FLIRTIN’ WITH DANGER—Monogram

BOB Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy are tough guys in a Central American high explosives plant. Their tinker- ing with highly dangerous explosives and their caprolls with the “fair sex” form the basis for much confusion and many laughs. Maria Alba, as Reiesta, the Spanish charmer, and the rest of the cast, carry this comedy to a good gag finish. Youngsters will find it fun.

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount

THIS is an up-to-date Western. And while the old mortgage is still present, the crooks who want it, use modern methods. Jacki-Coggan is Randy Scott’s brother. Their ranch is near Tia Juana so they are raising race-horses as well as cattle—and Jackie rides “Midnight” to win in spite of the opposition. Evelyn Brent is the girl sharp-shot who goes straight with Randy to guide her. A few more like this should make Westerns more popular.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. She is gorgeous. Unfortunately, Walter Connolly as the priest with a flair for detective work, lets his role become monotonous. And Paul Lukas, as the crook who plans a robbery so he can marry Gertrude, is woefully miscast. The story material is good, taken from one of G. K. Chesterton’s famous “Father Brown” tales.

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal

UNCLE JED, on his death bed, forms a plan for pouInding some sense into the pretty blonde head of his niece, Peggy Campbell, who won’t leave her wild friends in the East. He wills his cattle ranch to her and then appoints his foreman, Buck Jones, as her guardian.

There is, of course, the inevitable clash of wills—until the final clinch. There are chases, lots of shooting, some good trick riding, and rescues.

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot

A SWIFT-MOVING, hard-riding Western, with plenty of action and plots. It wraps up a dozen plots, for the price of one, and untangles each of them neatly, never slowing up the pace. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evelyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast do a good job. Youngsters and adults who enjoy fast-shooting horse operas, shouldn’t miss it.

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio

IF you’re not tired of seeing savages sneaking through the forest with poison spears,
Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none. It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists.

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.

World's Standard

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy and Art Kazell and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 pm, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.
BOTH
Mother
and Daughter
PREFER

Maybelline
Mascara

as do ten million
other women because
they know it is

... absolutely harmless
... really tear-proof
... positively non-smudging
... the quickest and easiest way to have
the natural appearance of long, dark,
luxuriant lashes, making the eyes appear
larger, brighter, and more expressive.

From sweet sixteen to queen, fifty years, women the world over have learned that
Maybelline is the perfect mascara for instantly transforming their lashes into
flattering dark fringe. Beauty-wise wom-
en of all ages appreciate, too, the fact
that the famous name of Maybelline is
backed by the approval of Good House-
keeping Bureau and other leading authori-
ties for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold
vanity, it is priced at $2. It is at all leading
toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and
the new Blue. Accept only genuine. May-
belline to be assured of highest, quality
and absolute harmless. Try it today.

That night, May, who played the sister, had
a scene with the leading-man where she had to
squeezo her hand goodby before she exit-ed.
During that squeeze she slipped an oyster into
her palm! Frantically our hero looked around
for a place to get rid of it, but this was im-
possible as he was standing in the middle of
the stage. The next moent out, our heroine
and threw her arms around him. Be-
tween torrid embraces the oyster changed
hands, but the lady, being fastidious by nature,
slipped it right back to the leading man again!
If the audience thought the loving pair acted a
bit hysterically, it was nothing to how May
was acting in the wings!

I'M a woman sadly in need of sympathy.
This past month has brought me a shattering
experience. For ages I've been angling for
a luncheon date with the charming Lew Ayres,
and finally it gets arranged. I can't wait so'll
I'll look like a daisy and feel like a lark, then
I take two hours to dress till, Lawsie me, I'm
as devasating as Crawford. At this point dear
mama comes into my room and informs me,
with murderous nonchalance, that Mr. Ayres
and Miss Ginger Rogers have just announced
their engagement! Sweet?

Well, when I became resigned to the fact
that there was nothing I could do about it I
went on out to the Fox Studio . . . a fair (?)
lady with a faint heart. I can tell you now,
dearst Jean, just how wonderful "Ginje" (as
Lew adoringly calls her) really is. I can
tell you of all her virtues . . . her sound common
sense . . . her ability to draw . . . her pas-
son for doing right . . . her cute habits . . .
her exquisite taste . . . her house-hunting,
this very day . . . and many, many other things.
In fact, there is nothing else of that
hunch of that I can relate, except All About
Ginje!

And, my fine friend, how did you like that
picture I sent you, last letter—the one with
Jean Harlow? Not a comment! And if I hadn't
been in such a rush to get it to you I'd
have been able to show it to Jean's mother!
Jean looked like a dream, of course; but the
unexpected was that I turned out to be a kind
soothsman morsel myself . . . did you
notice? Anyway, while I was modestly telling
Jean's mama about it she broke in anxious-
ly with: "But how do they baby look?"
I tossed my hands to heaven. "Madam," says
I, "just how do you think Jean would look?"
She smiled. "Well, of course, she could take
a bad picture." "But she didn't!" I assured her
emphatically; and do you know, the dear
woman actually breathed a sigh of relief.

WISH you could have seen her dotter a few
nights ago at Van Dyke's party. (Ma-ma . . .
that man's here again!) A dream princess,
that's what she looked like in her black
Grecian gown with a rope of pearls from which
silver teonsals peaked (fingernails to match)
and gracing the famous platinum
cloud, a tiny black net tricoine. Pretty
special!

No less than five gents in as many minutes
came up to ask if they could bring her some
dinner. To all of them she gave the same
answer: "Thanks so much, but Bill's bringing
me some." Privately I was hoping that Mr.
Powell would shake a leg, for little Jeanie in
the meanwhile was fast demolishing my turkey
and black olives, both of which I craves
nightily. However, her boy friend appeared
about this time, not only with her dinner, but
having in tow Cotton Warburton, the U. S. C.
footballer. Jean reached with one hand for her
dinner (how does she keep that figger?) and

with the other she dragged Cotton down be-
tween us and complimented him on his magnifi-
cent playing. We ha'nt been too proud of
our team this season, but, pet this makes a
spectacular showing all by himself, and Jean
was mincing no words telling him so. The lad
was so happy he practically floated away on a
soft pillow!

Then we got literary for a bit while we dis-
that Jean wants to do if M-G-M buys it. The
star has been writing a novel, too, you know,
and I told her that I was not only a-dither to
read it, but also practically palpied about her
being so ambitious. Jean smiled. "I don't
know if I'm so ambitious," she said, "I just
like to work."

I might seize this occasion to remark that I
came to said party (the christening of Van's
new playroom) with Nelson Eddy. Just a few
nights previous I'd heard him in the operetta
"Secret of Suzanne," and as I listened to his
glorious voice I noted also what splendid ease
he had on the stage. Nelson confessed the
secret. Remember the swell cocktail party he
threw in his house? It was given in a big room
lined with mirrors. The house once belonged
to Lois Moran, and she built on the addition
and put in the lovely dances because every
morning she practiced dancing. Nelson use
them now while practicing his singing, so he
can see in what position he looks least awkward
and feels most comfortable!

THERE were droves of photographers at the
party, and I managed to dash into a picture,
as you can witness for yourself. I also
had much joy, accompanied by Otto Kruger and
Jean Hersholt, in examining Van's famous
trough room. One huge lion, who had given
himself up to floor decoration, looked so
pathetically like Metro's Leo that for no
reason Mr. Kruger draped the pelt over his
head and emitted a couple of extremely fear-

moo's!

Let's see, now, if I can remember all who
were there. Frances Drake, Billie Burke,
Jeanette MacDonald, Conchita Montenegro,
Kaul Roulau, Jack Oakie, Ted Healy, Tree
Hervey (who's in my brother Jack's picture
"The Winning Ticket") at M-G-M, Louis B
Mayer and scads of others. There were als
Van's prop men and their wives, their electrician
and their wives, and everyone had one
glorious time. Some frolics, hey kid?

A LONG about two in the A. M., Jeanette
MacDonald started to leave, upon whis
Nelson, in the foulest off-key notes I've ev-
heard, sang out to her with operative gesture
"Go-on-o-hbye, my fair one!" To which
lady, also in heart-rending discordus, warbled
"Farewell, Nelson, I must leave, must k.
now!" But two hours later Jeanette tel
was leaving. And my boy friend shrieked
sourly, "What—still here?" The Mr
Wilde let go to a High C and twittered my
back: "At last I go! At last I go! Farewell!!
A couple sillies!"

Now that I'm in a goofy mood I must emp
you with one of Jack's latest tidbits.

"Hah-heh! Didn't think I'd spring that
you, did you?
Lots of love, babe!
Mitzi
some at the time—but I knew I could depend upon him. That night I went home to him and implored him, "Honey, how would you like to have a little girl?" "How would I like to have a kid?" he burst out. "Why, I'd give anything in the world to save her!" And from that time on, he talked of nothing else.

The first night she arrived, we brought her a bed. The little angel just sat in it and quietly watched us. She seemed to be fascinated by the sight of Wally. Gradually Carol began to do things to attract his attention. One day she stuck her foot out and tried to trip him. Wally turned around and started to chase her. From that day on they've been the best of friends.

With the passing of time, Wally and Carol Ann have become inseparable. They go everywhere together, and he even likes to buy her gifts. Not long ago she outran her little pet things, Wally took her shopping in Hollywood. When they came back, I found at they had bought some of those unfinished things that have to be sewn together. When I saw them, the pair of them, big Wally with that little baby, sat down with needles and read and tried to sew seams in a pair of them. I wish I could describe the picture they made. In raising Carol Ann, I want to instill in her the principles of love, sincerity, and fair play, so I want her to have a knowledge of God and a definite goal in life. She can choose anything which appeals to her—being a doctor, lawyer, artist, writer, or actress—whatever interests her most. But it should be something she'll never stand in her way as long as there is anything actually harmful to her. That is why I have no objections to her flying with Wally. I let her be brave and unhampered by the "baby cat" influence of an anxious mother. I have always felt this way toward Wally, and to me he is the rock of Gibraltar. And beside having a woman's arm strings around his neck would be unbecoming. Therefore, I've never objected to his flying, or anything he wanted to do. To tell the truth, I enjoy watching him as much as he does. I went with him on first solo flight. After taking lessons for only a year, Wally came home one day and said, "Rita, I'm taking my first flight alone today and I want you to be my passenger."

We went to Clover Field and flew for quite a while. Wally showed me how to do a dead stick landing at 5,000 feet and a lot of tricks. My greatest thrill was crossing the Mojave Desert with Wally. We ran into a terrific storm which swept between the Sierras and Death Valley. I was scared to death, but determined not to say a word. Our little dog, Gypsy, was with us and the jolting made her awfully sick. When I saw Wally reach out and strap on his safety belt, I could stand it no longer and suggested we land. He brought the ship down by a farm house about forty miles from Bishop, Arizona. Then he sent word to a nearby town and got a taxi to drive me to a hotel in Bishop. All this time the storm was raging worse than ever. Wally said he didn't want to leave the plane alone and that he'd wait until another car came, and then he'd follow me. It took several hours for me to get to Bishop, and as I stepped out of the car in front of the hotel, there was Wally standing on the corner with a sheepish look on his face. He waited until my car got out of sight, climbed right back into the plane and flew to Bishop. That's Wally's bravery.

Since Carol Ann has come into our family, Wally and I have found complete happiness. She has supplied a missing something in our lives which we hardly suspected was there, but realized the moment she came to us.

My career is now raising her—making her and Wally happy is the only glory I want. Without any ego on my part, I will mention that before I married Wally I had a screen career which appeared very promising, and before giving up it I gave the matter a lot of thought. But once I made up my mind I have never regretted it—I have something far more precious—a career more lasting.

We have a new plane. I am now fully recovering from a recent illness, and when Wally has finished "West Point of the Air" and several other pictures scheduled for him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we are going to take a vacation in Europe. We plan to fly over all the countries we missed on our last trip—Carol, Wally and me.

Papa want a cracker? Little Dickie Arlen Jr., insists on Daddy Richard Arlen having a bite, while his mother, Jobyna Ralston, looks on. Dickie Jr., will be two years old in May.
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

EVER since there have been movies, it seems, there have been girls wanting to know how to become screen successes. In this issue, Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, told them the secret was hard work, lots of it, then more hard work. In the same issue a number of stars told what lines of work they would have chosen if fate hadn’t landed them a screen test. Marjorie Rambeau said if she had to leave the screen she would choose to become a physician. Billie Burke thought she might have been a successful painter. (Both are still in the movies, however.) Little Margaret Clark said when her movie career ended she would keep the wolf from the door designing dolls. Marguerite, however, happily married to a gentleman with a substantial income, is quite content to-day with a house to manage. Salaries of the stars were just beginning to become a topic of conversation. When Photoplay divulged the secret that Nazimova was earning thirteen thousand dollars a week, lots of tongues wagged. Mary Pickford was making close to half a million a year. Just a few paragraphs farther on was an article entitled, “The Gentle Gratters,” telling how many of the stars used their glory as a basis for petty grafting—demanding the studios to give them the gowns they wore in pictures, exacting large rakes-off from the shops for their patronage, etc. Among the best pictures were “Anne of Green Gables,” with Mary Miles Minter and D. W. Griffith’s “Scarlet Days” with Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster. On the cover Oliver Thomas.

10 Years Ago

THIS was an issue for the men! Started out by asking twelve famous actors the question, “What is Love?” Doug Fairbanks answered, “I’ve been trying to find out for years! Whatever it is, it’s wonderful!” A little more explicit was Douglas Maclean: “Love is the chemistry of the soul.” John Gilbert’s definition was “Love is sharing.” Ben Lyon, screencom’s newest hero, gave his impression of the three leading vamps of the day. Briefly, his desccriptions were: Gloria Swanson, a polished jewel. Pola Negri, a gorgeous and honest pangan. Barbara LaMarr, a Lorelei and a Circe. In this issue Constance Talmadge told why “Men Fall in Love with Actresses.” According to Connie, there were two reasons: Because an actress is and must be, heartless; and because men think actresses are naughty. Mary Pickford wrote an article entitled “When I Am Old”—in which she said she wanted children, and expected to leave the screen in three or four years to lead a domestic, normal life. “The Man Who Found Himself,” was Monte Blue. And he did it by marrying Tova Jansen. Tova and Monte have two children now; Barbara Ann, now eight years old and Richard, who is five. In its Shadowstage Department this month, Photoplay commented unfavorably on the two most important pictures of the day. Von Stroheim’s “Greed,” and Von Sternberg’s “The Salvation Hunters.” Good films included Gloria Swanson in “The Wages of Virtue,” “A Sainted Devil,” with Rudolph Valentino. Cover, Florence Vidor.

5 Years Ago

THE big controversy of the day was the length of ladies’ skirts. They had been short and now Paris threatened to make them long. Thirty stars were asked what they thought of long skirts and all were in favor except Nancy Carroll who said she wouldn’t wear long skirts—thought they were uncomfortable. (However, the last time we saw Nancy, her skirts were regulation length.) Clara Bow was just beginning to wage her long campaign to stay thin. Many critics were saying that little Jean Arthur in “The Saturday Night Kid” had stolen the picture from Clara.

Another important question of the day was whether or not sound was ending the screen career of Jack Gilbert. (It did for a while. But Jack recently came back with a bang in “The Captain Hates the Sea.”) Jack’s and Ina Claire’s marriage was just steaming into troubled waters. Bessie Love and William Hawkins were married (and still are). This issue carried a grand description of the troubles suffered by those who went to Africa to make “Trader Horn.” It is reported that Edwina Booth, the film’s heroine, one, had suffered a “touch of fever.” Edwina is today an invalid because of the effects of that trip and the fever. Warner Baxter was marked for stardom because his voice recorded well. Sound was still so young they called the town Hollywood! Best pictures included “Devil May Care” with Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan, “Hit the Deck,” “Seven Days’ Leave” with Gary Cooper and Beryl Mercer. Ruth Chatterton was on the cover.
The School That Never Has a Truant

[continued from page 33]

But that one hour of daily physical exercises and athletic training with Mr. McMasters from ten to eleven works up a healthy fatigue that even Jimmy can’t ignore.

But Jimmy’s agonizing fear of water requires several months to dispel. He won’t go into the pool even if it is put into a bathing suit every other day, and he sits on the sidelines watching the braver youngsters splash and shriek with fun. His pride is badly bruised when he sees even the smallest girls learning to float face downward in the water, in the first position of the crawl. But one day he walks into the water of his own volition, and before the end of the year he can go the length of the pool, face downward, his feet thrashing in correct American crawl style.

Some of his lessons are supervised by one of the school’s best young swimmers, Mary Hay Barthelme, who, during her enrollment, was one of the honor leaders in field and water events.

Quite a list of accomplishments all this, for a child just this side of babyhood. But according to the Curtis records, Jimmy is only a good average kindergarten student.

No item for the child’s safety and welfare is ignored. Jimmy’s school even protects him and all his classmates from the kidnapp menace.

When it is time for the students to go home, they must first go to the foyer of the main building. There are no other exits for them. There they find Mr. Broadbent, the principal, awaiting them, and each one, from the tiniest to Junior High school pupils, is taken personally by the principal to the school bus, or to a private car if one has been sent.

No child is permitted to leave the school alone, or in the company of anyone not previously and personally introduced to Mr. Broadbent by the parents.

The next year Jimmy goes into the first grade. Now he is in school from nine until three every day. A long, tedious session for a six-year-old, you may think. But this year, he is rugged, his vitality is greatly increased, and he can stand the long hours. In fact, he thrives on them.

Now he is under the skilled guidance of Lucille Green. Some days she gives him short poems and little speeches, which he has written himself, to memorize. And sometimes on Friday afternoon when the entire school is assembled, he is allowed to stand before the school and give his bit of poetry or oration.

And if any of the readers doubt the wisdom of attempting to train a six-year-old child in the rudiments of public speaking and the mental feats of memorizing poetry, Miss Green has some astonishing records to present. She can prove that all her first graders memorize perfectly more than four hundred lines of poetry each year; are able to make a weekly speech of their own composition, and deliver it before a large audience without fear or embarrassment. Furthermore, the children learn to love the public appearances.

This memory work and public speaking is carried right on through to the final ninth grade. Self-consciousness, lack of poise or social ease is unknown to any graduate of the Curtis School. Just think what such training means to these children when they enter business and social life.

In the primary grade, Jimmy starts having his lunches at school, and he learns quite a few new eating habits before the year is out. The school dietitian, Marion Nelson, and her assistant prepare the daily menus after they have been approved by Dr. Henry Dietrich. These menus, with the exception of special diets, are the same for instructors, older and younger children. It is always a substantial, tempting layout, and serves as dinner for all the primary students. The parents are advised to give the youngsters only a light supper.

The first day at lunch Jimmy doesn’t like his tray. He loathes milk! And vegetables, which he detests. So he sulks. But there also is a big serving of roast lamb, a dish of fruit and a piece of cake, so he eats these. He keeps a weather eye on Miss Greer, who has lunch with her charges every day, because he is sure she will scold him for ignoring the milk and vegetables. But not one flicker of attention is paid to Jimmy’s omissions. Jimmy is surprised. Things were never like this at home.

But gradually he notices that most of the other children return to the diet kitchen for a second glass of milk, and that often they are excused from class in the middle of the morning for milk. Is he missing something? So one day he takes just a tiny sip, and the battle is over. Jimmy drinks milk from then on.

Until he is willing to start eating the vegetables set before him, and the canny Mrs. Nelson sees to it that he gets his quota in succulent soups or just raw. Children, she says, love to munch on raw carrots and celery, even uncooked spinach. But, no matter the manner, the dietitian sees that every one of her young charges get their vitamins A, B and C, and like them.

By the end of his first year, Jimmy is chattering French, swimming two lengths of the tank with both the arm and foot movements of the crawl in perfect form. His stooped shoulders are practically straight, his arches are up where they belong, his weight is normal, and his posture greatly improved.

Every other month he is given a physical going over, and three times a year he must open his mouth wide for the skilled investigation of a dentist. Every day the physical and mental charts on Jimmy receive some new checkup.

In the fourth grade Jimmy learns boxing, and how to take it on the chin like a sport. If he lets loose a single tear, he is taken out of the ring. It’s one of the rules of the game.

One of his student instructors in glove practice is ‘Fidge’ Beery, Noah Beery’s only son. Another expert boxer who assists the instructors with the younger boys is Andrew McGlaken, Victor’s son.

Jimmy also learns to run the twenty-five-yard dash in good time; the correct form for tennis; he has lost his youthful fears of horses and rides the swiftest ponies with or without a saddle; he dives backward, jacknife or swim form; he has passed a life-saving course; he is an excellent ballroom dancer; and can turn cartwheels, walk on his hands or stand on his head with professional aplomb.

He never fails to tryout for all the school plays, because the dramatic coach makes the whole business into an absorbing game. One play included the little Chaplin boys, Charles...

Distinction!

Perpetuating the traditions of Lord Baltimore for the finer things in life, the new, modern hotel delights the discriminating traveler of today.

LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL

700 ROOMS WITH BATH

$3.00 Up

Radio in Every Room

Garage Service

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

GET YOUR COPY OF "NO MORE ALIBIS" By Sylvia of Hollywood

Turn to Inside Back Cover Now!

I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...written Miss Healy

It manages like a "balm"...written Miss May Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away."—written Mrs. Motserby.

If many of our customers are delighted with the wonder-ful monthly obtained with the Perfomated Rubber Reducing Girdle and Veilital Hips, they put it on for 14 days for trial. They then for 10 days at our ex- pense.

REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS...or you pay nothing!

Ween next to the healthy weight, perfect safety, the firm moulding parts of the body, the special likeness-perfect action reduces fleshly, defatting fat with every movement.

You must send for a free sample now. Or to the office of the present, if already in at time when it is not possible, all instructions will send your weight loss.

SEND FOR TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 912 41 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

Without obligation send FREE booklet, sample of rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

Name, Address...............

City......................State...

The Copper or Send Postage Paid.

Photoplay Magazine for February, 1935
ITQ remember CAUSES book. each over W Jimmy mind nil. the the Bard

enthusiastic literature grades, with Jimmy and Curtis Bard (and Sydney, Richard, Mary Sydney, February, 1935)

and Jimmy reached one of his Junior high school class in science and history. His primary teacher had the time and the knowledge to discover just what sort of a mind Jimmy had and what studies stimulated his interest. During his Curtis years he was given an in the way of mathematics, Latin and French to meet the entrance requirements of the highest standing universities. But, primarily, he was encouraged in the things he liked, botany, biology and geology, and given full opportunity to devote himself to these subjects.

Although Jimmy started out as an indifferent student, he stands at the top of his Junior high school class in science and history. His primary teacher had the time and the knowledge to discover just what sort of a mind Jimmy had and what studies stimulated his interest. During his Curtis years he was given an in the way of mathematics, Latin and French to meet the entrance requirements of the highest standing universities. But, primarily, he was encouraged in the things he liked, botany, biology and geology, and given full opportunity to devote himself to these subjects.

AS A result of this individual guidance, Jimmy decides in ninth grade to major in geology when he goes to college, and when he graduates, to become a field geologist for some oil company.

But more important than all these achievements are the priceless lessons Jimmy has absorbed in courtesy, self-control, dependability and citizenship. He has learned to respect the rights of others, to be tolerant, to "get along" with people. And he has mastered that, modern prerequisite called "selling himself" easily and convincingly through nine years of training in public speaking. And so, whether Jimmy and his classmates grow up to the handicap of too much money, or, as the years pass, too little, they are armed for the rough and tumble of life. The lack of pleasure of Hollywood isn't likely to corrode their ideals, nor the stark realities of poverty wither their souls.

These are fortunate children. They are ideally prepared for life.

Mary Pickford's Search for Happiness

[continued from page 35]

am told that his sides seemed to cling together; that there was an actual air of transparency hanging about him. Naturally, he appealed to the sympathies of the entire cast and during the days before the filming of the episode in which he was to be featured he was fed lavishly. I'm afraid, in the matter of feeding, that Mary Pickford was the worst offender of all—I know that this is a heresy! The horse probably thought that he had died and gone to heaven— a heaven of oats and hay and apples—and that Mary was a halo-ed guardian angel.

Came—in movie parlance—the day of the animal's film debut. He was led before the camera. It wasn't until he was actually in front of it that anyone realized what had happened. The emaciated steed was no more—in his place stood a sleek and corpulent beast without a worry in the world. He looked into the face of the director and whinnied with delight. And the director clapped his hand to his brow in acute dismay.

There wasn't time, then, to go out and find another horse. The studio was in the throes of production and every minute counted. The horse—luckily for him and the reverse for the Director—had ceased to be a tragically comical figure and had become a normal, well-fed animal. The cast were struck silent with bewildered and brains were racked for a solution to the new problem. Finally somebody suggested making up the horse to look like the famine victim that he had once been. Believe it or not, ribs were painted upon the plump sides of that beast, and false hollows were put into spots where there were rolls of fat. It was only through the real genius of an art department that the picture was able to go on.

I fancy that—when she is in some quandary—Mary Pickford finds herself remembering that horse. How thin he was and how—under her very eyes—he gained weight and poise and contentment. Perhaps in her mind that horse actually symbolizes trouble. Because she firmly believes that trouble, when given the proper nourishment, can be transferred into happiness!

This autumn Mary Pickford has published her first book—a slim little volume, entitled "Why Not Try God?". I could see in every word of that book. I could sense between each line of it, the direction in which Mary Pickford's search for happiness has carried her. Adversity has been translated, by her, into faith—pressure has resulted in a spiritual grace. She has come to believe that disappointment is but a stepping stone to achievement—that the hand of God is apparent in all things. Her sense of being guided is an integral part of her day by day existence—but then she has always felt a sense of personal guidance. I remember a story that she told me, years ago, which illustrates this fact. The story was about her brother Jack.

It seems that Jack Pickford wanted to go flying with a certain aviator who was then working in pictures. He had an appointment with the aviator at a flying field and was about to start out to keep the appointment when his...
mother came hurrying — dished and triumphant—from the kitchen.

WHERE are you going? she asked, and at Jack's explanation her face fell. 'Oh, dear,' she exclaimed. 'I've been making potato cakes for you, Jack, and now you won't have time to eat them!'

Mary paused—in the middle of telling this story—to say a word about her mother's potato cakes. She assured me that they weren't just potato cakes—they were miracles of culinary genius, and they were also Jack 'Pickford's favorite food. Knowing that his mother had prepared them for an especial treat, he hesitated. He wanted to go flying, but he also wanted to have his potato cakes. And most of all, he wanted to please his mother. 'I guess this is the time to go away without a dozen of the cakes,' he said after a moment, and Mrs. Pickford—beaming—began to dish them up.

Well, Jack ate his potato cakes and as a result got to the flying field just in time to see the plane rising against the horizon. He was bitterly disappointed at first, but it wasn't long before he was thanking God—and his mother. For the aviator with whom he had the appointment was Locklear, the famous stunt flyer, and that day he crashed to his death.

But for the potato cakes Jack would have crashed with him.

The potato cakes, you see, were the deciding factor in the situation—they represented fate. Or, in Mary Pickford's philosophy, the guiding hand of the Most High!

BROADCASTING is Mary Pickford's newest experience and perhaps—who knows—it will be her most satisfying one. She has never been in the least air-minded—in fact, she has, until this winter, been actually unsold on radio. 'I've had an interview with the stage and pictures and now my writing,' she said. 'I didn't feel a call to go on the air!' Breath-taking offers came her way, but she shrugged and said, 'I'm not interested.' When she changed her mind at last it was merely because of the pressure of her fan mail. So many people wanted her on the air that she bowed to the inevitable.

Well—once having become receptive to the new idea—she started out with an amazing impetus. She has risen fast in radio popularity—risen until her weekly broadcasts lead an entire field. She says that her pleasure in the world has grown with equal rapidity. As she stands before the microphone she must feel that her search for happiness has pretty nearly ended. I know that, by closing her eyes, she can vision thousands of listeners who care for her. That vision must give her an absolute and divine feeling of contentment.

STAGE, screen, personal appearances, writing—and radio! It's a long list for one small person—a person who wears a size twelve dress and Cinderella slippers—to have accomplished. Added to her career has been her social responsibility as the first lady of motion pictures. Her home, Pickfair, the show place of Hollywood, is as hard to manage as a hotel—and has nearly as many guests. An invitation to visit there is an honor as well as a seal of subtle approval. And I don't have to tell you that running such a mansion is a life work in itself.

You women who mourn over the ordering for a family of three—who bewail the problem of a four-room apartment—do not need to be informed that Mary Pickford is an incredible executive. Her housekeeping runs on oiled wheels—just as do her business affairs. And no more need be said.

And yet it is not through the list of her accomplishments—and neither is it through the honors and the luxuries that have been heaped upon her—that Mary Pickford will come to the end of her search for happiness and find fulfillment. It is through something more desirable than material possessions that she will win, at last, to her heart's desire. It is through her theory—a theory that is growing day by day—of holding fast to faith, of being useful. Usefulness, in fact, is her theme song.

So many folk nowadays are dissatisfied. So many young folk especially. They say when you point out the incredible rise of a person like Mary Pickford, 'Why shouldn't she be at the top? She's had all the breaks.'

What I've tried to emphasize in this article is the fact that Mary Pickford hasn't had all the breaks. That she's made her own good fortune by rising above sorrow, by ignoring obstacles and by working harder than a day laborer! That she has been her own inspiration and her own most severe critic.

That she has chung fast to fundamental rules. And that, above all, she has been always seeking...

Once Mary Pickford told me of a short conversation that she had with her niece—the young Gwynne whom I mentioned earlier. Mary came upon the girl when she was walking over some minor disappointment, and said—

"Don't scowl, darling."

The niece retorted:

"Why shouldn't I scowl? Everything is wrong, and my feelings have been hurt."

Mary Pickford told me that she answered:

"In the first place, disturbing your face won't help the situation. Not in the least. In the second place, it's unbecoming. You're much prettier when you're thinking beauty, and living it."

After all, her advice to this youngster, who is in her teens, is as good a recipe as any for finding happiness. Living beauty and thinking it makes for facial beauty and beauty of spirit. And beautiful people—when the beauty is more than skin deep—are apt to be happy people.
The Fan Club Corner

Winter fan club activities are getting under way in every section, and interest is growing by leaps and bounds. The many clubs of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs report a great increase in membership. All are looking forward to an exciting and constructive season.

What fun it will be to hold the coming winter meetings! Friends will gather to discuss club affairs, comment on their favorite star's screen work, and plan social gatherings to be enjoyed by all. Pen pals will be busy at their desks and typewriters, sending out greetings to their first in the mailout contest held by the Chevalier-MacDonald Fan Club. The Christmas number of the club news was artistically decorated and filled with good things. Mrs. Glennia Riley, 149 S. 7th, New Castle, Ind., is president. Write her about joining.

Jean Harlow fans can get information about this organization by writing Dorothy Suter, secretary, 2301 Ohio Ave., Youngstown, Ohio. President Minnette Shermak writes that she and her mother enjoyed a lovely luncheon and afternoon with about Harlow's mother, on her recent visit to New York.

Donato R. Cedrone, 288 Nevada St., Newtowon, Mass., invites all Tom Brown fans to write him about Tom's club.

Minnie Gombell fans may write Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., St. Anthony, Iowa, about the Chaw club. Chaw also heads the Movie Fans Friendship Club and the Dick Powell Club.

All shut-ins are requested to write Chaw for information on this organization.

The headquarters of the Mike and Movie Club, sponsoring Vera Van, have been moved to 1201 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala. Barbara Alice Tickell is president. This club is starting an interesting membership contest which will interest fans everywhere.

Lucile Carie, 200 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., is president of the girls' fan club in honor of Alice White. She will send club data to interested girls.

Write to James J. Earie, 104 W. River St., Elyria, Ohio, for news of the Screen Guild Club.

The special issue of the bulletin sent out by the Rudy Vallee Boosters Club, in honor of Rudy's birthday, contained fifteen pages of interesting club news and was accompanied by many clever pictures of their honorary president, Beatrice Gordon. Lefters Station, 2 Brook N. W., would like to hear from Vallee admirers.

Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Franchot Tone Club, 45 Smith St., Portland, Maine, writes that all new members joining this club are receiving autographed photos of Mr. Tone, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Lyle Talbot.

Their club bulletin is called "The Silver Sheet."

Marilyn Bonnell, 3832 N. 5th St., Milwaukee, Wis., is the new president of the Buddy Rogers Club. Fans are invited to write her for additional news.

Anna Glance, 795 S. Merrill Ave., Chicago, is president of Jackie Cooper's fan club. The western representative of the club is Budl Bankson, 3414 Milton St., Spokane, Wash.

The Ivan Lebedeff Fan Club is growing rapidly. Miss Betty Godzinski, 613 S. Honore St., Chicago, is president.

Those interested in becoming members of the Francis Lederer Club are asked to write Beatrice Kramer, acting secretary, 4341 N. Albany Ave., Chicago. Foreign inquiries may be sent to the British representative at 67 Hodford Road, Golders Green, N. W. 11, London.

Marlan J. Donner, 9179 81st St., Ozone Park, N. Y., is president of the Joan Crawford fan club. She is hoping to secure the signature of Ethelene Thurbon, 809 East 55th St., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the Faye Fans. Drop her a letter on this club.

The Fan Club Federation held a recent meeting in New York City. Fifty members attended this first get-together. The address of the federation is 116 East 79th St., New York City.

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, renew energy, give checks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch results. At all druggists — 15c, 30c, 60c.

Be a Professional Clothes Model

Prepare yourself, under America's expert, for this money-making Photoplay-Dramatization Clothes Model. Thousands in demand for Dramatization Stores, Specialty Shops, Manufacturers, Style Shows, etc. Work in fashioning, page sales, and leads for her counterparts such as Department Managers, Buyers, Partnerships in small shops, Fashions, Experts, Designers, and Costume Directors for Stage and Movie.

Learn by Mail How to Dress Smartly

—How to select proper clothes ensemble and wear them with distinction—how to dress your type—color harmony—poise—personal posture and carriage—how to acquire beautiful, expressive hands, etc. Even if not interested in a job as a Clothes Model, every woman who expects to social leadership or business or professional success should acquire a perfect understanding of the art of dress. Send 91c for first lesson and "10 Rules for Social Success." Money refunded if not pleased. Patricia Murray, School of Modeling, Suite 17, 155 Pownall St., San Francisco, Calif.

“A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!”

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop all these, then win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 9c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 4-B, 855 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Chapped LIPS

To quickly relieve chapping, roughness, cracking, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

Mentholatum

Gives COMFORT Daily
**Mercedized Wax**

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using blemerized wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin then beautifully, completely, and softly—face looks years younger. Mends broken-out skin, your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Beards wrinkles in one week. Simplicity.

**Gray Hair**

**Best Remedy Is Made At Home**

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum and box of Bisto Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Bisto imparts color to strippable, fadable gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will keep the hair strong, and not stick or gray and does not rub off.

**WANT TO BROADCAST?**

Can you speak, sing, act, write, direct or sell? Write Mrs. Mary L. Smith, Dept. B-27, 1211 6th Ave., New York City for free, 10-week course of instruction in radio and television. Write Fred Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2500 14th St., N.W., D.C. and Fordham School of Broadcasting, 500 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

**Read PHOTOPLAY**

if you want the real news of the world of motion pictures

PHOTOPLAY is made the most interesting and readable magazine in its field by features which appeal to motion picture patrons, but it goes much farther. It goes farther than any other magazine of its type. It publishes the NEWS of the great world of motion pictures—live, reliable NEWS. Read PHOTOPLAY. Compare it with any other magazine in the field and be convinced.

Clip and Mail this offer NOW with your check or money order for $2.50 (Canada and Foreign $3.50) for which we will enter your subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

**FREE! TO INEXPERIENCED WRITERS!**

OPPORTUNITY to test and scientifically measure your talent under the seal. If you have ordinary command of the English language and can express yourself in writing with ease, you may be eligible for the following opportunity. You may be eligible for an ideal job in wrting, play, radio, advertising, publicity, news articles, columns, magazine, writing, play, radio, advertising, publicity, news articles, columns. The writing and selling of poetry, articles, and plays is the business of people who have themselves directed by experienced writers who offers a short cut to sound writing technique. Costs less than one month at college. Special Deferred Payment Plan. Help you to obtain your subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. B-20

1262 Broadway

New York City

**FREE! TO INEXPERIENCED WRITERS!**

Opportunity to test and scientifically measure your talent under the seal. If you have ordinary command of the English language and can express yourself in writing with ease, you may be eligible for an ideal job in writing, play, radio, advertising, publicity, news articles, columns. The writing and selling of poetry, articles, and plays is the business of people who have themselves directed by experienced writers who offers a short cut to sound writing technique. Costs less than one month at college. Special Deferred Payment Plan. Help you to obtain your subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. B-20

1262 Broadway

New York City

**FREE! TO INEXPERIENCED WRITERS!**

Read PHOTOPLAY if you want the real news of the world of motion pictures

PHOTOPLAY is made the most interesting and readable magazine in its field by features which appeal to motion picture patrons, but it goes much farther. It goes farther than any other magazine of its type. It publishes the NEWS of the great world of motion pictures—live, reliable NEWS. Read PHOTOPLAY. Compare it with any other magazine in the field and be convinced.

Clip and Mail this offer NOW with your check or money order for $2.50 (Canada and Foreign $3.50) for which we will enter your subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. B-20

1262 Broadway

New York City
THE Golden State Limited is a very snooty train, but recently it stopped at one of the smallest stations along the line to let a woman in make-up get off at Palm Springs. It was Louise Fazenda, whose nineteen-months-old son was taken suddenly ill at the Springs while she was busy working at M-G-M.

The rain was coming down in torrents and Louise felt she could not make good time in a car, therefore, the Limited was pressed into service.

IT happened in a barber shop.

Jack Oakie, wide grin and all, was relaxed under the shears. An extra, unknown, rushed into the shop, excited. He glanced wildly around—the chairs were all filled.

"Gosh," he said, "I've got to get a shave, right away. If I don't, I'll lose a job and that's ten bucks."

Oakie raised up and then popped out of his seat.

"Take my place, Buddy," he offered, "ten bucks is ten bucks."

So Jack was late on the set—but he could kid his way out of it. The extra couldn't have.

THE big bad Wolf is just a character in a funny song in the lives of Rod LaRoque and his wife, Vilma Banky, although we seldom see them on the screen any more.

These two passed up the stock market and invested in annuities while their incomes were large. They never lived extravagantly, and they are now living exactly the same way.

Rod will be seen again in "Mystery Blonde" for Fox, opposite Mona Barrie, who is slated for stardom.

THE large, 'Carnival' location—Lee Tracy striding up and down the sawdust midway with a script girl racing after him reading lines of dialogue which Lee repeated fifteen to the dozen. Sally Eilers, looking lovely, in this her first picture since the baby, making still pictures with little Dickie Walters, another child wonder. The colored boy who was assigned to assist the snake-charmer practically turned white when he had to handle the ten-foot pythons. "All you have to do," consoled Director Walter Lang, "is to lift up the far end of the snake and put him in the box."

A few tricks between scenes of "Mystery Blonde." The gentlemen, all in grand slaming mood, studying the cards, left to right are George Barraud, Gilbert Roland, John Halliday, Mischa Auer.

Winifred Shaw, of "Sweet Adeline" introduces Paul de Ricou to a movie studio. He is a French tennis star who Warner Brothers consider a good picture bet. The ladies, especially, should agree.

If Jeanette MacDonald ever makes a personal appearance in your town, go and see the most beautiful complexion in pictures. It's sacrilege to have to put make-up over that skin. But, to get on with the story, Jeanette sang (dolorously) at a reception for Otto Klemperer, the orchestra conductor, and as she was bowing off the stage, Bob Ritchie stepped on her long velvet train and forgot to get off. The revelation that followed added a touch of high comedy seldom enjoyed at such affairs.

If you want to know when your favorite actor is a bit nervous just observe these little traits.

Miriam Hopkins lets one slipper slip half way off her foot. Then she jiggles it on her toes.

Clark Gable bats his eyes. And the faster he blinks, the more nervous he is.

Bob Montgomery draws absurd little pictures all over everything.

Douglass Montgomery tears off the corners of papers and chews them frantically.

Neil Hamilton twirls a key ring like mad.

Una Merkel giggles.

Jimmy Durante, not working that day, but over on location just the same. Jimmy loves company, he does. Plays a plain pickpocket "with good grammar." Ee-magine!
Books That Every Book Lover Will Treasure

The Economy Educational League is performing a service of great value to the booklovers of America. Situated in New York, the center of book publishing activities, it continually combs the market for remnants of specially fine editions of educational and cultural books that we purchase at prices which permit us to supply our customers with truly excellent editions of great and authoritative works at amazingly low prices.

Already more than twenty-five thousand booklovers have taken advantage of this service of whom many hundreds have become permanent customers, sending in new orders time after time as new bargains are offered.

Of the books listed on this page all of those offered at $2.98 could well be priced at from $5.00 to $7.50, and those offered at $1.98 from $3.00 to $5.00 and you would still feel you were getting your money's worth full and plenty. Every book sent out by the Economy Educational League is returnable for refund if not satisfactory. Do not hesitate to send for any books that interest you.

1. Great Poems of the English Language—One of the finest anthologies of its kind ever compiled. Indispensable to homes with growing children or where poetry is loved and appreciated. Beautiful great volume weighing four pounds. Cross indexed three ways, by titles, by first lines, by authors. 1502 pages .................................................. $2.98


3. The Romances of Herman Melville—One-volume edition. Moby Dick, Typee, White Jacket, Redburn, Mardi, Omoo and Israel Potter. The seven immortal classics of the most powerful writer in American literature complete in a single volume. 1660 pages .................................................. $2.98

4. The Story of Medicine—By Victor Robinson. A survey of the development of medical knowledge from the Stone Age to our own times. 527 pages .................................................. $2.98

5. America—By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. With 12 illustrations in color and more than 100 black and white drawings by the author. 463 pages .................................................. $2.98

6. Private Life of Marie Antoinette—By Madam Campa. The most famous intimate biography by her lady-in-waiting. 775 pages .................................................. $2.98


8. The Omnibus of Adventure—Forty-four complete stories of stirring adventure by the world's greatest romantic writers. Edited by John Grove. 882 pages .................................................. $1.98

10. Best American Wit and Humour—Edited by J. B. Mussey. An anthology of modern humour representing the finest work of a score of the great humourists of America. 301 pages .................................................. $1.98

13. Great Sea Stories—Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Thirty-two salty tales by Captain Marryat, Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Masefield and others. 680 pages .................................................. $1.98


15. Great Pirate Stories—Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Two volumes in one. 634 pages .................................................. $1.98

Use the coupon—circle numbers of books desired—any book that proves unsatisfactory may be returned for immediate refund of your money.

Economy Educational League
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

[Form for ordering books]

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

I enclose $____ for which please send me postage prepaid the books circled below; my money to be refunded on any unsatisfactory purchase.

Economy Educational League
1926 Broadway, New York.

Dept. P3
Sore Throat

See How Quickly Listerine Relieves It

Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

Listerine gets results because it is first of all a powerful, though safe, antiseptic which attacks millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown that when used as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it full strength at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Metropolitan Grand Opera
Every Saturday . . . 82 NBC Stations

Pleasant to taste . . . Safe to use
IF I KISS YOU NOW....
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him... but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!

HELEN HAYES
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL
Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, PUBLISHER
RAY LONG, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVI NO. 4 MARCH, 1935

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
Kathryn Dougherty
23

On the "Vanessa" Set
28

Don't Love Me!
30

A Look Into the Future
Joanna Rogers
38

This Dog Earns $50 a Week!

And This One $150 a Week!!
Ruth Rankin
44

Just a Bunch of Babies
Cecil Morrison
50

David Copperfield
52

The Well-Dressed Young Man
Edmund Lowe
54

Leaves of Absence
Fredric March
56

Photoplay Fashions
Rita Kaufman
59

Cal York About Town
67

Hollywood My Hollywood
Scoop Conlon
72

Woman About Town
Mitzi Cummings
74

Sylvia's Ideals for Lovely Back, Hands and Arms. Sylvia
77

Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop. Carolyn Van Wyck
78

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
8

The Shadow Stage
46

PERSONALITIES

Sally Eilers and Her Baby
6

The Chap Who Will Never Be Mr. Hepburn
Bogart Rogers
26

Irvin Cobb Presents Another Will Rogers. Irvin Cobb
34

Two Personalities in One
Kirtley Baskette
36

On the Cover, Loretta Young, Painted by Georgia Warren

INFORMATION AND SERVICE

Letters
11

Ask the Answer Man
92

Hollywood Menus
96

Screen Memories from Photoplay
104

The Fan Club Corner
110

Addresses of the Stars
119

Casts of Current Photoplays
120
Howdy! Step right up and call me Harry Joe—but Junior! You may know my mother—certainly, Sally Eilers, the very charming lady I'm hanging onto—a lot better, at this greeting, than you know me. But watch my speed. I give you just a hint of what I'm up to in two special poses, in costume, just below. Harry Joe—but Senior—Mister Brown, the director, to you, Dad to me—says I'm already right in there, with plenty of stuff on the ball. I'll says he's right! Anyhow, I've had a chance to look things over in my five months here, and I've got a few things up my sleeve. Sally's next? "Carnival!"
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

RUDY VALLEE in
"SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubador, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.

Heigh-Ho, Everybody! ... Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors — Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Showl

Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.

Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.
ADVENTURE GIRL — RKO-Radio. — Carreling Joan Lowery's exciting adventure in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE — RKO-Radio. — For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme, love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES — RKO-Radio. — Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family. In this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley, (Jan.)

AUTUMN CROOSES — Associated Talking Pictures. — A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Hans Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Feb.)

BABBITT — First National. — Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbs as the title-role. Alene MacMahan good as his wife. (Feb.)

BABES IN TOYLAND — Hal Roach-M-G-M. — A debut for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BADGE OF HONOR — Mayfair. — Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Cagble and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

BATTLE, THE — Leopold Communist Prod. — A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Mylee O'Borm, to obtain war secrets from an English attache. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE — Paramount. — Old time holocaust, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sidney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

BELLE OF THE NINETIES — Paramount. — La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine DeMille do well. But the film is a near-triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BIG HEARTED HERBERT — Warners. — Just the kind of heart-warming with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar role. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good support cast. (Feb.)


BRIGHT EYES — Fox. — A bright lot of entertainments with sad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar role. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good support cast. (Feb.)

BROADWAY BILL — Columbia. — Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his dominating wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Wallace Connelly). He makes everything on a gallant race horse — and Mylna Loy, (Nov.)

BY YOUR LEAVE — RKO-Radio. — You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his fortes who wants to be naughty and has gotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)


CARAVAN — Fox. — For a notorious carnival of song, dance, costumes and operettas, I recommend this film hung in Holiday. A-l cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillip Holmes. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE — Warners. — Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawsuits, worries, a love mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

CHAINED — M-G-M. — Sensitively written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON — Fox. — Warner Oland (Charlie Chan) has three days to prevent execution of a man who he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION — Paramount. — A man. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE — Mascot. — War story good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (Dec.)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE — Chesterfield. — Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an impertinent actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scorsby, moving in on her family, and her final and best performance. (Feb.)


DEALERS IN DEATH — Topical Films. — Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you will look at the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND — M-G-M. — Impossible to solve, yet for meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madame Evans love interest. (Nov.)


DESERABLE — Warners. — A neat gem that will pleae the entire family. New twerels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT — RKO-Radio. — (Dec.)— The Yachtsmen — embodied in the roles of two yachtsmen (Bucktail, 1929) giving away to "Head Streethers" of 1929. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparker, Polly Moran, Marc Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE — First National. — Not up to the S. V. Sand standard — punchless crook drama. Walter Conolly as a blind man, but Isabel Jewell is accursed. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Dec.)

ELINOR NORTON — Fox. — A completely barren attempt to depict the trials of a duchess aided and abetted by her butler. All塞尔va. (Nov.)

ENTER MADAME — Paramount. — Spotless entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her bewillered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter voice. (Jan.)

EVELYN PRENTICE — M-G-M. — Myrna Loy thinks she's married, but is a demure man, Isabel Jewell is accursed. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Dec.)

EVENSONG — Gaumont British. — The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Layden a beautiful woman whose wealth of opera make is a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE — Paramount. — Gerardude Michael is the one thrill in this rather dull serial. The role of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]
Janet GAYNOR
 Warner BAXTER
 in
 One More Spring

with this splendid cast

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
and STEPIN FETCHIT

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING
From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke
BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A quick-moving comedy, with mostly pleasant moments. (Feb.)

FIREFIGHT, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, a cop, goes to a gangland jail as a cover for his mission to catch the boss of the gang that killed his sister. (Feb.)

FLIGHT TO FURY, THE—MGM.—'A gangster scenes where it was necessary to show the power of the gang. (May.)

FLIGHT TO THE WEST, THE—RKO.—A tremendous adventure story of a lost city in the desert where the gangsters are trying to find埋藏的宝藏. (May.)

FLIRTATION, WALK—UNIVERSAL.—A charming little comedy of love and adventure. (May.)

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, THE—Thompson.—A comedy of love and adventure. (May.)

FUGITIVE LADY, THE—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), a train wreck puts her into the role of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (May.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Inevitable.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Australia, falling in love with an American girl, Vera Engles, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slidery story well acted. (May.)

GAINEY, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carol Lombard, who knows how to catch a man, is now involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her favor. Nat Pendleton and Hedy Lamarr. Leo Carrillo pays with Chester Morris wins. (May.)


GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (May.)

GIFT OF GAB—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flaps, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame is good, gags, songs, ideas, however. Thomas Meighan, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (May.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBLOST, THE—Monogram.—Folk who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (May.)

GIRL O'MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and college controversy with Sterling Hollyo's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (May.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Brabston as orphan Pip, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (May.)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery with a girl who falls for a genuine gentleman. Shirley Temple, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray. Dorothy Revier are adequate. (May.)

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National.—Suspenseful murder mystery with a heroine (Miss Reynolds) trying to catch the mastermind. (May.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about a love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an able-bodied vendor (Denny Dun). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are good comedy team. (May.)

HEART SONG—Fox—Gaumont—British.—A pleasant little countryside film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of the real Fl要比 the crip. There's murder, thiever, and a tough trial. Baxter is an American with the look of the smir. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (May.)

HERE COMES THE CRANK—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Hulley who Patricia Ellis introduces to family as crooked husband. But the real crooner turns up—and they leave! (Aug.)

HERE COMES THE NAVY—Warner.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting story picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (May.)


HIDE-OUT—M-G-M.—As a racketeer playboy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by his gang. Well acted and directed. Does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Aug.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Fox Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. Fair. (Aug.)

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE—RKO—Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his conventionalized wife (Martha Scott) and his bow to the seductive fortune-teller makes interesting fare with Dorothy Wilson. Fair. (Aug.)

HOMES ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old shoot-out still present but the crooks using modern methods for catching in stunts. Betty Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Aug.)

HOUSEWIFE—Warner.—Encouraged by his wife (Doris Ken), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth; and a mistress (Genevieve Tobin. Just so-entertainment. (Aug.)

HUMAN SIDE, THE—Universal.—Accurately realistic, the film is entertaining from start to finish. Adolph Menjou, Doris Ken, Fred MacMurray, Leslie Howard, Paul Lukas. (Aug.)


I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-gangster who meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)


IN OLD SANTA FE—Mack.—A dozen plots woven into a tapestry for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse Wild Bill, Eumorfio, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Aug.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks to you death as a zyg auctioneer who is taken by a society matron and guber he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

IT'S A GIFT—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the role of a hen-pecked husband, Baby LeRoy, Jean Harlow, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Aug.)

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox.—Will Rogers makes irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heightens your interest. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Aug.)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, as-coiled, about two mantangia (Juan Reinaldo, Olga), Fritze, two others do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Aug.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO—Radio.—Wheeler and Woolery with a skateboarding joke, a South American adventurer, and a director who never makes up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Aug.)

KID MILLIONS—Samuel Goldwyn—United Artists.—The story of a boy who goes from one crisis to the next, with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Aug.)

LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a suggestion for May Rabkin. Rosalind Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an irrepressible alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Aug.)


LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture based on some sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Aug.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A race-track boy goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Jimmie Dodd, Jimmie Durante. (Aug.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO—Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert color photography. Dorothy Lamour, Millard Mitchell, Barbara Pepper, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Aug.)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruense for the kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, opium den, murder beats, etc. Jean Parker, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Aug.)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gaumont—British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Aug.)

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15!
Letters

Here is where readers of Photoplay have an opportunity to say their say frankly.

LIFE FULL OF SEX

Why all this hue and cry about sex pictures? One does not need to go to a movie to get it, our everyday life is full of it, newspapers, schools, trolleys, busses, parks, autos—it's everywhere. It's life. Far worse is the cocktail drinking and smoking of our female players in the picture. Disgusting.

J. M. Birken, Bridgeport, Conn.

GARBO A COMIC?

It seems to me that the usually astute M-G-M fails to try the one thing that would replace Greta Garbo on her pedestal in public favor—a good high-comedy. Something from Molnar or Noel Coward, with Ronald Colman, Tullio Carminati or George Brent.

H. Pratt, Detroit, Michigan

TWO BODY BLOWS

We think that Dolores Del Rio is terrible as Madame DuBarry. She is too much of an Indian-Mexican type to be a European vampire. Her bony cheeks, big mouth, yellow-green color, etc., is not for the splendid type of the mistresses of the French king Louis. Besides, why show her feet so much? They are not pretty. They are too big. All the other DuBarrys, with the exception of Pola Negri, are much better.

And, we don’t want films in Spanish. They are awful. The stories are all right, but the actors and actresses, in general, are vulgarly cheap.

ADORADORA DE LA PANTALLA,
Buenos Aires, S. A.

FAILED TO CLICK

Those Broadways folk have failed to click in pictures. One by one they have left Hollywood with remarks of mistreatment and the unfairness of the fans. But the grand old favorites, Dix, Crawford and others, with courage and hope, fought their way and once more are topnotchers.

William Albert Tait, Mithakati, Alaska

RIGHT TO PRIVACY

OVERHEARING someone criticising Gloria Swanson, deploiring her “shocking” success of off-screen romances set me to thinking—What audacity to criticize a star’s private life—the circumstances of which we know nothing, when in their professional capacity they give us so much.

Daisy Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.

NO MORE PEEKING

PLEASE! Less revelations of the stars’ private lives. Why not a series of sincerely written portraits of the stars as they really are by some well-known writer instead of the endless articles on such subjects of “Why Virginia Bruce Left John Gilbert” and the like. The private lives of the stars are their own business, not the public’s.

Anne McCormick, Marietta, Ohio

GOOD MEDICINE

A FRIEND of mine who is a ticket seller in a neighborhood theater told me of a pathetic incident about a man with a black band on his sleeve who came every evening leading two small children.

[Please turn to page 12]
COLOR RUINS EYES?

In a few years the black and white pictures we now see will be ghosts of the past. But instead of taking color straight from the paint box, it would be better to experiment still further until softer tones have been found. Why ruin or injure people's eyesight for the cause of a noble experiment?

RAYMOND CARNY, Los Angeles, Calif.

NEW OR OLD?

Perhaps the ambition of the motion picture producers to seek continually for something new should be lauded, but I am of the opinion that the public does not demand new stuff all the time. Scenario writers should not try for new ideas, rather they should handle an old idea better than it was ever handled before. Shakespeare took old ideas and doctored them up, but he was a right smart doctor.

KATHRYN HELGERS, Racine, Wis.

GOOD IN EVERY FILM

I've gotten something good out of every picture I've ever seen, and it gives me the jitters to hear some dumb animal say, "I think the movies are the ruination of the younger generation." Let me say that if more young folks attended the movies they would profit in many ways.

SUE BARKER, Milan, Georgia.

GARBO MURDERED?

I am making a plea in behalf of a great artist, Greta Garbo. You know as well as I do that she is being maliciously, glibly murdered. With the sharp criticism of her work artistically and the unbelievable ridicule of her personally, Garbo is the only actress who could have survived so long. She is truly beautiful, and a really great actress.

EUNICE GILDER, Anderson, S. C.

LESS ARTIFICIALITY

Overheard a woman ask her husband how he liked the actress they had just seen, and he replied, "Well, she's just another of those blondes." I feel just about as he did. Why not less artificiality, less make-up from the same-mold type and more naturalness and individuality?

J. WILLIAM PEAVEY, Louisville, Ky.

A PLEA FOR GARBO

It is time that Garbo's legion of worshippers rose up and demanded that the great actress be given a great story. Her own studio, in an endeavor to revert to former successes, is presenting her in a series of humdrum films. Let us see her as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," as Isolde in "Tristan and Isolde." It is her pictures that are killing her. Her acting grows steadily thinner.

JOHN ROWAN, New York City

GENUINE IDEALIST

At last a genuine idealist has raised his elation voice above the bacchanalian hoopla and fattuous ballyhoo. Walter Wanger's "The President Vanishes" is an inspired masterpiece. Its message and warning to humanity concerning the cause of brotherhood and world peace, and its light turned on the vicious forces of war and hatred, must be regarded as a crowning triumph for both Wanger and Paramount. Of course, the plot of this cinema of the new era has been cribbed from the front page news of tomorrow's paper, but who cares? Its sincerity is so intense I can't conceive of anyone unwilling to admit it as a strikingly superior movie.

LOUISE KENNEDY, Byton, Ill.

SHIRLEY WRONGLY CAST?

Why is Shirley Temple cast in so many gangster pictures? Most small children simply adore her, and it just breaks their hearts to see her involved in such heart rending situations. It is over-stimulating and their little minds cannot digest the fact that what they see is merely acting.

MRS. GRACE WINTINGS, Reading, Penn.

CENSORS CUFFED

I am free, white, and able to vote, and I see no reason why my right to life, liberty and the pursuit of a good picture should be denied me. I, of course, will not allow my children to attend a picture that would leave a morally bad impression on them, and for both them and me there is the guide in Photoplay. So why should some sour-faced censor tell me what to see?

R. F. FARMER, San Pedro, Calif.

NO SHAME?

Just wonder why all actresses wear so little. Don't they have shame? They go so near naked there is nothing left to the imagination. I don't object as such scenes, but let the ladies keep their bodies covered.

MRS. B. J. H., Cheyenne, Wyo.

VERTEE TEASDALE and her handsome Great Dane walk down to the edge of the lawn to greet Adolphe Menjou.

Cecil B. DeMille, the spectacle master, shows Henry Wilcoxon one of the falcons he will use in "The Crusades."
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1935

PRINCESS PERSONALITY HERSELF!

THE GIRL WHO CAN DO EVERYTHING
IN THE MUSICAL ROMANCE
THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

Jessie Matthews
in EVERGREEN

THE STORY WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR
WORDS... SO THEY SET IT TO MUSIC

By Ben W. Levy
Music by Rodgers & Hart and Harry M. Woods
Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE

OUTSTANDING SENSATION OF RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

GEORGE ARLISS in THE IRON DUKE
JACK HULBERT in JACK AHY
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON in PRINCESS CHARING
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW - POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN

GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS
Letters

Interchange of opinion can be not only entertaining but profitably enlightening

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

WATCH THE FANS!

WHEN Carole Lombard was doing her fan dance in "Lady by Choice," she put both of the fans in front of herself. And in back of her was the orchestra. Please watch these things, and correct me if I am wrong.

VINCENT YARDUM, JR., New York City

SUBTLER MUSIC

THE subtler use of music is certainly adding to the films' theatrical vitality.

SAMUEL KAY PARKhurst, Seattle, Wash.

DUCK, PRODUCERS!

IT is evident the Hollywood producers operate on a "slow but sure" policy: slow to recognize ability and sure to regret the procrastination.


VARIETY DEMANDED

TOO much of anything becomes trite and wearisome. Too much Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, John Boles and his inevitable "shady life" backstreets. Too much Jimmy Cagney and his socking feminine cheeks. Patrons crave something new and different, something unexpected, not typed. We want variety. Right?

ANNEtte VICTOBINE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MORE BRUNETTES!

IT isn't any wonder that the public tires of going to the movies. All we ever see is a bunch of washed up, faded out blondes for leading ladies. They all look alike, and it gets monotonous and tiresome. Let's have some shiny dark hair and sparkling brown eyes.

MRS. W. DIECKMANN, Cincinnati, Ohio

GRUESOME AND CENSORS

SHORTLY after the death and capture of Dillinger, I saw a newscast showing his bullet-punctured body in a morge, with flies crawling over it. It left an impression on me that the perfectly good feature picture did not remove. Isn't it a bit foolish to permit a gruesome sight of that sort and then censor our other movies?

THELMA MILLER, Burlingame, Cal.

MORE HAPPY ENDINGS

CRITICS have made no end of fun of the "happy ending" Hollywood invariably tacks on a movie whether it was in the original story. It's time somebody came to the support of "They lived happily ever after," and I'm willing to start the ball rolling. I may be a low-brow, but I don't like "artistic" pictures because they usually try to prove how futile it is for ordinary mortals like myself to attempt to overcome our obstacles.

ELLYN ALCORN, Hatboro, Penn.

HUMAN NATURE

WHY all the publicity about cleaning up pictures? The way to go about it is to clean them up and not say a word. After all this publicity, we, the public, will yell for the low-down pictures. And if the producers then say "Public, all you're going to get is low-down pictures," why then we'll whoop and holler for some clean ones.

It is human nature to want something we can't have.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Hughes, Arkansas

BOX-OFFICE IDEA

IF the producers will give us public more clean pictures, I think you will find that the box office receipts won't be so bad.

KATHERINE ROGERS, Atlanta, Georgia

ADJECTIVES SLAPPED

IT'S the greatest picture ever produced, most gorgeous, wonderful, spectacular, super super smash hit! It's "The picture coming next week to this theater."

We're used to it now, and do not expect moderation in adjectives. But wouldn't it be a welcome surprise to see just this flashed on the screen: "The next picture to be seen at this theater is a darned good one?" Less frantic advertising would be greatly appreciated.

HELEN STAPENBECK, San Francisco, Cal.

Paulette Goddard and her mother, Mrs. Goddard, leave El Mirador for a turn about town. Ah, there, driver!

Once again C. B. DeMille has chosen Henry Wilcoxon for another of his super-spectacles. It's "The Crusades"

ENTERTAINMENT

AM an Australian, and, of course, a British subject. But all this talk of British films for British people, etc., makes me sick. To my mind, all films should be produced not to enhance the position of the producing country and company, but to enhance the film industry as a whole.

My advice to the movie moguls is to concentrate on one thing—entertainment.

JOHN O'BRIEN, Woolahra, Australia

BEST IN WORLD

AM sure we would never have been on the road to progress for "Bigger and Better Pictures" if it had not been for Greta Garbo. Ann Harding, Binnie Barnes and Katharine Hepburn also must be included among the "brilliants." It is such actresses who will mark America as the best producer of pictures in the world.

MRS. CHARLES RAY, JR., Columbus, Tex.

KEEPS 'EM COMING

PICTURES like "Little Women" will draw, but ones like "Judge Priest" will keep us coming.

M. K. CALDWELL, Middletown, Ohio

GROUCH REMEDY

THE best remedy for a grouch is—the movies.

PEARL MEADES, Baltimore, Maryland

VIOLETS FOR OLD BOOKS

VIOLETS to the producers of many of the most familiar books of my childhood. I anticipated the arrival of the films, and my expectations were most certainly fulfilled. Can't we have more of these old books brought to the screen?

LAURA M. LARDNER, North Syracuse, N. Y.

CODE ASKED

MY husband and I go to a movie. Upon arriving, we find two features, and a pre-view besides. It sounds all right going in, but

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
LOSE IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram.—Edgar Nugent, William Cagney, offer deep-going七月. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen hundred feet as the balloon goes haywire. For the youngers. (Jan.)

LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather’s novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck as the title lady, John榴艮4^gand Morgan and Ricardo Cerey satisfy. (Nov.)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schnetzer, a Russian aristocrat, for his love for Helene Patison; her father’s (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

LOYALTIES—Falk-Auten Prod.—An overhauled adaptation of John Galsworthy’s play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gumnut—British. — A pictorial record of the lives of the folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring inaccuracies keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Kell Gali, a new French star, is lovely. Helen Morgan sings nobly, Ned Sparks and Stephen Funtik are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MAYBE IT’S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander and Virginia Weidman are the stars. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their roles. (Feb.)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but you'll get a three-hour thrill from this story in reefing and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce abot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

MERRY WIDOW—M-G-M.—Operetta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Charles B. Fitzsimons and Margaret Velie rate Toners for their performances. (Nov.)

THE MIGHTY BARNUM—20th Century—United Art.—A grand show, with Wallace Beery playing the great showman. The scenes are big, the music is good. But despite the big scenes, this is not a Billy Wilder film. (Dec.)

Mrs. WIGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other names. (Dec.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a temperate Mother Superior. She calls in her leading man, John Mills. Gay and tuneful. (Dec.)


NIGHT ALARM—M-G-M.—If you like to go to sleep with your eyes open, you'll get a three-hour thrill from this story in reefing and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce abot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NORGAR O’NEAL—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dub-A-Baby Players, famous on the stage, in their at movie. Luckies their spotlight and charm on screen. (Jan.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Riding for suavely robust story of much charm. Neil monogram, and Bunnie Barnes, who picks up Proctor, is laughable. This has an old-time feel to it, which is pretty well balanced. But it’s Joe and his sweet voice you’ll remember. (Dec.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast mem.—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marill, Joan Blondell and James B. Burnet. Has his utmost, this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen’s “Teen Hat” herpares their efforts. (Nov.)

OVER NIGHT—Mundia Distributing Corp.—sort, including Stanley Ridges, who has a graden idea. But, it has engaged Robert Don best to do. (Dec.)

PAINTED VEIL, THE—M-G-M.—Gloria as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in beijing-China. A betrayed passion for George Much more is her love is her husband. Faw. drama. (Jan.)

PECK’S BAD BOY—Fox.—The story so moubly of us have enjoyed in days gone by. eflectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the “bad boy.” (Nov.)

PERFECT CRUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama—society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Luella O’Shea’s subtle, charming performance of David Manners and Betty Bhlye. (Feb.)


PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Dickson, William Tabbert, Ruby Keeler—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE—Paramount.—Heights on the long-zone custom used to rouse the tear, “building”, a Helen soldier and a colonial in Revolutionary War days. Florence Lader, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Ralph Byrd, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing. (Dec.)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, should please entire family. Richard Arlen, newsw—Mayo Methot and the inanDigment of the town’s leading citizen, Marjorie Rambeau. Trent Durkin, Beulah Bond. (Nov.)

REDHEAD—M-G-M.—Grace Bradley doesn’t seem an able choice to carry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the man. (Dec.)

RED MORNING—RKO—Radio.—The lovely young Mr. and Mrs. is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance, and Burgess Meredith, as. O’Neill through forests with poached spears. etc. (Feb.)

RETURN OF CHANDU, THE—Universal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess and a walrus—Miss Helen Twelvetrees, with. Beka Lugolo is Chandu. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE—RKO—Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title role, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself only. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fast fights and lots of fast riding. Robert Lowery is the star, with Romand, Jackson and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

SHERILL, M.—G-M.—A beautiful and amusing picture in which the life stories of animals are home. Jean Parker, Russell Harding. (Nov.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO—Radio.—The new streamlined train is hero of this picture, gallantly carrying on a group of men and women and a hero to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Harold Arlidge, Edwin Kennedy. (Feb.)

SIX DAY BIKE RIDE—First National.—Typical Jersey pie story, but it has a lot of zing and good acting. The day s, Joe E. Brown, Claire Dodd, Alice Joyce, Roscoe Arbuckle and Frank McHugh. (Dec.)

SWEETHEART NIGHT, THE—Paramount.—An amusingly, a lecture on in-laws as a joke, see Roger Pryor’s predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (Jane Clev-worth) and in real in—laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Kay Alden, Yvonne De Carlo, Walker, Busy. (Feb.)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical holiday. Bing Crosby, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Blue, Florine McKenny. (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A—Paramount.—William Collier becomes a millionnaire through asking for and receiving $25,000 to come to his surprise party. Sally Blane, Russell Hepton, Gloria Sheen, William Janney. (Dec.)

THAT’S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Capra. Ralph Forbes, Arthur Lake, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THERE’S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as a enamored father. Bennie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Feve. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bright spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)


TRAIL BEYOND, THE—M-G-M.—Sup- perb Western, but, no in—law, gorgeous scenery beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Vera Hille, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

TRANSLATURAL MERRY-G-ROUND—United Artists.—The gal’s got the grab and power. There’s a murder on shipboard, not so in—triguing, Cabbages and Confections. Ella Cline, Gabriel Scott is hero. Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Arlidge. The star is the Russ Columbo’s unsur- passable vocalizing. (Dec.)

WEDNESDAY’S CHILD—RKO—Radio.—A moving preachment against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the child victim. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

WELL LIVE AGAIN—Samuel Goldwyn—United Artists.—Toote’s “Resurrection” again. But that simple story is given such a sincere blemishens to plume your heart. Anna Sna, Fredric March, and an excellent supporting cast give it you. (Dec.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO—Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy. James Cagney, Lou Costello, Claude Bebeu, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep’n Eat and Such. (Dec.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and others. A dandy, dandy, truly delightful. (Nov.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard—riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, truck riding and rescues. (Dec.)

WHITE PARADE, THE—Fox.—Nurses in action, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart—stringing picture. (Jan.)

WICKED WOMAN—A—M-G-M.—Good work by Williams and Anthony. This is the latest of the entertaining. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Walter Pidgeon, Joseph Sweeney. (Dec.)

WIRELESS CHILDREN—Universal.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their romance, but the/ are robust enough to reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

YOU BELONG TO ME—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine all other artists, Lee Tracy, Gene Kelly. Monogram, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wannaps Stars and fact that it is Bill Haye’s supporting cast will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)
coming out, you are so sick of comedies, news reels, novelies and mediocre features that you vow you'll not go again for months. Why don't they make some kind of a code and select only pictures made by the major studios?

MARY ANGELA KELLY, Los Angeles, Cal.

FREE SHOWS FOR POOR

[If I had a lot of money, I would put up a free picture show for all the poor people.]

Mrs. R. L. Boyd, York, S. C.

SOUL OR FACE?

[There are many actresses today who are gifted and beautiful, but the fans who scorn talent portraying soul beauty for facial beauty, take notice—those grand trouper who have created great names and standings, and have given us hours of happiness will live forever.]

FANNY KELLY, Chicago, Illinois

WRITE OLD STARS

[Self]ed, if ever, have I found a word in glorification of the forgotten ones of the screen. They are the once great stars who have slipped, retired, and are trying to come back. Why not try to help them? You fans of such stars, why not write them, tell them how much you enjoyed them?

Alice Walker, Sunfield, Mich.

TO THE OLD TIMERS

[Yes] verily, when it comes to stalking around in togas and delivering bombastic lines in the grand manner, the old-timers had it over the younger crop of actors like the proverbial tent. They would appear less absurd in a modern wisecracking farce than our modern players in costume plays of a remote period.

Mrs. Jane Shaw, Cleveland, Ohio

FOR THE UNSUNG

[Instead of raving about the various stars, why not a vote of appreciation for the ones who make them look as they do?]

B. Easley, Greensburg, Indiana

ATTENTION, STUDENTS

[If used to feel tired and blue whenever I had a test facing me the next day at college, until I finally went to a movie the night before one. The next day, I made the highest mark I have ever made. No more do I dread test days.]

Naomi Holland, Rome, Georgia

PLEASURE TAKEN AWAY

[Quite] agree with Mr. George Abbate of Utica in pleading for the return of intelligent short subjects instead of the slapstick comedies now being shown. It is difficult to sit through these comedies. They take away the pleasure of the whole show.

Kathleen Laurie, Ogden, Utah

RUT NECESSARY?

To me, Norma Shearer with her many characterizations has disproved the theory that one must eventually be "typed." Is it necessary to fall into the rut of being a "typed" character?

Catherine Jonas, Tucson, Arizona

FILMS TREMENDOUS POWER

[If the film industry but realized its tremendous power in moulding fashions, manners and even morals, I believe it would give more thought to the great responsibility and influence within its hands, and take more seriously the effects it creates—giving its vast public films which are even better and more worthy of imitation. For we human beings are imitative, especially the young.]

Mary Mil, Evanston, Ill.

Marian Marsh, an expert fisherwoman, goes to San Gabriel Canyon to land her trout. And here she is, caught in the act! Cute, too, eh?

SEE PAGES 54-55

Your magazine is replete with fashion hints for ladies, but nothing for men. Why doesn't Photoplay start such a department with tips for the men on what to wear? Think almost as much as many men as women read Photoplay.

Cecil W. Norman, Enid, Oklahoma

WHO IS RIGHT?

One point which everyone seems to disagree on is the relationship between Mr. Barre and his daughter. I believe it was a strict fatherly love, but people who have read the book insist that it was not. Who is right?

Ethel Stein, Paterson, New Jersey

SUPPORT COUNTS

Stars may come and stars may go, but oft the line between success or failure (of picture) depends on the support given the stars by the old guard of trained trouper such as Lewis Stone.

June De Shane, Minneapolis, Minn.
Revealing the Greta Garbo-George Brent Romance!

What about Greta Garbo and George Brent? For months, the whole movie colony has been wondering whether the unapproachable Garbo has at last succumbed to a man's adoration—the first man since Jack Gilbert. They came to know each other during the filming of their latest picture, "The Painted Veil." No one knows better than George Brent himself what the real relationship between him and Garbo is. If you want to know the real facts, read this story in the March MOVIE MIRROR.

Hidden Chapter in Bing Crosby's Life

Delving into the unknown background of the popular radio singer and movie actor, Walter Ramsey, one of MOVIE MIRROR's star writers, found an amazing and entertaining history—the history of a Peck's Bad Boy who later became a model citizen and much beloved husband and father. You may have read the story of Bing's life, but you've never known before the inside facts about his boyish escapades, from the age of eight to the age of twenty-four. "Bing Crosby's Record"—revealing this hidden chapter in his life—appears in fascinating detail in the March issue of MOVIE MIRROR.

Is There a Difference Between Friendship and Love?

Joan Crawford, who has experienced both in plenty, tells her vivid, vital opinion on this subject which concerns each and every one of us. There is no more outspoken movie star than Miss Crawford and her statements not only show us a new Joan Crawford, but also give us valuable advice that we can apply to our own lives.

Why Was Hollywood Jealous of Mae West?

No star in Hollywood has been more miserably treated by the Cinema City than this famous blonde. Usually, Hollywood admires success, but in this case Hollywood resented it. Here is the inside story, never before told in a movie magazine.

All of the absorbingly interesting feature articles described above and many, many more appear in the big March issue of MOVIE MIRROR, the great movie magazine edited direct from Hollywood. If you have not already done so, by all means get your copy today and see for yourself why MOVIE MIRROR is fast becoming America's most popular movie magazine regardless of price.
Beauty of lips and neck line mean charm. Keep this beauty the way the screen stars do — Enjoy DOUBLE MINT Gum daily. Whenever and wherever convenient.
Jeanette MacDonald put on her Adrian creation of white organdy, with turquoise taffeta trimmings, that you may see how she will look in her forthcoming screen version of Victor Herbert's operetta, "Naughty Marietta." The immortal musical is to have an extravagant setting, by the way. But, back to Jeanette—that bodice is quilted taffeta; and the hat, turquoise ostrich plume.
The result of an international search—Freddie Bartholomew, as the boy David Copperfield in Dickens' masterpiece of that name brought to the screen. It was only after months of arduous seeking and elimination that Freddie, like sight to a blindman, came to M-G-M's attention. He's a manly lad, isn't he? Frank Lawton will be Copperfield as a man. You'd better watch for this one
The gay, petite Alice Faye goes soulful, stunningly so—and no wonder, with that very, very ultra dinner gown of black cellophane. Incidentally, the belt is studded with Silver Nail Heads! Maybe Alice will wear it for the premiere of the picture she’s now hard at work in, “George White’s Scandals.” The blonde tidbit is in great demand, with a year’s work already scheduled for her
Everybody and his brother and sister are clamoring for information on Tullio Carminati's next picture, "Once a Gentleman." Here's a peek. Lilian Harvey, the gorgeous British actress, is the object of the Italian star's fervid love in it. Incidentally, raves over Tullio's great performance in "One Night of Love," with Grace Moore, are still echoing about. Maybe they'll do another one.
Close-Ups and Long-Shots

BY KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

WE'RE all going to be agog soon over a certain little German actress who is coming to our shores. She's arriving by way of England, where she played a superb rôle as Catherine the Great in the picture of that name. In New York she will pause for a run in the stage play "Escape Me Never," then on to Hollywood.

Elisabeth Bergner is as shy as a doe and as elusive as a mountain goat. From Maine to California the cry will arise, "She's only doing a Garbo," when she grows reticent—as she is more than likely to do—in the face of strong-arm American publicity methods. English journalists have so far failed to gain an interview with her. Maybe our more aggressive members of the press will have better luck.

To guard Miss Bergner is the ever-protecting arm of her husband. Always he is on the set, guiding her, encouraging her. Without him she is said to appear helpless.

Whatever her success may be, we may be certain she will never succumb to Hollywood's heady wine. It won't be a case of a sadder and disillusioned husband returning to the homeland alone.

Time was when any actor, producer, director, cameraman, office boy—no, not office boys; any one of those bright youngsters waited until he got to be supervisor—felt that to maintain his dignity and convince one and all that he was a big shot he must travel about Hollywood in an imported car. You could toss a stone in any direction and hit a Rolls, a Hispano, a Fiat, even, occasionally, a Daimler.

Not so today.

About the only really spectacular cars in Hollywood belong to Carl Brisson and Lilian Harvey, both of foreign origin—cars and actors. Brisson uses a sensational importation, which boasts a swinging bar, a built in make-up kit, and other fixtures.

Lilian Harvey rides in a car of French manufacture, which caused a sensation when she first came over. It is cream-colored, nickel-bedecked. But she's getting tired of it. Recently, she and Helen Ferguson set out from Helen's office for Hollywood. "Is there any place around here where I can leave the car?" inquired Miss Harvey; "it attracts too much attention."

All of which is a healthful sign. Gone are the days of phony ostentation. Those who make motion pictures for you these days realize that it's a serious business with much real money involved. Real money; not poker chips.
COMING back to Lilian Harvey—you will remember she was brought to Hollywood after her success in the foreign-made film "Congress Dances." Falling short of expectations in another studio, she is now Columbia's protégé. And on the Columbia lot they seem to possess the secret of knowing what it takes to make a player click again.

Under the direction of Victor Schertzinger, who guided Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati so triumphantly through "One Night of Love," she again has her big chance.

Miss Harvey has drawn Carminati to play opposite her, too! Looks like good fortune all around.

THE Far East—China, Siam, Indo-China—takes to action, comedy, beauty (feminine) in a big way in its motion pictures. Wild "Tarzan" box receipts proved to be an all-time top. Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy are prime comic favorites and Jeanette MacDonald's films delight that discerning judge of pulchritude, the Sultan of Johore.

All this on the word of Edward F. O'Connor, manager of M-G-M's Far Eastern film exchanges for the past six years.

WHAT picture will win Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal award for 1934, when the balloting starts next month? You will recall that it has always been Photoplay's custom to postpone voting for the best picture of the year previous until films released as late as December have had several months' circulation in picture houses.

THIS time there will be a lively list to pick from. Critics' lists of the "Best Ten" have been printed, but I'll not influence your choice next month when Photoplay's first ballots begin to appear. All I ask is that you then cast your vote. Photoplay's Gold Medal award has become a national classic because it represents the choice of all of you—the picture-goers of America.

It was a quick curtain for Lowell Sherman and as one who had made the stage and screen his life, he would have appreciated that. Only twenty-four hours on a sick bed, he passed on.

On both stage and screen there was a devil-may-care nonchalance in his acting that befitted the rôles he essayed. Theater-goers will remember him best in "The Tavern" and "High Stakes." He repeated this last success on the screen.

When he laid aside paint for the megaphone, he directed as he acted—dramatically. In all his relations in life he never quite seemed to forget—and this fact gave color and liveliness to his winning personality—his theatrical instinct.

Lowell Sherman will be remembered as one of Hollywood's immortals.

THE bubble, reputation, never seems to burst anywhere in the world with more ominous finality than in Hollywood. Three consecutive successes and you may be a star; one failure may deflate your splendor.

I am inclined to believe, however, that producers are more impatient than the public. The dethroned of one studio have been picked up, on occasion, by some rising film company and made a hit.

And stars who had begun to worry about their future on their home lot have been loaned to a rival company for a picture which has doubled their box-office prestige.

A player who seems "down" may be only so in his employers' minds. A recount may show he is a winner.
The Object of Her Affections
By JAMES A. DANIELS

She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game!

And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of how Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933oterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on role on the stage. But screen producers continued of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the plots ever concocted. • Just to Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien the manner in which, a gesture of the his walk is funny! who makes his bow anything else in Europe to get a poker game! which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933oterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on role on the stage. But screen producers continued of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the plots ever concocted. • Just to Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien the manner in which, a gesture of the his walk is funny! who makes his bow land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows, hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".
A study—so to speak—of Leland Hayward, who will have the distinction of making more money than his highly-paid film-star wife receives by

BOGART ROGERS

There's no desk in Hayward's penthouse office. He lounges while he works, and telephones instead of writing. He likes tables—for his feet!

WHEN, as and if Miss Katharine Hepburn makes that long, long trek to the altar—which a great many folks "in the know" insist she has already done—it's almost a cinch that her trekking partner will be a tall, slender and slightly loose-jointed young man named Leland Hayward.

It may be of help in attempting to present a brief picture of the fascinating Katharine's future—or present—husband to explain that his cable code address is the single word HAYWIRE. His staff selected it for him, and while it doesn't tell the whole story, it conveys the general idea. Lest unpleasant conclusions be drawn, I hasten to define HAYWIRE as meaning colorful, entertaining, not like every other guy you meet, and never a dull moment when Leland's around.

Mr. Hayward is a motion picture agent, in which occupation he is just about tops. He represents a truly glittering galaxy of brilliant writers and scintillating stars. As for instance—Miss Hepburn herself, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullivan, Miriam Hopkins, Charles Laughton, Ben Hecht, Gene Fowler, Ina Claire, Herbert Marshall, Donald Ogden Stewart, Edna Best, Vincent Lawrence, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers—to name but a few. And does he represent 'em; does he get 'em dough!
who will never be

MR. HEPBURN

To simplify matters, let us assume Katharine and Leland are married and then say that Leland probably makes more money than his wife, a rare and unusual characteristic of the gents who marry film queens. In fact, it’s practically unheard of. I haven’t examined his books, but it takes no certified public accountant to realize that ten per cent of the earnings—the usual agent’s commission—of his imposing list of clients adds up to a staggering number of cocoanuts.

He is not, however, so his Boswells declare, without personal financial woes. A sensible fellow who frowns on flagrant extravagance, he has placed himself on a strict weekly allowance for personal expenses. An admirable plan—except that he frequently overspends his pittance—almost every week. When this occurs he artfully averts financial disaster by borrowing money from himself which, of course, he intends to pay back to himself out of his next week’s allowance—and never does. One of his friends has advised him to sue himself and see if he can collect.

To thumbnail his career chronologically for a moment:

His father is the popular and influential Colonel Bill Hayward, erstwhile district attorney of New York. In his Princeton days—class of ’23 so you can approximate his age for

— and for a time thereafter, Leland was quite the lad in the social swirl—Pall Mall Supper Club and such like. He had a fling at Europe with his step-brother, Phil Plant, who subsequently became Constance Bennett’s second husband, but not her last. While Leland never mentions it, his social heritage and connections are strictly top flight. He is probably the only bona fide Park Avenue agent in a business where Park Avenueers of any description are hard to catch. Right now he can walk into social strongholds where many of his most illustrious clients couldn’t get past the man who stands out in front and greets the taxicabs.

For three or four years after leaving college our hero was merely a young man trying, and not very hard, to discover his forte. He did this and that and his fortunes rose and fell—chiefly the latter. As an example of his ventures—in 1926 or thereabouts Malibu Beach was just becoming the popular retreat of the film elect. Young Mr. Hayward, in Hollywood and doing badly, conceived the bright idea of organizing the Malibu Messengers, who would deliver messages from the only then existing telephone to any house on the beach, or vice versa, for fifteen cents. On paper the potential profits were enormous, but there was a catch to it. He quickly discovered, to his chagrin, that folks came to Malibu to escape telephones and messages and simply didn’t want any, not even at the bargain price of fifteen cents. All of which shows that he achieved success only after a struggle.

One thing led to another and finally back to New York, where he went to work for the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD COULD YOU FIND A COMPLEX MODERN MACHINE AND A SPINNING WHEEL WORKING SIDE BY SIDE! "VANESSA," SCREEN VERSION OF HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL, IS BEING FILMED. AT THE CAMERA IS CINEMATOGRAPHER RAY JUNE. ON THE LOW STOOL IS WILLIAM K. HOWARD, DIRECTOR
HELEN HAYES IS SEATED AT THE SPINNING WHEEL. BEHIND HER STANDS ROBERT MONTGOMERY IN A LONG INVERNESS CAPE. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SCENES IN M-G-M'S ADAPTION OF THE FAMOUS STORY, AND ABOVE THE LOVERS IS THE MICROPHONE, SENSITIVE TO EVERY SIGH OR WHISPERED PROMISE.
DON'T LOVE ME!

The tense life story of one of the most famous women in Hollywood

WHO IS SHE?

"Let me see your hand, please."
I hesitated.
"Yes, I know I am not supposed to be a palm reader. You didn't come to me for that. But what I see in the crystal is so strange that I would like to know if it is confirmed by your heart line."

What difference did it make? I laid my hand, palm up, on his desk.

This was no ordinary fortune teller. He did have a desk in his severely efficient office, a desk and all the appurtenances of a business executive. None of the clap-trap of the conventional Oriental mystic surrounded Dr. Khanandi. There were no black velvet curtains embroidered in hieroglyphs on the walls, no highly polished skull mounted on an ionic column, no trick picture of a Hindu saint to follow you with luminous eyes.

There was nothing of the east about Dr. Khanandi himself either except a spotless turban which enhanced a little the olive shade of his smooth, clear complexion. Otherwise he was dressed in beautifully tailored dinner clothes. In the afternoon, I understand, he wears unobtrusive sports garments—although no one has ever seen him on a golf course, a polo field or a tennis court. He merely conforms to the costume of the country—every man in Hollywood and Beverly Hills dresses as if he were a guest at an informal house-party.

He was looking at my palm but stopped long enough to flash me a disarming smile.
"Of course, Miss Adair, it would be silly of me to pretend not to know who you are. There is no magic in naming a woman whose face may be seen on a billboard at the next corner. In that filing cabinet over there is a complete clipping record of your public life which I could consult if I cared to astound you with my knowledge of your motion picture activities. I could even tell you many things which have not been printed because the press agent at your studio who is paid to suppress information not suitable for public consumption, has—let us say—a working arrangement with me.

"But there are some things which are not in that file, not in anyone's file. One of them is that your real name is not Rochelle Adair but Rachel O'Hare and that you changed it not entirely for business reasons."

I wanted to withdraw my palm from his too searching gaze but, for the moment, I couldn't. He held my hand, not tightly but firmly, while he bent over it with a magnifying glass.

As he studied it he continued speaking. "Your hair, we both know, is its present unusual shade merely for photographic purposes. You would be more beautiful, I think, if it were much darker, as nature originally planned. However, you have set a style which is of great profit to the hair-dressing
I jerked my hand away. "No—or I don't know. I didn't come here to answer questions."

He looked at me a little dazed. Apparently he had been talking almost subconsciously.

"Have I said something to offend, Miss Adair?"

I had risen. I wanted to get out of there.

"It doesn't matter. I've remembered an engagement." The feeling oppressed me that it was no use to lie to him, but how could I tell him that I couldn't stand any more just then? I had lived another life so continuously that, except in nightmares, that earlier one was almost forgotten.

He was standing, too. "As you wish. You will return?"

"I'm afraid not."

I started to go.

"You will wait, Miss Adair." It wasn't exactly a command, yet I felt myself turning once more to face him.

He spoke slowly. "Since you will not return I must tell you something important—warn you so that you may guide your steps carefully. For you walk with death. It is written in the stars, in your hand, everywhere, that men who gain your favor surely perish. That you may judge that this is not idle talk let me say that I am glad I shall never see you again. I, like the others, could go mad about you and, even knowing that the only prize is death, I should doubtless try to win."

He stood at the door, holding it wide for me.

"We are, I think," he murmured, "saying good-bye forever."

Outside I fervently echoed his melodramatic wish, never
realizing how soon and how desperately I should want to see him again.

II.

It was the Saturday night before Christmas. I had let my chauffeur go for the evening. There was some kind of a celebration on at his church over in Central Avenue. Anyway, I had expected that Scott Deering, my fiancé, would take me home, never dreaming that we would quarrel. So I had taken a taxi when I left his place, up in the hills back of Hollywood.

Dr. Khanzadli's house was on LaBrea Avenue, only two or three blocks from Hollywood Boulevard, and I decided to walk in that direction and pick up a cab. It was not very late and I wanted to do some thinking.

Of course, I don't believe the pan-jan-drum of fortune-tellers—well, not any more than you do anyway—but the discourse of the assertedly Hindu crystal gazer had upset me terribly. He was probably nothing but a well-educated negro who had discovered that he looked mysterious with a towel wrapped around his head and who cashed in on the easy credulity of the picture colony. But in some uncanny way he had hit on the one thing which has worried me all my life—all my life, that is, since I first entered high school back in Muskegon, Michigan.

What happened to me then, and has been happening to me ever since, was that I never had any friends of either sex. That sounds a little as if I was an unpopular hunchback with a club-foot and pink toothbrush. So I'll modify and explain. I never had any friends among the boys because they all insisted on making an amorous occasion out of every social contact. And girls found they could not trust me with their sweethearts. It wasn't my fault. I used to pray every night that just once I would meet somebody who would want to play tennis with me or teach me to skate or call some evening with the innocent idea of beating up a batch of fudge in the kitchen and eating as much of it as the human stomach would hold. But I never received an answer to my prayer. I'd meet a boy at a dance, he'd take me out on the floor for a couple of turns and then propose a ride out to Lake Michigan Park or up the Scenic Highway to Sylvan Beach. If I didn't go, he'd be angry; if I did every girl who knew him would be sorry for him and angry with me. That was how all the tales of my wildness got into circulation.

I hate alibis so I won't go into this except just that much because it is the only way I can explain, even to myself, the star-spangled loneliness of my girlhood and, for that matter, the isolation in which I have spent most of my life. I early found out that the only way I could avoid trouble was to keep away from all but casual friendships.

I also hate people who talk about their own magnetism—somehow mismatched "sex-appeal" by a recent generation. But there is no way to get around it if I am to tell what happened to me. Because all my life has been spent trying to get away from the consequences of some ill-advised infatuation on the part of somebody who had no business to be attracted by me at all or who, by paying attention to me, stepped on the toes of somebody else who thought he had prior rights. I don't think love entered into these affairs. To my notion, love should be something that makes you feel light and clean and free, and I've never had an experience that hasn't left me laden and laden with dirty chains.

From my own encounters with life I do not know that love, according to my idea of it, really exists. Neither do I know of it from what any one has ever told me. That isn't what men talk about when they're with me and women don't talk to me at all—not in confidence anyway.

But I've read things—don't laugh, some of them poetry—which make me know that men and women do meet sometimes with an understanding which includes laughter and tears as well as kisses.

In one of my pictures I played the mistress of a king who loved him that way and who, in return, was privileged to be the one against whose breast he rested while he told his immost wearinesses and exaltations. I was sorry when that picture was finished. No man had ever talked to me, even on a set, as if I were capable of more than one emotion.

And it's a funny thing but that one emotion, usually called passion, is something I know nothing about from personal experience.

That, my father once told me, is what made me so uncomfortably popular.

"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you," he quoted, and then finished with his own words, "then, bedad, ye're top dog in any kennel. Ye'll have power whether ye want it or not. I'm a little that way meself and it accounts for the way I have with the women."

He was an old philanderer, Terence O'Hare, never true to anybody but my mother, and maybe he deserves no credit for that because she died while they were yet so young that the madness was still on them.

"The Arabs, now," he went on, "have invented themselves strange concoctions of nasty drugs to drink that they think will keep them cool when they're with their women. It makes them the masters, they believe. I dunno if it works, but it's an idea at that and if ye're naturally that way, like you and me, it gives you a commerther on the other fella that's darn useful if ye're makin' a bargain."

He was probably right about the power of the weapon, but it never brought down the game that I wanted—a really good time. Sure, I laughed—no girl born of an Irish father could wear a sour face all the time—but mostly I had to laugh at myself. When you'd like to go down to the corner of an evening for a hot dog or a chocolate soda, there's not so much fun finding yourself in the arms of a lady you only met day before yesterday, and him breathing questions in your ear between kisses that might even startle a bride during the first year or so of her married life.

I don't really blame anybody. Perhaps I looked that way even when I was a kid. I know I do now, but that might be because of the kind of parts that I play. Actors and actresses all know that their private lives take on the hue of characters they depict on the stage or screen. Lionel Barrymore, after he had been playing the country physician in "One Man's Journey" for several weeks, once attended a performance at the El Capitan Theater in Hollywood. There was a minor accident back stage and the manager of the company came before the curtain and asked, "Is there a doctor in the house?" Barrymore was the first man to get to his feet. He only remembered just in time before he amputated the injured man's leg.

I have said somewhere above that my mother died when I was just a baby. She probably wore herself out laughing at the amusing antics of my father. I don't know but that he was one of the funniest men in the world. He could have been a clown with Barnum and Bailey but, instead, he was just a foreman at the billiard table factory of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company across the tracks of the G. R. & I. in Muskegon. He'd probably sobered down a lot before I was old enough to remember him, but even then he was as funny as W. C. Fields on one of his best days, with just a touch of wistful sadness in his fooling that reminded you of Charlie Chaplin.

If mother had lived on during the formative period of my girlhood I suppose I might have been spared the terrors of learning about life by the laboratory method. Father didn't know how to talk to a little girl. Instead, he talked to me as if I were another man. That's a priceless memory, but at the time it failed to give me the elementary facts about things I needed to know.

So I muddled through the Muskegon High School, apparently popular but having, if you must know, a very thin time. I wanted to have just one girl friend, but I couldn't find one unattractive enough so that she didn't have hopes that I might blast.
He held my hand, not tightly but firmly, while he bent over it with a magnifying glass. As he studied it, he talked.

My father died that summer. That did not matter much financially because I was expecting to work anyway, but it did leave a fearful hole in my existence. He was the only person I could talk to without being constantly on the defensive.

I was entered as a student nurse at the Mercy Hospital and went into training that fall. I guess I hoped that by devoting myself to the service of suffering humanity I might escape the curse which had dogged my youthful footsteps and no longer lead the life of the hunted. There was something in the Florence Nightingale oath that looked like sanctuary. My mistake. The nurse's uniform turned out to be the most becoming costume I had ever worn, and interns are only high school boys grown up.

The Sisters were marvelous.
THERE is the Will Rogers that the habitable globe—or a good part of it knows. This is the Will Rogers of the screen, at this writing rated as the most popular actor, judged by box-office drawing powers, in the whole cinema business. And it's Will Rogers the distinguished syndicate writer, and Will Rogers, the gifted after-dinner speaker, and Will Rogers the radio star and Will Rogers who at intervals goes skyhooting about the world in a plane, acting as a sort of unofficial but highly useful goodwill ambassador for the United States to foreign parts. It is the Will Rogers who through his own individual efforts, mental and physical, is said to earn more money than anybody in this country earns purely by the exercise of personal endeavor. That is the Will Rogers who bulks so big in the popular imagination—the showman, the advertiser, the ballyhoo artist supreme.

The other Will Rogers—the one I mean to write these few lines about—is the Will Rogers who reveals himself to a limited audience. It is a shrewd, kindly, witty, natural, fairly modest, simple man of simple habits and simple tastes who loves his family and his friends, his polo ponies and his ranch, his privacy and his hours of seclusion. It is the Will Rogers who never went Broadway when he was a hit in Ziegfeld's Follies, who never went Hollywood, after he began to mop up out here in the movies. It is the Will Rogers who fights like a tiger for as much money in wages as the traffic will stand, but drops everything else to give of his time, which is immensely valuable, his cash, which is precious to him, and his talents, which are plentiful, on behalf of some worthy cause or some out-of-luck man or woman that he knew in the old days before glory came to him and misfortune came to that other.

It is the Will Rogers who dashes away from Yes-Man's Land, with its tinsel grandeur and its make-believe pageantry, its barb-wire entanglements of studio intrigue and its front line trenches full of conniving executives, to climb into a pair of two-dollar overalls and hunker on a corral fence and contemplate the beauties of beef critters for hours on a stretch. It is the Will Rogers who still at heart is an Oklahoma cowhand, a man generous in his appraisals of human beings, tolerant in his judgments and not too bitterly satirical about the things and movements which he dislikes.
On the set, he is all for the work to which he is assigned.

Off the set, he is an earnest student of men and measures throughout the cosmic scope.

I doubt whether there are a half dozen men active in national and international affairs—diplomats, publicists, politicians or what-have-you—who keep a keener eye upon the currents of opinion and the shifting tides of the times than he does. Moreover, he brings to his study of issues what the average so-called statesman most woefully lacks—a certain rational philosophy plus a certain salty homely humor which makes him one of the most quotable and widely quoted creatures at present inhabiting his distracted planet.

His wit has punctured many a balloon, has deflated quite a few over-extended shirt fronts, but rarely has it hurt any individual's feelings. Here's a comedian who can make fun of a homely dream and yet not severely damage the self-esteem of the false prophet responsible for launching it.

With him, I'm sure, a laugh is not worth a bruise to some sensitive spirits. And if ever he sought to do so, a suggestive wise-crack or a snappy smile, it clabbered somewhere down in his system because he never uttered it into the sound-recorder, never spoke before an audience, great or small, never wrote it for print.

But, look here, I'm getting away from my topic—mixing up the Rogers who looms so large before the camera and behind the microphone, with the Rogers that likes breeding heifers and blooded calves and rope-throwing and broncho busters—and plain vittles and plain folks.

I remember once, and that was years and years ago, before I came to know the real, the very real Will Rogers very well, that there was a dinner in New York. He was to be the guest of honor and I was to be, next to him, the principal speaker. So I said to myself:

"This glibby young Lochinvar out of the West is probably getting the big-head. The other speakers will deluge him with praise until he drowns happily in the surging sea of flattery. How about taking the opposite tack and putting this Rogers person in his proper place?"

Having that wicked intent in mind, I took counsel with a smart woman who knew the beginnings of practically every vaudeville celebrity in America. Moreover, she kept scrap books of press

| Please turn to Page 84 |

Will Rogers' wit has punctured many a balloon, has deflated a lot of over-extended shirt fronts, but very rarely has it hurt any individual's feelings.
QUESTION: When is an actress not an actress?
Answer: When you say, “Boo.”
That really doesn’t make sense, does it? But if it’s a riddle then so is Evelyn (and you’d better pronounce it Evelyn) Laye. Because when Evelyn Laye is Evelyn Laye, she’s an actress, in every sense and nonsense of the word—and when she’s “Boo”—she’s herself, which is something different.

One of those dual personalities—you know. They seem always to come from England, as indeed did Evelyn—just a few months ago—to Hollywood where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has already made her a star.

You’ve never heard of Evelyn? That’s not too strange. In fact you haven’t a thing on a certain immigration inspector at New York. Evelyn tangled with him on a purely pleasure trip to America a while before she came over for the screen. He looked at her passport—

“An actress—eh?” he pondered. “Going to work in this country?”

“No,” said Evelyn, “just visit.”

“Going to talk business?” he pressed.

Evelyn said she didn’t know and anyway was it a crime?

“N-n-o,” said the law, “I guess not—but you’ll promise not to work, won’t you? You won’t go into a chorus or anything?”

“I promise,” said Evelyn, with a sigh, wondering wistfully if she really looked like a chorus girl.

Because, you see, over on the Continent and in London, Evelyn Laye is, has been for years, something of a star. Musical operettas, stage revues, plays and more recently pictures. She has been on Broadway, too, in “Bitter Sweet.” As a matter of fact, a few years ago she came to Hollywood, with much pomp and circumstance, made one picture—and not a very good picture—and ran right home with none too fond memories of a short but hardly sweet screen career.

In fact, so disillusioned was Evelyn about Hollywood and her chances in pictures that when Irving Thalberg sent for her almost three years ago in Europe and offered her a contract at M-G-M, Evelyn politely said in her very best English, “Thank you so much—but I don’t think I can—really.”

“All right,” said Thalberg, “but if you ever change your mind—let me know.”

Well—two and a half years passed, during which Evelyn Laye again waded gingerly into "[Please turn to page 115]"
One is known as "Boo."
She's a hard-hearted business woman, but a charming tea-pourer.
The other is an actress.

by KIRTLEY BASKETTE
A LOOK INTO
THE FUTURE

Gene Dennis is a corn-fed young woman from Kansas, but she carries tremendous weight in Hollywood. Producers and actors believe she is psychic. Whether she is or not, she has called the turn so many times that princes, producers and picture stars pause and consider when she speaks. She has told them which horse would win, where that lost money was, and whom to marry. And she has predicted contracts for actors ready to give up, who didn’t even know they were being considered.

In England she told the Prince of Wales and other titled gentlemen that the Derby winner would be “a horse with a white spot on his face, belonging to a man with a very long name.” The favorite didn’t come within a mile of this description, so some quick investigation took place. The white spot was located on Windsor Lad, owned by the Maharajah of Rajipila, a name long enough to cause many thousands of sovereigns, pounds and shillings to be laid on the nose of Windsor Lad. He won the Derby—and many a good Britisher can thank Gene for his ample supply of fish and chips.

After this demonstration, Gene was hired by the snooty Savoy Hotel to predict for their guests. She “called” twenty-one horses out of twenty-one for them. The Prince of Wales invited her over to dinner.

This is merely the build-up in case you are the forgotten man who never heard of Gene Dennis. When she makes predictions about Hollywood, a lot of celebrations or headaches result. Gene calls her shots, big or little, just as she sees them. Things have “come to her” since she was two years old, but to be certain she must have immediate identification with things. Something belonging to the person, preferably.

These things will happen in 1935, according to the seeress:

Garbo faces the perils of pernicious anemia and will be dangerously ill. Her contract matters will suffer.

Joseph Schenck will be married, but not to Merle Oberon. He doesn’t know the woman he will marry, but he is destined to be a family-man with several children.

Janet Gaynor will marry soon. The greatest mistake of her life was in not marrying her first love, so she will have to marry a man who looks like him, to be happy. She will make three more good pictures.

A good career change is in store for Mary Brian, and she will marry. David Jack Holt will take Jackie Cooper’s place as the next boy-star.

Lupe and Johnny will finally divorce and Lupe will be married two more times in the course of her life. Gary Cooper and his wife will separate. This will be more than a surprise.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon will be divorced.

Edward G. Robinson will stage a terrific come-back and be a great star again, in spectacular character parts.

Watch George Brent. This will be his best year.

Loretta Young had a great opportunity to marry one of the richest men in Europe, but she threw it away for a hopeless love. Now she will be a great actress and not marry anyone. Her career will be first.

Joan Crawford will continue in success, but must watch her health. She gives too much to others, who have used her for their own advancement. She tries everything. When she starts receiving she will be happy, but her career will go downhill.

Mae West will flop if she doesn’t change her type. If she would step out of her rôle and be a Marie Dressler, she could go on for years. She is playing an artificial character, and if her next picture does not have an Alaskan setting, it will be unsuccessful.

Constance Collier will be the nearest successor to Marie Dressler. When Gene first saw Constance Collier in a London hotel, she did not even know who she was, but predicted that before the day was over, she would sign an important contract. Five hours later, Miss Collier was signed by M-G-M. Miss Collier had no idea she was being considered for a contract.

Marion Davies will be greater than ever. Everything is before her. Whatever she has wanted she has gotten by concentrating on it. It is like, says Gene, holding a mirror on spot, instead of flashing it all over the room. Too many women do not actually picture what they want, and so do not get it.

President Roosevelt will be re-elected.

We will not have a war in 1935 in this country.

Kidnapping is over. All the wealthy persons who have gone to Europe will run right into the kidnapping den, because they will move over there.
A flood of praise for Myrna Loy as "the ideal wife" and "the reviver of marriages gone stale" is sweeping the country. It's the result of Myrna's and William Powell's screen "marriage." But, in her next picture, "Wings in the Dark," Cary Grant is her man.
Charles Farrell is still settling down and absorbing the good sunlight of California after his trip to foggy London where he starred in a British picture. But soon, the driving urge that is part of Charlie will assert itself, and you will be seeing hi
Judith Allen, in a most striking study, depicting some of the feel for the dramatic this young actress possesses. You undoubtedly remember her work in the very recent "Bright Eyes." Judith has been in the movies less than two years, but, 'tis said, she's a comer!
It's a bet that your first guess is "A new Monte Cristo." Mais non, as the personality it is would say. It is the incomparable Maurice Chevalier in the widely-noted theatrical institution, "Folies Bergere de Paris," on the screen for the very first time.
Marlene Dietrich, sultry, yet mysterious. She's striving for a new screen personality. Notice those tantalizing curls—in her latest, "Caprice Espagnol." It's the last picture in her stormy association of five years with Director Josef Von Sternberg.
Flush is a contradiction of the worn theory that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. He was a bird dog, and three years old, when he went into the movies.
THERE are two actors with whom every star hates to play a scene—a baby and a dog. They are the most dangerous scene-stealers in the business. Until recently, many a picture has been sent to the shears after the preview to “cut back” to the actor and forget the dog. He was too good.

Skippy has fared better, since the picture-going world has become dog-conscious. You know Skippy. In “The Thin Man” he was Asta, in “Lottery Lover” PomPom was the name. (Imagine calling a respectable wire haired terrier PomPom!) Skippy was born in Hollywood three years ago and was selected from the litter for personality rather than type. He is a trifle on the big side and leggier than is customary. He is pedigreed but would never place in a show, now that Wires are being bred down to toy-size. Skippy is a real man’s dog.

The man is Henry East, who has been training dogs for twenty years. He resembles a Saint Bernard himself, and never raises his slow, soft voice to man or beast. He and his wife, Gail Henry, have probably trained more dogs than anyone except the “Seeing Eye” organization. Gail was a star comedienne with her own company in the old days and was the second person in pictures to use a dog actor. Fatty Arbuckle was the first. The Easts have four master-trainers in their service, any number of dogs working all the time, and have published a book, “How to Train Dogs.”

There were a lot of mutterings among the dog-gentry that Wires were impossible to train, but Gail and Henry blew up the theory. The most difficult characteristic to train out of Skippy—or any Wire—is this: his attention is easily attracted and cannot be diverted without heroic patience. A butterfly, a scrap of paper, a noise—

Skippy (you remember him as Asta in “The Thin Man” or as PomPom in “Lottery Lover”) is just another theory dissolver—that Wires were impossible to train.
Ronald Colman flopped once in films without a moustache. Today in "Clive of India," he appears sans moustache. How do you like him? A studio is gambling a million dollars that your answer is going to be "Yes."

Clive (Colman), an empire builder at twenty-six, leads the British Men to victory in the decisive battle of Plassey.

Loretta Young, as Margaret, the bride whom Clive left in England. When he returned he brought her India as a gift.

No work or expense was spared in making the lavish sets. It is Twentieth Century's most pretentious screen offering.

"The Black Hole of Calcutta," where many Englishmen smothered to death, is exactly reproduced in this great film.

THE SHADOW STAGE

CLIVE of INDIA

20th CENTURY—UNITED ARTISTS

T WELVE years ago a young British actor named Ronald Colman packed his bags, checked out of his Hollywood hotel and boarded a train for New York.

Gallantly, perhaps a bit ironically he waved a formal adieu to the town which had bitterly disappointed him—without telling them why.

Hollywood hadn't been interested in his face, his personality, or his ability. It had used him in a few scenes as a well dressed extra. He had sold only his neat wardrobe to the screen. His farewell salute said, in effect, "Goodbye. You don't need me, Ronald Colman—only my suits. And I need those more than you."

He went to Broadway, found a dashing romantic rôle in "La Tendresse" and went to work. One night Henry King, who was preparing to take Lillian Gish and a company to Rome to film "The White Sister," sat in the audience of Empire Theatre. Mr. King was looking for an actress for a minor rôle. He was also hunting a leading man. When he saw Ronald Colman make love in his persuasive manner, he wondered if he could be the man for "The White Sister."

Backstage Mr. Colman thanked Mr. King very much for his offer of a screen test. He was extremely polite, but he was also definitely opinionated.
Margaret Sullavan in her new film, "The Good Fairy," as an usherette, and Reginald Owen as her guardian angel. To others he is a waiter in a cafe. In this film, Margaret bought the director, Bill Wyler—then married him.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

CLIVE OF INDIA  RUGGLES OF RED GAP
THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN  THE GOOD FAIRY
DAVID COPPERFIELD  THE LITTLE MINISTER

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ronald Colman in "Clive of India"
Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy"
Charles Laughton in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
W. C. Fields in "David Copperfield"
Will Rogers in "The County Chairman"
Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120

"It's very nice and all that," he said, "but you're wasting your time. I've been all through that in Hollywood. I don't screen well."

But King was equally opinionated. "I'd like to take a camera test," he persisted.
Colman shrugged. "It's no use."
"Just for my own satisfaction."
Colman smiled enigmatically. "Righto."
They ran off the test, taken by a news-reel camera. There was something about Colman that the lense didn't like. King was puzzled.
"I told you," said Ronald Colman with a short laugh, "I'm afraid you simply can't make a screen actor out of me."

King didn't hear him. He was still groping for what it was this personality lacked. "Wait," he said, and snatching up an eyebrow pencil he sketched a thin black moustache in the surprised actor's upper lip. "A real one will be even better," he said, "but let's take another test now."

It made all the difference in the world. The next test got Ronald Colman the lead opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister"; "The White Sister" got Ronald Colman a

As Luisa, in "The Good Fairy," Miss Sullavan plays a rôle in comedy for the first time in her film career. She's good.

When work on the picture started, Margaret displayed pig-tails on the screen, and bursts of temperament on the set.

Before the picture was finished, she found sophistication in Budapest, and off the screen a sudden docility for her work.

Everybody learns the truth about everyone else—in the picture. This did not apply to the leading lady's private life, however.
triumphant return ticket to Hollywood—and very secure stardom.

For ten years that line of black whiskers above Ronald Colman's sensitive mouth has been the symbol of his success. Colman without his moustache would be Chaplin minus walk, Crawford with her great eyes closed. Or would he?

You will have a chance to find out. So has Ronald Colman, and so will Twentieth Century Pictures, headed by Darryl Zanuck, who is gambling a cool million dollars on the outcome of "Clive of India"—wherein for the first time in a dozen years, the first time since his first film contract, Ronald Colman is braving the camera lense bereft of his moustache.

What does the public think? Does it accept Ronald Colman with a naked lip? They didn't before. Twelve years before.

And all because Robert Clive, England's empire builder who conquered India at the age of twenty-six, affected no hirsute adornment. Colman plays Clive. With the moustache he is Colman—but he can't be Clive. Without them he can be Clive—but will he be Colman?

A million dollars or more is saying he can be both.

No one has counted the hairs on Mr. Colman's lip, but that's a pretty high risk per whisker.

"Clive Of India" is Twentieth Century's most ambitious and expensive effort to date. Among the items which ran up the production budget were seventy speaking part salaries to pay; the cost of building fifty-one pretentious sets, including exact reproductions of "The Black Hole Of Calcutta" and the British House of Commons; and the assembling of the greatest elephant herd ever known to Hollywood to use in the screen reproduction of the battle of Plassey where Clive annihilated the hosts of Suraj Ud Dowlah.

And in spite of Ronald Colman's sacrificial effort for realism even to soap and a razor blade, another actor in the cast is one up on him. Colin Clive, who plays a heavy rôle, claims direct descent on his mother's side, from the hero. His real name is Colin Clive Grieg.

**A valet in England, a Colonel in Red Gap—Charles Laughton as the hero of "Ruggles of Red Gap"**

**THE GOOD FAIRY**

**UNIVERSAL**

PRESTON STURGES, one of the finest playwrights in Hollywood, turned in to his boss, Carl Laemmle, Jr., a somewhat spicy scenario of Ferenc Molnar's play, "The Good Fairy," while Hollywood was quaking before threats of bans and boycotts.

"This," said "Junior," "will have to be re-written and toned down."

But "The Good Fairy" as a Universal picture had been sold in advance to exhibitors and given a definite release date. There was no time to prepare a new script.

"Start shooting, any way," ordered Mr. Laemmle, "The script will be along after while."

Director William Wyler assembled his cast, headed by Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall. Preston Sturges retired to his literary sanctum only to be interrupted daily by a worried liaison man from Mr. Wyler asking just what lines his actors should study for the morrow.

For thirteen weeks Sturges sweated over the next day's "sides." A short jump ahead of the microphone's hungry jaws. Three times it caught up with him. Calls were cancelled and the whole company had an enforced holiday.

Suddenly one day, Director Wyler signalled the final "cut"—and the picture was finished. The script was still lacking. All of it had been shot "on the cuff."

The only other major producer who dares to make pictures thus in these modern times is Charlie Chaplin.

"The Good Fairy" is Margaret Sullavan's third motion picture, but it is the first that comes under the heading of comedy. In "Only Yesterday" she was seduced, left with a child, forgotten by her lover, and finally killed by heart disease. In "Little Man, What Now?" she was burdened with hopeless poverty, a weakling husband, and pregnancy.

While Molnar starts her out in the drab surroundings of an
pantomime will please permanent.

Viliss million-dollar street, orphan

rom "Frankenstein," "The Doomed Battalion," "Little Man, What Now?" should figure prominently.

The Good Fairy" cost $500,000, so it will be called "a million-dollar picture." Naturally, also since it has a Hungarian setting, it was natural that Universal's famous "German Street," built for "All Quiet On The Western Front" and subsequently used in "Frankenstein," "The Doomed Battalion," "I'll Be Home Soon." Scattered throughout the entire early weeks of production on "The Good Fairy," during which Margaret Sullivan wore pigtails and Herbert Marshall sported a short spade beard, the unruly Miss Sullivan more than lived up to her reputation for temperament. She fought with Director William Wyler continually.

One evening at six o'clock he told her she would work that night.

"I have a date for the wrestling matches," she informed him, and after a furious argument stamped off the set. He followed her dressing room.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I should have told you earlier. We won't work."

"Now you've made it worse," she flared, "I've just called and broken the date!"

A week later William Wyler took Margaret Sullivan home from work, but they didn't go home. Instead they drove down to Venice, Hollywood's Coney Island, to throw rings at prizes and crunch cracker-jack. Wyler bought all the tickets on a roller-coaster ride and used two. In the purchased privacy of his giddy, careening car he kissed her.

During the next two weeks, Margaret Sullivan abandoned pigtails and also her belligerent attitude. Her strangely docile mien left the rest of the company amazed but unsuspecting.

Then she flew to Yuma, Arizona, and married her director. Leaving "The Good Fairy" still without benefit of script but not without benefit of clergy.

RUGGLES of RED GAP
PARAMOUNT

SILENT pictures "made" pantomime in the U.S.—and pantomime "made" silent pictures. With the coming of talking pictures, pantomime almost became a lost art. And that is one thing that was the matter with many talking pictures.

Gradually, picture makers have realized pantomime's importance and ceased to depend on dialogue alone; the best of the recent pictures are a happy combination of pantomime and dialogue.

In Ruggles of Red Gap, the Harry Leon Wilson story, Charles Laughton plays Ruggles, the valet, who comes to Red Gap and has many adventures.

It is Laughton's first straight comedy rôle. He has amusing dialogue, but he depends more on pantomime, as you will see from the silhouettes. Isn't he the perfect valet? For the first time, ZaSu Pitts wears beautiful clothes in this picture. With Laughton, she is the romantic interest.

Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are typical Westerners visiting Paris in 1908. Charlie (Egbert Froud) engages in a poker game with Roland Young, a Britisher, who loses his valet, Ruggles, to the American. Egbert thinks it a good joke on his society-conscious wife to introduce the valet to the local editor as a celebrated British Colonel.

Ma Pettingill, Mary Boland's mother, played by Maude Eburne, and the others accept Ruggles in his new status, but Belknap Jackson (Lucien Littlefield) who has been the social arbiter, is antagonized by the newcomer and tries to get rid of him. But Ruggles has new ideas about the equality of man—he has read Lincoln's Address, and he has fallen in love with ZaSu Pitts. So he remains and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
MONEY talks in Hollywood, and each week it pipes to the tune of $5,410 for the pay checks of its favorite dozen child stars.

And while the $1,350 wage of Jackie Cooper, the most richly rewarded short-pants hero of today, is pin money beside the fabulous earnings of the Jackie Coogan of a decade ago, the figures still proclaim a golden age of youthful endeavor on the screen.

When Charlie Chaplin sat in the audience of a Los Angeles theater and laughed at the antics of a black-haired, black-eyed tot as he mimicked Chaplin’s teetering walk, there had been only one strictly juvenile star to scramble up to the big money bags.

His name was Wesley (Freckles) Barry, a lean-necked son of a Hollywood storekeeper with a smile that wrinkled everything from his long speckled nose to his cowlicked sandy hair. Marshall Neilan had enough faith in his potential box-office value to offer him a three-year contract starting at seventy-five dollars a week and doubling each year. Warners grabbed him from Neilan at $750 a week, and paid him $1,250 a week at the peak of his child-starring career.

But Wesley Barry’s star was setting to the accompaniment of growing pains when Chaplin called Sid Grauman and offered his three-year-old impersonator, Jackie Coogan, one hundred and fifty dollars a week to play in “The Kid.”

And from then on the golden reign of Jackie the First was absolute. After “The Kid,” the canny Coogans, professional vaudevillians, shrewdly steered Jackie clear of piker contracts to the heavy percentage profits of Principal Pictures and then to the safe-iron-clad M-G-M guarantee of $125,000 a picture, taking an advance payment of $500,000 cash against four pictures, and making ten films at that eighth-of-a-million rate.

There wasn’t much money left in Hollywood then for any other “kid” star. Outside of Roach’s perennial “Our Gang” rascals, whose stars—Mickey Daniels, Mary Kornman and fat Joe Cobb—drew from $300 to $500 a week, the aggregate of weekly pay checks didn’t reach a thousand dollars.

How different is the present child-conscious era, ushered in by pout-lipped Jackie Cooper with “Skippy,” long after Jackie Coogan’s million-dollar wealth had been established and his bobbed bangs shorn for military school.

Today, the sum of the weekly salaries of the two top-money makers—Jackie Cooper and the sensational Shirley Temple—is more than equalled by the sum of those claimed every Saturday by the ten other leading young hopefuls of Hollywood. There is no longer any monopoly.

Today Jackie Cooper leads the precocious parade with his $1,350 a week—topping Shirley by a bare hundred, although if Shirley’s mother’s $250 weekly wage—for “looking after Shirley at the studio”—is counted, Jackie is shaded by $150.

Jackie Cooper might be much farther down in the current money list, certainly well below Shirley Temple, but for the singular short-sightedness of a Paramount executive. On the other hand, Shirley Temple might now be amassing wealth to rival Jackie Coogan’s record but for the equally singular far-sightedness of Fox studios’ head.

When Jackie Cooper’s uncle, Director Norman Taurog, picked him out of Hal Roach’s “Our Gang” for the title role in Paramount’s “Skippy,” Jackie was drawing down $100 a week. Roach loaned him at that figure, and that was his salary for the picture, which did more to make the public child-star conscious than any since “The Kid.”

“SKIPPY” was Jackie Cooper, and Jackie Cooper was Percy Crosby’s beloved lad, right out of the newspaper comic strip. Taurog sensed that he would be a sensation. But he waited until he could run the picture in the studio projection room for the head man of Paramount to see it for himself.

“If you want this boy on a term contract at $750 a week, I can get him for you,” he told him, “I’m his uncle, and I believe I can swing it for Paramount.”

The myopic executive shook his head. “We don’t want Jackie Cooper,” he said, “Bobby Coogan runs away with this picture; he’ll be the sensation.” The magic name of Coogan had made him blind to the greatest child performance ever delivered.

M-G-M lost no time buying up Jackie Cooper’s Roach contract. They paid the new star $1,250 a week.

The case of Shirley Temple presents a bewildering welter of missed opportunities and clumsy moves on the part of almost everyone concerned in cashing in on this prize of the century.
Paramount was the first major studio to have a chance at Shirley. She had been working for Educational pictures for ten dollars a day, making two-reel shorts, when Paramount decided that the combined salaries of established Cora Sue Collins and Buster Phelps would be too much for the production budget of Zane Grey’s “To The Last Man.” A call was sent out for children, ordinary, inexpensive children.

Shirley tripped in at the head of a long line. She was chosen immediately and signed for the picture at $100 a week.

When the picture was finished (she was very good in it, everyone agreed), Shirley returned to the shorts, with no opposition from anyone at Paramount. It wasn’t long before Fox engaged her for “Stand Up And Cheer” at $150 a week, and in the middle of the picture signed her up on a seven year contract at the same salary.

But Fox can take no bows for rocketing of Shirley Temple to stardom. Paramount, the studio that was so busy with Baby LeRoy’s mewlings that it couldn’t see her possibilities during “To The Last Man,” did it with “Little Miss Marker.” Fox loaned Shirley to Paramount for the Damon Runyon picture which “made” her—and made Paramount millions. She cost Paramount $1,050—seven weeks at $150 a week.

During the filming of “Little Miss Marker,” Adolphe Menjou—a member of the cast and one of Hollywood’s shrewdest business men—astutely offered to give up his $40,000 salary and take a small percentage of the picture’s net profits. He was that sold on the sure-fire hit Shirley would make.

Of course, he was not wrong. “Little Miss Marker” cleaned up. “Stand Up And Cheer,” as soon as exhibitors pulled down Warner Baxter and John Boles and put up Shirley’s name in lights, stood them in line. Shirley went back to Fox to make “Baby Take A Bow.” It broke records.

Shirley still drew $150 a week.—But, you haven’t heard half! And then for some unconceivable reason—when any picture produced would have meant certain huge profits in the bank—Winfield Sheehan, executive producer at Fox, loaned the greatest box-office bonanza he had ever stumbled across back to Paramount for “Now And Forever,” taking for her services $3,500! Shirley got her usual $150 a week.

But Mr. and Mrs. Temple were slowly realizing that they were chumps indeed if they did not howl to high heaven for what was coming to them. Shirley was earning many, many times what she was receiving. They asked for a new contract at $2,500 a week.

Shirley had had two agents. Neither had had his contract approved by the Superior Court of Los Angeles County. Judge Marshall McComb, who approves or rejects all contracts with minors, thought the ten per cent commission which the second agent asked was too much. He reduced it to five. The agent argued.

In the brief interim every agent-manager in Hollywood deluged Mr. Temple with offers to handle Shirley for nothing. One of the most prominent offered to pay a $20,000 bonus for the privilege of handling her affairs, without commission. Why? Shirley was the most effective weapon any seller of talent could have—that’s why. With her as bait, an agency practically could force a studio to use its other, less popular clients. This particular agency was engaged in a feud with Winfield Sheehan at the time. He would buy none of their clients for Fox pictures. With Shirley Temple under their control they could make him come to terms.

But Mr. Sheehan moved swiftly. He called in the Temples, told them it was entirely unnecessary to bother with agents. He realized Shirley’s worth and wanted to do the right thing. Would $1,250 a week for Shirley, with option raises, and $250 for Mrs. Temple be satisfactory? It would. Mr. Sheehan tore up the old $150 contract and dictated the new one.

But Shirley could have held out for much more—conditions being as they were—and very probably could have got it.

Paramount must confess to two severe headaches when the names Jackie Cooper and Shirley Temple are mentioned, but in the case of Baby LeRoy Weinbrenner, they may glow with pardonable pride. They muffed no opportunities there.

Baby LeRoy, who rose to screen glory as M’tiea Baboo with Chevalier in “A Redtime Story,” was plucked from a Salvation Army home by Miss Rachel Smith, state superintendent of minor actors at Paramount studios. For six months they had cared for him and his young, indigent mother.

LeRoy happily gagged at the right time before the test-camera and won a part. He was engaged for $50 a week and transportation.

During the picture, a newly hired studio press agent was assigned to glorify the picture. He was not only enterprising,

It took little Jane Withers two years to get her break in pictures, but now she has a seven year contract at Fox, with a bright future ahead for her.

by CEcIL M O R R I S O N
One of Dickens' most famous serio-comic characters is Mr. Micawber, always poor, always pompous, and expectant. W. C. Fields (upper left) plays the rôle.

David's short romance with his "child wife," Dora, is one of the sweetest love stories ever written. Frank Lawton is Copperfield, and Maureen O'Sullivan, Dora
More "David Copperfield"—
Barkis (Herbert Mundin) tells
Peggotty (Jessie Ralph) that
'Grow is willin'." And David
and Agnes (Madge Evans) dis-
cover their enduring love

The child, David (Freddie Bar-
holomew) finds a true friend in
Mr. Micawber. David doesn't
quite know whether to believe
Micawber's tall stories of fu-
ure prosperity, but maybe—

This is the way Dickens' classic looks on the screen
A tux is a tux and tails are tails—but there are all kinds of both. The smartest of the current ones is of midnight blue, with that coarse-grained lapel facing Homburg hats come and go, but the snap brim goes on forever. The latest model is the Tyrolean peak snap brim, in rough wool felt with a sizeable feather.

There are all kinds of both. In my opinion the smartest of the current strait-jackets are made from material of midnight blue—almost a black, with coarse-grained facing on the lapels. Double breasted models are still preferred, if it’s a dinner jacket. That goes for the waistcoat too, but be sure it’s black—not white—and that two very noticeable peaks reach down from the bottom button.

Right now a dress shirt, waistcoat and tie, all fashioned from the same honeycomb design fabric will put you out in front of the rest—especially if you sip a set of star-sapphire studs in the shirt front and remember to tread the straight and narrow in the matter of ties. No ribbon over an inch and a quarter wide, and no butterfly wings. They’re obsolete.

Wrap a white silk scarf with scattered black dots over the bow creation. Ascot fashion with a loop and the scarf hanging straight down the middle will look best. Slip on a plain midnight blue topper. Double breasted and form fitting. Pick a pair of perforated gray suede or mocha gloves, and if you must twirl a stick make it a light finished, straight wood with a silver knob.

For a topper I don’t think you can go wrong on an opera hat. Tux or tails That is, if you can resist the temptation of popping it in and out. I can’t, but I wear one anyway.

With this ensemble you can then proceed to go out for no good—in the proper style.
• How's about a new tan plaid coat, for instance, right fresh from London. They are in a soft Shetland tweed, loose and easy, inverted back pleat, patch pockets

• For a topper, you can't go wrong on an opera hat—tux or tails. That is, if you can resist the temptation of popping it in and out. Note the scarf, Ascot fashion

• Eddie admits this was a risk, but he got by with it on an unsuspecting host—a new tan, blue, white plaid, with a neck-draft stopper

• If you're planning a new suit, don't be afraid to have it snug about the middle—that is, unless it's for sports, that outdoor appeal

• Something veddy smart in suits. Sharkskin's the thing—wears like iron, and makes up best in double breasters. And, get the tab collars
We see a native women's dance (called otea) at Moorea.

The author tries to climb a coconut tree, but no fun.

Off in a native pirogue for a big day of bonita fishing.

BEING pages from the diary kept by FREDRIC MARCH on his recent vacation trip to the South Seas. Mr. March was accompanied by Mrs. March, the Florence of the record, and by Mr. and Mrs. John Ainsworth Morgan Jack and Phil (for Phyllis).

Wednesday, August 29—
We sailed from San Francisco, today at 4:00 P. M.
Ten more days, then Tahiti.
When Jack and I were on the dock checking our luggage the baggage master assured us that we’d like the islands.
"The cream of the riff-raff's there, gempmum," he beamed.
There was the usual gayety at sailing time and we'd had telegrams, flowers, and books sent us, but the fact that we'd be two months away from Tony and Penny sort of took the edge.

The Marches take a ride in the jog cart. But not much "jog!"
illusTrated wiTh PHOTOS BY THE auTHOR

March 28—

There's one person aboard whom I'm particularly anxious to meet, James Norman Hall. Mr. Hall co-authored, with Charles Nordhoff, on "Mutiny on the Bounty." He and Nordhoff flew together in the Lafayette Escadrille and have been living in Tahiti since the end of the War. They're both married to Polynesian women.

Phil and Florence and I read and wrote letters most of the day. Jack is about half way through his next novel, and he worked on it until about four. Then we all hurled a game of deck tennis. After tennis came cocktails, dinner, bridge, and, now, bed.

August 31—

Today was my birthday and at dinner I was presented with a hideous pink and blue cake. After I'd taken a couple of polite whacks at it and found it too stale to cut, Phil and Jack couldn't keep from laughing any longer and confessed that it was a cardboard phony. It opened up to disgorge some simply elegant presents: from Phil and Jack, a pipe, pouch, and braided belt; from Florence, a picnic kit; and from Tony and Penny, a raincoat to protect their old man agin' tropical showers.

[Please turn to page 98]
A $35,000 Investment in Chic

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
ASSEMBLED BY
RITA KAUFMAN

WHEN Merle Oberon stepped from the train which had borne her on the last stage of her journey from England to Hollywood for the featured lead in "Folies Bergere de Paris," she was maintaining to perfection the doubtful dress distinction of British women. Her clothes were not too becoming, nor—from an American viewpoint—in the best of taste; her coiffure was straight and simple; her make-up was bad.

From the station she rode to the gates of Twentieth Century studios, walked within to where a sign said "Wardrobe" and close by another announced, "Make-up."

The Merle Oberon who emerged from those two mysterious workshops one day four weeks later was not the same actress who had walked in. Instead, as you can see, she was a striking photographic personality.

No wand waving, however, accompanied the transformation. Instead, Producer Darryl Zanuck waved some thirty-five thousand dollars before the necessary merchants and artisans, and the make-up and wardrobe departments of Twentieth Century studios concentrated on the creation of a new star's distinctive beauty.

Mr. Omar Kiam, who makes not tents but extremely original and chic gown creations for the stars, was ready with a stock of bright new sketches and bolts and bolts of materials which not even the great couturiers of Paris had yet glimpsed. To get them he had flown to New York to meet envoys from the mills of Lyons.

New transparent lace organdies, satins of ribbon texture, cloth of silver and cloth of gold under Mr. Kiam's artistic eye grew into twenty gowns and negliges, with the aid of an imported French fitter and a corps of thirty expert sewers.

Mr. Ernest Westmore, premier wig and locksmith of Hollywood, stood by with an assortment of coiffure models. One circled the crown of her head in a tiara of vertical curls. It's the "Oberon poppette" (notice how the diamond curls, especially made to match, set it off) and it may be the next rage. Copy it if you like, but not commercially. It's copyrighted.

Mr. Guy Pierce, Twentieth Century's make-up man, studied her face carefully.

Only one feature of her foreign make-up was retained. It was Miss Oberon's personal idea to mix finely powdered gold dust with greasepaint. Lights pick it up and allow the camera to model the face expertly.

Everything else Hollywood has radically changed. Above is the result, which you can inspect in "Folies Bergere de Paris."

The bill is thirty-five thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand for wardrobe, ten thousand for make-up and tests—a lot of money for a transformation even in Hollywood.

It is. But it won't be a drop in the bucket to what Merle Oberon will be worth if she proves to be a sensation.

And that is what Zanuck is gambling on.
The 1935 silhouette also emphasizes drapery. This side view shows to good effect the surplice treatment of the bodice and the lines resulting from the added fulness. The effect is startling in its originality. Also can be seen the balanced and intriguing ensemble created when the crepe shoulder wrap, with wide cuffs of silver fox, is worn. No end stunning, it may well be added

Carole Lombard wears this new silhouette in black crepe. The surplice treatment of the bodice, the added fulness supplied by a floating bias godet attached to the waistline in back are new. The hat is black crepe with paradise feathers, a perfect complement.
Miss Lombard now shows you a uniting of satin and sable in an eloquent expression of the new evening mode. This blush-colored gown, like the silhouette, has a new touch of fulness, achieved through rows of shirring just under the brief tunic. The crossed treatment of the bodice is repeated at the base of the decolletage. The wrap blouses into the waistline. And the band is of sable.

Utterly new is the line of this shimmering evening gown, a contrast to the one on the left. Miss Lombard again illustrates its effectiveness. The bodice stresses the surplice treatment, which is important in Travis Banton’s current style philosophy. Treatment is repeated or reflected at the base of the decolletage. The color is that of the other gown, blush—the ultra latest in new colors.
Miss Lombard here shows you something new and different in pajamas. Flesh colored satin trousers, long and wide, are contrasted by a blue satin blouse with inserted bands of the flesh color. Miss Lombard wears a separate handkerchief of blue, enhancing the neckline.

The chic suit consists of a black skirt with a pin line of white, deep red blouse of crepe de chine and a jacket of black wool. The hat is a John Frederics “flower pot model,” in black felt with a cluster of carnations in the crushed crown, very smart.
ALL THAT GLITTERS IS SMART IN ACCESSORIES

Marlene Dietrich's fan from "Caprice Espagnole," black net with brilliant red, green and gold fighting cocks in sequins as the Spanish motif.

Black velvet hat, unusual fabrics and jewel-studded leather bracelet, from Paris by Rene Hubert, Fox stylist. These to be used in new productions.

Janet Gaynor accessories. A white painted lead necklace; red painted lead nameplate on a white kid belt designates owner, and no mistake.

Evening trio, belt, bracelet, bag, in mirror appliqué chosen in Paris by Rene Hubert, and which will be worn by a Fox star in a future film.

Starry, jeweled combs and clip worn by Claudette Colbert with cabaret costume in "The Gilded Lily." Smart ideas for evening coiffure and gown, and favored by many of the Hollywood stars.

Queenie Smith's black glacé kid dinner gloves boast tiers of frivolous net ruffles. A modish costume aperitif, for after-hours.

Below, gold and pearl charm bracelet that will attract much attention and comment. Notice bouquet, telephone, hearts, ring and pram.

n accents like these may depend on success of a costume. Silver inner ring and matching bracelet with huge, clouded crystal globes.
FIVE DISTINCTIVE HAT MOODS FROM SYLVIA SIDNEY'S SPRING WARDROBE

- Sylvia Sidney prefers brimmed hats. Upper left, "Pied Piper," in black pebble crepe straw, topped with yellow fan feather, tips far forward over one eye. Upper right, "Gingham Girl," for afternoon and restaurant dining, in cloudy blue. New squared crown and coquettish brim that permits wearer to see without being seen. Lower left, "Puritan Girl," for suits and tailored street costumes. Royal blue felt, with new high-low squared crown. Lower right, provocative "Devil's Peak," correct spectator sports clothes and daytime drudgery. In white Toya straw. Four smart hats will complete this phase of your outfits, one for every definite occasion. If you must double up sports, choose a many-purpose straw, Sylvia's, instead of a felt, and choose a modified afternoon creation of individual design.
For hours of leisure, Madge Evans likes this hostess gown of turquoise chiffon velvet with popular cape trend developed in swirly, curled ostrich. The belt buckle is jewel studded. A hostess gown adds luxury to your wardrobe. You’ll find many occasions for its use.

Left, Madge’s hardy homespun is a Spring suit favorite. Buff with red stripe, buff sweater, brown accessories.

Right, buff antelope felt hat, which Madge also wears with her homespun. Fashion point, modified envelope crown.
The elaborate era is eloquently expressed in this evening gown worn by Paramount's star Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." Of cream net, lavishly trimmed in bouffant rows of vulture feathers, this gown is accented by a priceless set of diamond and ruby jewels. The gown was designed by Travis Banton, and the jewelry is a William Howard Hoefffer creation. Claudette's dark beauty and slimness sets off and enhances the gorgeous, rich effect of the jewelry, which brings out the cameo delicacy of her face.

Beige kasha and sable form this charming daytime ensemble, another smartly attractive costume worn by Miss Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." The unpressed pleats in the tunic are important, and the jabot of sable tails amusing. Miss Colbert wears brown antelope gloves cuffed in sable. Her hat, purse and shoes are dark brown, and her wrap is a long coat, also sable. The Alpine effect hat lends a dash of pertness which points up the cameo quality of Miss Colbert's face. Her picture title may be "The Gilded Lily," but here is one flower that just doesn't need the slightest brush stroke of gilt. Pure gold needs no tinting, you'll agree
PERSONALLY, I attach as much value to the rumors that Garbo and Brent, her current inamorata, love each other even unto marriage, as I do to the theory that the moon is made of green Roquefort. However, there is no doubt that Greta and George have gone about wooing one another in their romantic interlude in a much more picturesque fashion than that which heretofore attended the Garbo love lapses.

My operatives report that the swans of Toluca Lake, about the only accessible bit of salt water near Hollywood, have been starred more than once of late by a canoe’s gliding stealthily among the water lilies. Garbo, reining and George, very masterful, paddling.

I myself almost ran into the outdoor lovers one Sunday afternoon on the beach highway as Mr. Brent very daringly turned around in the middle of extensive traffic. I shouldn't have noticed that might have happened if that big truck swerved out of the way had tagged George’s frail Ford roadster. But he made it, nd followed my car slowly for miles while Greta, beneath a huge turned down hat, with the waves and sniffed the salt air. Finally, they drew up at the side of the road and parked.

Most of Garbo’s former swans have called her house to pay court, but Garbo has reversed the process in this instance. She visits George at his home in Toluca Lake.

TO Anton Grot, head of Warner Brothers Art Department, was delegated the task of designing the sets for “Midsummer Night’s Dream” in accordance with Max Reinhardt’s ideas.

Lighting these huge sets presents problems. In order to avoid needless delay in lighting and shooting, and in order to avoid having to re-build expensive sets, a working model was made by Anton Grot of the large set which will represent the throne room of Theseus, Duke of Athens.

The finished set will be 135 feet wide, but the model is scaled to 3/4 of an inch to the foot.

The general style of its architecture is Italian Baroc, which lends itself to grandeur.

The columns that rim the room are spiral, carved with angels bearing laurels, that wind about the columns.

At one end of the room a series of semi-circular stairs surround a platform on which the mummers perform.

In the center of the room are the tables for the guests, with the little stools of the period in lieu of chairs.

At the far end, the throne and canopy of silver.

There is only one side of the affair which parallels the other discovered Garbo romances—the desert rendezvous. La Quinta, the fashionable but safely private desert resort beyond Palm Springs, has been the destination of most of their trips together.

Garbo always seemed to like the desert. When she and Rouben Mamoulian hit it off for a while, most of their slip-aways headed towards the greasewood belt. In fact, it was around the sandy California-Arizona state line that an alert customs man tossed an official monkey wrench into their famous Grand Canyon trip.

Despite some few evidences of a change in her personality and technique which the charm of Mr. Brent seemingly has worked, those who are in a position even distantly to observe her agree that a marriage license is the last thing in either’s mind.

In fact, there are scattered signs that both are looking about. Garbo’s new mystery man is said to be a big tall blond, which spies swear cannot possibly be George Brent with a wig.

EVIDENTLY Norma Talmadge has a house complex. She has two houses in southern California, a home in Palm Beach, and a luxurious apartment in New York. However, she is very seldom at either one, as she is traveling with her husband, George Jessel, most of the time.

Imagine Lee Tracy playing with dolls? It isn’t as bad as it sounds. Lee takes the role of a puppeteer in the Columbia picture, “Carnival,” with Sally Eilers

All of this is as perfect in detail as will be the finished setting—even to the small carvings. Figurines, representing the characters, are costumed authentically. Hand-painted drapes mask the hallways behind the throne.

To build this miniature, nine artists worked steadily for four weeks. All of the work was done by hand. Each column was sculptured and carved separately. The silver above the throne was engraved in detail.

The decorations of the throne were first rough-milled and then handcarved. This miniature set is lighted with baby spot lights in order to get the same effects that will be sought when the cameras start grinding.

Reinhardt’s first use of his model is to establish the best angles for the camera. This he does in two ways.

Small black boxes with holes of a size to match the range of a camera lens are held to the eye. These boxes, being portable, can be used to test the view from any position.
When the angles are established, a circular wall is built around the miniature model. Into this wall, peep-holes are cut to match the spots established by the little black boxes.

With the placement of his cameras established, Reinhardt then places the figurines or dolls, tests their entrances and exits and ascertains the best position for furniture and props.

William Dieterle, Warner Bros. director, who will be associated with Reinhardt in the dramatic direction, and who worked with him for many years in Europe, and Anton Grot lends the benefit of their broad knowledge of screen technique.

The belle of Hollywood is a girl in a wheelchair named Ella Wickersham. Hollywood eligibles crowd around her at every party, because Ella is grand company and has the sweetest smile known to men. She has been in the wheelchair for eighteen years. At fifteen she did a dancing act with her brother, Bill, which finished on roller skates. Ella slipped and hit her spine, resulting in paralysis. She has had nineteen operations, most of them at the Mayo Clinic. Yet Ella is one of the gayest persons alive. Her brother found another partner for the dancing act and Ella made their costumes from her bed. She makes all her own clothes now, by hand, and they are beautiful. No party in Hollywood really starts until Ella arrives, wheeled in by her always-devoted brother. Ella is Reine Berics' valued assistant. Reine, as you know, does a society column for the Hearst papers.

Richard Dix has two Scotch jokes, and they're pretty cute ones, too. Dix is trying to teach one of them a trick. But the Scotty thinks it's a waste of good energy. He'll get the meat anyhow.

D.OUGLASS MONTGOMERY has gone into the peacock business, which proves he is not superstitious. The old-school actors always believed peacock feathers to be unlucky. Doug has them around for the aesthetic pleasure of watching the gorgeous plumage strut around the lawn. But that isn't all. Being a practical guy, they are used for commercial display, also, by advertising companies.

A LARGE chiffon handkerchief to match your evening gown is all the go. Of course, it must have your monogram, the shade with which your gown is accented, in the corners opposite each other.

B.LACK is always stunning, so Paris designers say to wear printed gloves and shoes with your black dinner gown this Spring.

Just about the latest pal of the natty Marlene Dietrich is Felix Rolo. That active old dame, Rumor, has it he is a very wealthy Egyptian. Marlene is looking very smart!

Ella Wickersham, the belle of all Hollywood. No party starts until Ella arrives. It's brother Bill with her. Ella was injured in a roller skating act, when she was fifteen.
"Beginner's luck!" says Doug. But all the same, Fairbanks is astonished at Chevalier's success. It was Maurice's first crap game, and Doug was supposed to teach him how. Doug lost!

HOLLYWOOD has given the world something worth while besides Mickey Mouse. Dark glasses.
Some time ago some ingenious star hit upon he happy idea that a pair of shady glims provided a simple and efficient disguise. Garbo wore them and everybody read about it. Now tars, extras, shop girls and bootblacks walk up and down Hollywood boulevard completely concealed behind enormous circles of smoked glass.
In a way it's a boon to everyone. For gaping tourists it provides a fortunate solution to the star-gazing problem. They can tingle with excitement merely by watching a housemaid on her day off and speculating as to whether she is Kay Francis or Norma Shearer. And for the natives it does away with a lot of cheap conversation about the weather. Peering perennially through cloudy lenses they never know whether the California sun is shining or whether a high fog has rolled in from Santa Monica, thereby dispensing with that disturbing word "unusual."

ONE of the real characters of Hollywood—when one says Hollywood one means any one or any place connected with pictures—is a postman. His name is Wurtzel, he's a brother of Sol Wurtzel, Fox producer. Postman Wurtzel knows everybody in Beverly Hills, knows what they're doing—and why. If a new family moves in across the street, he can tell you who they are, where they came from, the car they drive, the children they have, or haven't or expect. He's a genial soul, and all of us like him. But because he's so genial, imagine my surprise when he burst in on me the other day, his face purple with rage and indignation. "Mr. York," he demanded, "don't you think it's a damn outrage for them to call that dirty book 'The Postman Always Rings Twice' when there isn't a postman in it from cover to cover?"
That's real literary criticism, my friends.

No other word but exotic describes the beauty of that remarkable girl (left). She is Margo, and now featured with George Raft and Carole Lombard in Paramount's "Rumba."

Postman Wurtzel is the man who knows everybody in Beverly Hills, where many of the stars have their palatial homes. Postman Wurtzel is the town's walking encyclopedia.
AN annual event of George Hearst's is hiring a bus and taking oodles of stars and other well-known people of Hollywood to the final football game of the season. This year's final game he had sixty guests and did their thumbs get plenty of exercise. The bus broke down and everyone had to hitch-hike home.

Some of the hitch-hikers were: Mr. and Mrs. Scoots Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Netcher (Rosie Dolly), Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (Sally Filers), Mr. and Mrs. Al Hall (Lotha Lane), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson (Carmelita Geraghty), Mr. and Mrs. Wes Ruggles (Arlene Judge), Mr. and Mrs. Dick Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gargan, Mr. and Mrs. Considine, Rosy Rosenberg, Mervyn LeRoy, John Monk Saunders, Lloyd Pantages, Jack Warner, Ralph Bellamy, Howard Hughes, and many others.

A friend admired it.

"Yes," said Betty, "it's made of unborn bath-mat."

ARTHUR HORNIBLOW, JR., producer at Paramount, was worrying over the script of "Wings in the Dark," which is one of the pictures you will see soon. The climax in the picture comes when two aviators begin an attempt to fly the Atlantic.

In the story, as it was written, all was excitement. One aviator appeared with hair tousled, clothes disheveled; the other on the verge of nervous collapse. Mr. Horniblow kept saying to himself, "There's something wrong with this story, I don't know what it is, but I know there's something wrong."

Just about that time the newspapers became filled with the exploit of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Captain P. G. Taylor, in flying the Pacific from Australia to California. Horniblow read of the nonchalance with which they said as they landed, "Sorry we got here a couple of hours early." Mr. Horniblow knew then what was wrong with his story.

If you've been wondering what Doug Jr. is doing in London, take a look at this. But no gossip, please. It's a scene with Gertrude Lawrence in "Moonlight is Silver," which closed, due to Miss Lawrence's illness.
Mary Pickford is "The Sweetheart of the Air" now. One of her most popular over-the-mike rôles was that of the spitieryountain girl in "Trigger." Mary's maid, Edell Olsen, watches while she arranges her hair to fit under Trigger's plaid cap. 

HE other day Marian Nixon called on her ex-husband, Eddie Hillman, with her new 
husband, Bill Seiter. That's 1935. Why let a 
ting thing like a divorce spoil a friendship?

A SANTELL went to England to direct a 
picture. He walked out when he found 
at sort of picture Toeplitz wanted him to 
cet. But while he was there he thought he'd buy 
man some new shirts. He had heard that 
canard, that English shirt-makers were the 
(I could have told him that the only 
th-while English shirts are made in Paris.) 
At any rate, Al went in for a fitting. Being 
true Californian, Al never wears an under-
It. He disrobed. 

The austere English "clark" looked at his 
kindness and observed in horror: 
"Ah, too bad, Mr. Santell: trouble with the 
undertaker, no doubt. Thanku."

ADD fashion notes: Tennis costume of 
'Nat Pendleton (Believe it or Not!)
One pair gray flannel shorts—
One sleeveless shirt—
One pair long woolen stockings secured by 
rubber bands above knees leaving an intriguing 
dans of hairy legs between stockings and shorts!

Here is proof, by Jack Holt, that 
even a movie actor can read. His 
dog, however, is concentrating on 
the cameraman who has invaded the 
privacy of the Holt living room

When a gentleman presents a lady 
with a train and a carnation, it seems 
as if he should make headway. But 
Miss Buckwheat Thomas is dubious 
of Mr. Stymie Beard's intentions

JUNE KNIGHT gets lots of fun out of mixing 
odd shades of nail polish. In summer, when 
she acquires a luscious, rich mahogany hue 
she paints toe and finger nails a dead, opaque 
white. The contrast is stunning.

A FEW crisp California mornings ago, the 
good troopers of a Citizens' Conservation 
Camp located in Griffith Park, Los Angeles' 
expansive recreation reserve, were startled 
out of their barracks by a foreign clatter of 
hooves. A few of the more agile and inquisitive 
members emerged in time to behold Clark 
Gable describe a neat arc starting from the 
flat saddle of a large sorrel horse and terminat-
ing with a disturbing thud on the ground.

The whole thing was very shocking. It was 
physically shocking to Clark, certainly, to 
come cropper in the midst of a matutinal can-
ter. It was a blow to his pride, as Mr. Gable 
is rather proud of his skill with and knowl-
dge of our four-footed friends.
ACTORS go athletic the minute they get their first sniff of the Hollywood ozone. You may have heard this one before, but try to stop me. It's the climate. It must be the climate.

Broadway actors who never got out of the hay until cocktail hour, and who thought the sun was the moon lit up, go athletic in a big way the day they arrive in Hollywood. Yes, indeed!

In my time, I've seen many a celebrated lad awaken in his hotel room at three P.M. and with low moans reach for an eye-opener, a cigarette and an aspirin simultaneously. Usually it took a couple of hours for the weak and jittery figure to emerge from the ether in fairly good walking condition.

In Hollywood, this getting up at sunrise instead of hitting the hay at that unearthly hour, works miracles. Yes, indeed!

With unbelieving eyes I stood at the bedside of an old pal who has recently achieved considerable fame in the movies. Time, eight A.M. and it was his day off. He was not only awake, he had both eyes open. They were flashing, and his voice rang with enthusiasm.

"Come on, boy," he shouted, "Let's go." And, he reached not for an eye-opener, a cigarette nor an aspirin, please believe me, but for a golf club which peeped out of a bag beside his bed.
"Some of the boys are a little lame and halt, but you gotta admire their new-born spirit. . . . The girls are, athletic, too. And are they honeys—!"

From golf to yachts . . . actors turn athletic as California's genial sun warms their spirits

by SCOOP CONLON

He waved it feelingly. "Let's go right out there," he cried, "and take those guys." You got me!

Now folks, I've lived in sunny California for twenty-odd years. Pride myself on being fairly athletic, too. But I'm getting fed up on being awakened shortly after dawn (I live on the Lakeside golf course hard by Toluca Lake) by the strange, piercing cries of joy or pain peculiar to the golf bird. So help me, upon looking out of my bedroom windows I usually see Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, W. C. Fields and even my old pal, Bill Frawley, striding fanatically along the fairways. But, Bill Frawley of all fellas. That kills me. As we took our daily strolls along Hollywood's main stem, as set forth in a previous article, Bill kept roaring with his twits and twirps regarding the vast changes that had happened to our dear old village. Well, the Paramount company scarcely had time to take up his first option when he took me to one side.

"Listen, buddy," he says, "you belong to that Lakeside golf club, don't you? You're a director, aren't you? Well, Frawley wants to join up. Put me through."

I was nonplussed. "What's the big idea, Bill?"

"These one-minute-eggs think that because they can knock one of those silly little white balls [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]"
Mitzi was right in there at the opening of the hi-hat Mayfair Club. She's top left, then Joe E. Brown, Mrs. Chico Marx, George Burns, doing a Joe E., Gracie Allen, Georgie Stone. Rudy Vallee put on the English for Mitzi when she was his guest at a broadcast. You see, Rudy has gone the landed squire, ya know, old bean. That little place down Maine.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

That gadabout Mitzi Cummings goes places and tells you all about it.

Mitzi took her kid nephew, a strapping two-year-old, on his first visit to a studio. He had the time of his life, largely from Ted Healy's ice-cream cones, lollipops, hand springs. Lyle Talbot and Mitzi, the big kids, went in for some bantister sliding at the Mayfair Club opening. But, it was a part of the fun. In fact, Joe E. Brown sailor's hornpiped.
HOW d'ya do, Lambie:
With whoops of joy I announce to you that I went to that splendid benefit for Mary Blackford at the Cocoanut Grove; that my clothes nearly got torn off in the crush of getting inside; and that I signed my Mitzi Hancock with a great flourish in the huge autograph album that Sue Carol was filling for Mary to look at while recovering in the hospital.

What? Details? Okey!
Our party consisted of Pat de Cicco, Margot Grahame, a recently arrived and delightful English actress, the scintillating Barbara (Snooney) Blair, (And I'm going to copy her stunning long tuxedo suit) and several others. The party kept enlarging so I really couldn't tell who was and who wasn't with me!

Anyway, it was an evening I cared for, particularly as Benny Rubin, my old pal, was M.C. He came to dinner the next night, by the way, and told us a big bunch of peachy backstage stories that I'm going to dish out to you one of these days. Benny also told me that young Miss Blackford will probably completely recover from her spine injury.

How you like the enclosed picture? Listen, minx, I gave up lots of my evening posing with those movie stars just so you could enlarge that treasured gallery of yours . . . so you'd better say this Rembrandt is ut-cha-cha! (You can't deny, anyway, that Anita Louise, Tom Brown and Mr. Cagney look charming.)

There is another thing I must tell you. About Will Rogers. Right after he finished thanking the crowd for their turn-out, he was head-man of the whole affair) he started for home. Suddenly an enthusiastic lady fan leaped on him. Will, who is really a dreadfully shy person, tried to escape. Impossible. Finally he dashed into the hotel kitchen with the rabid fan hot on his trail. Through the pots and pans they dodged, until finally some man who looked like a friend, and acted the part, dashed in from somewhere, stretched out his arms like a shield, and Will jumped behind him.

This gave the head cook a chance to air the lady. Rogers, damp and grateful, left with the kindly stranger . . . who, alas, was a news-cameraman . . . and Will is only a little more nervous of that clan than he is of hot-headed lady fans! However, gratitude is gratitude, so the good little boy, stuttering and perspiring, he went meekly into a room where at least twenty newspaper cameras were lined up in a blaze of light. He gave them front-face, full profile, right profile, etc., until they finally released him. Then the suave Mr. R., rattling out there like a lost comet, bumped right into me coming up the stairs. He clutched my hand frantically, muttered, "Who . . . ? Where . . . ? You . . . ! Oh . . . !" and with a whoop of despair he fled!

Now I am going to tell you, my friend, about the Stu Erwin-June Collyer offspring.

The proud poppa was telling me that June took the same hospital room that Dolores Barrymore had when each of her babies was born. He engaged the one across the hall where John used to wear the nap off the carpet. June's father came down for the event, and he developed more jitters than the prospective papa, which made everything just dandy.

Mitzi went to the benefit held for Mary Blackford, young actress slowly recovering from a spine injury. Here she is with Tom Brown, Anita Louise and Jimmy Cagney

However, grandpa Collyer discovered that in the hospital chapel there was an organ and being a first-class organist, he went down and eased his nerves through the ordeal by rendering all the classics. Then—you'll die!—in tip-toes the assistant head nurse of obstetrics with a violin under her arm. She's just dying to play a duet, she confides, and may she join him? She may, said grandpa-to-be, and thus they whiled away the anxious hours with some first-rate, high-class harmony!

While on the subject of little ones, Little One, let me do a small rave over my nephew Stephen. Last week, for the first time in his young life, I took him to the studio where his uncle, Jack Cummings, was supervising a picture, "The Winning Ticket," with Chuck Reisser directing.

We no sooner got inside the door than Louise Fazenda leaped up, "Brent! How did you get here?" she cried, and gave him a bear hug. Subsequent findings revealed that Louise had mistaken our young one for her own baby who, at the moment,
Once upon a time a down-and-outer came to our pal Vallee and asked him to buy his motor boat. Rudy needed that boat like you need a third leg, but being good-hearted, he bought the thing. Now... where to put it? Rudy bought himself a patch of land in the Maine woods, beside a lake, built a little mooring, carted over the motor boat and stuck it in the water. But now appears another problem: where to put the boat when it rains? So, the musician had to build a boat house. Problem number three: What if Rudy gets hungry when he goes out motor-boating? What if he gets thirsty? What if he wants to play the piano? There was only one answer. Rudy had to build a house!

But, hold on! There is more to come! Guests now appear on the scene. Rudy has to build a garage for their cars. More guests. A guest house! So now he has an estate, a private road, a lodge for guests, another for servants, to say nothing of installing lights, gas, and plumbing!

In other words, Mr. Vallee bought a motor boat!

He's terribly proud of being a landed squire, and when he showed me pictures of the place he pointed proudly to all the modern conveniences in the sylvan setting. The cutest picture, Joan! I wish you could have seen one of Rudy, very tan and broad-shouldered, waving from the motor boat! And swimming in the lake! Another beside the huge outdoor barbecue fireplace, dog 'n' everything. Still another beside the fireplace in his den where he's leaning against the mantel on which is carved those magic words... “Your time is my time.”

Last week I lunched with my... | Please turn to page 110|

was at Palm Springs acquiring a nice coat of tan!

The handsome two-year-old was next beset by Leo Carrillo and Ted Healy, also in the picture, who offered him ice-cream cones, lolly-pops, hot dogs, hand springs, and as a grand finale, sang for the kids! Ted warbled Elii Elii, Leo, simultaneously sang the St. Louis Blues. What a splurge of expensive talent for a wee audience of one! Ted, incidentally, was so pleased with this Hebrew melody that he developed a smile that wouldn't come off.

I want to tell you something that Leo Carrillo and Chuck Riesner did that day. A certain bit actor had a tongue-twister line to speak which he couldn't seem to manage. He got so nervous, after numerous attempts, that it was agonizing to watch him. Finally, the assistant director whispered to Chuck that he would get another player. “No,” said Chuck, “if the casting office finds out why, they might can him for good.” So, they shot the scene as best they could.

Leo later revealed that when he was just starting his career in vaudeville, years ago, this man was a headliner and Leo's idol. And, knowing how ashamed he must have been of his failure to read just two lines, Leo wrote him a letter to say that he had just seen the day's work in the projection room and his scene registered perfectly, and that the finest of troupers sometimes blow up in their lines.

Nice men, eh, kitten?

Whoo... 00! I almost forgot a crack from Louise Fazenda that you must hear. I was telling her that I hoped she kept plenty of oil on her youngster so the sun wouldn't desiccate him. To which the comedienne flipped... “Don't worry, he's all greased up like a twelve-cylinder car!”

Remember, Joan, when we used to read “This Is The House That Jack Built?” Well, we now go modern and retitle it, “This Is The House That Rudy Built.”

Bride and groom: Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, favorite stars of Britain, had a party for two at the Trocadero after their marriage. Lawton came to Hollywood to play the title rôle in “David Copperfield.” And Evelyn, “The Night is Young,” for M-G-M. They will be seen again soon, after their honeymoon.

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease, Tut Mace does, with the help of her partner Gary DeLeon. They are whirling for a scene in Columbia's "Let's Live Tonight," which is featuring Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey.
JUDGING by the number of letters I've been getting from you girls and women all over the country, you've all caught onto the fact that I'm setting the beauty standard for you—giving you an ideal toward which to work. And if, when I get through, you don't know what you want to look like—then it's your own fault. I'm telling you what's good and when I say something is good it's got to be good!

This month I'll tell you about perfect backs, hands and rumps. I want you to pay attention to me, listen closely to every word I say. And then get busy with your exercises and your diets until you're so beautiful that strong men will swoon when you walk into a room. How's that for you?

First of all, the back. You should have a strong, straight back to be healthy. You can't

(Above) Karen Morley's arms are perfect, slim but firm and in proportion

Proper exercises help develop a back as lovely as Ann Dvorak's. Perfect?

Hands express personality. Are yours as beautiful as Karen's? Soulful?
Ginger Rogers, queen of the Carioca and the Continental, tops her red-gold long bob with a coronet for a formal note. Ginger wore this coiffure, a braid and curled tighter, under a sea green lace hat at her Winter wedding.

The silken texture of Joan Bennett's taffy-colored hair finds relief in clusters of soft side curls and a miniature coronet of her own hair, caught with brilliant clips.

JUST about this time, three years ago at the Hollywood premiere of "Mata Hari," two bright Hollywood chapters were written, one by Greta Garbo, the other by Norma Shearer. This was expected of Greta, but not of Norma. Greta played a fine role in a fine picture. But Norma made fashion history by appearing with a wide coronet braid wound about her sleek brown hair.

Now that may not seem worthy of a special rave, but it's the way fashion history is made. That coronet braid, aside from making Norma appear more queenly, was immediately photographed by all the news picture companies, comment telegraphed to headquarters by fashion and beauty editors, and appeared next day in picture and print.

Thus, the coronet fashion began, sweeping from Hollywood all over the world. The same thing happened last year, Katharine Hepburn's bangs sending us all scissors-bound for a forehead fringe. Even Paris caught on and acknowledged with a big bow of thanks Hollywood's contribution of the revival of a great girl stunt—the bang.

Frankly, after three years I should expect the coronet to be in the limbo of many forgotten fashion ideas. But not so. The vogue grows bigger and better—better because Hollywood is still showing us smart things to do with a braid or two.

Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcee" found the coronet the trick to off-set her red-gold curls. Kitty Carlisle took her coronet braids and wound them over her ears in squaw fashion.
Bradley's auburn locks are softly curled, loosely combed and braided to give a very naive and school-girlish effect. Consider the bang in re-
no your forehead. Grace wears this arrangement in "The Gilded Lily".
Gail Patrick, appearing in "Rumba," introduces "The Inconsistent Coiffure," affording a varied picture every time the head is turned. Gail knows that the exposed forehead, when brow and hairline are good, lends a touch of clarity and charm to the face, and is extremely smart at the moment. The banked side curls and tiers of rolls give just that note of sophistication that many of us prefer for evening. Permanent curls on the ends only are necessary.

At right, Gail's sculptured curls, showing the popular upward trend, featuring a middle part, straight severity of hairline and cascade of ringlets. A queenly arrangement that is a perfect excuse for jeweled clip earrings in customary style on the lobe or clipped over the upper ear for newness and novelty. Avoid earrings unless ears are well shaped and dainty.
Since Katharine Hepburn's bangs in "Little Women" created an international style trend, let's sit back and see if her cylindrical curls in "The Little Minister" also play a part in this Spring's hair modes. Here is Katharine, very appealing as Babbie, and challenging the imaginative to make their curls go in this manner. Below, inspired by her recent Indian rôle in "Behold My Wife," Sylvia Sidney illustrates the matchless poetic qualities of the sleek coiffure with low chignon.
Perhaps the jazzing ring of your telephone may tell you there's going to be a gay gathering, or a friend may say casually, "We're having a party at our place. Come over." In case it's a big, formal affair, the postman will undoubtedly bring your invitation. However it comes, this invitation puts a responsibility upon you—to look and be your loveliest self.

Hollywood is mistress of the art of looking well and being charming under trying circumstances. So a few tricks from the stars might help us all to walk off with the scalps of the evening.

It seems the vogue to rush madly about life today, whether or not we really do anything, so on the assumption that you're all tired out before you begin this evening toilette, first aid comes in the form of an enlivening bath and a radiance treatment for your face.

Carole Lombard's method is to fill her tub with pleasantly warm, not hot, water, add bath salts or one of those scented bath lotions that make your water as soft as milk and leave a clinging fragrance on the skin. While Carole is relaxing in this tub, she also cleanses, stimulates and refreshes her face. She has one of those convenient little shelves that slide across the tub, and on this rest her creams and lotions. Thus, two jobs are done at one time, and when Carole emerges she is ready for the more fascinating business of hair, make-up, and so on.

If you prefer a shower, and many people react better, here's the way to get benefit of skin fragrance which the shower naturally eliminates. After bathing, use a scented eau de Cologne or infusion in the French manner. Pour some into your palms and vigorously rub your whole body. This seems to give you the refreshing effects of an alcohol rub plus fragrance. Some dusting powder, and you feel like breaking into a dance.

For make-up, use every aid that art and science have put on your dressing-table, but use them subtly. First, a sparing use of foundation, cream or lotion, as you prefer. A light dab of cream rouge, high on cheeks, up toward temples. Only enough for a glow. Hollywood does not rouge cheeks heavily. Nor should you. If your coiffure exposes your ears, rough the lobes lightly.

Now powder plentifully, just gobs of it, and use a tone one shade lighter than you use for day, unless you want to experiment with a truly evening shade, jade green or mauve for example. When you are well coated, take a powder brush or fresh cotton and dust off all surplus.

Lips need real art. Outline worries most of us. One solution is the lip pencil, such as Elissa Landi is using which gives you a perfect outline to be filled in with the same tone from your lipstick.

All eyes can stand a touch of shadow for evening and if you will give patience to application, you can work out some lovely effects. Mascara, of course, and blue or green if you are a blonde. A finely pointed eyebrow pencil for more telling brow.

A touch of perfume to your cur' (special perfume comes for this purpose), to back of ears, neck, wrist and hem of skirt, a favorite place among the stars because sweete emanates with every step, and ye are ready to answer that invitation to a dance.
THANK YOU—Ruby Keeler—for your wholehearted approval of Lux. Your fans will appreciate this bit of personal advice. It makes them feel very close to you to know that you use Lux just the same way they do.

Things last longer, look lovelier with Lux because it has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there’s no rubbing. It’s these things that fade colors, weaken fibres. Lux saves colors, keeps materials looking like new. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS . . .

"We use Lux in our wardrobe department to keep stockings and costumes new—looking twice as long," says N’Was McKenzie, Warner Brothers’ wardrobe supervisor. "We’re washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies! They look swell! It’s a real dollars-and-cents saving."
Irvin Cobb Presents Another Will Rogers

[ continued from page 35 ]

clippings which dated back to the old Red Sandstone Period of American burlesque. With her help I dug up what we both figured was probably the first authentic review of Will Rogers that was published after he broke out of the Wild West show and broke into the two-a-day show shops. It had appeared in a Chicago theatrical paper, long since deceased.

At the banquet when my time came to speak, I stood up in my large white cravat and starchy vest, and I read that particular criticism. It ran, as I recall, somewhat like this:

"Spot Seven on the bill is taken by a skinny youth calling himself Cherokee Bill Rogers, who has an educated horse. The horse goes through a routine of tricks and the alleged cow-

From page 35:

boy performs rope-throwing stunts and chews gum and talks steadily. This act might go bet-

ter if the cowboy would shut up and give the horse a chance."

THERE was a howl at this so I tried to make the joke keep on spouting. By prior arrange-

ment a veteran actor rose in his place and said:

"Mr. Cobb, may I interrupt? I just want to say that I myself saw that act when it opened out in Chicago and I thought then that fellow Cherokee Bill had some merit—not much, but some. And I'll never forget that magnificent white horse he owned."

"Then you must have seen the act the day after it opened," I said. "It was a bay horse at the first show. But I understand that its hair turned white in a single night."

This was the cue for the toastmaster, also to play stooge:

"Mr. Cobb," he put in, "can you tell us how long the team lasted?"

"Not long," I told him. "Professional jealousy was responsible for its break-up. You see, the horse kept getting all the good notices. So Bill here shipped the plug back to Oklahoma and branched out as a single. He didn't do so well for quite a spell, but it saved him a lot of heart-burning."

And so on and so forth, until, among us, my fellow-plotters and I had milked the shandos-
gag dry.

The main point was though that Rogers whooped louder than anybody there. And afterwards he got up and admitted the truth of all these libellous gives and then topped the show with a crafty line of slaming sabers-
strokes aimed at first one and then another of the conspirators.

So by that I knew that here was one pro-

fessional kidder who could stand being kidded, which is what most of the breed positively, absolutely cannot do. He could dish it out and he could take it, too. Nothing has oc-

urred in our long and pleasant subsequent ac-
quaintance which would dispute his right to stand up under such punishment. Indeed, I think therein lies one of the secrets of his pop-

ularity, which in this case means his success. He doesn't laugh at people, he laughs with them, and, once in a while, he stops to laugh, very sincerely at himself. You can't be a synthetic product if you have that gift. It stamps the genuine humorist every time.

There is another side to this many-faceted character, of which a great many people do not know. He is a cooking good business man. Producers will tell you that when it comes to driving a bargain Will Rogers is one screen actor who needs no agent. He knows to the ultimate penny how much his stuff is worth, and if all his vogue lasts, he insists on getting his share, and getting it now. And he is a pretty tolerably accurate judge of acting ve-

HIS tone grew mournful

"Sometimes," he added, "I think it's a mistake for an Oklahoma cowhand, born a thousand miles from salt water, to try to hog a whole ocean."

Something subtly seems to tell me that aquatic sports and pastimes no longer appeal to the Rogers intelligence.

If you want to see the real Will Rogers you should see him on his Santa Monica estate. Wrapped up in his family, which by the way, is a powerfully sweet family; dispensing a gra-

cious, unostentatious hospitality to his guests; treating a stable lass with the same unaffected and natural courtesy which is bestowed upon a nabob or a visiting potentate; betraying an honest pride in his achievements, but with no cheap vanity about it; crowding into twenty-

four hours three times as much work as an ordinary man could encompass and yet some-

how finding abundant leisure for enjoying his friends, enjoying domesticity and, in general, enjoying life as it comes. A pretty fair way of appraising a man's real character is by observ-

ing the relations in which he stands to those nearest to him—his family, his friends, his servants. Well up at the Rogers ranch, I defy you to find any-

body from that same and wholesome and utterly unspeckled wife of his, and Bill Junior and Jimmy, the boys, and dear little Mary, the daughter, on down to the humblest member of the staff with the head of the outfit is a mighty swell guy.

There is a chain upon the gate down by the highroad to keep out the crowds that otherwise would make life a burden to the dwellers here, but there is no latch on Bill Rogers' soul and no lock on the cockles of his heart.
Embarrassing situations, even costly retakes, can be caused by careless handbags which do not guard contents securely. In the film world, stars are learning to avoid these accidents by insisting on handbags with Talon fastener security and convenience.

They find that handbags with this slide fastener are smarter, more attractive, than usual type handbags. In addition, this smooth-running, snug-closing slide fastener assures security for precious contents.

Your favorite handbag shop has a wide selection of Talon-fastened Handbags. Do as the screen world does—look for the TALON name on the slider when you buy your handbags.

* "Pocketbook Panic" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.
enables a restaurant in Red Gap inviting the social elite. Belknap Jackson tries to ruin the party with exposure of Ruggles' true status, but the town flies to Ruggles' defense. So does JAS.

A simple little story, you will say, but there's more in it than meets the eye. Laughton considers it the second-best picture he ever has made.

Henry VIII was the other. Ruggles was given an ambitious production by Paramount. Leo McCarey, director, is a big-hearted Irishman who juggles scenes to give the extras more work. The picture was a boon for them, since McCarey is a believer in realism. The barbecue on Ma Pettigilli's ranch was shot with roasted meat for everyone. For three days they were in a saloon scene, with free lunch and beer. In the cafe sequence, there was roast duck for everyone.

Mary Boland worked in the picture with six fresh stitches on her side from a major operation.

The personnel looks like an old Who's Who in pictures, twenty years ago. Beside Vic Potel, Heine Conklin, and Neil Burns—famous old-time comics, the extra list is nearly all once-famous. Charlie West (D. W. Griffith leading man), Horace Carpenter, Dick LaReno, Howard Davies, William H. Clifford, J. W. Johnson, Carol Holloway, Ed Peil. If you remember your movies of 1914, you will recognize the famous names of that day.

David Copperfield
—M-G-M

A PICTURE honestly rating superlatives.

The most faithfully executed and beautifully acted production in our experience, with enough fine individual performances to star in six pictures. A first deep bow to Charles Dickens for the magnificent story, in which each character appeared to be an old friend, so long and vividly have they lived with us. A bow to Hugh Walpole, Howard Estabrook and George Cukor who adapted and directed with such brilliant clarity that not once do we confuse any of the numerous characters. The young David Copperfield is played by Freddie Bartholomew with such sensitive feeling and exquisite diction as we never hoped to see or hear. Elizabeth Allan is his helpless and lovely young mother whose death leaves him an orphan at the mercy of a tyrannical stepfather and aunt, admirably executed by Basil Rathbone and Violet Kemble Copper. W. C. Fields is Mr. Micawber, in the flesh, "waiting for something to turn up"—and something did. Edna May Oliver turns in her prize performance, Roland Young is distinguished as Uriah Heep, the humble hand-wringer to the letter. Maureen O'Sullivan is a lovely Dora, the child-bride of Pegotty, dear Pegotty, done with sym pathetic artistry by Jessie Ralph, and her old-salt brother is played to perfection by Lionel Barrymore. Frank Lawton is David grown and David realized. The long cast has been superbly chosen, with every smallest part perfectly delineated. The story is like Irish air, for none of the people in it are at all complex. They are all-good, all-bad, or crazy. Lennox Pawle leaves an unforgettable portrait of Mr. Dick, Madge Evans as Agnes, whom David finally marries. This is an incomparable evening in the theater, and one that will live with you for years.

Living of a Bengal Lancer
—PARAMOUNT

ANY comment on "Living of a Bengal Lancer" necessarily is inadequate. For no phrase, no matter how majestic, could quite describe the dramatic majesty of the picture. And no word, however strong, could define the essential strength of the Francis Yeats-Brown story as Paramount has brought it to life.

Because this picture is tremendously romantic, and yet hasn't a love scene in it; because it is excitingly different from the usual film; because it is a beautifully told, unselfish mental story of heroism, and because the perfection of acting and direction is never dwarfed by the immensity of production, it is one of the best ever to come out of the Paramount studios.

Gary Cooper is Captain McGregors, whose awkward soft-heartedness so often proves his undoing to the great delight of Lieutenant Forsythe (Franklot Tone) who always stops laughing, however, just in time to snap into action and prove himself fully as sentimental as Cooper. Richard Cromwell is the Colonel's son, whose youth and inexperience almost being about the annihilation of the regiment. Sir Guy Standing is the Colonel—"Old Ramrod," Cooper calls him, because his military stiffness leaves no apparent room for parental feeling. C. Aubrey Smith is his major, a man of dignity and understanding.

Upon the shoulders of these men rests the story's tremendous burden, and they carry it with the gallant humor and quiet heroism of Yeats-Brown's characters. Brittle, pointed dialogue; swift direction; pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture definitely important to see.

The County Chairman
—FOX

WILL ROGERS leads all Hollywood's stars at the box-office—far and away. Very possibly the reason he does so is that he gets closer to the American scene than any other star. People love him because they know him; they've seen him before.

In this, of course, he has George Ade to help him paint the portrait of a lovable but astute rural politician. Naturally, Will has plenty of fun with the subject, running off his pleasantly satirical observations on the great American pastime, which only confirms a sneaking opinion that Rogers writes ninety per cent of his lines.

The drama revolves around an election race for prosecuting attorney, with Will lining up his young law partner, Roger Taylor, against Berton Churchill in a good old-fashioned mudslinging campaign. Mr. Churchill also plays the father of Evelyn Venable, with whom Tay lor is in love. Thus the conflict.

The usual Rogers stock company, complete with Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Louise Dresser, Berton Churchill, Frank Melton and Stepin Fetchit, fit admirably into the cast. As Will Rogers repeats throughout the entire film, it will be "good politics" to take the whole family.

The Little Minister
—RKO-RADIO

MOVING in measured tempo, this beautiful production rejoices in visual beauty and some fine restrained performances. The photography is unsurpassed, resulting in a softened and gentle Katharine Hepburn—really almost a stranger. As Babbie, the girl who loves to play gypsy, she is vivacious in an in pictures, not quite the Jo of "Little Women." You are of course familiar with the story of religious intolerance in the Scottish village of Thrums, with its new minister who falls in love with the gypsy masquerader. John Beal gives a splendid account of himself as the little minister, and the supporting cast is exceptionally fine.

Every character is played with fine assurance, and the authentic Scotch burrs of Donald Crisp and Andy Clyde are things of joy.

Forsaking All Others
—M-G-M

THAT Van Dyke man is a wizard. He has directed a salubrious entertainment and made Joan Crawford into a human being, with Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best. The story is so simple you wonder how they had the nerve to make a picture of it—again—but it leaves you dizzv with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail.

Here Is My Heart
—PARAMOUNT

If you're a Bing Crosby fan—and who isn't here's something to clap hands about. For between the laughs, Bing sings those haunting kinds of tunes you'll hear for ages. The story? Well, it's just the old "Grand Duchess and the Waifer" yarn all dressed up in new raiment but it's still a good story.

Biography of a Bachelor Girl
—M-G-M

THE old Ann Harding of "Holiday" returns in this bright, sophisticated photoplay. Once again her alternately whimsical and intensely sincere personality registers as the portrait painter whose romantically intriguing life story causes all the conflict between sensational magazine editor Robert Montgomery. Former sweet heart Edward Everett Horton, who aspires to election to the Senate, and health book publisher-politician Charles Richman, whose daughter, Una Merkel, is to marry Horton. Miss Harding, however, is the best part of the picture which falls to wind up much of a dramatic punch, mainly through the incomplete cast. The breaking down of his hatred for privileged classes through love is the theme, and the strong, opinionated role cries for a more forceful personality. He struggles a bit obviously to down his natural light comedy bent.

1840 way—nary the smooth direction of a good story and capable supporting characterizations by Horton, Richman, Una Merkel and Edward Arnold puts the picture well up on the month's preferred list.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]
VIRGINIA PINE, glamorous newcomer, now under contract to Columbia Pictures, soon learned Hollywood's stay-slim secret! She is photographed on location—enjoying Ry-Krisp because she knows these crisp, delicious wafers appease between-meal hunger safely. Take a tip from famous movie stars. Eat Ry-Krisp at meals and when you're hungry between times. They actually help you to stay slim because they're filling but not fattening. You'll love them because they taste so good—your guests will love them, too! Serve them whenever you entertain!

Janes In!

Mme. SYLVIA of Hollywood

Hear intimate stories about Hollywood, valuable beauty advice from the Hollywood masseuse who became a famous authority on the feminine figure. Every Wednesday night, NBC Blue Network, 10:15 E.T., 9:15 C.T., 8:15 M.T., 7:15 P.C.T.
You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger...

It's so thrilling to win romance—so important to keep it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—do not guard as they should the soft, natural beauty of their complexions.

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

It is when cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores that they cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look, blackheads, perhaps—these are warning signals that you are not removing stale cosmetics properly.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. The ACTIVE lather of this gentle soap sinks deep into the pores swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. In this way it protect the skin against dangerous pore choking.

So before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—protect your skin with the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use! You want to have the appeal the only soft, clear skin can give you!
Romance comes to the girl who guards against Cosmetic Skin

Like most girls, I use rouge and powder—But never do I risk Cosmetic Skin! I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It does leave your skin like velvet!

Loretta Young
Star of 20th Century's "Clive of India"
BEAUTY in the BEGINNING

If you could watch the making of many fine beauty preparations today, you would see many food ingredients incorporated before dainty jars and bottles reach the shop shelf. Honey, eggs, olive oil, almonds, milk and lettuce are but a few of the elements that nourish and beautify the body from without, as well as from within.

While it is certainly more pleasant and often more convenient to choose the scientific preparation, it is well to know some of the stars' ideas, in case your cleansing cream suddenly gives out or you find yourself marooned while traveling or on vacation.

Jeanette MacDonald and Alice Brady both find oil of sweet almonds excellent for cleansing.

One of Marion Davies' favorite skin treatments is an egg mask. First cleanse, then spread the white of a large egg over the face with fingertips, letting it remain for twenty minutes. Remove with cold water.

Joan Blondell has a very French dressing-ish idea that leaves the face fresh and glowing. Mix table salt and olive oil to thin paste consistency and lightly smooth over the face and neck. The oil is softening cleansing; the salt helps remove dead cuticle that is constantly shedding and which if allowed to remain deadens the tone of the skin. A grand, grainy wash comes for just this purpose.

For skin cleansing and gentle astringent effect, Dolores Del Rio pats on pure strained honey and lets it remain about ten minutes. The honey is then washed off with lukewarm water. Gently stimulating, astringent and softening.

For a good hand bleach, Irene Dunne suggests corn meal, which she mixes to a paste with water, applies to hands and leaves on as long as possible. Olive and almond oil are good cleansers.

BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Tea—for two bright eyes. Rosemary Ames brews tea for five minutes, cools, uses as eye wash. She finds milk patted on her skin a good astringent and powder base
MADGE EVANS
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s
"DAVID COPPERFIELD"
Max Factor’s Make-Up
Used Exclusively

"Isn’t She Beautiful"
they say of
MADGE EVANS
..do they say that about you?

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the
Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up.

FACE POWDER

...You’ll marvel how
the color harmony tone
of Max Factor’s Face
Powder actually enlivens
the beauty of your
skin. Matchless in text-
ture, it creates a satiny-
smooth make-up that
clings for hours. You
will note the difference
instantly...One dollar.

ROUGE

...Created to screen
star types, the color
harmony shades of
Max Factor’s Rouge
impart a fascinating,
natural and lifelike
glow to your cheeks.
Creamy-smooth . . . it
blends and clings just
as you would want
it to . . . Fifty cent.

LIPSTICK

...Super-Indelible, for
in Hollywood Lip make-
up must remain perfect
for hours...Moistur-
proof, too, you apply
it to the inner surface
also, giving a uniform
color to the full lips...
In color harmony tones,
to accent the appeal of
lovely lips. One dollar.

THERE’S a thrill when admiring
eyes confirm the appeal
of your beauty...Life instantly
becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-
up secret which all Hollywood
screen stars know. Then you,
yourself, can create beauty just
as fascinating as the vision of
loveliness you see in your day
dreams.

The secret is color harmony
make-up, consisting of face pow-
der, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones,
originated by Max Factor, Hollywood’s genius
of make-up.

Working with stars like Madge Evans and other
famous beauties...searching to capture the mystery
of ravishing beauty...Max Factor discovered a new
principle of color harmony to be beauty’s secret
of attraction. Based on this principle, he created
new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge
and lipstick...harmonized color tones to bring
out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brun-
ette, brownette and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your
own color harmony in this new make-up will bring
you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth love-
liness to the skin...the rouge enlivens the color
appeal of your type...the lipstick accent the
allure of the lips...and all blend perfectly to
create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember...famous stars have found magic
in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable
transformation. Even your personality will reflect
a new confidence, because of your assurance in
the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

SO SHARE the luxury of Color Harmony Make-
Up created originally for the stars of the screen
by Hollywood’s make-up genius, and now made
available to you. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one
dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max
Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Fea-
tured by leading stores. For personal make-up
advice and illustrated book on "The New Art of
Society Make-Up", mail coupon below, direct to
Max Factor, Hollywood.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

MAIL FOR YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR ... HOLLYWOOD

JUST FILL IN THE COUPON FOR PARCEL-POST BOX OF POWDER IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY SHADE AND LIPSTICK COLORED SAMPLES, THEN SHIP. ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. YOU WILL ALSO RECEIVE A COPY OF THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "THE NEW ART OF BEAUTY MAKE-UP"...FREE.

NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE

COMPLEXION

EVET
MADIE

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
DARK

VER. LIGHT
B. LIGHT
DARK

LIGHT
Baby Jane takes her correspondence as seriously as she does her screen acting. However, she never lets her "career" keep her from caring for her dolly—hardly ever.

Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo, and the other leading stars have to step aside this month because little Baby Jane has taken the spotlight away from them and, furthermore, is holding on to it. Jane has a marvelous way of learning her lines and putting them over. Other stars who appear with her in pictures don't dare "blow up" in their lines because this tiny doll will tell them about it.

Baby Jane is a native daughter of Hollywood, Calif., born there on June 24, 1931. On her third birthday she began a long term contract with Universal in "Imitation of Life" with Claudette Colbert, in a role in which she spoke more than three hundred words. She holds the record for being the youngest player to speak so many words before a movie camera. Sometimes directors let her ad lib her lines and she says much cuter things than any writer could prepare for her. From babyhood she showed marked ability to master and remember words and before her third birthday she could sing several songs in both French and English.

Baby Jane has dark hazel eyes and medium brown hair. She is very tiny for her age and in private life answers to the very grown-up name of Juanita Quigley. She has an eight year old sister and a fourteen year old brother. She brings her toys to the studio every morning. Her favorite is an Aunt Jemima doll which the studio costume department made for her. Like the stars and directors Jane has a canvas chair with her name stencilled on the back of it. When she has to appear before the camera, her dolly holds it down.

After the hit she made in "Imitation of Life" Baby Jane was cast in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" with Claude Rains. This was followed by a part with Chester Morris in "I've Been Around," and finally a singing role in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her latest is "Straight From the Heart" which was written expressly for her by Doris Anderson.

Theresa Anderson, Dallas, Tex.—Kent Taylor hails from Nashua, Iowa. He was born there on May 11, 1907. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His romancing with Evelyn Venable is only on the screen. Kent has been married for some time, and Evelyn recently married Hal Mohr, cameraman.

Elaine Friedmann, Philadelphia, Penn.—Jean Parker's latest picture is "Sequoia." It is a very beautiful picture and you must not miss it. Russell Hardie plays opposite her.

Arlene Lée, Tablet, Alab., Can.—My humble apologies, Arlene, for keeping you waiting for an answer. Here's hoping you'll forgive the old man. Your favorite, Rosemary Ames, was born in Evanston, Ill., on December 11th (she doesn't tell the year). She is 5 feet, 6 inches tall; weighs 128 pounds and has reddish gold hair and blue eyes. She appeared on both the New York and London stages before going into pictures.

Mrs. Katherine Kirk, Owasso, Mich.—The picture you described was "The Singing Fool." Josephine Dunn was the blonde wife and Betty Bronson, the understanding little girl friend. Al Jolson sang "Sonny Boy" in the picture to little Davey Lee. Later Davey appeared in another picture titled "Sonny Boy" in which Edward Everett Horton and Betty Bronson also appeared. I guess that straightens the matter out, eh?

Dora, Albany, N. Y.—You can write to Tulio Caminati at the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. Tulio's next picture will be "Once A Gentleman." Lilian Harvey is the leading lady.

Mrs. Doris Ingham, Wintrop, Maine.—Many other ladies have written to me asking the same question about Gene Raymond. The space here is too small to list all the pictures Gene has made since he made his movie debut. However, here's the recent ones: "Ann Carver's Profession," "Brief Moment," "The House on 56th Street," "Flying Down to Rio," "I Am Suzanne," "Coming Out Party," "Sadie McKee," and "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." Watch for him next in "Behold My Wife" with Sylvia Sidney and "North Shore" with Barbara Stanwyck.

Virginia Allan, San Francisco, Calif.—I'm inclined to believe that Roger Pryor did his own fighting in the picture "Belle of the Nineties." You can write to Roger at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Betty Jane, New Orleans, La.—The song which was rendered so beautifully by a charming young lady in "Wagon Wheels" was "Estrellita," a Mexican song which means "Little Star."
"We're in town, honey"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES

play an important part in
Fannie Hurst's most appealing
story since "BACK STREET"

with

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in

"IMITATION OF LIFE"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

WE'RE IN TOWN, HONEY! Yes ma'am! Even in Hollywood they came to
old Aunt Jemima when they wanted real tender, light pancakes, for the
great new feature picture, "Imitation of Life."

Now you can make the same delicious, soul-satisfying pancakes that
spread Aunt Jemima's fame to every corner of the land. Just buy Aunt
Jemima Pancake Flour. We simply put into boxes her famous recipe in
ready mixed form. Four kinds of flour, blended as only she could do. Other
ingredients, jealously garnered in a life of service in the Old South.

Just add a cup of milk (or water) to a cup of Aunt Jemima's
ready mixed flour. Stir it up. Drop on the griddle. Then,
and only then will you know what we mean by "that old
plantation flavor" in pancakes.

All grocers supply Aunt Jemima. Pancake Flour in the
red package. Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. Order
today for breakfast tomorrow.

$9,000 CASH FREE!
2,562 separate awards—just for coloring up a picture of
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
First Prize . . . $1,000
Second Prize . . . $250
1,279 other prizes, totaling . . . $3,250
Duplicate prizes for grocers

Get your entry blank at any
grocery store, or movie theatre
showing "Imitation of Life"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

that Old Plantation flavor
The Shadow Stage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Evergreen
GAUMONT BRITISH

JESSIE MATTHEWS, darling of the London stage, will enthrall herself in the hearts of American movie-goers with this film. For she has a sweet voice, and does some of the best individual dancing you’ve ever seen. The picture tells the story of the daughter (Miss Matthews) of a once famous comedienne, Harriet Green, who resembles her mother so closely that a publicity man hits upon the idea of billing her as Harriet Green making a sensational stage comeback after years in retirement. The hoax works—for a while. And it makes a merry and interesting story.

A good cast includes Sonnie Hale (Jessie Matthew’s young husband), Betty Balfour, Barry Mackay and Ivor MacLaren.

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head
UNIVERSAL

A fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with a performance by Claude Rains that has seldom been touched on the screen. As a profound, intelligent pacifist and brilliant writer, Paul Verin (Rains) sells his mind to the unscrupulous publisher of a newspaper (Lionel Atwill) who betrays Verin’s trust for munitions money. It is a straightforward revelation of what really makes war, with no temporizing. The man whose wife (Joan Bennett) as well as his brains have been used unscrupulously, has his revenge. Every performance in the large cast is unusually fine, and Claude Rains sets a new high mark for superbly sympathetic acting. The picture is unclouded by comedy, and is apt to make you do a lot of thinking.

The Private Life of Don Juan
UNITED ARTISTS

WHAT happens when the world’s champion lover loses his title and the ladies no longer smile upon him? He turns to the security of his wife’s waiting arms—if he is lucky enough to have a wife who will wait. That, in substance, is the plot of “Don Juan.” Douglas Fairbanks as the gay Lothario of Spanish tradition, but latterly a bit weary of climbing balconies as middle-age overtakes him, retires to the country to restore his waning energies. The death of a pretender to his fame gives him the opportunity. Returning to Seville, he finds he cannot stage a comeback. Even Merle Oberon, playing a dancer who once had thrilled to his love-making, repudiates him. He is denounced as an impostor by an entire Seville theater audience. Abashed, he rejoins his long-suffering wife, Benita Hume. It’s a less audacious and agile Fairbanks than formerly, but he plays his rôle with convincing wistfulness. Binnie Barnes does a delicious bit as a bawdy inn wench, Merle Oberon’s grace and charm are delightful, and in this made-in-England film, Producer Alexander Korda has recapitulated, in atmosphere and treatment, the glamour of old Spain.

The Unfinished Symphony
GAUMONT BRITISH

WITH Franz Schubert’s masterpieces, superbly played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, running throughout, the musical score alone puts this film on the “must” list for those who enjoy music. But in addition to being a rare symphonic treat, the picture tells well the tender love story of the young Schubert, and how he was inspired to write “The Unfinished Symphony.” Hans Jaray plays the rôle of Schubert convincingly, and Helen Chandler, as the pawnshop girl who befriends him, is pleasing. But Marta Eggerth—lovely to look upon and with the voice of an angel—is the real delight of the film, in the rôle of Lady Caroline, Schubert’s great love. Interesting to watch and a joy to listen to, this is a film well worth anybody’s time.

Grand Old Girl
RKO-RADIO

THAT grand old trouper, May Robson, in another supreme performance, this time as a veteran high school principal, “Old Dynamite,” militant and fearless when the morals of her pupils are threatened by a blind tiger sponsored by the town’s shady political ring. Her crusade to wipe it out is the story, but it’s richly laden with human incident and scenes that will recall your own school-days and the women who were the “second mothers” of your youth. There’s sentiment enough and a tear or two in the tender tribute at the ending. Naturally, it’s May Robson’s picture throughout, but Etienne Girardot, Alan Hale and Mary Carlisle highlight an exceptionally excellent supporting cast. For everybody who ever went to school.

Night Life of the Gods
UNIVERSAL

IF you are the type who has tried to take a cow home in an elevator in one of your more playful moods, this is your picture. And if you are one of the many admirers of the late Director Lowell Sherman, you should not miss it. The trouble is that while Sherman knew what Thorne Smith’s novel was all about, some of the players simply do not savvy the mad whimsy of their lines, or the mad whimsy of the whole business, in which a nut turns people to statues, brings statues to life.

The Gilded Lily
PARAMOUNT

So pleased was Paramount studios with the results of the efforts of scenarist Claude Bin- yon and director Wesley Ruggles when this picture was run off that they have decided to make them a permanent producing team, after the fashion of Columbia’s ace duo, Frank Capra and Robert Riskin.

The enthusiasm is a little premature, if this picture alone prompted the decision. True, there are very human touches throughout, not unlike the Capra-Riskin brand as revealed in “It Happened One Night” and “Broadway Bill.” But two very important elements which made both those movies masterpieces are totally lacking here; namely, unexpected but logical story twists and a punch climax.

Claudette Colbert is engaging and convinc- ing when she is a romance-hungry Manhattan working girl. But when they make her public- ity-glamorously as the “No girl” (in a big mix-up she said “No” to an incognito English lord shunning about in New York) she doesn’t register; nor does the story, which goes to pieces when it asks you to switch sympathies from the aristocratic lover (Ray Milland) who has been a perfect gentleman and lover and then for Evelyn Laye and reason turns into a card, to her old newspaper pal and exploiter (Fred MacMurray).

However, the lines are often pithy and the general standard of production and acting is high. Ray Milland seems destined to be a big favorite with the women and Fred MacMurray is unusually attractive and smooth in a hard-boiled reporter rôle.

Seventy-five per cent of this picture is top-notch entertainment, but it misses the Capra- Riskin plane by a sloppy last quarter.

Enchanted April
RKO-RADIO

IF you like out and out whimsy in your movies, you may like this frail little story of two women, one, Ann Harding, the deserted wife of Frank Morgan, a famous author; and the other Katherine Alexander, the “husband-pecked” wife of Reginald Owen. It is during the making of this picture the much publicized “dehydration” of Miss Harding occurred. It seems to also dehydrate her watts, which, along with Charles Jutelius, furnished the only comic relief.

Princess Charming
GAUMONT BRITISH

A NOTHER version of the old story of the princess in distress—her country threatened by revolutionists, her advisors forcing her into a loveless marriage with an elderly king. She is, of course, rescued by a stern officer who falls in love with her in spite of himself. The lovely presence of handsome Henry Wilcoxon in the leading rôles, make it pleasantly romantic entertainment. But the story is threadbare, and the comedy touches are mostly old jokes to the average American.

The Night Is Young
M-G-M

YOU have met this plot before, but the music is different—a little different. Pleasant music by Romberg, sung agreeably by Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye, who is ex- quisite in some shots, badly photographed in others. It is a small-scale “Merry Widow” with the precious Charles Butterworth at his best. Other characters played by Una Merkel, Eddie Horton and Herman Bing, run true to form.

The Best Man Wins
COLUMBIA

WITH Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for its romantic triangle, under- seas adventures for its excitement, and Bela Lugosi its ever-menacing villain, this film holds
Sweepstake Annie
—LIBERTY PROD.

Nobody works but sister, so pity the poor little script girl who wins first prize in the sweepstakes and has a fortune to spend—and a parasitical family to spend it on. A good-enough title comedy-drama which, despite the limps in the story, manages to be quite entertaining if through.

Charlie Chan in Paris
—FOX

He inscrutable Warner Oland is at his best in this latest Chan, with the Confucius-overbee business removed to the picture's advantage. The production is smooth and more silent than usual. Mary Brian and Thomas Eck carry the limited love interest.

The Band Plays On
—M.G.M.

I took four different authors and three additional screen writers to germinate this—still remains essentially the old rah-rah-rah-for-an-old-Pacific-with-the-touchdown-just-on-the-ast-gun. Swell performances by Robert Young and Stu Erwin as two of the Four Comers, Betty Furness fine as the co-ed, but you can't get too excited about love between sitters.

I've Been Around
—UNIVERSAL

Hil Cahn, who directed this dull, drawn out picture, was a film cutter before he adulated to directorial ranks. Mr. Cahn sold have parliament and left that of this one in the cutting room floor. It takes a perfectly good cast on a trite story and amusingly stagg dialogue.

Little Men
—MASCOT

Companion story to "Little Women." Tells of the boys in the school of Aunt Jo (O'Brien-Moore) and Professor Blaire (alph Morgan). Frankie Darro, as poor oward Dan, who is expelled from the school, another boy's crime, turns in a splendid performance. David Durand, Dickie Moore, Andrew Alexander, Buster Phelps, Ronny Crosby, others, earn their share of applause. It's the unforgettable picture that was "Little omen," but it's a nice, homely little story at young and old will enjoy.

The Marines Are Coming
—MASCOT

His provides an acceptably breezy mixture of comedy and romance, rather full of Iliam Haines in the typically effervescent of a Marine Corps lieutenant. The story keeps Haines in and out of hot water while trying to escape from Armida who,... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]
BUFFET SUPPER FOR

EIGHT

The Informal, Help-Yourself Service is a
Hollywood Institution

Canapés and appetizers
Hot creamed dish or variety of cold sliced meats
Cheeses and crackers
Salad
Coffee
Petit-fours or coffee cake
Bon-bons and salted nuts

Canapés: Use fresh, thinly sliced bread, cut in fancy shapes. Toast and butter lightly. Caviar, anchovy paste, any fish paste, deviled egg yolks, thinly sliced cheese or cheese spread and pate de foie gras are all delicious and encourage the appetite—the purpose, you know. If the pate de foie gras seems too expensive, try one of the varieties made of chicken livers instead of goose. They are excellent and you will find them in grocery and delicatessen stores. Cream cheese softened with a little cream and seasoned may be put through the pastry bag to give fancy borders and dollops. Slices of olive, ripe or green, bits of pimento, parsley and tiny gherkins finish off your canapés in the grand manner.

Devilled eggs and stuffed celery or endive always fit well into the buffet supper plan, and here is a stuffed celery idea from Hollywood that goes over big.

Stuffed celery: Soften half a pound of cream cheese with a tablespoon of cream. Add liberal dashes of onion juice

FOR informal social gatherings, Bette Davis likes the idea of spreading a generous table and letting her guests do justice according to their own tastes. And so Bette has arranged for you an ample repast, types of food to make friends feel hearty and happy.

Bette knows that when you give a party you must include two classes of food, one calculated to appeal to the masculine appetite, such as zesty cheeses, cold sliced meats and good coffee, the other of feminine taste like a hot creamed affair, canapés and salads.

Look at Bette’s table and notice how everything is arranged for charm, ease and convenience. The piled plates hold napkins, the cups are ready for pouring and the knives and forks are yours for the taking. Candles lend the light of good cheer.

Bette thinks that every hostess who goes in for canapés and appetizers should equip herself with a set of cookie cutters in fancy shapes and a pastry bag. These gadgets enable you to put the fine edges on a job that would do credit to a chef d’oeuvre.

So, how for the food?

Bette Davis, playing Lady Bountiful to her unseen guests and about to speak those welcome words, “Come and eat!” Bette’s idea of a well appointed, well provided buffet supper table. And if anyone doesn’t get right in there, it’s because he or she has a glass arm, or wasn’t invited.

Bette’s Buffet goes to Hollywood's Los Angeles.
The End must justify the Creams!

* * * * On that basis only do we counsel Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations...the application of Luxuria and its two famous attendant creams is not the end of the story but the beginning of a new chapter of romance...for between the operations of putting on and taking off they blend new beauty in!...first, Luxuria cleanse and soften and prepare the skin for later love-ness...next, Skin & Tissue Cream to help tone up the muscles and smooth out tell-tale lines...and last, Beautifying Face Cream to clarify the shadows and give a radiant undertone for powder...three successive and successful steps that have brought new enchantment to many lovely women and are waiting to bring it to you.


HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, INC.

933 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

Beauty Preparations

Montreal

Poulette Goddard looks well pleased with her success at getting Chaplin away from the studio long enough for a party at the Trocadero. "With his picture in production, it's been all work and no play for Charlie lately.

aprikas, salt, pepper and two teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce. Finish with a smidg-ehone raddish. Mix well and stuff the celery which has been cleaned and then crisped in our ice-box.

Deviled eggs: This recipe gives twelve portions, so increase according to guests. Remove yolks from six hard-boiled eggs. Mash well with a silver fork and add one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of paprika, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon of prepared mustard. Soften slightly with a little ranch or mayonnaise dressing. Restuff the hites. On lettuce or watercress, this also takes a good salad.

Now it's time to get down to business and do me real cooking in that chafing dish. If you've a large party, this dish should be prepared in the kitchen, kept warm there and trans-ferred to the chafing dish merely to facilitate serving. Chicken à la King is a choice on which you make no mistake. Everyone likes it and it is light enough to go well with the rest of our delights. Here is a recipe from a male star:

**Chicken à la King:** Serving for four, so you'll need to increase accordingly. Canned chicken goes as well in this as fresh. Sauté one-third of a cup of mushrooms in a tablespoon of butter for five minutes. Add two cups of thin soup, one and a third cups of chopped chicken, one tablespoon of minced pimentos and one tablespoon lemon juice. Heat thoroughly and serve on toast triangles. Here is another good chafing dish idea.

**Creamed Ham and Mushrooms:** Sauté the onions as above, add the sauce and sub-

Bette has an affection for that gay little porker on her table who obligingly dispenses olives. He is just as generous with his cocktail sausages, if you prefer to use him for that instead of olives. By the way, if you serve these, prepare plenty, for they go like the proverbial hot cake, and be sure to drain them well on brown paper first to remove grease.

While speaking of pigs, Sylvia of Hollywood has one that is a prize. He is small, brightly polka-dotted with a slot in his back for coins. A bank, but a different kind. The trick is to place him on the table when your family or a few friends have gathered for late bacon and eggs, or sandwiches and coffee, and should any erring person soil your cloth, into the pig must go a coin—for laundry charges. Only for very homely gatherings, of course, but lots of fun there.

A mixed salad is a perfect supper choice because it is easy to serve and does not detract from the heartier foods. Here you may use your own imagination, but include at least three salad varieties, such as lettuce, romaine, endive, chicory, watercress, etc. Chop in about one-inch pieces and serve with a French dressing. Much easier for serving and eating than the full leaf size.

As a final tip to her table, Bette adds salted nuts, bon-bons and petit-fours. You may like to substitute coffee cake for the latter, and again if you will look around, you will find Swedish, Danish and other kinds in tempting combinations.

A great, big pot of hot coffee at least two round for each puts your guests in a warm, expansive mood, at which point everyone wants to tell you that your party has been just perfectly gra-a-nd.
Leaves of Absence

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Presents over, the steward brought in a real cake. Afterwards, we went to the ship's movie. It was a very old silent full of holkum; lots of grished teeth and crushed fists. So far the weather's been on the murky side, but Captain Toten promises that tomorrow we can break out of our tropical whites.

September 1—The War Department could learn a lot through a trip on the Maunganui—the bugler who wakens us each has a repertory. Why doesn't the army scrap revolve and waken itself with "The Farmer in the Dell," "The Bells of St. Mary's," and "A Hunting We Will Go?" It takes the curse off rolling out.

Warm weather and a blue sky today as per the skipper's promise. A dance on deck in the afternoon turned out to be fun despite the few dancers.

CHIEF Steward Taylor admitted today that he hadn't been ashore in Papeete since his first voyage on this run some years ago. From what I've heard of Papeete, that takes character in a sea farin' man.

September 2—This morning we met and talked with Hall. His four-year-old daughter is with him and she and Florence struck up a great friendship. Hall told us many things about Tahiti and has us excited with the prospects of bicycling around it—eighty miles. Another thing he made us want to do is hike three hours inland to a place where there's a waterfall down which one can cascade into a deep pool. Here's my opportunity to lay forever a childhood desire to go over Niagara in a barrel.

September 3—An unusually calm sea today, and a variety of fish sighted; flying fish, porpise, a small sailfish that we heard the sailors call Spanish gallowon (I wonder if they're the same fish as the Portuguese man-o'-war of the Mediterranean). Tonight they showed another silent picture, "The Whirl of Life." It was surprisingly good, well photographed and with astonishing crowd effects.

Ate my first bubble-and-squeak today. I was disappointed in this famed English dish of fried cabbage and potatoes. But what a name for any dish to live up to!

September 5—Happy birthday to Florence! We crossed the equator today and I hoped they'd have the King Neptune celebration I'd heard was part of the trip on every boat that crosses the line. Not that I wanted to see a lot of costumed people diking other costumed people in the ship's canvas pool, but I wanted to tell Florence that I'd arranged it all in her honor. She'd have been greatly tickled and not a little puzzled.

But the ceremony was never held, so I couldn't take a Hollywood bow.

September 6—Just before going into dinner we saw the Southern Cross, the first time for any of us. Florence and I decided that we prefer the Big Dipper.

September 7—Next to "Man overboard!" the most exciting cry at sea is "A whale!"

Today we sighted a whale. As a matter of fact we not only sighted it, we skedeed it.

We four were deck tennisking when the cry went up, and when we rushed forward to where most of the pointing was going on we discoved that we were fast in an enormous rhino-don, or whale-shark. I offered to pay for whatever delay the ship might incur taking it aboard, but the officers said that our cargo booms were not strong enough to handle it. They estimated its weight about ten tons.

Jack was able to get several shots of the rhinodon with his Leica before we backed off and it sank. Hope they come out, a ship doesn't hit a rhinodon every day in the week.

September 8—Up at five to see the sun rise over Tahiti. It was beautiful as nothing else shall ever be.

Coming alongside the quay was so thrilling I almost fainted. It was only about six then, but the bun was crowded with people afoot, on bicycles, and in ridiculous carts, as well as in cars, all waiting for this, the monthly boat. Florence whispered that it was almost like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera with the houses painted on a superb backdrop. She expected the people ashore to burst into the opening chorus at any minute.

Papeete isn't squalid. We'd expected it to be from several accounts we'd had of it, but it seems charming and peaceful.

We're staying about twelve miles out at "The Plantation," a two-hundred-acre coconut grove smack on a lagoon. Phil and Florence could hardly wait to find a secluded spot, where they bragged, they were swimming without suits.

After dinner— they serve coconut water with the meals— Fario, a native neighbor, her maid, and several boys came over in front of our porch and played guitars and sang. The natives are almost childlike in accepting one as a friend. Already the taxi driver whose car we've hired for our stay calls me Fredrique and acts as if we'd known each other for years. But without any offensive familiarity.

TONIGHT our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, brought us leis of beautiful and fragrant flowers, hibiscus, tiara tahiti, bougainvillea. If a Tahitian wears a flower behind the left ear it means, "I have a lover," behind the right, "I want a lover;" flowers behind both ears mean, "I have a lover of whom I'm tired, and want another."

I've known all along that ears couldn't be just for hearing with.

September 9—A quiet day: a drive further out into the country, a swim, a walk along the beach. How cheery the natives are; everyone you pass has a bright "Bonjour." The French must be good colonizers.

September 10—Up at six for a long day. In the morning, we allanon out on the lagoon and watched the natives spear fish. They dive down and corner their quarry in the coral—a scratch from which, by the way, is highly infectious. When we swam, we gave the reef a wide berth. In the afternoon we went to the Bougainville Club for my punch and to enjoy the festivities that attend the sailing of the eastbound steamer. Met Charles Nordhoff, Hall's collaborator. He has five or six children and told us of the tragic death of his five-year-old son.

The boy fell and scraped his nose, then developed lock-jaw.

Oh! Nordhoff tells us that there are only two rhinodon skins extant, that the rhinodon that the Maunganui ran down would have brought at least $10,000! (could I have heard correctly?)

September 11—Phil and I just spent most of the day wandering about in Papeete, while Florence stayed out at the Plantation talking native customs with Mr. Cook. He says that on his property is the altar at which Captain Cook witnessed a human sacrifice when he first visited these islands. The altar has been so identified by the Bishop Museum of Honolulu.

September 12—Tomorrow is Jack and Phil's wedding anniversary, so after luncheon, Florence and I sneaked off to engage an orchestra. That done, we saw the chief of Punaia, the tribal district in which we live, and arranged with him for a Papeete, a tribal dance relating the story of Tahiti's gods.

After dinner we all went out on the lagoon in a canoe with a gasoline lamp, a harpoon, and a fish net that Jack whipped up out of old mosquito netting. The native canoes are called pirogues; they're dugouts about twenty feet long and would be unmanageable except for the outriggers.

THE water was still and clear and the fish rose to the light. Jack netted several small and colorful varieties, which we intend to preserve and take back for the Morgan and March kids.

September 13—Happy anniversary to Jack and Phil! After breakfast we had the presents, mostly native artifacts. There were pareus (native kilts), bracelets, hand bands made of strong Acacia seeds, a palm-frond basketful of shrimps from the coos, paper-knives carved from fish swords, and a lugubrious human head made of a coconut. The head was weird, but quite realistic. Jack and I took several pictures of it.

Scudder Mersam, American Vice-Consul, and his wife had been invited out for the party in the evening and three other people wandered in and were asked to join us. They were introduced as our neighbors, Jim Franke, John Keison, and Mrs. Frances Purcell. The natives who were to entertain us arrived while we were still at dinner.

About ten, when the moon had risen over the lagoon, the Papeete started. In front of the buildings, the natives had enclosed a large circle in uprooted banana trees. In this, by the brilliant glare of a gasoline lamp, they danced. There was no instrumental music for the dance. The men chanted and slapped their hands and feet to the rhythm while the chief danced and recited the main story. And there was a dance chorus whenever the old boy stopped for breath.

September 14—This afternoon we drove eleven miles to the other side of Papeete to the leper colony. Jack and I went in, but Florence refused to budge from the car. We who did go were badly shaken by what we saw. I was scared pink when the whole French hospital staff insisted on shaking hands!

Evidently the disease isn't as contagious as
we imagine it to be. We saw a baby born of leprous parents this very morning. The child
won't have leprosy and is being sent out into a
healthy home. But the period of incubation
of the disease can extend up to six years, so for
that long I'll be inspecting myself for spots at
least three times daily.

Returning to Papeete we stopped for
badly needed rum punches. At the Yacht
Club we met Maury and Dickinson, two lads
who'd sailed a thirty-five-foot yawl, the Climb,
all the way from New York. And that, for my
dough, is adventure.

September 15—
Jim Franke and John Reison called for us at
dine to take us out on the reef to get pictures
of the natives spearing fish. We rode in three
provoques, the party including seven happy Ta-
Hitiens, one a naked youngster of four, and
Bryan Sheedy, a neighbor of Jim's.
The reef was about thirty feet wide where
we were, and while it looks flat, one has to be
alert for pot holes. The natives use spears and
get the fish as they're washed over the reef.
We stayed taking pictures until the waves
started tearing over knee deep. Not long be-
fore, Jim Franke and Frances Purcell had been
washed off and badly scratched up on the coral
by just such waves, so Jim advised going. I
think we were all a little nervous and more
than ready to leave.

September 16—
We lunched with Charlie Nordhoff at Levin-
sohn's and had our first native meal:
fish pickled in lime juice, breadfruit, baked fei
(a kind of banana), yams, and papayas. I'm afraid
neither of us went for it in a big way.
Nordhoff tells us that Hall is away, leading an
expedition from Honolulu's Bishop Museum
in an attempt to scale Orohena, Tahiti's central
peak, which is 7,000 feet high and has never
been conquered.

Dinner at the Mertens'. One Bill Bain-
bridge told many stories of the tu papa (ghosts)
in which he himself believes. He told of a
Chinese who had unknowingly built a house
over a spot where there'd once been a mori
(a sacrificial altar). His first night of tenancy,
he was awakened to find a ghost tribe in full
war regalia seated around a ghost fire in his
front yard.
He burned down the house and moved
And the house Murnau—the man who pro-
duced the picture "Tabu"—lived in is sup-
poused to be cursed. Murnau was killed in an
automobile accident; the woman who next
lived there committed suicide; the next tenant
became an embezzler. Doug Fairbanks stayed
there one night, when he was making "Mr. Robin-
son Crusoe." He moved out, they say,
because Murnau's tu papa haunted him.
And now, darn it, I'm afraid to put out the
light.

September 18—
Today, Jack and I went over to swim at
Reison's beach, which is quite free from coral.
Later we put on diving glasses and swam out to
where we could sub marijuana down and investi-
gate nature. Pauline, one of the natives,
showed us how to dive and bring up the huge
systerns that are found inside the reef. You
ake a knife and sneek up on the oyster before
he can snap shut. Then, zass, and you have
him in a vital spot and he can be cut loose.
Bryan Sheedy's house took five days to
build and cost thirty-five dollars—furnished!

September 19—
Off to the neighboring island of Moorea on
he Morgan's. Jim Franke, Frances Purcell, John Reison, Bryan Sheedy, Paul-
tne, and we Marches.

Danger Lurks in Re-used Pads

why this?
when Nestle gives you this

Will Protect You
from the Menace of Re-used Material

• Even if other permanents have
turned out badly—faded hair, split
ends, kinky and dry—don't give up!
Remember this important point—go
to a beauty shop that does not use
pads over and over again. You
certainly can't afford to have your
hair subjected to previously used
supplies, which have absorbed
unhealthy conditions from other
heads that would then be steamed
into your own hair.

Such things do not make pleasant
reading—but they are facts that
every woman should know. For
Nestle, the originators of permanent
waving, have surrounded every
genuine Nestle wave by safeguards
which make such things impossible.

Every Nestle beauty shop is licensed
and proud to display the Nestle
Certificate as shown below. Make
sure that you see the Nestle Cer-

the Nestle Certificate which assures you of san-
itary conditions prevailing in the

giving of a permanent wave.

THE NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY
NEW YORK

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty
Shop with this certificate. It is your
guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave.
Also insist on seeing the Nestle name
on the foil cover of the felt pads.

Nestle SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE
Jim forgot his luggage, but the Malibu’s skipper held up his scheduled sailing for an hour while Jim went back out into the country for it.

At Moorea we were met by the island’s only taxi and taken in shifts to the only hotel, which is run by Moorea’s best dancer, Tetua, and inhabited, when there is no paying guest, by a prodigious number of her relatives. Tetua sat rendered her room to Jack and Phil, and her grandmother moved out for us. Evidently Grandma didn’t like our looks, because she took her valuables with her.

About noon the dancers for the great native feast we’d arranged began to arrive and soon the empty car was full, and two guitars—was tuned up and rarin’ to go.

RAU, Tetua’s aunt, led the women of Otau. Leadership of the dance is inherited, and Tetua will become leader on her aunt’s death.

After the ogner’s Otoq, the men did one, then there were two mixed dancers, a Poly and a dance pantomiming the voyage of a great canoe.

The dancing over, we watched them preparing the feast. There’d been a fire burning in a pit all day, and now they put things on the coals, a sucking pig, fish wrapped in leaves, breadfruit, yams. While it was cooking we poops (white people) went off for a swim.

When we returned we discovered that we had an addition to our party, Tito Wessell, a lance, of distinguished family, who lives on Moorea.

For the feast a “table” was laid the length of the floor, a carpet of ferns and flowers. Draped with flowers we sat cross-legged and ate with our fingers from coconut shells and grass baskets. The shells are filled with a sauce of coconut cream and lime juice into which one dips the food. Fortunately, they pass a towel at the end of each course.

As soon as the eating was over, informal dancing and plain and fancy drinking started outside. The natives are not too good company when they get tight, and the evening ended with a twelve-year-old boy whaling the tar out of his screeching girl.

September 28—
The Morgan’s and the Marches and all the children on Moorea spent the morning hunting antelope. Tom left a gun and a knife and insisted that if ringed with fire they’d commit suicide. They were, and they didn’t. So we popped them into a jar of alcohol to take home to the kids.

After lunch we drove around the island to call on Lee and Marcella Phillips, the former Marcella Gump, of San Francisco, to whom we had letters. As we were leaving, they invited us to return and spend the week-end and we accepted.

On the way back to the hotel we stopped at Tito Wessell’s and everyone was invited there lunch. There was seafood and I had a marvelous ride in Tito’s jog cart.

September 29—

To lunch with a native woman, Tatama, and her erstwhile jazz bandleader, Mike Fogel. Tatama showed us a famed heiroon, a pit where spears that a Taituian god threw from Tatamai to Moorea where it made a large crater.

After lunch, Florence and I rode over to the Phillips and settled for the week end. Jack and Phil are staying at Tito’s.

Lee, Tito, Jack, and I spent the better part of the day aboard the fishing launch Moorea, which belongs to Zane Grey but is under charter to Tito. Jack and I occupied the two swivel topped fishing chairs.

Before we had been long, I had a strike. And what a strike! But magnificent! In fact it was too good. Something hit my line like a French 75 and snapped off my leader, lure, and about a hundred and fifty feet of 39-strand line—the heaviest sports fishing line made.

Later, Jack got a beautiful dolphin that gave him a fast fight but was brought to gaff in a comparatively short time.

The Moorea has twin engines. It’s a safety measure. Lew Phillips once went adrift for seven days in a single-motor launched that had broken down.

This evening, we, the Phillips contingent, went down the lagoon to Tito’s where we dined on Jack’s dolphin, then sang and danced to native music until eleven.

September 29—

More fishing.

Today, I was the fisherman—if you can call an eight-pound barracuda a catch. It looked sort of minnow-y to me.

We returned to discover that Florence, Phil, Marcella and half the natives of Lee’s household had fished a small stream and caught a tiny, but delicious fish.

To bed early. We get up at four to fish for bonita with the natives from pirogues.

September 29—

For Tahiti on the Malibu. We had a rough two miles and landed at Papeete just before a heavy squall. We were told that there’d been a cable waiting us since Saturday.

With trembling knees—we were sure something had happened to the kids—we called for it. It was about twenty dollars worth of congratulations from Sam Goldwyn on the fit of a uniform in “We Live Again.”

Off to the Yacht Club for refreshments and to listen to the “Coconut wireless,” the Papeete term for gossip.

Charlie Nordhoff is lending Jack and his fishing launch tomorrow. His boatman is to pick us up at a point about thirty miles beyond Tahiti. We sail at six A. M.

September 29—

We drove to where Nordhoff’s launch was to pick us up and arrived at the appointed time.

But after we’d waited two hours and there was still no boat we started back. About half a mile we met the 22-foot craft, running close in, and hailed her, wading in up to our waists to board her. The boatman had overslept.

Three were fishing for a while inside the reef, then put out through a swirling twenty-foot channel. Outside we were caught by a blow that made it impossible to navigate the treacherous passage in and had to run nine miles for a lee shore. One pitch of the launch caught me off my sea legs and I came up against the opposite gunwale on my schnoz. Qualified pain.

This began to look mighty doleful after we’d shipped the best part of one particularly huge wave and we were plenty glad to reach Papeete still afloat.

September 27—

Fished today from the Sky Blue, another of the Zane Grey boats and under charter to Axel Nordhoff, the present tenant of the Murunau house.

We hadn’t been out long before I got my hook into something that stripped off about two hundred feet of line before the boatman killed the motor. Then for some minutes I gained and lost line in short lengths while Jack and Axel wondered aloud as to what I was battling. Finally Axel broke down and asked the boatman what he thought I had. "A rock," the fellow answered quite casually. I clung to the line, before winding her down and clearing my tackle. In the afternoon Jack got a tun of about fifty-five pounds.

September 28—

Out on the Tahiti today. This is the third of the Zane Grey boats down here and is under charter to Jock Moore our host for the day.

Florence and Phil came with us this time and Florence was taken with an active case of mal de mer. In all fairness to her, I don’t think it was that kept us from getting a strike.

Even if we didn’t make a catch, it’s pleasant just to sit and hope and dream. I wish I could look at a line with my toes as some of the natives do. In their pirogues they make amazing catches. Lew Phillips once came across an islander about nine miles out and going hell bent behind a tuna. The man’s hands had been burned to the bone trying to handle his line, but he wouldn’t cut loose.

Together he and Lew landed Mr. Tuna; something like 160 pounds.

When we got back we discovered that Axel on the Sky Blue had taken a 250-pound swordfish. Sorry to have missed the sport.

September 30—

Yesterday was a twenty-four-hour day.

During the better part of it we fished off the Tahiti, again without luck. For dinner we went to the Yacht Club, and there met a Pronovost Company, wife and his sister, her husband, Mr. and Mrs. van den Brock. They’re circling the world on their yacht, the Kurri Kurri. A party was whipped up out of almost nothing and it lasted so late that we voted to drag it out until dawn, as the rain and lightning forces wanted to see the opening of the market.

At three, the count was the only member of the Kurri Kurri’s party with us. And at four he had more zip than anyone else. He had so much zip that he suggested borrowing one of the public buses parked near the marketplace and going to the market, where he started her up, a grating of gears, a leap, and we’d piled into the bus alacid with nasty results to numerous fenders. But the bus driver, who’d been asleep in the back seat, didn’t complain a bit, and we left commenting on the remarkable butter on the market and the cherries wanted to see the opening of the market.

By now the market was showing signs of life and we made our tour. The thing I remem ber best is the deposed native queen’s cook. He is, believe it or not, what my father calls a sissy-boy. I almost died watching him mince from stall to stall, pinching the vegetables and paying for his purchases out of a woman’s handbag, which he carried with his arm extended in much the same way I might tote an over-ripe piece of cheese. So they have ‘em even in Tahiti.

We spent most of the morning sleeping and taking aspirin.

This morning we went aboard the Kurri Kurri and had an amusing story from Countess de Ganay. She’d returned aboard last night to learn that one of their sailors was in the local brig. Then this morning, the police had called ‘returning fact that a ship’s cook who misbehaved last night.” She, thinking they meant the sailor, said:

“That man is always in trouble. I want you to teach him a lesson. I want you to keep him locked up all the time we are here.”

Of course, it was the count that the coppers were after. He’d neglected to mention the bus episode.
Tip to a girl in LOVE

Frank Fine.
October 1—
Today I went out in a pirogue with one of the natives and saw a six-foot shark—inside the reef. Cook says it's the biggest he's ever seen. The natives hate sharks so fiercely that when they book and make one they prop its mouth open with a stick wedged endwise between the roof of the mouth and the lower jaw and throw it back alive. The shark drowns, of all things!

October 3—
I've just made an exciting purchase. Henry Rosin, a sculptor who lives down here, has a torso of a native woman on exhibition at Chicago's Century of Progress. He showed me some of his other work and a photograph of Torso of Tchiva. I was so impressed that I bought the original work. It's to be delivered to me in California at the close of the fair.

October 5—
We've hired bicycles and spent several hours riding out into the country. The coastal belt is flat enough to make excellent cycling, and we're all sorry that we never got around to cycling the island as Hall suggested.

October 6—
Mail from the states today! We went down to see the boat come in, feeling like old inhabitants. Afterwards each of us read everyone else's mail, and there were magazines and papers that assumed a much greater importance than they'd ever had at home.

October 7—
Bill Bainbridge and the Mersmans came out for lunch, which seemed to be mostly rum punches. Afterwards we tried climbing coconut trees a bit native, with the feet joined up with a short piece of rope. From my indifferent success, I should say that I haven't any native blood. Bill Bainbridge has.He was divorced by his first wife when she discovered that his grandfather had eaten her grandmother at a cannibal feast in the old days, he claims.

October 8—
We sailed at six. In the early sun the island was even more beautiful today than on the day of our arrival.

Good-bye, Tahiti!

The Well-Dressed Young Man

Continued from page 55

Now that we've dispensed with formal clothes, the rest is mostly a matter of dots and dashes. To avoid confusion with Western Union, I'll make it pin-points and checks.

Those are the smartest predominating designs, and it will be wise to keep that in mind when browsing about at your favorite haberdasher's. Suits, socks, shirts, ties—just about everything smart is covered with pin-points or checks. Plain colors and plaid hold a perennially secure second place, however.

Royal Irish poplin ties in pin-points head my own private list of neckpieces. They come in all shades and top off a sharkskin suit like nothing else. Sharkskins are growing more every day in popularity. They make up in double-breasted models better than any cloth I can think of, wear like iron, and lower the pressing bill to a welcome minimum.

And by the way, if you're planning a new suit, don't be afraid to have it snug about the middle. Except for sports coats, the tailoring

MIRROR FRESH

The first time you make up for the evening, your face is clean and sweet. Your skin looks its loveliest. Wouldn't you like it to stay that way—without repowdering?
It will—if you use Marvelous Face Powder. For Marvelous keeps your complexion MIRROR FRESH all evening long—as smooth and soft as when you left your mirror.
Why? Because Marvelous contains an ingredient that makes it cling longer than any powder you ever tried.

Try it yourself! We'll send you four generous sample boxes in four different shades. They cost you nothing (a mere 6¢ for postage and packing).

Or don't wait. Stop in at your nearest drug or department store. The name is Marvelous. The maker is Richard Hudnut. And the price will surprise you—just 55¢ for the full-size box!
against any other type of soft collar ends flying in the breeze. A plain gold safety pin will do nicely to reef them down, although with a sport outfit, I suggest a novelty which is one of my present prizes and joys. It’s a gold collar pin and cuff link set, shaped like a miniature bridle bit, with sapphires set in the ends. Somehow it puts me in the right mood for a sporty afternoon.

Or maybe it’s that new tan plaid coat which just came over from London. In a soft Shetland tweed, loose and easy, with an inverted pleat in the back and patch pockets it’s just about the most comfortable and yet stylish jerkin I’ve enjoyed in years.

You can maintain style with comfort! Wear it over gray flannel trousers or slacks, and brown suede shoes, which by the way, have graduated from the strictly theatrical class—so don’t be afraid to flash them on that week-end in the country.

I’ve overcome all such modest fears. A few weeks ago I flashed my new tan, blue and white plaid dressing gown on an unsuspecting host and got by with it. It was a risk at that, because this new number has a very serviceable attached scarf gadget with ties around the neck to fall that draughty vent in most dressing gowns. He might easily have grabbed that and garroted me, if the sight displeased him.

LOOKING just a month or so ahead, I think you’ll find double breasted colored linen coats being worn more this spring and summer than ever. I have two just over from London. One dark blue and one tan. They go over white serge trousers with tiny blue checks and tan checks respectively. And, if you can stand it, the right kind of a shirt for this ensemble is a new “twilled zephyr.” Not as bad as it sounds, though. They’re something like a French flannel.

Someone once wisely advised me thus, “If you want to be well dressed, forget about your clothes after you’ve put them on.” That’s good advice. But I’d like to twist it a bit to add, “If you want to be well dressed don’t forget about your clothes before you put them on.”

That’s just as important.

---

Sylvia’s Ideals for Lovely Back, Hands and Arms

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

be beautiful unless you’re healthy. The two go together like ice cream and cake (but don’t let me catch you eating any!)

Look at Ann Dvorak’s back. How’s that for an inspiration? Her back is in correct proportion from the hip to the shoulder. It is lean and well-shaped, but not overdone. It is free from those two awful lumps of fat just above the hips (where those cute little dimples should be) and there isn’t any “old woman bump” on the back of her neck. Besides, Ann has a very determined back.

Now you girls who bend over a typewriter all day—don’t give me that stuff that you can’t keep your back straight. That’s bunk. As a matter of fact laboratory work is one of Ann Dvorak’s hobbies so she sits humped over a microscope. But look at that nice straight back.

YOU want a nice back like that? I thought so.

Okay, ladies, here’s how! Start to work at once to take off and keep off those two lumps of flesh just above the back of the hips. Stand with your feet straight and about a foot apart, press your arms above your head. Turn slowly at the waist and slowly lower your torso, twisting your back until you can feel those two lumps of fat moving and pulling as you bend over. Bend until your fingers touch the floor at the left side of your body about a foot and a half from your toes. Now stand up straight and repeat on the right side. But all the time as you’re bending over twist and turn slowly until the old spinal column is doing nip-ups. And pull that excess flesh right off your back. Relax now. I’ll give you an A for effort!

You’ve got to have a straight spine. Did you hear me? I say you’ve got to have a straight spine. If you don’t have one you’ll be lazy, sluggish. Your brain won’t work. Your blood won’t circulate. So straighten up and keep straightened up.

No, I don’t mean that you have to walk like the whole parade of the wooden soldiers. You must relax without slumping. And it can be done. When you sit, sit up straight but in an easy, poised manner.

And now to cure that “old woman bump” on the back of your neck. Some people call it “the student’s bump.” Whatever you call it, it’s still there and there’s no tired of its being there. No, not even if you do bend over a typewriter or a desk all day long. Here’s how to get rid of it.

You know those Christmas tigers you see in toy store windows. You know how they nod all day and throw their necks out? That’s the exercise for that bump. Loosen it up, relieve the tension on those nerves by throwing your neck out and nodding your head fifteen or twenty times during the day. And here’s a way to rest your back from typing. You can do it even if the boss’s looking. Put your elbows on your desk. Put your head in your hands. Lean forward. Take a deep breath and as you do move and wiggle your spine as a cat does just as he’s dropping off to sleep. Exhale. Repeat this about ten times. You’ve no idea how marvelous it will make you feel and how rested your back will be.

But the greatest back strengthener of all is this one. Sit on the floor, legs out in front of you, knees together, hands at your sides. Relax. Now twist and wriggle your spine as slowly you bend over in an attempt to touch your forehead to your knees.

That will put pep in you. I’m telling you. I know!

Now take a look at Karen Morley’s arms. Then take a look at your own. Uh-huh, I thought so. You’d like to get right to work and make your own arms as lovely as hers, wouldn’t you? Well, I’m going to show you how you can.

Karen’s arms are lovely. They are lean but firm—and that’s the secret of beautiful arms. They must be firm. Also the upper arm must be in proportion to the lower arm. I could scream when I see women who have enormous forearms and skinny upper arms. If they knew how terrible they looked they’d get to work and do something about it. And as for that flabbiness that so many women have under their arms—well, that makes me actually wild. And again I will tell you what I’ve told you so many hundreds of times that when you diet to reduce you must exercise, too. If you don’t your muscles will be flabby and your arms will look old wet wash rags.

But I’ve got an exercise for you—one that will keep your arms in perfect condition, will give them good proportions and make the muscles firm. Every night and every morning do this: Sit in a chair in front of a bedpost. Around the post put a good strong belt. Now, with the ends of the belt held in your hands as if you were driving a horse and buggy, make exactly those movements. Pretend that the bedpost is an unruly horse. Pull on the belt back and forward. You can feel all the muscles in your arms tightening up and that’s right. But remember this—use your common sense. Don’t pull too hard or you’ll make muscles. Pull just hard enough to tighten the muscles but not hard enough to make them. Do this exercise night and morning for three or four minutes at a time and I guarantee that you’ll be amazed at how lovely your arms will become.

But just as I said last month about feet and legs—no arm is really lovely unless it is set off by a beautiful hand. And for nice hands look at Karen Morley’s. There’s a pair of hands which show sensitiveness, dependability and artistic inclination. The hands say as much of your soul as your eyes do—and don’t ever let anybody tell you differently.

In the old country all the famous beauties slept every night with their hands cold creamed and wearing loose chiffon gloves. And it was considered the mark of very bad taste to go out on the street without gloves.
Sifting 3 times through finest silk—extra step in making Evening in Paris powder—achieves new youthifying texture!

The first face powder that goes beyond beautifying your complexion—that actually softens and youthifies your entire face!

It's really a new kind of face powder with the tenderly soft effect of a soft-focus photograph! It's sifted 3 times through microscopically fine silk. The texture thus achieved is of incredibly downy softness—of infinitesimal fineness! On the back of the hand—this new powder shows dramatically its ability to soften contour as well as skin! On the one hand, powder before silk-sifting intensifies roughness. On the other hand, silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder makes the skin look satinsmooth—and the ridges and cords beneath the surface seem literally to melt away!

Try this test yourself! Contrast any powder that is not silk-sifted with this new Evening in Paris powder. Hold your two hands before you, and you'll marvel at the difference! You'll hurry to try this wonderful new powder on your face. And then you'll see a tenderly glowing new loveliness—not only of complexion—but of feature—you'll rediscover a younger you!

Answers by Sylvia

Miss Sylvia: Will you please tell me if tapioca pudding is fattening? I'm very fond of it but will not eat unless you tell me to do so.

M. K., Chicago, Ill.

If you want to weigh a ton, eat tapioca pudding every day. Seriously, lay off tapioca pudding until you're exactly the weight you want to be. And then eat it only sparingly. If you're very fond of it, I don't want to be hard on you so save it for special occasions like birthdays.

Miss Sylvia: My little girl doesn't like raw cabbage. I'd like to eat it because I know it's good for her. How can I get her to eat it?

Mrs. R. McC., Detroit, Mich.

That's easy. Cut the cabbage very fine, mix it with grated apple. All children love apples. The combination is delicious. It are wonderful foods and body builders. First put in more apples than cabbage and an increase on the cabbage. Before she knows it, the little girl will really like the cabbage.
SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOLAPY

15 Years Ago

ENID BENNETT in this issue was looking for a kangaroo. It seems the little lady hailed from Australia and there Kangaroo steak was on her regular diet. But no zoo in the country would accommodate her. "The Technique of Lovers" was an article by Clara Kimball Young. Among the screen lovers whose technique she described was a younger named Edmund Lowe. According to Clara, Eddie "typified youthful sincerity." Her favorite was Paul Capellanni who played with her in "Camille." One of the cutest photographs this magazine ever published was in the roto section of this issue: a portrait of Mary Marsh Arms, eight-month-old daughter of Mae Marsh. The child is nearly sixteen now, and has a brother ten years old, a sister seven. Mae is still in pictures, too.

10 Years Ago

GEORGE O'BRIEN

Women," made four years ago. Pearl White, daredevil actress, had left Hollywood and, of all things, had gone on the stage, in Paris. The crossword puzzle rage was on, Madge Kennedy the champion. Valenti had just hired a stand-in (something new in movies.) His name was Don Alvarado. He later became an actor in his own right, and standing in since has become a popular director. The best motion pictures of the month were: Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan"; Colleen Moore, Wally Beery and Ben Lyon in "So Big." "A Thief in Paradise," with Ronald Colman, Doris Kenyon, Allen Pringle, and Alec B. Francis; Matt Moore and Dorothy Devere in "The Narrow Street," Pols Negri's "East of Suez," Raymond Harton in "The Devil's Cargo." Bessie Love cover.

5 Years Ago

JOHN GILBERT

An editorial lamented the fact that the microphone's demands had forced John Gilbert off the screen, and expressed the hope that someday engineers would stumble onto a way to do justice to voices like Gilbert's. With his recent appearance in "The Captain Hates the Sea" it looks like the engineers have done their stuff. A secret ballot by Pierrot's crew was conducted to determine who was the most beautiful star in Hollywood. Results: Hollywood's prize beauty, Corinne Griffith; the loveliest for youthful beauty, Loretta Young; for classic beauty, Greta Garbo. A long article described the beautiful home of Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills, one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Their happiness was brought to a tragic end the following September by the death of Milton. The disaster of the planes which crashed during the filming of the Fox film, "Such Men Are Dangerous," was graphically described in this issue. Ten Hollywood men were killed, among them Director Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor. "Second Thoughts on Matrimony" was an interview with Dorothy Mackaill, in which she described the type of man she wanted to marry. Her marriage later to Neil Miller lasted but a short while. Best films of the month: "Anna Christie," Garbo's first talkie; Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in "The Laughing Lady," Chester Morris and Betty Compson in "The Case of Sergeant Griggs." Zasu Pitts, Lilian Tashman in "No, No, Nanette." Girl on the cover, Joan Crawford.
Don't Love Me!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

though. One of them, Sister Mary Clemente, was the nearest to a woman friend I ever had. I don’t think she quite understood my problems because they were so far removed from the cloistered safety of her own experiences, but she had the broad tolerance that comes from lifelong association with the alleviation of pain and the sweetness of a perhaps frustated mother-love. All of the girls were her children but I, perhaps because I was the most troubled of the lot, was the object of her special affection.

And there was Dr. Walter Swartzout, a man as big as all outdoors and just as clean. He was on the staff of the hospital and he gave lectures to the student nurses on pathology.

Once he was showing me how to put a splint on one of the dummy figures we used for bandaging practice.

“You’re a fine nurse around a dummy, Rachel,” he said, “but I don’t know how you’re going to make out on live patients. The women aren’t going to like you because you’ll be forever distracting the attention of their doctors. Half the fun of being sick for a woman is having a man to tell things to that they hadn’t ought to. And the men are never going to get well after having you around for a day or so. I don’t know if I would myself. You’ve got the kind of a figure that will make even a sick man think you’re wasted in a bedroom just taking blood-pressure when you might better be raising it.”

He was only teasing me—l’ve known him since I was five and he vaccinated me on my thigh where he said it would never show. He was wrong, but how could he foresee the costume I wore in “Madame Sultana?” What he said about my career as a nurse, however, turned out to be only too true.

After I had been through my apprentice training and had been put on floor duty I had a great deal of trouble. Nothing that you could put your finger on and complain about—just a general uncomfortableness of conditions. And I was a good nurse for anybody who was unconscious or in desperate pain because I knew my stuff and my hands were more skilful than most. But my patients, when they began to get well, found fault with me if they were women and refused to take me seriously if they were men.

Student nurses handle all routine work in the wards and private rooms in the Mercy Hospital. Some patients, of course, have special graduate nurses on one or two shifts, but in Muskegon during the last few years, there haven’t been many who could afford the extra expense, so we girls in training got plenty of experience. I worked on the second floor, two down from the operating theater. The Sister in charge of the floor has a desk in the hall and just back of that is the floor kitchen and the dispensary. Sanitary habits are kept in a locked case, accessible only to the floor superintendent. Other drugs and chemicals are on the open shelves of the dispensary.

Some of the rooms have two beds in them. Others four. Sometimes we used the four-bed rooms for overrow ward patients. In the Fall of 193—we had a pretty full house. There was a flu epidemic in the county and a lot of burn cases from bad forest fires up north of us. In 218, which is a two-bed room, we had a

THE THROAT-EASE CIGARETTE

"Old Golds throat-ease makes it a better Cigarette" SAYS CAROLE LOMBARD

AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

WHY WEAR GLASSES?

Upon startling revolutionary facts have been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training, which quickly enables you to train the muscles of the eye so you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.

Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of most marvellous value. The most remarkable results were obtained in a series of tests made in the N. Y. City Public Schools from 1903 to 1911.

2,000 children who had defective eye-sight were instructed in a few of the simple exercises and in a short time their vision was radically improved. In one school, several children who had been compelled to wear glasses were enabled to discard them altogether because they could see better without them! So unusual were the results of these experiments that the principal of one school, who was nearly blind without glasses, tried the system and in a few months could see perfectly without them.

No claim is made that this course is a cure-all. In many cases glasses are essential. But if you are wearing glasses because of faulty refraction, far or near-sightedness, astigmatism, cross eyes, squint, eye-weak, watering eyes, eye headaches or strain, you at least owe it to yourself to give these methods a fair test. You can test these principles of eye education out in your own home without a cost of 

Why Wear Glasses?

Thousands Are Throwing Them Away

Philo 105

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1935

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC., Dept. PH-3
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1935

FREE

The most complete book ever written on how to powder properly. Mail coupon. Note generous offer.

PHOTOPLAY
was
Afterwards
film
don't
"I've
remembered
E
J
'I
'Glo" is

NOTE:
exclusive
creation,
you

Get

SOFT-TONE Mello-glo—

I

The

soft,

SOFT-TONE

He

NOTHING ages one's face more than the wrong powder, crudely put on. Often it
gives
an
ugly
little
shade,

N

You'll

FRESHNESS.

NEW discovery being welcomed by women everywhere

Now you can powder perfectly, yet look unpowdered, the vogue among smart women of society and stage in Paris, London, New York.

This wonderful improvement smooths on just like a light powder, but lasts indefinitely, like a heavy. It gives youthful glamour, charming freshness. It ends that pasty, flaky look men detest. Because it is stratified and grit-free, it cannot clog pores.

You'll simply amaze at the invisible "close-up" effect of SOFT-TONE Mello-glo—so will your friends. Never have you found such an exquisite, velvety powder—now a greater aid to beauty.

Don't delay longer in adopting this superior powder. So soft, shineless, clinging. Get a box today. The new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is presented in five flattering shades, carelessly perfumed. 50c and $1.

NOTE: To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in a gold box with white edge.

H E was a Detroit man, manager of one of the film exchanges there. He had been in Muskegon closing a contract with Paul Schlossman who runs a show business in our town and got cranked up in an automobile accident just as he was leaving for home. He was hurt worse than Mr. Odlen told him. The X-Ray of his chest looked like a broken xylophone.

The hospital superintendent tried to telephone to his family, but she found that he had none. Dr. Odlen was waiting before putting him in a cast to find out if there were any internal complications. I had to give him hypox every four hours to keep him quiet.

"You're an angel, Rachel," he'd say when he'd see me coming with the needle, "although I don't know that I ever heard of an angel named Rachel before."

"There's lots of 'em," I said, pinching his arm and slipping the point into a vein. "You haven't been around much in heaven."

"Ouch! But I've been in Hollywood."

"It's not the same."

"I was thinking of our Christian heaven. You wouldn't know about that."

"My father was Irish and so am I."

"My mistake, then."

"She'll always fool you," said Sam Werks who was watching me silently in a way that gave me the creeps. I wished he'd talk more and think less.

I LEFT the room, but I knew they talked about me. I sort of wished that Mr. Cooper wouldn't have to get his idea of me from Sam. He was nice and clean looking, gay, probably, too, when he was well. I liked him. A nurse has no business being interested in any of her patients. If you 'like 'em, they die," is an old superstition of hospitals all over the world. It's the disagreeable crabs who always get well.

During the four days Dr. Odlen was waiting to find out if Mr. Cooper's gizzard was mis-placed I saw a lot of him. I had to. He was one of the most serious cases on the second floor. The surgeons would make a call on duty. He was one of the patients who were flown by bell from 218. He knew when I was due to arrive. The nurses on the other shift had a lot of trouble with him, but he'd quiet right down when he knew I was within signaling distance. They kidded me about it but I didn't mind. We get so we expect patients to think they are in love with us, for awhile, at least. I'm not going to tell whether or not this applies to married men.

Sister Clemente was very sweet about it.

"Do anything you can for the poor man. I'm sure he needs you.

He'd try to keep me in the room even when there was nothing further for me to do for either of them.

"Stick around, kid, and I'll tell you about Hollywood."

"I'm not interested."

"Hollywood would be interested in you all right if any of the big producers ever got an eye-full of the way you fill out a uniform in the right places. I was out there to a district managers' sales convention last spring and I didn't think anybody could touch you.

"Theatren anybody can touch me right here in Muskegon."

Sam Werks stilled a laugh. I could have killed him.

Cooper didn't pay any attention to him, for which I should have thanked him. He went on.

"You've got what it takes, Rachel—sex-appeal."

They were using that word then, three years ago.

"Nuts and likewise baloney," I told him. Don't forget that then I was only a kid of a tough kid. Since that time I've had lessons in everything from how to talk up to how a duchess behaves in her boudoir.

"Don't run up a tree, kid," Cooper continued.

"I know what I'm talking about."

Strangely enough I found out afterward that he didn't—sex-appeal is a funny thing. If a girl herself thinks she's got it, she'd better stay away from the Coast—but if men think so, she can write her own ticket out there."

MAE WEST later once told me practically the same thing. This was during the period when she was upholding the double standard on one Hollywood lot and I as another.

I didn't pay much attention to Cooper's line because I was the only girl in Muskegon County who wasn't screen-struck. Making motion pictures seemed to me to be just as important as cutting out paper dolls. I haven't changed my point of view an awful lot even now.

I looked towards Sam Werks' bed to see how he was taking his room-mate's lecture. Sam was gazing at me with an alert, terrier sort of expression in his usually dreamy eyes and after a minute I thought he was going to get into the argument. Then I realized that I was standing between him and the window and I moved hastily to a spot where the glare wasn't so penetrating. Sam saw me blushing and laughed.

"I was just measurin' you for a Christmas present, Rachel," he said. "If you know how it hurts to lay on my side this way you'll realize I'm payin' for anything I get. Help me turn over, will you?"

Of course I had to do it. He was about the only patient I ever had that didn't like touch. He used to make excuses so that I had to. Afterwards I'd go out and wash my hands. Just a funny instinct. I had to laugh at myself when I did it because I knew how innicky clean he was about everything. He was a witness to all of us because he'd better not. He was always wanting a bath or a damp wash-cloth for his face and hands.

AFTER he was comfortable and had let go my hand, I left 218, hoping that I didn't see that number on the switchboard until I had plenty of time to get over hating Sam Werks for the things he didn't say. Now that I'm older and just a little wiser I know that he was...
an introvert with an inferiority complex. Because of his physical infirmity and even actual repulsiveness, which he probably realized, he always wanted to make someone suffer enough to bring him or her down somewhere near his level. I've known other people since who are very much like him. Some of them are flaming geniuses.

III.

As I left 218, I noticed a little confusion in the hall. In a hospital a little confusion is a lot because normally there isn't any. Around Sister Clemente's desk near the elevator were gathered the girls who had just gone off the night shift only three hours before. They looked sulky and sleepy.

I snatched one of them away from the group.

"What goes on?"

"The celluloid store-room at the Brunswick blew up about thirty minutes ago. The ambulances are over there now."

I understood. It had happened before. The celluloid they use for making pool balls explodes once in a while—spontaneous combustion, usually—and the general effect is the same as the Battle of the Marne. Both the hospitals, ours and the Hackley, get ready on the double-quick with a complete assembly of staff when it happens. You never can tell how many men will be hurt or how badly. Usually we lose one or two cases and nobody likes that. Sometimes it's a friend of one of the nurses.

The boys who work in the local factories are about the same age as the girls who are hospital apprentices and come from families in similar circumstances.

So when there was an industrial plant accident, it used to upset us in more ways than one.

The ambulances began coming in. We got thirty cases—one of 'em "dead on arrival" which I was one of his pals—poor superstitious chap—thought was because there were thirteen. I don't know how he figured it out when he died the next day himself—when there were only twelve.

Anyway, we had our work cut out for us and, with both shifts working, only just managed to get everything under control by night. The "super" arranged a schedule of hours that let off a few girls at a time for a four hour rest. I got mine about ten o'clock.

But I didn't get more than two hours' sleep. Dr. Swartout came over to the dormitory to get me.

"Why?" I asked crossly.

"What have you done to that curly headed guy in 218?"

"Nothing. Has somebody done something?"

"He's fallen in love with you."

"Is that anything to wake me out of a sound sleep to tell me about? I've suspected it for some time. What of it?"

"Nothing only the internal trouble Dr. Oden has been expecting has developed. He called me in to help him with an emergency 'Op.'"

"I'm no 'op' assistant. You know darn well I've only—"

Nobody wants you to help. This damn fool, Cooper, won't go under the ether still be sees you."

"Oh," I grabbed my cloak and we went over to the main hospital building.

Well, I will say that Mr. Cooper had neatly tumbled the second floor on its head. What the "say, pain-racked man wanted was me to carry him! Just that and nothing more!"

A simple request—like asking for refreshment!

And he had convinced Dr. Oden and Sister

Difficult Days?
I don't have them any more!

"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for you. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is not a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try. Whatever you do, don't decline this comfort any longer.

An Invitation

to try it without expense: mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and receive trial box free.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________
Men may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look much longer and make eyes sparkle... and Kurlash costs only $1 at any leading store.

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your hankering comes Lashint. $1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle... water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and lustrous.

Mary Clemente that it was a very good idea.

"I don't love Mr. Cooper," I pointed out.

We were discussing this thing at the second floor desk—time, 1 A.M.—the death watch in any hospital. The arguments hit me fast, but in hushed whispers.

"He has no family," the Sister said, "and he wants to make a will in your favor before he is operated on."

"I don't want anybody's money," I objected.

"It's just to set his mind at rest," Dr. Oden put in. He's a very quiet man—is Dr. Oden except when sitting at a piano. He loves Wagner's thundering chords.

"What do you advise?" I turned to Dr. Swartout.

"I think it's a screwy idea, if you ask me," Then he had to explain what he meant to Sister Mary Clemente who doesn't keep up on modern slang very well.

"Let's not argue any more," interrupted Oden. "I'll be too late in a few minutes. If the man has taken a fancy to Rachel and wants to make her his heir, why not do it? She'll be a widow in—" He looked at his watch—"in about three quarters of an hour."

A sort of a flash memory of Cooper's boyish face swept before me. It gave me a funny feeling. The man was trying to do something nice for me and there I stood fighting it off. And every minute was narrowing down his life expectancy!

"Isn't there a chance? I asked.

"About one in fifty if we operate. None if we don't."

"All right," I gave in. "I'm probably dreaming anyway, and I'm too tired to have it make any difference to me if I'm not. Let's go."

"Atta girl," Dr. Swartout patted me on the back.

"Hurry, please," pleaded Dr. Oden.

IV
They must have counted on being able to convince me.

Everything was all ready when I walked into the grimmest chapel in which a marriage ceremony was ever performed—the operating theater of the hospital. Our chaplain was there and a man from the city clerk's office with a special license.

Cooper's expression changed from lethargic despair to one of hope as I walked over to the rolling table on which he lay.

"Thanks, kid," he said as I took his hand. "I think I might pull through if you're on my side. I've been around quite a lot and you're the first one I ever thought of seriously like this."

"Hurry," warned the surgeon.


When it was over Cooper was pretty tired but he was game.

"I'll take the gas now. So long, Rachel, if I don't see you again. Sam Werks has got my will. He made it out for me. That's just in case of course—"

Cooper's voice was blotted out as the anesthesiologist at a nod from Dr. Oden dropped the ether cone over his face. They couldn't wait any longer.

I didn't stay in the operating room. I couldn't. The whole affair had left me in a sort of a breathless trance. It was too fantastic. I was a wife. They were operating on my husband behind the door I had just closed behind me. He would probably die. By sunrise I would be the widow of a man I scarcely knew. I pulled myself up short. Where was my professional code?

What was I thinking of? We, who constantly spar with death, never talk about losing a patient until the last vestige of hope is gone. And I was thinking of myself as a widow.

But what if he lived? Then what was my position? I wasn't in love with Gregory Cooper. What would I do if he got well?

I went down to the second floor. I suppose I had it in mind to talk to Sister Mary Clemente and I don't know what advice a celibate nun could give to a girl who had just married a dying man.

She wasn't at the desk. A nurse, subbing for her, said she had gone down the hall to 218 or 219 she thought.

I went to 218 first. It was the nearest. She wasn't there.

But Sam Werks was. I'd forgotten about him.

"Come in, Mrs. Cooper," he invited with elaborate politeness. "Is Mrs. Cooper, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted dully. I didn't care who I was.

"Come here and let me offer my congratulations."

He sounded politely cordial. There was a slight sneer under his voice—but I guess there always was.

"No," I said. The subject was particularly unpleasant—almost as repulsive as the sly feeling of his palm.

"I do," he said, swinging my arm a little excitedly. "It's ten thousand bucks. Mr. Cooper has saved up a tidy little sum for himself. I drew up his will and—"

"I know. He told me."

"It'll all be yours any minute now."

I put the back of my other hand against my mouth to stifle a scream and broke his clammy grip. Out in the hall I fainted.

No one seemed to be surprised.

V
I was in bed sixteen hours. When I woke up I was afraid to ask anybody what had happened. I didn't know whether I was a wife or a widow. It was an odd hour between shifts and there were no girls in the dorm except sleeping ones. I had to dress—uniform, of course—and go over to the hospital before I could find anyone I cared to question.

Naturally I went to Sister Mary Clemente. Two girls standing before her desk drew away and hurried down the hall as I came up. They looked at me queerly. I couldn't interpret their emotion.

Sister Mary Clemente glanced up at me.

"Well, my child," she said in her sweet, grave voice.

"Mr. Cooper," I began stumblingly—"Is he dead?"

"Dr. Oden says your husband will live."

I stood looking at her in a daze.

"He's alive—now?"

"Yes, I just told you. What you did gave him the will to live."

I spoke half to myself. "Of all the unlucky breaks!"

I certainly never meant Sister Mary Clemente to hear.

"Unlucky?" she repeated, shocked. "You don't mean, Rachel, that you wish your husband were dead?"

Of course I didn't mean that. I didn't know what I did mean. But I couldn't explain it to that gentle, unworlly soul.
Among the Most Sought-After Girls

Nature was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology.

Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way.

They do it with color. Carmine lips—a splash of color on one’s hat—a bag that’s like the sunset.

Yet—if one’s hair doesn’t rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat.

Deb, moisy hair is not exactly—or—

stimulating, is it? Still—it needn’t stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days. Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will re-appear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

Note: Do not confuse Golden Glint with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a “tiny tint”—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the beauty of your own individual shade of hair.

It’s not a dye—it’s a glint of gold for blondes—a bronze sheen for darker heads. And one feels so—right! 50¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters.

GOLDEN GLINT

the SHAMPOO

with the tiny tint RINSE

Gives Every Shade of Hair a Glamorous Sheen

LOVELY LADY

... of course you live at the Sherry-Netherland

Where the advantages of permanent residence are available by the day, week, month or year.

Correctly designed and finely appointed suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, available by the day, week or longer. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.

The Sherry-Netherland

Facing the Park

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH

NEW YORK

George Murphy says the score is okay. But Fred Keating has his doubts. We’ll bet it was close! For George and Fred are among Hollywood’s best bowlers.
THE FAN CLUB CORNER

MEMBER clubs of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs have many contest announcements to make this month. Most of these, of course, deal with interesting new drives for membership. Some will test the movie knowledge of fellow club members. But, here is an odd one from the Alice White Fan Club: "How Big Are Your Feet? Come on, now, and don't be afraid to speak up. We want you all to send in your shoe size, and to the member having the largest feet, and who will be frank about it, there will be a prize. We will have a separate contest for the foreign members, so they will get in on it, too." Miss Lucile Carlson, 306 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., is president of this club for girls only. She would like to hear from Alice White fans.

Thora Styuia, of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, won first prize in the "Titles" contest conducted by that organization. She received a year's subscription to Shadoplay Magazine. Veronica Yazbeck and J. Wayne Martin were other prize winners. Helen Moltz, Route No. 1, Sheboygan, Wis., is president.

Thelma Willionton and Janet Mitchell were the "honour roll" members of the Norma Shearer Fan Club, announced in the latest issue of the club news. Their work in securing new members won them photographs of their honorary club president, Miss Shearer. Congratulations are due president Hans Fadliah, 1947 Broadway, New York City, for such a splendid club paper.

Two of the newest recordings of Lanny Ross will be given as first prize in the new membership contest now being held by the Lanny Ross League. Second prize will be a glass picture frame. A personally autographed photograph of Lanny Ross will be given each contestant securing two or more new members. Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Delaware, is president.

Woman About Town

[continued from page 76]

favor to scene-menace, Dangerous Jack La Rue. Honestly, he gave me the vapours in his smart clothes and wine-red carnation. We talked of cabbages and kings in the midst of which I confided that lately I pined for athletics. He did me a great care of that neatly, tennis, did you say? Nope! Golf! Wrong! He took me to the local fisticuffs!

Whee! I had such a good time! And he was sooo nice! Very proud I was, when all the bystanders recognized him and called hi-hat. And very patient when I bunched every other yard and autographed a dozen books. And very hoop-de-da when some newspaper photographer had us stop for a flashligh!

But the next day, what do you think? George E. Stone, the little actor with the big ability, bundled me into his car, along with George Burns (Gracie Allen), and we went to some shopping and didn't come) and we went to the U.S.C.-Notre Dame football tussle. I understand it was a pretty fair game, but my deah, it is useless to be polite.

I spent my time giggling at Burns' crazy cracks.

The two Georges, incidentally, are great pals, but they rib each other like a couple grizzles. When the game was over, tho, and we driving back home, the scrappy Mr. B. suddenly became wistful and he realized he'd arrive just in time to see his infant Sandra take her bath. The new poppa told me that he gave her the Scotch name of Sandy Burns so she could re-use his jokes when she grew up!

Well, that gave me the giggles again. Georgie (George E. Ayres) I could calm down sufficiently to get myself ready for the next big evening ahead at the Mayfair. The very thought had a soothing effect!

And now, little pal, we come to the formal opening of the hi-hat Mayfair Club, composed of all the best of the movie colony, and from which outsiders are rigidly excluded. The affair was, as the lingering French in me pronounces, tres elegant!

Our party, which consisted of Georgie Stone, and Burns and Allen, was augmented by Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Lyle Talbot and a little Southern flower, Peggy Watters. We all met in the Beverly-Wilshire bar, and I was agast at the number of scintillating stars in one little room. Jean Harlow with Bill Powell, the Gary Cooperers, the Freddie Marches, the two beautiful Bennett sisters, Jeanette MacDonald, the bewitching Maurice O'Sullivan (a luncheon next week), Marian Marsh looking like a little princess, Dixie Lee Crosby, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Sally Eilers. I danced and toggled with Joe E. Brown.
who said he didn’t know how . . . but he did! Of course going into a sailor’s hornpipe, and then a buck and wing is hardly cricket in the art of fandango, but fun’s fun and who’s to pres!

It would have warmed the cockles of your heart to see Gracie Allen, Mrs. Joe E., husband Joe, George Burns, Bing Crosby and my George take hands and do crazy dance routines all over the floor! Bing threw back his head and bustled out with wild boo-boo-boos for accompaniment. They really were pretty wild, too, since he’d damaged his million dollar voice a couple of nights before fire-fighting at the Warner blaze.

But how he sang when he was called on to entertain! His voice bothered him a bit, though, so he crowned through lots of it. He gave us “Love in Bloom” and when he came to the line “Oh, no, it’s not a dream, it’s love in bloom,” he substituted . . . “it’s gravel throat!”

Dietrich was superb in a black tunic gown with sleeves that left her shoulders bare, and with gels of silver fox slung around them. I nearly swooned when she slipped into an extremely full, swing-y hip-length ermine cape lined and bordered with silver fox! Pretty daisy!

I am manfully (and economically) resisting the temptation to copy Carole Lombard’s creation. All gray chiffon, with a tremendous, voluminous skirt, banded, half-way down, by two separate rows of platinum fox! That may sound mad, but looked perfectly lush. Carole carried a big orange hankie, and powdered her lovely nose with a huge swansdown puff.

Next give you Miss Del Rio. She came in trailing, careless like, a long black cape lined in scarlet and boasting a fine silver fox standing collar. Her dress, also, was black, with white and scarlet sashes which ended up on the floor and was extremely knockout.

Joan Bennett could have stepped right out of the Chauve Souris and pretended she was one of the adorable wooden soldiers. She wore a vivid blue gown and a roaring red jacket. Her lovely golden hair was banded by a thin “golden circle.”

I have sufficient strength to twitter that June Collyer supplied the sweetness-and-light note. She wore a white moire period gown and constantly carried one of those quaint, lace-dolled old-fashioned bouquets.

Coney! And now, I’ve got such an inferiority complex I just can’t go on. But wait! I can do a little boasting! I waggled hullo to my sister-play who was dancing with Cornelius Vanderbilt, the literary millionaire, and she stopped and introduced us by saying, “I think you two writers should know each other!” Ta-da-a-a-a!

But really, kitten, I had a glorious evening, ad next time you see Georgie Stone in a picture you can think what a nice time he gave our pal Mitta. And now I say goodbye . . . boa! Not yet! ‘The Burns’ told me this one, did you must hear it.

It seems that they planned to gather together all the bores that they knew, give a party and thus get rid of them all at one time. Of the invitees was out of town, however, couldn’t come. A week or so later George said to him and told him how they’d given a booparty and that it had turned out great. At this moment, up breezed our Gracie, claiming, “Oh, we gave the loveliest party all time. We wanted you so badly, such a time you were out of town!”

Good-by now! Ain’t life grand in Holly-wood? Yours, Mitta.

COLOR GRAY HAIR THE Modern Way

Now—so easy—so simple—so safe TO BRING COLOR TO Gray Hair

The new, improved Mary T. Goldman’s brings you a startling revelation. Now no more trouble than a manicure—no more costly than a good face cream—to bring the alluring loveliness of lustrous color to gray hair. Will you test it FREE? See coupon.

A simple but remarkable change in the method of application of Mary T. Goldman’s color for gray hair, has worked a modern wonder. Easily, simply, safely, you can transform gray hair with youthful color. You can do it at home without experience. No “skin-test” is needed. Medical authorities have pronounced this way harmless to hair and scalp. The color will not wash off nor rub off on clothing. Shampooing or waving will not affect it. And—the color will be so natural looking and match so skillfully that even you will find it hard to believe that nature herself had not accomplished it.

For 50 years, Mary T. Goldman’s has shown millions the way to have freedom from gray. Now in this new Mary T. Goldman’s, developed by an eminent chemist, we sincerely believe that we offer you the easiest, safest, most modern and successful method for coloring gray hair.

Nora do we ask you to take our word for it. We only ask you to prove it yourself FREE before you pay a penny or apply one drop to your full head of hair. You can get the full-sized bottle at your druggist on money-back guarantee if you desire. Or just mail the coupon. It will bring you the famous Free Test Package. Try it on one small lock snipped from your hair and see the results first. Isn’t this fair offer well worth your trial? Mail it today.

Mary T. Goldman
COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR
FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN • 2400 Goldman bldg. • St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE Single Lock Test Package as checked below.

Name.
Street.
City.
State.

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR:

Hair 

- Black 

- Medium Brown 

- Auburn and Reddish

- Dark Brown 

- Light Brown 

- Blonde
This Dog Earns $50 a Week!

(Continued from Page 44)

a little tug. At the end of the street, Flush was rewarded with a bit of cheese. He scratched at a door in a scene because the trainer was on the other side with the same reward.

When he looked down the stairs, Bache was at the foot attracting his attention.

Flush rehearsed in every set several days before the scene was shot. If the set was in use, a duplicate was built for him. Care was taken not to confuse him by teaching too many things at one time.

He grew to be devoted to Norma Shearer, and was home with her part of the time when she was making "Rip Tide."

Flush followed her all over the studio and every time she sat down, automatically he would jump in her lap.

Charles Laughton couldn't make friends with the dog because the story required Flush to dislike him. The picture had been in production six weeks when Laughton arrived from England, and Flush resented him as an intruder.

Laughton had to speak violently and slam doors which naturally antagonized the dog. Flush responded to human emotions in such an uncanny manner, one would think he knew the story. He growled at cross words, was un-speakably sad when Norma cried, happy when she smiled.

Flush was bathed every day during the picture and his appetite for hamburger ruined forever. Norma brought little meat pasties and sandwiches to the studio for company tea—but Flush never begged. He is a gentleman. He went solemnly from one person to another seated himself, and turned on the eyes, the irresistible eyes.

He timed it perfectly, and always passed up Laughton without a glance.

Flush's original name, now forgotten, was "Topside." He received fifty dollars a week salary for four months. The trainer received his own check, probably twice this figure. He says Flush is a "dramatic dog," not a comedien, and that Flush takes his new career seriously. He leaps in a chair and poses every time he sees a camera. He is a family-man with five young Cockers at home, but he doesn't have to worry about supporting them. The youngsters all are spoken for by stars and executives—and undoubtedly every one of them will be named Flush.

And This One $150 a Week!!

(Continued from Page 45)

—and his mind is off his work. Wires are the dilettantes of the dog-world.

Skippy's work in "The Thin Man" gave the appearance of an untrained dog. Believe it or not, he covered 150 cues in the picture, responding to a sign. He is rehearsed orally with sign, then with sign alone. The hardest thing for him to do was to play coward, as he is pugnacious by nature.

Skip is fickle in his attentions. He will work with an actor as if he belonged to him, and be just as attached to another the next week. Skippy has a flatterizing way of making every actor think he is it—then he goes home and forgets about him. His real devotion is for Henry.

He went through the East training school beginning with the lesson to come when called. Then to sit down, hold it—lie down—hold it—until released by the spoken cue "all right," when he is rewarded with food and petted. The next step was to get on a box and hold it. Each lesson must be gone over several times before teaching a new one. Next he learns the names of various articles as they are presented to him. Then to go right, go left, back up, crawl, and exit. From there, things become really complicated. Teaching Skippy to yawn, scratch and stretch took months of patient practice. He didn't want to unless it was necessary.

When he scratched on the cement in "Thin Man" it was a definite cue. He had been taught to "dig it up."

Out of a hundred dogs, the Easts find one like Skippy. They try out the others and if they have not grasped a definite routine in a certain time, they are given away to good homes.

A great asset in a dog actor is to have the whites of the eyes show when they turn. It adds expression. Otherwise the eye is dead. This is the reason Scotties are not used in pictures, plus their color which merges with the background.

Skippy is particular about his diet, scorningle all canned foods. He prefers Irish stew and hamburger with onions.

He is highly sensitized. The forty-five dogs and Siamese cats in the kennels kept him irritated, so he has been placed in a private home.

Henry says his nerves are much better, and now can do everything but read the script aloud.

Skippy is an electrical personality, a fine up-standing man who really loves his work. He doesn't like to stay home, he is gregarious, craves the excitement of the set.

He has never been spanked, because Henry believes the tone of voice, words, and eyes are punishment enough if a dog respects you. He says he to be very dramatic when your dog must be reprimanded, be decisive or terribly hurt, and give the pup a chance to reason it out.

Skippy is a perfect example of this sound principle—a spirited young blade and a credit to his family.

Besides which, he earns a hundred and fifty dollars a week!
but crusading as well—and fearless in his crusading to boot. Beneath his bosom he had cherished for years a great plan to tax all insurance premiums and apply the money to a sinking fund for the education of orphans.

Baby LeRoy's father was nowhere about; he was an orphan. The zealous gladiator picked on the Baby to glorify and did a first rate job of it. One of his first schemes was to have Maurice Chevalier donate $1,000 to buy an insurance policy to provide the child with a college education.

Chevalier, exhibiting true Gallic thrill, demurred.

Undaunted, the publicity man invaded the inner sanctum where Emanuel Cohen, head of Paramount, presides.

So fast did he talk that Cohen found himself authorizing a check for $1,000—and before he could reconsider, the insurance company had the money.

Now when Baby LeRoy attains college age he will get $2,000, or an income of $46.50 a month.

THE press agent got fired.

However, his work lived on. Through his expert, if personally rash, glorifying, Baby LeRoy became something of an infatual star. Some people said "Isnt he adorable?" all over the country, partly because they had read about him. He promised to work up a box-office value. Paramount signed him on a term contract for $80 a week when he worked, $20 when he didn't. Not long ago he got a raise. Now he makes $60 a working week and $30 when he's idle. He is guaranteed only eleven weeks work a year, which isn't a very steady job for two-year-old youngster who supports three people besides himself—his mother, his grandfather and his grandmother.

Cora Sue Collins received $60 for the first day of her first screen job at Universal. The next day she got $1,350 and the offer of a seven-year contract at $100 a week, which her wise mother refused. Cora Sue soon went on to bigger and better things, earning $100 a day as a scattered pictures, which kept her busy enough. "Black Moon" and "As The Earth Turns" brought in more than $1,000 apiece to her family bank, while "Queen Christina"—differently important in the long run because it won her her present contract at M-G-M—was worth only four days' work—$100.

Now bequeathed Miss Collins cashes a $150 G-M check each week. Her seven-year contract grades up to $750 a week.

A long-term contract is the goal of most venile stars. Such contracts today usually at $150 a week with $100 a week increase every six months, if the option is taken up.

David Holt, the "boy Shirley Temple" un-erved by Paramount in "You Belong To Me," makes $150 a week under contract. So does Dickie Moore, recently signed by Fox when she had played with Shirley Temple in "Right Eyes," where she was presumptuous tough to steal several scenes from Princess lily.

Jane Withers' mother came to Hollywood aging her six-year-old daughter from radio in Atlanta to the greener fields of the city. But it was two years before Jane got a break. She got it by walking into Casting Director Ryan's office and talking herself into a job.

Several studios had a chance at her in tiny bits. Paramount notably had allowed her to escape after her best movie parts before "Bright Eyes"—in "It's A Gift," with W. C. Fields.

The part in "Bright Eyes" required characterization, so Jane showed she could mimic others by pulling her impersonations out of the bag for Mr. Ryan. She did ZaSu Pitts, Greta Garbo, Bing Crosby, and Rudy Vallee. Mr. Ryan gave her the role.

Because of her hit in "Bright Eyes," Fox signed Jane on a seven-year contract at $150 a week. "Red Heads On Parade," a musical with John Boles and June Knight, was all set for production when the discovery of Jane took place. A part has since been written in; Jane will have one of the important leads now, and Fox intends to build her strenuously.

Some in Hollywood, however, believe that the reason Fox grabbed her so quickly was to protect Shirley Temple, who is gold in anybody's box-office till. Jane appeared, so they believe, a too formidable and a possible serious rival. So Fox acted wisely, much as a dangerous political power is often buried respectively in a vice-presidential office, or some such place where he is out of the menacing running.

If this is so, Jane will be sacrificed for business reasons—a dark future for her. If not, she may become another Shirley Temple and find herself signing a brand new contract for many times her weekly check. Her promise is unmistakable.

Juanita Quigley, the dark-eyed darling of "Imitation of Life," now starred in her own right, started right out with $250 a week and $100 raises every six months. Before she signed with Universal, however, her mother was satisfied with the $7.50 to $25 a day check she received for occasional bits.

Upstarts such as these are worth, in the child star bracket, as much as seasoned veterans. Mickey Rooney, a genuinely talented and thoroughly experienced child actor—whom Max Reinhardt named as the one actor who had ever played Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as Shakespeare intended—earns only $150 a week under his M-G-M contract.

He was making that much on the stage when he was three years old. He made $1,000 for each four-day "Mickey McGuire" two-reeler. His free-lance price was $150 a day. But he signed for security at $150 a week—and now, very probably, he regrets it. M-G-M is besieged with requests for his services. Warners have borrowed him for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Fox used him in Will Rogers' "County Chairman."

M-G-M may reap a bonus for their valuable player, but Mickey gets only his secure $150 a week for both pictures.

Contracts, however, can work the other way to make a young star worth more than he was. Dickie Moore was paid $200 a week for "Seed," then went to Warners under contract starting at $200 a week. When they refused to meet a $50 option increase, Dickie left. But he was worth more after that, and in "The Blonde Venus," with Marlene Dietrich, Paramount paid $350 a week for his brown-eyed charm.
Hal Roach then tied him up for $230 a week, and immediately received loan-out requests. They were granted—at $600 a week, and Roach split the surplus with his small star. But those loan-outs, through the Roach contract, established Dickie’s “price” at $600. And today, as a freelance player, that is just what he makes—the same amount as Jackie Scarf.

Ever since the first staggerings of figure Coogan’s earnings were broadcast, and the elder Coogans, more as a matter of publicity than anything else, had Jackie’s celebrated trust fund put through court, the general belief has been that every child star has so much set aside for him by law.

This is not true. Parents of movie youngsters, no matter how much they earn, may spend every cent of the money if they so desire, so long as the child is well cared for. However, wise parents keep guardianship agreements in order to have their children’s earnings put into a court or savings account so they will be there when their children need them. And Leland Hayward, who seems to know how to save his family’s money, has put his earnings into a savings account. And it seems to be paying off for him, for he can afford to pay for a new hat.

American Play Co. It was there he must have realized that the great art of acting takes vast sums of money away from motion picture producers was truly his forte. He served a brief apprenticeship, then went into business for himself—Leland Hayward, Inc.

His first move was from gathering an imposing array of clients in record time—was to open offices—and such offices! You can hardly imagine! The New York one is atop a skyscraper, with his personal sanctuary a spacious studio room that opens on a terrace overlooking Central Park. Its furnishings include an enormous table, useful for throwing such things as hats and feet on, and a Titanic divan from which, sprawled in a variety of acrobatic attitudes, Mr. Hayward manipulates deals of great magnitude.

He is a sprawler at heart, who sincerely believes that walls, desks, tables, and ceilings were made for sitting men to put their feet on. His friends are not in the least surprised to enter his office and discover him delicately poised on his left shoulder blade with one boot draped over a chandelier.

His Beverly Hills home, from which he conducts his Hollywood business, is a symphony in leather—right over to the window drapes which are leather also. He loathes docks and all the order and system they imply. Nor has he ever been caught in the act of making written notes on any subject whatever. His desk and filing cabinets are bare—except for his hat. In Hollywood he never wears a hat—and he seldom forgets anything of importance.

And by large, Leland Hayward is probably as fine a salesman as ever talked a reluctant producer out of a salary raise. He works on the theory that things are only as important as they seem and he succeeds in making his own clients seem practically indispensable to the prosperity—aye, the very existence!—of the film industry.

His methods are varied and effective. He has the gift of being able to fire others with his own enthusiasm, or he can sit in a majestic silence and the people who are in the room believe he does not believe in. In other and less polite words he’s got to get hot before he can go to town. He can, if forced to, achieve splendid results through the “hurt” system of salesman-
Two Personalities in One

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

he cinema sea and found the wild waves trangely warm and caressing. In England, he made "Waltz Time" and then starred in six big ones: "Princess Charming" and "Evening," Screen ambitions again stirred within—and of course, real screen ambitions hark to Hollywood.

So when Evelyn picked up the London Daily Mail and saw where Irving Thalberg advertised to town, she called his hotel.

"This is Evelyn Laye," she said. "Please—

ve changed my mind—I'm interested." "That's fine," said Mr. Thalberg, just as if she had talked ten minutes ago instead of round-one-half-years.

So—here she is—in Hollywood, very much star—and from all indications Ramon Novo-
oro's co-starring teammate for a time to come. Everyone is so pleased with the way Evelyn d Ramon hit it off in "The Night Is Young" at already another romance, "Love While in May" is being rushed into production.

But back o this "Boo" business. When you have a dual personality you can't just leave it—or them—hanging in the air. It just isn't polite.

It seems that Evelyn, who very appropriatel y chose to be born while her father was acting in a play called "A Little Ray of Sunshine," was something of her dad's pride and joy.

And every night, when he came home from the theater, he'd peek in her crib and say, "Boo!"

Whereupon Evelyn would say "Boo!" right back—which served him right—going around scaring little children.

Anyway, before you knew it, the air was filled with "Boos!"—and before Evelyn knew it, everyone who knew her at all had forgotten that her name was Evelyn and was calling her "Boo."

And, as she grew up, somehow the "Boo" began to mean her private life—and the

ALL SEASONS
date Greyhound Passengers

ENJOY the warmth and comfort of a June day when you travel in late winter or early spring! Greyhound’s system of dual Tropic-Aire heaters keeps the temperature right and the air clean.

As for speed and dependability, look at this record: Actual statistics prove Greyhound buses seven times safer than private car travel. Greyhound has won the National Safety Council's highest award for intercity buses every year. And it will raise your spirits several degrees to know that you are saving a purse-full of money on any trip.

INFORMATION OFFICES


GREYHOUND lines

FREE INFORMATION ON ANY TRIP

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed above (paste it on a penny post card if you like)—for pictorial folder and full information on any trip. Just down the place you wish to visit on the margin below.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

PH3
Evelyn began to mean her professional life—and in practically no time at all she had a perfectly beautiful brace of personalities.

"But that's how it is," said Evelyn, startling me into spilling my tea in my lap (I was so lost in a wondrous reverie about how anyone could possibly risk saying 'Boo' to those lovely china-blue eyes and that golden hair. Might scare 'em away!).

"To me Evelyn Laye is an entirely different person from 'Boo' Laye (wouldn't she be surprised if she stumbled into the Yale Bowl and heard 'em chanting her name?). It's hard to explain, but it has been going on for a long time. The minute I close a stage door, or leave a studio I change. My views change, my thoughts change—even my clothes are different.

"No," she smiled, "no magic elixir. I suppose Father really started it all—the way he brought me up—like a boy. I was the only child. He used to take me along on his business arrangements. Why, up until I came to Hollywood this time, I'd never had a manager—an agent. Settle all my contracts myself.

"I think he gave me a sort of masculine drive which I put into my work. You know, 'strictly business.' Evelyn Laye is really quite a sincere, hard working and efficient person. Everything connected with being a theatrical individual is fine to her. There is no doubt about her publicity—and glamour and she's willing to do anything to help the show or the picture she'll troup—"

"But 'Boo'—well, I'm afraid she's a rather careless sort of person, pretty feminine, who doesn't even want to hear about the show or the picture when she leaves for home. She wants to talk about other things, and see other people.

"She doesn't want to go to parties and hear nothing discussed but pictures. She wants to go to a concert, or have some close friends in and cook them a dinner—"

"She loves her pots and pans," I suggested tritely.

"I do love pots and pans, as a matter of fact," affirmed "Boo" Laye cooly. "I've always run my own house, and I cook practically a hobby. You should try my Yorkshire pudding. You'd never suspect it to look at me, I know.

"I tell you I'm entirely different away from my 'career.'"

"When I'm Evelyn Laye I try to dress smartly and stylishly—but when I'm 'Boo' my hair is loose, and I wear baggy tweeds and look quite like the devil—or something. For instance the other day—"

"It seems that with an eye to a constitutional, Miss Laye sallied forth from her Sussex Tower apartment for a turn up the boulevard. With flying hair and flipping skirts. A block on when she was just getting into her stride an automobile rolled up and two youths tipped hats over wide grins, "Going our way?"

"No thank you—really," said Miss Laye graciously.

Another block—brakes squeaked—a fat man with a cigar leaned out—"Take you anywhere Baby?" he wheezed. Miss Laye gasped and managed to shake her head. On she strode—another block. Another car flashed past. This time two radio policemen polished their badges—"Want a lift?"

"No—I don't," stormed Evelyn Laye without a thought of her British reserve. "I want to walk—can't I walk in Hollywood if I want to? Is there a law? etc., etc."

"That could have never happened in Itechon—" said Evelyn Laye firmly.

"Whichnor?"

"No—you misunderstood me—Itechon—" that's where I really developed my dual personality—"

"Itechon, contrary to what you might think, is not, Miss Laye assured me, anywhere near Much-Muchingham-Scratchings. Rather it's near Chichester in Sussex, England, of course—possibly in the region of Wassol-on-the-Lower-Tootle."

She found a cozy little cottage in Itechon where she could just be one of the neighbors, and keep house by herself, and listen to the village wives gossip, and hunt and fish and walk in the fields—and she adopted it as the hometown of her other self.

"It's the funniest thing," she told me, "how it comes over me—this other self business. Now don't laugh. You're thinking of Fredric March having a fit in 'Dr. Jekyll—it isn't that bad—but well—not long ago Mother and I were over in Paris, staying at a very super—super Continental hotel, with people practically tumbling over one another to give us service, and silk upholstery all over the room.

"Suddenly I got an itch for Itechon—I simply couldn't stand Paris or that fancy hotel a minute longer. I turned 'Boo' in about two seconds—and I wanted to be where I had to make my own fire and cook my own meals, and go to bed by candlelight—and so I packed up my bags right then and there and hopped on the train. Mother thought I was crazy—do you?"

I said I didn't know her as well as her friend.
Hollywood, My Hollywood

[continued from page 73]

off a tee and into a cup, they can really play golf. You know who I mean, the crooner Crosby, Arlen and that guy Fields. Leave me at 'em.'

Yes, indeed, it gets them all. I wonder what Nat Goodwin and those grand old elbow-bending athletes who trained at the Lambs and the Players, the Waldorf and the Knickerbocker bars, would say if they could only see some of their favorite pupils in the art of Bacchus. For example: John Barrymore playing the Hollywood scene this way:

Jack at home, in front of an open fire, clad in an old dressing gown and slippers, and smoking a pipe. Time, nine P.M. Two kiddies playing about his feet. Presently he says to the little woman:

"ISN'T it time the children were in bed, honey? Daddy has to hit the deck at the crack of dawn, you know. I'm going deep-sea fishing and I'm going to bring back a marlin his time. Put the cat out, darling, and let's hit the bay."

On the level, they all go this kind of Hollywood.

When a new actor hits Hollywood, all the old pals gather around him to sell the health deal. One wants him to go in for polo, another golf, another tennis, et cetera. There's lying, yachting, swimming, horseback riding, adirondack, ping-pong, football, rugby, soccer and even cricket. This last is the fault of the English colony. If you have a day off, you are supposed to play at least one of those jolly games. At night, they line up the fights, wrestling matches, auto races, ice hockey, onkey baseball or an even screwier game called softball.

When you meet a fella who heard the call of the talkies a year or so before you woke up, you meet an old settler who has completely gotten that once he got most of his exercise in a Turkish bath. He gasses smugly of playing a chukker of polo at the Riviera with Will Rogers, Clark sable and Spence Tracy; breaking eighty at aikside with Bing Crosby, Randy Scott and dolphine Menjou; or, maybe he played a spot of badminton with Jean Harlow, flew somewhere with Wally Beery or George Brent, swam the Channel in a blitz, played tennis withalph Forbes, Jack Gilbert and Ronnie Colan; or, maybe he had a go at soccer with Vic claglen and his Lighthorse team, or, a whirl cricket with Boris Karloff.

One fella speaks patronizingly of his "stabile," another of his "team" and still another of his "little boat." Guys who couldn't even pronounce "yacht," a few years ago can unmistakably make Mike Vanderbilt look like the pilot of an East river ferry. Speaking of yachts, the high point in a movie star's life is reached when he goes for a yacht.

YACHTS

I will say this much for Bill Frawley: he doesn't care for yachts. He fairly sneers at Arlen Crosby for their Sinbad tendencies. As W. C. Fields, I have paddled a canoe with him on Lake Toluca. As a canoeist, he is a markable juggler. As for yachts, he is far more at home in a trailer.

But, out here in Hollywood where you are twenty-seven miles away from the nearest yacht garage or parking space, the boys get a very yachty feeling at certain seasons of the year. They just gotta have a water craft of some kind and, as Bill Frawley says: "An actor needs a yacht like he needs a wart on his nose."

When the boys are in this ecstatic condition, the swanky yacht salesmen catch up to them. Have you ever by chance met up with a yacht salesman? No? Well, he's an artist in his line. He usually wears an aristocratic bow; the latest thing in correct dress; and that good old Newport manner. Old boy!

Unlike those rude and uncochic swear Indians, he is not the go-getter type. He is the perfect gent. But, somehow the movie actor invariably nabs a nice little scow for around twenty-five G's, and wakes up behind the eight ball.

Under the spell of a romantic summer night, I was almost talked into going for a skiff myself. "What for?" demanded my favorite blues singer, Frawley. As nearly as I recall, his complaint went something like this:

The proud yachtsman has to hoist his scow at San Pedro, Wilmington or Balboa where the town clowns and sea gulls can shoot at it. Every off-day or week-end the embryonic yachtsman puts on his admiral's cap and white ducks, rides twenty-seven miles in his car to where the yacht is anchored, sails out in the cool waters of the ol' Pacific, pours in a lotta cocktails, gets bounced around by an unexpected batch of rough seas, pours out a lotta cocktails, comes back to anchor and wonders who'll be there to welcome him into what he'd like to be a Vanderbilt or a Sopwith. The next year he has to trade the sloop off for a trailer, or, anything that runs, walks or crawls on land.

THE OUTDOORS

To get along with the athletic and climatic phenomenon, I must not forget the great western outdoors. No, indeedly! It gets them, too. Gay dogs who once thought the outdoors was something you looked at out of windows, have become: 'Piers, prospectors, sourdoughs, cowboys, ninnymats and big-game hunters.

W ith the first grand the chump takes out of the movie game (this goes for actors and actresses, directors, writers, et cetera), he or she goes for that Beverly Hills mansion with the swimming pool, tennis court and the usual mortgage.

With the second take, they go for polo ponies, airplanes, and yachts.

And, with the third take, they go for the great outdoors, and a whole covey of mortgages. Yes, indeedly!

If it's a yacht, between pictures the fella sails away to the languorous South Seas, Mexico or even Catalina, to snare the torrid tuna and the mighty marlin. If it's a plane, he pops up to the high Sierras or the Rockies to pop off a few grizzles. Even good old Africa speaks and says "Uncle!" to deadeye Dicks like Sayeed Cooper, Darryl Zanuck and Woody Van Dyke.

If it's a ranch, hold on, Yankees! They can tuck those Connecticut farms you like to pencil to Broadway bookies with every nutmeg away off in a corner under some live oak trees. You don't know nothin' about the great outdoors.

Bill and I met an actor we used to know...
To the perplexed woman seeking a dependable answer to the vital problem of personal hygiene, we advise Boro-Pheno-Form. Known to the medical profession for more than forty years, it carries highest recommendations. Convenient—up with washing necessities required. Soothing; harmless—non-caustic; odorless; dependable. A boon to the mind and body of every married woman.

Boro-Pheno-Form

Try it now. Just send 10c and coupon for generous Trial Package.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. C-35
162 W. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your Trial Package of Boro-Pheno-Form. Directions and Enlightening booklet. I enclose 10c.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______ State ______

PHOTOPLAY
now.

Caliente,”
enclose Boro-Pheno-Form, Next minute.

Address.

I mind convenient—no years, 18

CATALOG
through lovely saving

118

LARKIN

Boys
School

school

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Send coupon for 20c sample from the essence of flowers:—

two odors: Send only

(1) Admiration

(2) Gardenia

A single drop lasts a week.

To pay for postage and handling send 25c (silver or stamp) for 2 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER, 172 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

$30 to $75 a Week

for Wearing Fine Clothes

That's what women earn as Clothes Models—many up to $100 weekly—for displaying beautiful and expensive apparel demanded by stores, shops, manufacturers, livery stables, brokers. Week is fascinating; open up important business opportunities.

You, too, Can Be a Clothes Model

Prepare yourself, by mail, under America's expert, for this new profession. Learn how to select clothes and wear them with distinction; how to dress your type, select your shoes, purse, caps, etc. Even if not interested in a position, every woman with social ambitions should acquire the art of dress. First Lessons and supplies FREE. Write for full particulars and for further information without cost. Patrica Morgan School at Modeling, Suite 18, 470 Powell St., San Francisco, Calif.

The NEW LARKIN
CATALOG
Now Ready!

SEND today for your personal copy of this great money-saving book. See all the lovely new Club Selections yours through our new SOs a share Cozy Home Club. Read about our big rewards for Larkin Secretaries. Just a peep word brings this free book.

Larkin Co. Inc., BUFFALO, N. Y.

2 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Send coupon for 20c sample from the essence of flowers:—

two odors: Send only

(1) Admiration

(2) Gardenia

A single drop lasts a week.

To pay for postage and handling send 25c (silver or stamp) for 2 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER, 172 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Palm Springs

Why join a nudist colony when we have Palm Springs?

One really goes native out on that desert. The lads wear loin cloths, sandals and coconutoil, while the lasses ease the eyes with shorts, sandals, the oil and those love-things. You know.

In the winter, when the famed southern California sun gets sort of coolish, Hollywood moves to Palm Springs over the week-ends. In the summer the desert is 120 in the shade, and no shade. In the winter, it's 100 in the shade, and no shade.

But, you would love it—the spell of the desert, the charm of its freedom, the intimacy of roughing it out in the great open spaces. Bo, you follow, or, are you afraid of me?

Nevertheless, it is the place to go. If an actor wants a job he has to go to Palm Springs in the winter. He goes to the Desert Inn, the El Mirador or the Del Tahquitz. There he will find the producer, the director, the writer and even his own booking agent.

After a few days in that ol' desert sun and a few nights under those ol' desert moon, you can be had.

It gets you. It got me. So did Al Wor-themer. You don't know Al? Well, Al runs the Dunes, a lovely spot ten miles out on the desert.

Out on that oasis you can get the best steak west of Kansas City, and you need it when you finally give up trying to guess right.

AGUA CALIENTE

It means "hot water." It has one of the finest hot springs, baths and swimming pools in the world. One morning, Baron Long discovered a customer actually taking a swim and a treatment. The Baron never quite recovered from the shock. Maybe that is why he resigned.

"Let's fly down to Caliente," says one Hollywood chump to another chump. "We won't gamble. Not a dime. We'll just take it easy. We can play some golf and tennis and take those baths. Are they marvelous? May be we can catch a race or two, but no gambling, I'm through."

They fly to Caliente. They enter the Casino. Three days later, they stagger out of the Casino. They fly home.

THE BEACHES

Marion Davies has the biggest "hotel" on any of the southern California beaches. I call it a hotel because Miss Davies usually entertains more guests than any of the legiti hosts. When she throws a party in that ol' Southern colonial mansion, all Hollywood turns out. A great gal, Marion.

For twenty miles from Santa Monica to the other end every house is a club. In the be-hy-beh boom days they staked out gold membership cards, for which you exchanged your birth certificate and a grand or so. Now you can get past the eagle-eyed doorman by the class of your front.

A few years ago, the ultra-ultras of the Hollywood movie colony decided to go exclusive.

La, Malibu was born. You've probably heard of Malibu. It was so exclusive that one couldn't even own the land one built on. No, indeedly! Some smartie-ascrow Indians sold the boys and girls thirty-foot sand lots, using telephone numbers for prices, and after ten years the property reverted to the company.

How do you like that?

But the ten-year options were five too long in most cases. Those "exclusive" homes were built so closely together that the ex-wives and ex-husbands were getting scammed all over again. Week-end guests stayed on "between pictures"—all summer. Rest homes became night clubs. Along came one of those "unusual" Pacific storms a few months ago, and most of the "exclusives" left the place that.

WHY, Bill and I were visiting with a pal at Malibu over a week-end, when one of those big waves hit. During the night the sea backed up, and when our host awoke the next morning he found barracuda in the cage with the canary.

The new address, folks, is Santa Barbara.

ET TU, BRUTE!

Yes, indeedly, actors and even writers go athletic when they go to Hollywood. Some of the boys are a little lame and hal, but you gotta admire their new-born spirit.

After all, there is one compensation a fella can't miss. The girls go athletic too. And, are they honey!

You know, a fella can kid himself into thinking he's a Hercules if he has a beautiful dame to play those games with.

Pardon me just a minute. There's the telephone. "Hello? who is it? . . . O-o-o-h! Hi, Jean . . . No, dammit, I can't. I gotta work. What they did, they? Is that so? Give me ten minutes and I'll be right over.

Pardon me. I have to hurry. Yeah, that was Jean. Jean Harlow. She's over at the Lakeside golf club. She says Joby and Dick want a game. They say that after watching me play they can give us strokes and beat us for the nineteenth hole pay-off.

O, yeah! Come on over and watch me go. [Next month: another installment of "HOLLYWOOD, MY HOLLYWOOD." ]
Casts of Current Photoplays
COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOPLAY MARCH, 1935

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth
If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull if you're always tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a safe substitute for dodgy cosmetics. Non-habit-forming, a pure vegetable compound that helps to give constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

GET YOUR COPY OF "NO MORE ALIBIS!"
By Sylvia Hollendonker
Turn to Inside Back Cover Now!

Gray Hair
Best Remedy is Made At Home
You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of gum benzoin. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the scalp twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to atrophied, faded gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, it is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

FRUIT ART TREASURES
Just to acquaint you with our Oriental articles I want to send you 3 beautiful hand embroidered hanging ornaments. These are the finest handcherchief linen—framed in China embroidery and hemstitch them by hand.

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
53 Minna at First, San Francisco

"HAND PLAYS ON, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the story, "Backfield" by Byron Morton and Robert Bren, and the story "The Gravy Game" by Harry Stahlbracher and W. Thornton Powell. Adapted by Bernard Schubart, Ralph Spence and Harvey Gates. Directed by Robert E. Mack. Cast: Tony, Robert Young, Stuffy, Stuart Erwin, Angelo, Leo Carrillo, Kitty, Betty Furness, Joe Ted Healy, Hody, Preston Foster, Mike, Robert Hardie, Rosy, William Tannen, Bob Stone, Robert Livingston, Noon, Arthur Hunnicut, Tony, as a child, David Durand; Rosy, as a child, Patricia Murphy. With Andy Milligan, Barbara Billingsley, Kitty, as a child, Betty Jean Graham; Mr. Thomas, Joseph Sauers; Professor Hibben, Harold Koller.

"BEST MAN WINS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by A. E. Hotchner, adapted by William Hill and Bruce Manning. Directed by Eric Kenton. The cast: Tom, C. Henry Gordon; Robert, John D. Hall; Pat, J. E. B. Biggins; Mr. Long, Doc Bob, Bela Lugosi; Ann, Florence Ricci; Harry, Forrestre Harvett; Capulin, (Harpo Parrot), J. V. Bullard; Dr. Ferguson, W. I. Mackenzie, Arrell Macdonald, J. S. Macleod, Ken, Charles Le; Lewis; Captain (Salvage Dog), Frank Sheridan.

"BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL"—M-G-M.—From the story by Robert Riskin, adapted by Joseph J. Farnham. Screen play by Anita Loos. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: Marion, Ann Harding; Kuri, Eugene Pallette; Minnie, Robert H. Montgomery; Michael, Jack Carson; Senator, John Ford; Eyedak, Edward Arnold; Slade, Una Merkel; Meesey, Charles Richman; Minna, Greta Meyer; Process Server, Willard Robertson; Mr. Irish, Donald Meek.

"CLIVE, OF INDIA"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by W. P. Lipplomb and Robert Montgomery, adapted by R. J. Minney. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: Clive, Ronald Colman; Zaina, Joan Marlowe; Madhulyn, Loretta Young; Captain Johnston, Colin Clive; Colonel Chittworth, Francis Lister; Prime Minister, C. Aubrey Smith; My Fajar, Cesare Romero; Governor Pepioi, Montagu Love; Sergeant Clark, Hubert Cab少许; Ferdinand Staden, Fredric March; Mr. Sullivan, Gilbert Emery; Mr. Manning, Leo G. Carroll; Mr. Warburton, Eric Blore; Mr. Pemberton, Robert Greig; Mr. Kent, Ian Wolfe; Faru Director, Herbert Bannerman; Swaj Ed Dumond, Missie Auer; A.J. Moulton, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Col. Townsend, Wyndham Standing; Mrs. Nixon, Doris Lloyd; Sir Bonnyman, Walter Catlett; Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Stronger, Vernon Downing; Mrs. Farquhar, Neville Clark; Mr. Miller, Peter Shaw; Lieutenant Pallikal, Pat Somerset; My Cliford, Eddy Maloney; Second Jowl, Joseph L. May; Director, Desmond Roberts; Sir Frith, Joseph Tozer; Margaret's friend, Phyllis Clare; Interior Lady, Dorothy Lytton; General Persyar, Thomas T.重复; Captain George, Philip D'Arcy; Sawt, Charles Evans; Arti, Sur;lady Yoney Oshin, J. G. E. Anderson; Major, John Barton; Mrs. View, Hotchkiss; Fred, Mary Gordon; Miss Harris, Patric Knowles; Mr. Saki, H. C. Young.

"COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE"—FOX.—From the play by George Ade. Screen play by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by John By stone. The cast: Jim Hiskett, Will Rogers; Lucy Bigby, Evelyn Venable; Ben Harney, Kent Taylor; Pat, Mary, Maria Cummins; Jim, Billy Halop; Mr. Rooney, Elias Bigby, Bertlum Churchill; Henry Reuter, Frank Metson; Tom Crow, Robert McWade; Emma Jimhson, Russell Simpson; Uncle Eck, William Webb; Dr. Dupig, Victor Kilpatrick; Larry Crower, Gay Seabrook; Riley Cleaver, Charles Middleton; Witon Prevotl, Erielle Aiterson; Sallie, Stafif Petch.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"—M-G-M.—From the story by Charles Dickens. Adapted by Hugh Walpole. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Mr. Joe, W. C. Field; Mr. Murdoc, Robert Benchley; Miss Wickover, more; Nora, Marvene O'Sullivan; Ames, Madge Bellini; Burglar, L. J. Wright; Aunty Betta, Edna May Oster; Mr. Trott, Robert Nichols; Mr. Lewis; David; the man, Frank Lawton; David, Jack Barty; Fredkie Rutherford; Mrs. Copperfield, Aida Page; Elizabeth Allan; Urash Hor, Roland Young; Mr. Murdock, Basil Ratholine; Chubb, Elia Lancaster; Mr. Micawber, Charles Kell; Mrs. Copperfield, Margaret Noges; Mr. Bob, W. Chatterton; Mr. Bob, W. Chatterton; Mr. Dick, Lennox Page; Jane Murdock, Marguerite Churchill; Keemy-Copper, Miss Patricia O'Connor; Ham, John Buckler; Steere, Hugh Pender; Chabana, Harry; Lammer, T. C. Simpson; Barfis, Maudie; Mundin, Little Emily, the child, Fay Chadcock; Mr. Chadcock, Frank Lawton; Little man, the woman, Phrine McKinney; Mrs. Chstitial, Harry Randall; Mary Ann, Mable Colclough; The Visor, Hugh Walpole.

"ENCHANTED APRIL"—RKO-Radio.—From the novel by Elizabeth and the dramatization by Kane Campbell. Screen play by Sanford Hoffer and Ray Harris. Directed by Harry Beaumont.

"EVERGREEN"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Based on the play by Ben W. Levy. Adapted from Charles Spencer, directed by Robert Stevenson. The cast: Harold Green, Jessie Mathews; Leslie Lane, Sonnie Hale, Masie, Balfour Full; Tommy Thompson, Henry Morgan; Margaret of Statheron, in MacLaren; Treadwell, Hartley Power; Lord Shad- sfield, Laddow; Joscelyn, Harkness; Beulah, Stobie; Marjorie Moore, Marjorie Brooks.

"FEDERAL AGENT"—SELECT PICTURES.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Screen play by Ray Enright. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Bill Boyd, Irene Ware, Don Alvarado, Lenita Lane, and George Cooper.

"FORSAKING ALL OTHERS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Wanda Tuckthor. Screen play and Frank Morgan Cavey. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Mary Joan Crawford; Jef, Clark Gable; Dill, Robert Montgomery; Stephy, Charles Butterworth; Patsy, Audience; Confuse, Frances Drake; Rover, Lionel; Russell, Wifons, Tom Rickeets; Johnson Arthur Troesch; Bella, Gloria Swanson; Stanley Graeme.

"FILLED LILY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Barry Barringer and Jack Kinneary. Screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Anna Neagle, Robert Young; Mr. D'Arcey, Bird Pet; Pete Dauer, Fred MacMurraz, Charles Gray, Ethel Belgium, Numbly, Harry; John, Einar, Mary, Jean; Nace, Alister; Alister, Charles Irwin; Otto Dustie, Mrs. Duncan, old Woman; Grant, Maudie, Michele Baranska; Captain of Boat, Claude Kirk; Other, Frank Morgan; Mac; Guard; Son's George, Billingsley.

"GOOD FAIRY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Perce Molon. Screen play by Robert Montgomery and Helen Henley. Directed by Robert E. Montgomery. The cast: Luisa (Lu) Gisborne, Margaret Sullavan; Dr. Cuthbert, Robert Montgomery; Geo, William Powell; Max, Charles Gable; Moira, Winnie Holton; Mr. North, Einar; Numbly, Louise; Charley, Alister; Mrs. Mrs., Mrs. Mrs.; Jan, Mrs. Mrs.; John, Mrs. Mrs.; Jane, Mrs. Mrs.; Tony, Mrs. Mrs.; Oral, Mrs. Mrs.; Willy, Mrs. Mrs.; Lou, Mrs. Mrs.; John, Mrs. Mrs.; Jim, Mrs. Mrs.
The Shadow Stage
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

incidentally, is pretty cute as a fiery Mexican dancer. He Falls for Esther Ralston; but the latter is betrothed to Conrad Nagel, Haines' superior officer. A fight with Latin-American bandits provides a quite exciting climax.

Edgar Kennedy's comedy lends a bright note to an offering which you will find, if not outstanding, at least pleasant entertainment.

**Helldorado —FOX**

**The Mystery Woman —FOX**

FAIRLY interesting combination of romance and mystery, concerning two professional spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, and an amateur spy, Mona Barrie. It all goes to prove that against a woman's charm intelligence counts for naught. Quite a lot of blood shed at the end is a discordant note in an otherwise cheerful, charming spy story.

**Gridiron Flash —RKO-RADIO**

**Tommy Burke** (Eddie Quillan) is a swell football player—on a penitentiary team. When he is paroled to an inspired alumnus of Bedford College he agrees to play on the school team only for the chance to pick up some jewels on the side. But the good old collitch spirit gets him, and Tommy turns true-blue, wins the big game and Betty Furness. Well directed and adapted by Glenn Tryon, whom you remember as a comedian. Grant Mitchell, Lucien Littlefield, Edgar Kennedy and Candy Sutton are excellent support—and the watch situation is a dark. This is better than the ordinary program picture, and not good enough to rate in the big numbers.

**Jealousy —COLUMBIA**

THERE'S something about these "bad dream" pictures—they always give you an awful let down. However, except for that dubious plot feature, this picture of an up and coming prize fighter, who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife, and has a too, too realistic jealousy-inspired dream tragedy while kissing the canvas in an important bout, is well told and distinguished with a surprising characterization by George Murphy. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook and Arthur Hohl. Watch Mr Murphy while watching this picture.

**Million Dollar Baby —MONOGRAM**

OF course, it's long, long way from little Jimmy Fay to Shirley Temple, but this is thoroughly enjoyable show just the same. Once it gets going it goes well, what with the film company that starts out to find another Shirley and the down-and-out vaudeville team who dress up their son Pat as Patricia to get the job, and it does even better after the bank bandits come in. It's new all the way through, too, which is refreshing these days. A lot of people in the cast, but little Jimmy is best.

**Sweet Adeline —WARNERS**

A QUALITY musical entertainment, with sweet melodies and lovely lyrics, and Irene Dunne. There is a back stage situation with a difference, and what does the plot matter, anyway, with Jerome Kern music and beautiful dancing? Phil Regan, the singing copper, is romantic and melodic, and Hugh Herbert's antics get funnier in every picture.
THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
For beauty of lips and neck-line enjoy Double Mint gum. Every day! Wherever and whenever convenient! It is a sure beauty exercise.
Do as the movie stars do—eat Ry-Krisp
and watch your waistline waste away.

You'll be delighted to find that Ry-Krisp is ideal
with breakfast, lunch or dinner—with soup, salad
or dessert. It's a safe tidbit to munch between
meals, too—marvelous when you entertain.

Insist upon the genuine Ry-Krisp
Whole Rye Wafer in red and white
checkerboard packages.
HEADS UP, FILM FANS!
...for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery
in
WEST POINT of the AIR

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

(A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture)

The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!
The three mosquitoes of Randolph Field...whose cradle was a cockpit!
The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, PUBLISHER
RAY LONG, EDITOR
IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931 "CIMARRON"
1932 "SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933 "LITTLE WOMEN"

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 8
The Shadow Stage 52

PERSONALITIES
That Little Hall Home in the West 14
They Gave This Little Girl a Hand 26
On Location with Charlie Chaplin 28
My Companion Said "I Would Just Love to Dance with Fred Astaire" 30
He's a Simon-Pure Count—Not a Hollywood Rebuilt 46

INFORMATION AND SERVICE
Letters 10
Hollywood Menus 85
Ask the Answer Man 90
Screen Memories from Photoplay 112
Costs of Current Photoplays 118
The Fan Club Corner 119
Addresses of the Stars 120

APRIL, 1935
VOL. XLVII NO. 5
HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE
Close-Ups and Long Shots 23
They’re in the Stretch 32
Cal York Gossip 34
Ziegfeld Would Have Said "Throw Her Out!" 43
Don't Love Me (Part II) 48
There’s Gold in Those Frills 56
Photoplay Fashions 57
Meandering Mitzi 67
Hollywood My Hollywood 70
Real Heart-Breakers of Hollywood 72
Where Is My Wandering Playwright? 74
Sylvia Sets the Standard for Facial Beauty 76
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop 78
Carolyn Van Wyck

PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, PUBLISHER
RAY LONG, EDITOR
IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931 "CIMARRON"
1932 "SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933 "LITTLE WOMEN"

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 8
The Shadow Stage 52

PERSONALITIES
That Little Hall Home in the West 14
They Gave This Little Girl a Hand 26
On Location with Charlie Chaplin 28
My Companion Said "I Would Just Love to Dance with Fred Astaire" 30
He's a Simon-Pure Count—Not a Hollywood Rebuilt 46

INFORMATION AND SERVICE
Letters 10
Hollywood Menus 85
Ask the Answer Man 90
Screen Memories from Photoplay 112
Costs of Current Photoplays 118
The Fan Club Corner 119
Addresses of the Stars 120
The beauties of San Gabriel canyon caught up Marian Marsh and Wallace Ford in their majesty, as they paused between scenes in Columbia’s “Devil’s Cargo.” Even Wally’s great Dane is held by the spell.
Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Running that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

GOLD Diggers of 1935

The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago. ... And DICK POWELL leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—

GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU, ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL, FRANK MCHUGH, HUGH HERBERT, WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE, JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL and famous RAMON & ROSITA

Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle. ... And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre—"Lullaby of Broadway"—"The Words Are In My Heart"—"I'm Going Shopping With You."
ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeiling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. *(Nov.)*

★

AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—their sacrifice for conscience's sake. John Hodiak and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. *(Nov.)*

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphans (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister Helen Weston. *(June.)*

AUTUMN CROcus—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. *(Jan.)*

★

BABBITT—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Alene MacMahon goes by in style. *(Feb.)*

★

BABES IN TOYLAND—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. *(Feb.)*

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and gaudy, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. *(Nov.)*

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah college stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Sta Erwin and Betty Furness. *(March.)*

★

BATTLE, THE—Leon Gennaroff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography. *(Feb.)*

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old-time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sidney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. *(Feb.)*

★

BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine DeMille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. *(Nov.)*

★

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An exciting film with Jack Holt, Edward Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, undersea adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. *(March.)*

★

BIG HEARTED HERBERT—Warner.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grocously father, continually reminding Alene MacMahan and their children of his struggle to success. *(Nov.)*

★

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated him. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. *(March)*

★


★

BRIGHT EYES—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. *(Feb.)*

★

BROADWAY BILL—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his dominating wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Comstock). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. *(Jan.)*

★

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty, Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has given up. Includes Genevieve Tobin. *(Dec.)*

★

CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sproightly and comic. *(Jan.)*

★

CARAVAN—Fox.—For a riotous spoof of some ancient costume and opera plots, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. *(Nov.)*

★


★

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. *(Nov.)*

★

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (Charlie Chan) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. *(Dec.)*

★

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as Chan, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. *(March)*

★

CHEATING HEATERS—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gas. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Paul O'Connell are the comics. Has a snappy twist. *(Jan.)*

★

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Firstknown of its kind in Britain, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. *(Dec.)*

★

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three crows who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city. Henry B. Walthall is superb. *(Nov.)*

★

CIVIL OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Robert Conlan is excellent as Cline. Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. *(March)*

★

COLLEGERHYTHM—Paramount.—Abright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl (Mary Brian) from lovey Ross vieille Penner puts in plenty of laughs. *(Jan.)*

★

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat as Dantes: Elissa Landi fine, too. Robert拇指 inبش pat of the family. *(March)*

★

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount.—The very truly remarkable picture, that in theme the workings of an uncannily sharp, Claude Raines, Marce, Walthorphe one-all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. *(Nov.)*

★

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story, good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Brown, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritain. *(Dec.)*

★

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gamble with chance and impersonates a Lady Scowesby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. *(Feb.)*

★

DANGEROUS CORNER—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happens and the "cover-up" involves a "squealer"—actually a murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Eric O’Byrne, Craig McLachlin, Douglas Virginia Bruce, others Excellent *(Dec.)*

[ Please turn to page 15 ]

---

**BRIEFLY REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

*Indicates picture was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

---

**PHOTOPLAYS REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE**

**Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.**
Another honey from the greatest triper of them all—Shirley Temple. Why fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story ... the kind of dramatic entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the histic 70's ... as she charms him in forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (Jim Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—Guess what! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

The bigger you are the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

What a heart-stirring team they make! ... this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits.

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."
"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

Shirley TEMPLE
Lionel BARRYMORE
in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"
A B. G. De Sylva Production
Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."
"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"
This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35
The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.
I'd like something explained to me. Who chops off the heads of stars we'd all still like to see on the screen? Who says that Conrad Nagel is no longer popular enough to get a good part? Or Buddy Rogers, Laura LaPlante, Bessie Love, Monte Blue, Jack Mulhall?

You can't make me believe these good actors have suddenly become bad actors. And you'll never convince me that the public, after supporting them for years, suddenly turns thumbs down.

I haven't seen any of these stars on the screen for months. Some not for years. Yet I'd still like to see them, and I might add to the list Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Bronson, Evelyn Brent and Esther Ralston.

I'd like to see them a whole lot better than a never ending crop of youngsters that some studio signs and then tries to make us like.

How about the big guns in Hollywood doing a little investigating before they swing the axe on stars of proved popularity?

Ten to one they'll find to their great surprise that the loyalty of fans who pay to see these stars is a lot greater than the loyalty of producers who have made thousands of dollars with them—and still can, if they'll only give them a break with a few good parts.

C. N. E., Chicago, Ill.

THOSE HOT CAKES!

"IMITATION OF LIFE" isn't a good show, nor is it a bad one. The negro woman almost stole the show. But it was Miss Colbert who was lovely. And I got terribly hungry looking at those hot cakes.

P. S. Everybody got hungry, in fact all the eating places in town started making hot cakes in place of waffles.

Jack Gray, Little Neck, Arkansas

"Y'ALL" NONSENSE

WE Southerners who once became very indignant over criticisms of our speech can take it now without evoking more than a shrug of the shoulders. But there is one exception, and that is the nonsense "Y'all.

No one in the South, black or white, say "Y'all" or "You all" except in addressing several people. Ann Sothern in "The Hell Cat" said "Y'all" to a girl. We don't know whether to blame Ann or her director.

MRS. M. H. TROY, Alabama

MORE "Y'ALL"

"SUGAH, does you-all love me sho' nuff!"

Really, it's past laughable! It's ludicrous.

To every producer, star and director who considers that true southern speech I personally issue an invitation to spend his next vacation down among us. It might prove instructive.

No white Southerner, not even "po" white trash, butchers the lovely English language like such sad fashion!

MRS. PRESTON CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

ACCENT A FARCE

My Southern patriotism has rebelled against the ridiculous showing given the South in recent movies. Particularly in a short featuring Ruth Etting. Her would-be Southern accent was a farce, if she was attempting to give a true portrayal of Southern aristocracy This class never spoke the English language that way—and never will. Southern audience are incensed as well as bored at performance of this kind.

NANCY W. GRAHAM, Charlotte, N. C.

AH, ROMANCE!

These true-to-life pictures are all very interesting, but as for me, I like them romantic and improbable. I like to see beautiful young women made love to by handsome Apollos in all manner of interesting settings. You can have the bare, beating heart of humanity.

EDNA MINNING, Los Angeles, Cal.

LOT OF HOKUM

WHY, oh why, can't the movies run true to life? I have just witnessed a lot of melodramatic hokum titled "IMITATION OF LIFE." Our family owned property in and around New Orleans for years, and may I tell you that there is no negro alive who would bother or annoy a member of a family that is "passing." And it is a cruel thing to drag out the tragedy of that poor black woman's life and cause the audience such emotional upheaval. The picture was far too lachrymose and over-drawn to be genuine.

DOLORES DE LA SANCHEZ, Berkeley, Cal.

SOUTH WILL THINK

INSTEAD of antagonizing the South, as some critics have feared, my opinion is that "IMITATION OF LIFE" will set the South to thinking and thinking hard.

MINNIE MIELE, Charlotte, N. C.

Letters

Here is where readers of Photoplay have an opportunity to say their say frankly

Mickey Rooney says a broken leg isn't bad if Dorothy Gray visits

<Unrelated image>

Helix Shope is the first Swiss actress to come to Hollywood

<Unrelated image>
Letters

TO A MOTHER
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S mother—here's one wise mother who is not letting success spoil her, or Shirley's future.
MARIAN FAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

COVENT GARDEN, GRACE?
Am leaving London, sorry for the first time in my life to do so, because I shall miss the last performance of Grace Moore's "One Night of Love." I have only seen it five times. I cherish the hope that one day we may welcome her to Covent Garden.

WANTS OPERA
After seeing "One Night of Love," I am thoroughly convinced that what is needed is more opera. What I mean is opera, not operettas.
ANNE F. MURPHY, New York City

CUBA SPEAKS UP
INCE talkies began, few times in Cuba have I seen a so well liked picture as "One Night of Love." Most of the people in Cuba do not speak English, so the film titles are shown in Spanish. But the Cubans sometimes do not see the same likes that Americans have. Any successful picture in America is a terrible flop here. Mae West is as unknown as an extra. We wonder why Lee Tracy is a star and why Americans run to see James Cagney's films. But we love Helen Hayes, Arlo, Leslie Howard, Katharine Hepburn, Janet MacDonald, Marion Davies, Otto Kruger, Alice Brady, Ginger Rogers, Dolores del Rio and charming Shirley Temple.
Also, the Cuban public does not forget the long time favorites. When their pictures are here, the theaters are packed with old admirers applauding them once more.
LILIO OYARZUN, Havana, Cuba

More Photoplay readers express their opinions, pro and con, straight, openly

NO LONGER GOSSIP
THE women's gatherings in our town no longer chew juicy morsels of gossip, throwing the malicious bones for others to nibble, for we are much too busy reliving our childhood... seeing books and characters we loved as children come to life, because the gift of the movies has made it so.
MRS. H. V. T., Newark, Ohio

MORE NATURE
It occurs to me that for those of us who must do our traveling only in the movies, the playgrounds of the world might become more realistic if they were presented with their natural life, and less explanation, in the travelogue manner.
ELIZABETH CARY WILLIAMSON, Richmond, Va.

THANKS TO SOMEONE
THANKS to the producers (or is it the censors?) for giving us better and better pictures.
NANCY COOK, Chattanooga, Tenn.

MUSTACHES
MY type is black hair, brown eyes and olive complexion. All of my dark men on the screen wear a mustache, and I don't like them. This includes Clark Gable.
M. B. F., Greenville, Maine

MORE ON MUSTACHES
WHY do some of our leading men wear mustaches, regardless of the size and shape of their noses and upper lip? I suppose every man wants to try a mustache, sometime, but why should an actor appear on the screen with one if it spoils his looks? For instance, Clark Gable, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny and Franchot Tone shouldn't wear one. James Cagney, Paul Cavanagh, Otto Kruger, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Nils Asther, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado can take them or leave them.
I suggest that all leading men who acquire a mustache complex should pass a rigid test before being allowed to disillusion their public.
MRS. C. G. LEFFEL, Sioux City, Iowa

PUBLIC OWN CENSOR?
It would be a better idea for the public to be its own censor. If the public can't take it, it should not go to see the pictures objected to, and let others see them. Why not censor the censors?
TATIANA WIJREN, San Francisco, Cal.

FAMILY PICTURES
A LETTER to the people who are trying to do away with the League of Decency. I wish all pictures had morals fit for children, adults and old people—in other words, I'd like them to be family pictures.
E. HARTWIG, Orange, New Jersey

GENERALLY PLEASING
THE pictures, with few exceptions, are generally pleasing to the picture-going public. So, let's not try to find out what's wrong with the movies. Producers, directors and actors are trying to entertain us with all they've got. So let's give them a boost for their efforts.
FRANCIS JUNG, St. Cloud, Minnesota

Publicity photos (left to right): Photographs by DIA; (center) picture of Milla Davenport; (right) clipping from the Sunday Times;

Baby Jane, star of "Straight from the Heart," roots between shots

Good? You bet! Milla Davenport has been in pictures since 1909

Horn-rimmed specs make England's Jessie Matthews look that stern

ORIENT INFLUENCED
A FRIEND, recently returned, declares emphatically that motion pictures are and have been a stronger force for good in the Orient than a whole battalion of diplomats and ambassadors.
In China, for example, Laurel and Hardy are such prime favorites that their films are saved for the general rejoicing celebrating the Chinese New Year's.
Our motion pictures carry the good will of the vast American public to the every-day rank and file of the people of the world.
WM. DONALD CRAWFORD, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.
ON BEHAVIOR

HAVE been movie-ized to such an extent that I would be ashamed to demand the behavior of thirty years ago from my daughter as I would be to walk down the street in the ten yards of flower-sprigged muslin I wore on my first un-chaperoned buggy ride.

MRS. HElene SAEM, Yankton, So. Dak.

FROM THE DEAF

THIS is a letter from a deaf boy. I read the letter in PROTOPLAY of a blind boy and I was very interested. First, I only see, which is better than only hearing, so I have to read the lips of the actors. The best actor for this is Joe E. Brown. I can understand nearly everything he says. Another I can follow easily is Wallace Beery. And Laurel and Hardy, they do so much in pantomime. So, you see, I can experience things through the movies that I never can hope to in real life.

STANLEY E. GILBERT, Pontiac, Mich.

FAVORITES OF DEAF

THE deaf have their favorite stars the same as we do, but their choice is made on a basis of lip-reading and differs somewhat from ours. Laurel and Hardy are the heroes of my deaf friend. Others who rank are Ann Harding, Clark Gable, and William Powell. Greta Garbo, Leslie Howard, Helen Hayes, and Frederic March she finds difficult.

L. M. HENKE, St. Paul, Minnesota

AHEAD OF ITSELF?

THE motion picture industry has gotten ahead of itself. In battling stiff competition it has produced pictures of such high quality and in such a quantity that it has become impossible to see a tenth of the pictures you would really like to see.

W. E. R., Chicago, Illinois

AN INJUSTICE?

IT seems to me, an injustice to withdraw a good picture because an actor in it has died. It makes the movie business seem a transient, ephemeral thing, of no lasting consequence.

HELEN FernE PIERCE, Oakwood, Ohio

RE-VIEWS ASKED

THERE are many folk who enjoy reviewing a favorite picture, just as they enjoy re-reading a favorite book. I know I do. So, how about a review, now and then, along with a preview?

MARGARET RYERSON, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

BOSTON AUDIENCES

BOSTON Audiences have the reputation of being reserved with their compliments, but the enthusiasm with which "Bachelor of Arts" was received establishes the fact that thing in the whole show and then exaggerate that so as to make it a rotten show to anyone who will listen.

A. S. PORTER, Batavia, N. Y.

MORE "TEEN"! LESS WEST!

WHY can’t we have more pictures like "Harold Teen" and less Mae West? She may be all right in herself, but I think, as many mothers do, that she has ruined the screen. Can’t she play a decent role for once?

MRS. TORMEY, Philadelphia, Penn.

BING A COMEDIAN?

WHY, oh why, do the producers insist on Bing Crosby crooning in every picture he acts? Bing won his dramatic laurels in "We’re Not Dressing." Therein he showed a decided though latent flair for comic histrionics.

S. GREENBERG, Philadelphia, Penn.

TALENT WASTED?

OUR family went to see "It’s a Gift," with W. C. Fields. Why, oh why, is his talent wasted on such a vehicle! It was no gift. We came home with nothing in our minds but the thought we had less money and nothing to show for it. We had seen "Great Expectations" shortly before and it was one of the most wonderful pictures I have ever seen. Yet it was a box-office flop. Doesn’t the American public have sense enough to appreciate a fine story and superb acting?

BETTY JANE SCOTT, Indianapolis, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photography, and one that will live with you through the film. The child, played by a little girl named Ann Armstrong, is a real diamond. (March)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—: Better you are a pacifist or not so keen on seeing that America is being saddled with the war at the high price. (Feb.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Im- possible, unbelievable but unbeatable animal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kid- ner, Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Enter- ting star of a murder trial but unbeatable animal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kid- ner, Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLES—Warner.—A neat gem that will use the entire family. New baubles for Joan Mur- phy George Brent. (Nov.)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO- donia.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Mur- derers" of 1929 giving away to "Braid Streeters of '34. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Island, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—First film of one of the most reliable and veritable satire film fare. Warren William is completely a type of this difficult to beat. (Nov.)

ELINOR.—Fox.—A completely boring tem- per to depict the quirks of a dined mind. Like Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland again. (Nov.)

ENCOUNTERED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—And- ering in a quiet little story of the encounter between Italy and the spring. Frank Morgan, John Barrymore, Katharine Alexander, James Baxter. (Jan.)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spontaneous entertain- ment despite Elisa Landi's brilliant perform- ance as a cabacious prima donna. Gary Grant, her widowed spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Feb.)

EVERLY PRESENT—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy

FEEN-A-MINT—American.—If you know what constipation is, then you are going to enjoy a soothing drink of this mint flavored thing. (Nov.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—The story of a man who saves the life of a lost person at the cost of his own life. (Nov.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love this story, a drama of the lost person, and have a chance to do some grand dancing and dance in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount. George Arliss, the detective, stars in this rather conventional crook drama. Walter Connolly's role, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets the audience. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old cop stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man out to win the heart of Don Alvarado and his lady friend. (Nov.)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A scribe which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is a suspense expert in a long supper for two. It threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite actions. (Feb.)

FEEDER MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Boredom is the keynote of this story. De- siree Altschuler plays the lead, and Jean Hersholt is her co-star. (Dec.)

FIGHTING FLIRTATION—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of this story, and the love interest is played by Lyle Talbot, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

FIGHTING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—b Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy odd confusion and laughter in a South Ameri- ca's high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish artist that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Jean Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth are known for their charm and romance, and the story is a real New York cham- pagne. (March)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow- moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a Jew jewel (Dennis O'Keefe), who makes her run for it. The main emphasis is on the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stro- hem's is the good of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Werta English, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gan- ster Leslie Fletcher. Slider story well told. (Feb.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo play while Charlie Morris wins. (Jan.)

GAY DIVORCEE, THE—RKO-Radio.—Grundy amusing, Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He makes love to a gal and she to Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady pointed folks. (Dec.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Frederick March is one of the most reliable. You can try and find a job today, Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. (Feb.)

GIFT OF GAB—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, just talking news announcer, does, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags. Takes some time for the gags to develop. Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good enter- tainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with such a hint of Colber, the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—A local who knows Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marjan Marish, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—A much ruffled comedy and a comedy, staring Hally- way's can canes unable to pull it through. Mary Carlyle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullivan has a role, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in Grand comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old timer, Mary Robson, gives a superb per- formance as a veteran high school principal who buck's the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlyle and Akin Hade highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Universal.—Dickens' cherished preserved by George Breckston as orphaned Pip, later by Phillipos Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hall and others. (Feb.)

GREEN EYES—Chesiterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gilling- water, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, Joan Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game for his team, Fess Par- son, Glenn Tryon, Lucifer Littlefield. (March)

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National.—Tuneful and populous. About a wealthy man and (a) window washer, Josephine Hackett (rich from the stage) and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and have the blues. (Nov.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice cream vendor (Johnny Dunn). Una Merkel—Stuart Erwin area good comedy team. (Dec.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaymont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Nov.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17 ]

I was half sick all the time

- I am a practical nurse and for the bene- fit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either gripped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative--I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT cer- tainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that opens the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleans- ing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and bloating find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives them. It's easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time. 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... FOR EASIER RELIEF

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE • BY CHEWING, THE LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGHOUT THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY... THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.
That Little Hall Home in the West

- Mr. and Mrs. is the name— Alexander Hall and Lola Lane. Al—Paramount director for Mae West in "Now I'm a Lady"— and Lola designed their home

- The top, a long view of the living room, carpeted in mauve broadloom, furnished in tones of brown. A cherry red armchair adds a note of contrast

- Broad, low chairs—just the thing for that lounging feeling—handy to cigarettes and books, spot the expanse of the loggie. (Sure, it's the porch)

- At the right, another view of the living room, showing the fireplace treatment. The draperies, incidentally, are white chintz, and flowered in green
At the right, the pleasingly soothing arrangement of trees and shrubs is seen. They divide the right corner for quiet study of a picture script.

The modernistic bar, note, is not one but two rails. Al and Lola have their cocktails for two—or for two cen. if a party's underway.

The reception hall is done refreshingly light tones. The tiles are cream white, mahogany stair rail, ivory furnishings. And the bar is beyond.

In the patio, decked over, and Lola breakfast every morning. The carpet is dark, own woven straw, the furniture reed, the cushions yellow.
Letters

The two halves of the world of Photoplay readers may learn just what each other thinks

KATHERINE THE UNAFFECTED

T is refreshing to find Hollywood has one unaffected person among the thousands of actors and actresses—Katharine Hepburn. She is practically the only film actress Hollywood has not spoiled. She is charming and friendly, and—be proud of this, Hollywood—the world's best actress. You people who do not appreciate the remarkable acting of Katharine Hepburn, I pity you.

JANETTE GRAVES, Lexington, Mass.

MOST MODEST STAR

Let me nominate Margaret Sullivan as the screen’s most modest star.

ELEANOR DENNIS, Waverly, Mo.

SHOULD BE ALL-STAR

All pictures should have an all-star cast. In this way, all pictures would have a first class rating. And I agree to having a censor board, but its duty would be to offer suggestions best suited for the picture, not to eliminate parts after it is made.

WILLIAM A. PETHEL, Charlotte, N. C.

DIVORCE DEPORTED

Look at and read of the gracious people (of the screen) and then with a sigh read: Divorced. It's a sad leaf from life when these people have so much to live for, work, travel, to do good by the wayside. And just because of a misunderstanding—divorced. Fight hard against this evil, stars.

MRS. CHARLOTTE HILL, TWOMBLY, LACONIA, N. H.

WHY DISILLUSIONMENT?

There ought to be a law against it! Those unpatriotic Californians who visit back East and tell us our idols have feet of clay! Why deprive those of us who derive so much pleasure from daydreaming about our movie idols and thus having the joy of getting away from humdrum life into a realm where beauty reigns supreme.

MRS. A. SMITH, AMARILLO, TEXAS

HERO RIDICULOUS

The only thing that bothers me about moving pictures (I always enjoy them) is when a very good book is ruined by making the leading character a hero. For instance, John Erskine’s “Bachelor of Arts,” the charm and appeal lay in the irresponsible character Alex. To make him a hero is ridiculous.

C. GOLDSMITH, NEW YORK CITY

GOOD IDEA

Why not mention, on your way out of the particular picture house you attend, the genuine pleasure which the movie has given you? Or, if the reverse, why not, politely and tactfully, say that that particular picture did not prove as entertaining as others shown at the theater? Wouldn’t such a course of vital help? Such opinions would get back to Hollywood.

A. K. HOLBROOK, BOSTON, MASS.

WHAT’S WRONG?

I SAW two pictures, one advertised extensively, the other, I had not even seen reviewed. The highly praised feature was good, but too good, polished, reserved, aloof, it was but a fable. The lesser picture was unsophisticated and human, so human it could be lived. What is wrong?

KENNETh R. PITTS, LANSING, MICH.

MORE HISTORY

After all, the public likes kings, queens etc., but only in small doses. How about giving us some other historic characters, such as Napoleon or Lord Byron? Lord Byron would be delightful, with beautiful ladies scattered around as usual.

How about it, public?

LOUISE H. STACY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping little picture with a plot that draws you in. The acting is top-notch, with several standout performances. (Feb.)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll laugh about this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those thawing tunes, and the story is easy. (March)

HOME ON THE RANGE.—Paramount.—An old-timer Western, with the old mortgage still following the methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Oat. (Feb.)

HUMAN SIDE, THE—Universal.—Loudly entitled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Eaton, Eugene Pallette. (Nov.)

AM A THIEF—Warner.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty. Ricardo Cortez makes the best of the role. May McAvoy, Ben Lyon, Alan Hale, William B. Davidson. (Oct.)

OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen pieces of real gold ore for the price of one. They're hot, and the entire cast is good. (Feb.)

SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien is a great barker. A boys' story set among a society gold digger (Clare Dodd). Sudden gablet returns to Ann Dvorak. (Jan.)

IT'S A GIFT—Paramount.—One long laugh. Wallace Beery is a real treat. W. C. Fields in the role of a humepoked blond. Baby LeRoy, Joan Rouvelor, Kathleen Pendel. (Nov.)

THERE'S BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast worked on a tale story and amusingly stagey dialogue. (Dec.)

ELAUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy in this one. About a prize fighter who is unreasonably jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Louis Wolheim, Granville Williams. (Oct.)

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox.—Will Rogers makes a great judge. Irvin S. Cobb's humorous philosophically charming love story as enjoyable, you wish you were a part of it. Kentucky (March).

ANNA'S CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Creepy, as-called, about two maniacs (Jou Rains, Astor, Dudley Digges). Involving plot, but a good cast. (Feb.)

LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Cole Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an alcoholic alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity stunt. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IN WILLS, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Lard in a mild English farce. Binne Barnes, N. Bruce. (Nov.)

LADY IN WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks—A story about a girl's life picture. It's bettered with the situation and the melodrama. Howard Hill dead with bow and arrow. (Feb.)

MOM DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A plot that didn't happen. It's a series of scenes. Mickey Free, Kay Brown. (Nov.)

CHISHM STIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on the story of two men that didn't happen. Basil Rathbone, George Raft. (Dec.)

MECHANIC HOUSE, THE—Paramount.—Gruesome story of a house in which the plumbing (it's dry). Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Hersholt, George Macready, Bronislava Nijinska. (Jan.)

TREE FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding performances of Nova Pilbeam, British child star. (Jan.)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice loopy little picture from Louis M. Gottie's book, with Irene O'Brien-Moore as Aunt Jo, Ralph Morgan as Roger, Professor Drue, and Frankie Darro the boy. (March)


LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER—Paramount.—British dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram.—Eddie Nugent, William Cartage, deliver over Colyer. Enemies, they are up in the air four miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the young-ster. (March)

LADY AT THE FALLS—Magnavue.—A novel picture of a girl's love affair with a river. William Haines, Jean Arthur. (Dec.)

LADY ON THE CAMPUS—Universal.—A murder mystery. The police try to solve a murder that happened in the school. (May)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title role; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (May)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film picture with Lew Ayres, Nick F relate and Penny Faries. (March)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Fritz Schuher (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); his efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An over- played adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to save a Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (June)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A picturesque saga of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (June)

MAN WHO CLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—A far more important picture as it has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the villain who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring impersonation in a picture is about being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely. Helen Morgan sings splendidly. Noel Sparks and Sydney Neil Fetcher are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—First National.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armiie pursing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during six months of marriage. Ros Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart are the rest of the cast are hampered by their roles. (Feb.)

MEANACE.—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A mad, man threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Bertram Chalrall whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (March)

MERRY WIDOW, THE—M.G.M.—Oppor- etta striking a new high in lavish magnificcence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (May)

THE MIGHTY BARNUM—20th Century— Fox.—A good show, with Wallace Beery, as circustman P. T. Barnum, in one of the title roles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Figg is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skins and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, Luise Rittle, C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (May)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempera-ment opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (June)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive. Crooked- est crooks, lightest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dashingly villain, his bee- notch heart, but no cast. (March)

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly in teresting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

NEW YORK HOUSE OF HOLLYWOOD STARS...

WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.

Parlor with Bedroom and Bath
$5.00 per day single
Two persons $6.00
$125.00 per month (single)
$25 per month each addl. person

Per day single for this Beautiful 2-Room Suite.
3-Room Suites in proportion.

All rooms equipped with radio, combination tub and shower bath and running ice water. Ideal location—adjacent to shopping, business and theatre districts.

Sweeping Pool and Gymnasium FREE to Guests.
Write for details. Telegram reservations (Collect)
ENJOY NEW YORK'S FAMOUS COCONUT GROVE

The Park Central
56th St. at 7th Ave. New York City
Behind the scenes with

Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE

THE CORLISS—Fashion and comfort unite in this flattering glove-fitting oxford of fine quality kid.

THE TINLEY—Pinpoint perforations are the decorative motif on a trim oxford with graceful Continental heel.

THE GENE—A smart one-eyelet tie of soft kidskin—dainty stitching and perforations in a new manner.

$6.50—Slightly higher west of the Rockies

"HERE I am, feeling fit as a fiddle and ready for anything—after dancing into the wee small hours. Styl-Eez shoes did the trick...I know my feet looked like a standing invitation to romance all evening long—and they certainly felt equal to adventure, even at three in the morning! It's marvelous to find shoes that look perfect and feel that way, too. I'm glad I have the Styl-Eez habit..."

Special construction features in Styl-Eez shoes prevent foot-fatigue and the awkward ankle rotation that detracts from the beauty of your walk.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
Manufacturers of Styl-Eez, Arch Preserver and Tru-Poise Shoes
In Canada: Selby Shoes Ltd., Montreal.
Send coupon for Styl-Eez booklet of features and new models.
Baby LeRoy is going to sing anthems with other Hollywood children at church on Easter Sunday this year: When a fellow gets old enough to hold his own hymn book and carry a tune perfectly, he's a big boy. Before another Easter comes, Paramount is going to have to drop that "Baby" label.
With soft blonde hair and dark blue eyes of fiery brilliance, Tala Birell is one of the most strikingly beautiful women on the screen. She recently signed a long-term contract with Columbia, and you'll see her next in "Let's Live Tonight" which stars Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carmineti.
The daughter of a Polish baroness, Tala has lived in most of the capitals of Europe. Before coming to America she was the darling of the Viennese stage. With a background like that, and a beauty of face and figure such as hers, is it a wonder she is one of the most glamorous of stars?
Anna Sten, always lovely, has never looked more beautiful than in this bed-time scene from the Sam Goldwyn picture "The Wedding Night." It is the scene in which the girl-bride awaits the coming of the bridegroom she does not love. Ralph Bellamy plays the rôle of the bridegroom, and Gary Cooper her true lover.
"THE MARCH OF TIME" comes to the screen, and so well done, we discover in it a delightful freshness.

The initial production of six episodes is run off in twenty minutes, and you could sit through an hour of this without being the slightest bit bored.

Every one of the six episodes has significance—and every one is presented with an eye to real dramatic climaxes. Moreover, the commentator's voice—which, incidentally, is excellent—skillfully emphasizes the action without those wisecracks and other banalities to which we have been subjected but too often in films of current events.

THE concluding episode closes on a touch of sadness. To quote from the printed program:

"After guiding the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House for the past twenty-seven years, Giulio Gatti-Casazza announces his resignation, sees his last opening night 'Aida' from the manager's peep-hole."

As I left the Jansen suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel—where I had seen the preview—I stood stock still. For there, with head bowed and eyes downcast, just as he had appeared a moment before on the screen, sat Signor Gatti-Casazza himself—a touching finale to the great rôle he played in the ruthless march of Time—through nearly three decades.

BEHIND the activities that projected so elaborate a production as "David Copperfield" upon the screen, we find hidden Howard Estabrook, the man who wrote the script.

As I recall the Dickens novel, it ran nothing short of eight hundred pages. And as Dickens created more characters than any other writer that ever lived—not excluding Shakespeare—"David Copperfield" is as full of them as a plum pudding is of raisins. Furthermore, this novel is peculiarly rich in episodes and situations.

ESTABROOK was extraordinarily well fitted to sift and condense this almost dismaying wealth of material. He won the Academy Award for his script of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron." His was the hand that shaped the text for "Hell's Angels." Because of these and similar achievements he is the most highly paid script writer in Hollywood.

The theater has been his life work. On the New York stage, he was actor, writer, director.

Without forgetting Hugh Walpole's valuable contributions, or George Cukor's masterly direction, I feel that, just as there would have been no "David Copper-
field” without Dickens, the screen version would have fallen short without the handiwork of Howard Estabrook.

YOU can’t keep them down—those critics of motion pictures. John Drinkwater, author of “Abraham Lincoln” and other impressive stage plays, recently popped out in Dublin with, “Nothing has done so much to vulgarize the taste of the world as the cinema.”

I wish he would hark back in his memory twenty years or so to the crude melodramas, the vulgar farces, the dull, obscene burlesque shows, and the sentimental, if innocuous, trash that passed for “drama.”

If he knew nothing of that American scene surely he must have witnessed its British counterpart. When an author turns critic, often he sounds quite unconvincing.

Mr. Drinkwater’s quarrel, if he but knew it, is not with motion pictures, but with life and human nature, and nobody has ever been able to do much about changing them.

WELL, business is looking up! The farmers are spending cash, and tractor and harvester factories in the Middle West are working at top schedule. And—eight hundred and sixteen more motion picture theaters are operating today than a year ago.

In the United States there are a total now of fourteen thousand, five hundred and fifty-two houses showing pictures—an increase of about six per cent. Not a big advance, perhaps, but picture interests regard it as most encouraging.

IN the National Board of Review Magazine, Robert Flaherty, director of “Man of Aran,” that saga of a brave people of the West Coast of Ireland, relates how a young Irishman first brought these islands to his attention:

“Let me tell you of the Aran Islands, where I have been,” he said. “These islands are barren rocks, without trees. Before the people can grow their potatoes—almost the only food they can win from the land—they have to make the soil to grow them in! For the rest of their food they have to go to sea in little canvas boats, unbelievably primitive. And this sea they have to brave in these cockleshells is one of the worst in the world.”

Such was the inception of the idea that resulted in one of the most beautiful pictures ever filmed.

HOLLYWOOD “failure” makes good abroad. There’s a headline you could write over the story of Alexander Korda’s recent career. Coming from Germany, where he had directed numerous pictures for UFA, his several Hollywood films did not greatly impress producers. He left.

Then Hollywood suddenly awoke to the fact that they had entertained an angel unawares. “The Private Life of Henry VIII” rolled its triumphant progress ‘round the world. Korda kept on calling his shots with uneanny skill. With “The Scarlet Pimpernel” and “Congo Raid,” Korda has done what some of our “masters of spectacle” never quite achieved—real drama, grand theater. Even the great Griffith veered at times too far toward the side of melodrama and his pathos hinted occasionally of bathos.

ON goes Korda’s impressive roster of work in production or to come—H. G. Wells’ “One Hundred Years From Now,” and “Lawrence of Arabia.” Leslie Howard will play the lead in this last as he did in “The Scarlet Pimpernel.”

That other unsurpassed find of the screen, Charles Laughton, is due in England in the Spring to play “The Life of Nijinsky,” and “Sir Tristan Goes West.” For this last, France’s ace director, René Clair, will cross the Channel. Ten big productions for the year—not a single “programme” picture on the list—is Korda’s schedule. It took an Hungarian to put England on the picture map, just as it took a Jew—Disraeli—to make her an empire.

All the releases of Korda’s productions will be through United Artists.
‘Spanish Blonde’

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she’s bad, she’s very, very good! That’s Marlene Dietrich’s succ-wickeder she is on the screen.

The more the screen-goers love her, The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record:

The shatters the louder the fans luring but heartless siren who

‘Blue Angel’ played an al- man who adored her. The fans

trecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest

The fans

box office attraction of the day.

‘Shanghai Express’

Morocco” added new legions of Dietrich fans. And

delight from her ad-devastatingly across the colorful

screen background in “Shanghai Express” the whoops

‘Morocco’ mirers could be heard from Times

here’s the good news of the

Morocco” added new here’s the good news of the

‘Shanghai Express’ the whoops fans could be heard from Times

in character—this time as the

‘Morocco’

Morocco” added new in character—this time as the

dancer in Paramount’s “Carnival

Morocco” added new dancer in Paramount’s “Carnival

Spain.” • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that

‘Morocco’ dancer in Paramount’s “Carnival

once again she tramples on their hearts. As

Spain.” • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that

ringing of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene

once again she tramples on their hearts. As

gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,

gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,

‘Carnival in Spain’ unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde,

‘Carnival in Spain’ unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde,

idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through

idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through

all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she’s bad, she’s very, very good!
The El Fey Club was packed with ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, movie actors, gangster and their gorgeous dolls, writers and newspapermen, out-of-town sport seeing New York night life.

The El Fey Club was the hottest spot in the roaring forties. Owned by Larry Fay, racketeer de luxe, late shot down in his own joint by one of his own mob.

The mad, glittering night club era of prohibition was in full swing and the El Fey Club was the swellies speakeasy in town, ruled by the queen of the night clubs, Texas Guinan.

Texas walked out onto the dance floor, big and blonde and vibrating with that irresistible personality that makes her part of Broadway's amazing history. She lifted an arm laden with diamond bracelets up to the elbow. The famous Texas Guinan smile, never equaled on Broadway flashed forth.

The noise subsided. Faces turned as they always did, toward Texas. "Now," said Texas, "you're going to see the greatest little tap dance in the world, and when I say that I mean just that. This little girl is going to be a great big star some day"

The accurate eye of staff photographer William Phillips' Leica camera records the reactions of Al Jolson's severe critic, Ruby Keeler, as she watches a perform for the camera in "Go Into Your Dance," their first co-starring picture

Interest. Al must have surprised with an impromptu touch or two. Anyway, Ruby opens her eyes, cocks her head and wrinkles her brow in surprised attention.

Nonchalance? Or is Ruby just getting a lift from a cigarette? On the set Mr. and Mrs. Jolson are a picture of professional calm. Neither ever interferes with the other's work. Is that a combination...
want all you folks to give this little girl a great big hand."
The orchestra struck a chord, the applause broke out in a mad wave, a little girl came out onto the floor, she wore rather scanty pants, which owed her lovely child legs, she had curly natural brown hair and the biggest blue-violet eyes in the world, as she stood there twisting one foot behind her ankle and looking around with a friendly sort of smile. She looked about fifteen.
"This is Ruby Keeler, suckers," said Texas, putting her arm around the little girl's shoulder. "Come on, give this little girl a hand. That's right. Don't be stingy. You'll be paying three dollars a seat to see her for long. Now Ruby, show them what you can do."
Ruby ducked her brown head, gave us that friendly grin, and began to dance.
That was the first time I ever saw Ruby Keeler and I never forgot her, because she was so lovely and so natural and so friendly, amid all the shining lights, the flowing champagne, the hard faces and mad excitement that night club.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]
William Phillips, with Photoplay's candid camera, spent a day on location where the outdoor scenes of production No. 5 (which, confidentially, probably will come to you under the title of "The Masses") are being shot. And if you know Charlie Chaplin you know what a tribute to his friendship for Photoplay this was, for he almost never will permit any photographer around when he is making a picture.

1. Charlie hangs on to his chair, poised to spring. Things are not going the way he wants them to go.
2. Charlie takes a look through the camera, and changes the angle. Maybe this effect will be—
3. Better this time. Amused, but still perplexed, Charlie is seen in a characteristic Chaplin pose.
4. Chaplin confers with his assistant-director, Carter DeHaven, illustrating what he wants next.

Charlie sits back and takes a smoke. And studies the situation. Just how to get that effect—

Everything is all right, now. Charlie gives his assistant the big grin... and then, almost immediately, calls a recess, to advise Paulette Goddard, his new leading woman, on how to do her nails.

A quizzical Paulette watches a scene by the old maestro, while she eyes our cameraman.

Finally, the day's work is finished. So, Charlie takes his cane, forgets work and is off for home.
WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN
AS HE PRODUCES HIS FIRST PICTURE IN FOUR YEARS
My Companion Said:

"I'd Just LOVE to Dance"

"Who, me? Why—er — delighted, er, quite delighted"

"Let's go to town. And remember, this was your idea."

"We'll start with a pirouette. And it goes like this—"

Of late, repeated and pointed innuendos by bored feminine dance partners have disturbed me. Just when I have completed what I consider a rather neat bit of footwork, they murmur wistfully, "I'd just love to dance with Fred Astaire! Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

Finally I have been stung into investigating the secret of this man who has put sex appeal in slippers to expose as clumsy clods most of us who were formerly considered passable dancers.

The only secret I could uncover was that Mr. Astaire, in a little personal plebiscite, voted himself into a French descent from his authentic German Fred Austerlitz, which only proves again the compensating laws of nature. Hitler got the Saar and the French got Fred Astaire.

I don't know whether Mr. Astaire is a student of Napoleonic history, but I seriously doubt if this switch-over is any tribute to the Little Corporal, whose Gallic battalions shellacked Fred's Teutonic ancestors at
Austerlitz. "Astaire" simply looks more intriguing on a three-sheet.

However, there is nothing mysterious about why he is intriguing on the dance floor.

Practice makes perfect—and Fred Astaire practices. He rehearsed nine weeks before he made one dance shot for "Roberta." He rehearsed every day of the nine weeks, Sundays and holidays. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's day, after stewing about in the morning, he telephoned a lisom gentleman named Hermes Pan and arranged to practice two hours in the afternoon. Each time, he confided to Mr. Pan that the dance numbers worried him so much he couldn't possibly enjoy the holidays. The only way he could stop worrying was to rehearse.

Hermes Pan is from Nashville, Tennessee. His father was a Greek who apparently took his mythology seriously. Hermes, who is perhaps the most appropriately named gentleman in Hollywood, boasting the fleet feet of Mercury. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
It must be the Al Jolson luck, again. With a twinkle in his eye, a nice smile of satisfaction, Al settles down to reviewing the list for the next race.

Bing Crosby looks a little skeptical. Well he might. Ever since the racing season began, Bing has backed a nag named "Bing Crosby" whenever he started. It hasn't paid yet.

With his classic profile completely disguised by gloves and field glasses, Warren William is just another excited jockey when the jockeys boost 'em in.

In this exposure, the camera shows what makes a horse race a horse race, which is merely a difference of opinion. Stu Erwin thought a certain horse was right to lead them home.
• Oh, Mr. Cortez, you're so blank! A little thing like a ten thousand dollar handicap isn't going to ruffle Ricardo.

• Is Schnozle Durante mortified? His bangtail lost by a nose. "If I'd ridden him—"

OUR HOLLYWOOD CAMERAS SHOWS YOU HOW SOME OF OUR BEST-KNOWN MOVIE FOLK REACTED WHEN THE HORSES THEY BET ON IN THE $100,000 SANTA ANITA HANDICAP MOVED TOWARD THE FRONT—OR SLIPPED TOWARD THE BACK.

• If Wynne doesn't win, it won't be her fault. She's not only riding the horse with her hands but taking the hit in her teeth. A remarkable close camera portrait clicked by William Phillips at the finish.

• The camera catches an unusual object lesson played in two acts, entitled, "Playing the Ponies" or "False Hope." Line judge is the star. Act I: "They're bunched at the turn. Come on 'Barber's Luck'!" And Act II: "Faded at the finish! You dogs!" Curtain.
I F Irving Berlin had only waited a few years, he might have found the perfect inspiration for his pathetic love song, "Say It Isn’t So," in Marlene Dietrich.

Since Josef Von Sternberg decided abruptly to sever the professional alliance with his cinema Trilby, realization that he means it has yet to seep through and convince her.

She has reiterated to every interrogator that she will not make a picture without Von Sternberg, in the face of his published statements and his recent hundred-to-one wager with a newspaper man that he will not direct Dietrich in a picture during the next five years.

Although he has told her that their ways separate after "The Devil Is a Woman," and although he has already abruptly broken their daily association, Dietrich still clings stubbornly to the illusion that it is all a temporary caprice of the director’s.

Recently when a local columnist asked her to appear with her over the radio, Dietrich said Herr Von Sternberg should be consulted.

"Why ask me?" said Josef, when approached. "I no longer have anything to do with the career of Miss Dietrich."

The columnist returned. Dietrich was excitedly disturbed at his words.

"No, no, no, no," she cried, "that is not true!"

But Von Sternberg says it is—in his brutally frank, Teutonic manner.

At the same time, the situation is touching Marlene Dietrich’s pride. She is now extremely sensitive about it.

Formerly, in fact, all during the three year association with Von Sternberg, she dined with him daily at a table in the Paramount commissary. Now he dines with others, and Dietrich slips in quietly for a hasty lunch at the counter where the workmen eat.

One day recently she came to work, ill with a cold. Her scene was filmed in a small enclosure. The air quickly became bad and stifling Dietrich fainted.

She was carried to her dressing room, and as soon as she regained consciousness, her first insistent request was for the publicity man assigned to "The Devil Is a Woman."

When he came she demanded desperately, over and over again, that he must protect her from the newspapers. No news must leak out that she had fainted on the set.

She was afraid the world would think that the situation was "getting" her.

Steve McDonald makes flowers for M-G-M

Evelyn Kelly, a University of California graduate, is pretty nearly the world’s champion screen star fan. When she was twelve

A SMARTLY dressed, quiet, cultured looking young lady was arguing with the gateman at Paramount studios when Mrs. C.H. Cooper walked through.

The gateman tipped his hat and nodded after the retreating girl.

"Third time she’s been here this week," he informed. "Wants to see Gary, but then," he chuckled, "who doesn’t? Can’t let ‘em all in."

Mrs. Cooper smiled. "What was her name?" she inquired to make conversation.

"Kelly, I believe," said the guard, "Evelyn Kelly, why—"

But Mrs. Cooper was running after the girl. She caught her, took her arm and walked her past the bewildered gateman.

"She’s my guest," she explained.

This is Clyde DeVina and his international family

Kate Corbey and Ida Koverman hold important jobs
ears old she started writing to Gary Cooper. She did not fill her notes with verbose raves or silly twaddle. Instead, she made them intelligent and forthright criticisms.

Gary Cooper wasn't getting so much mail then. He read her letters and answered. They have been corresponding ever since, on a strictly remote friendship basis.

When Cooper went to Europe, Miss Kelly's notes were forwarded to Mrs. C. H. Cooper, his mother.

Mrs. Cooper escorted Evelyn to Gary.

"I feel as if I had known you all my life," was Cooper's greeting.

'OU'D hardly suspect the delicate, exotic Dolores Del Rio of being a clodhopper at art. Just the same, her favorite recreation what she calls "working the earth."

In the back yard of her mother's home which joins hers in Santa Monica Canyon, Dolores is cleared and cultivated a spot of garden—t the lovely gardenia garden which she tends carefully in her own yard. This one is high and practical. It grows artichokes, peas, "ans and potatoes. She works it, preferably in the early morning, because she believes that everyone to enjoy

The picture shows Rosita with Carl Brisson from "All the King's Horses." He wears thirty suits complete health must have contact with the earth.

Often, after a nervous day at the studio, she hurries home to her house. Nerves relax after a minute or so of cultivating. She returns to the house a new woman.

ABOVE is the first picture, posed especially for Photoplay, of that Czech Adeona, Francis Lederer, who gave all of the New York matinee-goers thrills in "Autumn Crocus," with his new heart, Mary Anita Loos. She is a niece of the noted writer, Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It is said that Mary has crowded Steffi Duna entirely out of Francis' life. He will next be seen in RKO's "Break of Hearts," opposite Katharine Hepburn. Mary Anita Loos is a Los Angeles girl. She's had picture offers, but has refused all of them. She wants to follow in the footsteps of her aunt as a writer.

IN "All the King's Horses," they are using a looking-glass door for the first time in a picture—and of all trick lighting and camera angles you ever saw to keep the machinery from "picking up" in the mirror! Carl Brisson plays a king and an actor who masquerades as the king and wears twelve different uniforms and thirty suits—and just about wears himself out changing back and forth.

TWO women who are no longer young and who would never take a beauty prize are holding down a pair of the most important jobs in the picture business. Ida Koverman and Kate Corbaley prove that you needn't be a blonde cutie to be a success in the studios.

Mrs. Koverman is executive secretary to Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M. Kate Corbaley is story editor on the same lot. If you do not live in Hollywood it is doubtful if you have
ever heard these names, but they are distinctly powers behind the throne.

Mrs. Koverman is a direct and regular person with a genius for organization. She was for twelve years in active politics beginning in 1920 with the sole object of electing Herbert Hoover president. After being closely associated with him in that time, she left right after his election and her position with M-G-M resulted from political contacts.

She is a vital woman who speaks her mind without unnecessary detail, and says if she had her way about it women would be in the home where they belong and not messing around with business and politics, although she says they have cleaned up the bar-room variety. If she had her choice, she would have married young and had a huge family. She is a widow with no children but has helped any number of children to have an education.

Mrs. Corby's big job because the key-stone of the entire business is the story. When she says "This book or story or play will make a good picture," the studio immediately considers buying the picture rights.

She is a little woman with gray hair and an unhurried manner who has brought up four daughters single-handed, and is pleased that they are all settled with good husbands. She rated Phi Beta Kappa at Stanford, and taught English Literature four years before she was married.

Mrs. Corby entered the picture business in 1919 through a Photoplay contest conducted by the old Triangle (now M-G-M) for the best scenario. Came to Hollywood for the prize of a thousand dollars and stayed here, writing stories for the Sidney Drew comedies and others before settling permanently with M-G-M.

She says a good story is where you find it and reads to that end. In a high-brow magazine she found "Good-by Mr. Chips," which she says will make a superb picture. For ten years she has lived with one dominating idea: "What will make a good screen story?" Says there are perhaps ten great ones a year—the others are developed. The essential qualities are sincerity, truth. The values are in character and conflict. The one unfailing plot is a great love story which gives people belief in the immortality of love.

Everything printed pours into Mrs. Corby's office and tells her what the world is reading. And she thinks, "It seems funny for anyone to be paying me for reading a book. I would be reading a book anyway!"

Certainly pulled an expensive publicity stunt on Mary Astor over at Warners. Took her to the Automobile Show to make some still pictures—and Mary came away with two new cars.

The next time I hear about the League of Nations being balked on some particular International problem, I am going to suggest that they send an envoy to Hollywood to consult Clyde De Vinna.

Mr. De Vinna's profession is photographing motion pictures. But his hobby is collecting a family from various parts of the globe.

He maintains probably the most unusual, and at the same time one of the most harmonious cosmopolitan families in existence.

At present it includes two lovely Tahitian girls, a Japanese young man and an Hawaiian youth. Another boy, a Cuban, is on his way to join the international fireside.

The proteges are not servants, and never have been. They're bona fide members of the De Vinna household, with all the inalienable rights and privileges. They live in comfortable rooms, partake of family problems and pleasures. Each has a good education. There has been no favoritism.

The Tahitian maidens, Leonne and Antonne Bambridge, De Vinna found in Papeete, where their father runs a store. De Vinna was on location in the island with "The White Shadows Of The South Seas" company. He took a notion to the youngsters and persuaded the parent to let them return to America and live with him and his wife.

They have been part of his family ever since. Both girls graduate from high school this Spring and De Vinna will send them to college in the Fall.

Their "brothers," Ryoyo ("Rosy") Matsui and Clarence Kumulae, just happened along. The Japanese boy, as a tot, came to the house and said he wanted to stay. He was promptly adopted into the household. Kumulae, the Hawaiian, was a friend of "Rosy's" at high school. The De Vinnas liked him, so he just moved in.

Leonne and Antonne want to be actresses when they get out of school. "Rosy" owns a radio store, and Clarence pitches curves for the "Omaha Packers."

De Vinna still photographs motion pictures. He has accompanied W. S. Van Dyke on practically all of his expeditions, including "Trader Horn," and "Esthmo."

The Hollywood producer who after viewing the preview of "It Happened One Night," made the now famous statement, "I'd give a million dollars for the contracts of Frank Capra and Robert Riskin" may have a chance to do it.

Riskin, on a one-man strike, hasn't touched his typewriter at Columbia since he finished the script of "The Whole Town's Talking." Capra, recuperating from illness, has accepted no definite assignment at the present writing.

Riskin's professional indisposition some believe to be the result of salaryitis. There is a story that Harry Cohn, Columbia boss, promised both him and Frank Capra a bonus of Columbia stock, which he has not yet delivered.

Riskin has said that his passive resistance is not due to money but to a sort of school-kid "mad-on" between himself and Bosa Cohn. Cohn keeps insisting that Riskin come down to work at ten o'clock and put in a "full day's work." Riskin says he can't write that early in the morning, and besides there's no such thing as a "full day's work" for a writer.

It is generally accepted that neither Mr. Cohn nor Mr. Riskin have a high personal regard for the other.

To substantiate Writer Bob's pooh-pooh of the filthy lucre answer, is the fact that Columbia has an always endeavor to keep Mr. Capra well satisfied in the wallet.
All during his two-month illness his $75 salary check arrived, despite the fact that Columbia had a legal right to stop it. Frank Capra, after early screen seasoning as a technical worker, Hal Roach gag man and Jack Sennett comedy director, got his first chance from Harry Cohn, made his first successes ("Flight" and "Dirigible") under him.

Riskin, Broadway playwright and sometime playmaker, joined forces with Capra first on "The Platinum Blonde," first scored with the smash hit "American Madness," then "Lady for A Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Roadway Bill." All children of this gifted team not only made box-office history but helped the legend in Hollywood that Frank Capra and Bob Riskin can't miss.

Capra's contract expires in September of this year. Riskin's extends to March of 1936. However, if he continues to refuse to work, Columbia eventually would have to release him in self-defense.

Columbia can ill let either Capra or Riskin go. They are money in the bank. They lifted Columbia to a major rating in the picture industry. All of this year's program has been sold to theater exhibitors on the strength of a Capra picture—a promised hit, in which exhibitors believe as they believe in Shirley Temple or Will Rogers.

That is one reason why Capra may leave. It is uncomfortably "on the spot" with each picture. It has to be a sensation. He may wish to escape the pressure. If he does, Riskin probably will find some way to leave with him.

Meanwhile, Riskin still is not speaking to his boss, Mr. Harry Cohn. That is, not on purpose.

The other day at the races, Bob, for some reason which he couldn't explain to himself, bet on two horses in one race. Thinking aloud, he addressed the man next to him in the crowd thus:

What a chump bet! Can you imagine it? To nag in the same race. What do you think of that?"

He looked up. The man was staring at him fixedly.

It was Harry Cohn.
JoaBLONDELL has one of the most
unique nurseries for her young son. Dislik-
ing the traditional baby-blue-bunny business
for little boys, she has fixed up the place as a
college boy's room—boxing gloves, tennis
racquets, books and penannets—all in mini-
ture. What, no cameras?

W.C. FIELDS suffered inordinately with
insomnia all through "Mississippi."
For a few nights he had a remedy. He
walked off his restlessness in the orange grove
surrounding his hilltop home in the San Fern-
ando Valley. Only the walls of the coyotes
kept him company.
One night they were unusually close, and un-
usually loud.
That same night Fields ran into a watch-
man on his nocturnal rounds.
"Those coyotes aren't exactly whispering to-
night, are they?" he remarked pleasantly in
greeting.
"Those aren't coyotes, Mr. Fields," replied
the man, "They're wildcats."
From then on, W. C. Fields stayed in the
house of nights—awake. And the make-up
man on "Mississippi" powdered away the
circles under his eyes.

Gloria SWANSON was being interviewed.
The questions were harmless and the
answers were discreet.
Into the room marched two-year-old Michele
Bridget Farmer. The interviewer was faced
with the dignity of her tiny stride and her
very good looks.
"My, but you're a little girl," she said.
"Humph!" said Michele Bridget, "Mr.
Marshall says I'm magnificent."

YOU will be doing Hollywood a favor if you
can manage to steal Bing Crosby's favorite
sweater.
It is an orange bit of wool; that is, it was
orange, but countless scrubblings have faded it
to a sickly ochre.
Patchd and darned and frayed at the cuffs, it
nevertheless is the apple of Mr. Crosby's
eyes.
He wears it about the lot, proudly and tri-
umphantly, because practically everyone at
Paramount—even his wife, Dixie Lee—has
tried to steal it and burn it.
But it leads a charmed life. Bing always
catches them in the act, slips it on again,
and heaves a satisfied sigh.
And although children cry and strong men
quail when they see it, Bing continues to wear
it with every bit as much pride as Joseph
sporting his biblical coat.

George BRENT had a new and very
powerful motor installed in his plane, which
will take him from here to there in nothing
flat. Almost nobody else can think of any
place he would want to get to that fast.
But George can.

A dolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale
are sick and tired of being the "best
dressed couple." They are washed up, this,
nothing doing and NO. All publicity on the
subject has been stopped, they will pose no
more fashion pictures, they will run from the
place screaming if anybody mentions it. From
now on, they are Mr. and Mrs. Menjou, a
coupy couple by the fireside in their old Mother
Hubbards... and let the chips fall where
they may. "Miss Teasdale regrets"—and so
does Mr. Menjou—but who in blazes is to get
the title now?

[Please turn to page 83]
This portrait should convince anybody—man or woman—that there's nothing as charming as an old-fashioned girl. Joan Bennett is gowned in crinoline for her role in Paramount's "Mississippi," with Bing Crosby. The time is 1860, and the setting is the old South with much of the action aboard a show boat—all of which makes it as picturesque as Joan's gown.
across the sea

With the voice of an angel and the kind of beauty all gentlemen prefer, Marta Eggerth is a real treat for movie-goers. Under contract to Gaumont British, she sang her way into American hearts in "The Unfinished Symphony" and you'll see her soon again in "My Heart is Calling." Miss Eggerth's leading man in the film is Jan Kiepura, noted singing star of Poland.
Katherine DeMille has been in the movies for five years but until now she has never appeared in a film of her famous father's. Katherine was recently cast for the role of Alice in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Crusades." She is C. B.'s adopted daughter, and is English-French descent, born in Vancouver, B. C.
A handsome man, really. And a favorite of all the ladies. But when the make-up man got finished with him, Fredric March looked like this. It's an exceptionally fine make-up job, for March's role of Jean Valjean in Twentieth Century's film version of Victor Hugo's novel "Les Miserables"
WOULD the great Ziegfeld have picked Garbo for his "Follies"?
Would he have picked Hepburn?
Would he have picked Janet Gaynor, Helen Hayes, or Margaret Sullavan, or Anna Sten, or any of a dozen other distinguished actresses who could be named a Hollywood tops?
peaking from a long and rather intimate knowledge of what Broadway beauty maestro liked and did not like in his girls, the answer is emphatically "NO!"
If Garbo had applied for a job in the heyday of the New Amsterdam theater, Flo Ziegfeld would have turned to Ned Ydurn or Julian Mitchell, and said:
Throw her out!
She had been in a loquacious mood, which he seldom was, he had added that her mouth went one way and her eyes another, that her chin went up too high and her nose down too low, that her eye sockets were too deep and her upper lip too slant. Artists have said all these things, and more. Ziegfeld would have said them. And he wouldn’t have taken her.
Yet, Garbo has beauty—a beauty that we who love her are tempted to call divine.
If Hepburn had called on Florenz Ziegfeld, as she did on Adolphe Menjou in "Morning Glory," and asked for a job, the answer would have been the same as it was in the picture:
"No sale!"
Then, if she had persisted, as she did in the screen story, in asking why, he would have told her, as so many other critics have since told her, that her cheekbones were too high and her jawbones too long and her whole facial conformation too prognathous, or—as the Broadway boys say at Belmont and we of Hollywood now say at Santa Anita—horsey.
Yet, Katharine Hepburn is a beautiful woman—the more
effectively beautiful on the screen because of her so-called "defects."

So are those other beautiful women. Or aren't they? What is real beauty? Did Ziegfeld know? Or do we?

Ziegfeld ought to have known.

"My business," he told the writer, not long before his death, "has been to put beauty into circulation."

We had been sitting on the sloping lawn at Burleigh-on-the-Hudson—named after his lovely wife, Billie Burke—reviewing through memory's eye that Big Parade of beautiful girls who had walked down the moving staircases of the New Amsterdam stage, through Joseph Urban settings, into the hearts of the American public.

Lilian Tashman, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Marion Davies, Ruby de Remer, Mary Nolan, Jackie Logan, Justine Johnstone, Mae Murray, Marilynn Miller, Mary Eaton, Ina Claire, Martha Mansfield, Lina Rasquette, Kay Laurell, Olive Thomas, Gilda Gray—these were only a few of the glorified girls who had marched in that parade.

No one will deny that these girls established throughout the world the accepted type of modern feminine beauty. Nor will it be denied that their discoverer, Florenz Ziegfeld, more than any other single factor, dictated what that beauty should be. If these things were not so, Hollywood would not be honoring the master even now with "The Great Ziegfeld," a memorial in celluloid to his contributions to the cause of beauty in and out of the theater.

Ziegfeld worshipped beauty. But it was the beauty of perfection. He combed the Roaring Forties of his day for the perfect profile, the perfect shoulder, the perfect hip and the perfect ankle with all the enthusiasm of a scientist or an inspired craftsman. "He was," as Percy Hammond used to say of him, "a Broadway Cellini, working in women's shapes instead of Florentine brass."

He might hire Fannie Brice, with her long nose and longer legs because she possessed a special talent which he needed for a featured spot. But, for his glorified girls, on whose faces and figures his reputation as an artist and his success as a showman was primarily founded, he chose girls whose proportions conformed as closely as possible to a set of physical measurements. And these measurements were to him like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, unchangeable.

I give you those measurements: height, five feet five; bust, thirty-four inches; waist, twenty-six inches; hips, thirty-seven inches; calf, thirteen and one-half inches; shoulder length, fifteen inches; neck to waist, fifteen inches; neck length, three and one-half inches; arm length, twenty-seven inches.

Without prying too far into the boudoir secrets of our first ladies of the screen, it is obvious that they do not even approach this Ziegfeldian ideal. Garbo, for instance, is six inches taller than Gaynor. Gaynor weighs twenty-eight pounds less than Garbo. And neither girl conforms to Ziegfeld's standard—or to each other's.

As to facial characteristics, the divergence between Ziegfeld ideals and the current Hollywood ones is even more marked. There may be feminine stars today who have eyes separated by the width of one eye or the pupils of whose eyes are as far apart as the distance from the tip of the nose to the eyebrows—these being the classical measurements—but who cares? Beauty cannot be measured by foot rule and T-square—at least, not the beauty of a modern picture star.

If it could, beautiful Connie Bennett, with her square jaw and too small nose, would no longer be called beautiful; nor would beautiful Jean Crawford, whose nostrils are too large for the rest of her nose and whose forehead is that of a man; nor beautiful Ruth Chatterton, whose mouth is obviously too large for the rest of her face; nor beautiful Ann Harding, the left side of whose face does not match the right side; nor beautiful Clara Bow, the top part of whose face is concave and the bottom part convex; nor beautiful Norma Shearer, whose features are half cold and classical and half warm and alluring; nor beautiful Jean Harlow, whose nose projects at too sharp an angle. As a matter of fact, most of our lovely ladies—Fay Wray, Gloria Swanson, Helen Hayes, Wynne Gibson, Nancy
aroll, Ruth Chatterton, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Jeanette Colbert, even Kay Francis—would fall down, so
speak, on their noses.

And the screen's emancipation from Ziegfeldian limitations
does not end with the long established stars. That reign-
ing minatory, Myrna Loy, is a jolly, freckle-faced hoyden, who
might never have made the Ziegfeld grade—yet, how sinuously,
impiously, gloriously lovely she can be on the screen! Margaret Sullavan, according to statements credited as her own,
is a jaw that is "lopsided"; yet it would be a reckless man and
to falsehoods who would call her anything but beautiful
"The Good Fairy."

Elisabeth Bergner, whether the wind blown little heroine of
Escape Me Never," or the regal figure of "Catherine the Real,"
bears no more resemblance to the typical Ziegfeld girl
than Charles Laughton does to Rudolph Valentino. And if we
may be permitted to go from the sublime to the charmingly
hilarious, our own Gracie Allen has screen beauty of a rare
kind yet Ziegfeld saw her for years in vaudeville without getting
outrageous to sign her.

Jean Muir, Jean Parker and Josephine Hutchinson, though
outsiders all, are not the Ziegfeld type. As for those less known
stars who are giving such notable performances in the
current cinemas—Muriel Kirkland, Isabel Jewell, Dorothy
Dillon, Steffi Duna, Margo—they are all good looking girls;
but none of them would have fitted to Ziegfeld's front row alongside stately Dolores or glamorous
Gladys Glad.

But if it is true that Ziegfeld would never have taken our
esotrop crop of Hollywood beauties for his shows, it is equally
true that Hollywood magnates are no longer jumping at the
chance to get Ziegfeld graduates for their films. Tests have
shown that Broadway-trained chorines are seldom as beautiful
as those recruited from the ranks of Hollywood extra girls.
Yet as ladies of the ensemble, they no longer get the call.
For featured spots, the musical show beauties who make
up in the big studios are few and far between.

The public seems to have lost its taste for the show girl who
is made over—sometimes with miraculous speed—into
picture star. Hollywood picture-makers have had some hard
sons to learn on this point. Take, for example, the sad case
of Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers. From the moment these two
starlets appeared so successfully in "Bad Girl," the studio
was swamped with fan letters requesting their reappearance
as a team. For a while, the producers conformed. Then, as
they had done before with Gaynor and Farrell, they conceived
the scheme of separating Jimmy and Sally, and making
two stars grow where only one star team had grown before.

"Since the advent of talking pictures," says Darryl Zanuck,
one of the most astute of Hollywood impresarios, "not a single
actress has become a star on the strength of beauty alone.
A beauty in the picture studios is worth eight dollars a day;
as long as hundred dollars a day; beauty plus brains, a thousand
dollars a day."

Beauty plus brains!
That is the modern Hollywood formula.
That is why it is only the exceptionally clever Ziegfeld
actress Davies is, perhaps, the most outstanding example.
by Keeler, Noel Francis and Joan Blondell were with Zieg-
d for a brief period. The late Dorothy Dell, who promised
achieve a solid reputation as a motion picture actress, used
her songs in Ziegfeld's shows. Peggy Fears, widely pub-
ized, is now knocking at the gates of screen success.

Generally speaking, the Broadway musical comedy as a road
star in oblation to screen glory, is no longer the shortest
distance between two points—that beauty alone is no longer
an open sesame to become the Ziegfeldian point of view.
I am glad. Aren't you? And if the great Ziegfeld were alive
day and could have seen, say, Katharine Hepburn in "The
attle Minister," or Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil," there
just a chance that he might be glad, too. He might even have
called his "Follies of the Future" to conform to the new
Hollywood standard—beauty plus brains!

Gladys Loftus, another
queen of beauty from the
Ziegfeldian point of view.
But, generally speaking, beauty alone as the open sesame to movie fame has gone by the board.
He's a Simon-Pure Count.....

Not a Hollywood Rebuilt

And, in addition to stirring the hearts of women—from 17 to 70—he's a good scout that men like

by WILLIAM F. FRENCH

N nominating Tullio Carminati their current Big Moment among the film players for his work with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady," his performance with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," and for his air of Continental sophistication, the ladies picked a simon-pure count—not a Hollywood rebuilt.

All of which is to say that Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla is the movies' latest menace to our domestic brand of screen lovers—and a possible scallion to the souls of Gable, Cooper, Colman, Cagney, March, Tone, Powell, et al.

For Tullio has something on the ball our local boys can't
duplicate: a genuine, delicious foreign accent. And how our Is, from New York City to Podunk Corners, can dream romance and mystery into an accent.

Yet, men, in spite of his appeal to the ladies, he is a likeable; a bit hazy as to the why and wherefore of the tumult and outing, but blessed with the modest belief that, in spite of hat they write in their fan letters, the girls are fascinated, not the man, but by the color of mystery of internationalism, of that Tullio is a shrinking violet, by any chance; he frankly admits he is a good enough actor to stand on his own ability, without leaning on his reputation as a leading man and a director of Duse—the immortal Duse everybody worshipped.

Carminati has put his title in moth balls. But surely the girls should have the satisfaction of feeling that the admission price to the local theater is well spent, because their favorite came from sure-enough ancestral halls—and enjoyed his own private suite, valet, tutors, and what not. Even if he didn’t enjoy them long.

At the age of sixteen, Tullio was six feet tall, wore a cute little mustache and had a consuming desire to be an actor. Also the ability to convince the actor manager of a small Italian theatrical company which [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

**MEN’S FASHION NOTE**

- Tullio Carminati owns the largest selection of mufflers of any man in Hollywood—which make a lot of other men jealous, because a man’s costume without a muffler these days just isn’t a costume. Get his method of tying them—Ascot fashion.

- You will notice that with this sports costume he uses a very wide, very large silk handkerchief and so spreads it that it takes up the entire space between the lapels of his coat.

- For yachting, Tullio uses a plaid woolen scarf and, as in the first picture, he pulls the ends wide and shows no shirt.

- Whereas with this one, while it is still tied in Ascot fashion, it is permitted to hang very loosely—nonchalant in its effect.

- In this one, with the more formal costume, he uses a plain material, keeping the overlapping ends closer together, so allowing a glimpse of his shirt.
DON'T LOVE ME!

(Synopsis of first installment)

A STRANGER to herself, desired but unused by man, shunned by her own sex, lonely and afraid, she became a nurse. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her, deeply and honorably. Sam Werks lustfully coveted her. But it was not in her to love or desire. Gregory Cooper faced a serious operation. He asked her to marry him—and he'd live. The doctors said it was impossible for him to live. She married him, not loving him, but to ease his mind on that long and dark journey.

I DON'T believe I had any emotion whatever as I walked down the hall. Patients coming out of an operation, are not conscious of pain or sensation of any sort for a while. I was in the same shape mentally—my whole nervous system thrown out of order by shock.

On the door of 218 was a card reading "No Visitors" and even before I opened it I could smell the faint odor of ether that clings to an "up" case for several days after a trip upstairs.

When I went in neither of the men greeted me. Perhaps Sam Werks was silent out of consideration for Cooper. But both of them were looking at me instantly—Sam with that terrier gaze of his and Cooper with a desperate question in his eyes. I didn't look at him much for fear he would read the answer before I could steady myself.

For I knew then, if I hadn't known it before, that I was not in love with Gregory Cooper and probably never would be. There was a funny chill around my heart that I have really never shaken off. I felt that perhaps I could never love anybody.

I went to the foot of Werks' bed and glanced at the chart. He was getting along all right—would be out in a few days. Cooper's chart was more complicated. He was running a slowly diminishing fever, had a wound drain and was not allowed to move. Medication, prescribed in Dr. Oden's familiar handwriting, was Sodium phenobarbital, a non-habit-forming sedative. I was glad he was off the hypo—especially since he was going to get well. He was taking one and one-half grains of the phenobarbital every two hours.

By the time I had read the chart I was ready to look at him.

I pinned on the old professional smile and went to the head of the bed.

"Wrist, please," I said in my best hospital manner.

He slipped his hand out from under the covers for me to take his pulse. Poor devil—it was pretty feeble. I wondered why Dr. Oden was sure he would live.

But his eyes were alive enough—still that question in them. Finally he whispered it, "Sorry, kid?"

I had the answer ready. "No, I'm very happy." It
"Read my story and you will understand why.
It is true that I have won wealth and fame
in motion pictures, but I did it with a sword
hanging over my head."...The second in-
stallment of an amazing personal narrative

I hit him with the chair—not on the
head where he was expecting it and
was prepared to ward it off but on
his lame hip where I knew what it
would do to him. I felt no remorse
to make it possible for him to
hold his place in a race that he
was bound to lose sooner or later
anyway. Perhaps after he got
well I could tell him the truth
and bargain my way out of the
contract. In the meantime I
had to act—and it was probably
better acting than you've ever
seen me do—so that he would
never for an instant suspect that
I was not really a bride but only
a prescription.
He let his hand slide down
into mine while I was counting.
"You've never kissed me, kid," he whispered.

Well, who was I to tell him
that I never kissed anybody? I
had been kissed many times be-
cause it seemed the easiest way
out of an uncomfortable situa-
tion, but I was yet to find any
thrill in it.

So I leaned over and touched
his dry and fevered lips with
mine. It meant nothing to me,
but he took it as a symbol of our
plighted troth—he was so re-
verent he made me feel ashamed.

"Thanks," he said, his voice husky with emotion.
"How about me?" Sam Werks' voice sounded like a boom-
ing fight announcer's by comparison with Cooper's faint
murmur.
I turned toward him in surprise.
"Well, what about you?" I asked.
"I was practically the best man at the ceremony. There's
an old Spanish custom—"
I thought he was fooling. "You mean the Inquisition?"
He waved the other man aside. "For two years I've had a dozen men looking all over Europe for a girl like this and now she walks under my window. You say 'Don't be hasty!'"

I looked at Cooper to see if he was offended. He wasn't. "Give the unlucky fool a break," he said. "Unlucky?" I echoed. "Yeah! Every man but me is unlucky today."

I've said somewhere before that Cooper was a regular. I looked at him now and wished that I could care a lot for him. He deserved it—if I was what he wanted. I determined to keep on fooling him as long as possible. It could be done while he was still a convalescent. Later, there might be trouble.

His speech was a virtual command to include Sam Werks in the belated wedding ceremonial custom. To refuse involved an explanation. So I turned and bent over Sam's bed. Instantly I would have given all I possessed or all I ever hoped to possess if I hadn't.

CHAPTER VII

The way Sam Werks kissed me made me want to scream out in protest and revulsion. How dared he?
With every feminine fibre in me curling up and crying out for a magnum of his heart's blood in expiation of the insult he had offered, I was forced nevertheless to rise from my bent position and smooth my features into a perfectly casual expression before I turned back to Cooper.

"I covered any agitation I might have felt by resuming a strictly professional manner when I spoke to Cooper. "How come you're awake at all? With the phenobarbital you've got in your system you should be in dreamland."

"I didn't take my last two doses."

"Didn't take them? Why not?"

"I had to be awake to see you—to find out."

"What he meant was quite understandable. He must have been in a peculiarly harassing state of uncertainty ever since he had come out from under the anaesthetic and unexpectedly found himself alive.

"I nodded my head at him. "Oh, I see. That's all right, I guess, but how?"

"The nurse thought I took the capsules, but I spit 'em out."

"Where are they, now?"

"He moved his head almost imperceptibly."

"On the table." He meant the little stand beside the head of the bed.

"I looked. "There are no capsules there."

"Must have rolled off, I guess. Not important, is it?"

"No. But it is important that you get your rest. I'll give you another capsule, and this time you must promise to swallow it."

"I was going toward the door as I spoke. Werks stopped me as I opened it."

"Bring me something to quiet me down too, will you, Rachel?"

"You're nearly well, Mr. Werks. You don't need a sedative."

"That's what you think. Apparently you weren't around when that bolt of lightning just struck." He surveyed me with an exasperated expression. "Rachel, how can you be so cold?"

"Then he cursed."

"I closed the door softly on his blasphemy. I don't believe that at the time I was quite sure why he was cursing at me. I understand a little better now. I have been damned by experts for the same reason.

"In a moment I came back with Cooper's capsule. I gave it to him with a half of a glass of water, smoothed his bed for him and generally went through the routine of "bedding down" both men for the night.

"Cooper must have been pretty tired. He was asleep before I finished.

"When he was "out" Werks looked at him enviously. "You didn't bring me a sleeping pill?"

"I shook my head and put my fingers to my lips.

"Sam chuckled. "He won't wake up." He motioned to me to approach his bed. "Come here, Rachel."

"I stood where I was. "What for?"

"What for? You know damn well what for. You can't go on raising the fires of hell in a man the way you do and never do anything about putting 'em out. Quit your kidding, Rachel. You're a big girl now."

I edged toward the door.

"Sam asked me, "Aren't you coming here to kiss me good night?"

"No."

"You may be sorry."

I hurried out and pulled the door shut. I hung onto the knob as if I feared he might pursue me into the hall. My lungs were working over-time—I was breathing as if I had been running for blocks.
Believe It or Not, Mr. Ripley—

Botanical wonders will never cease! Hollywood now presents straw hats with girls growing in the crowns. Anybody preferring a derby?

M. Chevalier says No. He prefers a blonde. Can’t blame him when the yellow-haired damsel is the lovely, tempting bit Ann Sothern.

THE SHADOW STAGE

FOLIES BERGERE

JUST before Darryl Zanuck left Warner Brothers to form Twentieth Century Pictures, he produced the box-office sensation, “Forty-Second Street.”

Ever since then, he has had ambitions to top, on his own, the picture which Warners still hail as the best musical ever made, and which certainly revived the then prostrate song-and-dance films with a resounding bang.

Last summer, on his way home from exterminating lions in Africa, Mr. Zanuck stopped off in Paris. He took a cab to the office of M. Derval, who owns and manages the Folies Bergere, which for over fifty years since it was founded by M. Bergere, has become in effect the national revue of France.

Zanuck obtained from M. Derval, the world screen rights to the name, on a cash and percentage basis. When he returned to Hollywood and announced his plans, two eastern stage producing companies immediately filed restraining suit, on the grounds that they held the world rights to the “Folies.”
here's a Girl Under Each Hat

No, it's not a hat store window display—but a setting for a dance sequence in "Folies Bergere," a Twentieth Century version of the show.

Singing stars of the show—Ann Sothern and M. Chevalier. Maurice isn't thinking about straw hats, either, at this time. For that, who would?

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Folies Bergere  Mississipi
The Wedding Night  The Iron Duke
Naughty Marietta  The Scarlet Pimpernel

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere"
Anna Sten in "The Wedding Night"
George Arliss in "The Iron Duke"
Sing Crosby in "Mississippi"
Jnette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta"
Ma Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118.

or a while Mr. Zanuck seemed to be in the position of having chased something like Grant's Tomb, or Lake Michigan. Everyone suddenly claimed the world rights to the "Folies Bergere," but fortunately no one could keep the other from them. The suits fizzled out as Twentieth Century's set flared up.

Bewildly enough, Mr. Zanuck secured the services of M. Maurice Chevalier (also on a percentage basis). Chevalier for first time is cut in on the profits for the starring role of his on Folies. Of late, his popularity among his countrymen is to have slipped, mainly because of his Hollywood film roles. "Folies Bergere" revives a Chevalier that the French have ped—the old post-war Chevalier of the "Folies" and the "Casino de Paris"—straw hat, tuxedo, naughty eyes and all (even sings "Valentina").

Both Messieurs Chevalier and Zanuck are banking on this the national standing of the "Folies Bergere" to bring an
enthusiastic Gallic welcome. Zanuck expects a half-million dollar return from the French version which has been filmed simultaneously with the English. Ordinarily French versions do not pay out, but this one has Chevalier, who has hopped vilinually from one version to another, and a supporting cast of imported French actors.

It also goes out of its way to cater to the French taste in coryphées by having them go through their routines nude to the waist. France will probably never know how Mr. Zanuck thus labored to please. Hollywood chorus girls refused point-blank to bare breast for the camera. Finally, art models were recruited and trained.

On the day their numbers were filmed, male stars for almost every lot in Hollywood, who had never especially been considered patrons of the arts nor students of the dance, appeared mysteriously on the set to lend expert advice an critical judgment.

The "Folies Bergere" as presented in Montmartre, is mostly a series of acts, skits, and blackout. Practically all are naughty and not particularly nice.

To make the subject fit movie fare, it was necessary to write a story around the "Folies," and of course, to sterilize the song and dance numbers into the Hays office harmlessness.

The former has been affected ingeniously enough. Chevalier appears in the dual role of Charlier, a "Folies Bergere" star, modeled after himself, and Barou Cussini, a Parisian financial notable, whom he impersonates in an act so perfectly that Cussini engages him to pinch hit when exigencies force him to slip town.

Charlier's troubles pyramid when he takes the Baron's place with the beautiful and flirtatious Baroness Cussini, played by Merle Oberon thereby putting himself repeatedly in hot water with his tempestuous, demanding little chorus cabbage, Mimi, played by Ann Sothern.

About six "Folies Bergere" acts are presented in the course of the picture. The most pretentious is the straw hat number, with Chevalier's famous sailor glorified up to two chapeaux forty-eight feet in diameter, around which chorus girls prance while Chevalier unleashes his personality "Singing A Happy Song."

The whole number cost around $100,000 to stage, with the device for revolving the hats and the hats themselves coming to $12,000. Each of the seventy-two chorines wore scanty costumes and mammoth fifteen-pound straw top pieces costing $200.

Chevalier's other two numbers, "Rhythm In The Rain" and "Au Revoir L'Amour," came to a lesser but still pretty penny.

For all this deluxe entertainment, plus a double dose of Maurice Chevalier, with and without a moustache, the public will pay an average admission price of fifty cents instead of the five dollars which a good seat in the Paris Folies taxes good Americans at the current rate of exchange.

Of course, at that price, it can't expect the thrilling embar- rassment of a co- cotie's assault, the intriguing legere demain of a performing doll salesman, nor the scenic treats supplied by postcards.

They sent to New York for "class" song writers to compose the tunes for Bing in "Mississippi." The lady he is getting ready to croon at is Miss Queenie Smith of much stage fame.

The gentleman leaving the tally-ho is, as you know, W. C. Fields. Probably going after one more mint julep. In front of the camera is director Eddie Sutherland. He and Fields have buried the hatchets.
MISSISSIPPI

[PARAMOUNT]

FTEEN or so years ago, Booth Tarkington wrote a play about the South, called "Magnolia." It was a success on Broadway. In 1924 Famous Players-Lasky, later to blossom into Paramount Studios, filmed it as "The Fighting Coward." Then, in 1929, Paramount screened it, rather handicapped by rasping noises of experimental sound equipment and Buddy Rogers' likewise experimental diction. The second time they tried it "River Of Romance."

Possibly believing in the charm of the third attempt, but probably believing in the magic box-office power of W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby, Paramount again presents "Magnolia," this time honoring the Father Of Waters.

"Mississippi" is what is known at Paramount as a "Double Feature." This means that it is given the works. In this case there are lavish sets and costumes, unhurried, meticulous production, a rich comedy part for W. C. Fields, the screen debut of Queenie Smith, and some new hit song numbers for Bing Crosby. Dick Rogers and Larry Hart, who wrote the music for "The Connecticut Yankee," were imported from New York to compose the latter.

With two ace song writing teams, Gordon and Revel ("Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?") and Rainger and Robin ("Love In Bloom") right on the studio lot, this very fact lends the accent Paramount placed on the picture. Messrs. Rainger and Robin and Gordon and Revel write what the usual fraternity call "commercials"; but Messrs. Rogers and Hart write what they call "class" tunes.

One of the tunes is "Soon." Mr. Crosby sings it. He also sings another which has probably sold more copies than the current record holding "Love In Bloom" since Stephen Foster wrote it. It is called "Way Down Upon The Swanee River." "Mississippi" draws on the sure-fire color of a colonnaded Southern mansion and a calliope-fooling, itinerant river showboat of the crinoline type. Disgraced in the inner because of his usual to fight a duel, Bing Crosby, a crooner, meets N'othenh, finds an engagement then to the fiery little daughter of the household, played by Patricie Gail Patricie. His act, however, finds secret favor with the peace-loving younger sister, played by blonde Joan Bennett. This would seem to hint that blondes prefer gentlemen.

Bing joins the showboat, captained by W. C. Fields. In a scuffle, he accidentally plugs villain Fred Kohler and finds himself ballyhooed by the publicity-astute Fields as "the notorious Colonel Steele, the singing killer." It leads to complications, but after several songs have been crooned in the moonlight, Bing finally gets Miss Bennett, and Fields gets another mint julep.

Major production difficulties were overcome when Joan Bennett learned to draw successfully, and Gail Patrick, who had spent months weaning her speech from a bonafide Birmingham, Alabama, accent, reverted to type overnight; when the set dressing rooms of both [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

---

No, this isn't in the picture. It snowed up on location in the San Bernardino mountains, so Anna Sten and Gary Cooper had a big snow fight between their scenes in "The Wedding Night"
Bernard Newman, world-famous designer, who has just done the gowns for "Roberta"

BERNARD NEWMAN is called King of Fashion, the first designer on whom the title has been conferred since Poiret of Paris. His compatriots placed him on the throne, and had it been left up to Bernie, I wouldn't know a thing about it, because he still blushes. But these things get around.

Newman makes home-grown women look the way a Grand Duchess would like to look, and he makes more money than Clark Gable. He came to Hollywood from Bergdorf-Goodman in New York, where in twelve years he had worked up from window dresser to head designer and vice president. He dressed such clients as Lady Astor, the Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. Orson D. Munn, the Countess de Robilant and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan.

Bernie leaves me breathless. I rise up and state without reservation that Bernie is a lamb. Not a sweet lamb. Take off your glasses before you call Bernie sweet. He's a nice, big, masculine lamb, who looks as if he wouldn't know a gusset from a hole in the ground.

He has that gift-of-God "family" manner which makes haughty stars take down their hair, release the skeletons from the closet, and ask him what so do about it. The staggering tag to that one is—he tells 'em. And they do it—humbly, gratefully. He wants all of them to look nice and well-bred and distinguished. So the best way to do it is to design the clothes they wear and each one is his own personal problem. He wants them to be happily married or keep their husbands and sweethearts, and he knows what men like to see on a woman. He is a sort of young patriarch who suffers silently and horribly when the indulge in a little sequin number with the auraeous rhinestone. Not so silently, either.

Bernard Newman was born in Joplin, Missouri. He studied in the Art Student's League, Academy of Design, and in Paris. His first designing was done for Bergdorf-Goodman, because he was caught in a spot. He was the very young window-dresser who blazed the trail for one gown, one jewel and one rose in window, with a baby spot-light on them. He was always kicking about the gowns he had to put in the window. One day they sold one out and sent up another to replace it in a hurry. Bernie lamented loudly, blissfully unconscious of his boss Ed Goodman, standing right back of him. He turned, he was caught. "If you can do any better," said Mr. Goodman in frost-bitten voice, "go ahead and do it."

Of course the answer should be that our hero knocked the dress business for a six-gored loop while the thousands cheered—but actually he didn't do that until his second design was stitched up, and they sold hundreds of copies.

RKO lured him to Hollywood to do the gowns in "Roberta," and they held him down to a

And Bernard Newman

Doesn't Hesitate To

Spend $250,000 In

One Throw To Find

by RUTH RANKIN
Jean Arthur, appearing in "The Whole Town's Talking," forecasts a significant Spring and Summer color chart for sports, red, white and blue. Her white cotton matelasse dressmaker frock finds relief in a blue kerchief with daisies outlined in red. Crystal tri-colored buckle.

Above, Miss Arthur exemplifies the strong peasant influence in the current mode. Starched white organdy puffs in bouffant sleeves, ripples at cuff and close neckline, and fastens with multiple small buttons. With black crepe skirt, demurely appealing for informal dining.

PHOTOPLAY'S Forecast of HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

gathered by experts at the source of today's styles
Accessory ensembles worn by Irene Dunne, star of "Roberta." Red-surfaced bracelet and ring with stripings and medallion outlining in gold. Bright note with day clothes. From Bullock's-Wilshire, California.

Carved white jade and coral set in gold filigree to bracelet and shirred black antelope bag motif. Below green chrysophrases set in chased gold of barbaric design. Both ensembles are from I. Magnin, California.

Martha Sleeper, in Monogram's "Great God Gold," selected a pair of brown gabardine oxfords to wear with her Spring tailleurs.

Basquette weave step-ins, for surface interest tweeds, tailleurs and general wear, agrees Miss Sleeper. Shoes from I. Miller & Sons, New York, Chicago and Hollywood.
Kitty Carlisle was born to be chic. Pictorial extracts from her Spring shopping ventures in New York give Miss Carlisle's versions of chicness for her type. Dinner finds her wearing a black rocococo crepe with waist and separate cape in Persian print and a cire satin plush box hat flaunting a flared veil, cellophane aged. For suits, Miss Carlisle chose a Regency bonnet inspiration in white felt with navy-blue corded flare and matching scarf. Center, her fine hairline is framed by a large, blue off-face shantung straw for afternoon. Below, a wheat-gold felt complements her suits clothes. From Bruck-Weiss, New York.
With Paramount roles awaiting her, Wendy Barrie paused for three idyllic evening scenes. Below, white mousseline with detachable ruff, for two-costume effect.

Rough, crepey satin, slimly silhouetted and brightened by gold kid buttons, belt and bag. Worn under a quilted black crepe wrap. Costumes by I. Magnin, California.
- A trio in tones—gold, yellow gray tweed skirt, matching plaid jacket, gold jersey jumper, and Miss Barrie is attired in the true traditional British sports manner

- Tweeds again, for a gray and white topcoat with platinum fox collar, the spring complement for Miss Barrie's red and blue print on a white ground with blue velvet folderol. Gray felt banded in blue and white and blue spectator sports pumps. Costumes are by courtesy of I. Magnin, California

Ready FOR THE RACES
An extravaganza in gorgeous gowns, designed by Bernard Newman for "Roberta." The lovely medieval lady above is Virginia Reid, gowned in yards of tiny cut steel beads on fine silk, resembling chain mail. Braided necklace and girdle in fabric.

Many silver foxes contributed their rich beauty for a wrap of regal elegance for Miss Reid. Divinely romantic and picturesque. Swathed in these glistening pelts, any entrance is indeed a grand one. Fur capes and capelets are fashion points.
• Upper left: Blue and white organdy is moulded to Diane Cook's hipline, then flares into ripples to the floor. An imaginative dust ruffle sweeps the front skirt, and the ribbon trim is echoed in a picture hat. Suggested for warm weather parties.

• Above, Mr. Newman has done clever things with flesh chiffon, a favorite Spring fabric for evening, glorified with rose and flame ombre osprey for cape and train. Jane Hamilton illustrates the moulded, lower flounced silhouette for after-hours.

• Prints mean Springtime, with definite geometric designs in front ranks. Margaret McChrysal's gracious gown has a square, nude back and a high front line with jeweled clasp at the throat and black fox banding on elbow sleeves. For dinner, dance
Pictures with a purpose—to make you play. Florence Rice in natural-colored terry cloth shorts with big, brown buttons. Roomy beach bag has a convenient Talon Hookless Fastener.

A rope around her neck and waist, a helmet on her curls, and Miss Rice defies the Malibu sun. Slip this hand-blocked linen beach dress over your suit for the club house.

Palm Springs has taken this white linen beach coat to its back. An indispensable for comfort and protection with bathing suits and sports shorts. A little number for vacation.
With the flip of a few buttons, a white satin bathing suit disguises itself for tennis by addition of an Eton jacket and a circular skirt in blue. A practical vacation forethought.

A dual life is led by Miss Rice's heavy white crepe suit with red twisted ribbon accents. With the cape, for town; without, for a swell beach or country back sun-tan.

Satin has proved its seaworthiness, and Miss Rice proves its good looks. Halter front and a bare sun-tan back. All play costumes are by courtesy of I. Magnin, California.
Lounging pajama suit of gleaming white satin to encourage leisurely breakfasts, and worn by Lilian Harvey in "Let's Live Tonight." Correct type for the traveler.

Town or country engagements might find Miss Harvey wearing Kalloch's creation in rough white crepe with touches of navy-blue plaid crisp taffeta.

The cocktail hour sees Miss Harvey frocked in organza, candy-striped in red, green and gold thread with blue accents. Originals from Miss Harvey's picture.
OAN, MY CHILD,

You've been much too much the out-doorsey type lately, so here's something for your ethical edification... a story that will point out the Beauty of Gratitude.

One fine day a gentleman known as Lew Fields, of Weber and Fields, stopped in a theater in Washington, where he was starting a show, to pick up his mail. He noticed that the theater was being used that afternoon by a neighboring grammar school which was putting on its annual show. Desiring amusement, a gentleman tarried. Now, in said show was a child of seven thereabouts playing the Gibson Girl, and this she did with such talent that Mr. Fields was moved to remark to the manager that she had the makings of a great actress.

The next day the mother of the potential Bernhardt, who was a poor widow, phoned, excited that her progeny had elicited the notice of so prominent a personage as Mr. Fields. He repeated the statement and added that he would be very glad to use the girl in his next show in New York, "Old Dutch."

This he did. In the play Mr. Fields was a cobbler. Our little friend's sole part was to burst out crying that she had allowed a pin. "Don't mind," soothed the cobbler, "here's another one!"

Years pass. The little girl fulfills every prophecy of her discoverer and sponsor and becomes a great actress. And her character proves as fine as her accomplishments. For she never fails to acknowledge her debt of gratitude to her beloved friend.

In these days, pet, that is quite unusual. Oh, didn't I tell you her name? Helen Hayes!

I learned all this from Mr. Fields at an all-Fields party recently. (He's passed on plenty of talent to his children... the only one who doesn't write shows or music went and married a perfume fortune... that ain't bad either!)

Well, Joan, the very next day, just like a little tattle-tale, I told Miss Hayes all the nice things I'd heard. She was on an outdoor garden set at the time, supposed to be attending the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in the picture, "Vanessa," and in the midst of getting a publicity still with Lord Tennyson the poet. All around, the Kilties were blowing their bagpipes, the elegant looking Kaiser Wilhelm I. was on a snow-white charger, and immense Guards in uniform, with big, black, bearskin busbies on their heads (phew!) paraded up and down. I was all aflutter with the majestic scene, but I was forced to giggle when Miss Hayes told me that the counterfeit of Oscar Wilde, the writer, was present at the Jubilee also. (But he couldn't appear in the reel version because three weeks had elapsed between his test and the call to work, and the gentleman, giving up hope of ever playing the part, went and clipped off his flowing locks. Alack, Alas!)
After this, I got in my little story, and was she pleased! Said I, “Would you like me to bring Mr. Fields out, and perhaps take a picture together?” She said she would be delighted. Next day I did so, and in between pictures they reminisced. One little story you’d like was how Mr. Fields had the tiny Helen all dressed up in evening gown and large plumed hat to sing a song, but the number had to come off the next night because, such was the infant’s assurance, everybody thought she was a midget!

More fun than anything was a party the mad Marx Brothers flung! They had a picture-gallery set up with those insane cardboard figures you fit your head into, and all the waiters were made up to represent the various Marxes. They were so realistic, too, I was fooled for a good five minutes into thinking it was Groucho who was serving me beer!

Just to promote the spirit of sweet tranquillity, Harpo’s counterpart would suddenly dash among the tables after a beauteous blonde who was screaming wildly for help, just like it happens in their pictures! The real brothers were there, of course, but it was hard to recognize them. They looked so like little gentlemen in their nice business suits.

Chico, oblivious of the din and clatter, sat down and told me how once he was flying East and, becoming awfully bored, asked a fellow passenger to play backgammon. The passenger was willing, but explained that he was pretty awful at it. Chico, the little shark, said, “Fine, so am I,” and proceeded to win the man’s confidence by losing forty dollars.

Just as Chico decided it was time to do the turning-of-the-tables act, the plane ran into a foul storm and had to land.

Chico’s gambling pal got jittery, grabbed the next chow-chow, and our wily actor kissed goodbye to forty bucks!

Joan, a treat! Chopped chicken livers on water biscuits’ Verra yum-yum! That got you always get the vapours over. Douglass Montgomery, introduced me to them at lunch recently. I’d gone to watch him making the “Mystery of Edwin Drood” and ‘twas then I learned that Douglass had been yielding luxuriously to the chicken-liver-water-biscuit delicacy most every meal! I made a piggie of myself (oink-oink!) but the lad didn’t mind. Fact . . . just a moment while I elevate my Grecian nose . . . he’s asked me out for dinner and dawning come next Tuesday!

And, speaking of vittles, I had the nicest tea with your adored Jean Muir the other day. She ate very little, however, because she was under a spell. Bewitched by a hand lemn! On said contraption, some time before, she had successfully wove a woolly white blanket for her friend, Joan Blondell, to wrap her Baby Bunting in. Now, nothing could stop her! Now a blanket is an excellent idea for the very young, but for herself Jean was weaving the material for a skirt! Every other moment she would spring back to it, and very shortly, leaving the delicious little cucumber sandwiches with a low moan, I found myself holding skeins of brown wool.

Your eager questions about Miss Muir I will endeavor to answer. Yes, she is very intelligent. Also very young. Also, very wise for her years. Very tolerant. And very pretty. And anytime she repeats her invitation to tea, I shall be most happy to go and hold her wool for her!

Deah, deah! I can’t stop thinking about food! The lunch situation was just taken care of by my old friend, Conchita Montenegro, who looked devastating in a black accordian-pleated Chinese hat. She still gets her nouns and verbs all mixed up, and I had a beautiful time laughing down my chicken broth.

First of all, when we were talking about the wild dance she did with Will Rogers in “Handy Andy,” Concha said everyone had a simply hilarious time, but Will swing her around until she was all “blue and black!”

We next discussed the expected arrival of a mutual friend. “Does she come in April?” I queried. “But no,” answered the glamorous Montenegro, “she will come March the middle.”

Still, that’s nothing! The last giggle was from a discussion of a favorite book, “Daybreak” by Schnitzler. “So very beautiful,” sighed the actress, “I lost that ‘Broken Day!’” Cute.

Kitten, your comrade Mitzi has been sliding down banisters with Lyle Talbot again! A cockeyed idea, I admit, but such nice lunacy! ’Twas at a party at Lyle’s house and outwardly everything was veddy chawming, but inwardly I was feeling...
I was polite, though, and didn’t mention food. Suddenly, while we were upstairs, I heard a sweet voice of Lyle’s mother inviting everyone to start at the buffet. That was enough! I dashed out into the hall, onto the banister, and wheeeweeew! I was downstairs! Fancy my surprise, though, when a severe bump revealed the voracious dog right in back of me. He’d slid, too!

I rather wondered where his girl-friend, a little Southern belle named Peggy Watters, was at the moment. I found out very soon, for when we two fiends flew into the dining room, she was, calm as a carrot, with a plate of turkey nearly polished!

A spot of the unexpected is a good thing, don’t you think? I shall surprise you by bounding from hunger to heartbeats! Do you think “One Night Of Love” was romantic? Pooh! Two sols! It was nothing compared to Miss Moore’s real love story. Beautiful as a poem, with a shipboard setting, a fluttering handkerchief, which the handsome dark-eyed stranger (Valentin Parera) rescued for the golden-haired maiden (Grace Moore), and a ship’s concert, which he didn’t want to attend because he thought the American opera star, scheduled to sing, was going to be the customary female balloon. You don’t have a prophet to guess what happened . . . sure, Lohengrin! My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert (director) Florey were telling me about it. My heart was all a-flutter like the washing on the line, and when they were hazy on some of the details I had to send a note to Valentin begging for ALL. (I didn’t send it to the missus . . . she was concert-touring.)

Time passed, lots of time, but with it no answer, and I was a girl with the dark cloud over her head, when, suddenly, I received a letter from New York, and Valentin, who had gone to join his lovely wife, thus proving that Romance Still Proved! I quote a piece which speaks for itself:

“... I shall be so glad to see you. I am just as happy today as I was at that first meeting with Grace, so it is always a joy to talk about it.”

Lawdy me, Joanie, such a shock the other day. You remember funny, cute Nydia Westman of “One Night Of Love” and Sweet Adeline? We were having tea at her house recently (hoops, gorging again!) and while we were waiting for it to bring in Nydia showed me her paintings. She hasn’t been studying so very long, but she’s got lots of talent, and one picture in particular of a comfortable-looking mammy appealed to me. Suddenly in it walked carrying a tray of tea! I let out a shriek! I thought an inky ghost was walking until Nydia giggled that her colored maid was also her model!

Montagu Love, that sterling actor, also draws pictures. He’s really professional, though . . . illustrates for national weeklies. Between that and his frequent appearances in Broadway plays we don’t get much of him on the screen. His role in “Clive of India” made such a success, though, that I think we’re going to persuade Mr. Love to remain in Hollywood a while.

You are so changed. Time was, Lazybones, when you did a lick of work once in a while. But perhaps when I relate what a little busybee Helen Morgan is you’ll repent. That lady does her own housework, her own cooking, and her own washing! . . . You heard me!

She says she was brought up to do those things, likes to do them, and will so continue! If she’s working, of course, it’s impossible, but when she isn’t, the maid gets a holiday, and Helen sits on pianos only to dust them, and plunges her eager little hands in soapsuds and oil mops! With her it not only represents pleasure, but it keeps her fit, since she does not indulge in any other exercise. And, if her dear public would like any further demonstration of the lady’s domestic bent, let it be known that she makes her own napkins, embroiders beautiful monograms, and concocts sofa pillows for her mama that are so lovely no one is allowed to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]
C. FIELDS, Bing Crosby and I sat at a table for four in the studio commissary. In the extra chair were our hats. It was luncheon time. We were tired. We were hungry, very hungry. We had already consumed a rich, thick clam chowder, a platter of celery and olives, several poppy seed rolls and we were just lighting into the steak and vegetables when IT happened. But so intent were we upon our attractive plates that we failed to see calamity approaching.

A stricken cry of anguish from Bill Fields snapped Bing and me to attention. There Bill sat, with eyes transfixed and face frozen, looking for all the world like a dead fish that had been stricken suddenly by the barbed hook. His mouth was agape,
"It's him! The funny man who plays with Baby LeRoy!"

"Madame," replied Fields, in hurt dignity, "I AM Baby LeRoy."

The best thing the tourists do is kibitz on the stars eating... privacy is at a premium  by SCOOP CONLON

My Hollywood
Hollywood's REAL Heart Breakers

He's "brainy and creative." Also he's Director Cedric Gibbons, spouse of Glamour Girl Dolores Del Rio. Witty, debonair, he has all the trappings of real-life romance to make him so irresistible.

Capricious Miriam Hopkins thinks directors fret too much about tomorrow's shooting to make good after-tea companions. She thought otherwise, as witness this view of Cameraman Bill Daniels.

He shoots lions—and slays the ladies. Director "Woody" Van Dyke (see "Trader Horn," "Estimo") is the answer to the maidens' prayers for a real-life Gable. He's tall, distinguished, courageous.

WHO are Hollywood's real heart-breakers? You're going to be amazed at my list. You may have thought that the film colony's high-powered actors were the authentic off-screen heart-robbers. They're not.

Ask almost any of the feminine film darlings, and hear her answer.

She prefers (yes, actually prefers) to dash around with writers, directors, producers. True. And why?

"Because they have brains and are creative," said dark-haired, dark-eyed Dorothy Burgess.
"We know greasepaint glamour for what it's worth," chorus actresses Muriel Evans, Martha Sleeper, Florine McKinney. Their choice of a hero is Director Van Dyke.

Writer Austin Parker, tall, dark (enough) and handsome. Ex-wife Miriam Hopkins says he's a heart-breaker because mentally he is highly versatile.

But what's wrong with the actors, you ask?

"So, later, an actor will turn to show his profile," says another charmer, who prefers, and rightly, to remain anonymous after that remark.

"I like a writer for a beau," says Miriam Hopkins, stimulating as a champagne cocktail. "A writer can always be depended upon for versatility in thought and talk. He has so many outlets for his abilities—novel-writing, short story writing, playwriting, scenario-writing. He is never limited."

Miss Hopkins paused for a moment of thought. She is revered from Austin Parker, writer and one of the most eligible of Hollywood's heart-breakers. Nor has it been long since Director King Vidor paid her ardent court.

"I like a director, too," she continued. "but the reason I ain't care as much for a director as I do for a writer, is because director has so much less flexibility in his work. His mind is ill of thoughts of today's or tomorrow's shooting, therefore it isn't have the elasticity—the opportunity to be interested in many subjects as the writer's mind has."

So that's the situation. Let's see who the Sir Galahads are who are beating the actor's social time.

First, there's Johnny Farrow, writer who has won his way to idol base in Maureen O'Sullivan's heart. Then follow Writer Austin Parker, Directors W. S. Van Dyke, Rouben Mamoulian, Ernst Lubitsch, King Vidor. Snared from the original ranks of Hollywood heart-breakers into matrimony are Clarence Brown, Alice Joyce; Cedric Gibbons, by Dolores Del Rio; Gene Markey, by Joan Bennett; Edmund Goulding, by Marjorie Ross; John Considine, by Carmen Pantages. Which proves at there is something definitely alluring about non-actors, and at the actresses have found it out.

So, what are their qualifications? They are poised, agreeable, worldly-wise gentlemen, and successes all. They dance well, talk well, drive well, swim well, ride well, golf well, belong to the better clubs (beach, country, town) and several of them wear honorary titles with becoming modesty. One, in particular, has few medals which he mentions with enchanting modesty.

World-travelled, witty, excellent companions, these gentlemen are all that a woman could demand. They never take outlet on the italicized menu to mean anything but chicken; now vintage years like their own [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
Where is my wandering Playwright?

There is a legend which tells the tale of a passionate gambler. "I know the game is crooked," the mythical gambler is reported to have said. "But it's the only one in town."

The modern Broadway showman is blood brother to this plaintive plunger. He is, with rare exceptions which will be noted, bucking a percentage that can't be beaten. Playwrights are the blue chips in the showman's game of picking and producing hits for Broadway. Today those precious chips are being kittied out of the Broadway game as fast as the frantic showman can dig them up.

For example. A few years ago I decided to bet a small bank roll on whatever luck and skill I might have in picking a Broadway hit from the annual list of three or four thousand plays which seek production from a New York manager. I read over four hundred manuscripts before I finally discovered the play I wanted to produce.

That play, my first production, was "The Poor Nut." Elliott Nugent and J. C. Nugent were the collaborating authors of that hit, a success for a season in New York and a year and a half on the road. Elliott Nugent, twenty-seven years old when the play was produced, was also the featured player of my cast. A picture sale netted $45,000. I have reason to believe that when the storehouse finally got "The Poor Nut" Elliott Nugent had better than one hundred thousand dollars in the bank to show for the work he had done from his twenty-seventh to his twenty-ninth year. That isn't bad pay for a young fellow just trying to get along in the world.

I, as a manager, seemed to be...
And as lure with which California baits the Broadway playwright is the not unimportant matter of living conditions. A comfortable home, at a reasonable rental figure, within twenty minutes of an office, a golf course or a beach is a further inducement to the Broadway Playwright to desert the New York scene—with its background of commuter troubles, layoffs, crushes and taxicabs that speed through the terrific pace of five miles an hour.

Sunshine and garden flowers are a happy substitute for Broadway lights and icebox orchids to the steady stream of incoming playwrights from "The Great White Way."

The photographs of Elliott Nugent, his wife and children, taken at his Beverly Hills home are strong arguments in favor of the studios' call: "Go West, Mr. Playwright!"
Sylvia Sets the Standard for Facial Beauty

When you look at Garbo's eyes, look into her soul. Are your eyes expressive? They are most important.

Margaret Sullivan has a perfect forehead. But whatever the shape of your forehead, it can be improved.

Barbara Stanwyck has a perfect ear. Yet, she enhances it with a curl. A ear is more attractive partly covered.

LAST month I polished off the feminine figure. I gave you girls enough ideals of perfection to keep you busy. Now, if you don't have a lovely, slender body it isn't my fault. You know how to get it! Go for it!

But what about the face? Yes, I know. Hundreds of your letters have asked me that. And you ought to know me well enough by now to realize that Sylvia never reneges on question answering.

So now I'm going to start giving you the perfect face. We'll begin with eyes, foreheads, noses and ears. Read on, and Go!

The most important feature of the face—all right, you've guessed—the eyes! They mirror the soul. To express sorrow, joy, contempt, anger and—most important—love! You can smile all you like with your mouth, but if your eyes don't smile, too, you'll look like a department store dummy.

Look at Garbo's eyes. When you do you'll be looking at Garbo's soul. I shall never forget my first meet
She gave me a look - a cool appraisal that I tell if she knew how my heart was knit together. And Garbo seems to approve of you’re doggone proud of yourself, if you feel as if you’ve got an appointment with Louis B. Mayer.

Garbo’s eyes register intelligence. And whenever I hear her dryly saying that the gal is 91 and stand up on my kind and yell, ‘Oh yeah! Sour up to you! Look at those legs! They are cold, clear, and clear. So, you girls with black eyes, don’t let anybody tell you that you haven’t got those Latin by with those hot tamale looks Garbo has power over hasn’t she? Her eyes molder. Then become vigorous. The color of the iris doesn’t matter — it’s a silk behind them!

At here’s something I want to tell once and for all. And now I know what I’m thinking about. Those long, sweeping eye-lashes of Garbo’s real — as Mae West’s are. When I first met Garbo her eyelashes were not in mon use. Believe me, those eyes are growing right there at her lids! I was close enough to her to pull ’em. She’s more she didn’t have any mascara. And, although she was on the screen, those lashes are actually darker than her hair.

No what can you do to make beautiful eyes? It’s not putting on a little hazel or sloshing around the wash. Your system must be sluggish because the white-blueish eyes of your eyes will be yellow. No make-up will make your eyes attractive if they won’t sparkle — the sparkle can come only from health and well being! Garbo values her health as she does her bank-roll. She has sun baths, plays tennis, exercises, and sparsingly. She believes in the closely connected health and beauty are. Her eyes may be large or small, green, blue, gray, black or color set in deep or protruding. They can be made beautiful if you take care of them.

Give your eyes plenty of rest. Remember to shut them for two or three minutes at least a dozen times a day. Don’t squat. And every night before you drop off to sleep give the eyes this treatment: Place the fingers at the outer corner of each eye, near the temple. Press good and hard on the bone you discover there. Press for a couple of minutes. Now, without pressing, rotate the fingers lightly in a small circle for a couple of minutes. This will help keep wrinkles away from your eyes and will give you the deep restful sleep which keeps your eyes clear and bright.

A dozen times during the day sit relaxed in a chair and fix your eyes on some far away object. Then slowly let your gaze come closer and closer until you are looking at an object only a few inches away from your face. This makes the eyes strong and will help keep you from squinting. Avoid nervousness. To keep your lashes nice brush them carefully every night with an eye-brow brush and yellow vaseline or some other good preparation.

But above all — remember this. If you want beautiful eyes you must have good health. I wish I could say that a million times. I wish I could write those words on your brain.

And now look at Margaret Sullavan and see a beautiful forehead. It is high — but not too high — wide — but not too wide, and most important of all it is in correct proportion to her face. Incidentally, that’s all a lot of bad about the high forehead denoting intelligence — and scientists now agree. One of the most intelligent men I ever knew had such a low brow he could have doubled for King Kong. But discovering beauty is my job. Margaret Sullavan has a high, wide forehead. What’s behind it, I don’t know. I’ll let Willie Wyler find that out. And if you just have enough good, plain common sense to keep fit and slim I’ll be satisfied.

You must study your own.

[Please turn to page 94]
PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHO

APRIL is responsible for many whims of heart, head and hand. You know where the young man's fancy turns; you know that Spring fashions are usually divinely mad temptations and you know that many of the most beautiful forms of art have been inspired by and dedicated to Spring, the loveliest of seasons.

To put you in a true April mood, there is nothing like an April skin. This skin I define as one that may face the brilliant sunshine with full confidence, that may be a picture beneath an off-the-face hat. It should have that soft lustre that you see on the faces of freshly-washed children. In fact, the gardenia petal has it and so has the rose.

The basic causes of this type of skin are so old they may sound dull. Enough sound, restful sleep, sufficient nourishing food without too much of the fancy la-de-las in desserts, sauces, etc., enough bodily activity for a good circulation and a mental attitude that life is good, that tomorrow is a new day of promise. Drinking water, too, seems to give the hair and skin beauty and to help keep the body moist. The Hollywood stars believe sincerely in these a, b, c's of good looks and I have talked with few who did not end up with a little sermon on sensible living.

The next step is cleanliness. June Lang shows you a practical method for normal young skin. For the dry and oily skins I have prepared special material which you may have by writing to me.

After cleanliness is assured, make-up works its magic. I have seen few stars without lovely skins. Indeed, the most striking point is their subtle lustre.
Skin

Dry with a soft face towel, then proceed with a towel circulation movement that encourages a glow to the skin, further removes tiny particles of dead cuticle and polishes the skin to a child-like radiance. With loose folds of the towel, lightly rub the face in circular motions, paying attention to skin about the hairline, which is often neglected.

I believe that this results from the substance of the foregoing paragraphs, plus make-up beauty aids all of the cream family with the exception of powder. A very, very little make-up foundation seems advisable for every skin both for protection and a soft, mat finish. There are the cream variety for dry and normal skins, the liquid powder type for the oily skin. On this foundation should go a faint dash of rouge, high on the cushion of the cheek, up, toward the temples. This is a touch that lights up your face, emphasizes the tone and brilliance of eyes, without giving a rouged look. A dleck of eye shadow over lids, perhaps between the outer brow end and eye end, or a touch of oil or cream if you don't care for shadow, still preserves that soft lustre toward which we are working. Powder pressed on over this, then dusted off, gives a true porcelain finish.

If you need mascara and the touch of an eyebrow pencil, it is interesting to know that even these contain minute quantities of cream or oil and do not dry the hairs or give a harsh effect. The day of the beaded-looking lash is dead.

The lipstick that you will use should have a soft gleam, if you are to complete this picture of lustrous beauty.

The retouching of your face, after several hours, say, needs care to keep the perfect picture intact.

These simple facts tell you how the stars keep their school-girl skins, and present a practical plan for everyone of us.

It serves for a busy day in an office or for the play hours that should follow.
THERE are whisperings from Hollywood that the blonde is on the wane for screen roles, that her more prevalent type of brunette or in-between sister is now being avidly sought. There may be two reasons for Hollywood's mutterings on the blonde. The nation may be surfeited with these darling confections who wear gorgeous clothes, play Park Avenue, London or Cannes with equal elan. Maybe it wants something a little more substantial that it could visualize in an every-day kitchenette setting. Or maybe Hollywood is at last discovering that there really aren't many true blondes. Her type is an evanescent, uncommon one, and the work of making and keeping her physical being in pastels is a costly, sometimes heart-breaking one, and sometimes without avail. Maybe she would have done as well as a nice brownite.

Carole Lombard, is, however, like Anna Sten, a surprise. Carole is a born blonde. A glance at her ash-blonde hair, her skin, and you say to yourself with relief, "She is really a blonde." In my opinion, she is far lovelier in person than on the screen, because personally she shows to advantage her light hair worn straight on top and brushed back with a longish bob curled at the ends. Her eyes are a violet blue with naturally long, dark lashes and brows and her skin a warm tone. Miss Lombard was wearing lounging pajamas in shell-pink and silver brocade, with a three-quarters length flared coat, fitted and buttoned snugly to the neck. On her stockless feet were silver sandals, permitting her mahogany-red toes to play. Fingers, too, showed the same tone with lacquer can to the very points. This is a good guise for making the nails appear longer and slimmer, but it is not suggested for practicable hands. Reserve it for play hours.

Miss Lombard's sensible views should help you with your Spring make-up and clothes:

"The charm of the blonde lies in her coloring—or lack of it. Make-up should accent her pastels, not disguise them. Little make-up off the screen but what I use is in the gent tones. With the exception of black and white, off-tones, her clothes colors, pale pinks, blues, greens—indeed, fail any muted color.

"My one exception in make-up, as you can see, is my nails. I consider this whole business of personal enhancements rather futile unless women will augment it with personal development. I believe that any woman who does things interesting, that she can be interesting only by doing this. A full, busy life seems unconsciously to develop us, to bring out our best points and to subdue the worst one. My sincere advice to any girl or woman is to develop herself through activities and interests. Then she need never fear her personal attraction or interest for others."

Words to ponder over when the new gown or coiffure is to make a deep impression.
• Gail Patrick, one of Hollywood's most beautiful players, is using the popular white of egg mask. This should remain on from ten to fifteen minutes only.

• Another version of the same mask is being applied by Dorothy Deering. An astringent mask for the normal or oily type of skin.

**M A S K E D   F A C E S**

The facial mask is a great emergency measure. There is nothing like it for lifting a tired, drooping face, but your mask should be chosen for your type of skin.

The white of egg mask, illustrated, is very old. And because it slightly drying, try it only if your skin is normal or oily. It is advisable to use it after a thorough cream cleansing followed by use of a mild tonic to further remove cream.

If you have ten or fifteen minutes to spare, use this mask in the form illustrated by Gail Patrick, which is the plain white of egg. If you are rushing to dress for dinner or that engagement, you can save time by applying the beaten white, which will dry in less time. There will be a slight drawing sensation, but that will do no harm.

Delilah Roth, formerly in pictures and now doing radio work, found medicinal milk of magnesia perfect for her skin. From a weld, she told me, she had used it for mask and for occasional skin protests in little bumps or irritation and that it dried them up and cured them quickly. For mask purposes, over a cleansed face she smoothed the preparation, let it dry for about ten minutes, then rinsed off with plenty of very cold water. Many certain face creams include milk of magnesia in their formulas.

Sylvia Sydney has one of the finest skins I have ever seen. It’s so perfect that she uses only lipstick and a light puff of powder. Sylvia finds that an yeast cake softened with water to paste consistency and used as a mask is gently stimulating and refreshing.

For super-sensitive, dry skins, several cosmeticians make splendid cream masks, again to be applied over cream-cleansed skin. While these deprive the skin of none of its needed oil, they stir a better circulation and have a generally uplifting effect.

Cream, ordinary cream off the top of your grade. A bottle, is another first aid treatment that will send the dry, flaky type of skin off to a party looking like a rose. It is very softening and lubricating, and even a few minutes of application show gratifying results.

It is most important that your skin be scrupulously clean before you apply any mask. Since many masks gently contract the pores, it is harmful to skin health and beauty to contact them with remains of soiled cream or make-up.

When using a mask that must be rinsed away, use very cold water. If you are using the creamy type, remove thoroughly with tissues, then apply an ice-cold tonic or very gentle astringent.

A few minutes of the mask treatments send you off to dinner or a party glowing and looking as if you had never known a care or tired moment.
Pauline Stark's blue-gray eyes improve with a touch of lash beautifier. She is using a mustache pomade, recently discovered by screen and stage stars to be good for accenting lashes and for keeping them lustrous and soft. This pomade will not streak or smear.

Above, Miss Stark believes that trim brows add greatly to the charm of any face. She is careful that hers are always perfect. Preserve the natural shape but remove any hairs that mar the line. Her tweezers are almost painless; they work so rapidly.

Below, Miss Stark is tweezing, not cutting, as you may think. The newest in tweezers are small scissors-like affairs, with snipper ends, very easy to manipulate. If you will trim from under side, you will be less likely to destroy the natural trend of the brows.

The prize gadget of the month is this little curler, which clasps the strand, rolls it into a neat curl, and leaves it intact for general wear or bedtime training. Much easier than the old finger or pencil method and gives a smoother curl.

[more beauty tips on page 92]
under the rays of the strong set lights. They have to be changed as many as four and five times daily, often matching them as a problem. Mr. McDonald's posies think nothing of lights, and require little attention. They last two or three years, with ordinary care.

McDonald uses sheet rubber, paper, muslin, silk and plush and India-duco to construct the delicate, lifelike petals. However, he relies mainly on a wood fibre which he imports from the Orient. It comes in small squares, which look like women's cosmetic swipes. Five cents worth will make a dozen roses.

The stems are fashioned from wire inside rubber tubing.

Steve estimates his synthetic floral stock at five thousand dollars. His artificial flowers do not waste their sweetness on the desert air of indifference. He gets fan letters from all over the country, in fact fought with Mr. Blount knight in the Crusades. He discovered that both were good horsemen. They rode as knights in the picture, and will carry their own crest—the crest of Navarre, their lance-pennons.

In a small room adjacent to the property department at M-G-M studios, Steve McDonald considers a radiant profusion of flowers, including the lilies of the field and the orchids of the jungles.

It is not strange, however, when Steve explains that the flowers are not the glories of rare, but products of his own clever hands. They fooled me, even as they doubtless fooled you when you see the gorgeous blooms which grow practically every M-G-M picture.

Steve, who still retains his native Edinburgh accent, says he has been making artificial flowers for M-G-M productions for eleven years.

He learned his odd craft, which he has perfected, by a point where he can place a corsage of costume gardenias beside one of his making at five feet away to say which is which, in most romantic way.

During the war, as an intelligence department operative in Vienna, he cultivated the maintenance of a Viennese girl to obtain certain information. She made artificial flowers, and, Steve modestly admits then he does. He taught me her secret.

Fortunately, he remembered it when he went into post-war Los Angeles and needed a new-making trade. Through a personal contact with Louis B. Mayer, he secured the job to mix some of his synthetic blossoms with the real ones which blanketed the cathedral scene in the old silent "The Merry Widow." Then the film was projected, McDonald's artificial flowers looked more real than the real. He persuaded the artificial flowers get the call over natural blooms in Hollywood, Mr. McDonald informs me for sound economic reasons. In the first place, they are cheaper to make than real flowers are to grow or buy; they are not sea in a picture in November calls for floodlights, there is no need to wait until March. They are not ephemeral and subject to the drops. Natural flowers wilt quickly

Halmure and Raoul Vissec de Ganges, Descendants of Charlemagne, during "The Crusader" with Cecille B. DeMille

Issued an ukase against phony flowers on his sets. McDonald put two of his baskets among the natural ones and asked Brenon which of all the flowers on the set were the most beautiful. Brenon picked McDonald's baskets.

W. S. Van Dyke had the same conviction. He demanded real flowers. One day a visitor on his set complimented him on the flowers. "They ought to be lovely," boasted Van Dyke, "they're the real thing." The visitor walked over to admire more closely, discovered they didn't smell, brought it to Van Dyke's attention.

McDonald had foiled him, but for once it was fun to be fooled.

Just in case you hadn't heard—Will Rogers has travelled more air miles than any other passenger in the world.

Willy Pogany is having fun with comedy and tragedy at the same time. He is designing sets for Chaplin's new picture, and for "Dante's Inferno," at Fox. Versatile, what?

My own personal prize for the most incongruous Hollywood glimpse of the month's rounds goes to the afternoon I saw huge Boris Karloff, beetle-browed, scarred and horrifying in his make-up, daintily sipping his four o'clock tea in the best approved British manner on the set of "The Return of Frankenstein."

Stephan Fetchit has never been one to take a back seat in Hollywood. All the privileges of his position as a screen actor he has enjoyed to their fullest. He had chauffeurs, shiny cars, resplendent personal trappings— even wild escapades.

But somehow it was still a shock to me to observe Stephin the other day, shuffling along, just as any other movie star in—dark glasses! It's hard to describe, that sight. The glasses, being just a shade darker than Stepin, made him look like a man without any eyes, without even any eye sockets.

But I'm sure he felt importantly secure behind them.
... casting office call them at six A.M. for work. They retaliated with a night-club party to him. Whatever he ordered, the waiter brought him beans. He had to dance constantly with the twelve girls in turn, and stood up well under the strain.

Probably the secret of this tall weather-beaten director's success with people is the fact that he keeps them in a good humor and on the alert at all times. And of course it doesn't make actors feel badly to work with a man who has never made a failure . . .

W. C. FIELDS' favorite role of an inventor influences his fan letters. Recently a fan in San Diego wrote "Bill" after seeing his marvelous gadget, "the nose lifter-upper" in "You're Telling Me."

The letter asked Bill to bend his inventive genius in the direction of concocting an appliance to keep the lettuce, mustard, pickles and relish between the buns of a hamburger.

Joan and Gene Markey have a model farm in Connecticut, with all the latest gadgets in machinery and lots of contented crows. It actually makes money. There is a subsidiary for fish, and some day they plan to grow their own oysters.

Frank Borzage, director, has large real-estate holdings and his wife owns a dress shop in Honolulu which is why she is a commuter from here to there.

Maureen O'Sullivan bought a book-shop in London for her family, which her father and mother are running now. It is doubtful if Maureen will retire to browse among the literature—but she could if she wanted to.

Doris Kenyon raises avocados for the market on her estate in Brentwood. Richard Dix owns a desert tea product, the leaves and herbs for which are gathered in the desert near Palm Springs by Indians. It is a practical commercial enterprise, and Dickie's picture is on the can.

Lilian Harvey owns two theaters in Berlin and some apartment houses in Brussels.

George Murphy has a good one. He manufactures a lineament from the formula used by his dad who was Pop Murphy, football coach at Yale.

Leon Errol has a little night-club called the Black Pussy out on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood. Ralph Belamy and Charles Farrell own a tennis club and courts at Palm Springs, complete with showers and dressing rooms. They started it because it used to cost more than twice as much to play tennis down there than to play the races at Santa Anita, and Ralph and Charlie are fond of their tennis. The club is a paying venture, even with the owners on one court practically all the time.

Richard Arlen is in a silent partnership with his brother-in-law Bud Ralston, in a contracting and building business. Bud built thirty houses last year.

Joel McCrea runs a thousand acre ranch on a paying basis. He has a hundred head of pun-tired cattle, having chased off the range cows, and is operating the ranch in a scientific manner. He and Frances Dee McCrea p to live there always.

Peggy Fors has a gown shop on Pallet Avenue, Constance Collier produces plays London, Zeppo Marx is now an agent other actors.

And Hank Mann has a very cozy little house in the Catskills with some horses up in front. Mr. and Mrs. Skreets Gallaher have a dress and baby shops in Westwood and Pa. Springs. Charlie Ruggles raises lemons.

Clark Gable has a horse named Beeve Hills, but perhaps we had better skip that—Beverly Hills won't support Clark this ye—besides—he's won a lot; he has never given up his car and ride the horse work. If it didn't matter when he got the—

THERE is always something sad about passing of anything.

I was not only saddened but distinctly prised the other day to discover that a famous creature, the "Hollywood blonde" indeed passing, right before our very eyes.

It seems that gentlemen, at least cast gentlemen, no longer prefer blondes. And casting inventors invent their thumbs on a particular feature in Hollywood, that face soon becomes as distinct as Mary Pickford curls.

Officials at Central Casting Bureau informed me that less than one third of the six thousand girls registered there for bit and extra work are blondes. It used to be that less than one third were anything else but blondes.

Platinum blondes, who swarmed on every set following Jean Harlow's success in "He Angels" now are almost completely in the realm of the dodo bird. The Casting Bureau said he would have a hard time digging up more than five or six from his list.

Period pictures have been largely lethargy the Harlowesque head. With so many assignments to old fashioned films, laid in days where there was no such thing as a platinum head, hair, and no way to create one, extras can afford to take a chance on losing out because of their modern tresses.

I confess to a wistful regret at the pass of the Hollywood blonde. They lent a certain distinction, a certain character to Hollywood femininity. They were showy, like the elect bulbs on a theater marquee.

And besides, "blonde" rhymed so easy with words like "bonz" and "fond."

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who used to be manager of a small English hotel, recently received a letter from a hotel man in England who complained that things weren't well with the hotel business. But he had an idea.

Mr. Laughton, who knew the hotel business and also was widely known as an actor, was come back and go in partnership with him, was sure the publicity of it, with Charlie the genial and famous host, would draw guests to the place, and the pair of them would be up—oh, several hundred dollars a month.

Mr. Laughton, of course declined. He made several a hundred a day in Hollywood.

GUY KIBBEE playing a printer in "We derlust" is not Guy Kibbee in character at all. The old days when he was a typesetter and printer. Those were days he says, when you could expect, business was very steady and he was busy being a typesetter. Those were days he says, when you could expect, for a road engagement was seventy-five cents a week up. To the soubrette out buggy-riding on Sat. Days! And he had a lot of fun the other day showing young Tom Brown how to look for a "type-house." (It's one of those professional tricks that wind up with a surprise.)

Pauline Goddard is all excited about the finish of this particular race. Charlie Chaplin doesn't seem to care who wins, maybe his new picture's on his mind.
Una Merkel, very business-like, is taking notes on chicken a la Maryland and a few other prize concoctions from Dominick Rolleri of the Trocadero Restaurant, Hollywood

CUISINE SECRETS FROM THE TROCADERO

The gentlemen who still think that woman's place is in the home should take a peep now and then into the kitchens of many of the stars. There, they might find their glamorous stars of the screen literally and figuratively stewing for dear life. Men or women, the stars seem to consider the kitchen a vacation place in which to play. They are responsible for the creation and passing along of many culinary secrets.

Una Merkel, little Southern Una, for example, recently invaded the kitchen of the Trocadero Restaurant in Hollywood. Now this kitchen is presided over by Dominick Rolleri, who has impressed many of the most famous kitchens in the country. He served as an apprentice at the Hotel Roma in Milan, formerly cooked for Caruso at the old Knickerbocker in New York, and now his cuisine art delights the epicures in the picture colony.

No need to tell you that Una would have a fondness for chicken a la Maryland. In fact, she orders it five times out of ten. So that was one of the reasons for her pursuit of Dominick, who forgot all rules and regulations and told her this recipe as well as others.

Chicken a la Maryland: Singe, clean and disjoint a three-pound chicken. Never wash poultry or game. That makes it tough. Wipe it clean with a fresh towel; salt, pepper and flour it. Dip into egg and cream beaten together, then in white crisp bread crumbs. Fry in deep chicken fat over a slow fire for twenty-five minutes. Drain on brown paper or those paper kitchen towels to absorb fat. Serve with cream gravy and slices of crisp bacon, corn fritters and honey or currant jelly. This serves four.

Curry of lamb: One of Dominick's most popular dishes. Cut four pounds of lean lamb in large cubes and saute in butter in frying pan until golden brown. Add one diced apple, one chopped onion and cook slowly for five more minutes. Add two ounces or two level soup spoons of curry powder, one quart pure cream, one ounce of chopped chutney. Let this cook for thirty-five minutes. Pour over...
YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them thoroughly the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder choking the pores that you risk that modern complexion trouble—unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap, the soap especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting this complexion care the screen stars use.

Cosmetics Harmless if Removed this Way

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIV lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and look it! Remember, 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!
NOT TILL I'VE CLEANED MY FACE WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. NO COSMETIC SKIN FOR ME!

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!

BARBARA STANWYCK
STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "THE WOMAN IN RED"
At seventeen, Australian-born Johnny was a U. S. Marine, chasing the rebel Sandino through Nicaraguan jungles. At thirty, he has been seaman, adventurer, successful novelist, song collaborator, pastel artist, scenarist, director. He is the lad who modestly disclaims heroism as so much pother when anyone asks him about his honors. They include Spain's Medalla Homage, and recognitions which make him a Knight of the Crown of Rumania, Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, Knight of the French-Tunisian Order of Michan Hikkar.

It looks as though Farrow were about to be permanently snared, in the manner of those other heart-breakers, and Maureen O'Sullivan will capture the prize. As a husband, he should be doubly perfect. The secret of Johnny's charm is that he is forever doing those little favors that play such a big part in romantic association. He will devote hours in an attempt to locate a book that his lady might like to read. He will have his florist deliver a corsage—gardenias, perhaps—at a particularly appropriate and unexpected moment. It's a tip from which any woman might profit.

VALOR plays a considerable part in the attraction offered by Director W. S. Van Dyke—"Woody" to his intimates. Women like him because he is a 'he-man'; men, because he is a two-fisted guy and regular; M-G-M, because, as its foremost adventure-director, he has the knack of turning out pictures like the bell-ringing "Thin Man." And a local body of military men likes him so well it endowed him with a colonelcy. It's Colonel Van Dyke to you.

A native of California of good family, tall, square-shouldered, full of distinction, more than one film belle would give her right eye to join him in dinner for two at the Colony Club. Separated from his wife for many years, Van Dyke lives a bachelor's existence in his trophy-laden home in the center of a picturesque acreage. Strictly a "man's man" (and what a challenge that is to the glamour girls!) his frequent and agreeable parties are governed by two steadfast rules: "No dirty jokes and no mauling of women."

Whether the glamour of his all-around career as reporter, lumberjack, truck driver, vaudevillean, sometime hobo, or the charm of his candor, is what appeals, there is no mistaking Van Dyke's claim to the title of one of Hollywood's real heart-breakers. Film girls like Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Evans, Florence McKinney, Jean Harlow, would not hesitate to cast their votes for him.

Dark-haired, dark-eyed Rouben Mamoulian is another non-actor who rates high, particularly with the most glamorous of them all . . . Garbo. It was he who brought her from partial personal retirement and, apparently, made her like it. Mamoulian, too, has been permitted to lunch Dietrich and Anna Sten—separately, of course (he directed both of them in films)—and Elissa Landi looked to him for companionship in her early days in Hollywood. There were red carnations, daily, at one time, to Mona Maris from the Armenian director. The aura of his artistic achievements in New York stage direction, plus his Old-World background and birth, contrive to make him very eligible in the girls' eyes.

The same may be said of Ernst Lubitsch with his ever-present cigar, his pungent German wit, his new Mexican vita. Elsa Mansor, Sheila Mansors, others of the artistic array, found him delightful company.

King Vidor, director, is another heart-breaker. Look at his record: Florence Vidor (now Mrs. Jascha Heifitz) was his first wife; Eleanor Boardman his second, and he was romantically inclined toward Miriam Hopkins a split-second age.

Three beautiful charmers.

No one can doubt that Myrna Loy's interest in Producer Arthur Hornblow has added just the necessary self-confidence to equip her as a fine, sensitive actress, and here is Sylvia Sidney showing a preference for Director Mitchell Leisen's company.

As Miriam Hopkins says, "I am like a business woman. When my day's work is done, I want to shut the door to my office, lock it, and forget about routine."

"An actress can't do that if she spends her evenings with an actor. 'Shop talk' is born to occur. In three minutes, I am discussing telephone number (and hers); respect her cigarette wishes; and are never intimidated by the head waiter.

But what is it that makes them so different from the actor? It's because they have done things in life, not played at them before a camera.

Here's an example of what the actor has to compete with in real-life romance. Take Writer Austin Parker as Exhibit A. We find in his background a dash of war-time ambulance-

Merle Oberon, the British Cinderella Girl, happily scoring triumphs here

Driving a whirl with the Lafayette Escadrille, a bit of Intelligence Department work in Europe and Panama, adventuring for the Sultan of Turkey in Morocco, topped off by a novel or so, and about a hundred magazine stories. What mere actor can compete against exploits like that?

Parker is tall, handsome, of distinguished appearance. As a Cornell senior (he edited the Cornell "Widow"), he was expelled from school before graduation for what he calls his "crusader spirit," won an immediate berth on the New York Tribune, then went to the Old World. In December, 1914, he joined the French army.

LOVELY ladies like Thelma Todd, Lois Wilson, Heather Angel (before her marriage), Minna Gombell, are as entertained with thoughts of his adventures on far shores as they are amused by his flippanc conversation which refers to his two short-lived marriages (the first to Fictionist Phyllis Duganne) as the "Parker three-year-plan." "Billy" Parker is one of the real beaux of Hollywood.

Blond, blue-eyed, clever, thirty-year-old John Neville Fawors Farrow is another Hollywood beau who has caused plenty of feminine hearts to pitter-patter. At one time or another, Lila Lee, Dolores Del Rio, and now Maureen O'Sullivan, have been completely beguiled by his clipped British tones. And what a story that lad can tell, casually, about his dare-devil experiences.
FACE POWDER TAKES ON NEW TASK

beautifies features as well as skin!

Sting 3 times through Silk gives powder new texture... absorbs light and thus softens features!

...soft—so infinitely fine—that it is difficult to see a separate particle with the unaided eye! On the skin, a texture with so much softness and depth absorbs light, which makes features softer and more delicate looking.

You can see for yourself the dramatic difference between this new silk-sifted powder and unsifted powders on the backs of your own two hands! Then you'll hurry to try the new Evening in Paris powder on your face. And then you'll see a new, tender delicacy of feature—a lovelier, younger edition of yourself!

$2.10 VALUE, $1.10

COMPLETE MAKE-UP ENSEMBLE

1 EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER
Full-size box of this new, silk-sifted face powder.

Retail Value $1.10

2 EVENING IN PARIS PERFUME
Generous bottle of the perfume known the world over as the fragrance of romance.

Value 65c

3 EVENING IN PARIS LIP AND CHEEK CREAM ROUGE—For lasting radiance.

Value 35c

TOTAL VALUE $2.10

Before SIFTING THROUGH SILK

Powder, when spread over the back of the hand, looks rough—coarseness of skin is intensified. Vigorous rubbing reveals that powder does not cling well.

After SIFTING THROUGH SILK

Powder—after sifting 3 times through silk looks soft and smooth. The ridges on the hand disappear. It clings much better. Try this test yourself—using any powder, and the new Evening in Paris silk-sifted powder.

Evening in Paris  BOURJOIS
The star boarder of the Fred Keating menage is Snoopy. He has all the privileges of a star boarder, too, even to piano sitting when Fred is tickling the ivories. Once in a while he lets Fred venture an opinion on running things.

The star boarder of the household is Fred’s pug, Snoopy, a pint-sized Boston Bull, who breaks into print more often than his master. When Fred went on location for “The Captain Hates the Sea,” Snoopy wanted to swim a hundred miles out to sea where the company was shooting scenes. However, some kind friend found him and returned him to his home.

D. E. PARKER, BONNIB, ILL.—You were right about Michael Arlen’s “Green Hat.” It was made as a silent picture back in 1929 by M-G-M, with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert and Dorothy Sebastian in the leading roles. The release title was “A Woman of Affairs.”

SUSAN KIMBERLY, NEENAH, WIS.—Tom Brown was born in New York City January 6, 1913. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 150 and has brown hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is “Wanderlust.”

DOROTHY O’DONNELL, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Jackie Cooper is a native of Los Angeles, Calif., born there September 15, 1923. He has blond hair and hazel eyes. Is still growing so I can’t give you his exact measurements. His next picture will be “Dinky.” Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez will also be in it.

ESSIE AND VIOLA, CHESTER, PA.—Hello girls, here’s your answer. Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen played the leading roles in the picture “Fazil.”

MRS. K. R. SOLE, SAPULPA, OKLA.—Here’s a chance to say to your friend “I told you so.” Lewis Stone did not appear in “Sorrell and Son.” H. B. Warner played in both the English and American versions of that picture. However, Lewis Stone did appear in a picture titled “Father’s Son.” I think that’s the one your friend has in mind.

ELAINE MENDES, MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—Oh yes, Frank Lawton played in a picture with Diana Wynyard prior to “One More River.” Don’t you remember him as her youngest son in “Cavalcade”? Diana was born in London, January 16, 1908. She is 5 feet, 6 1/2 inches tall; weighs 127 and has golden brown hair and dark blue eyes. She made her debut on the stage in 1926 and in pictures in 1932. At this writing she is appearing on the English stage.

GERRY GODDEN, EMMETSBURG, Ia.—What a lot of questions, Gerry. Yes, Dick Powell does his own piano playing and between you and me he does his own singing too. David Jack Holt appeared in “The Cat’s Paw” and “Shock” in addition to his hit picture “You Belong To Me.” Little Shirley Temple was born on April 24, 1929. She has two older brothers, Jack and George. Write me again, Gerry.

BILL MURRAY, NEW YORK CITY.—You win the argument, Bill. Jean Muir and Dick Barthelmess played together in “A Modern Hero.”
Pocketbook Panic* Ruins Important Love Scene

Scattering of hand-bag contents necessitates retaking of important scene.

Joan Bennett now carries only handbags with TALON fastener security and convenience

Hollywood's leading ladies are rapidly finding out that it doesn't pay to take chances with insecurely fastened handbags. More and more of them are turning to Talon-fastened models that assure security and convenience at all times. Besides, Hollywood stars find that Talon-fastened bags are smarter, newer in design than ordinary models.

Take a tip from Hollywood and assure yourself of handbag quality and style as well as security, by letting the TALON name on the fastener be your guide. You'll find styles for every occasion and costume awaiting you in your favorite store, wherever you live, wherever you buy.

*"POCKETBOOK PANIC" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.

Jan Bennett in "Private Worlds," a Walter Wanger Production for Paramount
A new thought for perfume. Shirley Aaronson sprays it over the lower skirt of her lovely black georgette gown, designed by Lambert of Fox. As she dances or walks, a light mist of fragrance envelopes her.

Mae Clarke shows a quick method of perfuming your underthings and accessories. Between squares of cotton, she spreads a new tinted powder sachet, fastens the edges with a small safety, and there!

PERFUMES OF SPRINGTIME

SPRING isn't Spring without perfume. The perfume yen in every feminine heart grows keener at this season. Happily, today there isn't any reason why we should be without it—and in the formerly costly blends. For dramatic buying is an economic dodge today. It is surprising what may be had for one dollar. The quantity may not excite you, but the quality—ah, and of quality you need very little.

I should like to urge an atomizer on every one of you. For the sake of economy, convenience and good grooming. An atomizer makes perfume go farther, saves the chance drop on your beautiful rosewood dressing table, which will usually remove the polish, and it perfumes you so suavely and evenly that none will ever think you use fragrance indiscriminately. Over-perfuming is a social error that is still recognized as such, and by the old hand method it is hard to know when we have used enough.

I believe we all need two perfumes—and more, of course, if we like to pamper moods. One, however, should be vibrant, fresh and tangy for day use. The other, more subtle, romantic and provocative for evening. Perfume is romantic in the true sense that it can stir imagination, bring back memories, or make them. In fact, it is necessary to feminine charm and appeal. For more information, send for our new leaflet on perfumes.

Sachet is finding its way back to every dressing-table and drawer. Fe
gentle, clinging fragrance, there is nothing like it. Mae Clarke's idea of practical for the busy girl who doesn't have time to make the dainty sachets that formerly were a part of every lady's accessories. Mae's powder is new and each scent is indicated by a pastel tone. Something else new in sachet is turquoise box containing four pear silk pillows for placing in your lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc. The fragrance of these sachets is guarantéed for one year. The scent is a flower pot-pourri in which the spice of creation seems to dominate.

TWO new leaflets make their debut, "Skin Radiance" and "Inspiring Perfumes." Both show you step by step what to do and tell you what to use. You may have these on request for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope, or personal advice on any beauty problem. All letters are confidential, of course. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.
THREE WARNER BROS. STARS

Reveal Hollywood’s New Make-Up

Discover How to Enhance Your Beauty as Famous Screen Stars Do

The magic of color...beauty’s secret of attraction...has been captured by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius, in a new kind of make-up. It is color harmony make-up...original, new color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick, having a matchless lifelike quality that actually seems to work a miracle in creating lovely beauty.

Wouldn’t you like to share this secret with Hollywood’s stars? You can!...for whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony for you that will do wonders in emphasizing the colorful beauty, the fascinating charm of your own type.

The very first time you make up you will see an amazing difference. You will marvel at the satiny-smooth loveliness the face powder imparts to your skin...at the entrancing lifelike color the rouge brings to your cheeks...at the alluring color accent the lipstick gives to your lips. Your complete make-up will be a perfect harmony of color...and you will find that it will remain perfect for hours and hours.

New beauty can be yours today...for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

Max Factor, Max Factor’s Make-Up Studio, Hollywood

Send Five-Cent Box of Powder and Rouge Sample in any color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Secret Illustrated Instruction book, “The Blue Art of Beauty Make-Up”, ... FREE.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

© 1935 Max Factor
forehead. If it's too high I don't need to tell you not to skin your hair back until you look like a wet rat. If it's too low avoid bangs, which only make it look lower. If it bulges at the sides break the line with a dip of hair. But I hope you have brains enough to do that?

But scholastic Sylvia has a naturally beautiful hair line with that little widow's peak in the center. But if you haven't got that for heaven's sake don't paint one on! Yes, believe it or not, I've known girls silly enough to do just that. They weren't fooling anybody but themselves. The whole point of my philosophy of beauty is to work with what God gave you and make that as attractive as possible.

But there's something you can do to make your forehead beautiful no matter how it is shaped. You can keep wrinkles away and you can make it clear and smooth. If your forehead is bumpy and has pimples on it go on my complexion diet at once! In three weeks' time it will be completely cleared up—I'll guarantee you that. And don't let a day pass without guarding against wrinkles.

Every night, with your finger-tips press the fingers hard on that bone just above the temples. This relaxes and stimulates. Then begin with the two hands in the center of the forehead and with the finger-tips revolving in small circles work outwards towards the temples. But let me warn you! Never pull or stretch the skin, as is so often done in an ordinary massage or facial, just keep up that gentle rotary motion and never do even that until you've taken the first step—that of pressing that bone above the temples—and pressing hard! Talk in front of a mirror to teach yourself not to make faces. Now don't accuse me of telling you to lose your animation. Don't look like a plaster cast. But, baby, you can be animated and attractively so without raising your eye brows as if you wanted them to touch your hair. And don't frown. Don't ever, ever frown no matter how mad you get! However, if you already have those frowning wrinkles between the eyes you can press them out by using your middle and ring fingers, slightly apart and pressing, pressing, pressing right out these wrinkles. You can press wrinkles away. You can't rub them out. Always avoid rubbing. It only makes more wrinkles.

As for noses, I'm giving you three different types—all good looking. There's Maureen O'Sullivan's cute Irish nose, Jean Muir's aristocratic nose (and she comes by it honestly because she is of a fine family) and Sylvia Sidney's piquant nose. Now I want you to get this straight about noses. You can't—except with an operation—change the bone formation. What you've got to do is to take the type of nose you have and like it. You have the makings and what you can—and must—do is to refine and slenderize that nose. You can take off bumps of flesh. You can stop your nose from spreading all over your face. Changing the type is a different thing. That's why I've given you three examples and I'm not going to be as ridiculous as some beauty "experts" are, who give hard and fast rules concerning the perfect nose. The perfect nose is the one that suits the rest of your face—and to say anything else is a lot of bunk. So be happy with your nose—whether it is pug, aquiline or classic. But if there's too much flesh on it get to work right this minute to take the bumps off. How? Just as you take bumps off your body, except much, much more gently. Mould the nose with the finger-tips—gently, but gently. Have patience and perseverance. The flesh on the nose is almost like sculptor's clay. It can be moulded and your mirror will tell you where to begin!

The ear is not the most beautiful part of the body no matter how good it is, but it can be made appealing and attractive. I like Barbara Stanwyck's ear. It is a cozy, intimate ear—the kind a man would like to whisper to and, as you can see by her picture, she is dim enough to enhance it even more by letting a little curl partly cover it. So take a tip from Barbara, girls.

The perfect ear is small and well placed and lies flat to the head. Naturally, if your ears are big and coarse I trust you'll cover it with hair—and aren't women lucky they can do that—but any ear is more attractive if it is partly covered and not allowed to flap in the breeze! However, if your ears stick out until you look like a loving cup and sometimes for evening you want to be particularly dressy you can stick you ears back with a little adhesive tape, if you're careful not to let it show.

Next month I'm going to set the standard for the perfect mouth, chin and cheeks and tell you how to improve on nature.
"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts!"

Can't Chafe... Can't Fail... Can't Show

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides only are cushioned... the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't Fail...

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use... makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

Can't Show...

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles... and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they are made or in the results they get. For only genuine Kotex offers these three advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

The Kotex absorbent, cellulose cotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow... easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort... and the low price.

Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. It costs no more than Regular. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery... "QUEST"... for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.
and the prancing hoods of Pan, can dance almost as well as Fred Astaire. Strangely enough, he is almost his double. He also is slight, of identically the same height, with the same easy smile and just a little more hair.

His job is that of a professional rehearsal partner for Astaire and Ginger Rogers. He might be called “ambidextrous” when it comes to dancing. With the greatest of ease, he can take Ginger’s part of the dance with Fred and Fred’s part with Ginger.

However, the spectacle of Hermes and Fred whirling about in one another’s embrace is a sight which only the privileged may witness. Astaire is touchy about being watched when he rehearses. His wife has visited him only twice on the rehearsal stage. Usually a guard stands steadfast between the inquiring Astaire and the hardworking trio inside—Fred Astaire, Hermes Pan, and Hal Borne, who plays and adapts the usually impromptu arrangements of the score for Fred’s flying feet.

Hermes and I invaded the sanctum on the guard’s afternoon off. It is merely part of a sound stage, where a circular section of the floor has been inlaid with hard maple wood. Surrounding it is red linoleum. For “The Gay Divorcee” Fred did his dances on this linoleum, which the camera picks up as a gray tone. He was not satisfied with the recording of his clicking soles on the linoleum, so the hardwood floor was laid. Because of this, the dances of “Roberta,” Hermes assured me, will record twice as clearly as did “The Continental.”

Fred Astaire calls daily rehearsals at ten o’clock. He works steadily until two in the afternoon as a rule. Sometimes he eats a light lunch, but more often he does not. Pan and Borne make it a strict point to be on time, as Astaire is a stickler for punctuality.

Usually he arrives clad in gray flannel slacks and a polo shirt, or a light sweater. About what would seem to be the most important item of his work clothes, his shoes, he is extremely careless. One day they are sport shoes, another brogues, another dancing slippers. Of course, when pictures are to be made, he dons regulation dancing pumps with metal plates on heel and toe. He wears size eight and a half, and each pair costs around twenty dollars. They are made especially for him by a Los Angeles firm, and they don’t wear out nearly as fast as you’d think.

ASTAIRE warms up for about ten minutes of “shadow dancing” before he attempts any real steps. When he has loosened up he “ad lib” for a few minutes with his feet, which is to say, he dances ad libitum, or at his pleasure without any set routine.

Hermes has seen him “ad lib” for as long as twenty minutes without repeating a step.

All of his steps are of his own creation. He starts from scratch with every dance, with little idea of what he will do, experimenting first with a bar of eight beats and then elaborating it, until the final dance has been built.

Seldom does he correct or revise his routine.

Music isn’t necessary to him in creating a dance. The dances for “Roberta” were rehearsed for two weeks before Jerome Kern’s score arrived. Fred Astaire adapts the music to his steps, not his steps to the music. Kern’s music has been all re-arranged to suit Fred’s rhythm. In it have been inserted spontaneous “tum-tiddle-tums” hummed by Fred while rehearsing. Hal Borne catches them on the keys of a tiny, battered theatrical piano and scribbles them down. Somehow they always fit in.

A four-hour shift of hard, constant rehearsing leaves Fred Astaire amazingly untired. His 140 pounds are wiry. He perspires little, even indoors. The calves of his legs and his thighs do not seem overdeveloped. The muscles are long, not bunched. He takes no especial care of his legs and feet; no masseur or chiropodist works him over before or after the workout.

A week before each picture starts, he calls a recess in the rehearsals. Dancing makes him lose weight, and as much as five pounds will make his already thin face noticeably thinner to the camera.

HE never smokes during rehearsals, and seldom at any other time. But at showings of the “rushes” of his dance scenes, he invariably whispers hoarsely to anyone near him for a cigarette. Seeing the result of his work makes him nervous.

Although the attitude on the rehearsal stage is one of “strictly business,” Astaire cannily relieves the tension both for himself and Pan and Borne by periodic flashes of humor. He titles every step in a dance. “That was the ‘chicken stew,’” he’ll say, after an intricate step, or “How did you like the ‘taffy whip’” during a fast pirouette he may cry, “Help can’t stop!”

One day during the “Roberta” rehearsal a black spider appeared on the floor. It appeared the next day at the same spot, again the next day, and the next. Each day Astaire addressed it solemnly. “If you want to dance with us,” he would say gravely, “you’ll have to start on your left foot.”

“You can stay, old fellow, but your friend must go.”

THE dance routine of that week he named “the spider twist.” Another day, Pan Berman, RKO executive, received a hurly call from Astaire. “Come right on over Fred breathed excitedly, ‘I’ve got a great finish to the dance!’”

Berman rushed over to the stage. “Here is,” said Fred—and did an “off to Buffalo” the vaudeville fooler’s old standby.

Hermes Pan said he and Hal and Fred had a great entrance gag for rehearsals, which always set them off in a merry mood.

When they hear Fred close the door of stage, Hal picks out the first two bars of a bugle call, “Assembly.”

Whereupon Fred answers by tapping the last two bars with his feet. Then they know it is Fred arriving.

“What if you make a mistake and pull ‘Taps’?” I asked.

“Taps?” said Hermes, “Sure, that’s what he does—it heel and toe.”

Mr. Brisson won’t ever become a good cameraman unless he learns to keep his eyes on the subject! Carl was about to take Paulette Goddard’s picture at the El Mirador pool, in Palm Springs, when another cameraman caught his eye.
Screen and Stage Stars Buy Up
First Edition of Beauty Secret
Book

The instant response given to Madame Sylvia's remarkable book No More Alibis was overwhelming. The entire first edition was practically exhausted overnight. Additional printings have been rushed to the breaking point. The glamorous stars of the screen and stage eagerly snatched up the first copies of this amazing book.

You Can Acquire the Beauty
of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful...attractive...glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, No More Alibis.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whiff of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

There is no other book like No More Alibis—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in No More Alibis.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatment right in the privacy of your own home.

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this marvelous book is ridiculously small—only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—now.

If Unobtainable from Your Local Department Store or Book Dealer Use This Coupon

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis" by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose $1.00.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.

Dept. P-4, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1935 97

Acclaim Sylvia's Book

Making her enclose is Sylvia glamorous.

No More Alibis

Sylvia of Hollywood

Screen and Stage Stars
CHAPTER VIII

Much to my surprise the signal for 218 did not flash again. Cooper, I knew, was asleep but I felt sure that Sam Werks would find some legitimate excuse to get me within range of his almost hypnotic influence again.

I was so shaken by what had happened, and so frightened by what I feared might happen, that I arranged with Dorothy Anderson, the other student nurse on my corridor, to service 218 for the balance of the night. I was safeguarding myself against further trouble—or at least I thought I was. The way it turned out I actually let myself in for the most trouble I’ve had in all my life so far. As a matter of fact, I am still having it.

Dorothy laughed at me when I suggested that she take my pet patient. “Honeymoon over?” she asked.

“Don’t ask me why,” I pleaded. “I can’t explain it. Give me a break, will you?”

“O.K. What medication?”

“None, unless called. Werks is practically well and Cooper may sleep right through.”

“I hope so. If he wakes up and thinks I’m you, darling, what’ll I do?”

“Let your conscience be your guide, little one.”

“Sorry—no conscience.”

“Then remember who watches even sparrows like you, and mind your step.”

We were in the floor kitchen. The wind outside was howling, and while we stood there it began to hail. Some of the hail stones came down the tin-lined ventilator over the stove. It sounded like rifle fire against the deeper booming of the wind.

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders as the thunder of the storm drowned our voices.

When there was a lull she said, “Not at all the kind of night one would choose to spend in a row-boat in Lake Michigan.”

“Who would?”

“The coast-guard’s out. I thought you knew. They told us at supper. There’s a freighter pounding on the third bar north of the channel.” She started away. “Not that it matters.”

I knew how much it did matter. Dorothy was engaged to No. 1 surfman of the Muskegon Patrol. Nurses always seem to get their affections tied up with men who have only a temporary lease on life. Fools all of them—nurses, I mean—including me.

I followed her out. A couple of room signals were flashing. No wonder. It was the kind of a night to make anybody jittery, sick or well. 218 was black.

We made the rounds, passing out bed-pans, hot water bottles, and whatever else seemed to be needed. The storm kept up all night and so did we. All the nurses on our shift had a busy evening. In the maternity ward several babies checked in who weren’t expected until the next day.

The ambulance went out at 3:15 and brought us in a coast guard surfman with frozen feet. It wasn’t Dorothy’s Dick.

“I almost wish it was,” she told me. “He’d be safer here and we could save part of him.”

The lad knew her. “Dick’s all right,” he said. “The wreck broke up an hour ago. We saved all but two of the crew.”

The staff surgeon examined his feet and decided to take off three toes. We sent him up to the operating theaters. Tough on the kid—it was before breakfast. We got him some cigarettes, though.

It was after that we got our first chance to sit down and rest a little. Dorothy was looking over the call record.

“Darn funny we didn’t hear from 218 during all that riot. Every other room’s on the sheet.”

“Heavy sleepers, I guess.”

“Just for luck I’ll take a look.” Dorothy was already on her feet and starting down the corridor. I wouldn’t have thought to stop her anyway.

We were in the corridor. I saw her step in the door.

It was about a minute after that I heard her stifled scream.

I wasn’t the only one who heard it. Either. Sister Mary Clemente, at her desk, all the other girls on the floor and an intern making the rounds came rushing to our corridor to find out what was the matter.

We were all standing near to 218 when Dorothy came out. She had the back of her hand over her mouth as if she were still holding back a scream.

SISTER MARY CLEMENTE went to her and put an arm around her. “What is it, my child?” she asked gently.

“One of the patients in 218 is dead. I thought he was asleep and I touched his forehead with my hand. It was quite cold—he’s been dead some time.”

“218?” questioned Sister Mary Clemente.

“What patient?”

“Sister Mary Clemente exclaimed, and turned toward me.

CHAPTER IX

In Sister Mary Clemente’s eyes was a look which I was to see duplicated in the stare of everyone whom I encountered for all the remaining days that I spent in Muskegon. It was a look of mingled inquiry and reproach. She and all the world seemed to think that I should be able to tell how Gregory Cooper had died and why.

The police and the coroner did not enter into the investigation. That was conducted by the hospital staff but the story leaked out to the papers anyway. It was such a sensational follow-up to the account of my operating room wedding that the story could not be entirely quashed. They printed a half-tone photograph of me on the front page of the Muskegon Telegram but it wasn’t a very good one and the Telegram’s engraving department is not up to a very good grade of stuff. Their reproductions looked smudged.

That was the only thing I had to be thankful for, though. From the very beginning no one gave me the benefit of any doubt.

Perhaps they were right but I was youthful litter about it at the time and I felt like a rabbit headed for a blank wall with all the world suddenly turned to dogs in hot pursuit not two jumps behind.

GREGORY COOPER died of an overdose of sodium phenobarbital. I had been the last nurse to administer medication to him—the records showed that. I had free access to the pharmaceutical supplies in the dispensary. That covered opportunity—I could have done it. And on the score of motive I had even Sister Mary Clemente reluctantly against me. She forced herself to recall and testify that the day after my marriage to Gregory Cooper I had remarked that it was an “unlucky break” to find that he was alive. That, coupled with the fact that I would inherit Gregory Cooper’s savings of about $10,000 seemed a very damning piece of evidence. And, finally, the fact that I had arranged with Dorothy Anderson to answer all calls from 218 during the night of Gregory Cooper’s death was construed as a deliberate attempt to have someone else make the discovery. Dorothy looked at me curiously as she told about my actions that night. It was as if she didn’t quite believe I was guilty but yet she couldn’t find any other explanation for my conduct.

As I have said, the investigation was unofficial. But with the evidence against me which came out which would have become a matter for the attention of the police if it had not been for Sam Werks.

The investigation was nearly concluded when he sent word by a nurse that he would like to appear before the board.

They sent a wheel chair for him. He was able to walk all right if he had to but they were being especially considerate.

When the nurse brought him in he grinned, and winked at me.

Sam, as I’ve said, was a lawyer and I knew that he thought he was too smart for the group.

A Londoner now, Fay Wray is making "Alies Bulldog Drummond" for Gaumont British
Nestle LICENSED SHOPS
Protect You Against
the Menace of Re-used Pads!

- If your hair has been injured by permanents—hair falling out, fading, stringy, lusterless or brittle—it will pay you to talk with your Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop. All such Shops are readily identified by the Nestle Certificate—an official appointment that they are always proud to show you.

You Are Protected against unsanitary practices prevailing in many places that use the same pads again and again. These carry unhealthy conditions from the previous woman's hair to yours. When you go to a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop you get a Nestle wave with fresh pads made in the famous Nestle laboratories.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
NEW YORK

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.

Nestle

SCIENTIFIC

PERMANENT WAVE
couldn't understand the sort of traps that lay in my path and the devious trails I would have to follow in order to avoid them.

That was the end of my hospital career. I got out of the dormitory and moved to a furnished room downtown in the Neumcster Building. As I have mentioned I had no real friends and no family. I thought that wouldn't matter much but actually I was terribly lonesome.

Just for companionship, if for nothing else, I tried up and down the length of Western Avenue to get a job—at Daniel's Book Shop, Hardy's Department Store, The Occidental Hotel, The Colonial Tea Room—everywhere. I even applied for domestic service.

But no one seemed to want me. There were too many people out of work already before I joined the ranks of the unemployed and, besides, I suspected that my newspaper publicity hadn't helped any. Perhaps they thought, too, that I had been fired from the hospital. That was too close to the truth for comfort.

I was actually pretty near out of funds when Sam Werks came to my rescue. He had been discharged from the hospital. He limped still—he always had and always would—but he was otherwise all right.

Sam sent for me to come to his office.

"Well, Rachel," he said kindly, "I'm glad to see you again. I missed you at the hospital but I thought about you a great deal and I even managed to conduct your inheritance business from my bed. Through my affiliations in Detroit I have had Gregory Cooper's will probated and the settlement will be made almost any day now."

Sam was all business. I liked him that way. Perhaps I had misjudged him at the hospital. Even there he had gone to bat for me when I certainly had no other prospect of escaping from a serious situation.

I thanked him for what he had done.

"Nothing at all," he denied graciously.

"You have my eternal gratitude."

He thought of that for a moment. "Sometimes I may make some claim on it—not now. In the meantime, until your inheritance arrives, you must let me finance you."

I started to protest.

"This is merely an advance on your inheritance," he said. "You are my client and heirress. I shall get a good fee for hanging your business. How much do you want?" I accepted a few dollars. And when I was gone I reluctantly went to ask him more. He gave it to me without any question, couldn't just understand Sam Werks in a phase. He was kind, considerate and expiative. Never a word was said between us which could be construed as anything but business. And unless I went to his office I could not see him at all. I wondered, cynical myself, if I could have lost my kick and decided to consider an application to the old lady's home.

CHAPTER XI

An attorney from Detroit arrived one morning after supper with the papers for my sign. I attended to that in Sam Werks' office and the attorney turned over a bank draft for the amount—$10,000, less court costs. A week later the attorney gave the Detroit lawyer a check for his share of the fee and the latter left to catch the eleven o'clock Pere Marquette train for Chicago where he said he had some business.

When he had gone Sam handed me the draft.

"But I owe you a lot for your fee," I said.

"O.K. You can pay me as soon as you get a bank account of your own, or—" he added an afterthought, "if you like I can deposit it to my account and give you a check for the difference."

That sounded like a better arrangement for me so I endorsed the draft over to him and didn't know anything about such things to have to show me how.

"Write on this end of the draft," he said, and dictated the words, "Pay only to the order of Samuel Werks."

Then he gave me his check for $9,463.11 and I knew the exact amount because I have it. For me at that time it seemed to represent a very large sum of money. I was slightly dazed by the mere sound of so many figures. I thanked Sam profusely.

"Without you," I said, "I never would have cared this.
That's true," he said, "but I couldn't see a

The paper in my hands trembled a little, but I could read what was written on it.

Memorandum Concerning The Death of Gregory Cooper;
Gregory Cooper died on the night of
December 3, 1916, as a result of an

Memorandum is merely for the
record and will be deposited in my vault
at the Hackley Union National Bank,
marked: "To be opened except in case
of death."

This memorandum is merely for the
record and will be deposited in my vault
at the Hackley Union National Bank,
marked: "To be opened except in case
of death."

Under such circumstances it will be
advisable to investigate any
connection between my demise and the activi-

VITALITY
health shoes

SALLY

PHYLIS

VITALITY

of VITALITY

- Vitality Health Shoes with their Charmed Circle of Smartness, Fit, Vitality and Economy keep feet happy, postures more erect and graceful, and faces brighter - free from the little tell-tale signs of "foot-fag."

BY HER EYES THAT
"foot-fag"

DOESN'T TELL ON HER FEET

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
can cramp your style and sense of well-

"FOOT-FAG," that little energy-robiner,
I kept looking at the paper long after I had finished reading it. Across my memory like the flashing lights of explosives were the events of the past few weeks which had made it possible for this man to dare to write that document. Particularly I remembered my dislike of him as a patient in the hospital, —how I had hated to touch him and my instinctive revulsion at his kiss. I had thought at the time that he had sensed my antipathy. Now I knew that he had—and that his damaged ego had cried aloud for a revenge that would humble me to my knees—and perhaps to his.

In the language of the old fashioned melodrama, Samuel Werks seemed to have me in his power. I felt an inspirational caution warned me to control my Irish temper. That would be playing the scene along the conventional lines that he was doubtless prepared for.

So I didn't stand up with flashing eyes and crumple the paper into a ball and throw it out the window. That would have been his cue to say that it was only a carbon copy of the real document, and I had noticed that myself. Instead I got my expression fully under control and finally looked at him.

"Well," I said, "where do we go from here?"

He searched my eyes for a second to see what I meant. He guessed wrong. "I live at the Hamilton Apartments."

"Oh, did you think just because you wrote out this interesting short, short story which neither one of us believes that I would be anxious to move in with you?"

"Not move in—just call occasionally."

"I see. I had thought you were proposing an honorable marriage so that you could get my money."

"My dear Rachel, don't be stupid." He held up the Detroit bank draft. "I already have your money. That check I gave you in exchange isn't good unless I deposit this in the same bank and I'm thinking seriously of shifting my account. No, I am not the grasping character you think. I want you for yourself alone."

THERE was one other girl in the same document as myself but for an entirely different reason. Her name was Louella Whiteman and her complexion was a very deep shade of African black. She was the niece of a wealthy negro who had invented a process for curbing kinky hair. Louella was taking the complete beauty course with the idea that she would become a national demonstrator of her aunt soon to be decided brunettes.

I took pity on Louella—or she took pity on me—I'm not sure exactly which way it was. Anyway I let her practice on me. She was profoundly grateful and became from the very beginning of our association the only true friend of my own sex that I had ever known.

Louella admired everything about me as she tried to imitate me in all she did—rather large order considering that she weighed 156 pounds and stood five feet nine inches.

She was especially delighted with my complexion which is very fair and she was desirous to bleach her hair.

"Honey, Miss Rachel, you ain't no'your司法. To my notion a woman should be a white or all black. You jes' let Louella do it for you."

Well, I gave in finally. What did I care what color my hair was? Louella promised to do a fine job.

She did but she got her formulas mixed somehow. Maybe she put some of the red on the black. How I don't know.

Anyway the result was a very peculiar shade of white—there was a little blue in it.
Your skin looks its loveliest the first time you make up for the evening—never quite so clear and fresh after you dab on more powder.

With Marvelous Face Powder, you don’t need constant repowdering—because Marvelous stays on. All evening long, your complexion stays Mirror Fresh—as soft and smooth as when you left your mirror.

Remarkable? Of course it is. Marvelous is the discovery of the Richard Hudnut laboratories. It contains an ingredient that makes it cling longer than any powder you ever tried.

Try it yourself—let your own mirror tell the tale! We’ll send you generous sample boxes in four different shades. Just send 6c in stamps and your name and address to Richard Hudnut, Department 7, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Or don’t wait. Stop in at the nearest drug or department store. The name is Marvelous. The maker is Richard Hudnut. And the price—just 55c!

New Discovery
Richard Hudnut
Makes Face Powder Stay On From 4 to 6 Hours
(by actual test)
Where Is My Wandering Playwright?

[Continued from page 75]

sitting pretty. Nugent was a definitely proven and valuable asset to my business. He was an actor-playwright who knew his way around in the theater. "The Poor Nut" was only his second play. "Kempy," his first, had also been a success. It was reasonable for me to assume that in the future he would write and act in a number of plays which I would produce. It was also logical to believe that a fair percentage of these still-unwritten plays would be hits, that the profits from the hits would far exceed the losses on the flops.

No dice. In 1928 I lost my first blue chip to a new and ruthless competitor who suddenly appeared to sit in on the showman's game which I had found to be so exciting and so profitable. This new player was the producer of talking pictures. He had a world market for his goods as against the limited number of customers left to me on Broadway and in a few of the other major Kliatos of the road. This talking picture producer could and did offer Nugent fifteen hundred dollars a week for a year of his services as a writer, actor and director. Nugent, sensibly enough, decided to take the assurance of seventy-eight thousand dollars for a year's work as against the known and dangerous gamble of a Broadway production. Nugent has remained in Hollywood since 1928 and is today one of the town's leading directors. As one pal to another I have been sincerely delighted with his success. As a Broadway showman, however, I haven't been able to regard his Hollywood career with any particular enthusiasm for since Nugent was classed by me as a reward of a weekly talking picture pay check I have not received from him a single play script which I could produce on Broadway.

With the usual gambler's optimism I went looking for another blue chip when my first was taken from me. I found it, this time in the person of Edwin Burke and a comedy he had written which he called "This Thing Called Love." Burke is a sensitive soul who was practically bruised into writing a play for Broadway. He had been first an actor in the theater, then a director and then the author of eighty-four vaudeville sketches. All of these sketches, from one to eighty-three, were hits. Number eighty-four was a flop. Burke, ashamed and disconsolate, immediately decided that vaudeville was a business which could not be depended upon and forthwith wrote his first full length play. I gloated a bit as I studied past performances and figured that I could count at least eighty-three more plays from Burke before despair at his own ineptitude would turn his creative talent to another task.

So what happened? So "This Thing Called Love" was a hit, picture sale and all— from which Burke collected a small fortune in author's royalties. So Burke, in 1928, was signed by Fox Films as a writer and has been collecting large annual fortunes from that firm ever since. So Burke, one of the grand people of the theatre, sold his personal boy wonder with a written play since he went to Hollywood. So it began to dawn on me that the talking picture boys were successfully playing me for a good natured sucker.

I knew then that the cards were stacked against me, but the game was still the only one that was being played in my town. I sat in for some more of the same. I got it, exactly the same.

This time I ruffled through the hundreds of manuscripts that passed over my desk and finally drew one that gave me more personal pleasure, as a player in the game of showmanship, than any other I had handled. This one was a script which had been around and about. Its covers were a bit frayed with travel in search of production. Every producer on Broadway had had a look at it and as smart a showman as John Golden had tried the play and found it wanting in an Atlantic City production.

After looking at the play on a try-out stage Golden decided that it wouldn't do for Broadway.

That script gave me ideas. I passed these notions along to the author. They jelled. I produced the play. It was a hit, "Klitzter" by name. There was a season on Broadway, another on the road and a $50,000 picture sale. Jo Swerling, the author, signed as a writer with Columbia Pictures after "Klitzter" was produced in New York. Since that time there have been no plays by Jo Swerling on a Broadway stage.

A less personal example. Anyone challenged to name the five most successful Broadway managers would certainly include Sam Harris and John Golden in that select group. They belong, by the record of many years of successful showmanship. But let's take a look at the record since 1928, that year when the talkies first began their raid on Broadway.

Since 1928 John Golden has had three smash hits. They were "Let Us Be Gay," "As Husbands Go" and "When Ladies Meet." All three were written by Rachel Crothers, Miss Crothers, one of the smartest writing craftsmen of the theater, didn't go to Hollywood until 1934. Catch on? Since 1928 Sam Harris has had his usual series of S. R. O. productions. They have included "June Moon," "Once in a Lifetime," "Of Thee I Sing," "Dinner at Eight," "As Thousands Cheer" and "Merrily We Roll Along." All of these with the exception of "As Thousands Cheer" had the benefit of George S. Kaufman as collaborator and as a director. Kaufman refused fabulous sums to desert Broadway for Hollywood. Catch on? I did. As a result I am now in Hollywood engaged in this new show business that is known as talking pictures.

A final example. There are, according to rumors which reach the Pacific Coast, a couple of smash hits on Broadway today. One of them is Sidney Howard's dramatization of S. N. Behrman's "Dodsworth." Howard reversed the usual process. He deserted Hollywood for Broadway. Another is "Merrily We Roll Along." This is the work of the previously mentioned Kaufman and Moss Hart, and who returned to Broadway after only a brief appearance in the Hollywood gold fields.

The third is "The Farmer Takes a Wife," by Paul Elser and Marc Connolly. Connolly's was only occasional appearances, and they were for short and special assignments, in a Hollywood producer's office. "Valley Forge," Maxwell Anderson. Anderson is also one part time contributor to Hollywood's dead writing talent.

The fifth and sixth plays among this list are "The Children's Hour" by Lila Hellman and "Personal Appearance" Lawrence Riley. Both of these latter authors are represented on Broadway this season in the first time in their writing careers. They have written plays which are Broadway successes.

And where are these wandering playwrights who discovered at last and exploited by the public search and the production skill of their New York managers? The answer to a silly question is that both Miss Hellman and Mr. Riley, smart folks that they are, now receive each week a large check for services rendered the talking picture impresarios.

There isn't any doubt that such as Miss Hellman and Mr. Riley are smart. Do, however, ask me my opinion of the probable result of an L. O. test of the modern Broadway showman. Many of the boys are old pros.
There's Gold in Those Frills

[Continued from page 56]

me $250,000 for them, figures not inflated.

It has long suffered with a phobia against practical singer-bread picture clothes as worn on some of our nicest actresses. Thinks treatment worn on the screen has such profound influence on the fashions of the world should be practical and in impeccable taste. Small. There is really nothing you mention that he didn't do and do very

He has been captured by RKO on a contract, as it may be New York every six months. The reason Bernie turned out to be a dresser, in spite of his nice leathery look, is because the family had an obsession against his getting in the business. So after school was over, Bernie spent the first two years trying to be a dress-maker, and had the hundred jobs, starting with office boy Eddie Small. There is really nothing you mention that he didn't do and do very

So he gave up and became a designer.

And so, with a quivering sigh of regret, I kiss Bernie to you ... and invite you to be at some of his "Roberta" creations on May 2 and 3.

THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing — eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed.

Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Write for free illustrated booklet
There was something so real about her, so different from most of the "little girls" around that great white way. Her hair was real and her smile was real and her charm was real. You could see that she hoped you would like her, that she had fun tap-dancing, but she didn't make any of those synthetic attempts at fascination of which we had grown so weary. While she danced, Texas came out and sat down at the table where Jimmy Quirk and May Allison and Richard Dix and I were having supper.

There never was and there never will be any—one just like Texas Guinan. Her place on Broadway's page is a large one. She had been, of course, a chorus girl and a musical comedy star, in tights. She had been a movie star in wild westerns. She called every celebrity in New York by his or her first name, her house on 8th Street was so crowded with what-nots and frilled pillows you couldn't move but the intelligentsia fought to get inside. She was hard-headed and a little rough around the edges, but she was Broadway's heart of gold just the same and everybody loved her.

There can't be any question that Texas was very, very important in the life of Ruby Keeler.

"She's the nicest girl I've ever had," Texas said, while she sipped a tall glass of Vichy water—Tex sold prohibition booze but nobody ever saw her take a drink of it—and she's got great talent. You watch—she'll go places. Level-headed little thing, honest and regular and on the level in everything. But she's Irish. She'll be great if she just doesn't go and fall in love with the wrong guy. Now, she doesn't care anything about 'em—but she's the kind once she falls in love, she'll be sunk completely.

Texas was right—when Ruby Keeler fell in love, nothing else in the world mattered. No, no, no. Drifting there while little Ruby danced with inspired feet, Texas told us something of her history.

An Irish girl, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The oldest in a family of six girls and one boy. Probably there never has been a more typical Irish Catholic family than Ruby Keeler's. They were a complete world unto themselves. They laughed, wept, suffered, fought, played and worked together. They were poor and they had always been poor and thought very little about it one way or the other. That didn't keep the household from enjoying life right up to the hilt and having a swell, uprootless time. The babies came fast and as Ruby was the oldest she carried baby sisters around on one hip and pushed perambulators and helped wash little shirts, like any other good Irish girl in a big Irish family.

"Ruby's a great comfort to me," her mother always said while to the other Irish mothers who came in for a cup of tea in the clean little house in New York, into which they had moved when Ruby was only three.

Of course she was a little beauty, but the family thought very little about that. When people raved about her to Mrs. Keeler, the mother said shortly. "She's well enough when she's clean," and pinned Ruby's handkerchief on her clean little dress and sent her off to school.

Dancers, I think, are born not made.
day. It is that sincerity which makes her a fine artist, a unique personality.

In my day, I have tried "Flirtation Walk" and to be frank, been kissed under the Kissing Rock. I have also known a good many officer's daughters. I do not know any other screen actress today who could have played the General's daughter and made me believe it the way Ruby Keeler did in "Flirtation Walk." She was, first of all, a lady. You knew it. She looked and moved and spoke like the girl who goes to West Point, to hogs. The little girl out of Texas Guinan's night club looked more like a lady, behaved with more real charm and gracious manner than a lot of the Hollywood girls who didn't come out of night clubs.

It amazed me.

I hope they'll give Ruby Keeler a chance to do something big someday soon. I think she might easily be another Ruth Chatterton. The charm is there, and the heart quality.

There was a time when Ruby Keeler was spoken of always as Al Jolson's wife.

Now the wits around Hollywood kid Al by telling him that if he doesn't watch out, he'll become Ruby Keeler's husband.

He became Ruby Keeler's husband not so very long after they met, and they sailed away to Europe on a honeymoon, and Broadway says that the "Big Shot" went down and watched the boat sail and gave them both his blessing. He wanted Ruby to be happy—and she was.

BROADWAY is not apt to predict success and happiness for marriage.

Broadway love hasn't always ended happily. But Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler appear to be the shining exception.

Perhaps the answer is in the quiet, companionable life they lead.

Funny, Ruby hasn't been in a night club but once since she left the El Fey, where she danced every night for nearly three years. She says she doesn't like night clubs.

I sat just behind Al and Ruby at the fights in Hollywood one night. She was wrapped in a beige polo coat, a small soft hat was pulled down over her brown hair, she had on very little make-up. She sat very close to Al, her shoulder pressed against his, and every few minutes she looked up into his face with those enormous eyes. And he would smile down at her and pat her hand.

You seldom see the Jolsons in Hollywood. They never go to parties, they never go to restaurants. They stay at home, and they play golf, and they are always together. Every Tuesday and Friday night they go to the fights and sit side by side in the front row. Their Toki Lake residence is very lovely and is what Ruby calls "home."

They have travelled a great deal since their marriage, and almost always together, and the telephone company does a land office business when professional reasons keep them the width of the continent apart.

When she married Al Jolson, Ruby—who had been a big hit in "Whoopee"—gave up her career. She wanted just to be Mrs. Al Jolson and for quite a long time that's what she was.

But it didn't keep her busy, and Al was working, and he didn't object. So, after turning down any number of offers, she went to Warner Brothers for "42nd Street" and became a star before the picture was released.

For herself, for her dancing, for her art as an actress, for her development and her amazing ability to remain natural and to survive the Night Club Era, for being a successful wife to a temperamental artist—

I think we ought to give this little girl a hand,
Hollywood, My Hollywood

[continued from page 71]

asparagus dropped from his grasp, falling into the plate with a dull "squash." As Bing and I crushed our napkins to our mouths, Bill arose from the table in injured Fieldston dignity. He made a courteous bow.

"Madame," he said gallantly, "you are mistaken. I am not the funny man. I AM Baby LeRoy."

A

UTOGRAPH books in hand, the stout young lady and her friends watched the departure of the indignant comedian with loud regrets. "Now he's mad!" confided the stout young lady, "and I knew he was W. C. Fields all the time. Well, anyway, you can autograph our books, Bing. We got you once before, but we might just as well have you again. Land sakes, what are you eatin'? Don't you know you'll get fat if you eat like that at noon? You movie stars have to watch your figures, you know. 'Course you're a crooner, and you have the radio, and I read in a magazine that you don't care so much anyway."

She might have rambled on indefinitely if she hadn't suddenly spied me. She pointed an accusing finger. "Is that your stand-in?" she demanded of Bing.

"Oh, him," says Bing. "No, he's only a writer."

Good old Bing. The stout young lady never looked at me again. Nobody looks at writers anyway.

Back in front of the Fields' dressing room we tarried for a moment while Bing warbled feelingly:

"Mr. Fields regrets he'll be unable to lunch today, Madame..."

Inside we found dear old Bill in the throes of indigestion. He was lying on his chaise lounge, sipping a spot of brandy.

"Have a nip, boys, have a nip. Hamlet, bring the boys a nip." We protested—mildly, "Best thing in the world for you, boys, best thing in the world for you after a terrible experience like that. Yes, indeedy!"

As we sipped our libations, Bing continued with feeling:

"Never again for me, boys. I'm through. A movie actor hasn't got as much privacy as a gold fish. No, indeedy. Henceforth, Fields eats right here." W. C. was most emphatic.

I remonstrated. "Why, Bing, you're really too sensitive. You'll ruin an old Hollywood custom. For twenty years now, watching actors eat has been one of our most alluring sports for tourists. They love it. It's just like going on a scavenger hunt. It's exciting, Bing, and more fun!"

Like all comedians, Bing failed to see the humor of the game. "Let's look at the other side—the tourists!"

JUST imagine a jolly little crowd of boys and girls sitting around the hotel room with nothing to do. They've seen all the mansions where the movie stars live; Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on the beach one day; Wally Beery buying Carol Ann a doll in the Broadway; a Chinese theater opening and Sri Grauman; Peter the Hermit; a woman who looked like Greta Garbo in dark glasses getting out of an old Lincoln; the Hollywood Bowl; Clark Gable petting his horse at the race track; those cute little drive-in eating places where you sit in your car; Mae West on the boulevard wearing white pajamas, a white coat and a white tam; the Japanese gardens; C. B. DeMille's yacht at Catalina; the Friday night fights; Jean Harlow and William Powell dancing at the Coconut Grove; Marlene Dietrich strolling in her masculine pants—what in the world can we do now? What else is there to see?

Baby Jane gets pretty tired waiting for grown-ups to rehearse their lines. She considered standing on the soap box and orating against it. But decided it was much wiser, after all, to sit down and rest and look pleasant about it all.
It's a disconsolate crowd until the life of the party leaps to his feet with a yell. I have it!”

And the tour groups are back again.

Ever since I can remember this has been the universal call of the tourist. What sport! A pack of hunters get no more thrill out of the chase when the hounds have the fox cornered than do the Hollywood tourists when they find their quarry in the midst of his or her folio.

To deprive them of this game would be a sin. Why, I know of folks who have been coming out to Hollywood for years, who can remember that in the good old days Norma and Constance Talmadge feasted on weiner schnitzel and chicken paprika at the Hoffman Round Table, that Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett and Roscoe Arbuckle ate filet mignon and steak sandwiches in the wee morning hours at Vernon, that Doug Fairbanks and Bill Hart never ate lunch in order to keep their athletic figures, that Charlie Chaplin, Mickey Nellan, Richard Dix, Norman Kerry, Lew Cody and the rest of the boys usually dined at Al Levy's, and that Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost went on a pineapple-and-lamb-chop diet when they became famous bathing beauties.

A DEAR old lady from Sharon, Pennsylvania, told me that she got to know Bob at Levy's, Jerry at Vernon, Albert at the Alexandria and Fritz at the Hoffman Round Table very well indeed, and that they always gave her the lowdown on what the actors liked to eat, and their manners and such. Fancy that!

But, like so many things, times have changed for the worse.

Even the studios have clamped down severely on the tourists.

With the advent of sound, the visitors had to be kept off the stages. The harassed exotics only gave out passes to the studio restaurants to soothe the wounded feelings of exhibitors' friends from back home.

Soon the tourists outnumbered the actors. I got so that the hungry actors coming off the sets had to stand around and watch the tourists eat. Instead. Today, it's almost as tough an assignment for a visiting fireman to crash a studio restaurant at noon as it is to get Greta Garbo's autograph in a scavenger hunt.

Hollywood restaurants do a thriving business with the tourists. Spots like the Brown Derby, Al Levy's Tavern and Saradi's in the heart of Hollywood are usually jammed to the doors every noon with sporting tourists who are willing to pay to watch the actors eat, and actors who don't mind eating to be seen. Those who haven't the price, or, having it, won't part with it, add to these delightfully informal affairs by milling around outside the entrances.

Even such swanky spots as the Vendome in Hollywood, the Victor Hugo and Brown Derby in Beverly Hills get their share of the trade, but there is no "standing room only" permitted.

This eat-to-see-and-be-seen business is so good that Hollywood ticket brokers are thinking of selling tickets to the affairs.

Hollywood restaurateurs are shrewd business men. While they never permit their star guests to be annoyed too much by excited sightseers, neither do they discourage the good old custom of watching your favorite star in the art of putting on the feed bag. Today, it's all done in such good taste. One is permitted to ask one's waiter: "Who's that dame over there in the booth with Dick Powell? The beautiful brunette, I mean?"

"That's Mary Brian," the deferential waiter assures you, "but please don't point."

If you look like a good tip, the waiter may

**How thousands of modern women are now avoiding**

**Graying Hair!**

**A Starting New Development now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre! We invite you to TEST IT FREE on a single lock from your hair... Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.**

Now, in an unheard-of short time, you can transform gray hair into youthful loveliness. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience—no "skin-test" required. This method is SAFE. Medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above. That is all! No mess—no fuss—no fears. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

Color imparted by Mary T. Goldman's has the warm lustre of nature's own. No matter what the natural color of your hair, Mary T. Goldman's blends so evenly that detection need never be considered. Will not wash out—fades with time, nor rub off on clothing and linens. You can wave or curl your hair just as always.

Developed by a leading scientist this new Mary T. Goldman's places gray hair coloration on an entirely new plane. You are not asked to take our word for it, but to believe a single statement in this advertisement without a fair, free trial.

Send us the coupon below. We will supply you FREE with a sufficient quantity to test on a small lock snipped from your hair. You need not pay a penny nor risk a thing to prove it.

If you prefer, your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle. Money-back guarantee.

Mail the coupon now for your FREE Single Lock Test Package.
Will he remember your EYES? He can't forget their beauty if you use Maybelline on your LASHES.

More than any other feature, your eyes express YOU. When he meets you, the first things he looks at is your eyes. If they are beautiful and attractive, they will be what he remembers most when he thinks of you. So, make them unforgettable by using pure, harmless Maybelline. Just a touch of this delightful mascara, and your lashes instantly appear long, dark and luxuriant. Your eyes become lovely, bewitching pools ... brilliant, fascinating, indescibably charming.

But, you must use genuine Maybelline, otherwise the effect is not at all what it should be. Moreover, Maybelline is the tear-proof, non-scratching, harmless mascara that has won the unconditional approval of Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Obtainable in Black, Brown and Blue in a stunning metal vanity, 75¢, at all leading drug and department stores.

even condescend to whisper, "That's Myrna Loy sitting two tables to the left," or, "Don't look now, but Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are right back of you"—as he serves the entree.

That's how it's done in Hollywood today. Genteel, I call it.

Of the theory of gastronomic sensitivity, Hollywood is today a house divided. Like Bill Fields, there are many stars who act like a stag at bay if set upon when eating in public. Those with the sensitive tummies have retired to the privacy of their dressing rooms for the midday meals.

Seldom do the tourists ever catch sight of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Mae West, John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, Grace Moore, Claudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, or George Arliss in the studio restaurants. Garbo never.

Others, mostly the men, don't seem to mind. One can see Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and George Raft at Paramount; Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Wally Beery at M-G-M.

Francis Lederer, Fred Astaire, Wheeler and Woolsey, Richard Dix at RKO; Jimmy Cagney, Pat O’Brien, Dick Powell, George Brent at Warners.

Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe and Vic McGlaglen at Fox; Dick Arlen, Charles Laughton, Maurice Chevalier, Adolphe Menjou and William Powell wherever they happen to be working.

But you'll find all of these patronizing the plain and fancy cooking in the studio commissaries almost any noon hour. Among the women, Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy, Joan Blondell, Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow and Kay Francis never seem to mind the lookers.

Above all, Hollywood's gift to the tourists is Jack Oakie. He is Hollywood's Chamber of Commerce rolled right up into one guy. It's a great sight to watch Oakie emerge from an eating spot to greet the admiring tourists with his "Hyah, folks! How y’doin’? You don’t say so! You’re from Sedalia. My ol’ home town. How’s Lema and the babies don’t? You don’t tell me! They’re as tall as I am. Well, well, it don’t seem possible, ma’am. Why, you don’t look old enough to have a boy and a girl in high school. Reckon Uncle Jack is gettin’ old himself."

FLASHING that wide Oakie grin, the effervescent Jack reaches for the inevitable autograph book, signs with a flourish and makes his exit through the crowd, shouting: "Best regards, from Mrs. Oakie’s boy, Jack. S’long, folks."

But, as I told Bill and Bing while we sipped our libations in the Fields dressing room, the tourists really don’t have the fun they had in the good old Hollywood days when everything was free and easy. It was possible for a tourist to sit down at a table in a studio restaurant to lunch with a pretty extra girl, an Indian, a property man and a famous actor, at the same time.

We all rubbed shoulders in those grandly democratic days.

"That's for a feller's taste," opined Bill.

"Now, when I eat asparagus I don't care to have a lot of people I don't know stand around watching me. No, indeedy."

Again I remonstrated. "That's where you have something to learn, Bill. You're an artist, a pantomist. You should have seen a famous author the night she ate the asparagus in the public restaurant. There, William, was a sight for the gods. Ah, how delicately she held the luscious stalks of asparagus, smothered in Hollandaise, between the thumb and fingers of her LONG WHITE GLOVES!"

"Oh, for those good old days, boys. You were too young, Bing, and you were on Broadway, Bill. Those good old days when 'most everybody in Hollywood made Western pictures, and went on beautiful far-away locations. The chuck wagons with their steaming hot food—beef stew, potatoes, frijoles, hot bread and apple pie. And, the rallying cry: 'Come and get it!'"

Bill jumped up from his chaise lounge. His eyes gleamed with sudden fervor.

"That's the idea!" he cried. "Tomorrow, we go on location, boys. We'll take my trailer. Hamlet can cook the grub, and we'll come and get it!"

Next morning early found Fields, Crosby and Condon comfortably ensconced in the Fields trailer, bound for a desert location. We had everything, easy chairs, radio, magazines, food and the proper appetizers.

Came noon.

"Lunch hour."

We were far, far from the rude and curious gaze of tourists, we thought.

We sought out a hidden nook beyond some huge canyon rocks. Here we made merry in our hour of privacy while the faithful Hamlet prepared the meal.

At a pre-arranged signal our host mounted a rock, beat on a pan in the approved ranch fashion and invited us in stentorian tones to "Come and get it!"

We did.

WE dove into the stew and the beans. Boy, it was swell. Beat the studio commissary or the Brown Derby a mile. This is the life.

Bill and I heard a sudden gasp. We looked up at Bill. He was transfixed, dumbfounded, flabbergasted and tongue-tied. We turned. Right back of us stood two girls and two men, all grous and eagerness.

"This is right nice of you picture folks," said the spokesman, whose name turned out to be Roy.

"Course we've had our lunch as the girls thought it would be nice to drive up here and picnic."

One of the girls, Elsie I think it was, broke in hurriedly. "Oh, we know who you are. We've been taking in Hollywood. We're from Arkansas, you know, and you are almost the only stars we didn't get to see. You're Bing Crosby and you're the funny man, W. C. Fields—and, and . . ."

I interrupted. "No," I said sternly, "I am not his stand-in. I'm a writer." That crack let me out, as usual.

"Well, anyway," she rattled on, "we can't eat any more lunch, but we want your autographs, and we'll sit here and just watch you eat."

Let's draw a merciful curtain over the return trip in the trailer.

I've been around.

I've heard stevelovery in 'Frisco, roundabouts in New Orleans, lumberjacks in Canada, and mule-skinners in Mexico express themselves forcibly and fluently. And oh how forcibly and fluently!

BUT, for sheer beauty of feeling, colorful vehemence, and emphatic expression, I select Bill Fields' sole contribution to the camp conversation as the tourists moved in:

"Well, I'll be damned!"
Meandering Mitzi
[continued from page 69]

on them! You may now go into a corner
delicate and make shame!
I have discovered the best thing possible for
me of my temperament: buy jewels! At least,
that’s what Marlene Dietrich does with her
money, and if it’s good enough for her,
it’s good enough . . . et cetera! Well, any-
way, I stretched my shell-pink ears the
other evening and caught a bit of conver-
sation between the super-special beauty and a
friend, who, like me, was dazzled by Miss
Dietrich’s new bauble; a diamond necklace
with a cabochon emerald in the center that I’m
sure must weigh thirty carats!
Miss Dietrich had a very logical bit of
reasoning behind the purchase. “In Holly-
wood,” she says, “everyone buys a beautiful
one. I would rather have jewels to wear. I
joy them more, and they don’t depreciate.”
Joan, you know that mansion I was con-
dering, well, I’m deciding on a hunk of rubies
soon.

Over at the M-G-M lot, some time back,
there were two distinct schools of thought.
One, who felt the longish picture, “David
Ipperfeild,” should be released in two sec-
tions, and those that felt it should be cut.
Instead, it went out as it was. I had the
time of my life, once, watching them make a big
one right at the end, where Uriah Heep’s
illness is exposed. Oooh, such villainy! I
ever got villainous myself. I spied several
shaming old-fashioned knick-knacks on the
set that anyone would covet, and actually had
sat on my hands!

WHEN the picture was previewed, I got an
invitation. It was like a gala opening,
life evening clothes, microphones, cameras
and crowds. And a corking cinema!
Speaking of good pictures, I grow tender at
the thought of “Sequita.” I not only saw it
reviewed, but I went up into the mountains
for a couple of weeks and lived with the com-
pany while they were making it. I needed a
holiday at the time, and there’s nothing nicer
than the giant redwoods of Sequoia National
Park, especially when a lot of your friends are

there on location. Every day we went out
with the puma and the deer, away up in the
wilds, and there we shot if the cloud forma-
tions were right, and there we sat if they weren’t.
Sometimes, too, one of the animals didn’t want
to work, so again we would sit and commune
with nature. We did an awful lot of the latter,
but the glorious air and scenery made it easy.

A MHH! The night life was wicked! We sat
around the stove in the main room of the
rickety hotel, swapped stories, wrote letters,
and called our families long distance! Ten
o’clock, lights went out. Came the dawn and
we were shivering on our way to some moun-
tain top, there to wait and hope that both our
four-legged friends and a few fluffy little clouds
would do a sister act. They usually didn’t, and
that’s why the picture took two years to be
completed. But didn’t it turn out lovely? I’d
like to wrap it up and take it home!

And another very pretty picture, “A Mid-
summer Night’s Dream.” I loved the presen-
tation in the Hollywood Bowl (member, I
wrote you?), so of course I had to see it in the
making at Warners. I picked a daisy of a day.
Bronislava Nijinsky, sister of the dance genius
Nijinsky, was directing a fanciful ballet that
included dark Oberon and his horde of weird
creatures, and startling contrast, delicate,
lovely dancing fairies with silver wings and
glistening bodies. The awesome, majestic
Oberon, with trees sprouting from his head, had
a floating, black, cloudy train from under
which captivated golden spirits darted. He
drove a chariot drawn by his frightful looking
subjects who had sickly green or death white
faces. I was throwing shutters right and left when
suddenly, as the scene finished, they removed
their “faces” and I discovered they were clever
masks of thin, skin-tight rubber!

Next moment, another surprise. A tiny,
sparkling bit of a fairy, who, a moment before,
was sipping nectar from a clover top, came
running up, calling, “Mama, mama! My
panties is falling off!”

Yours for keeps,

Mitzi

YOUR LIPS

can live an
exciting life!

Thrilling proof of the cosmetic
genius of Helen Rubinstein—her
incomparable lipsticks! . . .

lipsticks either paint or stain—they have
ugly purple undertones. They lack that
warmth and softness so essential to
allure. Many are harsh, drying, chapping
—destructive to natural lip moisture.

But Helen Rubinstein has discovered
an element which nourishes—a new
secret ingredient which adds a moist
glairn—a youthful lustre to your lips.
Like a glowing flame her lipstick excites
your whole personality with its living
color. Glorious shades: Red Geranium, Red
Poppy, Red Raspberry, Red Coral
and “Evening”. They stay on!—.50
1.00—1.25 . . . Rouge to match lipstick.
Vibrantly youthful; adherent. 1.00, 2.00.

Veil Your Skin in Cool Loveliness
Powders by Helen Rubinstein are the result of
years of scientific research—all for your
skin’s beauty and the enhancement of its
charm. Delicate beyond belief. 1.00, 1.50.

Glorify Your Eyes
Persian Mascara, glamorous! Will not smart
the most sensitive eyes. Black, Brown, Blue
and (new) Blue-Green. 1.00, 1.50. Eyelash
Grower and Darkener. 1.00.

"First Steps to Beauty"
Special Combination Set
Pasteurized Face Cream and
Beauty Grains—1.00.

Limited offer—to introduce this miracle home
beauty treatment to a million more women!
These two preparations give your skin the
active benefits of Helen Rubinstein’s greatest
scientific beauty discoveries!

Pasteurized Face Cream does more than
cleanse, freshen, soften and protect—it youn-
ifies! Acts quickly—easily—on your face, neck,
arms and hands. To smooth lines and wrinkles
away—to transform your skin . . . Beauty
Grains—a stimulating complexion wash used
with water or a teaspoonful of milk. Black-
heads and whiteheads ended—pores refined—
skin renewal speeded—texture softened—oil
glands normalized—by its definite remedial
properties!

MAIL SERVICE . . . If there is no Helen
Rubinstein dealer in your community—order by
mail. Consultation by mail is also welcomed.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th Street • New York

Copyright 1935, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.
SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

ALICE BRADY

THE studios were causing a revolution among the ivory-trackers in the motion picture industry by sending musical synopses with each film. Now "Hearts and Flowers" must give way to a Liszt sonata, and the movie pianist was told that a Chopin nocturne, and not "Sheridan's Ride" must be played during the love scenes in the fifth reel. The synopses called for from thirty to forty changes of score per film. The favorites whose portraits were carried in this issue included Doris May, Agnes Ayres, MarieWal- lace, Margery Daw, Mildred Harris and Alice Brady. Alice is the only one still prominent in films. The current romance was Priscilla Dean and screen actor Wheeler Oakman. They were married, divorced and she has married again since then. Jim Kirkwood has stopped directing to return to the screen as an actor. His come-back success was "The Luck of the Irish." A page of hat models showed Constance Binney making her own creations. Myl the ladies wore funny big hats in those days. Will the 1935 models look that silly in 1950? A story on Mary Pickford described her philanthropic work for an orphanage. In "The Shadow Stage" Miss Pickford's film "Pollyanna" was given a very favorable review. Among the other best pictures of the month were: "Overland Red," with Harry Carey; Alla Nazimova in "Stronger Than Death," E. K. Lincoln in "Desert Gold," "Six Best Cellars," with Bryant Washburn. "Double Speed," starring Wally Reed and Wanda Hawley.

On the cover was Pearl White.

10 Years Ago

CONSTANCE BENNETT

ELINOR GLYN was in Hollywood supervising the filming of her story "Man and the Maid." She complained that she couldn't properly cast the "maid" because she needed a blonde with tragic, sorrowful eyes for the role, and all the Hollywood blondes looked too happy! Gloria Swanson had just married her Marquis, and all Hollywood was a quiver over the title. PHOTOPLAY carried a story on it: "What next, Gloria?" You know the answer. Incidentally, the Marquis' present wife, Constance Bennett, was just beginning to win film recognition because of her performance in "The Hog's Hang High." A little bobbed haired girl was headed for movie fame because Cecil B. DeMille had chosen her as the most beautiful girl in America. Her name was Sally Rand. She was wearing a pink tulle and silver lace frock, trimmed with enough white plumes to make a dozen fans. But she had not gone in for dancing then.

Gossips said that Pola Negri had at last fallen in love for good and all. The man was Rod la Rocque, but the romance was short. Rod later married Vilma Banky. In the same issue Pola negli said that the screen's greatest actor was Ramon Novarro. A story describes Margaret Clark's happy home life. She married Harry Williams and had settled down in Patterson, La. Best films of the month included: Emil Jannings' "The Last Laugh," Wallace Beery and Bull Montana in the big-game hunting film, "The Lost World," Jack Holt and Lois Wilson in "The Thundering Herd," and Charlie's Aunt," with Sydney Chaplin.

5 Years Ago

JEAN HARLOW

THE film thrill of the month was "Anna Christie." First, because the great Garbo spoke for the first time. Second, because a woman who thought she was through stole the first two reels from Garbo. Marie Dressler, of course. And the larceny was no criticism of Garbo's acting, but a rare, superb performance on the part of Dressler. Garbo, by the way, must have been much more affable in those days. For, on the cooking page was a recipe for Swedish salad, contributed, believe it or not, by Miss Garbo. The current romance was Loretta Young and Grant Withers. They had eloped, and Miss Young's mother was trying to get an annulment. She failed, but they were divorced later anyhow. A story told how four million dollars and the lives of four men had been spent on "Hell's Angels," by Mr. Howard Hughes. People thought he was crazy because he had cast in the feminine lead a girl no one had ever heard of. Her name was Jean Harlow. An item stated that the biggest box office money-makers for the previous year had been Clara Bow and Lon Chaney—in spite of the fact that Clara's chins were multiplying and Chaney refused to appear on film. It was prophesied that he-man Gary Cooper would replace Bill Hart as Western favorite! Best films of the month were: Winifred Westover in "Lummock;" John McCormack in "Song of My Heart;" Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown in "Montana Moon." Lupe Velez, Jean Hersholt in "Men Are Dangerous," with Hedda Hopper.

The girl on the cover: Norma Shearer.
He's a Simon-Pure Count  

[continued from page 47]

...playing his home town that they needed services of a promising young thespian at—well, say four lira a day—then about eighty cents per week.

This elongated youngster told me that theatrical manager he was twenty-one, and conveniently got to mention that his father was the well-known stern noble of the district.

So he got a promise of his eighty cents per week, and sailed that night with the company to Zara, his home town, in Dalmatia, had but one method of transportation, a boat on the Adriatic Sea.

Sibenico, the company's next stop, was sixty-two and one-half hours from Zara, and by the following afternoon, during Tullio's first performance, the show manager—a typical ham for, Carminati assures us—burst into the latter, with a telegram in one hand and a full of hair in the other.

"You—oung ungrateful one!" he yelled, taking the telegram at the new recruit. "You've ruined me! I am betrayed, and the people will never forgive me! You—you go me immediately!"

"When finally quieted him and got my own arm out of my throat," explains Carminati, "learned that the telegram was from my her, and that there was another wire at the end for me.

THAT telegram for me was brief and to the point. It said that unless I came home at once, the police would come for me.

"As my sister was to be married shortly, I did not want to hurt her. So I returned home on the next boat.

"Six weeks later my sister was married, and her husband left that night. The following night, I ran away again."

This time Tullio had an accomplice in the person of an old servant who had been with the family for forty years, a maid called Kate. He packed up a small bundle, loaned him money and got him out of the house in time to catch the midnight boat to Ancona—eight hours away.

But eight hours' distance was a small matter to the long arm of the house of Di Brambilla, and as the youthful Tullio stepped off the boat telegram from his father was handed him. This one contained no summons for instant return. Instead, it read: "You have done what was forbidden you to do. You did it forever. Remember that my house is closed to you and always will be closed to you. You will never be forgiven and you will be disinherited."

"And I was never again under my father's roof," added Carminati. Yet, for years, he was supported the entire family.

To this day the boy felt hopelessly alone, hurt, and a trifle fearful. But though he had travelled to Ancona to join his theatrical company that had before hired him, he did not approach any member of it until he had gone to a hotel and answered his father's wire.

Then he wrote home he did not ask his father to forgive him. He wrote that he was doing what he should do. That he did not expect to be taken into the home again; that he could not return, even if asked. He wanted, he said, to make something of himself, to see an actor. Then he promised his father he would never do anything to cause the family shame; and he would try to be a good actor and would never ask help of anyone.

A strange sort that one which Carminati claims he never has broken.

After mailing the letter to his father, Tullio looked up his actor-manager again—only to find him afraid of the lad from Zara.

"No—No! Leave us!" dramatically cried this frightened ham. "You almost ruined us all. I would never hire you again. Go away!"

But the disinherited Di Brambilla showed his telegram and explained that from that moment he was his own master, and that his father would never again interfere.

It happened that this theatrical company had real need of a willing young man—especially one with such a background. So, to use Carminati's own words, "He was very nice to me always. But he was a very bad actor—and all I learned from him were the things I should not have done.

"For six months," continued Carminati, "I travelled with his company—all the small cities in Italy—until we reached a town just outside the city of Bologna, the theatrical center of Italy and my goal. There I left the company and went on in to Bologna.

"I secured a very small room, for which I paid the equivalent of sixteen cents a day. It was bare and cheerless, containing nothing but a small black iron bed with a straw mattress, one chair and a tiny washstand.

"That was to be the headquarters from which I conducted my campaign to storm the theater. Economy was its single virtue. But a precious few dollars to a youngster whose savings were as small as those I had been able to accumulate. I realized there was small chance of my money lasting until I found work.

"But I had personal belongings such as a young man of my former station would possess upon which I borrowed. And long before my six months stay there was completed every cent so borrowed was spent.

"During the last fifteen days of those six months I was living on bread and cheese alone. No wine, no meat—just bread and cheese.

"Then came the end of the bread and cheese, and the day I stayed in my room for fear walking and fresh air would increase my hunger.

"The first day of my seclusion my old landlady knocked on my door and asked me if I needed anything. I told her no; that I was staying in because I did not feel well. But she was a bit dubious.

"The next day, when I still stayed in my room, her doubt grew to suspicion. She was believing me less and less.

"The third day, when she came to make my bed, she asked me to please wait in the drawing room while she did her work. When I went back into my room I found she had left a loaf of bread on my bed. I ate it, and quickly."

"At this point Carminati paused in his story to raise his glass, and to murmur: "To that landlady." Then he continued: "It seemed that was the turning point in my life. For after eating the bread I went out, and met another actor with whom I had been friendly before my money gave out. He was going to the theater to meet Enrmilli Novelli—one of Italy's most famous actors—and in

IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN NO TIME!

Thousands Now Get Safe Relief from Indigestion, Skin Troubles, "Nerves" with this Pasteurized Yeast

Do you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved Pasteurized yeast. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure Pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and elimination system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.
Add a Little Sparkle

vited me to accompany him. I accepted eagerly, feeling that I would at least have an opportunity to see this great man.

"We got there just at rehearsal time, and met Novelli in front of the theater.

"I was almost tongue-tied when introduced to him. I was young—not yet seventeen and looked rather awkward. So Novelli asked me what I was doing. I told him I was trying to be an actor.

"He asked me: 'Why don't you join my company?' When I could not answer, and just stared at him, he added: 'Well, well—what about it? I'm not going to kill you.'

"I stammered my eagerness to work under him, and he turned to his wife, who had just left some friends to join us, and said to her: 'Now, my dear, we have a new young actor with us.'

"When Novelli found out who I was, he became interested in me, and pushed me ahead for he had heard of the young man who had run away from home to seek fame on the stage."

From that point on the career of Tuilio Carminati slipped into high gear, with the young runaway winning a coveted role with the famous 'Tuo Love,' and finding fame in Milano within eighteen months of his meeting with Novelli.

It was opposite Tina di Lorenzo that Carminati opened with this company in "The Closed Door" in Rome in 1913—and with Eleanora Duse that he played the stage part and directed and staged the play in 1922.

It was also in Rome that he made his first picture in 1914, for the then enormous sum of five thousand liras—at a time when he was testing working before the camera.

In 1915 he put in a special patriotic silent picture called "Romanticisms," which dealt with the Italian provinces under Austrian rule. The picture was shown on September 21st, a great Italian holiday, and was a tremendous success. Since, until last year, when they wanted Carminati to make its talking version, it was shown on every September 21st all over Italy, being practically a national institution for eighteen years.

So great was this actor's popularity in Italy, that he not only started the producing company of Carminati Films in Rome in 1919, making three pictures a year, but also had his own theatrical company and own theater.

It was while Carminati was Duse's leading man and director in 1922 that Joseph Schenck urged him to come to America to make pictures—but it was not until 1926 that he arrived in Hollywood to make "The Bat," "The Duchess of Buffalo," with Capstine Talmadge; "Stage Madness" with Lou Tellegen and Virginia Valli; "Honeymoon Hat," with Florence Vidor, and then his final silent picture "Three Sinners," with Pola Negri, Baclanova, Warner Baxter and Paul Lukas.

Then came the talking--and Carminati's accent (which is now worth a fortune to him) put him out of pictures.

Carminati, however, was not content to take the motion picture producers' word for it that the American public would not take kindly to his accent, and to prove it went on the stage in "The Commandant," "The Tom-Tom," and various others with "Strictly Dishonorable," which he played for eighteen months in New York and then took to London.

It was while trying to find a girl lead for "Strictly Dishonorable" that Carminati received a phone call from Madge Kennedy, asking him to play in "Prima Donna"—later made into "One Night of Love."

While playing in "Christopher Cain, Across" in 1932 he was seen by a certain casting director, and called to Hollywood to make "Gallant Lady" with Ann Harding—a talk in which his accent registered an enormous hit and started a motion picture career which pulled him out of "Music In The Air" on the New York stage to come out to make "Moulin Rouge" with Constance Bennett and Frances Tone.

At that time the New York representative of the studio informed him he would have to take a screen test before going West.

"No," Carminati, "I take no tests. You know how I photograph and you have seen me act. Why should I take a test?"

And so pictures had to accept him "as is" or not at all.

Arriving, untested, in Hollywood, he was offered a contract by Darryl Zanuck which he refused.

"I want no contract," he announced bluntly, "I want to pick my pictures."

And then came his chance to pick "One Night Of Love" with Grace Moore, which he admits he would not have done had it not been for the fact that Victor Schertzinger, who had directed him, wanted him to make the picture.

There is little more to tell, except that on his return to England Carminati was almost mobbed by enthusiastic fans who considered him the very last word in his portrayal of Montecorci, the maker of stars, in "One Night Of Love"—and that when he made the talking version of "The Wedding March" in Rome last summer he was compelled to make several re-takes, as his Italian had taken on an American accent.

Which is a laugh, considering.

And now, Carminati, the internationalist, has just completed his work in "Let's Live Tonight," with an international cast, including Lilian Harvey, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, Hugh Williams, Louis Alberni, and Arthur Treacher—all from across the water, and is at work on Paramount's "Two On A Tower."

It was while Carminati was singing "Love's Passes By" in "Let's Live Tonight" that the representative of a phonograph company heard him and signed Tuilio right there and then to make records for his company.

The manner in which Carminati summoned sufficient courage to join the song bird class is interesting.

Although he studied voice and piano as a boy he never had any notion of singing professionally, and when cast as the grand open singer in the stage play "Strictly Dishonorable" he didn't dare sing, but only hummed.

The applause he received from the audience after each humming finally gave him courage to sing the words. But, though he sang in "Gallant Lady" and in "Music In The Air" on the New York stage, and although the average New Yorker who saw him in "Strictly Dishonorable" referred to him as an open singer, it has been within the last six months that Carminati decided to sing in films.

And now for the final impression of the man—the flavor of his personality, so to speak.

In this case that flavor is a blend of sincerity and diplomacy, if you can imagine that. A word to the diplomatic who can smile graciously into the face of the man who has kept him an hour late for an appointment, whisper gentle nothings over the phone while his head rocks from a recent dental blasting, and considers solemnly the suggestion of a new half-wit, all of which we have seen Tuilio Carminati do.
The Shadow Stage

[Continued from page 55]

The Bolingbroke girls were enlarged to house the enormous girth of Newt Buescher, the great tenor photographed both Mac West in his new role as the "Harvey to a Buescher," and Bing Crosby in his "Mississippi." Bing's "Mississippi" red first and Struss went to work. A few weeks later Mac started "How Am I Doin'."

The amount "front office" juggled the delicate relation like hot custards until Mr. Crosby, a shy young gentleman, gallantly withdrew. Struss left "Mississippi" and went west.

As, in a reciprocal gesture, sent Libby, her devoted maid who heretofore has worked in every West picture, over to join the cast of "Mississippi."

The greatest worry of production officials, an agitated running feud between W. C. Fields and Director Eddie Sutherland, proved to be a false alarm.

Sutherland, Blanche Ring's son and Tommyigin's nephew, started his screen career in quintuplet capacity of stunt man, star clown, juvenile actor, assistant cameraman and boy props in an ancient Helen Holmes thriller.

When Fields was in Hollywood before, he did the director were constantly at daggers' pints. But what loomed as a quarrel resulted in a调解. "Bill" even helped Eddie to celeb-rate his thirty-ninth birthday. Eddie cut a fine cake donated to him by the cast. But I doesn't like sweets, so he had another out julep.

The Wedding Night

AM GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS

NNA STEN and Gary Cooper met for the first time on the set and were as shy as range-school children at an ice-cream social. The shooting schedule called for love scenes mediatelately.

"But I can't make love with a man I hardly ow," protested Miss Sten. "Nobody ever thought of that one before in Hollywood," but in Goldwyn obligingly rearranged things to get them two weeks to work up to it.

Gary is no stranger to Goldwyn. Eight years ago he chose Cooper from a hundred leggy boys seeking the part of Abe Le in "The Covered Wagon," and Goldwyn spent a million dollars a week. Gary returned for "The Wedding Night" at more than one hundred below the salary.

Anna Sten is a simple and sincere Russian who has all kinds of wild eccentricities in her. Possibly Hollywood does not have a big-time simplicity in a star. Her criminating feeling for art and music is as much a part of her as the broad Slavic face.

When the Russian Ballet came to town, Anna but moved in and had a field day. She started out in a ballet dancer. She wears your clothes every day, and is never recognized on her rare public appearances.

Anna always works with huge linen screens around her set; no one is permitted inside except director, actors, and camera-men. This is no affectation or Garbo-imitation, she explains, but because she is self-conscious over her difficulties with the English language and cannot work with grinning faces in the background.

The story of "The Wedding Night" concerns a Polish girl, Anna, living in a tobacco farm in Connecticut, where there is a spot of old Poland transported to America. Anna accepts the ultimatums of her parents as final, is allied to Ralph Bellamy, another Pole, to whom her father is giving ground and horses as dowry (dropping a hint to toss a horse with Anna Sten). Arrives Gary Cooper, tried novelist married needing a plot for a new best-seller. His wife refuses to bury herself in the country.

Gary writes his book about Polish traditions and customs in the heart of Yankee New England—and about Anna. Romance develops. Then impasse. A big Polish wedding, drunken bridegroom who resents Anna's friendship (misinterpreted) with the novelist, resolves to kill him. Anna rushes into the light, is thrown down flight of stairs and dies. There was no other possible way to end the story—Anna was for no man.

Anna told me the story with a wealth of detail, feeling carefully for the right word, flushed with victory when she found it. Some times her expressions are brilliantly accurate. For instance, she referred to Gary's superfluous wife in the picture as his "official handicap."

That's calling it! Anna wears the same shoes she first wore in "Nana"—high, heavy-laced, flat-heeled affairs, bought for forty-nine five in a bargain basement. She has worn them in her three American pictures now, and is as superstitious concerning them as Charlie Chaplin is over his celebrated old kicks.

The Polish farm house set furnished Goldwyn, Sten, Vidor, Cooper, Bellamy and several others with fresh milk and eggs every day. If that sounds a trifle fantastic, remember this is a Goldwyn picture, who spent a million dollars to make a star of Sten and never counts the cost for realism. An egg may be just an egg to you, but Goldwyn had to have his Polish hen lay Polish eggs on the Polish farm. . . . He stabled dozens of chickens, geese and pigeons, five horses, two cows and a dog for the duration of the picture. He felt if they were brought in daily they would feel strange and frightened and the placid calmness of the farm yard would be destroyed. They have to feel at home for Goldwyn. So the chickens and cows settled down and gave and gave. They laid eggs for the whole studio. (Nothing symbolic of this, we trust.)

"Naughty Marietta"

-M-G-M

W. S. (THIN MAN) VAN DYKE says he knows as much about music as he does about electricity—which is enough to leave it alone. So he put the thrills in this Victor Herbert operetta and left the trills to Herbert Stothart, musical supervisor.

It is a thundering big melodious adventure picture with pirates, soldiers, marriage auctions, leavves, forts, old New Orleans, Indians, convents, cannon battles, castles, Casquette

BLACKHEADS

Large Pores

Shiny Face

Sallowness

"Oily Skin is a dangerous hereditary ground for Blackheads" warn well known scientists. Never squeeze Blackheads! It causes Scars, Infection!

Dissolve Blackheads quickly and safely with KLEERPLEX. Amazing New scientific discovery. This remarkable medicated pore-purifying liquid gets right at the cause! It does not cover up the condition—but gently penetrates the pores and flushes out blackheads. Stops embarrassing shine. Clears muddiness and tan. Result:—your skin is wonderfully clear, bright and smooth. Your pores are fine and almost invisible again. You have that fresh, clean-cut attractive look! Your skin looks RENEWED! LIGHTENED! BEAUTIFIED instantly! No harmful chemicals. No staying home. No fuss, no bother. This guaranteed pure natural product is approved by Health Authorities and thousands of enthusiastic users—both men and women. KLEERPLEX is a secret formula. There is nothing else like it. Prove it to yourself NOW! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary creams and cosmetics. Your skin deserves the best! Order your Kleerplex TODAY direct from KLEERPLEX (Dept. Ps) 1 W. 34th St., New York City. Send $1 (plus 10c postage) for generous 2 month supply. Or pay postman (plus COD charge). Outside U. S. 3.25—no COD.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

For Pimples and Blackheads use the complete KLEERPLEX TREATMENT. Contains KLEERPLEX BALM (.50 size) quick, healing, soothing antiseptic. Both sold only (plus 25c postage). Or pay postman plus COD charges. Outside U. S. 3.25—no COD.

PIMPLES

EASY with a

Buescher

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
409 BUESCHER BUILDING ELKMONT, INDIANA

By the crooners of

GOLLIWOG—The perfume of Romance

Both odors available in face powder, dusting powder and talc. At the better stores.

VIGNY—NEW YORK—724 FIFTH AVENUE

FIFTH AVENUE

HEURE INTIME

(Intimate Hour)

A perfume that will enthrall you and those in your presence.

$3.75 to $22.50

FREE Buescher flugelhorn will be sent without obligation to those who order one for details and handsome Free Book, Mention instrument: saxophone, cornet, trombone, etc.

Caryle STICKEREN, BUESCHER BANDS- TONE SERIES, 409 BUESCHER BUILDING ELKMONT, INDIANA

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1935
Night cap

Just a bite to eat before going to bed? By all means! But be sure you make your late snack a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk.

Corn Flakes because they're light, easy to digest, a real aid to restful sleep. Kellogg's because no substitute can equal their oven-fresh flavor and crispness.

Sold by all grocers. Served in restaurants, hotels, dining cars. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Allen's Foot-Ease

SHAKE IT INTO YOUR SHOES

Makes new or tight shoes feel easy Soothes tender, swollen, aching feet and stops the pain of corns, bunions and calluses. For Feet, Sample and Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot-Ease, LEROY, N.Y.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

PSORIASIS?

IF SO, WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON SIROIL

Don't delay. This relief has accomplished wonders for men, women and children who have been chronic sufferers from psoriasis. Siroil applied externally to the affected area causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if it does not relieve you within two weeks — and you are the sole judge — your money will be refunded. Write for booklet upon this new treatment. Don't delay. Write at once.

SIROIL LABORATORIES INC.
3215 Griswold St., Dept. A-4 Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of psoriasis.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Wings in the Dark

—PARAMOUNT

AN aviation story with a heart. Cary Grant gives his best performance to date as the aviator all set for a great flight when he is blinded by an explosion. Myrna Loy is pretty swell as the stunt-flyer who provides thrills at the county fairs and risks her neck to get Cary out of hock. She gives him a "Seeing Eye" dog, played by the beautiful and intelligent Lightning, grandson of Strongheart. And she accepts a distance-flight for twenty-five thousand dollars which will save Cary's ship, on which he has his invention for blind-flying. She is lost in a heavy fog near the landing field — Cary goes up and leads her to safety, using his invention. There are some real heart-stopping thrills, not the usual crack-up kind. Roscoe Karns as Myrma's manager, is in one of his best spots. Hobart Cavanaugh as a Scotch mechanic, is a joy. Technically the picture is an achievement, and the performances are top-hole.

Rumba

—PARAMOUNT

GEORGE RAFT still has the smoothest hair, the highest cut trouser waistline and the tightest collars in Hollywood. Carole Lombard still has the most flexible scalp. Together they still have the least conviction of any scene romantic team in their love scenes.

"Rumba" has a less interesting story than "Beloved." Raft again is a dancer. Carole, a wealthy society girl, falls for him. They seem to misunderstand each other until the very end. "Rumba" has better dance scenes than "Beloved," at which many of the picture is aimed. It has almost as good music, although Ralph Rainger is no Ravel.

You'll like the native rumba numbers better than the efforts of George and Carole.

Jack Ahoy

—GAUMONT BRITISH

THE humor in this comedy isn't smart enough for a good comedian like Britain's Jack Hulbert. American audiences are apt to find the situations and gags too old to be funny. But if you can laugh at old jokes, the picture is good and you'll enjoy Hulbert.

The Iron Duke

—GAUMONT BRITISH

YOU may never have thought of Wellington, Conqueror of Napoleon, as the witty, heart-warming Mr. Arliss. But you will be delighted with Arliss as Wellington. If he makes the "Iron Duke," an amiable and kindly man, at least he creates a charming portrait, and no one but stickling historians will object. The story of Wellington's triumph is told carefully, thoughtfully, cleverly, though not brilliantly. There is little fire. Even the Battle of Waterloo is pictured in a placid, genially
with more conversation than bloodshed. It is an interesting picture and one you consider worthwhile.

The Ghost Walks

INCINIBLE

COD independent picture with unique story. A playwright, John Miljan, gives a

play to theatrical producer Richard Carle by

longing him in the midst of a dress-rehearsal of a new melodrama, in a haunted house.

The real maniac is at large in the house and is

involved things no end, but Miljan sells play to the producer, eventually. June

Lee, Johnny Arthur, Henry Kolker, and others are the actors.

Women Must Dress

MONOGRAM

CE little human interest drama, written by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-be-

Wally. The theme is the separation and

reunion of a long married couple and

effect of a false philosophy upon their

lives.

Interestingly handled, Minna

happily as the wife is outstanding.

The Whole Town’s Talk-

ING

COLUMBIA

WARD G. ROBINSON as two other men

was his finest performance in a brilliant

role. Jean Arthur covers herself with distinc-

tion as a lady called Bill, who has grace

or pressure—a gentle way of saying she is

took on the up-take. She is just the girl that a

self-effacing clerk named Arthur, Ferguson

would fall for. Believe it or go see for

myself, Edward G. is the clerk, and the

for. He is also KILLER MANNION, a dangerous

puppeteer. Jones has the police depart-

ment in jitters with his resemblance to the

Killer till they give him a police pass.

Jones moves in on Jones and demands the

truth. From there, the ex-

tension is intense, and right there for you,

isn’t be conveyed on paper. Robinson

embarrasses the transition from clerk to gang-

and back again without the aid of any

dramatic disguise except a pair of glasses.

As voice and attitude, he is two remotely

posed, and the double exposures are re-


dubiously photographed. A scene in which the

get’s bumped with his boss and a reporter

with the price of admission. Another with

June as Jones enjoying prison protection;

increase your circulation. The tempo has

paced and sustained, something happens

minute—and every character looks as if

new up to play it.

Mr. Office Hours

1919

"It Happened One Night" out of "For-

king All Others," this airy persiflage turns

plenty of laughs with Clark Gable in the

title role. Constance Bennett is dimmed

to brilliance but her satins trains and fur-

noses are decorative. Clark is a managing

boss of a newspaper, who manages to be in a

of difficult places due to Connie’s sauciness.

She is in training to be a news-

man and already can hold her liquor.

It isn’t much story but a lot of smart lines

at situations.

Murder on a Honey-

moon

—RKO-RADIO

A

OTHER adventure of that intrepid

female Sherlock Holmes, Hildegarde

Wister, whom Edna May Oliver has created

so amusingly for the screen. And again James

Gleason is the impulsive, slow witted

Inspector Piper. Mostly about a murder aboard

a Catalina Island bound seacape.

My Heart is Calling

—GAUMONT ERITH

[If you like singing—lots of it—and continental

atmosphere in your pictures, you will find this

musical film a grand treat. Jan Kiepura,

popular European tenor, is cast in the role of

an opera star who encounters many difficulties

before he finally finds a place to sing. Marta

Eggerth, blonde Hungarian actress, is the heart

interest. Sonnie Hale’s fine comedy perform-

ance as Kiepura’s manager is one of the high-

lights of the picture.]

The Nut Farm

—MONOGRAM

This title may well have a double-entendre.

While walnut acres is the price which lured

the principals of this farce to California, Holly-

wood is the real nut farm they buy. It is

pleasant to see the stagey Hollywood slicker

out-slicked in the end. Wallace Ford does a

nice job and is funny enough at times. Betty

Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel.

Life Returns

—UNIVERSAL

DR. ROBERT F. CORNISH performs his

miraculous operation restoring life after

death. The patient is a dog, and this much of

the picture is an extraordinary contribution in

the interests of science. The long build-up is

boring and unnecessary. The operation alone

would have made a phenomenal short subject,

but the introduction is just a waste of time and

film.

Shadow of Doubt

—M-G-M

CONSTANCE COLLIER makes her bow,

and so do we—to a grand old actress who

gives a lift to this involved murder mystery.

Ricardo Cortez is a right nice young man for

a change, in love with Virginia Bruce who can

act and look ravishing at the same time.

Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron,

Betty Furness and others lend ample support.

Red Hot Tires

—FIRST NATIONAL

Of a seasoned vintage and reminiscent of

the old Wallace Reid racing dramas, this

is strictly program fare, if you care for auto-

mobile racing, there is plenty of it, and harrow-

ing crack-ups galore. A murder trial is mixed

in for good measure. Lyle Talbot is the hit-

' em-hard guy and racing driver accused of

butting the heavy off the track, but Mary

Astor and Frankie Darro save the day. Roscoe

Karns is Lyle's buddy, and Gavin Gordon is

the bad boy.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR

118

APRIL, 1935

Casts of Current Photoplays
COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED

home

"AFTER OFFICE HOURS"— M-G-M.— From
the story by Laurence Stallings and Dale Van Every.
Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by

on the
water

Robert

Z.

The

Leonard.

cast:

IN

THIS

ISSUE

Larkin; Lavinia, Libby Taylor; Henpecked husbaiu
Arthur Hoyt; Wife, Grace Hayle; Stage Manage,
Harry Meyers, and Molasses and January.

Sharon Norwood, Con-

stance Bennett; Jim Branch, Clark Gable; Hank Parr,
Stuart Erwin; Mrs. Norwood, Billie Burke; Tommy
Bannister, Harvey Stephens; Mrs. Patterson, Katharine Alexander; Mr. Patterson, Hale Hamilton; Cap,
Henry Travers; Italian, Henry Armetta; Jordan,
Charles Richman; Barlow, Herbert Bunston.

"MURDER ON A HONEYMOON" —

—

Radio. From the story
Tree" by Stuart Palmer.

RKC

"Puzzle of the Peppe
Directed by Lloyd Coi

rigan.
The cast: Hildegard Withers, Edna Ma
Oliver; Inspector Piper, James Gleason; Phyllis Lc

Lola Lane; Kay Deving, Dorothy Libairt
Marvin Deving, Harry Ellerbe; Joseph B. Tale, Le
Carroll; Captain Beegle, DeWitt Jennings; Lou Mm
Fond,

A graceful sweep of cedar
planked
strong ribbed
.

.

.

.

"BORDERTOWN" — Warners.— Suggested by
.
.

.
.

.

tight-

covered

with seamless, water-tight canvas.

The

effortless stroke-stroke-stroke of a pad-

dle unfolds the glory of all outdoors.

Get an Old Town Canoe.
1935 Old Towns cost as little as $68.
Send for a free catalog, showing models and prices. Also sailing, sponson,
square-stern canoes and outboard boats.
Including big, fast seaworthy models
for family use. Rowboats. Dinghies.

Write today. Old Town Canoe Co.,
184 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

Graham's novel. Screen play by Robert
Lord. Adapted by Laird Doyle and Wallace Smith.
The cast: Johnny
Directed by Archie Mayo.
(Juanilo) Ramirez, Paul Muni; Marie Roark, Bette
Davis; Dale Elwell, Margaret Lindsay; Brook Manwile, Gavin Gordon; Manuel Diego, Arthur Stone;
Charlie Roark, Eugene Pallette; Dr. Carter, William
Davidson; Mister Elwell, Henry O'Neill; Dale's
Friend, Vivian Tobin; Mrs. Elwell, Nella Walker;
Padre, Robert Barrat; Mrs. Rairez, Soledad Jiminez.
Carroll

—

"CARNIVAL" Columbia. From the story by
Robert Riskin. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast:
Chnk Thompson, Lee Tracy; Daisy, Sally Eilers;
Fingers, Jimmy Durante; Poochy, Dickie Walters;
Mac, Thomas Jackson; Miss Holbrook, Florence Rice;
Fred Kelsey; Nurse, Lucille

Detective,

"FOLIES
United

Be an ARTIST
MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!
simple, proven

methods make

— From

—

20th

the play by
Screen play
Lothar and Hans Adler.
Meredyth and Hal Long. Directed by

Old Town Canoe
Our

BERGERE"

Ball.

it

easy to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly AT HOME,
in spare time. New low rate. Big new
book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit,"
sent free. State age.
,

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 154, 111515th St., Wash., D. C.

Artists.

CenturyRudolph
by

Bess

Roy Del
Ruth. The cast: Fernand, the Baron Cassini, Maurice
Maurice Chevalier;
Chevalier; Eugene Charlier,
Mimi, Ann Sothern; GeneVteve, the Baroness Cassini,
Merle Oberon; Francois, Eric Blore; Morrisot, Ferdinand Munier; Rene, the Marquis de Lac, Walter
Byron; Guslave, Lumsden Hare; Henri, Robert Greig;
Perishol, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Monsieur Paidet,
Halliwell Hobbes; Premier of France, Georges Renevant; Victor, Phillip Dare; Joseph, Frank McGlynn,
Sr.; Toinelle, Barbara Leonard; Stage Manager, Olin
Howland.

by Charles Belden. Screen play by Charles

The cast:
Directed by Frank Strayer.
Prescott Ames, John Miljan; Gloria Shaw, June ColIyer; Wood, Richard Carle; The Professor, Spencer
Belden.

Lighten Tour Hair
Without Peroxide
to ANY shade you Desire
SAFELY in S to 15 minutes

c

the

of

Instantaneous Hair Lightenor
peroxide. Used an a paste, it can

NO

w"

and

look. Beneficial to permableached hair. Lighten!! blonde hairA
the only preparation that also lightens^
dark I
Used
1!U ye
by fair
ir» and childr n. Ha
Gu
r

.

ith

brush

foi

]

appUc

i

j-.nr.i-. 36-page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair
r Kill, Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.
LECHLER LABORATORIES, Inc.
New York. N. Y.
334 Audubon Avenue

High School Course
in

Charters; Erskine, Johnny Arthur; Dr. Kent, Henry
Kolker; Terry, Donald Kirke; Beatrice, Eve SouthCarroway, Douglas Gerrard; Jarvis, Wilson
Benge; Head Guard, Jack Shutta.

ern;

brittle

IX

Lechler'

2 Years

I
I

Yon can complete your

Hiirh

School education at home in
2 years or less. Courae meets
all requirements for entrance to college and leading professions.
Diploma
awarded.
Full credit for H.S.
Standard texts supplied.
subjects already completed, Send for Free Bulletin TODAY.
i

American School* Dept. H- 443, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

XGuidetoBEnERBVYINfi
GfcrucTLeuj'

"IRON DUKE, THE"— Gaumont
From

the story by

Saville.

Matt McHugh; French, Chic Chandler;

The

cast:

I.

British.

—

Dalrymple. Directed by Victor
of Wellington, George Arliss;

Duke

Duchess of Wellington, Ellaline Terriss; Madame,
Duchess d'Angouleme, Gladys Cooper; Hill, A. E.
Matthews; Louis XVII I, Allan Aynesworth; Lady
Frances, Lesley Wareing; Marshall Ney, Edmund
Willard; Duchess of Richmond, Norma Varden; Uxbridge, Felix Aylmer; Casllereagh, Gerald Lawrence;
Taleyrand, Gibb McLaughlin; Metternich, Farren
Souter; Webster, Walter Sondes; King of Prussia,
Frederick Leister; Czar of Russia, Gyles Isham;
Denise, Annie Esmond; Lady Francis' Maid, Paddie
Maismith; 1st Orderly, Ernest Jay; 1st Delegate, G.
H. Mulcaster; 2nd Delegate, Frank Freeman; Blucher,
Franklyn Dyall; Bates, Emlyn Williams; D'Arlois,
Campbell Gullan; Pozzo di Borgo, Norman Shelley.

"JACK AHOY"

Gaumont

—

British.
From the
Directed
story by Sidney Gilliat and John Orton.
by Walter Forde. The cast: Jack Ponsonby, Jack
Hulbert; Patricia, Nancy O'Neil; Admiral Fraser,
Alfred Drayton; Conchita, Tamara Desni; Larios,
Henry Peterson; Dodger, Sam Wilkinson.

Meeker; Forrest, Brooks Benedict; Amc
Spencer Charters; Charley, Sleep 'N' Eat
Patrick Mack, Morgan Wallace; Dr. O'Rourke, Arthu
Hoyt.
Brill,

—

"MY HEART IS CALLING"
Gaumont
British.
From the story by Ernst Marisclika
Adaped by Sidney Gilliat. Directed by Carmin
Gallone.
The cast: Mario Delmonte, Jan Kiepura
Carta, Marta Eggerth; Alphonse Rosee, Sonnie Hale
Director Arvelle of the Monte Carlo Opera, Hugh Wake

—

Ernest Thesiger; Manageress of Dres
Marie Lohr; Margol, Jeanne Stuart; Pag
Boy, John Singer; Parry Jones, Anthony Hankey
Mickey Branlford, Frederick Preisley; Hilde Vo,
field; Ferrier,

Salon,

Slolz,

Anton Imkamp.

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA" — M-G-M.

— Universal. — From

—

Basel

on the operetta by Victor Herbert. Screen play b:
John Lee Mahin. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

The

cast: Marietta, Jeanette

ton,

Nelson Eddy; Governor, Frank Morgan;

MacDonald;

Warring
Zekt

Edward Brophy; Rudolpho, Akim

Tamiroff; Uncle,
Douglas Dumbrille; Julie, Cecilia Parker; Md>:
D'Annard, Elsa Lanchester; Don Carlos, Walte
Kingsford; Ilerr Schuman, Joseph Cawthorne; Frat
Schuman, Greta Meyer; Abe, Harold Huber; Bob
Girl, Mary Doran; Bird Store Dealer, William Bur
ress; Duenna, Mary Foy; Giovanni, Stewart Hall
Marietta (the maid), Helen Shipman.

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A"—
— Story
by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements
Leopold
Robert

Universal

Tasker
Screen Play by
Atlas and
Directed by Edward Laemmle.
The cast: Kin
Arlen, Charles Bickford; Nina Thorne, Helen Vinson
John Barrett, Onslow Stevens; Marleybone, Dudlej
Rigges; Clayton Bradford, Sidney Blackmer; Terr.
Bradford, John Darrow; Joshua, John Larkin; Tin

judge,

George Irving; Stevens, Haydon Stevens.

"NUT FARM, THE"— Monogram.—From

tin

play by John G. Brownell. Screen play by Georgi
Waggner. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast
Willie, Wallace Ford; Agatha, Joan Gale; Bob, Osca
Apfel; Holland, Bradley Page; Helen, Betty Alden
Ma, Florence Roberts; Sliscomb, Spencer Charters
Biddeford, Lorin Raker; Van Norton, Arnold Gray

"RED HOT TIRES"— First

National.— Fron

Directed b)
the screen play by Tristam Tupper.
G. Ross Lederman. The cast: Wallace Storm, Lylt
Bud Keene
Astor;
Patricia
Sanford,
Mary
Talbot;
Roscoe Karns; Johnny, Frankie Darro; Rober
Marlii
Maggie,
Treen;
Mary
Gavin
Gordon;
Griffin,
Sanford, Henry Kolker; Curly Taylor, Bradley Page
Hanson, Arthur Aylesworth; Judge Alcotl, Howarc

Hickman; Truck

Driver, Clarence

—

Muse.

"RUMBA" Paramount. From the
Guy Endore and Seena Owen. Screen

story
play

b)

bj

Howard J. Green. Directed by Marion Gering. Tin
cast: Joe Martin, George Raft; Diana Harrison
Carole Lombard; Flash, Lynne Overman; Carmelila
Margo; IIobar Fletcher, Monroe Owsley; Goldie Allen
Iris Adrian; Henry B. Harrison, Samuel S. Hinds
Gail Patrick; Solanger, Jameson Thomas
Maria, Soledad Jiminez; Carlos, Paul Porcasi; Don't
Patsy,

Director,

"LIFE RETURNS"

Kelsey

George

"

"GHOST WALKS, THE"— Invincible.— From
the story

den.

Raymond McKee;

Tony, Akim Tamiroff

Walkins, Eldred Tidbury.
the

by Dr. Eugene Frenke and James Hoban.
Screen play by Arthur Horman and John F. GoodDirected by Dr. Eugene Frenke. The cast:
John Kendrick, Onslow Stevens; Danny, George
Breakston; Dr. Louise Stone, Lois Wilson; Mrs.
Kendrick, Valerie Hobson; Dog Catcher, Stanley
Fields; Dr. James, Frank Reicher; Mr. Arnold,
Richard Carle; Interne, Dean Benton; Nurse, Lois
January; Mickey, Richard Quine; Mrs. Vandergriff,
Maidel Turner; Judge, George McQuarrie; Dr.
Henderson, Otis Harlan and Dr. Robert E. Cornish.

story
rich.

INVEST

lc
* wisely. Send
a postcard for

this great
money -saving
book for home
and family.
MEW, smart ap-

* 'parel, and new,
attractive home furnishings are pictured in this
book for home-lovers. It tells about the new
Larkin Cozy-Home Club with little 50c weekly
shares. Learn of our big Rewards for Larkin
Secretaries.

L&rkttz

Cc/ac.

"MISSISSIPPI"— Paramount.— From

the story

by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Henry Myers.
Screen play by Herbert Fields and Hugh Wiley.
Directed by Edward A. Sutherland. The cast: Tom
Grayson, Bing Crosby; Commodore Jackson, W. C.
Fields; Lucy Rumford, Joan Bennett; Mexico, Queenie
Smith; Elvira Rumford, Gail Patrick; Gen. Rumford,
651 Seneca St.. Claude Gillingwater; Major Patterson, John Miljan;
N. Y. Captain Blackie, Fred Kohler, Sr.; Rumbo, John

BUFFALO.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"— Gaumont
British.
Story by Robert Sherwood and Arthur
Wimperis. Directed by Harold Young. The cast
Sir Percy Blakeney, Leslie Howard; Marguerite, Lad\
Blakeney, Merle Oberon; Suzanne de Tournay, Joai
Gardner; Comle de Tournay, O. B. Clarence; Cham',
elin, "The Butcher," Raymond Massey; Armani i>t
Just, Walter Rilla; Sir Andrew Foulkes, Anthon>
Bushell; Robespierre, Ernest Milton; A Priest, Bram-;
'"'
well Fletcher; Romney, Melville Cooper; //. R-

—

"

Prince Regent, Nigel Bruce; Comtesse de Tournay
Mabel Terry-Lewis; Rene de Grammont, Edmuni
Breon; Lord Granville, Allan Jeayes; Bibot, Edmunc
Willard; Vicomle de Tournay, Roy Meredith.

"SHADOW OF DOUBT"— M-G-M.— From

tl«

Screen play by VVell:
Root. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: iim
Ricardo Cortez; Trenna, Virginia Bruce; Aunt Melts

story by Arthur Somers Roche.

sa,

Constance

Collier; Inez, Isabel Jewell; Belhiooc


THE Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, progressing under the Macadden banner, plans big things for member Fan Clubs in the future. Movie stars have recognized the value of the Clubs and are giving their heartfelt support to make them a success. Among those who have declared for the Fan Clubs are Edward G. Robinson, Leslie Howard, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, Joe E. Brown, Victor McLaglen, Shepperd Strudwick, Cathy O'Dowd, Artie Arent, Russell Hitchcock, Genevieve Tobin, Marguerite Roberts, Leslie Howard, Regis Toomey, and others.

The following Fan Clubs have already been formed:

1. BRIGHTON BEACH—Miss Sally Astor, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2. SANTA CLARA—Miss Mabel Walker, Santa Clara, Calif.
3. DALLAS—Mrs. Emma J. Hines, Dallas, Tex.
4. LOS ANGELES—Miss Margaret W. Good, 355 S. Menlo Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
5. MINNEAPOLIS—Miss Ethel J. Paine, 1248 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
6. PHILADELPHIA—Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Forristall, 619 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
7. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Hirsch, 1629 E. 57th St., Chicago, Ill.
8. NEW YORK—Miss Lillian Gish, 122 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
9. SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, 2612 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif.
10. NEW ORLEANS—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Velderman, 612 Macon St., New Orleans, La.
11. BOSTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Calkins, 392 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
12. CLEVELAND—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller, 1226 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
13. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. B. Miller, 222 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
14. SAN DIEGO—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Catherwood, 7518 Calle de Corazon, San Diego, Cal.
15. LOS ANGELES—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Beatty, 7608 Barham Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
16. PHILADELPHIA—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moss, 1415 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.
17. NEW YORK—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. B. McGraw, 425 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
18. BOSTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. C. Hodge, 68 Union St., Boston, Mass.
19. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. B. Miller, 222 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
20. SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Catherwood, 7518 Calle de Corazon, San Diego, Cal.

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

The Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, progressing under the Macadden banner, plans big things for member Fan Clubs in the future. Movie stars have recognized the value of the Clubs and are giving their heartfelt support to make them a success. Among those who have declared for the Fan Clubs are Edward G. Robinson, Leslie Howard, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, Joe E. Brown, Victor McLaglen, Shepperd Strudwick, Cathy O'Dowd, Artie Arent, Russell Hitchcock, Genevieve Tobin, Marguerite Roberts, Leslie Howard, Regis Toomey, and others.

The following Fan Clubs have already been formed:

1. BRIGHTON BEACH—Miss Sally Astor, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2. SANTA CLARA—Miss Mabel Walker, Santa Clara, Calif.
3. DALLAS—Mrs. Emma J. Hines, Dallas, Tex.
4. LOS ANGELES—Miss Margaret W. Good, 355 S. Menlo Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
5. MINNEAPOLIS—Miss Ethel J. Paine, 1248 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
6. PHILADELPHIA—Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Forristall, 619 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
7. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Hirsch, 1629 E. 57th St., Chicago, Ill.
8. NEW YORK—Miss Lillian Gish, 122 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
9. SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, 2612 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif.
10. NEW ORLEANS—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Velderman, 612 Macon St., New Orleans, La.
11. BOSTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Calkins, 392 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
12. CLEVELAND—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller, 1226 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
13. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. B. Miller, 222 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
14. SAN DIEGO—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Catherwood, 7518 Calle de Corazon, San Diego, Cal.
15. LOS ANGELES—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Beatty, 7608 Barham Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
16. PHILADELPHIA—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moss, 1415 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.
17. NEW YORK—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. B. McGraw, 425 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
18. BOSTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. C. Hodge, 68 Union St., Boston, Mass.
19. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. B. Miller, 222 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
20. SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Catherwood, 7518 Calle de Corazon, San Diego, Cal.

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

The Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, progressing under the Macadden banner, plans big things for member Fan Clubs in the future. Movie stars have recognized the value of the Clubs and are giving their heartfelt support to make them a success. Among those who have declared for the Fan Clubs are Edward G. Robinson, Leslie Howard, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, Joe E. Brown, Victor McLaglen, Shepperd Strudwick, Cathy O'Dowd, Artie Arent, Russell Hitchcock, Genevieve Tobin, Marguerite Roberts, Leslie Howard, Regis Toomey, and others.

The following Fan Clubs have already been formed:

1. BRIGHTON BEACH—Miss Sally Astor, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2. SANTA CLARA—Miss Mabel Walker, Santa Clara, Calif.
3. DALLAS—Mrs. Emma J. Hines, Dallas, Tex.
4. LOS ANGELES—Miss Margaret W. Good, 355 S. Menlo Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
5. MINNEAPOLIS—Miss Ethel J. Paine, 1248 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
6. PHILADELPHIA—Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Forristall, 619 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
7. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Hirsch, 1629 E. 57th St., Chicago, Ill.
8. NEW YORK—Miss Lillian Gish, 122 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
9. SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, 2612 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif.
10. NEW ORLEANS—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Velderman, 612 Macon St., New Orleans, La.
11. BOSTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Calkins, 392 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
12. CLEVELAND—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller, 1226 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
13. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. B. Miller, 222 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
14. SAN DIEGO—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Catherwood, 7518 Calle de Corazon, San Diego, Cal.
15. LOS ANGELES—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Beatty, 7608 Barham Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
16. PHILADELPHIA—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moss, 1415 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.
17. NEW YORK—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. B. McGraw, 425 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
18. BOSTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. C. Hodge, 68 Union St., Boston, Mass.
19. CHICAGO—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. B. Miller, 222 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
20. SAN FRANCISCO—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Catherwood, 7518 Calle de Corazon, San Diego, Cal.
Notorious Gentleman

UNIVERSAL

HAROLD BICKFORD kills Sidney Blackmer, with the aid of Dudley Digges, figures let's suspicion fall on Helen Vinson, then on his nephew, John Darrow, who commits suicide over it. Attorney Onslow ens traps Charles. Full of suspense and entertainment.

The Winning Ticket

1-5-M

ID HEALY, Leo Carrillo, and Louise Fandita put a lot of comedy into this story and on the disappearance of a winning straight ticket. Somewhat forced, but will like the capers.

Under Pressure

OX

NEW background in which McLaglen and Lowe go on with their feud. In this one, go underground, as sand-hogs, boring a tunnel under New York's East River. The end is the real hero.

Furdertown

VARNERS

OUTSTANDING performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this picture a laughable. The story is one of bitterness and disillusionment, about an earnest young lawyer who turns gambler when he loses his first big bet, and falls prey to the schemings of a woman. It may not be altogether pleasant fare, but it is powerful and gripping.

Cuisine Secrets

[Continued from page 85]

Home-made noodles, grate Parmesan cheese on the top and brown in the oven. The leadero serves this inviting dish in the small upper casserole in which it is browned.

lobster American: Boil a three-pound lobster for thirty minutes with salt and tobacco. Remove meat from shell and cut in large dice. Place a small chopped onion, one stalk of celery in a frying pan and brown in butter. Add the lobster. To that, add two ounces of cognac or brandy. Allow it to blend over a slow fire for three minutes, then add one quart of solid-pack tomatoes (size 21/2 oz) and cook for twenty-five minutes, then add salt, pepper and spice (fresh tarragon or thyme). After the lobster is done, add four ounces of butter to take up the sauce. Serve with rice.

Golden Gate Salad: One head of romaine cut into half, one orange, one grapefruit and one avocado are the ingredients. Peel and supreme the fruit, that is, remove all the membrane and core. Peel and slice the avocado. Marinate the romaine in French dressing, place on salad plate and put one slice of orange, one of grapefruit in sequence until you have a portion. Place thin slices of bacon between fruit in ribbon fashion. Put remainder of the avocado through a sieve and add to the French dressing to be poured over the finished salad. Dominick always adds a yolk of an egg to his French dressing, stirring it vigorously.

You Can Work for Us In Your Spare Time . . .

Local agents are now being appointed to solicit new and renewal subscriptions for a large group of popular magazines.

An exceptional opportunity for advancement will be given to those who enroll as spare time agents with the intention of making this work a means of full-time employment.

These positions are open only to men and women over 20 years of age and who are willing to call on selected prospects in the interests of our publications.

NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY. However, these positions will appeal especially to men and women who have had experience in collecting installment accounts or canvassing.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN HAVING MORE MONEY, write today for particulars of our offer . . . no investment required.

APPLICATION FORM BELOW

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S DIV., DESK PP 435
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
GENTLEMEN:
I AM INTERESTED IN HAVING MORE MONEY. PLEASE SEND ME AT ONCE FULL PARTICULARS OF YOUR OFFER.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY:

STATE:

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1935

121

PORTAIT OF A FINE Hotel

Live in luxury at a sensible rate . . . at the SHERRY-NEHERLAND . . . where the advantages of established residence are available by the day, week, month or longer.

Suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving Pantry. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.

The Sherry-Netherland

Facing the Park

FIFTH AVENUE AT 39TH
NEW YORK
NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a gregarious man (George) who invites a pair of Bruce Cabot and Judith Athen lead the cast. (Feb.)


NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whole bunch of don'ts, fantasies about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dub- bly entertaining. The heroine, in this part, is the stage, first movie. Lack their spontaneity and charm on the dubbing stage. (Jan.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Striving for snappy roll story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds litter and thriller. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

OUR FIRST MISTAKE.—Private.—New-comer John Herron steals the show, Helen Wadd... (Dec.)

RICHES GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE—RKO-Radio—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title role, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RIDGES—Universal.—Good fare for Western Lovers, with fast sports and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN—RKO—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immortal lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers. She helps him with the help of an Irish cop. J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, Sazu Potts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who come to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy (Dec.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE.—Warners.—Jimmy Cag- ney, fast and breezy as the story, is a pappy truck driver in St. J. A walk. Patricia Ellis is the love mot. (Nov.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, THE—Liberty. Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Knowles. This bad, but it's a wearnin yarn just the same. (Nov.)

LOOK ALIKE?—Warner's. This is a very good, Frank MacOrell at the track

SECRET BRIDE, THE.—Warners—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Greta Farrall and Artur Borron are lost in the word name of this film's plot. (March)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Moretch Prod.—An hour of hows watching Eddie Lowe, Wille Eudell, Bennett, Florence Uder and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

SEQUOIA—M.G.M.—A beautiful and amaz- ing picture in which all the life stories of animals living in the high Sierra will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

SILVER STREAK, THE.—RKO-Radio—The newest streamliner hero is this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane. Charles Starrett, Lucille Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An in- teresting and well-mounted screen panel centering about three people confessing to jury of the murder of munition smuggler convoy Teare. (March)


STRAIGHT WIVES—Universal.—If you think laws are a joke, then Roger Pryor's predestination when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clay-worth) and in walls includes Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Nov.)

STUDENT TOUR—M.G.M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butter- worth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Byrd, Monte Blue, Florence McKinney, (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, THE.—Monogram. William Collier becomes aphilosopher of the barbecue (Brudge), family, Lucile Gleason, Russell Hopkin, Gene Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEET ADELINE—Warner.—Nice music entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics Jennifer Jernigan, and fine singing by Frances Lee Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carl Chapman. (March)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken- st... (Feb.)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram—D pulls a Western, but... Anyhow, gorgeous scenery beautifully photographed by Arthur Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief draw power. There's a musical comedy and, not to... Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the main interest. Radio stars abound. (Nov)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Frances Schaper compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic... (Dec.)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Listed for... Za Grey Western plot. But there is a good song— Gail Patrick, Randolph Scott is hero, Monte in the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A day of the life of a cowboy (Buster Keaton), Arnetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's... (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—moving picture against divorce. Edward Arn... (Nov.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO—A Western, with... a Western, with good cast and good direction. (Dec.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—He Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting... (Nov.)

WICKED WOMAN, A.—M.G.M.—Good war by the cast lifts this into entertaining entertain- ment. Homer Hickam to save her family. Char... Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Dec.)

WOMAN SHIPWRECKED, THE—Monogram. Co... and Marguerite Churchill will set a break... (Nov.)

YOU BELONG TO ME—Paramount.—A love... (Dec.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M.—Masoch... (Dec.)

ADDENDUM.—(Dec.)
LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
- THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.

They Taste Better
HELEN TWELVETREES HELPS ANN Get Her Man
TELLS HER HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN HAVE A LOVELY FIGURE THE EASY HOLLYWOOD WAY

HELEN TWELVETREES ANSWER TO ANN

My Dear Ann:
I'm glad to tell you my slim secret—
the one that made me slim.
Most of the Hollywood stars eat Ry-Krisp to
protect their figures. Get the Hollywood Habit
Get Ry-Krisp and I believe you'll get
your man.

MISS JOHNSON—ANN—
THAT DRESS IS A KNOCKOUT! EHR—
WILL YOU GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME TONIGHT?
I'D LOVE IT.
(FOHERSelf: SIX WEEKS
AGO I COULDN'T HAVE
WORN THIS DRESS.)

I JUST LOVED HELEN
TWELVETREES IN THAT PICTURE.
HASN'T SHE A MARVELOUS FIGURE?

GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT!
EAT Ry-KRISP
You'll Love It Because It TASTES SO GOOD!

DO as the movie stars do—eat
Ry-Krisp and ENJOY reducing. Ry-Krisp actually helps you
to reduce because it's filling but
not fattening. Just whole rye, salt and water — double baked for
lasting crispness and temptingly
different flavor. A healthful food
for all the family. Ralston Purina
Company, Checkerboard Square,
Saint Louis, Missouri.

HELEN TWELVETREES HAS A GORGEOUS FIGURE!
I WONDER IF SHE'D TELL ME HER SECRET IT MIGHT HELP ME TO WIN SAM. I'LL WRITE TO HER.

HELEN TWELVETREES HAS A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.
I WOONER IF SHE COULD HELP ME WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT!

IT'S A SECRET—HELEN TWELVETREES TAUGHT ME.
Ry-KRISP WITH EVERY MEAL! SHE SAID IT WOULD WORK WONDERS, AND IT HAS. I GET PLENTY TO EAT—YET, I'VE LOST POUNDS!

YOU CAN SEE HOW IMPORTANT A GOOD FIGURE IS TO THE BEAUTIFULLY FITTED LINES OF A GOWN LIKE THIS.
Ry-KRISP HELPS ME KEEP MY FIGURE AT ITS BEST—ALWAYS! "SAYS HELEN TWELVETREES.

NO LOVELIER THAN YOURS, ANN DARLING—WILL YOU MARRY ME?

YOU CAN SEE HOW IMPORTANT A GOOD FIGURE IS TO THE BEAUTIFULLY FITTED LINES OF A GOWN LIKE THIS.
Ry-KRISP HELPS ME KEEP MY FIGURE AT ITS BEST—ALWAYS! "SAYS HELEN TWELVETREES.

MAN SHE'S A HONEY! I COULD FALL FOR A GIRL WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT!

NO WONDER SAM'S NEVER ASKED ME FOR A DATE!

HELEN TWELVETREES TELLS HER HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN HAVE A LOVELY FIGURE THE EASY HOLLYWOOD WAY.
VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST-
BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement...a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty...mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You’ll thrill to its glittering extravagance...you’ll laugh at its bright comedy...and you’ll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It’s the screen’s musical masterpiece!

Jeanette
MacDONALD • EDDY

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

"AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"

"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

with
FRANK MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, PUBLISHER
RAY LONG, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVII NO. 6 MAY, 1935

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Close-Ups and Long Shots... Kathryn Dougherty 23
The Girl They Tried to Forget... Kirtley Baskette 26
He Made a Fortune by Looking Dumb... Frederick L. Collins 30
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood... 34
My Mom... Tommy Farrell 43
A Heroine to Her Tailor... Winifred Aydelotte 44
Here Is an Unusual Hollywood Success Story... Philip K. Scheuer 46
Don't Love Me (Part III)... 48
Photoplay Fashions... 59
Going the Rounds with Mitzi... Mitzi Cummings 68
The Most Amazing House in the World... Jerry Flint 70
Sylvia's Ideals for Mouth, Chin and Face Structure... Sylvia 72
They've Got What It Takes... Eleanor Packer 74
Hollywood, My Hollywood... Scoop Conlon 76
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop... Carolyn Van Wyck 78

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures... 8
The Shadow Stage... 52

PERSONALITIES

Happy Britishers... 15
A Middle Aged Woman Ran Away With the Show... Ruth Rankin 28
It Should Require Rehearsing... 33
Is He Your Type?... 56
The Third Merry Wife of Windsor... Reginald Taviner 57
Father and Son's Game... 67

INFORMATION AND SERVICE

Letters... 10
Hollywood Menus... 84
Ask the Answer Man... 96
Screen Memories from Photoplay... 116
Addresses of the Stars... 119
The Fan Club Corner... 124
Casts of Current Photoplays... 125
The joke's on somebody. But judging by the way these four are taking it, it's not on any one of them! Left to right, Ida Lupino, Tullio Carminati, Mary Ellis and James Blakeley. The four are principal players in Paramount's "Paris in Spring," and were just leaving the studio after a hard day's work when something funny happened. Stage star Mary Ellis, you know, is Paramount's newest big bet for stardom.
Clap Hands for Another Honey from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if Its Drama and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing It Because It Teams for the First Time on the Screen

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler

in

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

Famous "42nd Street's" author, Bradford Ropes, wrote this story of a girl who played with death for her man's life—staged against the thrilling backdrop of New York's hot spots. And you'll like Archie L. Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Ruby Keeler in the sweetest stepping she's ever done!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
as Al Jolson sings his heart out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE

to the lighthearted tunes of 8 grand songs by Warren & Dubin!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Glenda Farrell, Patty Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny Rubin, and other big stars!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with 100's of girls in ravishing Babby Connolly spectacles!
CONSULT THIS PICTURES SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION.

INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW.

BREEZE REVIEWS OF CURRENT FEATURES

**DEATH**—Universal. —A mystery as cleverly plotted with comedy and suspense as Gaslight is the prize girl, and Henry Armetta, Hu. O'Connell are the comics. Has a snappy twist. (Dec.)


CITY PARK—Columbia. —As one of the early pictures. Otto Kruger plays the role of the character (Solly Blaine) gone in the big city, Henry Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

LIVE OF INDIA—20th Century—United Artists. —A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India! Billie Dove leaves the center behind him. Charles B. Fitzsimons and Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the role. (March)

COLLEGE RHYTHM—Paramount—Mickey Spouse collegiate stuff, with the exception of Robert Young, Bert Lahr, and the great Betty Field, a real find. Oskar steals girl with Mary Brian from Lamont Ber. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jul.)

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—United Artists. —A thrilling film which does not reach the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat, Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox—Will be an interesting but not a particularly fine picture. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Lou Kent, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (Mar.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claire Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. See some maintained throughout. (Nov.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot—War star good story, plenty of combat scenes. Two parts. De Lyon and James Bush, both parts, of course, far beneath the love with ambience driver Sam Morisset. (Nov.)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Columbia—Here Alton James carries this picture as an old veteran actress who gambles with chance and impersonates Lady Scrope, moving in on her family, uses her final and best performance. (Dec.)

DANGEROUS CORNER—RKO—Story with two endings—what happens at the “cover-up.” Includes a “saddle”—actual murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Gail Patrick, Moore—15 roles. Virginia Bruce, others. Excellent. (Dec.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M—An incomparable phable of a story, and one that will live long. David, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber, Bud Eames, Agar are only a few of a long, superb cast. It is a brilliant adaptation of Dickens’ famous novel. (Mar.)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films. Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this picture, you will be appalled. The story is of the battle of arms and cost of armaments. Not a story, but a most impressive editorial which will make you think. (Dec.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M—A probable in spots, yet meat for baseball and movie devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a report Robert Young and Midge Evans love interest. (Oct.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia—Esteemed story of a man to whom in the high crime of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Dec.)

DESI RABLE—Warners—A neat gem that plays in the juvenile family. New laurels for Joan Mic and George Brent. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
FLASHERS from
GEORGE WHITE'S
1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

A frollicking foursome bubbling with the gaiety of the Gay Nineties number

with
ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE, DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

"According to the Moonlight"
"It's an Old Southern Custom"
"Mukkadola"
"Oh, I didn't know (you'd get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got shoeless"
Letters

From all over the world, readers of Photoplay express themselves here in print

WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE—

OUT of hundreds of magazines published every month, Photoplay is the only movie magazine found on the shelves of the Elizabeth Public Library. It is placed with the other honorary “Literary periodicals,” but I can assure you that it is read more than any other runner-up as indicated by a busy line calling for it and by worn-out pages.

VERA RADZUCK, Elizabeth, New Jersey

TO YOU, MISS GARBO—

I AGREE with Eunice Gideon and John Boyan in the March Photoplay, when they protest at the way our Garbo is being “murdered” with such ordinary stories.

She is the only great actress on the screen today.

Also another of our finest stars has been pushed into obscurity after making a wonderful showing—Nils Asther.

MRS. TED BROWN, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

AFTER seeing Garbo in “The Painted Veil” have I changed my mind about her! Always, before, she seemed like a wooden woman to me—walking across the screen with the same old tragic face and soulful eyes. Phooey!

Now she is alive, warm, human, as we would have her. A thousand parsons, Miss Garbo, and a big bouquet to you—orchids, of course, and lots of them.

FERN HOPKEWELL, South Bend, Ind.

Photoplay’s fans seem to know what’s all about. The three letters dealing with Garbo in the March issue, for instance, were all bell-ringers.

Feminine fans everywhere are clamoring for more pictures of Charles Boyer and Garbo. She has been unflatteringly criticized. She does need a good picture, and she has a decided flair for sophisticated comedy.

So far as I am concerned, Greta Garbo is easily the most beautiful woman on the screen; in the world, for that matter.

Yes, Garbo must remain the greatest name in the motion picture industry. How about it, M-G-M?

ROBERT CHARLES, Syracuse, New York

AND YOU, MISS DEL RIO—

May I refer Adoradora de la Pantella who in the March Photoplay, criticized Dolores Del Rio, to any biography of D. Barry? Del Rio gives us the only true D. Barry; the others having been only fictitious stories, each different, written to please the individual star.

How much longer are we going to be so narrow as to put type ahead of ability?

MRS. BERNADETTE MORON, Baltimore, Md.

By all means Dolores Del Rio’s portrayal of Madame Du Barry was grand. Lively sympathetic and perfectly natural. Besides she looked her loveliest. It was a gay colorful picture, with dialogue as delicious as frothy chocolate, as someone said.

LUIZ ZALDIVAR, Tacubaya, Mexico

I READ a letter in the March Photoplay criticizing Dolores Del Rio’s fine work as Madame Du Barry. I think Dolores Del Rio made the best performance of Du Barry ever put on the screen.

M. M. SHARON, Pennsylvania

In the March Photoplay I read a letter by Adoradora de la Pantella criticizing Dolores Del Rio as Madame Du Barry. Dolores Del Rio was good in that picture. Can it be Adoradora de la Pantella does not like Mexican stars? We all like Spanish films and are especially fond of Dolores Del Rio, and a group of my Laredoan friends are ready to sign a paper to that effect.

Ray Veytia, Jr., Laredo, Texas

AM not sure that I agree with H. Pratt who in the March issue said “Garbo would be replaced on her pedestal if she played in a good high comedy.” I didn’t know she had fallen off, and I don’t think she needs replacing, as there is something about Greta Garbo that all other screen actresses try to imitate. I would like to see her, though, in more costumes such as she wore in “The Painted Veil,” and I believe the public would, too. But as for high comedy for Garbo, that’s too much.

Mrs. C. J. RAMPS, Lynbrook, L. I.

MARCH PRIZE LETTER WINNERS

The winners of the three cash prizes for letters from Photoplay readers for the March issue were as follows: First Prize ($25.00) Marion Werner, 1590 Alice St., Apt. 203, Oakland, California. Second Prize ($10.00) Louise Kennedy, P. O. Box 116, Byron, Illinois. Third Prize ($5.00) Kathryn Hilgers, 1825 Grand Ave., Racine, Wisconsin.

“Go Into Your Dance” is Ruby Keeler’s latest picture. And she does just that to lead one of the cabaret dance scenes.

Richard Cromwell is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. Between scenes, he snaps pictures of the rest of the cast.
Letters

Frank exchange of opinion by movie-goers has a far-reaching effect on pictures

IF Charles Dickens were living today, he would more than agree with the producers of "David Copperfield."

Laurina DeLella, Hartford, Connecticut

DRESSLER SUCCESSOR?

When reading the March Photoplay I came across the letter about Jane Darwell. I, too, saw "The White Parade." We have had no hope of ever finding one who could ever take the place of our beloved Marie Dressler, but we sincerely believe that now we have found her. Here’s to you, Jane Darwell!

Dorothy Nicholson, Amboy, Ill.

TO MISS CRAWFORD

People laugh at Joan Crawford for giving those too soul-searching interviews recording every shade and nuance of her progress in character building. She seems contradictory, confused, in a perpetual state of flux.

Let us admire Joan as a completely human being striving to mold all the warring instincts, the clashing colors, the jarring, discordant notes that are her life into one splendid, harmonious fabric that shall be both beautiful and strong.

Mary Irene Woodruff, Chaitestown, Mass.

An aristocratic son of Old Russia? Just Walter King, dressed up for the part. Walter’s latest is "Spring Tonic."

GOODY-GOODY?

Can’t Janet Gaynor be put in a different kind of movie aside from the goody-goody parts she’s always in? Something with ginger.

Mary Macy Carpenter, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

ALL FOR DIETRICH

In the September Photoplay I read about the "Revolt Against Dietrich." I am a true Marlene fan and she is the reigning beauty of the screen. She is a great actress, and I shall stick by Marlene through thick and thin. She is absolutely perfect. If she does not want to interview writers why should she? No publicity for Dietrich and Garbo—come on, you Marlene fans, and tell Hollywood that Marlene is still your enchantress.

Phillis Nicholls, East London, Cape Province, South Africa

A TRIFLE PUZZLED

My age is between twelve and thirteen. When I stepped up to the box-office window a few weeks ago, ten cents in hand, the girl took a look that was supposed to be searching and said briefly, "Adult’s price."

That was only fair, because a sign said, "Children under twelve—10c." But, when a picture such as "Life Begins" comes along a sign appears "Adults Only," and the girl gives me an icy stare and says, "Can’t you see the sign? Adults only."

Such contradictions are beyond me. Can nothing be done?

Marvin Mudrock, Philadelphia, Pa.

HANDS OFF FILMS!

I say hands off the films. They should be left to develop and grow, and surely when "dirty pictures" can produce such lovely things as "Little Women" and "David Copperfield," we have little to worry about.

Ruth Ahlberg, Peru, Nebraska

FULLY SATISFIED

Movies, all kinds—sexy, cowboy, comical, romantic, religious, and historical—are an asset to the human race. Here’s to them!

Mary E. Rberman, Greenville, Cal.

Billie Burke greets you in the royal manner. She is playing Lady Baraenst, an English noble-woman, in "Becky Sharp."

ATTENTION MR. DICKENS

Despite all the excitement and hollowness, "David Copperfield" falls short of being the great picture we expected to see. It has atmosphere to a degree and a number of first-rate performances are given by individual actors, but it lacks the intense dramatic vitality a story of this kind should carry. It seems nearing to being a revue of Dickens’ characters than the tale of David’s struggle against almost overwhelming odds. The ramshackle march of the picture is interrupted too often to make it a gripping story, possibly because there are too many characters. There is no criticism of the directing which I feel to be very fine. Too much has been attempted in a two-hour film.

Now, many double feature bills are presented, some lasting as long as three and a half hours. So, why not add an hour’s length to a more single feature such as "David Copperfield," or any other much-loved novel then screened?

Margaret Doller, Watertown, N. Y.

David Copperfield" is the greatest motion picture that has ever been made. Its fidelity to the original, its wonderful atmosphere, the excellence of its cast, and in every detail of its production, it stands alone.

Lucia C. Markham, Lexington, Kentucky

Why all the Bluecoats who are worried about the decline of the cinema witness at least one performance of "David Copperfield.? When Hollywood gives us a picture a charming and perfect as that, the motion picture industry cannot be in such a deplorable condition.

Mrs. R. M., Toledo, Ohio

Broadway Bill," "The County Chairman," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "Sequoyah" are achievements that must be reviewed in superlatives. Then along comes David Copperfield," and words seem strange and inadequate. Such a vivid translation from book to screen would have wrenched the face of the immortal Dickens in rapturous smiles. The Dickensian characters in breathing an atmosphere make a screen creation that is truly impressive.

Mrs. William V. Albaugh, Baltimore, Md.

Fay Wray is making "Clairvoyant" in England. No, she is not shown in a trance. She is resting between scenes.

An aristocratic son of Old Russia? Just Walter King, dressed up for the part. Walter’s latest is "Spring Tonic."

GOODY-GOODY?

Can’t Janet Gaynor be put in a different kind of movie aside from the goody-goody parts she’s always in? Something with ginger.

Mary Macy Carpenter, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

ALL FOR DIETRICH

In the September Photoplay I read about the "Revolt Against Dietrich." I am a true Marlene fan and she is the reigning beauty of the screen. She is a great actress, and I shall stick by Marlene through thick and thin. She is absolutely perfect. If she does not want to interview writers why should she? No publicity for Dietrich and Garbo—come on, you Marlene fans, and tell Hollywood that Marlene is still your enchantress.

Phillis Nicholls, East London, Cape Province, South Africa

A TRIFLE PUZZLED

My age is between twelve and thirteen. When I stepped up to the box-office window a few weeks ago, ten cents in hand, the girl took a look that was supposed to be searching and said briefly, "Adult’s price."

That was only fair, because a sign said, "Children under twelve—10c." But, when a picture such as "Life Begins" comes along a sign appears "Adults Only," and the girl gives me an icy stare and says, "Can’t you see the sign? Adults only."

Such contradictions are beyond me. Can nothing be done?

Marvin Mudrock, Philadelphia, Pa.

HANDS OFF FILMS!

I say hands off the films. They should be left to develop and grow, and surely when "dirty pictures" can produce such lovely things as "Little Women" and "David Copperfield," we have little to worry about.

Ruth Ahlberg, Peru, Nebraska

FULLY SATISFIED

Movies, all kinds—sexy, cowboy, comical, romantic, religious, and historical—are an asset to the human race. Here’s to them!

Mary E. Rberman, Greenville, Cal.
PRAISE FOR "PROGRAMS"

FEEL compelled to sing hymns of praise for various unimportant program pictures which have lately been coming out of the studio. They’re usually used only as fillers-in or as parts of double bills, but some of them have a lot of truth and moments of brilliant acting. And they leave a good taste in one’s mouth; there’s none of this off-color stuff in any of them.

X. Y. Z., Aberdeen, Wash.

BRIGHT SPOT

THE only bright spot on the comedy horizon is the Todd-Kelly hook-up. These girls are doing an excellent job of laugh making for the public and should be given a vote of thanks. The other so-called synthetic comics should retire or go on the radio, say at 3 A.M.

EMMA C. MURPHY, Lakewood, Ohio

A REAL FARM STORY

KNOW that there must be quite a few thousands of farm people who have the same idea I have, namely, to give us one real farm picture!

I ask for one which really relates the simple, fun-loving life so many of us live; about our drought trials, our flood trials, our “good crops,” our “bad crops,” our homey parties, dances, clubs and home demonstrations.

BRIGHT SPOT

THE only bright spot on the comedy horizon is the Todd-Kelly hook-up. These girls are doing an excellent job of laugh making for the public and should be given a vote of thanks. The other so-called synthetic comics should retire or go on the radio, say at 3 A.M.

EMMA C. MURPHY, Lakewood, Ohio

A REAL FARM STORY

KNOW that there must be quite a few thousands of farm people who have the same idea I have, namely, to give us one real farm picture!

I ask for one which really relates the simple, fun-loving life so many of us live; about our drought trials, our flood trials, our “good crops,” our “bad crops,” our homey parties, dances, clubs and home demonstrations.

TOO MUCH GUSH?

WHY must we have so much gush about picture people and picture affairs?

I like my pictures; lots of ’em, and I know my casts, private lives—the usual fan stuff, but the infallibility of the stars fairly nauseates me at times. And some of those clever stories about them. Ugh!

MRS. VIOLET MATHOA CARR, Hyampom, Cal.

SIMPLICITY PREFERRED

MY husband and I recently saw “Forsaking All Others.” Tell me: are there people as witty as Joan, Boli, Clark and all their various companions? If so, what a strain it must be for them to merely live! Imagine having to be so devastatingly clever all of the time. The witty and nutty remarks were really too much for us; we felt a little relieved to get out of the theater and just ride home in absolute silence, something we rarely do.

FLORENCE HOLMES, Jackson, Cal.

GLAMOUR DESIRED?

FANTASY and glamour surrounding the stars is what the public wants and asks for. They want to keep their illusions free from grim reality. They pay to be fooled and object when realism is thrust at them. The public wants to go on dreaming of Garbo’s mystery, Gynor’s fragility, and Crawford’s dramatic honesty.

If the stars enjoy cereals and wiener, just as you and I, don’t tell us. Let us go on thinking that they dine on nectar and ambrosia.


FOR A FREE FORCE

MAY the motion picture producers and the American public fight to keep the talkies a free force for education, subject only to art and truth. While we look, moral censors may change to political censors and propagandists—most poisonous to the nation and the citizen.

ROSEMARY WOOD, Buffalo, New York
ALL QUIET* AN INFLUENCE

JUST recently “All Quiet on the Western Front” was brought back to Boston, and it appalled the audience until the final scene faded. Show “All Quiet” to the youth of the world very five years. There will be less glorification of war.

WALTER ST. CROIX, Lynn, Mass.

LAUSIBLITY SOUGHT

Isn’t it about time that super-producers confined their gigantic-scale scenes to the great live spaces, and for indoor scenes give us something plausible? All very well, perhaps, when portraying courts and palace pomp; not bad sometimes in restaurant scenes (although there are instances—!), but a lot of us are growing critical when asked to believe private mansions where the heroine wanders through at least four magnificent rooms before finding lover or husband—or both—in the fifth.

G. EDWARDS, Nova Scotia, Canada

HERO TAKES IT

Why does the hero always stand and take it when the heroine slaps his face? It is not human nature for a man to kiss a woman unexpectedly and at least not be partially prepared to dodge a slap in the face. Yet in the movies, the hero literally braves himself and takes the slap calmly. It’s ridiculous.

DORIS N. MCCORMICK, Xenia, Ohio

OUT OF CHINA

There are many pictures which have a slight or a good deal of Chinese air, and most of them, to my great astonishment, are from being true and real. People wear such clothes that were long buried and their manners are such a queer sort.

In “Student Tour” there is a scene of the S.S. Arcadia coming into the port of Shanghai. The background is a typical Oriental waterfront with high mountains perched up in the back. But in reality there isn’t a single mound or hill within a hundred miles of the vicinity of Shanghai.

SUNG KYUNG KWEE, Shanghai, China

INDIA SPEAKS

While on a visit to the United States, I had the occasion of seeing the film “India Speaks.” Needless to say, I was utterly disappointed and was surprised at Jack Halibarton’s imagination. I believe he was the producer and player in the picture.

In the interest of better pictures and in justice to India, I quote from a leading editorial in one of our newspapers, The Times of India; referring to “India Speaks,” “Hollywood has perpetrated too many gaucheries of this description.”

G. HABIB, Bombay, India

FOR COLLEGE PICTURES

Everyone likes college pictures because they have plenty of pep in them. Why don’t we have more? They make you feel like living.

POLLY ANN PANDRES, Dallas, Texas

OPERA ASKED

Would it not be possible to bring to the screen the operas now offered only to those who are fortunate enough to live where they are produced? And to those who possess sufficient funds to pay for the privilege of seeing them?

I realize that perhaps “box-office attraction” does not lie in this field, but cannot (and should not) public taste be educated here as well as in other lines?

MARJORIE W. EGGLETON, Macedon, N.Y.

Whether you liked the picture or not, what you think is interesting to others

JUDICIOUS COMEDY

Among our most entertaining plays are those including in their casts teams of popular comedians.

Most people want diverting plays with casts of intelligent and capable actors, but let us have those in which comedy is used in its rightful place and applied with a judicious and discriminating hand.

LUTHER SWEET, Yosemite, Kentucky

TO THE UP-CREEK BOYS

If all the sermons and patriotic propaganda that we hear about “Our America” were chucked and only Will Rogers left, it would be enough to make our youth—and age, too—conscious of the kind of shrewd, human, honest, courageous Yankees that gave us our nation.

It would make us laugh at our foolish attempts to ape Riviera manners and European worn-out mannerisms. And make us proud of those Up-Creek boys who are the smartest and best in all the world.

MRS. CLARENCE ROSE, San Francisco, Cal.

ALL GOOD MOVIES

I am wondering why we do not hear more exclamations of “Good! Excellent! Bravo!” and the like from the howling hordes who so blantly condemned the movies some months past. Seems to me it has been in order for some time now, and we should stand up and cheer as the big parade of good movies is passing before us.

Also, it is really a shame that our government cannot H.E.L.P. in order that her unprivileged peoples might see the best movies of all time.

Mae CARTER, Lexington, North Carolina

MORE “SEQUOIA”

Give us another picture like “Sequoia,” and we no longer need “Censorship” in pictures.

Ruth SILLIE, Seattle, Washington

The cameraman catches Louise Fazenda repairing her make-up between scenes
DOWNTOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—KRO-Radio.—This is one of the few films that has enough of a plot to make it worth watching. The story is based on the novel by Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

FORASKING ALL OTHERS—M.G.M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Boyer. It's a highly amusing story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and brazen as a champagne bottle. (Nov.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—KRO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet expertly produced with a cast to include Russell Hardie, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Oct.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film début as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewell thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stralheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Vera Engles, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Shester story well acted. (Fed.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M.G.M.—Chorline Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who help each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carillo pay while Castle Morris wins. (Jan.)

GAY DIVORCREE, THE—KRO-Radio.—Grandy amusing. Fred Astaire's educated daughter has the problem of a ring in a glass. He's mistaken for a professional correspondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton. Alice Brady points told. (Dec.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Francie Tone is one of four college girls trying to find a job, they decide on Nick Potan, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac dips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Jan.)

GIFT OF GAR—Universal.—Edmond Lowe, fast talking news announcer, hopes, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags, songs, sketches. Alexander Woollcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

GILD LILLY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have to light to the story. Colette Colbert in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERlost, A—Monogram.—A folk who have lost all interest in theirLimberlost novel want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GIRL O MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much ribbing and laughter from 'the Western Port' novel want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser. Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullivan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are placed in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—KRO-Radio.—That grand old tragedienne, Mayo Methot, gives a superb performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal.—Reviewed by George L. Wahren, this version of Dickens as played by Pip, later by Phillip Holmes, Holmes friendship with Pip being repeated by George Robinson. (Jan.)

GREEN EYES—Citis-stered.—A stereotyped murder mystery, Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Sally Gray, Billy Buhle, John Wray, Dorothy Reynolds. Repeat review inadequate. (Feb.)

GRIDIRON FLASH—KRO-Radio.—A college football story about a parolee convict (Eddie Quinn) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too, Glenn Tryon, Lucile Littlefield. (Feb.)

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and a window washman. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. (Dec.)

HAVE A HEART—M.G.M.—A real story about the love of a cripple (Jane Powell) for an imbecile vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel—Stuart Erwin. Good to good stuff. (Feb.)

HELDORADO—Fox.—A Western story, a story of crime, falls to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping story of a French convict (Ronald Colman) who later becomes a Frenchman. Baxter is an American with the outfit. Cochrane Morgan. Excellent cast. (Feb.)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those charming tunes, and the story is good stuff. (February)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortage sill and the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

HUMAN SIDE, THE—Universal.—Accurate, an honest story of a family that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Derle tas. (March)

I AM A THIEF—Warner.—A dynamic tale, no real sit, and everybody looks guilty. Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Diggs, Irving Forre and, best of the cast. No murder, but, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

IMITATION OF LIFE—Universal.—An up-to-date human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of the children, with Adolphe Menjou, Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fred Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Red Skars. (Feb.)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen guns wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice picture for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Bralvo Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
THE lady with the loveliest legs in London,” who is seen by American movie critics as the inevitable partner of Fred Astaire, is none other than chic, slender, brunette Jessie Matthews, star of the Gaumont British picture “Evergreen,” which created something of a sensation in this country.

So much so that it seems just about a certainty that before long she will be teamed with Astaire, in that she is “tops” anywhere as a dancer.

At the top, she is seen reading her mail with husband Sonnie Hale, leading British comedian whom you also remember in “Evergreen,”—at their large rambling country house just outside London. Sonnie raises pigeons and ducks. You can see the ducks just above. Miss Matthews, who has been in the theater in important roles ever since she turned seventeen, is not only a talented star, but a gracious and charming hostess of the large ménage, which is always open to visitors.

And are they in love! After four years of married life, says Sonnie, “Jessie is the most beautiful lady in the world.”

Says Jessie, “Sonnie is the most charming and adorable man in the world.”
 CONTINUED

**IRON DUKE**—Gaumont British.—An unpretentious George Arliss vehicle, with George Arliss as an English coloni

**HELL ANYTHING**—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gap-mouthed strong-armed man. (Feb.)

**IT'S A GAM**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the role of a hen-pecked bank vice-president. Roy Drusky, Katherine Howard. But it's Field's show. (Feb.)

**I'VE BEEN AROUND**—Universal.—A good cast and an even better story, but much too stately a direction. (March)

**JACK AHOY!**—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh till your side aches, this is just the film for you. However, English accents are not very convincing, and Jack Hubbert deserves better treat-

**JULIUS CAESAR**—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you can't see this picture about a prince who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, William Tabbert. (Dec.)

**JUDGE PRIEST**—Fox.—Will Rogers makes Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical char-

**KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE**—Warner's.—Comedy, "socalled," about two maneaters (Jean Harlow, Glenda Farrell) out to do each other some genuine digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

**KENTUCKY KERELS**—RKO Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spacely Mera, and a clever stunt man. (Feb.)

**LADY BY CHOICE**—Columbia.—Fresh, and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Carole Lombard, Jimmie Durante, "alphas," "anennipores" and a confused alcoholic as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

**LADY IS WILLYING, THE**—Columbia.—Leafield Eaves, an English lassie, Bonnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (Nov.)

**LITTLE WILDERNESS, THE**—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective with animals. (Life picture). Hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)


**LIFE RETURNS**—Universal.—The miraculous operation performed on a cornish game hen to

**LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE**—RKO Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Bob Hope and John Craven. (Dec.)

**LITTLE FRIEND**—Gaumont British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. (Dec.)

**LITTLE MEN**—Mascot.—A nice homely little film made from Louis M. Gottschall's book, with Errol Flynn, Analog, and Richard Arlen. There's a delightful scene of the cast hampered by their faces. (Dec.)

**LITTLE MINISTER, THE**—RKO Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Burns' famous poem,

**LITTLE MISS CORLICH**—Universal.—A beautiful, significant heroine. Also, there's a bit of

**LITTLE SWISS BOY**—RKO Radio.—A Swiss boy, engraves music on a violin. He is played by a Swiss boy, and he talks Swiss. (Dec.)

**MAD ABOUT MACK**—MGM.—A sensitive and realistic story of a ten-year-old girl. The child actress

**MADELEINE**—Paramount.—Silent picture, with Madeleine Carroll and Albert Bassett. (Jan.)

**MAN WHO CLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE**—Universal.—An fine and important picture as has been made with Claude Rains in a superb per-

**MARIE GALANTE**—Fox.—Glaring impossibilities in the character of Marie Galante. Kellin Gallaway is amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

**MASON HOUSE**—Paramount.—A miscarriage of justice. A pretty locale. Law and crime.

**MARIE ANTOINETTE**—MGM.—A splendid period piece, with Greta Garbo as the queen and Francis Ford as her sympathetic husband. (Dec.)

**MARY AND MAXIE**—Paramount.—Two children of Jewish parents, played by George Grizzard and Billie Burke. (Feb.)

**MERRY WIDOW, THE**—MGM.—Oper-

**MICHAEL HANNAH**—MGM.—A sensitive and realistic study of a New York woman who is

**MIGHTY BARNUM, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—The life of P. T. Barnum, as told by Ronald Colman, and directed by Richard Boleslawski. (Dec.)

**MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fox is cute as the youngest whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under con-

**MISSISSIPPI—The**—Paramount.—Plenty of muscle and mystery. But, to those familiar with George Arliss, the atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with George Arliss, C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Guy

**MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount.—Interesting adaption, with Pauline Lord, C. Fields, and a host of other

**MURDER ON A HONEYMOON**—RKO Radio.—A murder mystery in which the murder is committed by May Oliver as the interloper female detective and Jimmy Golden the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Nov.)

**MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempera-

**MY HEART IS CALLING**—Gaumont British.—Hamilton reprises Bing Crosby more some. He is good. (Apr.)

**MYSTIC HOUR, THE**—Progressive.—Crockett crooks, fanning fights, tag with fast trains, romances, and a really villain, his co-star, Bette Davis. (Dec.)

**MYSTERY WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Fairly good combination of several good situations, for earning two spades, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, with love and murder. (Dec.)

**NAUGHTY MARIETTA**—M-G-M.—A thun-

**NIGHT ALARM**—Majestic.—If you like to go to the shows get this one. A brand new story, a fagging and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot, Leila Hyams, and Judith Wood. (Dec.)

**NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE**—M-G-M.—A small

**NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS**—Universal.—A wonderful and fascinating picture, which has discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (Mar.)

**NORAH O'NEAL**—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—utoff woman's popularity, in this stage, fully in her first movie. Fiery and practical, and the charm of the (Dec.)

**NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, THE**—Uni-

**NUT FARM, THE**—Monogram.—A wise way to work; it looks like a big mistake, and outside the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times, Wallace Ford, Betty Compson, Florence Roberts, Oscar Rabin and others. (Dec.)

**ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE**—Universal.—Striving forINUITY story of much charm. Noしたもの, and the inside, the Hollywood slicker. There's many to laugh, and the music is Robert Brent and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

**PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Carloas a middle-aged man. Played by one of the choicest and most sensitive actors of today, Robert Brent and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

**PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story of

**PERFECT CRUE, THE**—Majestic.—Not to say that this is the worst drama-weekly picture

**POLISH COUNT, THE**—M-G-M.—A

**POOR LITTLE Rich Girl**—Metro.—A

**POOR LITTLE Rich Girl**—Metro.—A

**POOR LITTLE Rich Girl**—Metro.—A

**POOR LITTLE Rich Girl**—Metro.—A
SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A how to to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Records Carter, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Feb.)

SILVER STREAK—THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly gathering a crowd of men to save, which results in saving Sally Blake for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardy Hartwig, Edward Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-mounted screen parade-centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of mentions situations. Constance Cummings. (March)

4 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags. City slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl, Fay Wray; Russell Ft. Phipps Gordon and Frank McHugh good. (Dec.)

TRAUL, BEYOND — Monogram.—Suspiciously a Western, but— Anyhow, gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Verna Hilli, Lynn Bari, Kenneth Tobey, Robert Young. (Feb.)

TRANSLATLIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief drawing card. Dan'l Blocker's a murder suspect, and getting a frizzle. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the team. Excellent, and nostalgic. (April)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Leading entertainment is a thrill. (April)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franc Schubert's composition. Fox has played it with the London Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Col Puckett is magnificent as the singing tough. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A diesel day. June Lang, Paul McComas, Mary Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—A moving preachment against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Franklin Thomas the child victor. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-Universal.—An amusing story, with a humorous look at a powerl love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and a prowling young novice named Hanna. Great Herbert and Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WE LIVE AGAIN—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Tokato is a good story. If Paddy Shannon, but that simple story is given such a sincere humbleness it touches your heart. Fox, Fleischer, Phyllis, and an excellent supporting cast give it to you. (Dec.)

WEST OF THE PECONS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action and some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep's Earl Averill. (Jan.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play. Brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully told. (Feb.)

WHEN MAN SEEKS LOVE—Universal.—Here Buick Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Stuffy Wallis, who declares that she won't have any man. Buick is her siren. Lots of chases, trick riding and romance. (May)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Columba.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, a richly performed and effective picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

WHITE PARADE, THE—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Jeff Donnell and John Roche. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast likes this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Joan Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Main, Raimondi and Grant. Their blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy, which makes the audience laugh unceasingly. Leo Carrillo and Constance Ford Zaens afford the disappointment of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WITHERING CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot, who has made art critic Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reverse the table. The little ones are excellent. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the late Rex Ingram. Ruby Keeler in a charming role. Joline Humbold's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)

YOU BELONG TO ME—Paramount.—Master David Janssen, who managers to outshine trouper Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascon.—Perhaps it is Bill Haley's "comeback" which will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)
TODAY is your WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . It's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St Louis, Missouri.

P.S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.
But six brief years ago, on April 23, to be exact, that winsome darling of the screen, Shirley Temple, was born. In that short span, Miss Temple has seven box-office hits to her credit, with "The Little Colonel" being the latest. She is now finishing "Heaven's Gate," and she is scheduled for the musical hit, "Daddy Long Legs."
Spring has come! Birds are singing, soft winds are blowing, and here’s Rochelle Hudson lovely as a flower in a spring-time frock! Rochelle is always fresh as a daisy and just as pretty—even though she’s been carrying a terrific load of work on those slim shoulders lately. Her next is the Fox musical version of “Daddy Long Legs”
Hollywood waits breathlessly while Connie makes up her mind! After that hard-boiled newspaper man, Gable, led her through the paces in "After Office Hours," Miss Bennett decided she needed a vacation—maybe. Or perhaps another picture with a different type of rôle. We'll see. In the meantime, Constance rests...
Ten months ago, Dick severed his movie connections after eighteen years of continuous work as a leading man. His next picture, he said, would be hand-picked, and he'd take his time. Now Paramount has come along with "Four Hours to Kill," from the stage success, "Small Miracle," and Dick's right in there.
WHEN the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences pinned orchids on
“It Happened One Night” and on the stars of that production as well—
Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable—for the best film and acting of 1934,
their selections indicated a real understanding of the purpose of the cinema;
namely, entertainment.

Symbolic photography, “artistic” lighting, propaganda, and a morbid theme—
matters so dear to “the intellectuals”—have little meaning to the normal-minded.

When they go to a picture genuine Americans want to see their own healthy
interests and emotions reflected. And that’s just what they got in “It Happened
One Night.” The picture is still going around, so, if you missed it, you have yet
a chance to enjoy it, as millions of others have done. The story has the undefinable
charm that immortalized such novels as “Little Women,” “David Copperfield,”
and “Huckleberry Finn.”

Incidentally, for the first time in its history, the Academy gave its award for the
best picture, the best acting and the best direction to the same film, Director Frank
Capra receiving his share of these several honors.

The Academy itself seems entitled to some special mention for its clear-sighted
recognition of what constitutes excellent screen fare.

THE afternoon before the Award banquet Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert
were having tea together.

“I haven’t any more chance of winning it than the man in the moon,” laughed
Claudette.

“Nor I,” laughed Norma.

“Then let’s toast the winner with a cup of tea,” Claudette suggested. They
poured the cups.

“To Bette Davis,” they chorused.

That night, of course, Claudette carried home the little gold statuette.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN believes he has discovered the secret of successful screen
stories. It’s all in getting a good writer.

Says he: “I have signed up Rachel Crothers under an arrangement which is
simply revolutionary—one thousand dollars advance on her next story and the
rest straight royalties.”

Well, he picked a Broadway winner, at any rate. Miss Crothers has been ringing
the bell as a playwright these thirty years.

Mr. Goldwyn elucidates the disadvantages of the wonted Hollywood procedure.
Unknown writers, he explains, are accepted too frequently on their press-agents’
valuation. A writer may be signed for a twenty-week period at one thousand
dollars a week. When the contract is nearly up the press-agent repeats on some other unsuspecting producer.

MR. GOLDWYN concedes that "they may have written a wonderful play. Arriving in Hollywood, they're rushed to an office and told to produce a good story in a couple of days. They can't do good work in that time . . . Left to produce in their own way, paid according to the value of their product, the good ones will produce good stuff and the bad ones will have to go back to their plows."

Mr. Goldwyn evidently believes, like the critic in George Bernard Shaw's "Fannie's First Play," "If it's a good author it's a good play." But his idea is fundamentally sound. An expert and conscientious playwright left to his own devices is, in the nature of things, far more likely to repeat a success than is a harried hack.

PRINTED criticism and comment upon motion pictures have almost achieved the position of a major industry in this country, so numerous are they. Many writers seem to know nothing of, or entirely ignore, such delightful comedy as "It Happened One Night," such spirited musicals as "Roberta" and "Sweet Music." They give grudging praise to masterpieces like "David Copperfield" or "The Little Minister."

Don't they realize that there are fewer picture flops than stage flops; that there are more uplifting, heartening screen than stage plays; as much "art" in films as there is in the theater?

The following editorial, quoted from Motion Picture Herald is enlightening, with reference to this subject:

"ACROSS the land are some two thousand-and-odd persons with access to printers' ink who are willing to commit themselves to print with opinions about our art and industry. In a fashion, the repute of this industry is made by what they say. Examination of their printed comment reveals that few of them see pictures, but that many, many of them, being typical editorial writers, rewrite and comment upon what someone else has written, or more likely, rewritten.

"Now the painful fact is that the problems of the motion picture arise not so much from the persons who see them as from the persons who read about them. Continually we are confronted by opinions on pictures, on block booking, on censorship, on this and that by persons who get their entire information from what somebody said in somebody's paper about what somebody wrote about what he heard from somebody. Meanwhile there is a theater in his town."

OVER in England—an actress—they wouldn't say who—is waiting in vain for Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur.

It happened this way: The two boys called on Noel Coward to ask him to take a rôle in a picture, the script of which they were writing. When the three came out of the huddle the original ideal—and, incidentally, the English actress—had been forgotten.

Instead, they had formulated "Miracle on 49th Street," with Coward in the principal rôle, now being filmed at the Astoria Studios, New York.

WHILE the B. E. F. (British Expeditionary Force) continues to bombard us with its films, the homeland is vigorously endeavoring to countermaneuver our occupation of British theaters.

Two leading companies are reported to have raised a war chest of seventeen million dollars to gain control of these houses. They do not expect to throw out American-made films, but they do expect to get a better break in the home business.

Further grievance is the claim that, in some instances, half of an English picture house’s revenue goes to the American film companies.

Apparently British enterprise, slow but sure, thinks it has found a way to reduce American aggressiveness in its own markets.
brief two years ago Mae West led the feminine contours of the world when she swept across cinemematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

the versatile Mae is about the same thing again, to the list of the fashion designers and regions of feminine and masculine. But this time she's offering stream-lined silhouette instead of full-rounded curves of two years ago.

A part of the radical change character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "Goin' to Town." No longer is a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in a modern manner.

The story and background of "Goin' to Town" offers just as a contrast to her previous roles as the Mae West of 1935 to the Mae West of 1933.

Fashionable spots of smart, up-to-date society—Long Island, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of Nineties and gay spots of New York a generation ago as the setting of the action of her new picture.

her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the fight-ers and gamblers of an era; instead honors are shared by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form divine when Paramount's "Goin' to Town" reaches the screens of the world.

(Advertisement)
Everyone but Bette Davis raised a hullabaloo about Bette’s being almost left out when the Motion Picture Academy made its awards.

The least disturbed by all that thunder in the West—still reverberating—over the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences’ annual awards is that little blonde center-of-it-all, Bette Davis. She’s the least disturbed by the fact that the Academy gave her belated recognition for the dramatic greatness she uncovered in her characterization of the cruel, destroying Mildred in “Of Human Bondage,” because she cares least about such honors. Not that she isn’t appreciative of the startling flood of indignation with which her staunch supporters inundated the august Academy, nor is she unaware of the fact that a stirring write-in campaign to put her in her rightful place was made and which brought about the “special award.”

But, Bette just doesn’t give a hoot about such things. As a matter of fact, Bette wasn’t even in town when the repercussions began to echo the length and breadth of Cinemaland. She was away on her idea of a perfectly marvelous vacation. She was five hundred miles north of Hollywood, up towards San Francisco, in a roadside auto camp with her husband, frying his morning eggs, burning the toast, and worrying far more about her Scottie, which had a boil on its ear, than about the even more painful irritation the Academy had started.

Bette isn’t even a member of the Academy. In fact, she has never attended one of the annual Award Banquets at which that congress hands out gold statuettes to various screen artists—including one actor and one actress—saying, in effect, “You’re the top. This means that in 1934 you delivered the best individual acting performance on the screen.”

But this year—well, it was rather taken for granted that Bette would be at least one of the select three to be nominated in accordance with a custom that has endured since the Academy was born. But Bette wasn’t even nominated. You remember those nominated were Norma Shearer, Grace Moore and Claudette Colbert, with the final award going to Miss Colbert. And no one will honestly question that final choice—an excellent story with acting that superbly sustained it. No, I think no one is quarreling with the decision, but here is the question that has been raised: why, when nominations were under consideration, the mental lapse, not only as concern Bette Davis, but also with regard to Myrna Loy, who climax a year of exceptional achievement with her engaging brilliance in “The Thin Man”? And why were Robert Donat’s “Count of Monte Cristo,” and George Arliss’ “Rothschild” overlooked.

The howls were, however, the loudest concerning the alleged slight to Bette, who is neither “politically” strong nor even has been handed too much prestige in Hollywood. Hollywood championed her so vigorously that for a while the whole town seemed to be one giant indignation meeting. Editorials, articles, telegrams, telephone calls bombarded the austere Academy until, I am sure, like the bewildered author in “Once In A Lifetime,” its members eventually concluded that “It couldn’t all be a typographical error.”

Even my postman lingered the other morning on the doorstep and pushed back his cap from a puckered brow.

“My son and I have been talking about this Academy nearly passing up Bette Davis. It’s a darn outrage,” he said heatedly, “and I think Photoplay ought to give ‘em the devil!”

What any postman failed to notice was that the Academy, possibly for the second time in its career, had already experienced a goodly dose of “the devil.” And it started early, on the posting of the nominations, because after a few days of being on the receiving end of unkindly brickbats, it took pains to announce that the voting for the main award would be free for all. That’s when the write-in campaign for Bette started, followed, sometime later, by the “special award” for Bette.

Heretofore, in case you don’t know, each acting member of the organization was supposed to have three votes. The three resulting nominations closed the voting—tight.

Not because Bette Davis needed any extra champions. The woods were full of ‘em. It was because Photoplay knew it would be interesting to see how Hollywood’s Number One Forgotten Woman felt about suddenly becoming the object of Hollywood heated affections that I dashed on a thousand-mile round trip jaunt to the auto camp, to see her. This auto camp was just south of San Francisco, where Bette, whose weekly pay check does her very, very nicely, was keeping house for her Lord and master, Harmon O. Nelson, in Spartan simplicity.
It's only fair to confess herewith that I, pretty much in mon with all the rest of Hollywood, had regarded this auto business with a jaundiced eye.

In all, when a Hollywood actress cashes a check for three or figures of the best every week, and then chooses to stop infite at an auto court, it's news—such unnatural news it stirs suspicions of a publicity "gag."

It just happens that the Nelsons live on a budget predi- both on Bette's income and Harmon's income, which last, surse, is not movie money. When she's not working, she on his paycheck, and, I might truthfully add—loves it.

"Fam," as she calls him, heads an orchestra in a nearby club, and Bette has a quaint conviction that a wife's is with her husband.

She greeted me wearing slacks, and the worried look of a lady whose Scottie is a surgical problem.

I remembered talking to Bette Davis right after "Of Human Bondage" had been released. Like everyone else, I had been tremendously impressed with the genius she had revealed in painting Mildred, that vicious, anaemic little trollop of Somerset Maugham's play. Rather reverently I had asked her what in the world had happened to her to give such a performance.

And she answered, "Nothing."

So I should have been prepared for her rejoinder when I informed her importantly, as if
Some call her a second Marie Dressler. That's all bosh! She's a first Constance Collier!

Her name is Constance Collier and while she has been an actress since she was a child, she is scarcely known outside New York; in that city and in London she is considered one of the most remarkable and popular persons on the stage.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN RAN AWAY

If you do not live in New York or London, it is possible you have never heard of Constance Collier.

This will be remedied as soon as you see "Shadow of Doubt," her first M-G-M picture; in fact, after you see that, you'll never forget her. She plays Aunt Melissa, a plausibly regal grande dame, and she runs away with the show. She gathers up the honors nonchalantly with her train, as Constance Collier (with or without train) has been gathering honors most of her life.

Because she is a woman in middle years who plays character roles, some silly persons have mentioned her as a second Marie Dressler. Bosh! She's a first Constance Collier! Marie Dressler herself would have been the first to say so. Each has a distinctly different personality and technique, although they did play the same role in "Dinner at Eight"—Miss Collier being the original of the part in the New York production.

Anything written about a woman who stirs the imagination as does Constance Collier is bound to be filled with extravagant phrases. So let's begin right now by saying she is the most formidable woman ever to endow pictures with her presence. Not the formidable that frightens you. Mercy, not! The formidable which is undaunted by opposition or adversity, which makes one regard her accomplishments and her life with respect. Respect without fear. She has been so valuable to undertakings, to her friends, and to the theater.

She is a superb actress, a writer of real distinction, a producer of successful plays—and a woman whose gallant gestures have enriched the theater.

Noel Coward, her friend of long standing, writes the preface to Miss Collier's book, "Harlequinade." Here are three revealing paragraphs by Mr. Coward which give an intimate picture of the woman who wrote that brilliant life-story:

"Constance Collier in America seems to go native more thoroughly than at home, her suite at the hotel being generally shambles of critics, musicians, actors, producers, leading lady animals and tea-cups, with herself presiding from the bed in pink dressing-gown, with a dog in one hand and a cigarette the other."
WITH THE SHOW

She has a whole-hearted passion for animals which is expressed in a strange particular voice reserved exclusively for parrots, monkeys, dogs or cats which she may happen to have by her at the moment. Animated, probably subconsciously, by some queer nomadic instinct, she invariably travels in her own atmosphere, consisting of silk cushions, tea-pots, hot water bottles, books, coffee percolators and live stock, and she is viewed placidly surrounded by all of it within half an inch of her arrival, anywhere.

Constance Collier, as a person, possesses all the range and variety appropriate to an actress of her reputation. That is a quick comprehensive view from close range.

She prefers to talk, blithely and with pride, of early days in cheap theatrical lodgings when her mother was a clog-dancer and pantomimist in second companies. Of her Portuguese grandmother, Madame Leopoldine Collier, who brought one of the first ballets to England. When Constance was three years old, she was "turned out at the bar." All her family were dancers. Her mother and uncle were the "Child Wonders" of the music halls at six and eight.

Her father was an extremely clever actor who only remained on the stage a few years. Constance was born while her mother was on tour, in lodgings on Windsor Hill. When her mother had to be on the stage, she wrapped the baby in blankets and left her to kick among the make-up on her dressing-table. So she has always adored the peculiar smell of grease-paint and dressing rooms.

By RUTH RANKIN
Since coming to Hollywood in 1930, Charlie has made the studios pay high for his peculiar talents. He knows his box-office value

If you were a young mother and woke up to find on your pillow a baby with a face like Charles Butterworth's, how would you feel?

I put this question the other night to a Beverly Hills matron. Her answer was brief—and conclusive:

"Sunk!"

Charlie's mother was apparently of sterner stuff. She was a Butterworth—at least, her husband was—of the South Bend Butterworths. So she sent the boy to Notre Dame.

The wan young man did not become a Four Horseman of the Football Apocalypse. The Rockne influence has never been a dominant one in his life. He adopted the quieter, but perhaps no less dangerous practice of writing monologues and reciting them in his bleak, colorless voice to all and sundry who could not get away. Otherwise, he was a credit to his mother, and also to his father, Charles, Senior, a physician who had felt some of the highest brows and taken some of the fastest pulses in South Bend.

Charlie emerged from Notre Dame an LL.B., which means Bachelor of Laws, which means he was all set to be a lawyer. But he wasn't. He passed his bar exams just to show he could, and joined the Indiana Bar Association just to show there was no hard feeling. But monologuing was his profession; so he decided to write pieces for the papers, where nobody could answer him back. He got himself a job on the Chicago American from a man who had never heard him monologue. And everything looked just fine for a literary career for Charles E. Butterworth, Notre Dame, '23.

Funny, but most polite comedians start life in some more or less polite profession.

Roland Young was an artist (he still cartoons bit). Charlie Ruggles' mother raised her boy to be a doctor. Edward Everett Horton, although never active in any outside profession, started with the best of intentions by attending Columbia University. Most rough-and-ready comedians on the other hand, come into the studio, or the theaters, or the circus tents at an early age.

For example. Eddie Cantor at thirteen. Joe E. Brown at nine, Buster Keaton as soon as he could walk. Oliver Hardy is an exception to this rule. Like Butterworth, he is a full-fledged graduate-in-law.

But to get back to Charlie's newspaper career. His stay in the Chicago field was not a protracted one. The stuff he wrote for his paper was good enough. He could describe a fire in a laundry with just the dull finish the event demanded. But the South Bend curse was still on him. He would recite his monologues to the city editor; and the city editor didn't care for monologues, especially Charlie's dead-pan kind, so he told Charlie to go away and not bother him or the paper any more. He even suggested a place for Charlie to go.

The boy had spirit, though. He wouldn't go to that place, yet. And he wouldn't go back to Indiana. He'd gotten an LL.B. there once; there's no telling what he might catch this time. So he took a New York train that didn't stop at Elkhart—there was one, but it's been taken off—to get himself a job on the stage. There was a stage in New York, then—all the good actors hadn't emigrated to Hollywood. In fact, there were altogether too many good actors in New York to suit Charlie.

In desperation, he turned once more to newspaper work, first on the suburban Mount Vernon Argus and later on the metropolitan New York Times. But once a monologist always a monologist. When he finally managed to rustle himself a week's booking, with promise of more weeks to come, on a small-time vaudeville circuit, he promptly threw up his job with the Times. But the additional weeks did not materialize. It seems that a comedian wasn't a comedian on this circuit unless he continually slap-sticked and fell down and went boom.

At first, Charlie thought that his audiences just happened to be composed exclusively of city editors; in fact, he clung fondly to the idea through Friday and part of Saturday but Saturday night, with the help of the manager, Charlie became convinced that the American public, in general, was not ready for the doleful agonized type of humor he so longed to
pse. This was before 1929, when the country was not yet j

scious.

having failed at both acting and newspapering, Charlie 
\take of his back to Broadway, and started to look me honest work. He found it at last, a secretary's job, of J. P. McEvoy, author, columnist, most affluent 
\ollywood scenarists, who was then turning out sketches for 
\way musical shows. McEvoy didn't really need a 
\ary. He, himself, writes all day with both hands. Some 
\e has a pair of educated feet that write all night. But 
\ad been to South Bend, too, so he gave Dead Pan Charlie 
\or the sake of dear old Notre Dame, 
\vent right on producing his current 

"Americana."

Charlie had learned his lesson. He 
\cict any monologues to McEvoy. 
\hen Mac was out, which was most 
\me, Charlie practiced his stuff on 
\wed chairs and the autographed 
\raphs and the water cooler — es-

ily on the water cooler. One morn-
\e while he was addressing the cooler, 
\g believe it was a Rotary Club in full 
\eon, Richard Herndon, backer of the 
\oy show, came on him unawares.

Charlie was going strong. In the dry, 
\ant, pained manner which has since 
\familiar to millions of movie fans, 
\s posing for election to Rotary a few of his personal 
\ere, for example, the "moth ball designer," 
\e "costumer," and the "step tacker," and the "bear 
\ician," all of whom Charlie said had "risen to the top 
\eir respective professions," and were therefore eligible 
\embership in the club. It was good stuff, Herndon 
\ht, and the way the boy did it was still better stuff. Five 
\tes later, Herndon was on the telephone talking to Butter- 
\'s boss.

"You're crazy!" McEvoy told him.

"You just come over here and see if I'm crazy," Herndon 
\ed.

McEvoy came. Not, he afterward confessed, because he had 
slightest hope that his sad-eyed, anaemic young office 
ant could actually be funny, but because Dick Herndon 
supplying "Americana" with whatever financial stability 
\ow could boast. Butterworth, scared stiffer than usual 
\e presence of his boss and the prospect of losing still 
\er job, was even better than he had been before the water 

r.

struck a note of pathos that day," Charlie remarks as he 
the story, "which I have never quite reached since." 
\ult: when the curtain went up on the big scene of "Ameri-

f feeling of kinship with Butterworth is because we 
\ave been in just those predicaments he gets into
cana," the audience beheld a Rotary luncheon in silent and solemn session. The lunchers weren't flesh-and-blood actors, but dummies—the kind ventriloquists use in their acts, only with long, pallid faces instead of bright and grinning ones. Presently, with an awkwardness which might well have been the result of the pulling of a string or the turning of a crank, the dumbest of the dummies rose and made a bow. It was Charlie,

Nobody in that hard-boiled first night audience knew who he was. His name was so far down in the list of players that it would take a divining rod to find it. But as the hesitant, almost apologetic newcomer went into his water cooler routine and agonized through six halting, painful nominations of deserving fellow-townsmen, with a simulation of suffering which made not a few of his hearers write with sympathetic understanding and sent the rest off into spasms of uncontrollable laughter, that strange world which was Broadway knew that another star comedian had come to town.

Charlie was happy—in a grim, Butterworthian way. He had at last found someone who would listen to his monologues, about two thousand somebody's a night throughout the long run of "Americana" and its successor, "Allez Oop!" In the latter show, he scored tremendously in that now classic knockout "Alone At Last," and, although still out-ranked in the billing, cornered the best notices. Then came "Good Boy," the show which featured Eddie Buzzell and Helen Kane, the "but-dut-de-dut" and "vo-do-de-o" and "boop-boop-a-doop" girl. Butterworth was cast as a painfully moral country but, whose chief function was to stalk disapprovingly through the proceedings, recurrently raising his hands to heaven and remarking wedly,

"Oh, the pity of it!" Buzzell was good; Miss Kane, on her performance, speedily rated stardom; but again the Notre Dame monologist ran away with the show. Then came "Sweet Adeline," the Broadway production, of course, and finally, pictures.

Although Butterworth was a success in films from his very first production—it was "The Life of the Party," starring Winnie Lightner—he was by no means the immediate sensation that he had been on the stage. Perhaps it was because the pictures, with their break-neck speed, gave him fewer chances for the long, halting, agonized soliloquies for which he was famous. A less shrewd performer would have changed his style, yielded to the director's repeated urgings to put more pep into his work, and become just another Hollywood comedian. But Charlie was too smart to do that.

Gradually, the picture magnates realized that Charlie wasn't as dumb as he looked, and gave him more and more of the opportunities his own style of work required. His soliloquy over his flute on the ladder in Chevalier's "Love Me Tonight" was the first of such opportunities; his recitative monologue to his horse in "The Night is Young" is a more recent instance. These specialties which Butterworth has the rare knack of weaving into both the plot and the character he is playing, become the highlights of any picture.

In his private life, Charlie isn't so dumb, either. You hear wild stories of his pranks just as you do of all the comedians. To listen to the press agents, you might think that Joe E. Brown, one of Hollywood's quietest and most serious young men, never entered a drawing room except with a hand-spring and that the highly intellectual...
SHOULD REQUIRE REHEARSING

DRINKING A GALLON OF ORANGE JUICE!

Edward Arnold can wear as many diamonds as Jim Brady even if he can’t drink as much orange juice. Jim himself tossed off a gallon without blinking an eye! Arnold, who closely resembles the Brady of the gay nineties, plays the rôle of the famous figure in Universal’s “Diamond Jim”
FOR some obscure reason, the quoting of odds and prices paid by winning race horses is banned over the radio.

When the fabulously rich Santa Anita $100,000 handicap was run off near Hollywood recently, the entire world was pretty much agog to hear what the winning thoroughbred, Azucar paid off in the machines.

The announcer skipped the vital figure, as instructed. But Ben Bernie and Al Jolson were sitting near the microphone.

“What did Azucar pay?” yelled Bernie.

“Twenty-eight, sixty,” yelled Jolson.

And an invisible army of radio listeners breathed an inaudible “Thanks.”

It was one of those moments in the day when even a moving-picture director's nerves are a bit frayed from coping with crowds of extras and innumerable important details of making a picture.

Cecil B. DeMille sat relaxed in his canvas megaphone throne on "The Crusades" set and mopped his brow. A prop man approached him.

"Mr. DeMille,” he ventured timidly, "the falcons are getting sleepy."

DeMille looked up wearily. “What do you want me to do,” he snapped, "croon to them?"

AN impressionable (and very hot) Spaniard arrived in town the other day, with just one thing on his mind. He wanted to meet one of our celebrated platinum blonde stars and receive a signed picture from her. After pestering the studio for days, he was given the promise of a photograph—a beeg one—but it didn’t arrive.

When cameramen intruded to photograph Dolores Del Rio, her dogs, Michael (left), and Faultless of Blighty were all set to tear right after them.

Imagine his enthusiasm to behold the object of his affection in Victor Hugo, where he was dining. Approaching boldly, he asked the photograph. She assured him it would arrive immediately. Sure enough, bright and early next morning, it was, autographed, and affectionately.

Half an hour later, another was delivered, autographed also affectionately, in an entirely different hand! A call to the studio brought the information (and some quick thinkings) that she had signed the last one with her left hand. And the nice guy was perfectly satisfied—twice as pleased, I sup.

Harlow were bringing the monster's wife to life in "Bride of Frankenstein," and if you remember the formula in the film, you'll recall that the event is attended by all sorts of startling electrical phenomena. His surge and darted and thundered about the body of Lanchester while the cameras whirled and twirled about.

When it was all over, Boris left, watching from the lines, muttered through his makeup, "Well, this isn't the first time that the proper sort of sparking brought a man to life."

R.L.K. KITCHEN, noted columnist, who recently acted as a peace essay in the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks misunderstandings (in fact, he veered to Europe and got to come back for the effort at a get-together) also the spell of Hollywood in an experience he had when he arrived just before he took the Coast.

KITCHEN had occasion to go in at the Metropolitan Opera House. There he greeted the girl at the telephone chandelier. Although she officiated at that post for past twenty years or more, had known the operatic stars of that span—Caruso, Pizzetti, Galli-Curci and many—the walls of her office were bare of the autographed pictures.

As he left the telephone hailed him, saying she expected he was on his way to Hollywood. Mr. Kitchen said, Would you do me a favor?" she asked wistfully. "Would send me an autographed picture of a star to hang in my room?"

"I'll try," said Kitchen. "Whom would you like?"

Mae West, said the telephone girl.

The scene was the players' bench of a recent professional football game between the Chicago Bears and the New York Yanks in Los Angeles.

Red Grange sat on the bench. He was there to draw the wds. He might run off a play or two, but he sat there so

Charles Wesley Ruggles (left) had a birthday party, and among the guests were the Crosby twins, being held by Arline Judge, and Gary Crosby.

While Jean Harlow was rehearsing a scene for "Reckless," Tom Evans (Madge's brother) snapped a picture of Randy Scott, Mrs. Asta and Fred.

Randy Scott, Mrs. Asta and Fred celebrated the completion of "Roberta" with a party at the Trocadero.
Janet Gaynor drops in on Shirley Temple for a bit of chit chat on the Fox lot and it would seem that it is plenty interesting and funny, too.

people would pay to hope to see him play.

As he sat, I saw a small boy hovering around him. He was holding an autograph book and a pencil. More than anything else he wanted to have the signature of the “Galloping Ghost.” He waited and waited. Finally, he managed to edge up to Grange and ask him to take off a second or two and scribble his name.

“Red” Grange shook his head. The little boy edged away, heartbroken.

NOW I want to shift the scene to the Riviera Polo Field. It was Sunday and all the screen stars were out to watch their favorite sport. In one box sat Will Rogers and his friend Irvin Cobb, the humorist.

In a chukker intermission I saw two toots clamber up to the famous pair. One was about seven, the other around five.

“Hello, girls,” said Will, grinning a grin as wide as an Oklahoma prairie. “What can I do for you?”

They held out autograph books, tongue-tied.

“Sure,” chuckled Will, engaging them in conversation while he wrote out an elaborate autograph. How old were they? Did they like polo? Could they ride a horse?

He was honestly enjoying the visit, and his treatment of those two kids was actually sweet.

At the end he said, “Do you know who this man is?”

They didn’t.

“He’s Mr. Cobb,” said Will. “Mr. Irvin Cobb, the writer. And listen, he’s a big man in more ways than one,” he grinned.

“You ought to have his autograph too.”

I don’t know that all of this proves anything. Except it struck me as singular that one who for business reasons should have been obliging wasn’t—and one who didn’t have to was.

Wally Ford and his Great Dane, Dick, are so inseparable that when Wally went on location with Columbia’s “Hot News” company, he rode in one of the trucks so that he could be near his boon pal. Some pal!

Jack LaRue says if picture making were all like this, a chair and a footstool at every turn, life would be one sweet song without a sour note!
"Slide, Scotty, Slide!" The third member of the "Our Gang" comedies' baseball team goes home on a tight jay, and, finally, makes it to the base.

NN Dvorak doesn't particularly care if the world lows she makes her own hats. That would probably annoy it would be if it got around that she goes swimming in the together... It's her own pool, why not?

HE Arlen's are going to get out those old passports and all for England again, around the first of May. Dick will do the picture for Gaumont British, by will do the sights—again and the baby will probably do very well, too.

INCE Barbara Stanwyck left Warners, she is asking fifty thousand for a picture. But places her practically in the Garbo class. There are one around town who say Barbara is taking not-so-good advice. Anyway, it never occurs anyone to ask—or else how would you ad out?

ossibly Lee Tracy will learn sooner or later to keep silent about his boyhood discretions. To a magazine interviewer he confessed putting "a window pane some years ago at St. Louis, Mo. The other day came a bill from the house-

ER'S Scotty again, with plenty on the ball, and it zips over the plate for a strike—and a put out. He prefers baseball to "pop" any day.

Ann Sothern had to live on a freighter for three weeks in the filming of "Eight Bells," but when Ann learned even freighters serve "three squares" a day, then it wasn't so bad, as the smile may well tell you the holder—$1.75—one broken window pane.

They had him. So Lee sent a check, not for $1.75 but for $33.50. Accumulated interest! But—could the interest have come to that much, or is Lee an octogenarian.

 THERE is a youngster in Hollywood who will get along. He plays both ends against the middle—and finds it profitable.

He was an extra in "Les Miserables." Only twelve years old. Director Richard Boleslawski offered him a nickel for every papier-mache stone he threw that hit Fredric March in a street stoning scene. The boy registered a half
Judith Allen created something of a sensation when she appeared at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby with this string, or flock, or whatever you call them in a group, of Russian wolfhounds.

dozens. As he paid him off, Boleslawski mused that if his aim had been better he might have made more money.

"Oh, I did all right," said the youngster.

"Mr. March paid me a dime for every one I missed."

| SUPPOSE all testimony at horse races should be thrown out of court on the grounds a person is likely to say anything when "they're coming down the stretch." |

In return, he promised to cut Mr. Astaire in on the railroad which he planned to build after he had found out what was what about the country.

Fred found himself moved to decline the business opportunity, but now when people discuss their triumphs in the world of finance, Fred rises above it all. You see, he very neatly squelches the conversation by nonchalantly reminiscing of the time he turned down an interest in a South American railway!

"MARGARET LINDSAY is taking up sculpture," a friend told me.

"Splendid," said old Cal. "How is she getting on?"

"Oh, she just went down town to buy the materials. She's going to do a model of Venus this afternoon."

Within a week, I assume, she will put Michael Angelo out of business.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]

A retrospective Eddie G. Robinson as he dines at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. Maybe he's thinking of the plans again afoot for him to do a picture on Napoleon.

William Powell makes certain each hair of that snappy mustache of his is in its right place just prior to some intense drama with the intriguing Jean Harlow in "Reckless."

However, Connie Bennett scanned the entries at Santa Anita not long ago and drew a ring around a nag yclept Later On. She explained that the reason she was going to wager the laundry money on his nose was that Later On pretty neatly summed up her life.

Later on what, Connie?

Incidentally, the bangtail came in and Connie collected upwards of a hundred dollars.

Nice bangtail!

His feet are not the only business-like things about Fred Astaire.

Recently Fred received a letter from an unknown opportunist who wrote he was planning an expedition into the unknown Malto Groso jungles of South America.

He wrote that he thought it would be nice if Fred financed the excursion.
"Go Into Your Dance"—and Ruby Keeler does, with Al for a partner! The Warner Brothers' film is the first picture that Jolson and his lovely young wife appeared in together. It's said that production was almost impeded by Al's and Ruby's eagerness to give each other all the camera breaks. That's devotion!
A symphony in pink and gold. For golden-haired Alice Faye is gowned in her favorite color for a scene in the coming Fox Film, "The Scandals of 1935." The dress of manon pink is fashioned of sheerest chiffon, trimmed in sequins and dotted with pale pink tulle camellias. A most gorgeous blonde.
Would you know him? Not with that beard—well maybe! It is George Arliss, costumed in scarlet fur-trimmed robes for the title rôle in "Cardinal Richelieu." Arliss returned from England where he made "The Iron Duke" to begin work on the Twentieth Century film version of the dramatic character.
After seeing how charming Ann Dvorak looks in dancing togs movie-goers have been yelling for another one like "Sweet Music." But no—not just yet. Ann has decided to enter the school of hard knocks. She's teamed with Jimmy Cagney in his next Warner Brothers' flicker, "The G Men." A pretty girl to sock!
Once in a while Tommy has to art himself. About that half-Siamese cat, for instance, the cat is wearing glasses.

Tommy wants folks to understand that his Mom isn't like the mind-digging roles she plays on screen. But some day he intends to deck her in furs, jewels.

I've been reading all these stories in the magazines lately about my Mom. Honest, they don't do her justice. May-it's cause no one knows Mom like I do. I knew her for a pretty long time now, you 'bout twelve years exact. Well, I might as come right out and tell you there's no heads in her life but me. Course, you can't help these er guys for falling for her—she's swell!

For instance, you oughta see the room she just finished decting for me. As I always said, give Mom a house she can crate, and she's happy. That's why I'm studying so hard school. Someday I'm going to make a lot of money, buy a lot of houses—and just let her decorate.

I was saying about the room. Well, it's just like any guy's, you know—swell little bed, couple of chairs, one of them er than the other. Then there's a desk, with one of those lid things on it... (P. S. Mom knows how much I don't like graphy so she thought that might help, I guess.)

Then there's my tiger picture. Now that picture just goes how you another thing or two about Mom. She knew I wanted that bad. As I always said, if I had a picture on the wall of tigers ready to spring and everything, it would give a little better masculine look to the whole room. Well, sir, Mom and I saw just the picture I wanted one day when we were walking down Hollywood Boulevard. It was kind of expensive, so she said we'd better just forget it for the time being. So I did—but every once in a while I couldn't help thinking—and sometimes, I guess I thought out loud to Mom and said, "Wasn't that a swell picture of those tigers?" And she'd always say, "Yes, dear," look kind of sad, and then neither one of us would say any more about...
A HEROINE TO HER TAILOR

It was one of those dim, dark days that always so surprise Sunny Californians. From the windows of Watson and Sons' Tailor Shop, where I was waiting for a fitting, one could see up and down Hollywood Boulevard. Black, shiny, wet cars, moving through traffic; dripping umbrellas dodging in and out of the stores; policemen in oilskins; slow, wet, careful busy-ness.

It was early in the morning, and Watson's was quiet. There was no other customer in the shop.

And then...

Out of the rain came Garbo.

The door opened softly, and a tall figure walked warily across the room. She was clad in a brown slouch hat, a tan raincoat, tan slacks, brown turtle-neck sweater, short tan woolen socks and brown shoes. She gave the impression of walking with absolutely no effort, so swiftly did she traverse the length of the room; and yet seemed incredibly, unbearably tired.

It was not a dramatic entrance, but just the same the Pacific atmosphere of the tailor shop immediately went into large and excited ripples.

Garbo is one of the most vital beings possible to imagine, in spite of her apparent emotional exhaustion. She is almost electric.

I remembered Stephen Phillips' line from "Marpessa"... "Infinity upon thee broods." It expresses, as well as words can, her detachment from time, the other worldliness of her presence. More of "Marpessa" came:

"Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars,
Of beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world! . . ."

She disappeared behind the Venetian blind screen which forms a large semi-public square where full-length mirrors in the windows make fitting more convenient than in the small private dressing rooms. Young Mr. Watson came out of his office. "Allo, Bud," she said the "Bud" hovering in her indescribable accent between "Baud" and "Bode."

"Is Mr. ———here?" she asked apprehensively, naming a famous star who evidently had been the several times when she was having fittings.

Mr. Watson assured her he was not.

"Tank goodness," she said, twisting her gleaming, long-blonde out of the way into a tight washer-woman's knot. It stood perkily out in the back, an incongruous contrast to the beauty of her profile.

"You know, Miss Garbo, we can come to your home or to the studio for your fittings if you would rather not come here," said Mr. Watson.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "I like to come here. Neither you nor your father bores me."

Which is one way of saying that she doesn't like to be talked to.

The tales of Greta Garbo's indifference to clothes certain were disapproved on this day. For almost two hours she sat patiently, while cloth was draped around her, skirts were turned up, and coats were adjusted over her shoulders.

She wore no jewelry and no perfume. Her make-up consisted solely of mascara on her extremely long lashes. Her skin is burned to a rich, deep tan.

"I wish you would look at these slacks," she said once while waiting for a coat to be brought to her. "One pant is shorter than the other, I am sure. One cannot walk with one pant shorter, can one?"

Another time she exclaimed, upon seeing herself in the mirror, "Ah, I am getting so thin! I have lost, I know, fifty pounds.

SKETCHED IN HOLLYWOOD

BY DAN SAYRE GROSEBEC
Garbo talked very little during her fittings. Her deep, low, utterly weary voice spoke mostly in monosyllabic answer to some question the fitter would ask. "Yes . . . No . . . Exactly . . . Do you think the skirt is long enough? . . . The collar? Oh, just the ordinary collar but big enough to turn up, you know."

She tried on a heavy white Cricket flannel, double-breasted, action-backed, sports suit, and stood quietly for more than an hour while a heavy, grey tweed overcoat, cut after the fashion of those worn by Russian army officers, was fitted on her.

By and by the shop began to fill up. Young Mr. Watson dashed about between a world famous director, a wealthy society matron, a popular featured player, and Garbo.

Finally she said, "You are getting busy, Bud. I will go now and come back another time."

Through the crowded room the tall figure strode. She opened the door softly and disappeared. And the miraculous part about it is that not one of the customers in the room knew that Garbo had just walked through, so swift, so inconspicuous was her passage.

She has been buying her suits from Watson's for several years. Mercedes d'Acosta took her first to the shop. Bud Watson remembers that day vividly.

Garbo walked rapidly in, took a quick, uneasy look around the quiet, main public waiting room, hiding her face behind a large gardenia. Then she disappeared into one of the small private dressing rooms and refused to emerge from it. However, on this visit she ordered four or five top coats.

On the next visit, she got a slant on the same dressing room from the door, and made it in par. Gradually, as she came in for more and more fittings, she realized that none of the Watson's customers would disturb her privacy. Of course, even the other stars who are there to look at new materials and styles are galvanized by curiosity whenever she appears, and every fitter and tailor in the place...
Pinky Tomlin listened to what his mother told him, and put her words into a song—now he is getting $1,000 a week as a result.

By Philip K. Scheuer

Here is a very unusual HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY

The Object of My Affection” and “You’re the Top” have two points in common. Both are recent popular songs and each has a title which is pronounced incorrectly nine times out of ten. People almost invariably say “Affections” and “Topas.”

Otherwise, they are poles apart. “You’re the Top” was composed by an enunciated young gentleman named Cole Porter who is well on his way to becoming “the American Noel Coward,” if that’s his idea of a good time. He writes smart music and sophisticated lyrics to go with it, sweetly savage odles like “Night and Day.”

“The Object of My Affections”—pardon, Affection—was, on the other hand, the particular brainstorm of Pinky Tomlin, a bumptious bumpkin whose idea of song-rhyming would be hooted out of the average high school, and whose tunes are revamped hillbillies ditties that joggle along like a worn-out car over a rutted Oklahoma cow-path. Yet today, Pinky Tomlin is the sensation of blasphé, know-it-all Hollywood and most points East; he has wowed ’em with—of all things—naïveté.

He arrived with his manager in an old car, late last September. The manager rejoiced in the somewhat startling sobriquet of Coy Poe, a name which he has since consistently belied. A few days before, back in Oklahoma, Coy had said to Pinky, “Let’s go to California! I’ll be a producer or somethin’.” So they went to California.

Two months later, Pinky Tomlin got a contract as “the hog-callin’ crooner” with M-G-M, at a salary of one thousand dollars a week. The contract was good for six months, with no lay-offs—in itself an extraordinary concession. Pinky sang “The Object of My Affection” to a cow he was milking in “Times Square Lady,” besides another little humdinger he had run up in his spare moments entitled “What’s the Reason I’m Not Praisin’ You?” The picture was hardly finished before Manager Poe had wangled permission for Pinky to make an eight-weeks’ tour of the East, including personal appearances at the Capitol in New York and the Oriental in Chicago, at a reported sum of three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars per week, or a grand total of thirty thousand dollars.

That was in February—just four months after Pinky had hit town with one suit, some small change, and a song or two—besides, of course, the car and the manager. I talked to him before he started back on his triumphant Easter tour. At that time he had three suits—a clear gain of two hundred per cent—some more small change (Coy Poe banks everything for him), a new car and house (rent one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month, with gardener and house boy thrown in) c Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills.

Pinky Tomlin looks like minister’s son attending perpetual barn dance. He is tall—slightly over six feet—and thin, has pale blue eyes behind rimless glasses, pink complexion, and what he insists is pink hair to match. When he went to school, back in Durant, Oklahoma, the used to call him “Red.” “After I beat up enough of them, he said, “they started callin’ me Pinky. It stuck.

“That’s Pinky—with a y,” he added earnestly. “It doesn’t look right with an i.e.”

The son who was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Tomlin at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, on the ninth of September, 1907, was christened Truman. The family moved to Durant where Truman was three. Durant was a typically rural Oklahoma town, and the Tomlins had a barn, chickens, cows and “hawgs in the back yard.” They didn’t have much money, however, so Pinky worked at odd jobs on the side—in a music store, and so on. When he set out for the University of Oklahoma, a Norman, he had nothing but a guitar and a couple of shirts. The guitar got him a job in an orchestra, with which he remained for six years—four of them as manager. He sang as well as he played during this period, and was able to make his way through law school, although he was not graduated. It was too musical to suit the faculty, so he quit.

One day a year ago last summer, he bade farewell to his mother.

“Where you goin’?” she asked.

“I’m goin’ to Texas to see the object of my affection, Pinky told her, brightly.

“With that complexion?” his mother (rather irrelevantly it seems to me) retorted.

Pinky’s complexion reddened still more. “What did yo say?” he inquired, slowly. An idea was taking root.

All the way to Texas—about fifty miles—the words kept jingling through his brain. “Object . . . affection . . . complexion.” By the time he got where he was going, he had half worked-out: [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
KIKY TOMLIN, BUMPTIOUS BUMPkin, WHOse iDeA OF RHYming IS A LAUGH, WHOse TUNES ARE RE-
MPed HILLBILLY DITTIES, YET WHO HAS WOWED BLASÉ HOLLYWOOD WITH HIS OPEN SIMPLICITY
The publishers desire to call to the attention of their readers that the author of "DON'T LOVE ME!" in order to conceal the true locale of the story, used the name of the Mercy Hospital, in Muskegon, Michigan, although none of the incidents and none of the characters involved in the story are in any way connected with that institution.

We are advised by the Sisters of Mercy who conduct the hospital, that the heroine of the story never was associated with the hospital; that the wedding described did not take place at the Mercy Hospital; that male persons are not permitted to go to nurses' rooms for any purpose whatever, and that narcotics cannot be given or a dosage increased by a nurse without prescription by the attending physician because of very strict accounting kept of all narcotics.

The publishers wish to give assurance that no offense was intended to the Sisters of Mercy or to Mercy Hospital, and that if the story gave any offense, it was unintentional on their part.

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

SHE was a nurse, beautiful, desirable.

Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her, deeply and honestly. Sam Werks merely coveted her. But it was not in her to love or desire. Gregory Cooper faced a serious operation. He asked her to marry him—and she'd die. The doctors said it was impossible for him to live. She married him, out of compassion, to ease his mind on that long journey. But—he lived, only to die under suspicious circumstances—an over-dose of a sleeping potion. She had been the last nurse to attend him—and it was known why she had married him. But, on the testimony of Werks, she was cleared. Then Werks, also Cooper's lawyer, handed her a check—Cooper had left her $10,000. But Werks insisted she sign it over to him—for services rendered, the giving of false testimony at the hearing in Cooper's death. She tore up the check, and Werks sprang at her, but she struck him down, ran away, to Hollywood, to a break in the movie—from the accidental discoloration of her hair!

He looked around to see that no one was watching. His eye fell on Louella, asleep. "If that wench belongs to you, send her away," he said. And who was I to disobey him?

UNCLE LOU" was swell about everything. He even suggested that I hire a lawyer to represent me in arranging the terms of a contract. My only experience with practitioners of the legal profession had been with Sam Werks and I shuddered at the idea, so I told Uncle Lou I would sign on as one of the hired hands on any terms that he thought fair and equitable. That turned out not to be a mistake at all. Louie Mueller, was and is, a fine example of the old-fashioned kind of American business man. His word is at least twice as good as anybody else's bond and he prefers to do business on a basis that is profitable to all concerned.

My proposition appealed to him and he became then, and still remains, my best advisor. He didn't know me, but he got me—sensed that I would play fair with him. I guess that the
... which amused him most and started us off together on right foot was my forthright account of what had happened to my hair.

"I can probably get my own color back," I told him, "but I don't know how soon."

"S'right!" Uncle Lou said, when he had finished laughing.

"S'right!" he said, turning to the tall, thin man, "send somebody down to that shop on Main Street and see if this colored girl, Louella Whitemeat, will take a job as Miss O'Hare's maid. If she will, tell her to bring along that stuff she put in the hair dye by mistake."

Sam Feldman objected—that was his job, to object to everything—but Uncle Lou so flattered him that Sam himself went to find Louella.
That same afternoon Uncle Lou changed my name to Rochelle Adair. I was a new toy to him and right away he wanted to see what he could do with it. The person that I am today is the result of a remodeling process which began then and there.

"For a year you do nothing but get ready," Uncle Lou declares. "All anybody will know about you is a name, which ain't yours anyway, and then all of a sudden some morning, Garbo will wake up and wonder what has become of her shoes."

It was my turn to laugh. "I could never be that good."

"Probably not," Uncle Lou admitted, "but I got a director who ought to be able to do something with you."

I'm supposed to be an absurd fairy story. I was sitting there in that truly patralsal office wearing the only dress I possessed in the world, looking out through a plate glass window at the sight-seeing bus which was going away without me. Already I was looking at the real world as something remote from which I had been snatched by a magic hand. I would have been no more helpless had a giant Martian reached down from his planet and plucked me, squirming, from the earth and held me in his palm for incredulous inspection. I never did anything again in accordance with any plan which I might possibly have conceived in the wildest dreams of my earlier existence.

By nightfall I was installed in a bungalow up on the hills back of Hollywood with Louella as my personal maid. This last seemed more impossible to me than anything which had gone before.

"You're crazy, Louella," I told her as she was brushing my hair after dinner. "You're a rich woman—or will be some time. Why should you want to work for somebody else?"

"I'll tell you, honey, Miss Rachel," she said, with rhythmic swings of the brush. "I got a kind of a clamberling vine disposition, I guess. Got no ambition, no ma'am. All I want is somebody to belong to that I can take care of." Her voice was low and soothing. "Minute I saw you, honey, Miss Rachel, I got a funny feelin' in my inwards. Right off I wanted to do something for you. I don't guess white folks ever get that feelin'—it's something left over from before that war we don't neither one of us know anything about . . . back in 1861. My grandadly was there—body servant to Gen'l Culpepper."

Louella was right—I mean about the instinctive adaptability to personal service of the descendants of slaves. I've seen other instances since of that inherent desire in the Negro to attach himself to someone, a desire which makes the negro unhappy and, usually, unsuccessful on his own. Of course, at the time of my first association with Louella, I had had no experience with servants of any kind—a nurse is only a sort of a glorified servant herself.

Actually, Louella never became exactly a personal maid. She was practically a companion. Don't ask me how I could think of such a thing. I'll ask you—why not? Louella was a swell girl about my own age—she loved me—she was gay—she never had a mean thought. I was hungry for real friendship. If anybody wants to know how much I cared about her, the answer is—all that I'm capable of. That's settled.

We explored the bungalow that night. There were two Filipino boys who went with the house. Also a police dog. It was the home of a scenario writer who had amassed a few thousands and one wife and was now on leave of absence in Europe. I temporarily inherited the entire works including Amaunuensis, the canine above mentioned, who barked at me at first although he immediately made friends with Louella.

There was an empty garage with room for two cars. In the morning there were two cars in it, both expensive. There were no near neighbors and no one displayed any curiosity about our presence in the canyon. There seems to be a sort of general Hollywood hillbilly custom of presuming that everybody's name is John Smith unless he explains differently, and after all, what of it?

Uncle Lou Mueller never came to the house. I reported daily to the studio and was told what to do. I wasn't in front of a camera for nearly twelve months, but I did get a pretty fair training in dictation, carriage and social behavior. To tried to teach me to ride, but I was a washout at it. Finally they gave up and I was able to sit down without using cushion. Perhaps my inability to act in a saddle is one of the reasons you find me so frequently emoting in a bedroom. E Hart and Tom Mix can have the open spaces—give me the great indoors!

Louella kept my hair at exactly the same abnormal height I got used to it after awhile and didn't think any more about it. It was just one more thing that made me look freakish, and I was accustomed to having people stare at me anyway.

They didn't stare much, though,—in Hollywood—not un after I had made my first picture. Extraordinary looking people are not exactly novelties on Celluloid Boulevards (I mean Sunset, if you don't live out here.)

Marlene Dietrich had a corner on pants at the time I wasn't allowed to wear slacks. Just as well, probably, b cause I'm not built so that I need suspenders. But I had a lot of nice clothes, simple things, designed for me by a f ame designer who was working for Uncle Lou at the time.

During this period of almost a year, I didn't have any adventures. A few men tried to make my acquaintance in movie theaters and on the streets, but I was at least a thousand years old as far as that sort of thing was concerned, and I had already developed an anti-pick-up technique which never failed. You don't have to answer in Hollywood any more than you do any other town.

My home town, by the way, had slipped out of my life like port left behind in a round-the-world cruise. I didn't he from anyone back there and, apparently, no one knew or cared what had become of Rachel O'Hare. And that was all rig by me.

I dreamed sometimes of my final experiences in my home town—mostly nightmares in which the moist, frog-belly-like hands of Sam Werks were touching my flesh—but I always managed to wake myself up before I screamed, and in daylight I could almost forget.

CHAPTER XIV

Lest my experience in getting into motion pictures seems to bizarre, I think I'd like to go on record by saying that in particular "break" never happened to anyone else. I could act—there are critics who say that I have never acted even yet—all that I had to contribute to the screen was what I was born with. If you will take the trouble to remember a few of my pictures you will recall that the stories are written ar round—they concern not so much what I do as what other people do because of me. In an industry which types its people by the roles in which they make their first popular successes, I was almost instantly shoved into the character that I have ever since played—that of the glamorous adventuress. Sometime in my pictures I have a heart of gold and sometimes merely a lump of chilled steel, but never has any audience been left in doubt as to the contours of my body.

You see, I have no illusions about my ability. But I'm no bitter about it, either. Never having been ambitious to be come an actress, I am not disappointed because I have no rivalled the meteoric Hepburn in her field. I haven't even tried. Instead, I've thanked my lucky stars that I have been able to get by as long as I have.

You see, all I've ever really cared about was being some body's mother—several somebodies' mother, in fact. But I don't quarrel with nature because in the general scheme of things everyone laughs at me and thinks it is a pose.

Uncle Lou Mueller had an option on my talents almost an unflattering as my own.

"You're a kind of beautiful statue, Rochelle," he said one day in his office, "and in this new picture I'm going to make all you got to do is stand almost still while hell rampage around you. I . . ." He stopped as if shot. "'Hell Ram pages!'" he repeated. "There's the title for it! I just made it up and it's five hundred per cent better than any title they two-thousand-dollar-a-week authors have dug up yet."
"In this new picture," Uncle Lou said, "all you do is stand almost still while hell rampages around—'Hell Rampages,' there's the title!"

That was the title, too. Or maybe I'm not telling you anything. Lots of people saw the picture. True to his word, Uncle Lou had the hired hands in the publicity department write a part for me in which I scarcely had to move. For fifteen hundred feet of film I lay on a port and, if you know that ninety feet of celluloid go through a projector per minute, you can figure it out.

I may have been a nonentity myself in "Hell Rampages," but nobody could make a similar criticism of anybody else in the cast. Uncle Lou hired one of the best directors in Hollywood, to handle a cast that included four leading male stars. There were no women names in the line-up, but that's the kind of a picture it was.

The director—for the purpose of [please turn to page 98]
A STORY of love enduring at all, with Helen Hayes as Walpole's lovely Vanessa and Robert Montgomery the rogue, Beanie.

The story contains all of the book that could be encompassed by a picture. It moves in measured tempo, revives some famous Victorian scenes, and serves to prove that the love affairs of our grandmothers were every bit as involved as our modern ones.

The Judith of May Robson is full-flavored and salty. Otto Kruger gives a splendid interpretation of the insane man, and the supporting cast is excellent.

It's Helen Hayes' picture. She plays with her usual subtlety and appeal. Montgomery, while a convincing lover, seems to lack something for the part.

HE'S a lady now! And, to prove it, Mae West gets married—not once, but three times, during the film!

Mae begins in this opus as a dance-hall entertainer in a small cattle town. That's where the first husband (Fred Kohler) comes in. When he gets shot on their wedding night, presto! Mae is an oil heiress. With the money she buys herself a title and second husband (Monroe Owsley), but all the time it's English engineer Paul Cavanagh she wants—and finally gets.

Mae West wrote the original story, the screen adaptation and dialogue herself. And the film has plenty of fast West lines—some of them way down South, all of them clever, many of them hilariously funny. Mae looks gorgeous, and you'll love seeing her pursue the men instead of vice versa.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

TREAT yourself as soon as possible to an evening with "Roberta". For, this enchanting revelation of unforced gaiety, song and beauty is one of the most delightful experiences you will ever have in the theater.

Fred Astaire ranks top on our list of entertainers de luxe, and this time he really comes into his own. Besides the nimblest soft-shoes on record, he is runner-up for spot as best light comedian—and (can you bear it?) he plays the piano nineteen to the dozen! Ginger Rogers has learned a lot since "Gay Divorcee" and the Astaire-Rogers routines are top! Freddie does all right alone, too. Ginger looks really chic. Irene Dunne sings gloriously the lovely songs and acts as if she meant it—a triumph.

Randi Scott, rescued from the Westerns, is perfect as the American who inherits a Parisian couturiere establishment from his Aunt Roberta (Helen Westley), and goes on from there. Irene as Stephanie, a refugee Russian Princess, becomes his partner (he inherits her later)—and Freddie Astaire strays in with a stranded American band. Ginger is the little girl who used to live next door in Indiana—gone phony Polish Countess. Claire Dodd as the heavy, Victor Varconi, Luis Alberni, Ferdinand Munier and others are splendid. The picture has that air of well-bred nonchalance achieved only when story, setting, costumes and dialogue are so good the actors are not conscious of them.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

GERTA
WEST POINT OF THE AIR
LES MISERABLES
NESSA—HER LOVE STORY
LADDIE
GOIN’ TO TOWN

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Fred Astaire in "Roberta"
Will Rogers in "Life Begins at 40"
Helen Hayes in "Vanessa—Her Love Story"
Mae West in "Goin’ to Town"
Wallace Beery in "West Point of the Air"
Fredric March in "Les Miserables"
Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables"
Bill Robinson in "The Little Colonel"
Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel"
Donald Crisp in "Laddie"

Costs of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M

A MAN’S picture aimed at anyone who ever went up in a plane. For the ladies, there are Wallace Beery and Robert Young.

Story is the father and son motif, with Beery an old army flight sergeant. The boy returns from West Point, his father’s superior officer, to learn to fly. When he turns yellow, his dad pops him on the chin and gets courtmartialled for his trouble. On the night of the big manoeuvres, sonny is about to resign so Beery takes his place in a rickety old crate and saves the situation.

There are thrilling flight formations, several hair-raising crashes. Maureen O’Sullivan is lovely as the romantic prize. Lewis Stone, type-perfect as the general, James Gleason, Russell Hardie top support.

LES MISERABLES—20th Century-United Artists

HERE is a close-knit and powerful screen recountal of the immortal Victor Hugo classic. With Fredric March playing the rôle of the persecuted Jean Valjean, and Charles Laughton as the brutal Javert, vivid portrayals of two of the most famous characters in semi-modern literature are assured. W. P. Lipscomb, who so admirably adopted the long novel for the films, and Richard Boleslavski, director, were almost invariably faithful to Hugo. And after watching the film trace through thirty-five years of Valjean’s tragic life, you rejoice over the happy ending.

Florence Eldridge is excellent in the glamorous rôle of a frail factory worker. And Darryl Zanuck was fortunate in prevailing upon Sir Cedric Hardwicke to play the Bishop of Bouvres. Entire supporting cast is good.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON

**THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN**—Paramount

This is nothing but Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation, and Von Sternberg's direction drains every spark of animation out of the actors. Cesar Romero is never allowed to come to life. Edward Everett Horton is swamped. Lionel Atwill manages to give his performance some force.

**ONE MOR SPRING**—Fox

Fairly dripping with sweetness and light, this is recommended only to rabid Gaynor fans. The picture is unique that nothing happens. It's about three depression victims (Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter and Walter King) who live in a tool barn in Central Park. King steals the picture, if there is one to steal. Stepin Fetchit has a bit.

**LADDIE**—RKO-Radio

Old-fashioned, homely, but a grand picture. John Beal is good as Laddie whose love for Pamela (Gloria Stuart) is bitterly opposed by her snobbish father (played perfectly by Donald Crisp). George Stevens has displayed excellent taste and feeling in the direction of Gene Stratton-Porter's book. Watch Virginia Weidler as Little Sister.

**SWEET MUSIC**—Warners

Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, de-bunk and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Rudy, instead of being God's gift to women as formerly, kids himself and the audience into a good humor. The action is back-stage, with a feud between Ann and Rudy. Helen Morgan has only one number.

**THE LITTLE COLONEL**—Fox

All you Shirley Temple fans—here she is, as you like her. In the quaintest costumes, and cuter than ever. Lionel Barrymore is good as the testy old Colonel grandpa. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge are nice parents for the Little Colonel. But it is good old Bill Robinson, choky face gleaming, who patters away soft-shoe with the picture.

**A DOG OF FLANDERS**—RKO-Radio

The young principals and the miraculous dog, Lightnin', bring to life the Ouida classic and make it a picture children will love and parents will enjoy. Young Frank Thomas gives a sensitive performance as the poor Flemish boy, inspired by Rubens, becomes a great painter. Heggie gives one of his best portrayals. The story really is
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

WABBLY story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Tullio is his brother's rival for Lilian, and Hugh Williams puts up good competition. The picture has no real emotional worth. Tala Birell is excellently restrained as a former partner of Carminati's. Janet Beecher is good as Lilian's mother.

OLIN CLIVE, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled band whose wife falls in love with his brother. A story which could have been toneless is vitalized by William Keighley's directorial pace, capped by a tensely presented dramatic climax. Peggy Wood, C. Aubrey Smith.

BABY JANE QUIGLEY is such a good bet she rates better material than this somewhat obvious story. Roger Pryor is a politician who finally realizes that love means more than being mayor, and Mary Astor, working in a day-nursery, brings him to the decision. Trite, rambling lines and situations are saved many times by the dependable Roger Pryor, and Baby Jane.

THE WOMAN IN RED—First National

HERE is Barbara Stanwyck with the old ease and the forthright frankness which is her peculiar charm. This, with Gene Raymond in an engaging mood, and Genevieve Tobin enjoying herself as a ritzing snob, lifts the picture into the good entertainment class. Sparkling dialogue freshens up the poor-girl-married-into-society-story. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
If he isn’t, don’t admit it! For Cesar Romero is one of Hollywood’s most popular leading men. Playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in “The Devil Is a Woman,” he had her okay and Von Sternberg’s praise. Maureen O’Sullivan will be in his next...
SOMETHING happened when Wendy Barrie came to New York from London to marry Woolworth Donahue, one of the heirs to the Woolworth millions and cousin of Barbara—pardon, the Princess Mdivani.

That’s why Wendy is in Hollywood now. She couldn’t have been that the Donahue family objected to young Five-and-Ten store blueblood marrying an actress unless the Hutton branch of the family didn’t object to a woman marrying her Georgian prince, so there. Wendy must have changed her mind; perhaps Woolworth III is amusing at home as he had been when the pair met in England. Perhaps he was too amusing—Whatever it was, Wendy won’t say.

But when you look at Wendy you know it wasn’t because young Woolworth changed his mind.

Anyway, instead of ambling to the altar Wendy hopped a plane and flew West, young woman, out where the celluloid begins. She’s the last of Henry VIII’s six wives to get here, but now Charlie Laughton’s picture harem has followed him to Hollywood—to the last girl, as Zane Grey would say. The others, you remember, were Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester, and Everley Gregg, which shows what you can get away with in British films.

At that they slipped one over on Charlie in the picture because they skipped one of history’s six wives, as you know, and gave him only five.

OMITTED
But on the strength of that smash picture all five are in American films now that Wendy has arrived. She is making her first Hollywood appearance opposite Spencer Tracy at Fox, and, according to Irving Cummings, the director, she's going places in a hurry.

"I WAS the third wife in "Henry the Eighth,"" says Wendy. "You know, the dumb one, I just acted natural."

"Wendy will be starred within a year," says Irving Cummings, who has been a director for a long, long time and isn't at all given to making rash statements.

But when she got aboard that airplane after the "Stand Up Only" sign had been hung out at the Woolsworth mansion in New York, Wendy came first not to Hollywood but to Palm Springs. There for three solid weeks in the great wide open silences of the desert she contemplated the gorgeous unplayed sarat-sapphire in which young Donahue had given her for an engagement ring, and which she still wears on her engagement finger, by the way.

"I had heard of Palm Springs," says Wendy, "and I thought it would be a grand place to get off and rest. I wanted lots of sunshine just then, and I certainly got it."

Incidentally, the pale bluey-greenish, sort of subdued glittery color of that star-sapphire in the sunshine exactly matches the color of Wendy's eyes, so now you know just what Wendy looks like.

After that presumably introspective little sojourn where the purple of the mountain rings meets the brazen blue of the sky—with apologies to Bing Crosby and Zane Grey this time—Wendy came on to Hollywood. She denies that it could possibly take three whole weeks to heal a broken heart.

The wise guys around Hollywood tell her she was crazy to come the way she did—one doesn't just dash across the continent like that and make a perfect landing in pictures, said they. They were right, too; so Wendy arrived at lunch-time and had her screen test, signed her contract with Paramount and everything in time for tea. Fox offered her just before dinner and so she started in "It's a Small World" right after breakfast.

"It's a Small World" is a swell title for a picture for Wendy, because she of all people should know just how small it really is. Wendy was born in Hongkong, where her father, F. C. Jenkins, is British consul; at eleven years of age she was sent to the Convent of the Assumption, London, to learn things. After acquiring all the knowledge they had in five years she went on to Lausanne, Switzerland, to finishing school, and from there back to Hongkong to make her debut in society—and the daughter of the British consul is society in Hongkong. So you see it couldn't have been the Donahue family, possibly.

But instead of being satisfied with the career of a debutante even in Hongkong, Wendy went back to London and had lunch at the Savoy. She was picking delicately at the proverbial British stewed tripe and onions when Alexander Korda, who wasn't so much of anything then, flipped over to her table and asked her if she'd be interested in a screen test for dessert.

"I hadn't thought much of doing anything," says Wendy, "except doing London. And Elstree wasn't far away."

Her British pictures were "Wedding Rehearsal," with Roland Young, "Where Is This Lady?" "Cash," "It's A Boy," "Give Me A King," and "There Goes Susie." Few of these were shown in the United States, though they undoubtedly had the English rolling in the aisles.

Finally came "Henry the Eighth," which led to it. And Wendy tells an interesting sidelight about the production of the imported film which has been the biggest box-office smash over here since Pola Negri's "Passion."

"It was shot absolutely on the cuff," she said. "I don't mean as regards the script so much as about the cash. Like some of your films over here are made on 'Poverty Row.' Charlie Laughton happened to be in England then, and he and Korda were great friends; Korda had the idea for 'Henry the Eighth' but scarcely anything else. We all agreed to go in on it on a percentage basis for our salaries—just a little in cash to get along, you know, and the rest in hopes. You can imagine what Charlie Laughton's share of the hopes turned out to be in cash."

Wendy was under contract to Korda when she met young Donahue. They looked good to each other in the London fog and so Wendy went to Korda and told him she wanted to break her contract to come to the United States and be married. An American producer would have hit the ceiling of his tallest super-super-set. Not so Korda.

"Very well, my dear," was what he said, "the best of luck you know."

Alexander Korda, Wendy says, is like that.

"If you think you can make a bit more money anywhere else," she said, "Korda is always delighted to let you have the chance. I really think he'd let you break your contract in the middle of making a picture if anybody offered you something better."

Wendy wasn't referring, even unconsciously, to the Woolsworth millions, either. She tells an interesting sidelight, too, on just how she happened to get that name. It's one of the first questions you ask her, because obviously one isn't born with a name like Wendy Barrie.

"I was born with the Wendy part of it, though," she said, "because while I was still in the stork's bill, so to speak, a company of players came to Hongkong and my mother went to see them the matinee they played 'Peter and Wendy.' My mother had 'it decided on a nan: for me yet, but when she saw the play it settled it."

"If it's a boy," she said to herself, 'Peter, and if it's a girl it's Wendy. They both beautiful names."

"It was a girl, as you see—so I was Wendy."

It was Wendy Jenkins in Hong Kong however, and Wendy Jenkins it remained through the conven, through Lausan and over in Hongkong again. But with Alexander Korda strolled over to table at the Savoy that time when he realized that Wendy Jenkins just wouldn't do.

"Mother had adopted one of Barn characters for my given name," she explained, "so I thought I couldn't better than adopt the author's own name for the rest of it. Wendy Barrie sound like a perfect stage name, so Wen Barrie I became. Simple, wasn't it?"

It was—and a compliment even to loveable Sir James and all his books, anybody should ask you.

Wendy herself looks taller than she actually is because she's so slender. Svelte is the word. If you can conjure mental images of people from armor, she's exactly 110 pounds at five feet four, brownish-blond hair up and on nose to win. She believes that the big acting is a complete absence of acting.

"Such as you are you're you," she says, "and if it's you they want it's you they've got if you're such as you are. Why should you try to be somebody else while you're really you?"

"It was well to remember that Wendy mother was Irish before you try to fog that one out. At the same time Irving Cummings, who should know, says that Wendy's greatest charm is her complete lack of artificiality.

"She's as spontaneous and wholesome as Will Rogers," was the way he put it, "without being half so homely."

So there you have the third merry w of Windsor—and if Henry the El was beheaded or something it was on because he didn't know his Hollywood Woolsworth Donahue, of course, is something else again, and anyway, you can buy a crown in the Five and Ten.

Opposite, bride of 1935, an accompaniment to the maesthetic role of the organ, solemn vo and the sweetness of many illers, René Hubert created a si ple gown of white crepe circled with a red straw hat and a spun glass bonn draped with that tradition tuile veil. For Claire Tre in "Spring Tonic," and inspi tion for your mental hope o
Forecast of Hollywood Fashions
SYLVIA
SIDIYEE'S

Personal

WARDROBE
DESIGNED BY HOWARD GREER

Howard Greer stresses the importance of the two-way costume for late Spring and Summer occasions. Opposite: Mr. Greer's conception of the daytime frock in orchid crépe with flat bow of rose taffeta, accompanied by navy-blue crépe coat and an upward hat of Milan straw. For late afternoon and dinner, Miss Sidney wears a black crépe cocktail suit, blouse of gold lace, crimson sash and tiny cellophane halo hat with starched forehead veil. This page: A rapturous white organdy scintillating with myriad mirrors, graced only by a belt of mirror circlets and topped with a matching cape in black caught with a huge organdy corsage. As a fillip, Mr. Greer adds a Regency wrap of ruby-red velvet with corded collar, revers and cuffs. Velvet is an important fashion fabric for the Summer wrap
1. A very limited edition of the sarong in brown ribbed jersey ties over Maxine Doyle's yellow and brown pencil-striped swim suit for loitering and play. Jantzen suit

2. Brief and breezy and permitting a wholesale sun-tan — Maxine Doyle's reasons for this little affair with navy-blue shorts and a navy-blue and white bra. A Catalina Swim Suit

3. Sally Eilers in a swim classic of blue with a halter front and a low back. Every good swimmer needs two suits of this type to insure a dry one at all times. A creation by Jantzen

4. Dropping the anchor in this case means that Anne Darling's top is firmly annexed to her Spanish-red, tightly woven shorts. White lacings for perfect fit and comfort. Jantzen

T H E Y  M A Y  G O  N E A R  T H E  W A T E R
5. A sea nymph in lettuce green with unique olive green belt and shoulder straps. Really, this is June Knight, who finds great freedom and comfort in a trig swim suit from B. V. D.

6. Down to the sea in shorts goes June Knight — chartreuse, man-tailored shorts, later to be discarded for a swim. Beneath is a trig apple-green swim suit by B. V. D.

7. An exciting combination of white shorts with an inner lining, and halter and sash of gay Roman stripes, lends a bright, out-door spirit to Marian Marsh. Gantner and Mattern

8. More anchors for very practical purposes and a touch of the nautical. Metal ones at waist and neck; woven ones on a jersey upper. A Gantner and Mattern suit on Marian Marsh
Spring Promenade

WITH

ADRIENNE AMES

- An eye-opener for early Summer—Adrienne Ames' suit in rough-textured white crépe. Marine blue collar and jabot spangled with white stars and blue stars for buttons.

- Spring recipe for chic, capes, plaids and taffetas. Miss Ames in pepper and salt sheer wool skirt and cape with lining and blouse in black and white. Scarf is gay cerise.

- For luncheon at the Trocadero or elsewhere, Miss Ames likes this Oriental print in brown and white framed by a crisp, loose taffeta coat, ingeniously stitched.
The detailed interest of Miss Ames' gown centers at the back. A reversed necktie, broad shielded suspenders and singing panels falling from a twisted girdle, in the Grecian manner.

- Portrait of a sophisticated Puritan—Miss Ames looking very Priscilla Alden-ish in a fine-straw bonnet with perky pleats at front, high sun-bonnet crown and a demure back bow.

- The fashion outlook is rosy at this writing, pink being the color favorite. Luscious satin, simple stitching, jeweled clips. All fashions are from Miss Ames' personal wardrobe.
JUST OUT
OF BED
Slip into black satin open-toe sandals with trim of perforated silver kid. Formal enough for wear with hostess gown. Sandals by courtesy of Wolfelt-White

GENERAL WEAR
Shoe vogue for light touch on dark leather neatly expressed in Barbara Kent’s operas with blue and crystal composition buckles. From Wolfelt-White

SPECTATOR SPORTS
For all occasions when you stand on the sidelines and watch—brown kid and beige suede. A triple brown and beige tongue and top lacing from Wolfelt-White

OFF THE LINKS
Traditionally correct for golf and other active sports, brown calf with beige punched trim. Flexible and comfortable no end. Comfort specials from Enna Jettick

TOWN WEAR
A glove-fitting version of the dress oxford in brown cloth and kid with interesting smart, high cut and side lacings. Perfect suit shoe from Wolfelt-White

DINNER AND DANCE
Designed for the gayer hours. Dainty gold and silver kid straps with practically no shoe except a staunch support. From Wolfelt-White

B A R B A R A  K E N T ’ S
N E W  W A R D R O B E  O F
F O O T W E A R  F O R  S P R I N G

Step by Step
• Young Ricky Arlen is making fresh with his Daddy. And papa Richard Arlen, Sr., seems to enjoy it. Baby Arlen made his début in films about a year ago, and let it stop there. He's two years old now and finds many things more exciting than camera angles, leading ladies and close-ups.
Hi, PAL!

There's no explaining why, but at the moment my mind is in the nursery. So we shall take, I'm instance, the case of my two-and-a-half nephew, Stephen, who plays in the Beverly Hills parks every day with so many of the movie stars' wee ones. Stevie has himself a hero-worshipper in the very young son of Karen Morley. But since Michael—or Mishka as he is called—is a mere one-and-one-half-year-old, Great Man Stevie is appropriately bored. He did condescend one sunny afternoon, however, to gather a chubby fistful of gravel and dust from the path and deposit same in the middle of Mishka's thick blond hair. This first indication of interest from his hero had Mishka in transports of delight but my nephew's lordly gesture did not affect the nannies quite that way. They had just finished plucking each tiny bit of pebble from Mishka's curly thatch when fastidious Mamma Karen Morley Vidor appeared.

At home, Stevie was made to sit on his chair fifteen minutes for punishment. And while he sat his nanna told me how once, when she was taking care of Ann Harding's little girl Jane, she made Jane also sit upon a chair for punishment, while she went to the kitchen to prepare lunch. With one thing and another, she forgot completely about Jane. An hour later, when she returned to the nursery, there was Jane, still patiently sitting, hands still folded! Nanna was penitent and, of course, proud of Jane's obedience. The pretty child sighed. "I thought it seemed an awfully long time," she said. "but I didn't mind, my dear, I made up a story about a fairy princess with beautiful long golden hair, and named her Ann, after mother."

I now hop-scotch from the nursery to the Trocadero goes Mitzi, visiting big stars and little stars in a grand whirl of gaiety.

From the nursery to the kindergarten. Joan, meet Miss Lily Lodge, daughter of Francesca Braggiotti, dancer, and John Lodge, actor. Lily is a wise one. Lily is a Person. People like Joe Von Sternberg come to visit Lily, just to hear her talk. For instance, one Sunday Lily was entertaining the eminent director of Dietrich with an account of her Bible lesson. "Tell me, Lily," Von Sternberg asked, "Who is God?"

Lily looked at him disdain. "You'll find out soon enough," she said, "when he comes to get you!"

See the picture of us having tea? Lily looks very angelic. Sure. But only the moment before she had put on her father's hat, borrowed his cane and muffler and done an imitation of the great Josef that nearly had me on the floor, and which, so Papa Lodge told me, puzzles Von Sternberg. At this tea Lily was hostess because her mother was downtown at one of the theaters putting on the dance numbers for the prologue of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Lily wanted far too many jam sandwiches, from which her father had to restrain her, and crowds of dogs kept coming in and going out of the living-room in the friendliest manner—which was all right, but a bit disturbing to teacup balancers.
Lily Lodge did the honors at the tea table since her mother, Francesca Braggiotti, was busy with a dance performance. Papa John Lodge had to restrain the young hostess when it came to jam sandwiches. Lily's also quite a mimic.

It's see ... We have had the nursery and the kindergarten; now we enter the primary grades. One day recently as chatting with a friend who has a cunning picture on her of a little Cora Sue Collins, when, gracious sakes alive, a voice at my elbow said: "Pardon me, please, lady." I looked down, and there was the real Cora Sue in a pretty apple green coat and hat, with a pair of pink cheeks, and a stemmed red rose in her hand! Maybe she was whisked by magic. But while I had been examining her picture had been equally busy examining a bracelet on my wrist, and now she wanted to see the other side of it. I obliged and was thanked politely for my trouble. Now, of course, we were fast friends, and I learned that the lovely red rose which she clutched so tightly was a gift from Mr. Louis B. Mayer on whose lap she had sat not an hour ago. The rose was going to be pressed and kept for life, and Cora Sue was going to act so "good" for Mr. Mayer's pictures that in return he would love her for ever and ever.

And when you talk of love, my lamb, you talk of valentines, don't you? So I'm going to tell you about it.

[Please turn to page 108]
The bath room of the princess is done in jade colors and carved glass walls. Etched figures tell the story of Undine, underwater sprite. Note the walls are etchings of sea life.

The magic kitchen of the Little People, with its striking example of phantasy, beautiful murals of Mother Goose, and its most extraordinary copper stove and the big kettle.

The dining room of the Knights of the Round Table, with the coat-of-arms (created by Alice O'Neill) of the occupant on each chair, and designed to tell his story. For instance, that of Guinivere, the fickle-hearted, is of two hearts.

The MOST AMAZING HOUSE in the WORLD

WHEN dreams come true,” perhaps, would be better title for this story of the world’s most amazing hobby—Colleen Moore’s Doll House. . .

Many years ago a tiny girl had a dream of a fantastic fairyland. Some day—but that was only a dream. . .

Twelve years ago, this same little girl—slightly grown up, course—became famous as the flapper in the picture, "Flaming Youth." During the next three years she found that her bank account had reached a staggering figure.

How about that dream of long ago?

Then and there she decided to build her Doll’s House. After that she might receive sneers and laughter, especially from sophisticated Hollywood intimates, Colleen kept her hobby secret.

It was only when she decided that her "plaything" could
Colleen Moore has spent $37,000 to half a million dollars in the realization of her childhood dream—a fairy castle of incomparable beauty

by JERRY FLINT

Colleen Moore shows two handfuls of her library. The books are an inch square and written by famous authors. Below is the prince’s bedroom, with its solid gold furniture or until one million dollars has been realized for unfortunate kiddies.

That is Colleen’s idea of not only making her “dream come true,” but to bring hope and happiness to many suffering children.

Conceived by a score of famous artisans over a period of nine years, and at a cost of $37,000, the enchanted capital of fairyland is now to be booked on a world tour. Exhibits from exhibits throughout the United States and many foreign cities will be donated to hospitals for crippled children.

The tour will continue for three years, or until one million dollars has been realized for unfortunate kiddies.

That is Colleen’s idea of not only making her “dream come true,” but to bring hope and happiness to many suffering children.

Conceived by a score of famous artisans over a period of nine years, and at a cost of $37,000, the enchanted capital of fairyland is now to be booked on a world tour. Exhibits from exhibits throughout the United States and many foreign cities will be donated to hospitals for crippled children.

The tour will continue for three years,
Sylvia's Ideals for MOUTH,

by SYLVIA

Be kind to your face. It's the only one you'll ever have, so don't abuse it. Faces are made to last a lifetime. But how long will they last? That's the rub. And that's my point. Don't rub—until you know how. And don't let anyone else rub your face unless you're sure you're in the hands of an expert. Those slap-dash inexpert facials give you temporary relief. They make your face feel swell for a little while. But, baby, when the face falls it strikes a new low. So keep your chin up. Keep it up with the scientific methods I'm going to give you in a minute.

Unfortunately your face isn't like your automobile. You can't turn the old one in every year and get a new model. But there's something you can do. You can give it a complete overhauling. You can change the lines by taking fat off or putting on a few curves. And this you must do since the poor old face has to weather a lot of changes. Styles in hats, in furs, in neck lines change every three months. You must keep your face in style, too. You wouldn't think of going out with a 1925 hat on. Then don't have a 1925 face. And the way to make your face keep step with the mode is to keep it lean and clean cut!

Take a good long look at your face in the mirror. Are you satisfied with its contours? Is the moulding of your face well defined and chiseled? No? Well, don't waste another minute. Get busy!

Now look at two faces that I've picked for lovely contours—two faces completely different in outline—Sylvia Sidney's and Loretta Young's. Sylvia has a heart-shaped face. It sweeps in an unbroken line from her wide forehead to her dainty pointed chin. Remember I said unbroken line. No lumps, no bumps, none of that flabby nonsense with which so many faces are cluttered. Loretta Young has a long, square face but the outline is excellent. I show you these two examples of lovely girls to make you realize that it doesn't matter what type of bone structure your face possesses. You can't do anything about that anyhow. But you can bring out the bone structure of your face by taking off the fat. I'll tell you how.

With the thumb and forefinger lift the muscles just above the jawbone away from the bone, very gently, without stretching the skin as if you were going to pinch your own face. But don't pinch it. Instead, very, very slowly move your fingers in a rotary movement, gently lifting and squeezing the fat and muscle from the chin to the ear. Do not pull the upper covering of skin and don't touch the bone.

After the jaw line is well started do the same thing on the cheek bone working from the nose to the corners of the eye. And I guarantee, baby, that that will give you a stream-line face. It will completely remodel the old chassis and put some pep into the engine, too. It will keep your face in fashion. And if you want to wear those cute, new, goofy hats you'd better get to work. You probably laugh when you see women with fat cheeks and jowls wearing one of those little pancakes stuck on top of their heads. Well, I don't laugh. I get sore.

And when someone says, "What an awful hat," I answer...
You can't have more than one chin and be in style! Perfect is Gloria Stuart's chin, lean and well-rounded.

Loretta Young has a long, square face, but the outline is silent because the contour is smooth and well defined.

CHIN and FACE Structure

Is your face in fashion? For Spring, 1935, you should have a clean-cut, stream-lined model. You can make yours over.

Don't blame the hat. Blame woman. If she would spend much time on her face as she does on picking out that hat she didn't look like that! For, no matter what type of bone structure your face has you can make it attractive by keeping it trim and chiseled. The same thing applies to your chin. How do you look in the high neck-line dresses? Do you dare wear them? They were made to frame and enhance the chin—not a pair of chins. Get rid of your spare chin. It's useless anyway.

Look at Gloria Stuart's chin. That's an ideal worth working. It is lean but well rounded and free from razor-blade roughness. It's firm and strong. And—most important of all—you can speak of it in the singular.

Cultivate a good, firm, stubborn chin. Yes, I said a stubborn chin. Poor old stubbornness—everybody says it's a fault. But head and be stubborn. It's okay with me. I want to see it in your chin. I like it. And such determination will improve the looks of your chin. It will make it firm and strong. Remember this—your mind must be firm if you want a firm chin.

Start right this minute to do the correct exercise. And don't let a day slip by without doing it. With all the fingers of your right hand rub down from the tip of your chin to the base of your neck. Then with your left hand rub up from the base of your neck to the tip of your chin, digging in well underneath the superficial chin. Get the idea? Down with the right hand, up with the left. Do this on the right side of the neck, then on the left and then in the middle. Keep your hand firm but don't be too rough. Don't pull the skin and be sure that the chin is kept relaxed. Never strain the chin. Do this for fifteen minutes a day and when you've finished slap under your chin with the backs of your hands for as long as you can.

The first thing you must do if you want to enlarge a receding chin is to acquire determination. Then do this: let your chin rest in the palm of your hand. Make your lower lip protrude. Push your chin out. Then, with your hand, press up and out. Do it twenty or thirty times a day. And just watch the old chin get some character.

The perfect mouth has beautiful well moulded lips and teeth that are a dentist's despair—because he can't improve them. Sally Eilers, take a bow! Look at these lovely teeth. Look at that attractive mouth—well-moulded, not too small nor too large. The mouth is a key to your character. And Sally's mouth is generous, good hearted and sincere.

But there's more to an attractive mouth than that. Look at Sally's smile. Even if her teeth weren't so lovely as they are that smile would be attractive—because it looks as if she meant it.

For heaven's sake, girls, keep your mouth natural. Don't go in for a stupid fad like the bee-stung lip. Don't twist your mouth into affected shapes.
THEY were sisters—two young, eager girls who had travelled many hundred miles to New York to “go into the movies.”

The older was the prettier. The younger was just an average-looking girl with no distinguishing marks of beauty or ability.

“Go home, my dear child,” David Wark Griffith, who was then at the height of his glory, advised the younger girl. “You will never photograph. You'd better forget about the movies.”

But the girl didn't forget about pictures. And she didn't go home until all her money was gone and there were no more jobs in sight.

A short time after their humiliating return to their old hometown, a telegram arrived, calling the younger sister back to New York for a part in a picture. The older girl, the better-looking one, the one with all the odds in her favor, did not go with her. She couldn't face that fight for the theatrical survival of the fittest. She decided to marry and settle down, peaceful domesticity.

The older sister’s name was Athole, the younger’s was Norm and their last name was Shearer.

Norm could have married, too. But she didn't. When she arrived in New York for the second time, she found that a well-known actress, the one whom the producers had wanted in the first place, had finally been signed for the promised job. Norma was workless and penniless. But she was in New York and she made up her mind to stay. She gritted her teeth and took every job which was offered, from posing for advertisers to playing the piano in small motion picture theaters.

She played in a few pictures and Hollywood saw her and set her for her. She went to California with short contract and a return-trip ticket. If her struggles in New York were bitter, she found a far more desperate...
Norma was not a beautiful girl, and in its days, a pretty face went further than brains or ability. I could have taken the easy route, gone to parties and flirted briefly by her social contacts. But Norma's eyes were grimly on tomorrow, not on today. Only one thing was important to her. That was success. So she worked while her girls played.

"I was young and I liked fun," Norma smiled a little as she remembered those early days, "But I had sense enough to size that my whole future was at stake. I had so much to prepare for it. Believe me, it wasn't easy to turn down se invitations, which would have meant an evening of fun at a morning of tiredness."

Norma has what it takes for success, that hard inner strength which admits no defeat. So do all successful people in every walk of life, doctors, merchants, lawyers, chiefs. Perhaps Hollywood requires more of that steely stamina because the competition is so throat-cuttingly keen and because the success-life is so comparatively short.

"I don't think that I would ever have the courage to go through it again," Norma sighed one day.

But she would. Because she is working just as hard today to remain a star as she did years ago to become one. Norma never overlooks the countless, small details, which require so much time and energy, but which make for better pictures and longer stardom. She photographs the materials from which her gowns are to be made, to test their camera quality. When she made "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she wasn't satisfied with playing with a trained dog, which knew all the tricks of its trade. She took that dog home with her, lived with it, played with it so that the adoration in its eyes was real, when it looked at her in their scenes together.

Another young woman, who has climbed the ladder step by step with Norma, is Joan Crawford. Joan had as many physical defects as Norma. She was certainly not a beauty, according to Hollywood standards. She was too fat. Her speaking voice was untrained. She knew nothing about smart, becoming clothes.
W e were sitting on the patio basking in the golden sun and watching the Hollywood parade go by on the main stem of this quaint little desert oasis. Palm Springs!

We were stag refugees from Hollywood getting a kick out of watching fellow Hollywood refugees go native. Quite a party of us boys had been playing at golf in a desert tournament with some of the famous professionals, and we were now enjoying the hospitality of one Senor Roberto Woolsey, the bespectacled, cigar-chewing comedian. Like many a former smart Broadway and Hollywood lad, Senor Woolsey has gone completely native. He owns his own hacienda in Palm Springs and lives between pictures clad only in shorts and sandals.

Among the star refugees were Sr. W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Bert Wheeler, Dick Arlen, William Frawley and the author. "This is God's country," announced our host, a line which all of us had heard before. "Palm Springs is the tops." "It's O. K. if you got something wrong with you," agreed Senor Frawley, which upset Senor Woolsey no end, indeed. "You're nuts!" he chirped. "It is God's gift to Hollywood. What a playground! Look at those happy folks going by.

We peeked. Pedestrians, equestrians and cyclists, they all looked very happy, though a bit on the languid side. They were all clad the same, shorts, sandals and occasional eye shades.

"There goes Garbo on a bicycle," announced Senor Errol. Senor Fields complained bitterly. "I wish I was turned around so as I could see her." However, it turned out not to be Garbo at all, so we resumed the argument. "Speaking of playgrounds," said Senor Arlen, "I'll take Ensenada or Catalina. Or, if a fella has the time, Honolulu. "You guys with yachts make me sick," retorted irreconcilable Senor Frawley, "as for me . . ."

A chorus of interruptions. Senor Fields agreed with Senor Woolsey on Palm Springs because it is easier to get to with a trailer. I held with Senor Arlen. The Sr. Errol and Wheeler being more of the sporting types, prefer the Santa Anita racetrack and Agua Caliente, respectively.

In pioneer Hollywood days, the desert was avoided like smallpox. Now, it's a Mecca by Scoop Conlon
for me," continued irrepressible Senor Frawley, "I still love ol' New York."

Were flabbergasted. Who in the world would ever think New York as Hollywood's playground?

As the ballots were cast, we found that the six most popular Hollywood playgrounds were Palm Springs—of all places—New York, Califiente, Ensenada, Catalina and Santa Barbara.

Howdy Champs!

Looking of that Santa Anita race track, it's the greatest line yet discovered in the West. I bangtails are back with us with a bang. Hollywood has "horsey" with the bankrolls. There are thousands of splashing up ol' Lucky Baldwin's Santa Anita rancho. There are colts, mares, geldings; brown ones, black ones, bay ones, gray ones and chestnuts. Those are the babies I bet on—chestsnuts."

Keys get under your feet and amateur touts in your hair. Everyone wants to own a nag. They're so cute. Gable has one, Bing Crosby bought two and Connie had herself one named Rattlebrain.

Hollywood talk today is horse talk. And plenty of it. The old girls call the horseys by their first names. They all who sired Cavalcade and who damned Equipale.

I damned Eddy myself when he fouled out Twenty Grand at that Derby the other day," asserted Senor Errol. "I had fifty smackers right on his nose, too," he added feelingly.

Anyway, the races are busting Hollywood. A neighbor of mine at Toluca Lake had to put a plaster of one hundred smackers on his pet automobile when the meet was only eleven days old. He got one of those beasts that ran under a fence post and hasn't been seen since.

Yes indeed, the boots and saddles are with us once more. It's Christmas every day over at that Santa Anita layout. More than fifteen million dollars will be handled at this meet, which is a lot of dough even for Hollywood.

"Yeah!" agreed Senor Frawley, "What a bag full of gold Santa is pouring into Anita's sock every evening."

With that wisecrack we washed up the sport of the kings.

"Do you know, fellas," he continued, "you can fly to New York now in sixteen hours. It used to take us darned near that long to get down here twenty years ago. Didn't it, Scoop?"

Come to think of it, in Hollywood twenty years ago playgrounds were few and far between. We took our fun where we found it. How vividly I can picture the day that Senor Frawley and I first glimpsed Palm Springs.

Yesterdays

"Salud y pesadas, amigos!"

We peered out of the dusty windows of the train, which had stopped at a little desert station. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
Glenda's forehead may frankly remain unadorned by bangs, advisable with a more backward hat movement. Below, Josephine Hutchinson illustrates the importance of a simple coiffure for chapeaux that exploit decidedly sharp, unexpected angles. Perc Westmore

To still the fluttering heart for its first peep at itself an off-face or modified Breton sailor inspiration, Perc Westmore suggests Glenda Farrell's smooth and flat curl.

Hair and Hats

T'S an adorably mad little hat that beckons to you from some shop window. You look, and in looking you are lost in a glow of anticipation you enter the shop, dragging along your best friend, seat yourself, while the angel of glad tidings of the saleslady, hovers solicitously about, the confection in her hand. Deftly, she fits it to your head. You look. Your bubble bursts. You turn to your best friend for some confirmation that she doesn't see what you see and hope she adds, "Maybe it's your hair."

With a modified off-face hat, flat curls at sides look exceedingly well. When a hat cuts across the forehead in a diagonal line, you do not need bangs. If you wear a far-flung bonnet type, a high cluster of forehead curls will make you very appealing. Or you may, if your forehead is well proportioned, your hairline good and your face not too long, dispense with bangs but keep the forehead hair smooth. For the hat type of hat that shows back hair, softness or curls are necessary. An expanse of smooth, flat hair is nothing to look at. For the angle hat, you need a slightly looser, softer effect, and no bangs, please, with a forward jut. A softly curled, well-groomed border of hair fairly close to the head is about as satisfactory answer as any to this hat problem. With the large picture type of hat, you may always go more girly-girly and curl.
Hands We Love

WHEN Laurence Hope's words, "Pale hands I loved," were set to potent music and sighed by violins the world over, that word "pale" seemed to become the criterion by which feminine hands were adjudged beautiful. If we all know that the strictly pale hand is almost as rare white horse, for the simple reasons that few women have fair white skin and that the hand of today is expected to do all as to be, so that the doing hand invariably develops a certain strength of character, in spite of skin tone, belying the "flower-stem, listless type.

Blond nail lacquer is to hands what cosmetics are to the face. For hands of the pale variety, you will find a rose or red lacquer attractive; for the golden blonde hand, try a darker tone with a little yellow. Brunette hands look well with the darker reds or a warm light tone, but pale rose or mauve do not contain enough color for the right contrast. For hands of most hands, try with an exotic touch to the nails gold, silver or intense jewel tones to match or contrast. Today, almost any fairly well shaped, well cared for hand pass for beautiful if it is used easily and gracefully. Learn to relax hands, to make the wrist lead in movements and to which lightly are simple trainings toward grace. The manner in which you use your hands and your touch will linger longer in her's memory than thought of tone or shape.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK
A Long Story

- The back hair is tightly twisted to achieve a low knot effect, the coils securely pinned in place. A blessing—not one wave or curl is necessary for the design.

- Conchita's simple, classic daytime arrangement means that hats may be worn with the utmost comfort and chic. The hair is simply drawn back into a low figure eight knot. Charm lies in keeping the hair absolutely smooth and perfect in its unbroken line and design and dramatically sculptured.

- This page is dedicated to our long-haired readers. Conchita Montenegro wears a charming double coronet roll for evening. This whole arrangement is largely a matter of silky smooth tight coils in a Grecian manner.
Irene Dunne's exquisite coiffure worn in "Roberta" accents the beauty of her golden-brown hair and reveals to advantage her unusually beautiful hairline.

The sheen and texture of Irene Dunne's hair are a sermon on the necessity of simple care for hair beauty. Scrupulous cleanliness, brushing, good tonic and hot oil treatments are the answer.

Jean Muir personifies youth and loveliness with a coiffure of wide, loose waves and combed out ends. An universally popular mode, adapted to the spirit of youth.

A modern interpretation of Greek sculpture adroitly depicted in Betty Furness' curls. The front is massed in bang fashion and from a small break the curls circle the back.
• A practical solution for the telephone-tub situation, from Grace Bradley, who drapes herself in a huge, gay towel, designed primarily for beach use.

• Fresh cut flowers on her dressing table are an inspiration for perfect make-up, according to Kitty Carlisle, who thinks beauty encourages beauty.

• Frances Drake believes every dressing-table should boast a magnifying mirror for make-up purposes. A great device to good lip and eye make-up.

Private Lives

ABOVE, Kitty Carlisle, Grace Bradley and Frances Drake offer inspirational and practical ideas for our very private lives.

Kitty sincerely believes that small touches of beauty around us are essential to serenity of spirit and, indeed, physical loveliness. Fresh cut flowers are her special pet. Today, many of the preparations with which we cleanse, correct and accent ourselves are lovely to look and lovely to use. Many perfume flacons are so artistic that we hesitate to throw them away when empty. Some of us buy dressing-table and bathroom affairs because of the smart touches they add to a room. Packaging has reached an art with no loss in the quality of contents, as a rule. Thus, modern beauty preparations work for two purposes—beauty for you and your surroundings.

It is an old story that the telephone always rings when you enter your tub. I dare say the prospect of a pleasant date has often been ruined when the lady has rushed dripping from a pleasant bath to the telephone wrapped in a bit of the first thing at hand. A slightly tense, irritated voice at the other end may well change any gentleman's intention from a dinner invitation to asking merely how you are. Knowing this, Grace Bradley introduces the telephone towel idea. Keep one of those new huge beach towels, in lovely tones with amusing fish designs, at hand for emergencies. They protect dry and warm you comfortably, permitting that telephone voice with a smile, and they just love the water—bath or salt.

Hollywood doesn't like to apply its make-up without a magnifying mirror, and neither does Frances Drake nor any girl who has ever used one. If you want a perfect lipline, lashes that almost deny the use of mascara, a gentle blending of cheek rouge and powder, work with the aid of this mirror. You are so magnified that the slightest misstep fairly screams at you. It makes you very exacting, so that when you look at the ensemble before a normal mirror, you will have to confess that you look lovely. These mirrors also detect any skin flaws, the first indication of a blackhead, dry bit of cuticle and our every day skin woes so that we may get promptly to work to correct them.
Helen Mack
WON'T TRUST TO LUCK —
Insists on LUX care for Sweaters...

"I'm not superstitious about black cats or broken mirrors," says Helen Mack. "But I don't like rubbing nice things with coke soap, or using ordinary soaps. I play safe and stick to Lux."

"People say I'm lucky — I hardly ever get runs. But that's due to Lux. It saves elasticity so the silk gives instead of breaking so easily under strain."

"Lux is the swellest trouper I know," says Helen Mack. "When I was 13, I started on the road. Keeping my costumes looking fresh and new for one-night stands might have been a problem. But I'd learned to depend on Lux — used it for silks, woolens, stockings, lingerie — every last thing that was washable.

"So that was easy! And I'm still keen about Lux. It's a big economy, and keeps things grand-looking for ages. I like it especially for sweaters. They stay soft as a kitten's ear and keep the same smart fit they have when new."

WHY DON'T YOU try Helen Mack's way to Lux sweaters? First trace an outline of your sweater. Squeeze rich, cool Lux suds well through. Never rub. Rinse in cool water, then roll in a towel to press out moisture. Shape to pattern and pin with rustproof pins. Dry away from heat.

Lux won't shrink woolens as ordinary soaps with harmful alkali are apt to do. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to roughen and mat the fibres. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"Costumes represent a big investment to be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, Paramount wardrobe director. "That's why we specify that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials, keeps them new longer, and saves money!"

LUX WONT SHRINK
WOOLENS — WON'T FADE COLORS
Caught at a moment of inspiration. Grace Moore with Myra, her cook, and Williams, her butler. Undoubtedly the dinner menu is being planned and a decision made as to whether the wine shall be dry or sweet, and, of course, what vintage.

GOOD TASTE IN FOOD

To know good food, to have the “feeling” for it, is an important part of temperament, says a lovely lady named Grace Moore.

An epicure in high regard among the epicureans of the world, Grace takes a keen interest in the dishes served on her table. She can turn out a handsome Schnitzel with her own fair hands and has little in common with the person who says, “I don’t care what I have for dinner—so long as it’s food.”

A sympathetic bond always has existed between the arts and the kitchen. Few great singers, composers, writers or painters have ever scorned the pleasures of the table. They have, rather, cultivated them to another fine art.

To plan the perfect dinner requires no mean skill, and to be known among your associates as a good cook is to rate a title. In France, good cooks are given the Legion of Honor, and to be a Cordon Bleu is to be a person of distinction. Jean Jacques Rousseau once said, “The love of good food is a romance that will never desert you!”

La Moore’s favorite of all dishes is a Paprika Schnitzel, the dish so beloved in old Vienna. It is simple to prepare and is based on a cut of meat too frequent here but rarely treated with respect. It might appeal to many a housewife who would like to try a new recipe.

Paprika Schnitzel: Select a veal steak cut half an inch thick; sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Heat butter or oil in a skillet, sprinkle with paprika until it is red and add two sliced onions. Fry to a light brown. Enter the steak at the brown end on both sides. Add gradually half a cup of sour cream. Cover the pan and let the steak cook slowly for half an hour. Add a little hot water if it seems to be dry, and serve.

The most appropriate accompaniment to this grand entry is the humble but deserving potato pancake—with its indispensable side-kick, apple sauce.

Potato Pancakes: To serve six, puree two very large raw potatoes and grate. Mix with a small chopped onion (or the green onions), two raw eggs, one cup of flour and a teaspoon chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Fry in butter or bacon.
Hollywood stars have learned it doesn’t pay to gamble with a "careless" handbag. One slip of the hand... and precious contents are lost or broken. So these women, so famous for their style, insist on carrying only handbags that feature Talon fastener security.

This smooth-running, easily-operated slide fastener tailors new beauty into a handbag, at the same time assuring you of convenience and safety at all times. Because the Talon fastener is used only by manufacturers of quality who feature the newest and best styles, you can use it as your guide to complete handbag satisfaction. Models of every sort, at the price you want to pay, await you in your favorite store. Be sure the name on the slider reads TALON, and you can be sure of your handbag!

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

* "POCKETBOOK PANIC" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.
You can use cosmetics as much as you wish... yet guard against this danger.

So much of a woman’s charm depends on keeping her skin clean — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually spoiling her own looks.

For stale make-up left choking the pores causes dullness, tiny blemishes — warning signals of Cosmetic Skin

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars protect their million-dollar complex.
YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let Cosmetic Skin spoil your good looks!

Use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap specially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, carries wittily away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—and, of course, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!
WHEN you see "Becky Sharp," you must watch for the screen debut of the Croven-ays. Notice Miriam Hopkins in one scene as she exhibited a painting and says—"and this is the Duke and Duchess of Crovenay!"

This was probably inspired by the old oil which has hung in the home of Robert Edmond Jones for some time now. It portrays the features of a patrician gent arrayed in noble finery. At the base of the frame is a small gold plaque thus engraved, "Phillip Crovenay, 1727-1793."

New visitors to the Jones home seldom fail to stop and admire the piece. There is something about the eyes. Of course, they never inspect the plaque, because it's easier to say, "Who is that striking man—an ancestor?"

Whereupon Mrs. Robert Edmond Jones gives them a gently chiding look and a sweet forgiving smile, as she shakes her head.

"That's Phillip Crovenay," she answers in a properly hushed voice.

And they always say wisely, "Oh—yes."

JEAN HARLOW has formally welcomed Spring. She had her swimming pool filled, and she blossomed out in a white celophane bathing suit. But celophane!

THE latest gag is to bring your own lunch to the studio. Katharine Hepburn shows up with a picnic basket about the size of a wardrobe trunk and equipped with everything but hot and cold running water!

A THOUSAND girls were disappointed when they picked up the morning newspaper and read that W. S. Van Dyke had married Ruth Mannix. "Woody" was the most popular blade at large in Hollywood, and so dank nice to all the girls, without exception, that many of them will get something of a shock to discover he is no longer eligible.

DIRECTOR Norman McLeod sadly watched the fog come in . . . "We'd had every other kind of delay on this opus—now even the elements are against us," he walked.

"An element never forgets!" flapped a bright young actor.

POOR Jimmy Cagney! He is Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," so everyone reverses the order and sings to him "You're the Bottom and I'm the top." Over and above which he has to sit for half an hour every morning while a hairdresser curls his hair!

ARE you planning a trip to Hollywood to enter the movies? Are you tired of the home and the same old three meals a day?

If so—regard these words as equivalents of your morning toast.

"Time, money, and energy, please take note. Once and for all, get your facts straight and avoid the repetition of the same old errors."

"Time," says the Internal Revenue.

"Money," says the Internal Revenue.

"Energy," says the Internal Revenue.

There you have it—three of the four words of your day!

Some people call it 'carelessness.'

WHERE are your lands? Have you any income? Do you have any savings? Do you have any insurance? Do you have any retirement fund?

These questions will be asked of you by your local Internal Revenue agent when he comes to call on you.

He will also ask you if you have any plans for the future, and he will tell you what you can do to save money and enjoy life.

He will also ask you if you have any plans for the future, and he will tell you what you can do to save money and enjoy life.

And he will also ask you if you have any plans for the future, and he will tell you what you can do to save money and enjoy life.

I DONT know whether there is anything in the probability of playing hunches, but at the Santa Anita race track near Hollywood jockey Jack Westrope has been riding.

All during the racing season Mae West backed him when he rode.

Her father's name, you know, was Jack West, a great sport himself.

She ended 'way ahead on her bets.

And that's something.

FELIX ROLO, a European socialite of considerable poise, recently visited Hollywood and overnight found himself in the thick of the most unusual press story of the year.

Having escorted Marlene Dietrich abroad, until he was looked upon as her exhusb man, he accepted an invitation to Gable memorable Toscadero party. There Garbo, posing triumphantly exhibited him while she supposedly burned.

Hearing rumors of a feud and finding himself suddenly an issue, Mr. Rolo's savoir faire prompted him to do what any Continental gentleman would do under the circumstances.

He left town.

T HIS is just one of the little items that make life in pictures one long happy quandary:

How to make an actor look as if he is riding a horse when he doesn't ride. We saw one ned George Arliss in the ceremonial robes Cardinal Richelieu, sitting very straight on snow white charger. Sprawled on the ground were four men—each holding one of the horse's hoofs! The camera was then slowly jiggled, looking like motion. A wonderful people, the cameramen!

"EVERY," That, in England, is Fay Wray, who writes that this is what all the Cockney children call her. Fay dashed over to Paris buy some clothes ("didn't have a stitch to back")—Where have I heard that before?—should be on her way home about now.

YOU may have suspected it from the man—by that, do you know Tullio Carminati? His was a count, his mother a bareness, a one grandmother a princess? He uses his name only on his Christmas cards, Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla. And Mrs. Kent Fos is still the lady in his life.

A PLEASING young man with a wide grin sat in on "The Devil Is a Woman" preview. When it was half over, he got up and walked out. His name is Joel McCrea, as that is exactly what he did on the picture, "a few days' shooting—walked out. Said knew he would be bad, what with all the sparsity directed out of him. Joel is a very young man—because results proved that a body in the opus had a chance to be good.

WHAT'S in a name?

Well—in Mr. Adolph Zukor's name the was money. Mr. Zukor is one of Hollywood big time producers, and, of course, already is a few iron men.

His name, when abbreviated, is "A. Zuk." And noting the phonetic resemblance of it, and the name of a horse entered in the $10,000 Santa Anita Handicap, Mr. Zukor placed his wager on the nose of "Azucar."

As you know, Azucar, a long shot, led the field home, and Mr. Zukor left the par-mat windows with his pockets well padded, while justifies one hunch I know about.

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH thinks exercise is very good for an actor, but doesn't believe in overdoing it. So Charles may be seen on the golf course almost every day riding from shot to shot in a jinricksha.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
NEVER A DULL MOMENT

with Styl-eez shoes

"It's a merry life—and a busy one—now that I'm wearing Styl-Eez shoes. They have a way of making my feet look exactly as they should when summer's in the air and there's adventure around the corner. I like their smartness, their comfort, their perfect fit... things I've never seemed to find in other shoes at the price. I'm glad I have the Styl-Eez habit..."

Styl-Eez shoes have special built-in features that keep your feet from tiring easily and prevent rotation of the ankles... unusual in shoes so moderately priced.
CLEAR, fine skin, sparkling unlined eyes and a smooth graceful neck. Most girls of twenty possess these attributes of youth. They think they need not worry because they are really all right as they are. That is true—they are all right. But the wise girl of twenty knows that she must do something to stay that way.

There are three important steps in this business of staying lovely, and they are eyes, skin texture and neck. I believe everyone may benefit from a tiny bit of cream spread under and over the eyes at night. Special eye creams come for this purpose, but any good lubricating cream may serve. Laughter, other emotions and exposure dry the fine skin about the eyes and line or wrinkle it prematurely. That bit of cream is a great aid. The skin that is thoroughly cleansed—and often—that is gently lubricated and stimulated should stay lovely for many years. I believe in a balanced skin cleansing routine, cream, soap and water and a liquid cleanser. Experiment with the three to find out when and how often you should use the different preparations. Cold, cold water is a marvelous astringent and stimulator.

Many of us seem to forget that the neck needs cream. Nightly use will keep this skin beautifully smooth, clear and young.

Free M-G-M Stars Tell the Make-Up Secret for Brunettes

You can double your beauty if you adopt the make-up of Hollywood's stars.

...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick . . . mail this coupon.

Mail this coupon to Max Factor. Hollywood, 420 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif. This coupon will give you our Color Harmony Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Daily Make-Up." Please print your name and address clearly.

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

MAUREEN OSULLIVAN
featured in M-G-M's "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Brunette with blue eyes and fair skin...her color harmony is Max Factor's Rouge Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

JEAN PARKER
featured in M-G-M's "SEQUOIA"

Brunette, with hazel eyes and creamy skin...her color harmony is Max Factor's Rouge Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

ELIZABETH ALLAN
featured in M-G-M's "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Light Brunette with blue-gray eyes and olive skin...her color harmony is Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

Max Factor: Hollywood

Society Make-Up

For personal make-up advice...

For color harmony shades in powder and lipstick...mail this coupon.

Color Harmony Chart

Mail this coupon to Max Factor, P.O. Box 187, Los Angeles, Calif. This coupon will give you our Color Harmony Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Daily Make-Up." Please print your name and address clearly.

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

© 1935 by Max Factor
**Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90**

DID you have any idea that one single lone solitary fly—a common house-fly—can cause more excitement around a picture set than a lion on the loose? They could catch a lion. But a fly right up close to the camera lens looks like a prehistoric monster, his buzz near a microphone is all right only for an aviation picture—with dozens of planes zooming in the air. Strong men armed with lethal weapons stride about sets with a grim look, stars and directors sit and wait—when there is a hint of a fly in the place. If the leading lady merely breaks down with appendicitis or somebody just loses the script, that's little trouble. But a fly, my hearties, a fly is a major catastrophe!

**MAY ROBSON's Bonny Boy, she tells me, is so smart she has to figure out ways to fool him. He's a pup, and he understands everything she says. So she took to spelling out the words. Now he knows what the words spell. She is trying to invent a new language which will permit her companion, Lilian Harmer, to know what she means without letting Bonny Boy in on it!**

**WE don't know why everyone is working up a lather about it, but to be a good and dutiful reporter we must inform you that Katharine Hepburn is running about the RKO lot in a pair of wooden socks and no shoes. For some very vague reason, these little tricks are considered just too cute and democratic for words. Possibly you have done the same thing lots of times around the house or garden—but would be properly hesitant to meet your public thus shod.**

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT is not the sort of person who saves the reviews of her pictures, but there is one that she will never throw away. It appeared on page one in the January issue of the Manchurian Daily News, which calls itself, "The oldest English Language newspaper in Manchuria." It is published in Dairen. The review, without the change of a word or a comma, follows:**

**GRAMOROUS AND FLAGRANT CLEOPATRA BRISTLES EYES DeMille's 'Cleopatra' Exposes in Dairen.**

So extravagance, so lavishly, so fanciest becomes, Cecil B. DeMille's "Cleopatra," will be shown to the fans from January 7, Monday, at the Nikka-tsu-kan cinema hall.

Cecil B. DeMille in "Cleopatra" produced a eye-bristling spectacles classed among the most thrillings of last year's screens givings.

The critic is certain several superlurious words of praise can be offered to this picture which is so colossal, so charming and so vividly with an eye to interesting, and that is ahead of his expectations. But eyeing from artistic points, this is just to get the passing mark, to boots.

Alf that "Cleopatra" possesses is lavishness not only, but also it contains some fine acting, especially in part of gromorous flagrant and competent Claudette Colbert who makes the role as Cleopatra every inch, an ell.

"Cleopatra" is the luring picture-scroll en-tracing romance of the sirens of the Nile and the inflexible and valiant Roman of them all.

The "Cleopatra" the critic sees here is not so immoral woman of the vampirish type as the critic has been taught from his teacher, but rather beautiful martyr who intended to saving Egypt and a woman whom we can easily entertain with friendly sentiments. This "Cleopatra" at any rate is one of those breathing-taking spectacles which seems able to direct and to review.

It is said that the film cost to a million and a half dollars in which more than 5,000 peoples are to produce.

The story is cranked from a scene of struggle of power between Cleopatra and his brother, Ptolemy, in Egypt. The critic has no space to hear repetition in these columns that the content of Cleopatra is too popular to insist it. You, the fans, will certainly be struck all of a bump if you see DeMille for sets of several thrilling scene battle on the sands and in the sea, the Egypt armies fighting against the Romans, and dancing by the Egyptian girls who swing their waist and revolving through grand marble and on the summary bar to the swirly guilty slaves.

**Lilian Harvey proudly shows you her new handbag or muff. That is, you zip it in and you have a bag. It's covered with three tiers of ostrich feather.**

Paul Kelly is a city boy—brought up in Brooklyn—so naturally he is mad at horses. He has his first opportunity own one, and he bought a fine polo pony a Ray Griffith. Some one said, "Why not your horse and a home?" Paul answered that he lives in a rented house and bought a horse because he can turn the house into home if the persons he loves are in it. A rented horse doesn't seem to belong—any more than a rented dog would. Paul has the polo practice field in his back yard, a polo horse from which he practices with ball and mallet. There is plenty of screen autour yard out of consideration for the neighbors windows!

**In answer to the many who have wanted a PHOTOGRAPHS inquiring what had become Jack Mulhall, I want to say that you can him, if you look sharply in "Love in Blix. He plays the part of a beggar in front restaurant. He is not on the screen list. Jack Mulhall is an actor. I saw him long ago. He was dressed for some bit he was to do. He was cheerful and sunny as ever. "I'm an actor," he said, "and that's the way I want to make my living. Sure I mind playing these small parts. It's aren't it? Well—that's what I like to do.

Now, of course, Jack Mulhall used to be much of a star. If you remember him, want to see him, register your hops. He's of the best, I'll tell you that, and I agree a whole lot of you that he deserves some breaks in some real parts.**

A scene from "Les Miserables," when Jean Valjean's strength as he lifts a stalled peasant cart betrays him to his arch pursuer, Javert. Frederic March is the hero of the Victor Hugo book and Charles Laughton plays the vengeful nemesis.
Don't slip our shoes off in the Movies

PEGGY $6

One-eyelet tie with lacy scallop design. Black or brown. Just right for dressy street outfits. Sizes 4 to 9; AAA to C.

CORRINE $6

Uses stitching and tiny perforations in dainty pattern. Black, brown or white. Smart with your semi-dressy street costumes. Sizes 2½ to 10; AAAA to EEE.

TRIXIE $5

Smart monk oxford with moccasin toe. Brown or white. You'll want it in your sports wardrobe. Sizes 4 to 9; AAA to C.

YORK $5

Genuine pigskin ghillie in white, brown, or white with brown trim. Fashion-right for spectator sports wear. 4 to 9; AAA to C.

Jetticks go any place comfortably. They have to... because the basis of real foot comfort is correct fit and every Enna Jettick is built to fit correctly. And the pictures prove that they look smart and up-to-the-minute, too.

Ask your Enna Jettick dealer to show you the four new shoes pictured. They are part of the new fashion-designedoup supplementing those other friendly-fitting models you've always liked. Sizes 1 to 12, AAAAA to EEE.  

MERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY
A tall dark man is coming into your lives, girls. Bob Taylor is his name. Watch him in "Times Square Lady" and "West Point of the Air."

Another tall, dark and handsome hero has been acclaimed. The girls have just gone crazy about Robert Taylor, one of the outstanding of the new leading men.

Bob's real name is S. Arlinton Brugh. He was born in Filley, Neb., August 5, 1911. Is 6 feet, 2 1/2 inch tall; weighs 165 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is of Scotch, Dutch and English descent.

Bob entered pictures about a year ago, playing in "Handy Andy" with Will Rogers. That was shortly after he graduated from Pomona College. His second picture was "There's Always Tomorrow" for Universal and then came "A Wicked Woman" for M-G-M. His latest pictures are "Times Square Lady" and "West Point of the Air," both for Metro.

Most of his leisure hours Bob spends playing tennis. When not thus engaged he likes to take in movies. He says his hobby is clothes, especially sweaters. So girls, get out your knitting needles.

EILEEN KOCHE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—The following stars were born in November: Frances Dee, the 26th; James Dunn, the 2nd; Joel McCrea, the 5th; Dorothy Wilson and Dick Powell, the 14th; Will Rogers, the 8th and Raquel Torres, the 11th. Kent Taylor was born on May 11, 1907.


MARY KOELZER, CHICAGO, ILL.—Elizabeth Patterson was born in Savannah, Tenn. You still think she is the same one you used to know?

HELEN WANNAMAKER, CLEVELAND, S. C.—Gene Raymond was born in New York City August 14, 1908. His favorite sport is horseback riding.

N. M. E., PRINCETON, IND.—Clark Gable was born on February 1, 1901. He has been married twice. Last marriage took place June 29, 1931. George Raft has been counted birthdays since September 23, 1903.

BONNIE JUNE ROLLAND, OAKLAND, CALIF.—You're not so bad either on thinking up questions, Bonnie. But then I love to answer the questions, Bonnie. But then I love to answer the Gene Raymond, and how the girls fall for the lad, was born on August 13, 1908. At that writing he isn't married and isn't even engaged. Francis Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, November 6, 1906. He was married and divorced several years ago in Europe. Don't believe Joe E. Brown's son is married. He is about eighteen years of age.

B. D., DAYTON, OHIO.—Lanny Ross was born in Seattle, Wash., on January 19, 1904. His real name is Lancelot Patrick Ross. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has big brown hair and gray eyes. He was educated at the Taft School in Watertown, Conn., and at Yale University. He also studied law Columbia. Lanny is not particular about staying in pictures. He prefers his radio work.

R. B., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Eddie Nuge was born in New York City on February 19, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and green eyes. His first important picture was "Our Dandy Daughters." Did you see him in "Lost in the Stratosphere?"

JOE R., CHICAGO, ILL.—Frankie Darro, a homeowner of yours, Joe. He was born celebrating birthdays on December 22nd since 1915. His real name is Frankie Johnson. Can't give you his measurements because he is still growing. His latest picture is "Little Men."

KATHLEEN DONNELLY, PROVIDENCE, ILL.—Hope you will continue to like my little column. Kitty, Robert Young's real name is Robert George Young. Ginger Rogers is Virginia Katherine McMath. In private life she is no Mrs. Lew Ayres. Jean Parker's real name is N. S., Park. She was born in Montana August 11, 1915. Is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 106 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. She is still single. Some of her pictures are "Little Women," "Two Alone," "Last Days," "Lady of the Lake," "Operator 13," "Have a Heart," "Wicked Woman," "Limehouse Blues." Don't miss this last one when it comes to your part of the country.
"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

**CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW!**

Mary Pauline Calhoun
Author of "Marjorie May's 12Th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.

**FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex. Here are the facts that will interest you most.**

Kotex is much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely. Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the 'equalizer' distributes moisture evenly, avoids accidents. The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and the new pins belt. These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

**Super Kotex for extra protection**

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

**WONDERSOFT KOTEX**

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery... QUEST for Personal Painlessness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.
the story I'll call him Sohli—looked me over the first day of the shooting schedule and threw up his hands. Uncle Lou recognized the symptoms of temperament in revolt—probably he was expecting it—and took the director off the set to argue with him outside the sound-proof double doors.

When they came back everything seemed to be settled. Sohli avoided me as much as possible, but he was civil enough. I learned afterward that Uncle Lou raised his salary a thousand dollars a week to make him take me on. Uncle Lou is a stubborn little man and he had faith in me.

As it turned out, the salary raise never cost the company a nickel, but Uncle Lou couldn't have known that.

Sohli was a huge, vital man, conceited, domineering and sensual. He was either a Russian or a Pole—nobody seemed to know which—and he had a Continental artistry that none of our American-born directors has ever quite attained. Actors liked to work with him because it stamped them with a certain class just to be in one of his productions, but it had to be at the expense of complete suppression of individuality. His players were puppets and they all expressed merely the varying moods of Sohli.

I SUPPOSE it was because of that characteristic of Sohli's that Uncle Lou hired him to direct me.

He had broad features, slightly pocked, a very fair skin and mild blue eyes—not a handsome face but interesting, especially because of the power it expressed.

He did not use me at all that day. But I sat around, at his command, and watched him work. The longer I sat, the more I respected him. He drove those four leading men as if they were a chariot team.

Sohli made fewer "takes" of each scene than any director I've ever watched. That was because he got it the way he wanted it before he let the cameras turn over, and he had his crew so thoroughly impressed that nobody dared make a mistake.

He asked me to stay after the others had gone.

"I'm going to shoot your first scene tomorrow morning, and I can't waste time coaching you while the entire crew stands around at a hundred dollars a minute. Besides, I don't want 'em to laugh at you."

He was brutal but honest. I doubt if he really cared whether anyone laughed at me or not. I think he was afraid someone would think he was betraying his talents in directing the clumsy efforts of an inexperienced "ham."

He now looked around to see that there was no one watching us. His eye fell on Louella, sound asleep in a chair. She always dozes off if she sits down.

"If that wrench belongs to you, send her away," he ordered.

Who was I to disobey him? By this time I was feeling very insignificant indeed. So I woke Louella up and told her to take the car and go home.

"But," protested Louella, "honey, Miss Rachel, how you goin' to get home yourself?"

"I'll take her," Sohli settled that.

Louella left, muttering. After she had gone, Sohli walked up and down for awhile. Remembering the example of the other actors during the day, I kept a discreet silence. I was scared stiff, anyway.

Finally, he stopped, turned toward me and grinned.

"We're going to see a lot of each other during the shooting of this picture, Miss Adair," he said. "You're not going to like it any better than I am. I've got to teach you the things you ought to have known before you were ever cast in a production of this importance. I admit right now that you have a beautiful figure, but don't expect any special consideration because you've heard I enjoy a pretty face. That's after office hours. Also, or something when I nearly fainted. It's eleven o'clock, and I was a fairly husky accustomed to nourishment at regular intervals.

Sohli reproached himself, although I knew that really he was impatient with me because I did not live entirely on enthusiasm the way he did.

"Come on," he said, putting on his red and rolling down his shirt-sleeves. "Well somewhere and I can keep on talking to you.

I didn't particularly wish to eat with him or do anything with anybody. All I was to be left in some quiet corner with a bowl of beans and a can-opener. But, as you imagine, I was practically a limp dish-heap his hands by that time, and so used to obey him that I would probably have jumped the Eiffel Tower if he had said to.

Sohli took me to Al Levy's Tavern, Vine Street, which, despite the reputation more highly publicized restaurants, is actaual one of the principal places where motion picture people go for good food and a little quiet.

Sohli ate methodically for ten minu and then talked to me for a half hour while a man's-size meal. I'm really nothing much but a healthy animal, so when I got my stomach lined by beefsteak, I began to relax. His voice went on and on and I nearly dozed off.

He noticed it at last. "Come on, darl, we'll go home."

"Darling" and "sweetheart," as you plainly know, are small conversational coin show business. Everybody calls everybody else by one or the other of the endearing jectives—even bitterest enemies.

Sohli was driving a large comfortable roadster and I fell asleep in the seat behind him.

WHEN I woke up—and then only because Sohli nudged me—the car was stopped in front of a rather large house in a neighborhood which I did not recognize.

"Where are we?" I demanded. "I thought you were taking me home?"

"I did. This is my house."

This was something I understood, or thought I did. I never fight that sort of an attitude. So I simply opened the door and started to get out of the car. But Sohli grabbed:

"Don't be a fool," he said. "You didn't give me your address, you know."

I thought back. Maybe I didn't.

"This is a nice comfortable old house."

Sohli said in a matter-of-fact voice and looked at his watch. "You're going to bed with me on the set in six or seven hours any. There's no use travelling all over Holly to find a bed when I have one—or two—or it as you like."

"Thank you," I said. "I still prefer to home." I gave him my address.

Sohli shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose reputation that prevents me. All right darling, I'll take you home. It's a long y and it's getting chilly. If you won't come, I'll go and get us a couple of warm outs. He got out of the car.

"What kind will you have, milk or sable?"

"Nah," I said.

Sohli laughed. "You're asking for only hide. Can't spare it, darling, and
NEW FINER POWDER
3 times silk-sifted
MAKES FEATURES LOOK SOFTER

YOUR face powder may have been fooling you into believing you are less lovely than you can be.
Perhaps you have noticed that your features seemed to grow bolder, harder, as you applied your powder. That's because, until now, face powders imparted a flat, hard surface to the skin that reflected light.
And strong reflections throw features into harsh relief with the cruelty of a hard-focus, sharply lighted photograph.

A wonderful discovery in the Bourjois laboratories ends all that! It's a special process of sifting Evening in Paris powder 3 times through macroscopically fine silk. And it achieves an utterly new kind of powder texture—softer than down—and so fine that it is difficult for the unaided eye to see a separate particle.

On the face, this new powder has a depth and an utter lack of luster that does not reflect light. This makes features look softer—less prominent—gives the entire face a look of new, more tender delicacy. It's the same effect you notice in a soft-focus, softly lighted photograph!

It's almost miraculous—the softer, younger loveliness that appears as you apply this new silk-sifted powder for the first time! It's a thrill to see new admiration spring into eyes that may have passed you by before.

Get a box of this new, silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder today. Then tonight you will know the exquisite joy of seeing new beauty appear before your eyes in the mirror!

Just For Now

A COMPLETE MAKE-UP ENSEMBLE
A $2.10 VALUE FOR $1.10

1 EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER Full-sized box of this new, silk-sifted face powder. Retail Value $1.10

2 EVENING IN PARIS PERFUME Generous bottle of the perfume known the world over as the fragrance of romance. Value 65c

3 EVENING IN PARIS LIP AND CHEEK CREAM ROUGE—for lasting radiance. Value 35c

TOTAL VALUE, $2.10

Evening in Paris BOURJOSIS
Sylvia’s Ideals for Mouth, Chin and Face Structure

Don’t try to look “cute” by pouting or pretending to yawn. And don’t puck your lips as if you had just eaten a green persimmon. If your lower lip hangs down use every effort of will to hold it up. Determination again! You can do it if you try.

And when you smile see that it means something. If you can’t do any better than just pulling your lips back in a “prop” grin—then don’t smile at all. Garbo doesn’t smile much—and she’s done very well. But there is nothing so attractive as a real, spontaneous, peppy smile. And there is nothing worse than an affected smile which doesn’t mean a thing. For the greatest of all charms is personal sincerity.

Sincerity is a seller—and that goes for you girls both on and off the screen.

You can relax the mouth and take away wrinkles around it by using your finger tips in a gentle rotary movement at the corners but the attractiveness of the mouth is much more a matter of mind and personality than exercise. Don’t make faces—like the slapstick comedians and even some of our big emotional stars do.

In Hollywood language, don’t you “mug.” Don’t be so doggone animated that you pull your mouth out of shape. That sort of animation isn’t real anyhow. If you have a big mouth make the most of it. That’s well, for the little pursed-up rosebud lips went out with bobbies and big hips.

Don’t simper. Just be plain natural. All the nervous habits of sucking in your lips or setting your mouth in a thin, hard line—other words, use your mouth to talk (naturally) and to smile with (naturally). I hope you’ve got sense enough to apply lipstick so that it doesn’t make your mouth great.

And now, here’s to you—with a nice sipping tomato juice cocktail—for perfect figures. Keep your chin up and wistainline down. Use your head for something more than a carry-all for excess weight!

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You’ll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I’ve helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of PHOTOPHAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

My arms are very flabby. I think that is caused from reducing them so much. What can I do about it now?

D. R., Richmond, Va.

And that, baby, is because you haven’t paid attention to everything I’ve told you. Listen! Dieting alone will not do all the work. You’ve got to take exercises, too. I’ll bet that you’ve been dieting okay but you haven’t had the courage to take the exercises. Well, I’ll let you off easy this time but see that it never happens again. In last month’s article in which I set the standard for beautiful backs, arms and hands you’ll discover the exercise that will make your arms firm. Do that exercise and don’t fall down on it. And remember this. You must take exercises. You must do everything I tell you to do or Ican’t be responsible for the way you look!

Dear Sylvia:

How much sleep do you think the average person requires? I mean the average adult.

D. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.

That depends upon whether you want to reduce or gain weight. If you’re reducing never, never stay in bed for more than eight hours and seven is even better. Get up every morning at seven o’clock and get right straight up—don’t turn over for that extra snore. But be sure that your sleep is good sleep and the way to do that is to take my relaxing exercises before you go to sleep. Six hours of good, hard sleep is better than eight hours of tossing and tumbling in bed half-awake. But you’ll sleep well if you’re perfectly relaxed. However, if you’re building up you should be in bed every other night at nine o’clock and not get up until seven. That’s ten hours sleep, isn’t it, and that will put flesh on you if you’re run down and under weight.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly send me your reducing diet.

R. W. T., Lincoln, Neb.

Since it is such a long diet and would take up so much space to reprint it here I suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped en-

Answers by Sylvia

Large veins usually mean poor circulation. The way to overcome them is to get up and do things that will send your blood moving rapidly. Get some life into yourself. If you work also makes large veins. There’s no use doing this except to hold your breath above your head as often as you think. Then sit so that your hands are a little lower than your arms. This lets the blood flow down in your hands, makes them whiter and veins less conspicuous.

Dear Sylvia:

I am a young girl, sixteen years old, with a little natural curl to her hair but she doesn’t approve of my age visiting by salons to have their hair set; what am I to have a nice neat hair dress?

M. W. F., New York C.

Wash and dry your hair yourself. While hair is still damp, set it with your hands and waves. If your hair is still and wavy, put few waves and comb to make the waves appear. Take any little loose ends—such as side curls—and twist them around little curls and pin them with invisible clips. All the movie stars do this. I’ve seen them make those little curls with hair pins at two times. Now let your hair dry then take out the pins and comb and sit.
Most Amazing House in the World

[Continued from Page 71]

light effects, with the exception of the lighting in the garden, is indirect, with an 400 small-watt bulbs utilized in the a wiring plan that required months of and experimentation.

Fountains on turrets and in the dungeons in the kitchen, garden and halls. Operated by an electrically-run sump, the tanks, on emptying, play chimes in the steeple. This is done every ten minutes.

A lavender glass tree in the Garden of Eden is perched a magic, feathered nightingale in full-throated, joyful tones. A fairy princess, mistress of this castle, shyly sings high (this is done by diminishing through an ancient illusion) will appear in the garden grove where she will sing, dance and answer questions!

There are eleven rooms in the Doll's House of Aladdin's magic garden and Noah's Ark. The furnishings throughout the building are of the highest quality, and many of the objects are rare, although the entire house has been restored against loss and damage to the extent of $10,000.

We on tour, the house will require the services of seven persons. John Hewlett will be the manager of the tour, while Mrs. Morrison, Colleen's mother and father, will be in direct charge. Mrs. Morrison's will be to see that all the furniture and objects are in perfect order, while Mr. Morrison, assisted by three mechanics, will take care of the house in working order. The young woman will tax the Fairy Princess in allusion to the other member of the party.

STRUCTURED under the supervision of Colleen's father, all of the actual mechanical work was done in Glendale, California, workmen and craftsmen totaling 500.

Explaining her hobby, Miss Moore said: "We people collect old masters and spend es on Rembrandts, and small boxes, others buy yachts and rare gems. My life was never so interested to be a doll's house."

The collection of furniture has been preserved since I was two years old — when the house was out of a box. That the house is completed, I would say, and I feel that I have done some good. Under the present plan, local charities in the community where the house is shown derive the proceeds. We shall ask local ites to contribute to the proceeds. We shall ask local ites to contribute to the proceeds. We shall ask local ites to contribute to the proceeds. We shall ask local ites to contribute to the proceeds.

The copper-domed library ceiling depicts instellations in sea-blue and white. The floor is laid as a fish net which, sweeping the depths of the ocean, catches in its meshes a fish of Neptune and the mermaids. Andirons are bronze. Ship's capstans support the fire box, ich tiny magic logs burn merrily. Floor, done in inlay colored wood of hues, embeds the signs of the Zodiac in gold from an ancient design. Over the

MEET THE STAR OF SMOKING COMFORT!

Lay-dees and Gen-tel-men! We offer an all-star feature! The tobacco is choice Turkish and domestic. It's mildly mentho-lated to give your throat a most deef-lightful, a most tee-ree-freshing coolness. There are cork tips. And — finally — the B & W coupon in each pack is good for handsome nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only). Buy a pack or carton. Have the time of your smoking lives! Write today for FREE illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
fireplace in full relief Captain Kidd directs the burying of pirate treasures while swashbuckling, colorful hearties spade the ground.

Two stately arched doors leading into the Garden of Aladdin are framed in fairy-tale groups done in full relief. One is Gulliver pulling tiny boats out of the sea into the Lilliputian port. Another depicts Robinson Crusoe on the beach of his castaway island regarding the obesant form of his Good Man Friday.

Bookshelves of verdigris copper, containing masterpieces in miniature, some less than one inch square, are placed against the south wall, and reached by tortoise shell steps. Over the bookshelves is pictured the Aurora Borealis.

The little fairy book forms pass through an entrance hall, with a floor of mother-of-pearl, to reach the chapel. The entrance hall is devoted entirely to a mural by Alice O'Neill, depicting the adventures of the voyagers of the Noah's Ark. The mural entitled "Love In Bloom," is in almost comic contrast to the remainder of the house. Old Noah sits below the mountain on which perches the ark, recovering from his labors, for which the Lord punished him. He is indeed suffering from a hang-over, but not his feathered and furry passengers. They, all in pairs, bill and coo.

The ivory floor is symbolic of events from the Old Testament, telling the story of the Lamb of God, the Dove of Peace, the Ram, the Locusts and the years of plenty. In the great center design are the Ten Commandments as hewn in the tablets. The Lights of the World shine forth in hues of purple and gold. Beneath stained glass windows, by Braborn, depicting originals and copies of famous masterpieces of David and Goliath, Moses in the Bullrushes, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and the Judgment of Solomon, quaintly is carved the Holy Grail. For this is no conventional cathedral, being orthodox only in that it is true to the spirit of love. The floor of the chapel was carved by Bayard de Vollo, while Braborn decorated the ceiling from the illuminated book of Kells, the Irish Bible, in green and gold.

From a tiny frame peers the face of Alice in Wonderland and the characters of her adventures, done with great imagination by Willy Pogany.

Three tiny frames enclose paintings by George McManus, telling the story of Old King Cole, Jiggs is Old King Cole, Maggie is the Queen and Dinty Moore and other Bringing-Up-Father characters the Fiddlers Three.

Elizabeth Stone Barrett's miniature, on ivory, of Little Red Riding Hood hangs near a miniature by Leon Gordon of Miss Moore. James Montgomery Flagg's miniature painting is of the Old Man of the Mountain. Other paintings show "Skippy" romping as a fairyland figure and Puss in Boots.

The enchanted room is further appreciated as one travels into the living room from another door in the Great Hall. This room of startling brilliance has a rose quartz floor with a carved border by de Vollo, inlaid with silver and gold. It is this room of fantastic elegance which boasts the diamond chandelier. This gorgeous fixture hangs from a ceiling of misty clouds drifting in a sea-blue sky, done, as were the companion murals of Cinderella, by George Townsend Cole.

Two ancient amber vases, just inches high, from the collection of the Dowager Empress of China, are placed on either side of the entrance to the Great Hall.

Next, on the same floor, the dining room—

The dining room of the Knights of the Round Table—is reached via a tall and sturdy doorway surmounted by a golden holding in his claws the initials of the star of the year 1928, the year when this room designed by Horace Jackson, the scenographer.

The dining room, done in cast stone, its floor of inlaid, imported Latin-American woods of many colors and varieties, polished to shouting brilliance.

The Round Table, of carved walnut, is surrounded by the twelve chairs of the two Knights of King Arthur's court. Each chair contains the coat-of-arms of the occupant created by Alice O'Neill.

The Round Table is set with twelve gold dishes, and golden knives and forks like one-eighth of an inch long, with a monogram engraved on the handles with the air of magnifying glasses. Tiny lace napkins rest beside each plate, with full table service, including tiny golden champagne glasses, water glasses, salt and pepper shakers and a dainty container of pepper.

Four tapestries, which are not tapestries at all, adorn the walls. Created by Braborn on rough poplin, these represent the most effective experiments in the effect of royalty in the room. One shows Sir Galahad be dressed as the Son of King Arthur, other Galahad setting off in search of the Holy Grail, still others, the jousting matches.

A doorway on the northern side of the dining room of the Knights leads into the kitchen of the Little People, which cant murals of Mother Goose, and a most extrareal, imaginary copper stove, on which hums a kettle and which brews a kindly wise magic stew.

Notable among those who have dared the possible in bringing the movie star's dream fruition are Harry Jones, whose bas-relief full relief work leaves the spectator breathless, Clifford Roth, whose electrical system was acclaimed a masterpiece in miniature wiring; Helga Braborn, for her etched stained glass windows; Harold Grieve, responsible for much of the interior decorative work, George Townsend Cole, celebrated mural artist and portraitist, for his Cinderella mural in the living room; Bayard de Vollo, for a cap
Why this?

when you can enjoy this!

Nestle Guards You Against the Dangers of Re-used Pads!

No permanent should ever ruin your hair. Yet many a woman risks having her hair practically destroyed because the same pads are used from one head to another. No wonder women dread the effects of bad permanent waving when such conditions prevail.

Yet such fear is now needless. For you can protect yourself if you go to a Licensed Nestle Shop, using fresh materials that are always Nestle—and nothing else! For then you secure a glorious wave that is also a distinct benefit to the structure of your hair.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
New York

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.

Nestle SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE

floor; Jerry Roulex, for copper and silver masterpieces in miniature and of wood carvers and workers of Lilliputian designs in revolving pillars and fanciful decorations throughout the enchanted pen.


The second floor is the Prince's bedroom, a prevailing color of deep blue, with a tined ceiling in designs of gold. The bed, carved walnut, painted in brilliant colors done in relief. One also sees of solid gold, carved by the Chinese designs of fiery dragons.

Prince's bathroom, done in marble, has a bath tub guarded by two golden water pours into the tub constantly and shells held by two mermaids of gold. Other figures are carved by the Chinese designs of fiery dragons.

His bath room, done in marble, has a bath tub guarded by two golden water pours into the tub constantly and shells held by two mermaids of gold. Other figures are carved by the Chinese designs of fiery dragons.

The ceiling, adorned with little cherubs in pastel colors, is in a sea of pink clouds. The floor is of pearl, cut in tiny cubes, with a rug of inlaid gold. Two stained glass windows of the forest overlook the garden room, a boat-shaped bed with great sweeping made of solid gold, with a canopy of enamel, is topped by a furling crown. Fella's golden slippers rest on a tiny of seed pearls at the side.

An adjoining bath room of the Prince is in jade colors and carved glass walls. Old figures tell the story of Undine, the water sprite.

 Ring into a bath of colorful carved glass, illuminated from the depths, the casings over the shoulders of the little cupids, the colored sea life a remarkable sense of fantasy and action.

Beautiful perfume cabinet of solid gold is a wall of the Princess' bath room, and doorway to her bedroom is surmounted by a design of golden cupids.

Unless other rare pieces in miniature decorate the house; it would require a volume to describe it all in detail.

There are trees of cellophane, bushes of silver glass with pearl fruit dripping from branches, a tiny forest of golden pines and tall willow and silver and gold. Another's silver coach, drawn by two horses, halts for a moment while the little arched-back animals drink at a basin of verdigris copper. Santa Claus and his sled drawn by his faithful reindeer in faint relief, barely perceptible from the towering steeples into this tiny realm.

Tinkle of an old-fashioned music box appears to the back of the days of childhood, porting every visitor to this marvel of perfect to the realm of make-believe. Recalling the fondest memories of the days when all literature was Mother and the little tricks won awards for being good.

When you can enjoy this!
New!

AN EMMOLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time trouble.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

1. It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

2. Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

3. It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"!

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City 16-25-25
Name...........................................
Street...........................................
City............................................State...
If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 1c, checking whether you wish □ Black or □ Brown.
Lips that Challenge love

MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH LIPS

This astonishing new lipstick gives ardent color... and ends "LIPSTICK PARCHING."

The most delicate skin of your face is on your lips... Yet so many lipsticks don't seem to know that... they parch and dry lips and make them look crinkly and rough. Such lips can never look inviting — no matter how much color you pack on them.

Coty has discovered the way to give your lips exciting, truly indelible color... without any parching penalties. Coty's new "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is an amazing little magician. It actually smooths and softens lips. It gives them that warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's because Coty Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom" — a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment! If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning — notice how soft your lips feel... how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick — for just 50¢ — in five ardent, indelible colors — at drug and department stores.

NEW — Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, in harmonizing, indelible colors, 50 cents.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wednesday, 10:30 P.M., EST, NBC Red Network

Coty "SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢
A Middle-Aged Woman Ran Away
with the Show

As she grew older, she was left with the various landladies, and learned to be entertaining so she could stay up late. She had the midnight habit even then. Her schooling was sketchy, a week at a time to a school whose pupils invariably showed a certain hostility toward the strange theatrical child. She extended herself—not to learn—but to make the children like her. Her first audience experience, and good practical training.

It was a gay, haphazard life, snuggled onto trains under her mother's skirts to avoid the fare, catching trains in the cold dawn, undietetic food; long anxious waits between engagements. She has never gotten over the "lodging" feeling, the sense of flight. Those days were lovely. Even then they excited her and she never really envied the little girls who lived in one place and went to bed at eight, with stomachs full of proper food. She says now, "I have lived in nearly every foreign capital, acted in a great many, met all sorts of people. Sometimes on very little money, sometimes in luxury. But money, or lack of it, curiously has little significance to me."

Her mother was a magic person, an intractable optimist and romantic, always laughing. Some days they had a shilling for food and to carry them the rounds of the theatrical agents in London. They walked miles. Then would come a day when the tide turned—and they would be off to blue azure days again in Devonshire. To this day, Constance loves touring better than a London engagement—because "We, my whole family, are gypsies, rogues, vagabonds of the road!"

She had a passionate determination to be a great actress from the time she played her first speaking part, one of the children in "The Silver King." As soon as she could read, her mother gave her Shakespeare, but it had nothing to do with study. She read hundreds of other children read fairy stories and lost appreciation, not reverence. "There is much reverence for beautiful things in art and not enough love," she says. Adding, "Kissing is so uncomfortable one is apt to get up and walk away!"

So, to the chorus of a musical at thin-sounding her mother—and a famous Girl at fourteen!

To be one of the London Gaiety Girls was to be established as a beauty. Constance Cap was one of the warm classic deep-boot beauties of the generation—when the stage grandeur.

Many of those Gaiety Girls married and as Constance says, "It was as if we were fortifying herself with these magnificient plebeians to build a finer race."

This was the frivolous period in the life of the South African diamond merchants to London for a fling, showered flowers on the "Gaieties." Constance had her first evening gown and went to her first hostess. She was nearly seventeen, and found herself engaged to a millionaire.

She was in danger of losing sight of her feeling for the classic theater, until someone remarked in her hearing "only a Gaiety!" It made her angry enough to abandon parties, to break with her opulent suitor and led to her first real acting part, her role as "The Gypsy Girl."

From there, she progressed to an association with the fantastic and commanding Herbert Tree, the most elaborate productions of the day, and married Julian Eltinge, the beautiful gay irresponsible Irishman. But...
PUT YOURSELF IN HER SHOES

...AND YOU WON'T HAVE "FOOT-FAG"

It's a smart woman who knows the face-value and grace-value of scientifically shaped shoes whose perfect fit and firm support keep her face immune from the unhappy lines of "foot-fag" and her posture erect and graceful. Vitality Health Shoes have this important attribute. You won't suspect it when you see them because they are truly beautiful shoes that have the happy faculty for fitting feet and making them feel fit. Their prices are calculated not to stretch the most rigid budget.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS
Division of International Shoe Co.

$6.00 and $6.75
SIZES 2 TO 11
WIDTHS AAAA TO BEE

* Happy feet are the foundation of graceful poise and an unruffled face. In the Charmed Circle of Vitality Health Shoes your feet are free from "foot-fag".

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

107
you a secret. Maureen O'Sullivan is Mr. George Arliss' valentine. He doesn't know it, though. And Maureen doesn't want him to . . . she'd rather have him guess, awhile. Yes, yes! I'll explain. Last 14th of February Mr. Arliss bemoaned the fact to Maureen that no one had sent him a big red heart. So without a word out tripped the Colleen to a florist's, where she bought a bunch of daffodils, and in them she laid a lacy valentine, and a card tied to a tremensuz red bow, which read: "From an Unknown Admirer." Now Mr. Arliss is happy that he is some one's very special valentine—or maybe he's going crazy trying to figure out who sent it! 'Tch! 'Tch!

I'm a note-sender, too. And a dash-offer! Like the time recently when I sent a note in Santa Barbara to my kinda special heartbeater, Douglass Montgomery at the opening night of his play, "Merrily We Roll Along!" The whole idea of driving up for the opening was one of these crazy impulses, but lots of the Hollywood movie colony were affected that way because, unexpectedly, Evelyn Venable and her husband popped up there, and so did the rarely seen Katharine Hepburn, with suitor Leland Hayward; and so did Cary Grant, who was present to applaud Virginia Cherrill who was in the cast. Kay Johnson was there with her director husband, John Cromwell, and also present, unless these old orbs deceive me, was King Vidor.

At the end of Act One, I dashed off a note to my yellow-haired hero: "Dear Doug: So far, swell . . . And I'm coming back to tell you so!"

When Act Two started, the play which, to be truthful, had been moving a little slowly, perked up. It began to sparkle; and Douglass was actually vibrant. Modesty, alas, forbids me to believe that my note had anything to do with it but until he received it he hadn't known that there were friends in the audience. . . and after all that does help! Yas's, I went backstage after the final curtain and the blonde Douglas and I clasped hands and swapped compliments while crowds surged around, congratulating him. Then, pet, I was wafted home on rosy clouds.

But—tell me am I fickle, baby?—yesterday I did some noontime munching with dark-haired Roger Pryor. Roger is a modest soul, in spite of his success in pictures, and told me a story on himself that you must hear. In New York some years ago, before he was in pictures, he was cast in a play in which, for the ten minutes before he appeared upon the stage, the heroine was giving him a build-up as a gorgeous Apollo.

"Then," grinned Roger, "I came in . . . with my face, and she spoke the line: 'Oh—oh, here he is! Doesn't he look like a Greek God?!' Well, I stood it for two nights; then we went into a huddle. And next time I appeared, she said: 'Here he is! Doesn't he look like a Greek? . . . Oh!!!'"

Next, Roger and I talked about babies, Helen Hayes' and Charlie MacArthur's small dotter occupied our remarks. But, as usual, I am ahead of myself. We were talking about the time, before we met, Mary was even in the stock's nest, when Helen Hayes told husband Charlie she thought it would be very grand if they had a child.

"How much would it cost?" asked the practical member of the family.

"Oh—I don't know—" Helen answered vaguely. "About three thousand dollars, I guess."

"Three thousand dollars!" shrieked the playwright. "Why, we could buy a boat for that!"

As you can see from the above, it was a kind of a whimsical lunch. You know to—

a. liff's a half—but with curiosity my besetting sin I wanted to know more about Roger himself. The son of the world's most famous ex-band conductor should have some grand reminiscences.

First off, I asked why didn't he become a politician, now, but when I go home to see him he makes me do all his stamp specching for him.

"Because," came the surprising reply, "Dad didn't want either my brother or me to follow in his footsteps. He didn't want any actors in the family, either."

"Not even a successful one?"

Roger grinned.

"He won't admit that I'm successful. Dad's a musician, now, but when I go home to see him he makes me do all his stamp specching for him."

"You are!" I said triumphantly. "Then he does think—"

"Not at all. He says I'm just fortunate to have a decent voice!"

But you can't live down a parental reputation. So when Roger and his brother joined the Boy Scouts at the tender age of eleven, they were made buglers. It didn't matter that they had never had a lesson in their lives; Poppa Pryor was one of the world's best trumpet players, and that was that. However, both kids turned out to be whizzes with the tootling tubes. "But what was that?" Roger dismissed with a laugh. "Dad never had a lesson in his life either."

Roger is always finding out he can do things he never did before. Like the day he had singing in Billie Burke's play, "Her Master's Voice." Ann Sothern's mother, who teaches voice, told him how to handle the difficult high notes, and with no trouble at all, Roger yodelled them beautifully. Next day the paper commented on his fine voice. Roger grinned.

"But Dad would say I was just singing loud."

What? Wanna hear about frills and such. Well, the other P.M. I dashed down to the Bowery where, amid unbelievable light and glitter, there was a show of the Glad's girls were wearing in the picture "Roberta." And after it was over I could have dashed my brains out as well. M-m-m. Give me some nolols to chew! Quick! Like without a floor-length cape of silver fox, to me that's my pretty. I don't worth the thing. My feeling was shared by one, Pert Kelton, who decided the best thing to do was either to get up and go home, or just rise superior to it all. Glenda Farrell, next table, didn't mind it so much. But then, maybe Randy Scott kept her mind on other things. Pandro Berman, who produced "Roberta," had Fred Duuing, Director Bill Seiter and Marian Nixon at the table along with Glenda Farrell and Randy, and I am tickled to tell you that the models, who play stock at RKO, were so divine that most of them got real parts in the picture from them.

But I soon forgot the harshness of it all, when later I met my friends Grace Allen and George Burns at the Brown Derby. Of course, the elbow-length white fox cape o' Mine. Burns didn't exactly improve my feelings. Have I a husband who secretly wire friends in the East to pick out the most gorgeous fur they can find, ship them here for my birthday, and send him the bill? I have not. All right, we'll skip it! We'll get back to the babies again. But we're still at the same party. And the baby is Sandra Burns, with one ear, who burns out laughing when Grace says "Google, google, google," and who, feeling the insistent push of new molars in her gums, bites the hand that feeds her.

This one," says Papa Burns, proudly exhibiting her right fist. "And can she bite!

"That's why," explained Grace breathily. "Bing Crosby wants his Dennis for her. Dennis is such a leather-neck!

"Rough-neck, Gracie! Rough-neck!" corrected George patiently.

My personal nomination for the prettiest and the prettiest girl goes to Marian Marsh. (It harasses me, but I suppose you are boned  with good looks or you are not!) We've been throwing ourselves around at the Brown Derby or the Assistance League this past month. Marian and myself. First I pay for lunch, next it's her turn. But she always gets a phone call from Howard Hughes or Eddie Lowe throwin' with the vittles, while I just get food! Some times I console myself with the thought that maybe her being born in Trinidad gives her a special hoot, or something, but I dunno—she came from Cow Corners, Mo., it'd prob' be the same thing. But I got some sort of satisfaction last Sunday night, I did. I invite her to a big benefit ball, and when she stood up at the table and took a bow the spotlight sort hit me around the edges, and I had a honey of a time bowing and smiling on the rim of glory. Lasky's sprang to the rescue, and I was safe. Later, he tucked our hands under his arm, marched us to the bar and ordered us all a drink. I accepted on condition that one of these days they would invite me to a barbecue in his Spanish hacienda, where colorful Mexican stroll around with guitars and sing melodic songs and the moon does queer things to you.

Going the Rounds with Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]
anotic insiders. Leo agreed—what else could he, with such a brazen wanch?—and I went shaly haywire and ordered a glass of butter-

k. Whoops! It's all too silly!

ow lamb, I go extremely svelte, or glossy, something, and to take you to the Ballet Russe Monte Carlo, which threw our staid town the jitters for a week. One night, for dance, Edna May Oliver sat to the front of Charlie Chaplin and his lady, Paulette 

land (with a twenty bell-top hat and miles of sashes) to the left of me. (Forward the the Brigade!) Anna Sten, ejaculating liquid phrases after every number, sat to the left of me and it was all very colorful and 

and exciting. The dances were charming and beautifully done, and left me wistfully 

ning the time Madame Albertina Rasch over me doing mad fandangos with from Novarro and wanted to put me in her bed, thence to bursi forth a full-dowered 

. But the thought of years of prace 

me decline the enticing offer. You w your Mitzi. I like to do things quick!

ext day the ballet hunched at M-G-M and I 

oned them around the lot. David 

, who is a marvelous dancer, and very 

Valentino-ish looking besides, re- 

ked, astonished and upset: "What—it is in the studio that they make the wonderful 

an? Not in the jungle! 

But when he 

Paul Lukas on "The Casino Murder Case" and they got to jabbering away in Hun-

ian or something just as romantic, he was sly again.

CHINE was having a studio test made next 

day and asked me to be present, but I couldn't, 

use why, I was having lunch with Adrienne 

es and her husband, Bruce Cabot. Adrienne 

is the girl who looks coolly devastating in man-

tailored suits. They had just arrived the night 

for, by way of New York, from London, 

ere she and Nils Asther did a picture. Our 

ch was at the Vendome. . . . But wait! 

eeps skitter-scatter Mitzi, while I give you a 

brief synopsis of their previous twenty-four 

. Off the tram the night before! Eight 

ours shut-eye at a hotel! A dash into the 

 microseconds sunshine, house hunting, early in 

the morning! Success at 11 a. m.! Moved, 

, bag, luggage, and bundles by twelve! And at 

the Vendome, crisp, cool and cordial, at one! 

What a woman! What a man!

All through this letter I've been tempted to 

op and surrender myself to memories of the 

legant party at the Trocadero the other night 

. . . so I will re-live it, by Telling you All . . . 

, or, all that I can! First, we gathered in the bar 

downto, and I met the guest of honor, 

meesh Dinshaw Petit, a good looking young 

anker from Bombay, India, whose family is 

very influential there, and is related to the 

Sassoons. He was surrounded by a 

avy of Beauties, among whom were Jean 

ker, very "Little Womanish" in a off-the- 

oulder dress, a velvet band around the 

and a gardenia in the heaped-up curls; Betty 

urness, very sleek and smart; Maureen 

ullivan, charming and fresh; the lovely 

ies, Irene Hervey, Muriel Evans, Joan 

ash, and several more. Mrs. Ida Kover-

an, famous executive assistant to Mr. Mayer, 

rew the scéve, and anything she does is done 

. . . like picking Jean Parker from a 

newspaper picture and making a star of her. 

 course, I ain't mercenary, or anything like 

that, but when I say the favors us girls got— 

from Mr. Petit, by the way—I was extra 

spically glad I came. Allow me to flaunt my 

large, flat, gleaming silver evening case, all 

pletely fitted out, and containing two 

ards, one of which carried the donor's English 

ame, and the other his Indian one. Cute?

The dinner table, little one, will interest you. 

it seated thirty-five guests, and was trimmed 

with a charming barnyard touch of half a dozen 

white glazed-china roosters from whose 

rose triumphant sprays of red and white carnations 

and lilies-of-the-valley. Let me add, as 

casually as I can, that we also got corsages of 

mammoth gardenias. Among the gentlemen 

whom names you'd know, were Mr. Carrillo, 

Bill Henry, Harvey Stephens, Robert Taylor 

and my pals Howard Strickling, Louis B. 

ay and Woody Van Dyke. It didn't take 

hem five seconds to discover the net bags on 

the table filled with small colored felt balls, 

and whee-e-e-e! . . . what a barrage!

A VERY choice picture was made by the 

dainty, picturesquely-drawn Jean Parker, 

who shrieked with glee every time she socked 

Bob Taylor on the ear. And Taylor was no 

dub himself when it came to hitting the bell. 

(Lawsie, how did I resist writing "belle"? 

Give me credit, baby!) 

The nice Mr. Petit seemed somewhat 

wildered by so much mad goings-on, and 

haps it is as well that he is shortly to resume 

his world cruise. However, I'm seeing him 

tomorrow at a big ranch party, and I shall not 

only take pitchers for you to see, but also will 

relate how he reacts to the wilder and woollier 

pects of Western life!

What's this? Do I see your languid hand 

politely patting that rosebud mouth? Right 

o! Then I hereby bids you a fond adieu. 

Yours to a curvy brown crisp, 

Mitzi.
We were a motion picture troupe of twenty years ago, exceedingly hot, dirty and tired. We gazed languidly at the white-thatched, leather-faced antique Mexican who flashed white teeth as he cheerily grimmled into our dead pans.

"Salud y pesadas, amigos!"

"What the deuce is he selling?" growled Bill Frawley as we half-heartedly returned the salutation.

"For health and wealth, friends!"

Translating, the conductor turned to the troupe of pioneer movie actors. "That's an old California Spanish toast. There is more health and wealth out in them desert hills than you'll ever find in the big city and here's where you folks get off. This is Palm Springs. Don't step on any horned toads."

We ignored the kidding. We were very unhappy about it all.

"Palm Springs?" said Bill indignantly, "Where the devil are the springs? I don't even see a palm."

Nor did I. Nor did the rest of the troupe. As far as the human eye could strain, there was nothing to see but a vast, barren, lonely, awe-some wilderness. Rugged mountain peaks, shimmering in the blistering heat waves, looked like monstrous devils. We felt very low. If we lacked the vision to conjure mirages that would have revealed to us the Palm Springs of today, we were really more to be pitied than censured.

Back in those pioneer Hollywood days when men were men and meals were few, the desert was a vast hunk of territory to be avoided like smallpox. Only the hardened cowboys, who had been lured by the movies, took it lightly.

To a couple of clever-kickers like Bill Frawley and me, the desert was more or less a rendezvous for cactus and sagebrush, mirages and hot sands, rattlesnakes and Gila monsters.

"I wanna go home," announced Bill as I recall, and although "home" was his quaint nickname for that Hollywood boarding house, we all felt the same way about it. We were scared to death.

Before we could follow our natural impulses to get back on the train and go right away from there, anywhere, fate took a hand. With many whoops and yips, a band of cowboys arrived with a lotta horses and plenty of wise-cracks at the expense of us tenderfeet.

Presently, the Mazapappas were jogging along, each to his own peculiar style of riding, towards what our guides claimed would be a right pretty little oasis in the heart of the desert. Or words to that effect. We were still plenty skeptical and pessimistic, however. Like the brave old '49ers, we couldn't realize at the time that we were really, honest-togood movie pioneers who would probably go down in picture tradition as the heroes who made history. Or something.

If a fella's foresight was only as good as his hindsight, Bill Frawley and I could have been the Rockefellers of the West. The old horned toad of a conductor was right. There was health and wealth out in them desert hills all the time, only it took us nearly twenty years to find it out.

After some fifteen miles of dodging Joshua trees and cactus, we got our first glimpse of the primitive little Cahuilla Indian village then called Palm Springs. The main stem was a dusty desert road, dotted here and there with datepalms, figs, oleanders, smoke trees and tamaracks. Outside of the Indian reservation and a few straggling frame buildings there was nothing to mar the peaceful landscape.

A FEW tents and one tiny bungalow comprised the lone "hotel" which was later to become famous the world over as the Desert Inn. It was operated by an indolent, jolly, far-seeing woman who is as well known today as her inn. Nellie Coffman.

How Mrs. Coffman first discovered the oasis, how she made friends with the Indians, how she persuaded the government through that friendship to make certain land grants for a resort, and how she bravely struggled to make Palm Springs the greatest winter resort in the West, is one of the most amazing of stories.

In the few days we were there on location, whether working and sweating in the sun, or loolling in the shade, we fell completely under the spell of the desert's everlasting peace.

We could understand why there are "desert rats," men who are born clover-pickers, apple-knackers, hillbillies, swamp rabbits or even city slickers succumb to the irresistible lure of the desert. From youth to old age these prospector-dreamers called "desert rats" set forth with grub-stakes and faithful burros each year to seek for the gold strikes they never find. But seldom do they ever return to their native lands.

We could understand Mrs. Coffman's dream of a beautiful and charming little health resort when she first sighted the valley from the crest of one of the gold-stripped San Gorgonio mountain range which guards this desert country. But no mortal, not even the lady of blessed vision, could have dreamed the Palm Springs of today.

Regrettably we pulled away from that peaceful little desert village so many years ago.

Fredric March, as Victor Hugo's most celebrated hero, Jean Valjean, from the literary masterpiece, "Les Miserables," in a scene with little Marilyn Knowliden

Even Bill Frawley admitted that "maybe the desert will amount to something after all."

And how!

Today, Palm Springs is as beautiful as it is picturesque. Even the newness of the Hollywood shops cannot destroy the charm. Re-flowering ocotillo cactus, grown and woven in the most unique fences, guards the home. Where one tree grew before, now scores of ser-tropical trees and shrubs beautify the stree and lawns. A tiny mountain stream, shall by willows and cottonwoods, weaves its way down from Tahquitz canyon. The SmoTree and Deep Well ranches are as attract to tourists as the Desert Inn and El Mirar hotels. And there is another beautiful reso- building some ten miles out in the deser which will be appropriately named War Sands.

For those who want complete peace and re with absolutely nothing to do, there is a exusive La Quinta with its magnificent hot and home some twenty miles away. This was the late Marie Dressler's favorite spo Here Ruth Chatterton, Grace Moore, Glen Swanson, Greta Garbo, Herbert Marsh-George Brent and others seek rest from ttarily-burly.

The desert is a God-send to hard-working hard-playing Hollywood. The warm, bake sun, crispy cool nights and fresh clean air ge rates vim and vigor in tired minds and bod and calms down shattered nervous system.

The latest Phil Vance—Paul Lukas, who will play the famous role in another of the S. S. Van Dine thrillers to come to the screen, "The Casino Murder Case".

For those who are too playful to simply re and bathe their bodies to a nut-brown in the sun, there is plenty of play.

We stag refugees didn't get such a terrific kick out of seeing a few of our fellow brave running around in the primitive, as we feel kinda he-mannish and savage ourselves. But when the squaws are turned loose away from the home reservations, that's different.

WHEN a fella can get an eyeful of such look ers as Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Joa Crawford, Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert an Jean Harlow all in one afternoon, ambling a rolling around in nothing but shorts and who you may-call-'ems—and obviously not care
We Three

Luxuria for Cleansing  . . . .  45c to $2.75
Skin & Tissue Cream for Vitality  . 85c to $7.15
Beautifying Face Cream for Radiance  85c to $7.15

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

Well, as usual, there were a couple of customers for Palm Springs and Caliente, and some were driving up to Santa Barbara.

Up spoke the irrepressible Bill Frawley, and says he:

"There is only one place to spend the weekend—and that's New York. I'm taking the four-o'clock plane outa here. I'm havin' lunch at noon tomorrow with some pals of mine at the Astor. In the afternoon I'm going to catch the matinee of "Anything Goes." For cocktails I'm going to meet Lillian Emerson, a swell gal, at the Waldorf. Then we're going to join Bily Gaxton and Madeline Cameron, Ethel Merman and Victor Moore at the Twenty-one for dinner, where I expect to see a few really smart Hollywood guys like Austin Parker and Don Stewart. We'll drop up to the Casino in the Park for a little dance, and after that we'll probably drop in to Leon and Eddie's or the El Morocco for a night cap. Daylight is going to catch us up at Ruben's, and Sunday noon a bunch of us will get together for a good, old-fashioned ham and egg breakfast at the Tavern. The gang will put me back on the plane at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and I'll be back in Hollywood for work, if any, at seven o'clock Monday morning."

SEÑOR FRAWLEY paused for a breath, but we were all too stunned to interrupt. He went on enthusiastically:

"New York is the only place to enjoy the week-end, you chumps. You get a chance to really do things and see something. These Hollywood honeys are O.K., but there's a lotta gals in little o' New York, too, that you don't sit around and throw rocks at." He got up and started away. "So long, fellas. I'll be seeing you Monday."

** ** "We are three creams with but a single theme... a beautiful complexion... that is our mission as Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations... we are for recalling it instead of ruing it... we befriend both the beauty of youth and the beauty in arrears... for, we bring to both the gain that comes from a postponement of Time!... but we, too, make a demand on the complexions entrusted to our care... we are essentially for the woman who takes her daily beauty ritual seriously... and though each of us is effective alone, we are so much more worth while when used together... for we are by nature as related as the three center pearls in a strand... and Skin & Tissue Cream and Beautifying Face Cream add to the gain in beauty that begins with Luxuria."

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, INC.
323 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

Montreal
Paris
London
makes one excuse or another to enter the room. But as soon as she discovered that her reserve was respected, she proved herself to be the human, friendly girl that she is to her few close friends.

Watson has made two or three dozen suits for her, and more top coats than he can count. Top coats amount to a passion with her.

A man is a hero to his valet, they say, but Garbo certainly is a goddess so far as her tailor is concerned.

"Sometimes we keep her for more than two hours for fittings, but she is always charming and patient," said Mr. Watson. "She is particularly fond of her fitter. He is a Norwegian, and they talk together in Swedish while he is adjusting a new garment. She talks to me, too, mainly about Sweden and books, sometimes about people. But she always seems to be conscious that her command of English is not perfect, and she frequently makes apologies for it. But I have never heard her yet say a single word against anyone."

"(It is an interesting fact that Garbo's chauffeur once said the same thing to me in almost the same words)."

"Of course," continued Watson, "much depends upon her mood. She has 'good' and 'bad' days. From what I know of her, her mood seems to depend upon her health. But no matter how bad she feels, she never is rude, never impatient, and she never twists around or fidgets as so many people do.

"I have seen her, when she feels well and happy, dance the length of this room, laughing and being as happy and as unself-conscious as a ten-year-old child. One day she even got up on this table and did a little dance. If she is in a gay mood, she does not mind who is or how many people are looking at her. She is sometimes, if she feels particularly well, she stays after her fitting is over, takes a small glass of wine, and tells some little stories."

Bud Watson admits that he never knew what to expect from Garbo. One day an actor glimpsed her as she crossed the room, headed for her private cubby hole. He is a big star now, but he had played a small part in one of her first pictures. Bcause there had been some friendliness between them years before, he mustered up his courage and sent a message back to Bud, requesting him to say "Hello!" to her for old time sake.

Garbo's answer was brief and to the point, "Tell him I do not want to see him," said, and that was that. It wasn't intention rudeness. It was just that she didn't feel like it.

On the other hand, there is Rod LaRue experience. Garbo was looking over fabric when he entered. LaRue has great charm manner of all his own. Probably that is why he was not deserted the moment he said, "Hello. Are you thinking of buying the I think it will be charming for you."

Within a few minutes they were chattering like old friends about weaves and lines.

HER usual procedure in choosing a new garment is to look through the umerous magazines which are scattered over the modernistic green, white and brown window. When she finds a picture which pleases her she says, "There! That is what I want!"

She suggests a few changes, and has bolts of materials piled near so that she may drag...
A peculiar thing about her is that when she looks into the mirror she almost recoils. "Oh, look terrible!" she exclaims, and seems very happy and discouraged about herself. She is not so strong and well as she surely is, though the look of weariness doesn't seem to dim her loveliness.

Usually she telephones that she is coming, quite frequently she just drops in. Then, course, her especial fitter drops everything to attend to her. Sometimes she is wearing suits, sometimes coats. In summer, she occasionally appears in tailored shorts under a coat.

The sketches she chooses as models may be drawn drawings from a style book, or illustrations for a story, or advertising photographs. She prefers plain coats, but once in a while has ordered a fur. She adores tweeds, but there is nothing faddish about the cut. Her suits are almost severely plain, although absolutely rules out the purely masculine refusals, refusing to have her shoulders padded in slightly.

She has ordered a suit with trousers, though she has many pairs of slacks in the closet.

For blouses, she wears sweaters or wool polo shirts with short sleeves—white, ecru, or tan.

She usually buys several suits at a time. Invariably, they are without fur. There is a distinguishing feature about her rather plain coats. All have huge collars large enough to be turned up around her head, completely hiding her face. That is one reason she doesn't get into Watson's so frequently with being seen.

Getting out is another matter. The coat collar and dark glasses make a good guard against curious eyes, but people have learned to know her old auto. And, infrequently, a crowd is waiting when she is ready to leave. Her habit is to send anyone who is with her in the street to see if reporters, photographers or fans are waiting. One time her ex-fiancé, Salka Viertel, did a little reconnoitering and reported the coast clear. But when Garbo peeped forth, a cameraman jumped out from behind a tree and snapped her picture. Mrs. Viertel, enraged at the surprise, chased him up the street, caught the unfortunate man, fed his camera into the gutter.

I am charming and thoughtful Garbo is a client, Bud Watson admits that there are several things about her that give him no worry and trouble, in spite of the fact that she never protests any item and always pays her bills on the dot with her personal check. The question that disturbs him is why a man so attractive as Garbo does not go and enjoy herself more.

Marlene Dietrich goes out and has a good time, doesn't she," he says. "You'd think Garbo would want some fun out of life, didn't you?"

The other thing that bothers him is the fact that she moves so frequently that he has a difficult time delivering the clothes she makes her. She always forgets to give him the new dress!

"I think people with sensitive throats prefer Old Golds," says Dolores Del Rio.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

PHOTOPLAY with the Fashion Forecast
it for a while. Just to show you how she is, though. What should I see in my room on Christmas but the picture? Honest to gosh, that broke my heart. But I couldn't tell Mom. I just gave her a kiss, and skipped it, cause a guy can't be a big sissy.

As I was saying before, though about this headman business. I'm it—and what I say generally goes around there. Saturday nights, for instance. I told Mom she could make dates any night of the week but Saturday—that was my day. Well, she's been pretty good about it. We have been out together almost every Saturday. Course, she forgets every once in a while, but then, you know Mom, she's got so darned many social obligations.

NATURALLY, I have to exert myself every once in a while and just tell her. Those Siamese cats of hers for instance. Well, one of them's cock-eyed. Can't see worth a darn, either. She tried to tell me that was a sign of being rare or some such stuff. So finally I had to tell her that that was the bank. I said, "Poor cat, going around the house bumping into chairs all the time," appealing to her sympathy, see? Well, we finally settled that. Now Mom's has a pair of specs made for the cat. They're strapped on like goggles sorts, and they're all right. What's more the cat can see now, even though he makes you die laughing, just looking at him.

Course, there's one thing I ought to have and good and well understood about my Mom. She's a very sweet and big-hearted woman, not at all like the parts she plays on the screen. I have to laugh seeing her all decked out in diamonds on the screen. For a fact, I guess my Mom's one of the few women in the world who hasn't even got a diamond to her name. She just never spends her money on stuff like that.

But I know one thing, and I'm going to surprise her some day. When I'm through school and making plenty of money, I'm going to cover her with diamonds and furs from head to foot.

Those furs remind me of a story I'm going to tell you about Mom. It was when we came out here from New York, and she was a set of furs to go with a get-up she was planning. Well, Mom never was much for piecing down a lot of dough right on the line. she just made a first payment and let it go at that. Well, she worked plenty hard all summer and kept paying on the furs, and as I would have it for Mom, I get sick. Had to to my appendix taken out, and just like I went Mom's last fur payment.

Getting back to her picture roles, you know it's funny. Something happened not so long ago which shows my position exactly and how went to a school party together day, and I'm always kinda self-conscious being with me, cause everyone always at her and everything. But it was swell this certain time when one of the kids came to me at the rackets and said, "What's girl's name you're with?" I said, "That's a girl—that's my Mom." He said, "Oh, she's good looking, isn't she?" Course couldn't wait until I got to Mom and told "And what's more," I said, "we're going have a good time at this party cause no one knows you're a motion picture star!"

She's a pretty perfect person, my Mo, considering everything. Honest, the only thing she ever does that really gets in my hair is to get nervous. Then, you see, I have to be yes-man, and I don't care much about stuff. But a man can't argue with a lady, you know. Mom says, and as I always figure afterward at least I'm learning to be diplomatic which Mo says is always a good thing in Hollywood.

REMEMBER reading somewhere that every one in motion pictures should have a sense humor, or they're lost. Well, I guess every knows my Mom has a sense of humor, naturally they don't know as much about it I do. For instance, not so very long ago son

**My Mom**

*Continued from Page 43*

> **BRIGHT EYES**

**by Jane Heath**

So—you know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. *Kurlash* costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.

**Something Blue**

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.

**Something New**

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. *Lashtint Compact* may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

**Kurlash**

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department A-5, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.

Capt. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

A touch of tradition that brings grace and charm to the world of today... Old New York in a modern setting.

Suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving Pantry. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.

The Sherry-Netherland
Facing the Park
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH
NEW YORK


to your hair...

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it FREE. We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

M A R Y T. G O L D M A N N
2411 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name _____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
Color of your hair ____________________________

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

WHERE ELSE
... this perfect setting

T A L K  W I T H  F R I E N D S  A N D  G R A S S  P A T T E R N S

A graceful sweep of cedar... tight-planked... strong ribbed... covered with seamless, water-tight canvas. The effortless stroke-stroke-stroke of a paddle unfolds the glory of all outdoors. Get an Old Town Canoe.

1935 Old Towns cost as little as $68. Send for a free catalog, showing models and prices. Also sailing, sponson, square-stern canoes and outboard boats. Including big, fast seaworthy models for family use. Rowboats, Dinghies. Write today, Old Town Canoe Co., 115 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

GRAY HAIR GONE
(TEST BOTTLE FREE)

PANTS MATCHED TO ANY SUIT
DON'T DISCARD Your OLD SUIT
Use the cost and test another year by getting a replacement to match. Tailored to your measure. Without 100% cotton to absorb, from now on match all your suits to any new coat. We will supply FREE Sample of hem matching obtainable.

AMERICAN MATCH PANTS CO.
6 W. Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL. 

Pants matched to any suit

HAIR
GONE

GRAY

TEST BOTTLE
FREE

TASTE IN FOOD
[continued from page 84]

Serve with apple sauce or maple syrup.

her delicious entrée from the Grace
culinary repertoire:

Fried Chicken: Begin with one
Spring fryer. Heat four tablespoons
oil in a deep skillet. Add one chopped
and the fryer which has been salted
and fried. Next, one chopped green
pepper and one cup of chopped fresh
onions. Sprinkle in one to two tablespoons
of flour and half a cup of uncooked
Cover with enough water to cook the
 weekends slowly from thirty to forty
 Watch that the skillet always
enough water to cover the rice, which
be quite dry and flaky when it is
. But you may select your own salads to ac-
t these savory entrées, but a salad of
greens would be the most appropriate
other one. Lettuce, romaine, chichory,
cress and endive are the usual ingredi-
more of them. Have you ever had
a few dandelion greens from
own backyard or the market? They
accent, quite refreshing and different.
this type of salad with French or
dressing.
WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.

Parlor with Bedroom and Bath

$5.00 PER DAY SINGLE
Two persons $6.00
$125.00 per month (single)
($25 per mo. each add. person)

$5.00 per day single for this Beautiful 2-Room Suite. 3-Room Suites in proportion.

All rooms equipped with radio, combination tub and shower bath and running ice water. Ideal location — adjacent to shopping, business and theatre districts.

Swimming Pool and Gymnasium FREE to Guests. Write for details. Telegraph reservations (Collect)

ENJOY NEW YORK'S FAMOUS COCOANUT GROVE

The Park Central
56th St. at 7th Ave.
New York City

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

LADIES wore 'em in 1920, but it's hard to believe! We're talking about the fashions of fifteen years ago. PHOTOPLAY for May, 1930, carried an article entitled "Jazzying Up the Fashions" in which the influence of movies on ladies' dresses was discussed. And the dresses— even with models like Mary Miles Minter, and Pauline Frederick are too, too funny. One little number the girls had a yen to copy was a Gloria Swanson gown that cost eight thousand dollars, all beowered with pearls and a mole-skin train. Will the gowns now being worn in "Robert" one day look that funny? There was a page of bally pictures in this issue, cunning youngsters of the stars. One two year old, clutching a toy duck, was Wallace Reid, Jr., now all grown up. "Why isn't Seena Owen a Star?" was the question asked in another spot. The answer was "The same, cruel to her." But can, must have changed! For Sr. (whose real Scandinavian name was Signe Auen) went on after 1920. She dropped when the talkies came, but then returned in a small part, "All The King's Horses." Hollywood was excited because Gerda物 prize-fighter, had been signed for pictures in California bound! Annette Kellerman, who swam her way to fame, was going to try a screen comeback, according to reports. Pictures were: that sex best seller of Dehl "Why Change Your Wife?" with Theda Bara; James Kirkwood's "The Luck of the Irish;" Noah Beery in "The Sea Wolf." On cover, Clara Kimball Young.

10 Years Ago

THE world's always been interested in love. In our May, 1925, issue, the question "What is Love?" was answered by a number of the older film stars. Mary Carr described love, "As delicate as a butterfly's wing, as strong as a bolt of lightning." The current argument was whether or not the Valentino vogue was subsiding. Reason: Valentino and his wife, Natacha, insisted on producing "arty pictures," which the studios said did not pay. Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno were considered best bets for Rudy's successors. But there has never been one. A romantic story by Richard Barthslemess and Mary Hay may make you sorry their marriage broke up soon after. The portraits of eight leading men were published in this issue, only three of whom are now active for "The Covered Wagon," was considered a "find" by Paramount, and cast in "Thundering Herd." Top among them were, "Sally," with Colleen Moore and J. Earl Robinson, "The Phantom of the Opera," starring Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin; "I Told You," with Douglas MacLean, "Lady of the Night," featuring Norma Shearer. Cover was Norma Shearer.

5 Years Ago

MAY, 1930 Those were the days when Clara Bow, the sex-appeal flapper, was Harry Richman's fiancée; when Roscoe Arbuckle was Fox Film's big bet for stardom; when James Cagney was the screen's greatest lover, and the film world was agog because Garbo had spoken; when Hoot Gibson was a-scouting Sally Edwards, with joyful wedding bells due any moment; when the papers predicted that Mary and Doug Fairbanks were going to adopt a baby; when Ruby Keeler was just Al's wife with no screen promise, and hubby Joelson made news by presenting her a twenty thousand dollar automobile. Today Clara Bow is happily married to Rex Bell, and they have a baby son; Sharon Lynne, married to Benjamin Glazer, does an occasional role of lesser importance for Paramount; Hoot and Sally are divorced; Doug and Al are still divorced; and Ruby, a star in her own right, could buy Al a car if he'd let her. "Why Six Rings Failed," gave the dope on the Jacqueline Lee Gillespie split-up; Madame and Logan McCall's divorce marriage; the divorce of Mae Busch and John Caille; Ethel Greist and John B. Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reachi, and Anna Q. Nilsson and John Garson. The failures were blamed on the va motion careers. Among the best films of the month were: "The Vagabond King," with William Tabbert and Freddi March; "The Big Parade," a Fox musical, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Mary Brian on the ev
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

CASINO MURDER CASE—M.G.M.

RYBODY'S doing it! Doing what? Boming! Now Paul Lukas does a very 
job as the Philo Vance who steps in and 
the mystery. Alison Skipworth is the 
of the quarrelsome clan. And Rosalind 
all, romantic lead to the charming, clever 
ukas, is going to be one of your favorite 
acters after this. Ted Healy and 
Fazenda break up the scary episodes 
lots of good laughs.

GREAT HOTEL MURDER—FOX

is the old reliable sure-fire Edmund 
Victor McLaglen stuff, but a speedy 
and top-notch direction lift it from the 
any class. McLaglen is a dumb house 
in a hotel where Lowe writes detective 
. A guest is poisoned, everyone is sus 
ant, and you guess what happens. William 
y, Mary Carlisle furnish romance. C. 
, Gordon, Herman Bing and others lend 
support.

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH 
UMONT BRITISH

hot and exciting little melodrama will 
you hanging on your chair every minute 
way. A young English couple learn that 
archist group plan to assassinate a 
ent statesman. When they take steps to 
their government, their child is kidnapped 
e anarchists who threaten to kill her if 
s reveal their plans. The film is in 
ently directed and packed with suspense. 
Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame) is 
t as the child. Edna Best and Leslie 
 Banks are good in the roles of the parents, and 
Peter Lorre is a perfect villain.

MCADDEN'S FLATS—PARAMOUNT

THERE aren't any stars—but don't let that 
stop you. For this picture is outstanding 
etertainment.

Walter C. Kelly, in a hod carrier king role, 
makes an auspicious debut on the screen. He's 
grand, and so is Andy Clyde as the frugal 
Scotch neighbor.

Things happen when Betty Furness, sent off 
off to finishing school, goes high hat on her family, 
and her sweetheart, Dick Cromwell.

Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffl. Jane 
Darwell and George Barbier are good.

LOVE IN BLOOM—PARAMOUNT

OH NO, it isn't the song—it's just the title. 
But it has some other catchy enough songs by 
the same composers, Gordon and Revel, 
capably offered by Joe Morrison and Dixie Lee 
(April, Bing Crosby, you know). All in all it is 
light and bright enough entertainment, 
amusing, effective, sometimes emotionally 
tugging. Mostly about a carnival dancer who 
 quits the racket and wins the boy of her heart 
in spite of papa's objections.

Those two sisses, Gracie Allen and George 
Burns, bungle through the plot to keep you in 
stitches.

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK— 
UNIVERSAL

YOU'LL be amused by press-agent Hugh 
O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Ger 
trude Michael out in the limelight.

George Arliss and Maureen O'Sullivan are not in the middle of a scene in the 
screen version of "Cardinal Richelieu," but, believe it or not, are resting!
Then along comes a handsome, straight-from-the-shoulder taxi driver, Lyle Talbot, and the movie actress gets a new interest in life. But so does the cabby's little girl-friend, Heather Angel. Heather is lovely. Lyle Talbot is O.K. There's lots to laugh at, and you'll be entertained.

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-RADIO

THIS, James Barton's début picture, isn’t a fair measure of his talent. The Jeter of “Tobacco Road” is swamped for the most part in a bawling mass of story turns, although his old salt character is well drawn. But even a grand character study can be tedious, if there's little else.

Helen Westley, Henry Travers and Gene Lockhart are up to par.

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—INVINCIBLE

YOU may find this one heavy with pathetic characterization and tedious at times, although it has a certain emotional power and some very enjoyable music.

The drama of asymphony violinist, thwarted in his musical career, who finds an eventful story in the triumph of his prodiy.

Al Shean tops the cast, with Charles Judels and Lester Lee seconding ably. Evelyn Brent and John Darrow are wasted in meagre roles.

TRANSIENT LADY—UNIVERSAL

THIS could have been powerful stuff, but Edward Buzzell’s direction wasn’t quite up to the task. Nor is Frances Drake a potent enough siren to be the lady who visits a Southern town and causes the devil to pop just because she's so desirable.

For excitement there's a murder and a lynch- ing party; for love interest there’s Gene Ray- mond.

And for acting there are June Clayworth and Henry Hull.

CAR 99—MONOGRAM

IT IS extremely interesting to see how state police are trained, and how a police system is conducted. Sir Guy Standing, quaring as a professor in search of material for a book on the subject, is in reality master mind behind a gang of bank rob- bers, which results in a great deal of exciting chaos. An entertaining and exciting picture a Junior will certainly see twice.

THE MYSTERY MAN—PARAMOUNT

HERE is one of the slickest little plot ideas ever to hit the screen—the trouble is that Mr. Monogram makes any detail of the strange man and woman, who gets drunk in the first reel and solves mystery-in-the-last yarn. Pretty muddy, if you like movie reporters, but much too drunk stuff and newspaper “atmosphere.”

Robert Armstrong and Maxine Doyle do honors.

MUTINY AHEAD—MAJESTIC

IT’S all right if you run into this one, but don’t seek it out. Just an average picture that won’t bore you, but won’t thrill you either.

A hybrid crook-and-sea drama, with Hamilton’s regeneration as the main thread. Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in support.

HONGKONG NIGHTS—FUTTER PROD.


The “Struggle” is a Thing of the Past... with this TALON Front GOSSARD

It's so easy to slip on and it takes just a second to close the center front Talon fastener! Gossard fashions this all-in-one of peach figured batiste, with an uplift bra top of lace. The back is of woven satin finished two-way-stretch elastic. Model 4865.

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago • New York
San Francisco • Dallas • Atlanta
Toronto • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires

The new Tarzan, in a thoughtful mood. Herman Brix, ex-cowboy and Olympic champion, has been chosen for the lead in "Tarzan and the Green Goddess," which is being filmed in Guatemala. Brix is six feet three and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. A graduate of the University of Washington, they say when Brix looks thoughtful, it isn’t a pose; he has that grey matter working
addresses of the stars

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Paramount Studios Hal Roach Studios

Hudson on len Foster Studios

Carroll' iruttle 5 thur Century una' abot lest punn

Juvenile

American

Metropolitan-Skyew-Mayers Studios

Brian Ahlone
Katherine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Pulaski Busman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Mais Rouger
Mady Christians
Constance Collier
Jackie Cooper
Jean Crawford
Dudley Digges
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evel
Louise Fazenda
Frenon Foster
Betsy Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hordie
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Lisette Hatton
William Henry
Jean Hersholt

Mabel

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

Thur

T...
He Made a Fortune By Looking Dumb

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

Harpo Marx spent his afternoons chasing frightened blondes up and down Hollywood Boulevard. If it was ever true, as the story goes, that Charlie Butterworth's customary method of leaving a party is to take off his pants and exit with them thrown over his right arm, it is no longer true—as a small and very select group of Hollywood friends will testify.

CHARLIE lives quietly on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills with his wife, the former Ethel Kenyon, whom he married in New York in 1932. He swims, plays tennis, and seldom misses a good prize-fight. He and his wife are regulars at theatrical first nights, but are seldom seen in restaurants or night spots. Charlie's closest friends belong to the old newspaper crowd he knew in New York, Heywood Broun, Frank Sullivan and others who, like their erstwhile monologuising companion, have made their place in the publicity sun. In no sense of the much used and much abused phrase has Charlie Butterworth ever gone Hollywood.

There is nothing dumb about Charlie, either, when it comes to signing contracts. Since coming to Hollywood in 1920, he has made the studios pay high for his peculiar talents. He will make them pay higher. He knows that his name brings money to the box-office, and he has the praiseworthy notion that a reasonable fraction of it belongs to him.

From all of which you may already have concluded that Charlie Butterworth is really dumb at all. You are right. He's smart enough to make a fortune seeming to be dumb. He isn't the money-maker that Chaplin was at the height of his fame or that Marx was. It is doubtful if there will ever be another Chaplin or another Lloyd. He isn't the picture-a-year star that Eddie Cantor is. But week in and week out, there is probably no more welcome name, when a picture's cast flashed upon the screen, than that of Charlie Butterworth. And there is a fundameml reason for this warm feeling of welcome, most of it kinship, which wells up in all of us the mere mention of his name.

CHARLIE is US in our least effective, most anguished moments. When he is embarrassed, as he frequently is, we are embarrassed. When he tries to be the life of the party and fails, we try and fail, too. When the telephone rings just as he is about to get into with his bride, it is our telephone, our bride, our disappointment. We see ourselves doing the same things he does, or we don't do, and we realize that on some occasions have fared no better and looked no better than Charlie does.
The Girl They Tried to Forget

[continued from page 27]

tures, I overheard a woman next to me mutter, "There's Bette Davis—what a terrible girl!"

That is the sort of thing she must brave to play what she wants to play—as such as her murderer in "Fog Over Frisco," and her more recent psychopathic Lady MacBeth vile in "Bordertown."

But it is her great courage which has allowed little unpretty Bette Davis, with her big rolling eyes, her turned-down mouth and her twisting, slovenly carriage, to shed her ugly duckling screen feathers and become an actress whose slighting today can cause so much concern.

Oddly enough, she once told me that she had gathered her fortitude from the same Jeanne Eagels whose genius she approaches.

Eagels had said, "Never let anyone become such a friend of yours that he can tell you whether you're right or wrong about your life or your career." Bette read it somewhere. It suited her own then nebulous convictions.

And although she has never seen Jeanne Eagels on the stage or the screen, there is a further and more striking coincidence in the fact that the same man, George Arliss, provided the turning point and the inspiration for both their careers.

Arliss, tamed, disciplined and then encouraged the tempestuous Eagels when she played with him on the stage in "Alexander Hamilton." And years later, he called in Bette Davis to give her a part in "The Man Who Played God," when her bags were already packed to leave Hollywood—the first time she was forgotten.

Wouldn't it be surprising if the parallel continued?

Wouldn't it be strange—and also disconcerting to some—if Bette Davis, the little blonde actress they tried to forget but found they couldn't—some day reached the genius of another Jeanne Eagels?

Or maybe she already has—and Hollywood just doesn't know it.

They've Got What It Takes

[continued from page 75]

Every day for weeks before she made "Dancing Lady," Joan practiced for long hours on a deserted sound stage with a piano player and a dancing instructor. One day she collapsed with a little moan. The instructor rushed to her in alarm. Joan took off her slipper and showed him a thick bandage across her heel. She had been dancing for days with a painful, burning blister on her foot. Other girls would have given themselves a vacation, telling their consciences that they couldn't work and suffer. That's why there are so few Joan Crawfords.

When Joan was beginning her screen career, two other girls were starting out with her on the road to fame. They were probably the most publicized trio in Hollywood—Joan, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian. Their pictures were plastered over the pages of the motion picture magazines and newspapers. Anita and Dorothy had more actual physical
assets than Joan. But today they both are forgotten. They didn't have the stuff to win, that's all.

Dorothy hauled off to the sleepy flower-laden land of Alabama. In addition to the soft rumor of her southern accent, she brought with her a heritage of plain, honest laziness. She didn't care enough about the profits in the studio to work and sacrifice for it. It was fun while it lasted, but she gave it up without a sigh of regret to marry the screen's Bill Boyd.

Anita had everything in her favor. She was naturally beautiful and she was a "born actress," in a youthful emotional fashion. If she had possessed the driving force of Joan Crawford or the iron will of Norma Shearer, she might have become one of the screen's greatest starts. But she tossed away the golden opportunities for which other girls pray and work and dream.

During the silent days Anita's beauty over-shadowed her physical awkwardness and her untrained voice. Her friends saw the handwriting on the wall. They begged her to take dancing lessons to acquire grace and poise, to take voice lessons to smooth and develop her tones. But Anita didn't listen. She couldn't find neither the time nor the desire to prepare for the tomorrow which swept her into oblivion.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN almost followed in Anita's footsteps. Recently she has taken a new lease on life and she may go far, if she really settles down to hard, determined effort. But, for a while, it looked as if Maureen were headed straight for complete failure. She came from Ireland to Hollywood as the leading woman in John McCormack's one and only picture. She was plunged into the limelight. A picture with no preliminary study or hard apprenticeship.

She was young and untried. She fell in love, and that love became more important to her than a career or stardom or anything. She lost interest in her work. Finally the studio released her from her contract. She drifted around Hollywood until she had exactly one hundred dollars left. Then by sheer good luck, she was given the part of Jane with Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan."

"I guess I don't care enough about success," she admitted when she tried to explain her own lack of desire to fight for her future.

That's the answer to many failures. The people who succeed are the ones who care more for success and accomplishment than they do for their own personal happiness. It is impossible to be contentedly happy under the terrific stress and strain of Hollywood competition. If they are going to win the game, they must check their own private lives and emotions at the front door. Maureen is too soft for Hollywood. Not putty soft or silly soft. But gently, braisingly soft. She is the average, well-uttered girl, whom you find in thousand of protected homes, a girl who was born to be cared for and sheltered.

Not many young men and girls have the grit, the slave-driving will power to climb slowly but surely. The few real stars, the ones who remain at the top year after year, are the ones who have that special something that give them their own tireless efforts. The flashes in the pan flicker out as quickly as they flashed. Dozens have appeared over night on a pedestol ball of publicity and have disappeared in the cold, gray light of the next morning.

There are a few "flashes" who don't belong in this category. Mae West and Fred Astaire, for instance. But they aren't merely taking a flyer in pictures. They came to Hollywood to work and make the screen their life. As bind them lies a long road of struggle and which has prepared them for the Hollywood battle.

Clark Gable was one of the screen's amazing, almost over-night, successes. There was a time, several years ago, when Clark and Wallace Beery were selling their services to the cheapest and the crudest of the offices, when he was glad to receive his extra paycheck for a day's work. Clark entire life has been one long struggle. He has no illusions about easy success.

Now he is plodding sturdily along the same path, thoroughness and popularity seem to have come to him so suddenly. He is steadily giving his best effort to every part he gets, whether he likes it or not. And there are parts which he doesn't like. But never a plaint from Clark. He knows very well the many pictures he has been merely the foil for the feminine star. As he says, "I was there, that's all." But he is there with vigor and Gableish vitality. And as a woman in the audience forgot that he was among those present on the screen.

The Clark Gable of today is a gift-edged leading man. He has made his stage hit or hit to four years ago. He has honed himself into a shape with a fine, pumice-sharp determination.

He has developed case of manner, ease, and, best of all, ease of personality. "You can't stand still in this game," he will tell you. "You've got to go either to the wall or you must go on." He has made up his mind to go forward as long as it is humanly possible.

When Clark first stepped into the Hollywood picture, Bob Montgomery was the boy in the shining light of the M-G-M studio. To Clark and Wallace Beery were the ages. Less Wally, Clark, and Masoom landscape of this luxurious blonde. He has handed film his screen roles as he slides through his jauntily, debonairly, carefree. And that is a good thing, for Clark hasn't got the charm of the lasting success. Bob lives and works in Hollywood but his heart is on the Broadway, and in the peaceful calm of his Connecticut farm. No fighting blood runs through his veins.

EVERY year the various studios give contracts to promising boys and girls, hoping that they may discover among them a new star personality. These contracts contain months options, that provide a probation period in which the youngsters must prove worth of being chosen. It is impossible to put a finger on the qualities which make for success, but veteran studio carpenter can recognize what he sees them. That luscious blonde is talking so gaily and coquetishly before scenes, is thinking of the safety of her weekly pay check and of the hat her other, blonde, who is stealing her script so feverishly, even though it is not allowed, and her coquetry is its only one line to speak, who is watching other blonde, who is stealing her script so feverishly, even though it is only one line to speak, who is watching other blonde, who is stealing her script so feverishly, even though it is only one line to speak, who is watching her every move with eager eyes, will probably go places, if she has the opportunity.

There was little Mary Carlisle, for instance. She found a job as a chorus dancing girl; she didn't stay there long. It was her only way to get inside a studio. She couldn't dance.
wanted to be an actress. So, between our rehearsals, she hounded the casting director and everyone else until she landed one those option-filled contracts as an actress. "I guess they gave it to me to get rid of me," she giggled and duped in her most demure manner.

Eight other girls signed similar contracts at the same time. The other seven are gone. Only Mary remains. She will probably never be a star. But she'll have a successful career for a long time. That giggle and the big, blue eyes is only camouflage. She knows what she wants and she is going to get it. Life is no bed of roses for Mary. She loves to eat but she doesn't dare. She closes her eyes when she sees those tempting trays of French pastries.

She takes every possible kind of a lesson to develop her abilities. She even volunteers her services in Little Theater productions to learn stage technique, and drags all the powers-that-to watch her work.

If the girls who wish that they were motion picture actresses could trail along with Mary Jean Parker for awhile, Hollywood might look so rosy to them. Jean is like Joan Crawford in one way. The same blazing determination burns in her eyes. Success comes before her own physical comfort, her own happiness, before everything else. For many months Jean lived in the forests of the High Sierras, when she was working in "Sequoia." Her only feminine companion was an older woman. There was no youthfulness, no young fun during those long weeks in the woods. Jean came to Hollywood only three times, to visit the dentist. Then she went back to the forest.

"I was too busy to be lonely," she said, when those months, which would have been unbearable to most youngsters, were ended. "It was grand because I had time to practice my singing and dancing without any interruptions."

That's the same spirit which carried Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor to long and lasting success.

"You've got to learn to take it on the chin and go down, but you must never go out." Marie Dressier often told the youngsters who came to her for advice.

Marie, herself, went down many times, but she always came up, more determined than ever before.

Hollywood is no place for softies. You can count the stars of the screen on your fingers and toes. That proves how very few people have the steel in their wills to match the iron of Hollywood, how very few men and women are willing to sacrifice happiness and personal liberty for the thrill of success and fame.

When Verree Teasdale finished work in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she came back on the set to visit and watch the others
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

NOW that the warm weather is here again all the fan clubs are busy planning their Summer activities. There will be picnics, boat rides and all kinds of outings. If you’re not a member of some fan club why don’t you get busy and join one so that you will be in on some of these good times?

So many letters have been pouring in upon the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, asking for information about organizing clubs eligible to membership in the Association, that this explanation of the various types of clubs is given:

The two most popular types of fan clubs belonging to the Association are: (1) Clubs organized to sponsor a particular star, and (2) Clubs which do not sponsor individual stars but embrace all of them in general, their work in films, the kind of films being shown in theaters, and the movie industry in general.

The first type of club is organized by persons particularly interested in the work and ambition of one favorite star. Personal permission from the star must be obtained by the organizer of such a club before it is started. Many such clubs are already organized and are members of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs.

The second type of club is much easier organized. It may be directed along lines embracing all movie lines in general. It offers many topics for discussion and is the ideal type of club where it is possible to hold regular get-together sessions. Many such organizations are limited to local membership, others welcome corresponding members from other parts of the country.

Both types of club are eligible to membership in the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs. For any information write to the Association’s office, 1926 B’way, New York City.

These are some of the clubs that would be interested in hearing from new members. Lew Ayer Club, Helen Raether, Pres., 311 S. Mango St., Albion, Mich., Ginger Rogers Club, Marío Hesse, Pres., 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., Norma Shearer Club, Hans Faxdahl, Pres., 1947 B’way, N. Y. C., and the Mike and Movie Club, Barbara Tickell, Pres., 1925 14th Ave., S. Birmingham, Ala.

A note from Barbara Tickell, Pres. of the Mike and Movie Club, informs me that the contest they have been running is completed and the winners selected. The first prize, which was to be selected by Vera Van, herself, went to Chaw Mank, Pres. of the Movie Fan Friendship Club at 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., second prize to Mrs. Pearl Himes, third prize to Dorothy Mae Hulse, fourth prize to Dorothy Dilley and the fifth to Catharine Macadam, Pres. of the Lanny Ross League Club.

We had a very interesting bulletin from the Movie Club Guild telling us that they held a “Waffle Party” at the home of the Ruth Roland Club, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill. It turned out to be a great success. The crowd was much larger than they anticipated but they were able to serve them all with steaming hot waffles and other delicacies. Two weeks later they followed this up with an eight stop, eight course, all night “Progressive Dinner” which took them over a fifty mile route of Chicago’s boulevards, winding up with a seven A. M. breakfast at the last stop.

The Lanny Ross League membership contest winners have been chosen, first prize going to Rose Moore, Lancaster, Pa., and second prize to Dorothy White, N. Bennington, Vt. Betty Smith also of Lancaster was given honorable mention. Large pictures of Lanny went to the following:—Rose Moore, Dorothy White, Betty Smith, Ida Cagna, Miss Porter, Eleanor Reichenbach, Frank Gekas, Virginia Bales and Adaline Brown.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

Tarkle, Richard Cromwell; Nora McFadden, Jane Darwell; Madly Rosewood; Betty Furness; Mr. Hall, George Barber; Mary Elise Hall, Phyllis Brooks; Robert Hall, Howard Wilson; Josephine, Frederick Burton; Pat Malone, Pat Morita; Mrs. Bernatini, Esther Michaelson; Mrs. Ross, Anna Demeter; Tony Zorzo, Jerry Mandy; Berenice, Joe Barton; Customer in Shop, Monte Vandergrift; Carlotta, Leo Kohlmar.

"MUTINY AHEAD"—M-8—Screen play by Arthur Anthony, directed by Tom Atkins. The cast: Kent Bentley, Neill Hamilton; Carol Birxy, Kathleen Burke; Malcolm, Leon Ames; Cape, Martin, Reginald Barlow; Minx, Noel Francis; Sallah, James Burton; Dunn, Monte Collins; Eds, Sam Lufkin; Pauwewright, Otto Fries; Whitmore, Norman Houston; Hotel Manager, Dell Henderson.

"MISTERY MAN, THE"—MONOGRAM—From the story of the same name by Eliza and Rolo Lloyd. Directed by Roy McCrea. The cast: Lillian, Janet Gaynor; Dick, Warner Baxter; Rosenberg, Walter King; Mrs. Sweeney, Jane Darwell; Mrs. Sweeney, Roger Imhof; Sherman, Grant Mitchell; Miss. Wire, Renée; Review, Joseph J. Qualen; Policeman, Nick Foran; Girl in the Street, Zeddar Bruck; Astrid Alber; Bette Davis, Rosina Feller; Captain Of Police, Fredric March.

"ONE MORE SPRING"—Fox—From the novel by Robert Nathan. Screen play and dialogue by Edward Burke. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Elizabeth, Janet Gaynor; Dock, Warner Baxter; Rosenberg, Walter King; Mrs. Sweeney, Jane Darwell; Miss., Sweeney, Roger Imhof; Sherman, Grant Mitchell; Miss. Wire, Renée; Review, Joseph J. Qualen; Policeman, Nick Foran; Girl in the Street, Zeddar Bruck; Astrid Alber; Bette Davis, Rosina Feller; Captain Of Police, Fredric March.

"RIGHT TO LIVE, THE"—WARNERS—From the play by Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Ralph Block. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: Stella Trent, Josephine Hutchinson; Colin Trent, George Brent; Nasa Wayland, Peggy Wood; Maurice Trent, Colin Chauvel; Bill Trent, Ned Whalen; Victor Vane, Lewis Stone; Lord Dobbs, Ferdinand Munster; Albert, Tom Henen Meyer; Professor, Adrian Rosley; Fernando, Bodil Rosen.

"ROBERTA"—RKO—Radio. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Sam Mintz. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Satchenka, Irene Dunne; Jack, Fred Astaire; Schroeder, Ginger Rogers; John, Randolph Scott; Roberia, Helen Westley; Ladystie, Miss. Wire; Review, Joseph J. Qualen; Viscount, Tim, Lord Dobbs, Ferdinand Munster; Albert, Tom Henen Meyer; Professor, Adrian Rosley; Fernando, Bodil Rosen.

"S/TRAIGHT FROM THE HEART"—Universal—From the story by Doris Anderson. Directed by Scott R. Beal. The cast: Marion Brando, Mary Astor; Andy MacLean, Roger Pryor; Maggie Hether, Baby Jane; Mrs. Haines, Carol Coobie; Edwards, Ernest Torrence; Lily, Lily Lipton; Harry, Arthur Lake; Amy Devore, Grace Moore; Miss. Wire, Anne Morgan; Alert, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Wire, Virginia Hamilton; Vogel, Maurice Mars; Ron Badger, Edward Ellis; Miss. Wire, Mrs. Wire, Harry Langdon; Morris, Doris Lloyd; Mizz Nellie, Hilda Vaughan; Mother in law, Louise Carter; District Attorney, William Robertson; Speed Selvin, Douglas Fowley; Miss. Anderson, Clara Blundick; Gras, Rollo Lloyd.

"SWEET MUSIC"—WARNERS—From the story by Jerry Weist. Screen play by Robert Rossen. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Cab Calloway, Eddie Valley; Olive, Rosemary DeCamp; Hadley, Ann Dvorak; Ten Percent, Nella Walker; Ned Sparks, Dobie Malone; Robert Armstrong; Gay, Burt Reynolds; Johnny, Alvaro Lobo; Alice, Lois Borden; Sidney Seltz, Joe Cawthorn; Sigmund Seltz, Al Shean; Billy Mississippi, Wm. B. Davidson; Gianna, Philip Reed; Louis Troubled, Henry O'Neill; Mr. Thomas, Addison Richards; Helen Morgan, Helen Morgan; Mayor, Russell Hixx; Mr. Johnson, Clay Clement.

"SYMPHONY OF LIVING"—VINCENTIC—From the original story by Charles Spencer Biddle. Screen play by Charles Spencer Biddle. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Paula Gerte, Evelyn Brent; Joseph, Robert Lowery; Al Shears, Karl Dane; Jim, John Litvak; Albert Conti; Richard John, Donald MacBride; Carl Rapport, Lester Lee; Carmen Russo, Guy Pagli; Richard Rapfort, Richard Tucker; Herb Livingston; Mr. Harry, Mark Schall; Ferrie Bottom; Mr. Doctor, Ferdinand Schumann; Henry, Jack Stockdale; Symphony Chairman, William Waddington.

"TIMES SQUARE LADY"—M-G-M—Screen play by Albert Cohen and Robert Shannon. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Nana Gordon, Robert Taylor, Tom Ford, Virginia Bruce; Pinky Tilton, Pinky Tolton; Marlo Heath, Helen Twelvetrees; Baby, Isabel Jewell; Maxie, John Nettles; Slim, Marceen Kraker, Jack LaRue; Mr. Fielding, Henry Kelly; Slim, Kenny, Raymond Hatton; Ed, Russell Hopton; Dutch Meyers, Fred Kolter; Brick Carter, Robert Elliot.

"TRANSIENT LADY"—M-G-M—From the story by Octavia Roy Cohen. Screen play by Artizan and Harvey Thaw. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The cast: Carey Marshall, Gene Rayney, Hamp Baxter, Henry Hull; Dale Cameron, Fran Drake; Pat Warren, Jane Chaywater; Chris Russe Clarke Williams; Major Marshall, Frederick Burton, Eddy Ellis, Fred Feller, Hunting Janet, Mutt, Douglas Fowley.

"VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY"—M-G-M—From the story by Hugh Wakpole. Adapted by Leonard C. York. Directed by Vincent Minnelli. The cast: Vanessa, Helen Hayes; Benjie, Robert Lowery; Grandma, Pearl Bailey; Jim, John Litvak; Adam, Lewis Stone; Barry, Henry Stephenson; Lady Hooises, Violet Kemble-Cooper; George, Donald Meek; Lizzie, Jesse Marson; Mrs. Marson, Anna Anderson; Leathem, Lionel Belmore; Arvy, Anna Shaw; Gminder, Franklin. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The cast: Howard Lewis; Winifred Trent, Ethel Griffin; Vio Trent, Euphie Dugan; Mrs., Leathem, Mary Gordon; Porter, George K. Arthur.

"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"—M-G-M—From the story by James M. Mcguiness and John Moat Saunders. Screen play by Frank Wead and Arthur J. Beckhard. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: Brie, Marian Marsh; Hesse, Don McGoohan; Skip, Maureen O'Sullivan; Gen Carter, Lesi Livingston; Joe Jax, James Cagney; Arbys, Henry Chandle; Gertrude, Dorothea Stone; Mr., Ave Carter, Paulette Lafferty; Mrs. Ruther, Pearl Russell; Phil, Richard Harris; Peeta, Henry Wadsworth; Pehinger, Robert Livingston; Janshola, Robert Taylor; Cap, Carmen, Frank Cressey; Lolly, Kathy, G. Pat Collins; Mike, at a booy, Ronnie Cohe; Phil, Bobbie Caldwell; Ship, as a girl, Marilyn Spinnet.

"WOMAN IN RED, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL—Based on the novel "North Shore" by Wallace Lie Wiene. Screen play by Mary Carr. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Shelby Burrell, Barbara Stanwyck; John, Alexander; Gene Raymond; Nicko, Genevieve Tobin; Eugene Faubert, John Eldredge; Uta Hagen; Dorothy Tree; Gail, Carolyn; Claire Gillingwater; Dan McCull, Philip Reed; Clayfon, Russell Hakey; Major, Eddy Adel; Lieut. Bill, John Miljan; Mrs. Herriot, Hermit Allen; Mrs. Babbin, Nella Walker; Fowly; Ed Van Sloan; Vio, Mina Ulric; Jax, Chester Clipperton; Sally, Mary Elliott; Uncle Emlen, Brandon Hurst; Cara Faren, Little Felix, Mrs. Hannah, Jan Buckingham; Burt port, Jack Mulhall.

V-Elle
"WHIRLPOOL" BRASSIERE
It's the choice of Hollywood and her movie stars . . . yours, too, if you wish to be smarter. "Whirlpooled" pockets mold the bust into alluring curves. At all leading stores.

PHOTOFABLAB MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1935

Send for free style folder
HOLLYWOOD—Maxwell Co.
6773 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

. . . to ANY shade you Desire . . . SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Dress brillianly, feel beautiful without the use of peroxide bleach. personal makes your hair bright. Your hair will shine, be soft, feel smooth, lustrous, odor free, never flat or limp, never yellow or brown. There is no stronger protectant. Troton makes wave curl & wave set hold longer, disguise thinned hair. Troton gives hair a uniform tone. FREE copy of "The Art of Luminating Hair Without Peroxide." LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC. 334 Audubon Avenue New York, N. Y.

Don't Worry Over GRAY HAIR

Quickly Tint It This Safe Way

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrious shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownstone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownstone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply re-touch as the new gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shofer: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownstone is only 80c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.
A smooth finish for a big evening insures a bright start for the next day!

Try a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk or cream after a party. Their oven-fresh crispness is completely satisfying. And they're easy to digest — promote only the sweetest dreams.

Sold by all grocers. Served in restaurants and hotels. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

BIRTHMARKS, BURNS, FRECKLES completely concealed with 
COVERMARK!

No matter how large or dark your skin dis- 
section, or how deeply set in, COVERMARK 
will completely hide all disfigurements and 
deform your skin that has been scarred. Easy appearance as
dored by all. Waterproof, harm- 
less, will not crack or rub off, recommended by
skin specialists. Perfect for creasing or screen 
markings. Send for full information and free color matching chart!

LYDIA P. MARSH, Inc., Dept. P-5 
551 Fifth Ave. New York

Roll Your FAT Away

With This Amazing Invention

No drum! No noise! No starving diet! Simply roll your FAT away — really safely, with the 
FAT-NO-WASTE MACHINER. Nothing like this amazing invention that 
minces the fatty tissues naturally with a gentle rhythmic 
mechanism. Consumption of the net roll of FAT will 
use daily reduces the weight 2 to 6 pounds, other fat spots in 
proportion.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Write today for Free Trial Offer and 
see the amazing fat reducing action of the 
actual trial and without risking any 
unique property.

NUWAY COMPANY 
Dept. 196 
Wichita Falls, Texas

2 Perfumes

SUBTLE, Fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly at $12.00 oz. Made from the essence of Rose

Two Odors: (1) Espirit de France (2) Cranberry

A single drop lasts a week!

Redwood Treasure Chest: Contains 4—5 Pcs. per 
form평가 at $2.00 oz up — (1) Hollywood Bouquet, (2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Sensation and (5) 
ma de from Giant Redwood Trees of California, each 
only 25c each, stamped. 

J. A. ROSS

Bedtime story

The sea has not only got into Warren Wil-
man's blood, it has invaded his swimming 
pool.

So nautical has the suave Mr. William 
become since navigating his yacht, "Pegasus," 
that he has had an exact replica of the boat 
built in miniature. It spoils the waves of the 
Williams' plunge.

She has also constructed a sea-going 
room. In the middle is a mast, on one side 
are tiers of bunks and on the other portholes. 
When you look through the marine windows, 
you peer out on painted blue waves.

I don't know why he bothers to board the 
yacht and brave seasickness with such a set-
up at home.

The autograph business is looking up in 
Hollywood. Not that it ever suffered 
much of a slump—but of late, especially since the 
All-Year Club of Southern California has 
been bearing down on the tourist trade, the 
universal fixtures of book and pencil clutches 
in front of strategic star gathering spots has 
swelled to dangerous proportions.

Autograph seekers have always intrigued 
me. They are usually in the double age 
bracelet of the early 'teens, just ready to turn 
big spenders on trinkets or useful citizens. 
Perhaps some primitive instinct denied to city youth the 
satisfaction which the country boy gleams by 
shooting squirrels or trapping muskrats accoun-
to for it.

At any rate, the hunters lie behind telephone 
poles or refuse to stay where they can blinds and swoop down upon the 
greatest or smallest screen actor who 
slips from a car or emerges from a door. 
Now they seldom say, "May I have your autograph"—only "Here!" accompanied by a 
thrust of the pad and pencil.

The best place places to hunt autographs in Hollywood, 
Is the Old Farmer's market where I 
accosted before the Brown Derby restaurant 
inform me, were at previews, in front of the
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

The rest blend into one vital feminine in-
quiry—How do you do it?

Jean Harlow's fan mail averages between 300
and 350 letters a day. In 1931 she mailed
some 670 autographed photographs each month.
In 1934, 1500 were sent out every thirty
days.

Most of the mail comes from this country,
with Pennsylvania and New York far in the
lead.

England shows the most foreign interest.
New Zealand is second. The British like the
Harlow type.

In all foreign fan mail, the percentage
of masculine handwriting is noticeably higher,
but then so is the Continental blood pressure,
as a rule.

Sizeable packets of letters arrive each month
from such out of the way spots as the Canary
Islands, Dutch East Indies, Java, Iceland,
Trinidad, The Federated Malay Straits Set-
tlements and Morocco.

Chile is not as cold as its name suggests.
It leads the Latin-American countries in Har-
low admiration.

The champion Jean Harlow fan is a young
woman living in New York State. She
has written a letter each day for the past three
weeks and sent it by air mail.

At the minimum air-mail postage rate
that is over $50 worth of devotion.

Postmaster-General Farley should encourage
this sort of thing.

GRETA GARBO never carries a handbag
because she unvariably loses it. Jean
Harlow never wears a pair of gloves until
they have been cleaned. Myrna Loy is sensitive
to the feeling of wool, so all her woolen costumes
are lined with silk. Mady Christians carries
small muffles to match her dress, instead of
a purse. Joan Crawford puts in Saturdays ar-
ranging flowers in her house. Elizabeth Allan
walks in the rain, and Jeanette MacDonald
calls Woody Van Dyke "Cutie." (And if you
must yawn, you might be more polite about it.)
Oh yes, and hold it for a still. Joan
Crawford carries a beaded pocketbook on
which is embroidered details of her life history.
Don't ask us which details.

VALUES seem to be entirely a matter of
years. What forces me reluctantly into
this philosophical observation is what I saw
the other day in Dickie Moore's bedroom.
It was mainly bust that Dickie's devastating
personality had gathered from screen sirens.
A miniature cruiser from Marlene Dietrich.
An elaborated electric train from Tullah Bankhead.
A tiny gold wrist watch from Barbara Stanwyck,
engraved to "Dickie Moore in appreciation of your work
in 'Sensations.'"

The boat was resting passively in a corner,
and the train looked as though it was suffering
from the depression. Mrs. Moore was wear-
ing the wrist watch. On the dresser top were
piled two framed pictures—Dickie with two
gorgeous feminine stars.

I learned that the pictures used to adorn
the bedroom walls and that Dickie used to
wear the watch constantly. But now a picture
of President Roosevelt holds the mural
display spot and Dickie lets his mother wear
the watch because he is afraid the boys will
call him "sissy."

And what Dickie lovingly fondles are the
lavish toys from his big-time lady admirer.
It is a baseball autographed by Babe Ruth.
YOUR CHOICE

Beautiful, six volume set of selected, greatest works of any of these famous authors

DICKENS  
GEORGE ELIOT  
EMERSON & PLATO  
HAWTHORNE  
LAMB  
SMOLLETT  
FIELDING  
DE MAUPASSANT  
KIPLING  
STEVENSEN  
Poe

WHILE THEY LAST 
ONLY 

$6.95 

POSTPAID

Other Outstanding Book Values

Every book listed below is an excellent buy at the price offered. All books shipped postpaid. All are returnable for prompt refund if not satisfactory. Order by titles.

The Arabian Nights—Original Lane Translation—a gorgeous volume for lovers of the rare and exotic, full color, 1260 pages, only $2.98.

Great Poems of the English Language—One of the finest anthologies of its kind ever compiled. Indispensable to homes with growing children or where poetry is loved and appreciated. Beautiful great volume weighing four pounds. Cross indexed three ways, by titles, by first lines, by authors. 1502 pages, $2.98.


The Story of Medicine by Victor Robinson. A survey of the development of medical knowledge from the stone age until our own time—527 pages, $2.98.


The Omnibus of Adventure. Edited by John Grove—602 pages, $1.98.

Best American Wit and Humor. Edited by J. B. Mussey. Anthology of the finest work of a score of great humorists—301 pages, $1.98.

Book of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Lyrics—The Mikado, Pinafore, Penzance, Bab Ballads—a rare treat—212 pages, $1.00.

Faust—translation by G. Bayard Taylor of Goethe masterpieces. 252 pages, while they last, $1.00.

Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass—Lewis Carroll’s immortal whimsy—213 pages, $1.00.

Cyrano de Bergerac by Edmond Rostand, tragic-heroic, French drama made beloved of the American public by Walter Hampden—184 pages, $1.00.

All books postpaid under this special offer
THE thoroughness of Cecil B. DeMille always amazes me. Take this “The Crusades” picture, for instance. Right now C. B. is deep in all sorts of literary lore and research about crusading knights. But he doesn’t stop with the knights. He goes right down to particulars. Two of them are falcon hunting and medieval armor. I was amazed to discover how much the man had unearthed about what I should deem rather incidental things to the picture. Falcon hunting, I found out, is a very technical sport. It has its own vernacular and its very fine points. To quote from a letter C. B. received from a falconeer about his sporting birds: It starts out tragically: “One of my little merlins (a type of hawk) was killed and eaten by the big peregrine (another type) leaving me only two birds. The peregrine is the more impressive looking on the fist, but has a rather heavy style in the air. . . . she can go from 40 to 50 miles per hour. . . . will fly from a quarter mile to the lure . . . The remaining merlin . . . will stoop and dash at the lure . . . and when she misses shoot up a hundred feet to come to a stall . . .”

All that about the technique of a bird! It seems that there really is no such thing as a “falcon” bird. A falcon is merely a trained sporting hawk. Goshawks, peregrines, merlins and golden eagles make the best falcons, and their training is a life’s work.

The ancient sport, which flourished among the nobility during the middle ages, has its modern stronghold in the Hawking Club of England, which numbers a thousand-odd members. In America the most enthusiastic groups of falconers live in Massachusetts, although Denver, Colorado, is rapidly becoming a hawking center.

About the only sporting equipment required for hawking is the heavy perch glove, which keeps the lightning bird’s talons from piercing the arteries of the wrist, and a blinding cap, which keeps him from becoming all hot and bothered until just the right time.

DeMille’s research on medieval armor was even more thorough. He spent days at the Metropolitain Museum in New York and at the Field Museum in Chicago. Furthermore, he has imported Juliiano Arechea, the world’s sole exclusive maker of armor, whose forge is near Pamplona, Spain. Arechea is creating the correct mode of boiler plate for the period to be used in the film.

There were definite fashions in iron wear in those distant days, and only Arechea and a few scattered cranks on the subject know the answer. Sometimes even a tiny rivet will ruin a suit of mail as much as fifty yards from another.

The surprising thing uncovered by DeMille in his armorial research is that, contrary to the popular belief, the gentlemen who wore the suits were not runts as compared to our modern football heroes, but instead, bigger in frame and meat.

Henry Wilcoxon, who will play “Richan Coeur de Lion” in “The Crusades” is a sizeable fellow. Yet he floats around in most of the relic suits.

Strangely enough, the only parts of the ancient tin suits which gave Mr. Wilcoxon a close fit were the helmets. Or maybe that’s not so strange after all. Mr. Wilcoxon is an actor.

In fact, he’s a British actor.

WELL, Bill Powell’s much publicized and long awaited bachelor’s castle in Beverly Hills is now completed, and everything you’ve read about it is true.

Here are just a few of the wonders which made me open my eyes—see if you’ve ever run across any of them before.

Collapsible walls between the living room and the drawing room. If Bill wants a comfortable small party, he leaves things as is; if he wants a mob, down go the walls and it’s all one big room.

Vanishing closets in the bedrooms—just try and find ‘em. I couldn’t.

An amazing voice throwing business by which from any room in the house Bill can greet his guests approaching from the outside. Likewise, he can hear everything they say as they arrive—and what’s more important—they’re leaving. (Lets him know where he stands.)

A central radio with loud speakers in every room, built in.

Electrically washed and temperature-regulated air throughout the house. In the winter, the gadget keeps it always at fifty-five degrees, which is healthy for most vintages.

Tape bar in the bar.

A robot kitchen that is beyond description. Even peels potatoes and shels peas while you wait.

Gardens that let down couches from unexpected walls when you push them.

It’s quite a place, as you can imagine. The next time I go up I’m going to ask Bill if the place also has lights and gas and all the modern conveniences.
Women

Men Despise

There are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. You see them lurking in the corner at parties, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. They're everywhere—these women men despise.

What does it matter that they are attractive and engaging if they commit the offense unpardonable? Who cares about their beauty and charm if between stands that insurmountable hurdle, halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You Never Know

You yourself never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly combats fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

Is It Worth The Gamble?

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. It is well to remember that excessively strong mouth washes are not necessarily better deodorants. Much of Listerine's deodorant effect is due to other properties than its antiseptic action.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
GLORIA, YOU ANGEL!
SINCE I GOT THE HOLLYWOOD
HABIT MY HUSBAND'S ACTING
LIKE A SCHOOLBOY IN LOVE!

YOU SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE
A SLIM FIGURE MAKES, NANCY—
THAT'S WHY I TOLD YOU
TO EAT RY-KRISP

HOLLYWOOD'S
PERFECT FOR
A SECOND
HONEYMOON, BOB!

LOOK! HERE COMES
YOUR BROTHER WITH
GLORIA STUART! SHE'S MY IDEA OF
A PERFECT FIGURE.

WHY, BOB! I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU NOTICED FIGURES!

THAT'S THE FIRST
THING MEN LOOK
AT, NANCY!

OH, MISS STUART — I ENVIY YOUR FIGURE. MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN ADMIRING YOU. WHAT IS YOUR SECRET?

IT'S NO SECRET WE CALL IT THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT, IT'S RY-KRISP, REGULAR EXERCISE AND SENSIBLE EATING! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT AT LUNCH.

SEE HOW MANY OF THE STARS ARE EATING RY-KRISP! WE EAT IT WITH MEALS AND BETWEEN MEALS BECAUSE IT'S FILLING BUT NOT FATTENING!

IT'S DELICIOUS! I AM GOING TO START EATING RY-KRISP TODAY AND I'LL SOON HAVE A FIGURE MY HUSBAND WILL ADMIRE!

BACK HOME—
6 WEEKS LATER

FLATTERED!

YOU WERE A KNOCKOUT TONIGHT, NANCY — I FEEL LIKE I'M MARRIED TO A MOVIE STAR SINCE YOU STREAMLINED YOUR FIGURE.

"GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT AND KEEP ROMANCE ALIVE" SAYS GLORIA STUART

DON'T put up with a poor figure! Don't take chances with a good one. Get the Hollywood Habit and stay lovely the way the movie stars do! Eat Ry-Krisp! Ry-Krisp actually helps you to reduce because it's filling but not fattening. Just whole rye, salt and water—double baked to bring out that temptingly unusual flavor which adds so much to the appetite appeal of any meal. A perfect, and popular food for all the family. Ralston Purina Company, Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

RY-KRISP TASTES SO GOOD

SERVE RY-KRISP TO MAKE BREAKFAST INTERESTING
In crispness and different whole rye flavor go perfectly with your breakfast egg, coffee, milk or tea. Try Ry-Krisp spread thinly with honey for a doubly delicious breakfast treat.

SERVE RY-KRISP WITH A CHILLED TOMATO SALAD—IT'S GRAND!
In fact, you'll find that any salad, served at lunch or dinner, tastes just twice as good when you eat it with these crunchy, golden-brown wafers.

GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT—EXERCISE REGULARLY, EAT RY-KRISP INSTEAD OF HEAVY, STARCHY FOODS—WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY
LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, EDITOR
W.

IVAN

T.

WALSH, MANAGING EDITOR

JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR

ST.

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL
FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF
THE YEAR
1920

"HUMORESQUE"
1921

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

VOL.

XLVIII

NO.

JUNE, 1935

1

HIGH-LIGHTS

OF

Close-Ups and Long-Shots
What DefeatedJack Gilbert?
.

New

Filmland's

Dictator

Is

a

THIS

Adela Rogers St.Johns

.

Woman
Philip K.

HOOD"

Mae West Can

1923

"THE COVERED

WAGON"

1924

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925

"THE BIG PARADE"

"BEAU GESTE"

Scene from "The Crusades"
How to Get Rid of the Depression Blues

Where

Is

Hollywood's Glamour?

Me

40
.

.Sylvia

41

42

Kirtley Baskette

.

46

(Part IV)

50
53
66

Ruth Rankin
Photoplay Fashions
Courtenay Marvin
Mitzi Cummings
Irish Nights and Other Adventures
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop
Carolyn Van Wyck

HEAVEN"
1928

"FOUR SONS"

.

1929

"DISRAELI"
1930

"ALL QUIET

28
30
34

Scheuer

Leo McCarey

.

The Tragedy of Being a Hollywood Mother

1927
"7th

Play Anything

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Don't Love

1926

23
26

Kathryn Dougherty

.

1922

"ROBIN

ISSUE

ON THE

WESTERN FRONT"

74

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS

1931

"CIMARRON"
'SMILIN'

10

Reviews of Current Pictures
The Shadow Stage
Brief

1932

THROUGH"

68

1933

"LITTLE

WOMEN"

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PRESIDENT
IRENE

T.

WESLEY

KENNEDY, TREASURER
F. PAPE, SECRETARY

PUBLISHING OFFICE
333 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.
BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES

BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
LONDON AGENTS
MACFADDEN MAGAZINES, LTD.

1926

ATLAS
18.

TRADE DISTRIBUTORS
PUBLISHING COMPANY,

BRIDE LANE,

LONDON.

E.

PERSONALITIES

».„...

Nelson Eddy

4
22

Marilyn Knowlden

25
32
38

Sally Eilers

Warren Reeve

The Man of the Hour
Five Million Dollar Bachelor

The Rise of a Song King
Why Merle Clicked
He Hated the Movies

Mildred Mastin
.William A. Ulman, Jr.

.

.

.

44
65
72

Helen Harrison
Bogart Rogers

C. 4

CARROLL RHEINSTROM
ADVERTISING MANAGER, GRAYBAR BLDG.
420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHARLES H. SHATTUCK
MANAGER CHICAGO OFFICE
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: $2.50 IN THE UNITED
STATES, ITS DEPENDENCIES, MEXICO AND
CUBA; $3.00 IN CANADA; $3.50 FOR FOREIGN
COUNTRIES. REMITTANCES SHOULD BE MADE
BY CHECK, OR POSTAL OR EXPRESS MONEY
ORDER.
CAUTION
DO NOT SUBSCRIBE

—

THROUGH PERSONS UNKNOWN TO YOU
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER APRIL
24, 1912, AT THE POSTOFFICE AT CHICAGO,
ILL.,
UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., NEW YORK

INFORMATION AND SERVICE
6
78
80

Letters

Answer Man
Ask
Hollywood Menus
Screen Memories from Photoplay
the

118

122
125

Casts of Current Photoplays

The Fan Club Corner
Addresses of the Stars

.129
3


LONG famous in operatic and concert stage circles, Nelson Eddy just recently soared to movie fame in "Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald. As a token of friendship after they finished the film, Jeanette gave Nelson an English sheep dog, named Sheba. Jeanette, you know, has a dog of the same breed, Captain, of whom she is very proud. Captain's always high-hatted Hollywood canines, but he has a pal now
Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon...where men were primitive beasts...and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he could...his to keep as long as he desired!

CLARK GABLE  
portrays his most virile role in  
DARRYL ZANUCK'S  
production of JACK LONDON'S  
red-blooded story...

CALL OF THE WILD  
with  
LORETTA YOUNG  
JACK OAKIE  

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK  
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS  
20TH CENTURY PICTURE
Letters

From all over the world, readers of Photoplay express themselves and their opinions, pro and con, on motion pictures and on the players.

Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre, the two British actors who are doing very well, thank you, in the GB picture, "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Lorre is seen here in films frequently.

Olivia de Haviland is a difficult opponent to best in a love set. She's now on the screen in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and she's working with Joe E. Brown in Warners' "Alibi Ike."

TO IRENE DUNNE

WISH to say a few words about a great American actress—and I know that I am expressing the opinion of many people who really understand what personality, acting and singing mean.

I have admired Irene Dunne's acting for several years, and I find now that the singer is as exquisite as the actress.

F. B., Los Angeles, California

TO "FOLIES BERGERE"

HAVE just seen "Folies Bergere." It's Maurice Chevalier's best picture, so far. It's highly entertaining because the star is given an opportunity to show his splendid acting ability. I liked Merle Oberon, too.

I hope to see her in many more pictures.

T. Mathews, Houston, Texas

BY REQUEST—

FAVORITE productions—M-G-M; favorite actress—Garbo; favorite novelist—Joseph Conrad. Now if the talents of all three could be combined in the production of "The Arrow of Gold," that grand story of youth, romance, sinister mystery and astounding characters, I think I could predict the destination of at least one Academy Award.

Dorothy L. Healy, Long Beach, Calif.

TO OLD FAVORITES

WANT to thank "C. N. E." for expressing what a great many of us have been thinking for a long time. We, too, have lamented the loss of our favorites on the screen.

For instance, Dorothy Mackaill and Evelyn Brent are real trouper; what's more, they have loads of personality, so why can't we see them on the screen once more?

Beatrice E. Higgins, Peabody, Mass.

OH, MISS HEPBURN!

ONE afternoon when passing our local theater I saw a group of three small boys about six or seven years old standing in front of one of the outside display stands showing scenes from the movie then showing. They were evidently on their way home from school and feeling in fine spirits. They had their heads together and were stopping a little to see the bottom picture. One little boy pointed to the picture and turned to his companions with this surprising remark: "Hey, why don't you kiss that girl?"

To my great amazement, each boy in turn stooped and enthusiastically kissed the girl at the picture.

It was Katharine Hepburn.

The scene was from "The Little Minister," where Miss Hepburn and the little minister are talking in Annie's kitchen.

I doubt if any other actress has ever had such a unique and touching tribute.

Rachel Brocksmith, Vero Beach, Fla.

WANTED—ROMANCE

WHY should we not have sex pictures? We like pictures, but give us sex and love. Romance is never old and no matter how old we get, we like a good love story. I do not say that we should have a lot of mushy lines and so on. So, give us Mae West as she is. We like her pictures of the 90's, a romantic era.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]
Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man

"G-MEN"

joins the

and halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime! The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of his gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty manhunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld! It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no ill could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the stand-out for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

"The Picture of the Month"

Yesterday

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never-to-be-forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."

Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.
Letters

In their frank exchange of opinions, movie-goers have a far-reaching effect upon picture policies, also trends

Jean Arthur, during the shooting of "Party Wire," takes advantage of the lunch hour and studies botany at first hand

That's no way to look at the sun, Mary Carlsine. Put those glasses right back on! Oh, we get it. just cleaning 'em, eh?

SHIRLEY, TAKE A BOW

RECENTLY, I read one critic's idea of Shirley Temple. He stated that a child her age and type should "get off the screen and stay off."  

"Never! No, never!"  

A child of her ability and sweet ways—who can make the world laugh and cry—should be at the top of the list of great stars.  

When Shirley plays with James Dunn, they bring to life the greatest love that exists—the love that only a child can give, a sincere love which James Dunn returns in the proper manner.  

The friendship between these two in "Bright Eyes" was beautiful, unforgettable.  

It takes Shirley and James Dunn to give the world the "love scenes" that they desire.


PRAISE FROM ENGLAND

OF late, it must be admitted that our British productions have improved tremendously. I think the more tolerant American reviews of our films are ample proof of this statement.  

But occasionally you send a film over here that makes our efforts appear feeble, even puerile. I have in mind particularly "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Here is a play essentially British in every respect, but our producers failed utterly to realize what a fine film it would make.  

And so they have to be content to sit back and applaud.

I may be British, but I can see no sense in letting my patriotic loyalty dull my sense of values.

A. F. Mousey, Birmingham, England

TO JOAN CRAWFORD

NOW that another year has rolled around without Joan Crawford being considered for the Academy Award, maybe we can set her to change her style and quit hiding her light under a "bushel basket," said bushel in

THE YOUNG FOLK

WE have a gang and we are all good kids. We go to the movies once a week, picking out a show from Photoplay. Of course, there are some movies not very good for young folks to see, but we think they're some good in everybody, and we try to find it. When we see movies like "Sweet Adeline" and "David Copperfield" we feel much better than when we see a gangster picture.

Diana Darlow, Peetz, Colorado

MITZI GREEN DOING WELL

RECENTLY, I sat in the loge of an Eastern Pennsylvania theater and watched with much interest the work of Miss Mitzi Green in impersonations. She also has an ability to make friends quickly with her audience.

To see a young woman in evening gown, standing well down-stage, with only a conventional back-drop, slowly lose her personality before your eyes, while in her form slowly appear the likenesses and mannerisms of such fine artists as George Arliss, George M. Cohan, or any one of several great theatrical lights, is quite eerie, ghostly you might say, and Miss Green does just that.

Rev. Davis Johnson, Towanda, Pennsylvania

MOVIES EDUCATIONAL

PERHAPS this may sound fatuous, yet I confirm that the cinema contributed at least forty per cent of my present practical knowledge. From it I have obtained a better understanding concerning phases of life.

Edward Weliczko, Detroit, Michigan
M-G-M has great expectations in the person of Louise Rainer, from Vienna. Elaborate plans are under way for her bow

"Little Miss Marker," a father; and even in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," just a father. Not that fathers aren't important, but I like to see a complete family. I'd like to be enlightened as to the reason, if any.

Edie K. Ratto, Evelyth, Minnesota

left was as good as the right. So the good old movies aren't so bad at that: May the benefits continue to increase.

Asayo Kuraya, Hilo, Hawaii

CHOSES GRETA GARBO

ALTHOUGH I like Norma Shearer, my choice in this "war" for the leading lady of the screen is Greta Garbo. Miss Shearer has not the acting technique Miss Garbo has, nor the personality. But, I am a Garbo fan. Just to show you how popular Miss Garbo is down here, every one of her pictures packs the theater, people standing up, and sitting on steps. Judge for yourselves.

Marjorie Garratt, Sydney, Australia

BOUQUET FOR MISS DAVIES

AFTER reading Marion Davies' "Secrets of Success" in Photoplay to say her idea of success is grand would not be saying too much. I may add that I never miss any of her pictures. So, let's have more of that kind of literature and more of Marion's pictures.

Harvey Clare, Kingston, Jamaica

PHOTOPLAY readers express their ideas freely about current motion pictures and the stars

"I remember or have heard much about his dad. Here is Alice Reid, Jr. doing well "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"

being those atrocious clothes that, I like her sweet face and frank eyes, work past, over and around to see. Her costumer must be her worst because Joan is literally "smoke-" by bizarre wearing apparel and coiffures. And clothes are known a psychological effect, so poor Joan can act naturally and sweetly—every-

M. B. Engles, Portland, Oregon

ORE SPRING

ER us from any more such utterly bald plays as "One More Spring," Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter leads.

body put a fast one over on producer for when they got them mixed up with kindergarten drivel that gave a polite audience the ga-gas.

Arthur Lenox, Washington, D.C.

MUCH?

I asking too much of the public to time to see a picture like "Living on?" We felt sorry for Warren Williams' (Dickens' stories in pictures has run fine. Re-issues of such as "Out-" "Stella Maris," "Earthbound," welcome.

D. Gerard Smith, Omaha, Nebraska

RE'S "MOTHER"?

ERE has "Mother" disappeared to? Or wasn't mothers important in movie fam-

more? Most every picture I have seen there is one parent with a girl or two, or a few, as seen, "Broadway Bill," a "It Happened One Night," a father;

MOVIES AID EYES

CORE another hit for the movies. Doctor Smith fitting glasses on little Billie discovered the vision in his left eye poorer than the right. Using the left eye as little as possible made it worse. So, movies twice a week.

Veronica Parker, York, England

Helen Morgan says hello from the stairs of her home in North Hollywood, on the shores of Toluca Lake, beautiful resort.
CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE—Colonial ides, and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tipping reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for star James Cagney's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (Apr.)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing as the master mind of a bank robbing game, protecting himself by masquerading as a police officer. (May)

CARNIVAL OF COLUMBIA.—The experiences—some funny, some sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Edwards, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—A superlative as detective since the greens, this screen version of Victor Herbert's musical, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the story of a rich and a peasant, with the latter's blood on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Ma Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leo Carrancho Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Chile on the morass and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting story of the Holt, Edmund Lowe and Frances Rice for romance, adventure for excitement and Erna liaison as a menace. (March)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

BORDERTOWN—Warner's.—Outstanding performance by Lon Chaney, as canny counsel Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the baker disillusioned by his young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemes of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)


BRIGHT EYES—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stroller role. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

BROADWAY BILL—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his dominating wife (Dorothy Coming) is head of the house, and they have no money. He stakes everything on a gallant horse race—and Myrna Loy. (June)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his fifties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)

CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE—Colombian ides, and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tipping reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for star James Cagney's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (Apr.)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing as the master mind of a bank robbing game, protecting himself by masquerading as a police officer. (May)

CARNIVAL OF COLUMBIA.—The experiences—some funny, some sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Edwards, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—A superlative as detective since the greens, this screen version of Victor Herbert's musical, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the story of a rich and a peasant, with the latter's blood on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Ma Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leo Carrancho Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Chile on the morass and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting story of the Holt, Edmund Lowe and Frances Rice for romance, adventure for excitement and Erna liaison as a menace. (March)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

BORDERTOWN—Warner's.—Outstanding performance by Lon Chaney, as canny counsel Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the baker disillusioned by his young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemes of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)


BRIGHT EYES—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stroller role. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

BROADWAY BILL—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his dominating wife (Dorothy Coming) is head of the house, and they have no money. He stakes everything on a gallant horse race—and Myrna Loy. (June)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his fifties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)

DEALERS IN DEATH—TFACE P. When you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you will be convinced of the horror of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, impressive editorial which will make you think. (March)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Param—Marlene Dietrich in a series of very good views. The story lacks motivation and Vegh's direction has drained all animation from the lustful Carmen, Edward Everett Horton poor Lionel Atwill. (March)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Performances by young Frankie Thomas and Herbert Marshall make this Ouragan classic really live on screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (Mar.)

DUKE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like cowboys, you may like this one. George O'Brien, Irene Ware, Leo McCarey. Henry Hall. (Apr.)

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—Hugely underrated attempt to depict the quirks of a dashing widow. Anna Roosevelt Marshall, G. Bennett Astor, Paul Lukas. (May)

ENCHANTED APRIL.—RKO-Radio.—Here is just the right kind of story for the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Rand B. Bickford, Mary Astor, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander. Jane Darwell. (Mar.)


EVERSNOG—Gaumont British.—The story is in the eyes of the fliers, and Patrice Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it impossible for music lovers. Feb.

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, in this gay, vivid story of charm, the effervescence and finn ngering in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Panama.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this dasher. Fans will love the Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it impossible for music lovers. Feb.

FEDERAL AGENT.—Select Pictures.—Cool stuff with Bill Boyd as a government trying to outwit dangers. Don Ameche and two lady friends. (Mar.)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—Rick's quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jake Larue "framed" by a gang and his suspension forces threatens his romance with his free-spirited woman. (May)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warner's.—Ricardo Cortez is killed when he tries to enrapture Verre D'Al, Lila Lee «wife, in a love trap, and instead Verre's daughter, Anita Louise. Good entertainment. (May)

FLIRTATION WALTZ—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler dancer. Pat O'Brien catches a waltz. Take the time. (May)

FLUTTERING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South Sea Islands. Cloistered, Unibonen plants, Maria Alla is the Sound, but this is a really fun romancce. (Mar.)

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century—United.—Disregard the story and give yourself in Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing. (Mar.)

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12
review flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture.. "OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday

The plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

Congratulations, fans, here is Shirley! How you'll thrill this human story of a child her parents whose happiness suddenly threatened! And how tense, dramatic climax will stir heart of everyone from Grand to Junior as Shirley's love tri- phs over a family crisis. A 'must-see' picture!

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man... (Irvin S. Cobb to you)... who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley TEMPLE in 'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA
Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore
Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pflazgrf
FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a heart-wrenching story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braided like a champagne cocktail. (Mar.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wrecks puts her in the clutches of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Dec.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Arizona, paired with American girl Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo payload while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)


GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find Florence Vidor, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted inn, where facts arise in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, Jane Collyer. (Apr.)

GIFT OF CAR—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, talking news announcer, lies, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags songs with William Woolf, Phil Helmer, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

GILDLE LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Catherine Coulter in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GIRL O’ MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confussion, with Sterling Holloway's coalminers unable to pull it through. Mary Carlile, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

GOIN’ TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the leading male being pursued, in a fast-moving, wisecracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan as title character, and Helen Keller heads the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The acting is superficial in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouper, Mary Robson, gives a superb performance as a veteran high school principal who backs the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlile and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal.—Dickens' charmed preserved by George Brent as orphan Pip, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hall and others. (Jan.)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting expose on the receivership racket, but the script is sound. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable stars William Holden, Victor McLaglen and Helen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie as the man on the dope. The characters and story, being designed to try to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlile, C. Henry Gordon. (July)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Chesterfield, Sue Carol, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wayne, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Dec.)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paralyzed convict (Eddie Quillan) who finds the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (Production)

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss (Christine Holmes) and her horse-walking Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like this one. (Dec.)

HEART SONG—Fox—Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of an Arab air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the.Call. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. Ginger Rogers Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-and-down Western which is a mortgage drag but now the brooks using modern methods for getting in Allyn Berle, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)


I AM A THIEF—Warner.—A diamonds necklace disappears and every woman is a suspect—Richard Conte, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. This is murder, thievery and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

IMITATION OF LIFE—Universal.—A broken and human drama about two mothers of different race, one of them having a cage of these children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louis Calhern. Willie Walker, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

IN OLD SANTA FE—M-G-M.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who like a little western. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kent湎, her, the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

IRON DUKE, THE—Gaumont-British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as World War I figurine, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National. O. Ingersoll Norris, Addison Richards, a fairly good movie star Gertrude Michael in a brightlight, and the interesting Ted Healy, Toomey and Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. (July)

IT'S A GIFT—Paramount.—One find with W. C. Fields in the role of a henpecked husband. O. E. Hasse, May Howard, But It's Fields' show. (March)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A man wanted on a true story and amazingly stylish. (March)

JACK Ayoun—Gaumont-British.—If you laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However land's comedy, Jack Holt, deserves better material. (Apr.)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watels George May if you go to see this picture about a prize fighting is immediately fascinated by his pretty wife, Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox.—Will Rogers an onion, S. Cobb's humorous philosophical act live so enjoyably, you wish you were a drowsy Kentucky setting. The music needs no desire. Tom LeRoy, Latvia Louise the interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio—Warner.—With all the right ingredients—Robert Young, young Earl, Spy McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, in the shone and rows. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

KID MILLIONS—Samuel Goldwyn—M-G-M.—With hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, comes at a grand cast. (Jan.)

LAIDIE—BY CHOICE—Columbia.—Frankie Darro original, with a new situation for Mary Robe, a comedy of a couple of Roger Pryor, who is particularly important. (Dec.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild story where lofty Brazil hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with horse and horse. (Dec.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—Racing track story, for straight for marriage and all. Leo Tracy, Helen Mack, the man, the horse, Toomey. LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B Walthall. (Nov.)

LES MISERABLES—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-cut and beautiful screen recreation of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (Feb.)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wife story gives Tootie Carlin and and Al Jolson an opportunity to be romantic in a saucy, waltz— The film lacks' emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Biremood. (May)

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

Page


Page


PHOTOLAYS REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

Save this magazine for the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.
McFADEN'S PLAYS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a little too much of the story of the girl (Betsy Furness) who goes away to school and causes mucho heart-burning for her family and neighbors. Walter Pidgeon and C. Kelly are grand as the hot-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetest thing (May).

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Margaret Rawlings, and Helton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (May)

THE MIGHTY BARNUM—20th-Century—United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman F. T. Barnum, in one of the best roles of his career. Adele Menken, Bingham Briscoe, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fat, cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, dramatic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio. An amazing and intrigu- ing story with Edward G. Robinson as the smooth witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a temperamental opera star in love with her leader, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average story of a hybrid ship and its crew. With Noel Willingham's regeneration as the main story thread, this is very much a character study of Katharine Hepburn as Bubble and John Wayne. Warner Oland, Hume Cronyn, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

OF A BENGAL LANCER—Paramount.—Drama, Doolittle, direction, pictorially monaural, generally fair. Is A Great War film for the Footlights.
Letters

What you think is interesting to others, and constructive, whether you liked the picture or not

CONTINUED

Alan Crosland, Universal director, puts on the paternal air as he listens with grave patience to the latest joke Verna Hillie has. And it's funny to Verna

Fred MacMurray, under the tutelage of Jack Crosby, assistant to LeRoy Prinz, dance director, pot shots at cars, preparing for big game fish

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

"BARNUM" OFFENS CITY

With mighty fanfare, the world's premiere of "The Mighty Barnum" was brought to Bridgeport, Connecticut, Mr. Phineas T. Barnum's home town. Included in the splendid publicity given the picture was the visit to Bridgeport of Mr. Adolphe Menjou and his beautiful and likewise talented wife, Verree Teasdale, the day before the picture opened.

Bridgeport babbled and bustled and threw out its chest with pride—pride that turned into anger when indignant citizens, many of whom were relatives of Mr. Barnum's, viewed the picture.

You can readily understand the indignant resentment that mounted as the people of Bridgeport watched Wallace Beery make a fool out of a man who was one of the shrewdest business men in history. Also, rarely has such a grand and glorious generosity been manifested in one man, and the people of Bridgeport always have and always will be very grateful to Mr. Barnum's memory.

Most likely our little General Tom Thumb and his lovely little Lavina who were resting so quietly here in Mt. Grove cemetery turned over in their graves in horror.

H. S., Bridgeport, Connecticut

FOR "BETTER PICTURES"

THANKS be, the really worthwhile pictures, and there are certainly many of this type right now, are talking out loud. The next step is to get the people to stay away from the harmful, including the wasteful, pictures and the campaign for "Better Pictures" is successfully closed. The producer is always agog listening to the choice of the public. Educate the public to know its power and the day of "Better Pictures" arrives.

E. D. Foster, Ridgewood, New Jersey

MORE WESTERNs ASKED

RECENTLY my eleven-year-old nephew was my guest for a week. Naturally, movies were the order of the day, and I am delighted to say the task of choosing suitable parts offered a cheering contrast from last year's like occasion. In fact, it wasn't a task at all.

May I ask, however, in what Forget-me not lies the old action-packed Western so packed with youngsters—and oldsters, too? When I found one, "West of the Pecos."

These eleven-year-old Johnnies can't talk about Shirley Temple. And while all run down America they continue to spatter the Joe Penner manner, they have small appreciation for his leg-show background.

I do not hold to the theory the producer is always wrong, and when he folded his No. 1 and hid it in a corner, it probably was because the horse opera was losing ground and money. Nevertheless, we are for another edition-Westerns which do pretend to be art but which are traditional, the hero very good indeed and the horse horrible.

A. L. Meyer, Lakewood, So.

OBJECTS TO CHANGE

Why do the movie girls change their eyes so? Joan Crawford seems to change her looks with every picture. But not only that, we just get used to Greta Garbo's pouty lips when we become afraid she won't shave to lift her eyelids with those thousand-gazoo lashes. Some of those lashes irritate a dresses one's interest from a close-up scene.

We used to laugh at the old-time pacts with the fake out-doors, scenery, etc., but we get more of a laugh now.

Do Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, Warner Baxter, Conrad Nagel, Richard Dix, the rest of the males change their eyes? No! Do we grow tired of them? Not.

Of course, there are still Janet Gaynor, Margaret Sullivan, Ann Harding, John Hayes and a few others who don't need to put them over.

MRS. MARTHA HOLMAN, St. Louis
The Blue of Her Eyes — The Scarlet of Her Lips

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes... carefree charmer... whose beauty blazed in conquest... while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress... who used men as stepping stones... and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background... as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!... Re-created on the Technicolor screen... its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life... and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam Hopkins

in

BECKY SHARP

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION
OVER NIGHT—Mundia Distributing Corp.—Continued. Background is again a ratiocinated tale magnificently intreperted by the men of the tale. The narrator is a dry, scoreless type, complete in his own plot. (Nov.)

★ PAINTED VEIL—THE—M-G-M—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Bancroft, her true love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

★ PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama society play has its moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Brian and John Hodiak by Blutey. (Oct.)

★ PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive of the U.S. disappeared. It is a tale of Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Edgar Kennedy, Joan Blondell and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren Grant, William Mitchell, Gladys Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordly maze of this film. (Feb.)

★ SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrick Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Mary Astor, Yul Brynner, Gertrude Lawrence and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ SOQUIOLA—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amusing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierra will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

★ SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Frances Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

★ SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamlined train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Beverly Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett, William Farnum, Hardy Albright, Edward Kennedy. (Feb.)

★ SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering around three criminals, who are on the loose, to check the maneuvers of munitions smuggler Conway Teare. (Mar.)

★ STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trio of parts that are steamcaps for a politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

★ STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think intelligent pictures and hard-core plays are a bore, then you may wish when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth), his American wife (June Allyson, Ilona Roma, Esther Rashot, Walter Walker, Valerie Hoban). (Feb.)

★ STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A bunting college used for the backdrop to the lively story, with Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walker Walter, Valerie Hoban. (Feb.)

★ SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A—Monogram.—William Collier becomes a philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family Lorraine Hopton, Gloria Shea, William Janney. (Dec.)

★ SWEET ADELINA—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with lovely Irene Dunne, Jack Oakie, Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

★ SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Doraged the story and the music, this is a beautifully produced picture, and with Irene Dunne, Robert Young, and Reg Arthur. (Feb.)

★ SWEEPSTAKE ANNE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few lapses. (March)

★ SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Inevitable.—Certain eerie phenomena control the outcome and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the work of another. Charles Judelsohn, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

★ THE 36TH NATION IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Dunn shows off on the back drum brightest spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

★ TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce makes a career breakthrough as Lily, a New York girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises with a good show. Warren Oates, Robert Taylor and Patsy Kelly are grand! (Mar.)


★ TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but it is a story of a分辨率a beautiful photopraphed, John Wayne, Vera Hillie, Noah Beery. Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

★ TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A and a type of story for which the studio should be praised. A tale of romance, Jane Claryworth and Henry Hall are involved in the weird doings of a Spanish Count. (Dec.)

★ TRANSLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—Artists.—Quite a remarkable film, for the thrill of power. There's a murder on shipboard, and this is the climax. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond make a winning couple. (Dec.)

★ UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as law men engaged in the destruction of a gang, who are led by Howard Hopley. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

★ UNFINISHED SIMPHONY, THE—Gau.—British.—The musical score alone (Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra) puts this on the must list for connoisseurs and followers of the musician's life, and it's falling too. (March)

★ VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely wife but the story is one that leaves someone a little airded. Good portrayals by May Robson and Robert Montgomery is inauspicious. (Benjie. (May)

★ WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—Moving picture, against divorce. Edward and Karen Morley, Frankie Thomas the victim. Should see him; was in the stage. (Feb.)

★ WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Gold.—United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told and made, with lovely Betty Furness and sensitive young novillio, Anna Steen and Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent novel. (Nov)

★ WE LIVE AGAIN—Samuel Goldwyn.—Artists.—Toleto's "Reformation" again that simple story—except that it's done better. It plumbs your heart. Anna Steen, Fredric March, Louise Allbritton. (June)

★ WEST POINT OF THE AIR—RKO—sad-father's son, with Wallace Beery as an old sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns home. They fight for their daughter, to the point of an appealing story, there are some of the finest dramatic moments. No, M-O-S is romantic prize. (May)

★ WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO Radio.—Western, with lots of action of some clever situations. Richard Dix as a cowboy, Louise Allbritton, Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of Buck is fort-on. Lots of chases, trick rides, rescue. (Feb.)

★ WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Lums—Edward G. Robinson, as two men, gives his finest performance in a brillant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

★ WHITE PARADE, THE—Fox.—Narrative, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-surgery. (July)

★ WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good by the cast hits this into interesting entertainment. Maitland Christian excellent as the woman who husband to save her family. Charles Bradie, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top py. (Feb.)

★ WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—A tender story of two youngsters, Myra Loy as a stunt pilot, and Gary Gray as her love. (Nov)

★ WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Fanny O'Connor over the disappearance of a winning stock. (Nov)

★ WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruno and Marguerite Churchill let a siren be stolen and the young wife be reunited with her. They steal the kid. (Nov)

★ WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story, this being a bit of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)
The unique ballet scenes you'll see in Garbo's picture, "Anna Karenina," will be created by the Viennese genius of the ballet, Margaret Wallman. The Vienna State Theater loaned the famous choreographer to Hollywood.
In soft chiffon, Mary Ellis is a picture of spring loveliness. But you might as well prepare yourself for an all-year-round favorite. We predict Mary is going to be a screen charmer for all seasons to come. She and Tullio Carminati will be fair and warmer in Paramount's "Paris in Spring."
With a sprig of blossoms in her hand and clad in a precious taffeta hostess gown, Katharine Hepburn comes springtime. One glance at Charles leaves no doubt but that this is the season in a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. They are together in "Break of Hearts"
Versatile Lady

No actress is kept busier in a variety of rôles than Claire Trevor. She's cast in four films now, ranging from the tragic "Dante's Inferno," to "Spring Tonic"
Do you choose a wave by CHANCE?

Do you buy a permanent wave blind-fold, with nothing definite to assure you that what goes on your hair is safe and sound? Look at this photograph. Those lustrous, soft waves are not the result of guesswork. They were created with Eugene Sachets, the famous little wrappers that have turned out millions of wavy heads with results pleasing to both hairdresser and hairdressee.

Eugene Sachets are as accurate as a prescription. Each contains the exact, measured quantity of pure waving lotion needed to make one perfect wave or curl. This wonderful lotion, Eugeneol, was perfected by the international corps of Eugene chemists, and is to be found in none but Eugene Sachets. It safeguards your hair and your peace of mind when you sit for a genuine Eugene Wave.

Be as smart when you go wave-shopping as if you were buying fashions or food. Don't let a bargain price get the best of your head! Let others go eeny, meeny, miney, mo-ing around for any old wave . . . and let them take the consequences! Eugene Sachets are your guide! Just say to your hairdresser, "I want you to use Eugene Sachets" . . . When your friends see your wave, they'll tell you how right you were for insisting.

ONE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!"—a booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your Eugene Wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Marilyn Knowlden had a bonnet, just like her own, made for her kitten, Patches. He was a quiet on-looker while she played the rôle of Cosette in 20th Century's "Les Miserables." Marilyn found Patches on the M-G-M lot during her work in "David Copperfield."
PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS AND LONG-SHOTS

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

THERE is "smart money" to bet that, within the next year, all the great studios of Hollywood with their hosts of stars will have packed up, bag and baggage, and moved away—somewhere—to Florida, or New Jersey, North Carolina, Arizona or Nevada.

Nor is the idea as fantastic as it seems on the surface. There has been flame behind the smoke of rumors ever since the state of California began to smear taxes pretty thickly on the motion picture industry.

Too much taxes has been the cause of most revolutions. And the biggest screen producers frankly state, if the worst comes to the worst, they will migrate to one of the states that gladly invite them.

THEY can do it too, for they no longer need California. California—or its climatic and topographical equivalent—was once almost essential to the making of pictures.

Hollywood thrived in its great house of solid sunshine.

Here was the one house in the world where movies could be made efficiently all the year round; where natural scenic backdrops provided a ready-made stage; where snow-clad peaks and palm-shaded tropics could be found less than a hundred miles apart.

But sunshine means little or nothing to the movies today, and outdoor locations not much more.

Artificial lights and props quite readily do the trick.

So Hollywood has steadily grown belligerent.

AT this moment a bill is before the California legislature, proposing an income tax of one-third the amount of the Federal income tax, which already takes up to fifty per cent of the incomes of the studios.

Such a bill, if passed, would dig deep into the pockets of the people who make pictures.

By the skin of the teeth, a devastating tax of one cent on every foot of raw film, coming into the state and another cent going out developed—two cents for every foot used in production—was recently defeated.

But next year—will bills like these be defeated? It's an anxious question for the producers.

THEATER taxes, school taxes, personal property taxes are all on the rise. Hollywood fears it will be called upon to pay so heavily it may have to leave California in self-defense.

And California needs money and still more money for the unemployed. Daily
an estimated 750 to 1,000 are arriving with no visible means of support—and the big end of the bill goes to the movies!

So Hollywood—the picture industry—has thoughts of checking out. Cozy corners in other states beckon. Florida offers fifteen years free from taxation. New Jersey dangles tempting bait. Arizona, Nevada and North Carolina extend hearty invitations.

Meanwhile California smiles blandly, for “The movies can’t leave Hollywood.”

Ten years ago that statement would have been true. But today ninety per cent of all scenes are filmed indoors.

Locations can be brought right within the walls of the sound stage.

The airplane has made it possible for a camera crew to bring the necessary backgrounds quickly, cheaply and efficiently—backgrounds which modern technique make an integral part of the action.

Producers know that if they all desert Hollywood and reassemble in one spot all the accessory talent must follow—trained extras and camera-wise talent; extensive costume facilities such as the mammoth Western Costume Company has boasted; skilled set hands, technical workers.

The money for the enormous pay checks for pictures has always come from New York.

There has always been cries from the big bankrolls to bring the pictures East.

They want the money source and actual production near each other. It would save money—plenty of it.

If the movies should move, the logical stopping point would be somewhere in the East.

Running the studios in Hollywood totals a staggering yearly $170,000,000. Hundreds of thousands of dollars alone goes into coast-to-coast telephone and telegraph messages; in shipping invoices for film; in traveling expenses on trial talent tests.

It seems incredible that the golden goose must even meditate on the possibility of flight—and yet, in the unsettled present, the incredible is constantly popping up in state, national and world affairs.

Only one thing is certain: Studios may cluster and cameras may turn in Jacksonville, Newark, Las Vegas or Tucson, but—there will never be another Hollywood. Such a miracle occurs but once.

The news that the congregation of a Hopedale, Ohio, church have been praying for the soul of Clark Gable only goes to show that people a long way off often have a poor perspective.

These church people of Hopedale are undoubtedly sincere. They feel that Clark is a good boy gone wrong out there in that wicked present day Sodom and Gomorrah—Hollywood.

They stated that Clark has been “serving a Devil of lust” and they proposed to change the boy’s ways by prayer.

Now, of all the people I know in Hollywood, I would certainly not overlook Clark Gable as a person with a good, healthy, normal makeup, as far removed from the service to any devil as anyone I can think of.

As a matter of fact, I don’t know very many people in Hollywood who could show a convincing badge of membership in that particular devil’s legion.

But, to pick on Clark Gable! A perfect husband and a perfect father to his step-children, whose very latest public act was to give his stepdaughter a happy sendoff in a marriage to a nice young man from Dallas, Texas.

The dear Hopedale congregation had better save their prayers for someone closer to home.

I wouldn’t be at all surprised if they would find someone there—if they looked hard.
For years one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood, Sally Eilers' work was temporarily slowed up by the birth of her young some months ago. But Sally's back again, lovelier than ever, with a new Universal contract. She's making "Alias Mary Dow"
What Defeated JACK GILBERT?

THERE have been many tragedies amid the glitter and glory of Hollywood, stories that have been written, stories that may never be written.

But there has been none more poignant, more heart-breaking, than the flaming career of John Gilbert—his battle for success, his riotous fame, his bitter destruction.

And the tragic muse of Hollywood, which wove the tangled tragedies of Mabel Normand and of Barbara La Marr, of Wallace Reid and Valentino, conceived the new tragedy of Jack Gilbert—all in scarlet, so that it seems bitter and savage and wasteful, instead of somber and sad.

Not so very long ago, John Gilbert stood upon the top of the world, applause ringing in his ears, incense in his nostrils, gold and adulation showering at his feet.

Today, Jack seems bent upon finishing his own story in a reckless blaze of “Don’t give a damn”—seems determined to write the last chapter of his own defeat as a Russian dramatist might have written it. The smile which millions loved is upon his face sometimes—but it hurts to see it there, for it has come a welcome to death, to a swaying and desired end of a life that thinks isn’t worth living, rather than a challenge to a life that loved—and no one ever loved more than Jack Gilbert. It was greatest charm—that passionate and courageous love of life.

Now he seems to have let go hold upon it, to have tossed it carelessly aside, hoping for release.

Nobody ever sees Jack no. None of his friends can find him. The beautiful house upon the hill once the gayest and wittiest of Hollywood folk loved to gather where laughter and talk flew constantly, Jack sits alone, and doors are barred, and he is like a hermit who no longer wants world to cross his path. In that house on the hill where his Hollywood’s greatest romance with Greta Garbo, the house which he brought pretty Virginia Bruce as a bride, Jack Gilbert is dead, live forever. The man who had more friends than any other man in Hollywood, now seeks only solitude.

It would be easier to bear if it had been Jack’s fault. But it wasn’t. Never. The breaks that left him beaten so useless, and so kind, and so unnecessary.

It would be easier for me to think about, if I hadn’t lost Jack so dearly, didn’t know him so well—and known the heart of him, the generous soul, the ready sympathy, the creative vision that glittered and inspired and warmed his friends.

I have known Jack Gilbert some twenty years—since he was a slim, dark, restless youth, with hands eager for life and dark eyes that were never still. I remember his twenty-first birthday—and best of all I remember a night when a party of came out of a gay little cafe near Hollywood. (We were pretty much kids in those days, without any money and we, out names that had ever been heard of and the motion picture industry was very young, too, and more alive than it is to me more individual.) I seem to remember that Bebe Daniels in the party, a beautiful child with long black curls, and blue Enid Bennett, and I think Harold Lloyd, who had not then covered spectacles. As we stood in the gravel walk, looking...
Amid the glitter of Hollywood, there have been many tragedies, but none more poignant or more heart-breaking than Gilbert's

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

John Gilbert's marriage to Lea Claire was a great mistake. It was when Jack was trying to surmount the difficulties of the talkies and needed sympathy. He got none

John Gilbert had one love, and only one—Garbo. But he lost his great love, and with her, it seemed, went all his luck

In this beautiful house on its hill, where the gayest and wittiest of Hollywood loved to gather, Gilbert sits alone

ilapidated Ford in which we had driven out—we girls used newspapers under our dresses to keep them clean—a shining limousine purred by. And Jack Gilbert leaped it, laughing, his face a burst of excitement, and he shook it high in the air and cried, "Go ahead—go ahead—but I'll ping in one just like that before long, and I'll earn it for her."

I did. And he loved the good things of life, the luxuries and ties, but they weren't really important to him. They
n't necessary to his happiness. The things that were impor	ant and necessary to Jack Gilbert, with his molten emotional nature, were his work—first and always, I believe, his work—and love and laughter and talk.

No man ever loved his work better than Jack Gilbert.

Why, the boy who made "The Big Parade" do you remember him?—somehow I don't think as long as motion pictures last I will ever forget him, I don't think I'll ever lose the sight of him—the boy who made that was a creative artist, and his work was the breath and soul of life to him. He grew up with motion pictures, and he loved them and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
Anxious to be ingratiating, an interviewer once wrote of Rachel Crothers that "she might be your own aunt." This so disturbed Miss Crothers that she hurried to the telephone and called up an old friend. "Do I look like anybody's aunt?" she demanded.

In reality she might be taken for a successful clubwoman—which, incidentally, she is. Of medium height, possessing aristocratic features, a healthy vitality which belies her fifty-odd years, and an unruly gray bob, she dresses with smart conservatism, drives a car, adores golfing and swimming and gardening, sleeps outdoors half the year, and three years ago confidently took up the study of the pianoforte.

But it is for her work in the theater that Miss Crothers is chiefly entitled. I think, to your consideration. She is, you see, a playwright. Not an ordinary playwright, you understand, with one, two or possibly three shows to her credit. Oh, no—nothing like that. Rachel Crothers, as anybody on Broadway will soon put you wise, has written, produced, directed and staged some twenty-five plays, and in a quarter-century gained and held against all comers the name of America's No. 1 Woman Playwright.

I suppose it has long been an old story back in Bloomington, Ill., where one fine day at the turn of the century young Rachel Crothers walked out on all those whom she held dear and, chin up, valise snapped defiantly to, sallied forth to the world. I daresay that her surviving kin were scarcely up to work up more than a faint flicker of interest thirty-five years later over the news that, chin still up and luggage shipped ahead, she was about to meet Hollywood—and, unless signs fail, make it hers. Rachel, after all, was always up to something.

Exactly what she was up to—or up against—the film column only began to appreciate when Producer Samuel Goldwyn made public the details of one of the strangest pacts in movie history. He had signed Miss Crothers to write, adapt, supervise a talking picture from start to finish. For her work she was to receive an advance of $1,000—and not a cent more until the picture was released! Then she would be titled to a percentage of the gross.

It was very much like the theater—the theater to which Rachel Crothers had bidden a reluctant, if temporary, adieu. Only, there they were called "royalties." Nobody had ever before made a deal like that with an author, either man or woman. There had, to be sure, been women directors like Lois Weber (who sometimes wrote her own stories) and Dorothy Arzner; and June Mathis had been about to try producing when death cut her plans short. The closest parallel, in the talkies, was the case of Preston Sturges.
Richel Crothers has ideas that Sam Goldwyn thinks will revolutionize all studio methods

E. PHILIP K. SCHEUER

 urges, also a playwright ("Strictly Honorable") got Jesse L. Lasky to do "The Power and the Glory," an original. Lasky paid him an advance of $17,500 or 3½ per cent of $50,000. He receives 5 per cent of the gross $500,000, and 7 per cent of all the gross over a million, if any. He isn't, however, a woman, and he wasn't granted editorial powers over production. Miss Others is—and was.

"I'm gambling with Goldwyn," she mused. "Gambling exactly as I would the theater. I tell you"—she smiled a little—"it puts one on one's mettle!"

"All this," she nodded, "is a test for me, I'm glad it came—now. If I can take a contribution to moving pictures, still have been enormously worthwhile. That's what I'm going to find out!"

Goldwyn had been brooding over the idea a long time (he has never forgotten an ambitious earlier experiment known as "Luminous Authors," which, however, failed). Goldwyn finally got around to joining Miss Crothers in Connecticut, at the time; but David Selznick of C.G.M had already snapped her up to play an adaptation of A. E. Thomas' "No More Ladies!"

Miss Crothers arrived last September, acting at once to the same lot which had been the setting of her "Let Us Be Gay," with Norma Shearer, "When Ladies Meet," with Ann Harding, and fifteen years ago—"Old Lady Sl." With Emma Lane. She wasn't altogether satisfied that her engagement, in her first in Hollywood; the knowledge that at least one other actress had been put on the same script and a great deal to do with her determination that this would never happen to any work of hers.

"The growth of pictures has been miraculous," she said, "on the technical side, and in marvelous casting. But the front has not yet come into its own. He must respect his job—or, rather, must be loved to respect it. Several different authors of even the same rank in ability and experience just don't possibly write a good play or a good anything together. Now much more hopeless, impossible would it be for those of a different kind of breeding, social background and style!"

"No wonder there are so many chaotic results, with this astatic method of work! When first-rate authors refuse to go on this way any longer, then something important for pictures will have been done."

Year in and year out, Rachel Crothers has been writing hit plays—from "The Three of Us," in 1906, to "When Ladies Meet" in 1932. Actress Constance Binney made her greatest impression in "39 East," Francine Larrimore her last in "Nice People." Katharine Cornell played her first role in Manhattan in a Crothers piece. And Miriam Hopkins created the lead in "Thou Desperate Pilot," a drama by a sister playwright which Miss Crothers produced on her own.

"Famous on Broadway for more than twenty-five years, Miss Crothers prefers Hollywood now because there's twelve months of golfing. She looks forward to movie work but believes a writer can earn more on Broadway than he can anywhere else."

[Please turn to page 108]
WHAT did the Queen of Sheba say to King Solomon when she took her first peek at his thousand wives?

In the same spot, Mae West would have said in her husky, languorous drawl, "What you need is one good one."

Can you picture our devastating West playing the Queen of Sheba? I can. Having directed her but once, in "Belle of the Nineties," it is my opinion that she can play anything.

I'm serious. As a matter of fact, don't be surprised if Mae actually does appear on the screen some day in her version of the biblical romance.

It has been said that the real artist, an actor or actress of fascinating, dominating personality, can play anything. That's...
Those who limit Mae to sexy rôles are wrong!
She is one of our most versatile actresses!

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN
Charles Boyer is the man of the hour in Hollywood and there's no one more surprised than himself.

When he awoke the morning after the preview of "Private Worlds" to find himself hailed as Hollywood's number one masculine threat, his amazement could not have been more profound unless some one had told him the truth—that if Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and Walter Wanger had not become bored with themselves and possibly each other during an ocean crossing last summer, he would very likely be back in his native France, convinced by the arguments of three futile attempts that Hollywood held nothing for him.

But fortunately for Hollywood—for Hollywood, I say, since Charles Boyer actually can make more money any day in France than he can here—Messrs. Lunt, Wanger and Miss Fontanne were driven to relieve their fidgets by taking in a show showing of a French movie called "La Bataille." Charles Boyer was the star and when it was over, the gist of the remarks by that eminent trio was that Mr. Boyer was good enough for their money—a thought which Mr. Wanger, being an alert producer, put on a telegraph blank the minute he docked in New York.

The wire, received in Hollywood, urgently commanded Wanger's agents to lose no time in looking up this chap Boye handcuffing him if necessary, until the Chief rolled in with Mr. Wanger and his fountain pen.

They were able to oblige their boss only because a few weeks before, after he had finished "Caravan" and surveyed himself as a gypsy leaping about and sawing a fiddle in what he considered a most adelle-pated manner, Charles Boyer had walked into the offices of Winfield Sheehan at Fox Studios.

When he had walked out, his pockets carried the shreds of the second Hollywood contract which had turned out to be bust. It was a ripping party by mutual consent, for Fox was no more anxious to have Charles Boyer than Charles Boyer was anxious to have Fox after "Caravan." The whole thing was a sorry misunderstanding.

So he was a free man, a happily free man, cheerfully packing his things for the boat to France and literally swearing "Never again!"
Charles Boyer is still astounded by the flood of feminine adulation on "Private Worlds." Above, with Joel McCrea, Claudette Colbert.

Boyer tore up his old contract, but he didn't know that another one was about ready for him. It was for "Private Worlds," a triumph.

By WARREN REEVE

ain!" when they arrived to ask him to please stay over till Walter Wanger arrived.

"But of course," said our hero, with true Gallic courtesy. Result—"Private Worlds" and the name of Charles Boyer's every tongue in Hollywood, although not one of every ten announces it right. It's "Bwah-yay!"—French, you know—and if you really do the first syllable justice you'll crack a dipped lip every time.

It's funny, downright funny, how an actor can stay around Hollywood for years and never get a tumble until all of a sudden. It happens time after time.

Charles Boyer has come to Hollywood three times. He came over the first time as an eminent, established stage and screen actor of France. His contract was for French versions at M-G-M. But this soon became commercially impractical and was abandoned. Boyer returned to France here he still has picture contracts to fulfill six months of every year.

His M-G-M agreement called for his later return to Hollywood—so he returned—an actor with a salary but without a job. He couldn't speak English—and they weren't making French versions. Still he felt obliged to do something—so he accepted bits. Maybe you remember one—the liveried chauffeur for Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman."

M-G-M's concession to Charles Boyer for doing this part was the promise not to release the picture in France. Don't forget, he was one of the most prominent of French stage stars and his appearance in a bit would have seriously damaged his prestige had the home folk seen it. But he played fair with Hollywood at the risk of his reputation.

I don't know when two picture titles have told the story as neatly as "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" tells that of Charles Boyer.

From his own private Hollywood world of misunderstanding, miscasting, and lack of appreciation he stepped right into the role of the newest screen heart-breaker. Like that—in one easy lesson.

Only, as he smiled to me, it [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]
DOMESTIC Felicity Note—Marlene Dietrich paused in Chicago to pose for the news photographers. She shoved husband Rudy Sieber out of the pictures, whereupon he waited for her until his patience wore low—then he grasped her firmly by the arm and led her away.

WHAT would you say is the major difference in a man’s life before and after marriage? was the pose someone put to Lew Ayres.

Lew figured a moment. “Well, before marriage a man takes a girl places. After marriage he goes with her!”

Don’t go near the water—especially on a bike—is the advice Raquel and Evelyn Venable needed! They said they didn’t know the tide was coming! Miss Torres looks most unhappy on that wheel!

Billie Burke always spends her off-the-set time with her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld. But recently they enjoyed working together in “The Great Ziegfeld.” Patricia acted and Billie supervised.

Those “in the know” say Von Sternberg’s last picture had more in it than met the eye. It was his swan song with Dietrich and was supposed to be a delineation from the life of his experience with her. Anyway, if you can just keep that in mind, it may make a dull picture rather piquant. Personally, I think that’s just how the rumor was started—so people would want to be in the know, and go to see it. There are not so many other reasons for going.

TULLIO CARMINATI and Mary Ellis while doing “Paris in Spring” engaged for several days in a temeramental battle. Oh, nothing vulgar like throwing things. All very good-mannered and gentle—but a battle, nevertheless. So finally Mary proved what a smart girl she is by giving in, which made her the unofficial winner and she can have anything she wants now for the asking!

IDA LUPINO has been here, there and everywhere with Director Lewis Milestone lately. Evidently sensing the need which all romances have for a bit of competition, Dick Cromwell has entered the picture. The village is awaiting developments.

A MAN who has been closely associated with Von Sternberg on his last picture, was being kidded about his long hair. “You have to have long hair to work for Von Sternberg,” he answered, quite seriously. “But,” he added, “I’m having it cut now, gradually, so I won’t take cold.”

Von Sternberg, by the way, is about to become a gentleman farmer, although he will probably resent the gentleman part of it. Out in Chatsworth (you saw the Chatsworth geography in much of “Bengal Lancer,” where lots of it was taken), Von is building a house of modified German architecture. In it will be a mural by Diego Rivera, the radical Mexican painter whose mural for the Rockefeller Center in New York City was removed after a dispute.
ATHARINE HEPBURN'S new crush is Charles Boyer, who replaces Francis Lederer in her picture, "Break of Hearts." It's a harmless crush, because Charles, as you know, is married to Pat Patterson. For that matter, since "Private Worlds," most of the stars I know have a crush on Charlie. An interesting item brought to mind by that picture is the fact that Frances Dee was once madly in love with Boyer, but her mother did not approve of a marriage. So she married Joel Crea—who was the other doctor in "Private Worlds."

EVERYBODY likes to see the old-timers get a break, and it's good news to know Mae Busch will soon be among those present again. She is the only way a star can come back is to one back fighting. "I reached the top once without knowing the ropes. I ought to be able to get back, now that I know the way."

Sally missed that one! Which makes this a remarkable picture. For Miss Eilers is a grand tennis player and rarely fails in the ball over the net. She's playing between scenes of "Alias Mary Dow."

JEAN HERSHOLT and Virginia Fino enjoy a friendly chat during a lull in the dancing at a Colony Club party. No gossip! Mrs. Hersholt and Virginia's escort were just around the corner.

N E V E R take my troubles home from the studio," Pat O'Brien remarked to a friend the lot. "Neither do I," answered the friend. "Mine are already there."

HARRY GREEN, the popular comic, has given Hollywood a new idea in amusing situations. He sent out five hundred for pach, cocktails and general all-day party at the Colony Club, and in each note named he invited one "Guest of Honor." Quite a few people, Eddie Robinson among them, boned, delighted at the unexpected honor. Here were others, of course, who became angry at suddenly finding themselves thrust to such a position without any warning beforehand, which also delighted Mr. Green, who having himself several fits of hysterics imagining what's going to happen when all five hundred get together and compare notes.

G L O R I A S W A N S O N is back in Beverly Hills after spending practically the entire winter at La Quinta, the fashionable desert resort beyond Palm Springs. Herbert Marshall is another familiar face in town now—the face is deeply tanned. He has been spending most of the winter months at Palm Springs.

TAY GARNETT, the director, bestowed upon his good friend Clark Gable a first edition of his new novel, "Man Laughs Back." On the fly leaf was the inscription—"Clark—here's your book—100,000 words. Maybe they're not the right words, but 100,000 words just the same. If you don't believe it, count 'em!—Tay."
We were going to show you a new bathing suit fashion, but Betty turned around. Who's interested in fashions anyhow when Miss Fur-ness is in the picture! But if you are — the suit's white satin.

All the comforts of home, after a hard day's work. Will Rogers was enjoying a bit of solitude when a snooping cameraman interrupted him. You'll see Will next in the Fox film "Doubting Thomas."

ART director Cedric Gibbons, Dolores Del Rio's husband, nearly fell over the other day when Director Edwin Ludvig of M-G-M called up and thanked him for the lovely sets he had designed for "The Age of Indiscretion."

"What's the matter?" asked Ludvig, hearing Gibbons gasp. "It's the first time anyone ever bothered to call me up and say so."

"Say what?"

"Thanks!" replied the still shocked Gibbons.

THOMAS LAMONT, the financial tycoon, visited Hollywood and was escorted through the studios at M-G-M. On one set he was introduced to Walter Walker, the character actor who is so often cast as a sedate banker.

"He's played you hundreds of times, Mr. Lamont," informed the guide.

Lamont reached his hand over and patted the actor sympathetically on the shoulder, "Poor fellow," he consoled.

LITTLE Michele Bridget Swanson-Farm refused her soup. In a nice way, of course, with a certain finality of decision, "But I have no vitamins," announced Michele Bridget. From two and a half, this was doing pretty well. A most persuasive argument ensued. It was finally discovered that to Michele Bridget a vitamin is the same as an alphabet. Put in the letters and Michele Bridget puts the soup!
They can’t take it! Jean Harlow and Carl Randall sat down on the set and pulled off their shoes after making the dance scenes for “Reckless.” The dance is called “Lo Trombosa.” Randall makes his movie début in the Horlow-Powell film.


Bill Benedict has reason to smile! Broke in Hollywood, he used his last nickel to call casting director James Ryon, got a job in “$10 Raise,” and turned in such a fine performance, he won a Fox contract.

Can you be superstitious if you don’t know you’re being superstitious? Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery were going a terrible time in a scene for “No More.” Everything went wrong. Sally Joan looked at the camera slate and the legend, “Scene 13.” She recalled that it was Friday. They changed the scene number to “Scene 14” and the next “take” was perfect. Now about it?

Just after Mervyn LeRoy’s infant son was born he dashed in to see Mark Kelly. “I’m a father!” he yelled.

“Is it a girl?” asked the delighted Kelly.

“No,” said Mervyn.

“A boy?”

“Au!” said the new father, “Who told you?”

Greta Garbo, they say, is so exclusive she won’t even talk to herself!

[ Please turn to page 79 ]
Watching a scene in the shooting. Left to right are Martha Sleeper, Ben Hecht, Charlie MacArthur, John Barrymore who was visiting the set, Julie Haydon and Mr. Coward.

Moment musical between scenes of "The Scoundrel." Coward plays the piano, Hecht the violin, and Julie Haydon listens in.

Off the screen one of the world's most eligible bachelors. On the screen, a heart-breaker in "The Scoundrel." The lady is Martha Sleeper.

FIVE MILLION Dollar Bachelor

Next to the Prince of Wales, Noel Coward is probably the world's most eligible bachelor.

Young, good looking, clever, with romantic notions in his head and witticisms on the tip of his tongue, he came to New York a few years ago broke, and today, they say, is worth five million dollars.

If you think any lady in the country is interested in a man like him, you're right!

Until now his feminine following was principally New York and London sophisticates. Others knew him as the author of "Cavalcade," or the who sings his "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," or the author of the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne "Design for Living" triangle play. But they've never had a chance to become acquainted with Noel Coward, the personality—the man.

However, brace up! All is changed. He's in the movies now, and ladies of Prairie City and Pine Gap will have an even chance with the of 'em. A chance for romantic yearnings, that is.

Not so long ago Noel Coward went to Hollywood on his way to somewhere else. As soon as he hit town all the producers were on his trail contracts in their hands.

"Thank you vedy, vedy much flattering sirs," he said in his clipped English, "but I'm just here on a holiday. People work too deucedly hard out here—up at 6:30, make-up on at eight. My word!"

A few months later Noel Coward was up at 6:00, make-up on at so hard at work—not in Hollywood, but in Paramount's New York
Noel Coward's feminine following has been confined to New York and London sophisticates. But it will soon be nationwide. For he's in the movies now!

By MILDRED MASTIN

The leading role in the Ben Hecht-Charlie MacArthur film, "The Scoundrel." It's his début as a movie actor. While the film is not released until August 28, those who have sneaked in for a peek at the rushes are agog with extravagant prophecies about Noel Coward's future as a motion picture star.

Noel Coward isn't tops as a motion picture star, it will be the first time he's tried in which he's failed to have phenomenal success. He hit a high for playwrights when, in 1927, five of his plays were running at the same time in London. Still, in his early thirties, he's written nineteen plays, and virtually every one of them hits.

He wrote "Design for Living" while traveling the high seas on a freighter. He wrote "Private Lives" while ill with flu in Hong Kong. His longest, and what many consider his greatest, play, "Cavalcade," he wrote on a cable. Coward was in New York at the time, working on his musical show, "Bittersweet." Charles B. Cochran, London producer, learned that he had plans for another play in mind, and cabled Coward, "Would you like to do another play?" Coward sat down and cabled him the play—all sixty-one scenes—in what was probably one of the longest cables ever. Coward says he wrote "Cavalcade" because he had an urge to write a comedy. He is British enough to admit that one of his biggest thrills came when the King and Queen of England attended a performance of the play. And he is modest enough to admit that he had been mulling over the idea for a long time before he sat down and dashed it off by cable. "Design for Living" was adapted for the stage by Stanley Ridges and Miss Haydon, who appeared together in the film with Noel Coward and his leading lady, Julie Haydon, who came from Hollywood for the part. But it will soon be nationwide. For he's in the movies now!
LORETTA YOUNG takes directions from Cecil B. DeMille for scene in Paramount's "The Crusades." Talking to Anna Demetri who is in the scene with Loretta, is Henry Wilcoxon. Richard Lion Hearted in the elaborate film of the exciting and gripping
HOW TO GET RID OF THE DEPRESSION BLUES

Crying causes wrinkles! Exercises, but not tears, bring quiet nerves, relaxation, better health

If you’ve been through the depression. And you tell me that the worry and the mental stress and the heartache of the last few years have left their mark on you. Your letters say that you’re run down, pepless, melancholy. I'd add something to that. Your circulation is probably terrible too. And you blame it all on the depression. When the person to blame is yourself!

Then to me! The depression was darned for you. Before the crash when you were rolling in you were soft—physically and mentally. You were filled to the gills with self-importance and had to back it up with the dollar. You live with hot and soul.

And my advice before, during and after depression is the same. It’s this: Keep babies, keep lean! And that doesn’t mean a cent. All you need to use is your body and your hands. It doesn’t make any difference how much or how little money you have—you can keep lean. Fat is never stylish—even in sables. So don’t worry you can’t buy expensive clothes.

Read the other day that skirts are terry—and the stylist added that they make you more youthful than that way. But you measure youth by an inch of material. You won’t look youthful if big piano legs are peeping out from under the short skirts. Indeed what difference does it make whether it’s patent leather or pigskin for belts—if the ends of the belt don’t meet? Women must first fashion their figures if they want to be figures of fashion.

Instead of worrying because you lack the money to buy smart clothes, worry about getting a good figure so that when you do have the money you will do the clothes justice. And, best of all, if you'll only keep lean, your mental outlook will be so much better you’ll have health and happiness to do your work well, which, in turn, means success.

In the beginning God gave you a lovely body. You may have lost it but He also gave you intelligence enough to realize that you positively can recapture what you’ve lost—if you want it!

Keep lean! Your burdens will seem lighter. You'll develop a taste for the simple life. If you'll just get up and bestir yourself—instead of sitting around moaning—you won’t have any burdens.

I want to help you. The best way to do that is to make your life good and hard so that you'll say, "I'll show Sylvia!" Then in a month, when you’ve lost fifteen or twenty pounds, you'll say, “Well, I showed Sylvia and she showed me.” That will be my reward. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]
WHERE IS Hollywood's Glamour?

SOMEONE once asked a wise man of Hollywood to name the town's most precious commodity, and he answered with one word—"Glamour."

Glamour—Webster defines it as "a deceptive or enticing charm," and Hollywood defines it as what it takes to transform a star into a great screen personality.

Ever since the first camera crank turned on the sun-lit charms of a heavy-fielded siren siren, glamour has been pursued as eagerly in Hollywood as the Fountain of Youth or the Lost Isle of Atlantis.

Ten or fifteen years ago the formula was as simple as its manifestations were elaborate.

Glamour was acquired by putting it on. High wide and handsome. All over town. You cut a wide and extravagant swath—dazzling the population with a super campaign of ostentations, tossing fortunes to the winds, playing to a perpetual gallery and playing big.

Gloria Swanson, more than anyone else, radiated that magic vibration. Glamorous Gloria has never been approached. She was Glamour personified, and so powerful was the aura that people were moved about her that she has persisted as a great personality long after her screen importance dissolved into yesterday.

Gloria Swanson deliberately acquired glamour. There was nothing intrinsically glamorous about the little Mack Sennett bathing beauty who was once Wally Beery's wife and naively helped her adoring husband paint on the door of his first automobile, a second-hand flivver, a huge heart which circled their names, "Wally and Glory."

But there was something bewitching about the great American whose daring coiffures and profusion of startlingly extreme and vividly colored eyes had created a breathtaking legend of elegance. There was something hypnotically awesome about a girl who took a trip to Paris, came back a marquise, to be welcomed home by a horde of adoring fans which strewed roses beneath the wheels of her long-nosed car as it rolled majestically along Vine Street.

Then you couldn't ignore a regal reception where the wardrobe bore engraved escutcheons and the linen sported canopy. Where the titled hostess descended at the evening's climax a brief royal audience of fifteen minutes, and then with her well-kissed hand to sweep majestically up the stairs.

Those were the things that counted then. What happens off the screen even more than what happened on.

Just ten years ago, the same Gloria Swanson had occasion to travel from New York to Hollywood. She had just received the biggest salary offer Paramount had ever made in order to produce her own pictures at United Artists.

Nevertheless, she was in one of her frequent periodic financial distress and found herself low in funds. This, however, did not prevent her from returning to Hollywood for a year or two in a private car.

A few months ago the rumor that Greta Garbo, who is certainly the most glamorous of all the current crop of Hollywood stars, was thinking about buying a new car was a shock. With money, property and a tremendous salary piling up, she had found it necessary to replace a creaking limousine used for the past seven years! But it hadn't been her glamour.

Times have changed. Hollywood still treasures glamor. Great screen personalities still exist by its very potency.
GLAMOUR?

Many years ago, the thing for a to do was dazzle the public with a campaign of extravagance and spay, but today there's a new note

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Where is Hollywood's glamour today? What is it like? It still distilled from the same gaudy blossoms—big homes, extravagant parties, eccentric actions, personal showman-

five acres of Beverly Hills, Brentwood, or Toluca Lake than existed in all of Hollywood in the dear dead days. But not one of them has the solid gold fixtures that glittered in Charlie Ray's bath room.

Each week, socially-minded Hollywood stars entertain their friends with intimate dinners and (please turn to page 106)
THE RISE OF A SONG KING

By getting a nail, a shoe was saved; By getting a shoe, a horse was saved; By getting a horse, a rider was saved; By getting a rider, a kingdom was saved; And all by getting a horse-shoe nail!

THE NAIL

"Get a job yet, Buddy?"
"Not a sign of one. Things are bad."
"You eating?"
"Not much. Eddie's still laid up in bed."
"Well, it's not much, but you can help around the station if you want to. Pay you ten a week."
"Gee! That'd be swell!"

And so it was that Joe Morrison got a job in Hollywood as handy man in a gas station. He'd had a bad time of it, especially since his pal and partner He's a movie star now, and on a fat contract. But Joe can still service a car and he's ready to prove he can

Joe and the three up-and-comers he played with in "Four Miracles" was taken seriously ill. Not very impressive work for talented young singer, but today Joe feels that if he had gotten that job, he'd probably still be a nonentity. Fate was in queer ways its miracles to perform. The rest of his life and his recent meteoric rise to the top came as a gradual dovetailing sequence of events based upon a hungry boy, sick pal and a friendly gas-station man—and the very important ten bucks a week.

In a few weeks Joe was servicing the trade.
"Wipe your windshield, Mister?"
The man in the big car nodded as he pocketed the change.
The young gas station employee began briskly polishing a broad glass. He started to hum; he wasn't very happy, but he just did break into melody every now and then because it reminded him of happier days. The job finished, he stepped back from the car with a cheerful grin. 
"Okay, sir!"
"Thanks, Rudy."
"Rudy?"
"Yeah. Quite the singer, aren't you?"
Young Mr. Morrison blushes easily.
Taking a job in a garage for ten bucks a week, then humming at his work, was the beginning of Morrison’s success.

Joe felt a little diffident returning to a rehearsal-blackened theater for the first time in months. He was still a little hungry, too. His partner, Eddie Vine, wasn’t much better—pneumonia is very persistent at times—and Joe had been trying to support them both on the ten bucks a week he got from the gas station. Two people don’t eat much on a tenner a week.

Finally Lambert noticed him. He turned to Al Herman, “There’s that punk I was telling you about. Hey, kid! Get up on the stage and sing something.”

Fighting to keep his knees stiff, Joe mounted the stage. A lot depended on that song in a strange house. Eddie was awful sick. He finished the song in a dead silence.

Nervously he started in on the second chorus again.

“That’s enough, kid,” came the voice. “I’ll call you later if we want you.”

Bitterly disappointed and feeling very young and in need of someone to be kind to him for a change, Joe stumbled up the dark aisle and headed back to the station. The boss just looked at him. No need to ask questions.

“Have a cigarette, youngster.”

That’s all he had to say. They understood each other. Joe grinned and lit up.

THE SHOE

“The Nine O’Clock Review” opened amid all the gaiety and color of a Hollywood first night. Brilliant lights, beautiful gowns, renowned figures thronging the foyer and an idolatrous public jamming the sidewalks waiting for glimpses of the elite.

But the two happiest people in Hollywood were Joe Morrison and Eddie Vine. Joe didn’t want Eddie to come to the opening—the night air was bad and he was still weak from two months in bed—but Eddie Vine insisted. | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 |
I was on the staircase, when the structure began to rock and sway. As I fell, Freddie Gay caught me. "Earthquake," said Deering. Then Freddie, still holding me, asked, "What'll we do now?"

COULD have slept a lot more than I did the next morning, and Louella hated to waken me even late, but I thought it might be a good idea to be on the set on time so I hurried over without breakfast.

Louella went with me to my dressing room and helped me put on my gown over the coating of glycerine which I always wear under an evening frock—at least before the camera. It is a little chilly sometimes, but a glycerine foundation makes clothes fit perfectly and there is no danger of anything slippin'—which is quite an item with the kind of costume I usually wear.

As soon as I was dressed and made up I went over on the set. Stars ordinarily wait in their dressing rooms until they are called, but I didn't figure that I rated that kind of attentio
"I seemed to be jinxed—fatally so. And everyone with whom I came in contact fell under the terribleness of it—suffered physical harm, even death, and I escaped"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLANNIGAN

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

She was a nurse, beautiful, desirable. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her. Sam Weeks merely coveted her. But it was not in her to love or desire. Cooper faced a serious operation. He asked her to marry him—and he'd live. The doctors said it was impossible for him to live. She married him—out of compassion. But—he lived, only to die under suspicious circumstances—an overdose of a sleeping potion. She had been the last nurse to attend him—and it was known why she had married him.

But, on the testimony of Weeks, she was cleared. Then Weeks, also Cooper's lawyer, handed her a check for $10,000, left her by Cooper. Weeks insisted she sign it over to him—for services rendered, the giving of false testimony at the hearing in Cooper's death. She tore up the check, ran away, to Hollywood, to a break in the movies—from the accidental discoloration of her hair.

Her entry into the movies was like a dream, beautiful but unreal. But soon her dream was blasted. The director assigned to her, the most famous in Hollywood, tried to inveigle her into his home. She refused to go in, waited outside, he went to greet her. Chilled, angry, she waited a short time longer, and then went home—wondering.

I went over and sat down on the steps of a huge staircase which was part of the set. Near by, some of the property men were shooting craps with one eye warily on the stage door. Their voices were hushed, and on a sound-proof stage when anything is hushed it is practically unheard. The walls are cork and felt-lined, so there are no echoes.

I must have sat there twenty minutes waiting for something to happen. Nothing did. It got me down, not knowing what the matter. Finally I stood up and went over to one of the sound department technicians who was fussing with a mixer. He had on a pair of ear-phones and spoke occasionally into a mouth-piece which somewhere connected him with the monitor room.

His name was Lanny Barnes—I had learned that from hearing him spoken to several times the day before—and he was one of the homeliest men I ever looked at. His sandy hair stood straight up in an unruly pompadour. Th at and his titled eyebrows gave him a sort of a frightened appearance. But his eyes under those brows were different—steady, blue and innocent-looking—and he had a large mouth with a bristly little moustache over it that was not as wide as his lips.

When I stood beside him he was only a little taller than I, but strong and stocky as to body and shoulders. I waited for him to take the ear-phones off.

"What's the matter? Where is everybody?"

He gave me a friendly grin. "Probably they're rewriting the script or something, Miss Adair. You mustn't mind a little wait in the motion picture business. That's what we do most of. Thank heaven I don't have to worry about anything but a few wire cables and a cranky transformer. Somebody'll be along in a minute and give us the devil for wasting time."

Lanny proved to be right. Almost before he finished speak-
"Go away. No time for a publicity racket—'Blonde Actress Poses As Nurse,'" Deer- ing cuttily said. "I am a nurse," I said.

Uncle Lou was barking as he came in, and kept right on. "Get Freddy Gay and Taylor and whoever else is in the scene," he told Jimmy, and Jimmy hurried over to the portable telephone. He began dialing numbers.
"You here already?" Uncle Lou said to me. "Well, that's
good. I want you should meet the new director on this picture,
Mr. Scott Deering."  

2. Deering was the tall thin man. We shook hands.  

It was puzzling. "I thought Mr. Sohli—"

Uncle Lou interrupted me: "Sohlki got himself killed last
night. As if I didn't have enough troubles already!"

I found myself repeating, "Killed!" but I wasn't thinking of
some woman stabbed him," Uncle Lou went on.

Feldman protested, "We don't know yet if it was a
woman."

"Sure it was. In Hollywood, it's always a woman," Uncle
Lou snapped.

I went right on thinking. It was that woman I had seen
talking into Sohli's house the night before—the woman
who had looked me over so carefully as I sat there in his car
looking for him to come out. That was why he had not come
with the coats—would never come out again. I won-
der foolishly if his car was still standing there, parked against
the curb. But it wouldn't be; his car would have been taken
away by the police. The police! Terrifying memories. Had I
left anything in the car? Fear just about paralyzed my brain.
I couldn't remember! A handkerchief might have fallen out of
my pocket, or I might have lost a button from my coat.

Beer panic made my knees tremble. It couldn't be—there
mustn't be another death in which I was even remotely con-
cerned. It was unfeeling of me, I know, to be thinking about
myself at a time of tragedy, but I couldn't help it. I was feeling
alive again the dreadful agony of a rabbit headed down a
hill with dogs in full pursuit. If my name was linked
with this thing, all that had happened to me before would come
Perhaps I would even be suspected myself. And just
when I was beginning to feel so safe, with everything that was
happening in my life safely two thousand miles away,
must have been a little dizzy. Somebody caught me by
the arm and steadied me—it was Scott Deering.

"Take it easy, Miss Adair," I guess I—I'm a little faint," I faltered. "I didn't have
an breakfast."

That was a silly thing to say, but it diverted attention for the
moment.

Confound women who starve themselves," said the tall
director impatiently. "Here—I'll send out for some coffee and a
sandwich."

He began looking around for someone to dispatch on the
run.

I laughed, a little hysterically. "I don't starve myself,
no. I didn't eat because I was afraid I'd be late." I
moaned to Louella. "My maid will get me something."

UELLA came over to us with a funny look in her eyes—a
terror. She had heard the conversation, of course, and she
wondered, just as I was, what part I had had in the sudden
ting off of the recently virile Mr. Sohli. I knew her well
enough even then to realize that she was not accusing me, but
merely trying to figure it out. I knew also that even if I
were in some strange way to blame, she would not betray me.
I shook my head at her just once, reassuringly. No one
else but Louella herself, and her face cleared instantly.

Yes, Miss Rach—Miss Rochelle, honey, I was just wait-
ing out what I could do for you.

Mr. Deering gave her the money to get breakfast from across
the street—the studio restaurant didn't open until after eleven—
and Louella departed cheerfully on her way. She, poor loyal,
taking soul, thought everything was all right.

By that time, Mr. Gay and Mr. Taylor had arrived and
Mr. McCane called a rehearsal. That was the Hollywood
version of "The show must go on."

"I give you time off to go to the funeral," Uncle Lou said
lately, "but otherwise we got a fast shooting schedule on this
fate, already New York is holding about the overhead."

With that he Hustled off to other affairs, sure that everything
would be all right in the capable hands of the new director
whom he had hastily catapulted into a picture that he knew
nothing about.

He was right about the capability of Scott Deering. I was
too concerned with my own affairs to appreciate him that morn-
ing, but I learned later that all he needed was a few sun-arc's and
a camera to paint the most vivid loveliness that has ever ap-
peared on the silver screen.

I went through what I was supposed to do in a sort of a
trance, but somehow three or four scenes got themselves
photographed and recorded before it was time for lunch.

I did not go to the commissary but ordered something sent
over to my dressing room. Louella went out and bought a copy
of the noon edition of the afternoon paper.

The murder of William Sohli carried an eight-column
headline.

According to the press, the police so far knew only that the
body had been found by Sohli's Japanese man-servant when
he came in that morning; that he had been killed with a carving
knife; and that half a dozen different people were being held for
questioning.

My name was not mentioned.

CHAPTER XVI

And my name never has been mentioned from that day to
this in connection with one of the most mysterious murder cases
that has ever puzzled the Los Angeles police.

I couldn't tell what I knew. Louella wouldn't, of course, and
the woman who saw me waiting in Sohli's car most certainly
couldn't say anything without making what would have been
practically a confession of her own guilt. But the Sohli death
mystery was suddenly eclipsed by a greater news event, and
the police and the press were distracted from their probe, and finally
the clues grew cold and confused.

At any rate, the murder was front page news for only a day.

In another twenty-four hours it was mentioned briefly in the
second news sections of the local papers, and in a week had
entirely disappeared from print.

Had I been as well known then as I am now I would almost
invariably have been dragged into the case. Someone would
have seen me with Sohli and remembered it. But as it was,
there were too many people trying to hide what they knew
about the famous director. Any one of a score of enemies—
some of them jealous husbands and vengeful mothers—had
plenty of reason to like Sohli better underground, and in the
confusion, the real culprit escaped. I think I met her once—but
that is an unpleasant experience I will set down later.

However, the conclusion that I was never to be concerned in
the police investigation was not arrived at in time to be of any
use to me the afternoon the story broke or for many days there-
after. The day the murder was discovered I had to renew my
make-up several times to cover up the signs of my agitation,
and go back on the set when I was called.

In spite of my trepidation and concern with affairs outside
the studio, I found out the first afternoon that Scott Deering
did not approve of me—or, at least, of my type. During one of
the intervals in shooting, while the crew was shifting cameras
and lights for a new set-up, Frederick Gay came over to me
and quite casually put his arm around my shoulders as he talked to
me. "I didn't know what to do about it. Gay, I may say, is one of
the greatest actors in America today, with a fine stage tradi-
tion back of his glamorous success on the screen. I was aware
(as who isn't?) that the unwritten ethical code of show business
embraces customs and unconventionals which are frowned
upon in a stricter environment. How often I had been told that
terms of endearment and casual familiarities "do not mean
a thing."

I was telling myself that as I stood there, frustrated a little
and certainly uncomfortable, while the cooerse and debonnaire
Mr. Gay took liberties which I should have resented under any
other circumstances and which were practically insulting.

His conversation, however, was something else again. All he
was saying was, "When I was in France during the war I don't
recall having seen any apartments [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
The Tragedy of Being A
HOLLYWOOD MOTHER

"I have not seen my baby awake for three days!"

It was a wistful statement, full of mother-yearning, made by Virginia Bruce the other day at the studio. She had been working constantly on a new production. When she arrived home late, Susan Ann was asleep. When she left for the studio the next morning, the baby had been up for hours and was taking her nap.

Have you ever thought about this tragedy of stardom, you mothers who can enjoy your babies all the day through?

Perhaps you may have cast an envious eye at the glamorous picture queens—it's only human. Perhaps, after a particularly hot and trying day when your baby is teething and fretful, and you finally get him off to sleep, you have sighed to yourself, "Oh, for the life of a movie star!"

Balance it against this:

Glenda Farrell, with her boy desperately ill in Palm Springs all last year and Glenda working in two pictures at once in Hollywood. Glenda, snatching every moment away from the work—work which made possible the expensive care Tommy needed—to rush down and see him—often to stay for only an hour.

And balance it against this:

Helen Hayes, in Hollywood to fulfill a contract—miserable and in an agony of worry away from her little Mary. She did not dare bring Mary out here due to the infantile paralysis scare. She was so unhappy making the picture "What Every Woman Knows" that no title was ever truer.

Her dissatisfaction then was not with Hollywood, pictures in general, or that particular production. It was simply that she could not bear to be away from her child. Helen telephone, her every night, but left the phone bathed in tears. Helen would talk on and on, absorbing every nuance in Mary's voice—to carry her through the next day. Nothing, not all the studio gods or the elements combined could keep her from the telephone at that appointed hour.

Helen is back with her child now—and she says no contract will ever lure her to Hollywood or any place again without Mary. Helen did not have a normal childhood, herself. She was on the stage at the age of five, and has been there ever since. So now she is having her play-days with Mary, and no mother ever enjoyed her child more completely. Mary and Helen dress dolls together, have tea-parties, take riding lessons. When she is with Mary, Helen Hayes shuts out the world and is so breathlessly happy that alien eyes have no place in this two-some. It is intruding on something too revealing and sacred.

Recently, Helen even threatened to give up the stage, because she said, she couldn't do justice to both jobs at once. Few women who have had her success would not try to effect a compromise—but Helen places the child first. She will never forget that torturing separation.

Motherhood has been called the inalienable right of woman—but it requires more than ordinary courage on the part of a screen star. There is the fear of the effect on her appearance—which every woman feels. To a star it is of vital economic importance. It may be a gamble—but truthfully, a baby more often improves the mother's looks than damages them, when she has the proper care.
Don't ever envy the star mother! Few women sacrifice so much for their babies and get so little joy in return

BY RUTH RANKIN

Virginia Bruce, for instance, was merely a pretty girl when she married Jack Gilbert and until Susan Ann was born to her, she is radiantly beautiful—called, in fact, one of the most beautiful women on the screen. Sally Eilers, Arline Judge, Frances Dee, Joan Blondell, Dixie Lee Crosby—all went through the worry and gambled with their appearance. And every one of their babies has added that indefinable something between girlish prettiness and real beauty. They have a pose and an assurance they never had before.

But every one of them made a material, economic sacrifice—high runs into staggering figures—to have her baby. The cost of a child, to a popular star whose services are in constant demand, is between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars!

In Norma Shearer’s case with her second baby, now expected, a whole M-G-M production of "Marie Antoinette" was halted—at a fabulous cost. Norma would like a girl this time, and let’s hope she gets her wish. She certainly deserves it. Norma feels that the time to have your children while you are young enough to grow up with them. She feels the studio and the career can wait. But it is impossible to eliminate a certain degree of worry about it.

When you consider at what tremendous odds picture stars have children at all, you realize what a gratifying wholesome and stimulating example they are in demanding their right to have youngsters and to be normal women. They can, of course, give them every advantage obtainable with money—the children undergo no sacrifice, but the mothers frequently do. Heretofore, it has not been the money class that has been the most prolific. Large families were considered by a certain snobbish group as slightly vulgar. But all around me, in Hollywood, I hear the girls who have one or two children now, saying, “Oh, my family is not complete yet. We want a girl, now—or another boy—or twins!” All enthusiastic.

And just as Hollywood influences the customs, manners and fashions of a country—why not the families?

When women want children enough to make sacrifices which no woman in any other walk of life is called upon to make, imagine what it means to those women to have to turn that child over to someone else to bring up!

Often, these picture girls are absolutely dependent on their work for economic security. If not, they can give the child greater advantages by continuing to work. Most of them have risen through the extra and small-player ranks to achieve their present success. Having just arrived at the top, it would be an unwarranted extravagance to toss it into the discard.
eye, there is the lurking awful fear of kidnappers which
leaves a star-mother a moment's peace. Guards are hired ju
as you would hire a maid—as a necessary part of every house
hold staff. Windows are barred, the child must be kept no
or less in seclusion. This is the most ghastly fear possible
imagine hovering over a household. To convey the neces-
sity for caution to the child, without conveying the fear, is a
problem every woman in pictures with a youngster has had
work out. The little girl or boy cannot run down the street
in perfect freedom to play with the neighboring kids. Can
go to and from school even in a school bus, unless strong
guarded. Can you imagine being miles away in a studio, able
to play an important scene, and have a frantic nurse telephone
that the baby cannot be found?

Marlene Dietrich solves this problem by having little Mar-
with her during almost every waking moment—with an arm
guard. And she has even been criticized for it, by many who
question the wisdom of subjecting a child to constant pub-
curiosity and attention. Maria is on a picture set with her
mother much of the time—not the best place in the world for
growing youngster, you may say.

But what is her mother to do? Be tortured and haggard
with worry over her welfare and safety, away from her?

Most picture children, when they are old enough, are brought
to the studio to see mama. Norma Shearer's son, Irving
Junior, calls on his father and goes to Norma's set every day
when she is working, for a short visit.

He brings her a bouquet of lovingly gathered flowers, slight
wilted by his tight little clasp, but precious to Norma. He
tells her of the pony ride he has just had, or the swim. They di-
cuss Irving Junior, not pictures. He wears, perhaps, a cowoy outfit and a sombrero. "Oh, who is that?" exclaim
Norma. "I'm Viva Villa!" shouts the boy, with a flourish.

One day he was persuaded to talk into the microphone
his name, age, "Hello papa, etc." It was put onto a sound
track and run off with the "rushes" that night, as a sur-
prise for his father.

Another day, he arrived in town with an important whisper.
He had left with his nurse for Thalberg office where he was solen-
announced, at his own request, "Irving Thalberg, Junior, to be
you." Junior gulped, took a deep breath, entered and bowed.
Then he spoke up manfully, "Daddy, I want to apologize for
being a naughty boy this morning."

So even discipline has to be exercised by a screen mother
from a picture set!

Norma Shearer happened to be an outstanding example of the
motherhood in this busine which makes any kind of mother
hood difficult enough. She sees more of her son than the average
star. She was off the screen year while Irving Junior was
quite young. It is a rare week that she must be away from
home every day, even in the midst of a picture. Yet her son
is not spoiled with too much attention or expensive toys.

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 |
an interesting departure in bathing suits. Double brown linen lace with a flesh-pink jersey lining upheld by a halter strap. The halter theme is a favored line throughout Miss Torres’ entire wardrobe.

An interesting departure in bathing suits. Double brown linen lace with a flesh-pink jersey lining upheld by a halter strap. The halter theme is a favored line throughout Miss Torres’ entire wardrobe.

beauty that lies in line. Glacier blue in the rosette of crépes sweeps from a simple halter bodice to a modified train. A single panel drapes from the ruched hip. Those crystals are not part of the gown.

White satin is developed along Grecian lines, with a closed halter front and no back. A narrow half-belt graces at back center. The slightly shortened front skirt is new and promises to be important fashion.

Summer afternoon finds Miss Torres wearing a suit of white crépe with snowy fox collar, over a simple matching blouse with button trimmed jabot. The mushroom skirt with patent band and tiny veil was designed by her.

Ain, only rich black crépe and line for style. The decolleté bodice slit is repeated in the skirt, where fullness falls well below the hips in the smart new skirt moment. Jeweled clasps and bracelets for accent.
A DAY IN JUNE WITH

Genevieve Tobin

The day on Miss Tobin's Montecito estate may begin or end with a canter, for which the actress is attired in beige whipcord jodhpurs, green, beige and brown wool coat with patch pockets and a paisley stock. Her boots are of dark brown.

Cream satin blooms with pastel flowers for dinner or the dance, and is simply designed with a capelet barely covering the shoulders. Miss Tobin's only adornment is a string of pearls. Sandals are worn stockingless; hair in sculptured curls.
Breakfast and a lazy sunning in the patio of her country home start a good day. For early hours Miss Tobin likes the comfortable Elizabeth Allen pajamas with white design on a powder-blue ground. Nonchalant three-quarter coat with pockets...
Jean Harlow has trim feet and a beautifully arched instep. Her shoe closet reveals sandals with wide black satin bands embroidered in gold for the negligée or hostess gown. Also, very smart tweed sports ghillies trimmed with brown alligator, which may be ordered in sturdy fabric to match sports clothes.

For town wear, look twice at these white kid members closely overlaid with narrow bands of black braid with that most comfortable of ideas, the T strap. An even more generous T strap nominates these white perforated buckskins with perforated brown kid trim for practically all sports and spectator sports needs.

Jean Harlow's

Hawaiian seed accessories in variety figure in the Hollywood sports plan. Miss Lupino poses with a necklace of the lei type, two bracelets and a bag with hookless slide fastener for safety of contents. Barbaric in their primitive simplicity, oyster shells highly polished for an exotic necklace and bracelet, and worn with striking effect by Kathleen Burke. From I. Magnin, California.
Costume jewelry has interpreted itself in almost every substance under the sun, including metal, wood, synthetics, nuts and seed. Marian Marsh displays blue matches with white beads that strike a smart note.

With gay little trinkets like Miss Marsh's coral and gold clip and bracelet, daytime frocks take on new character and color. Distinctive accessories for every costume is a chic thought for the smart.

How would you like a red and white map of Hollywood in scarf form, like Miss Lupino's? A perfect Baedeker for prospective visitors shows all favorite spots, studios and other what-nots.

SHOE PARADE

For afternoon or with the cotton dinner and dance frock, we recommend Miss Harlow's bright Scotch plaid sandals in red, yellow, sand and white. For the formal frock, the chastely lovely Grecian sandals of gold kid for flowing chiffons and crépes. All shoes are from Bullock's-Wilshire, California.
THE Gaumont British "Loves of a Dictator" not only teams Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll, noteworthy on its own, but presents the panoply and bitter intrigue of a fascinating phase of the Danish royal court in the 16th century. Right, Helen Haye as Juliana the Queen Mother haughtily snubs Clive Brook (Dr. Struensee) after failing to set Queen Caroline Mathilde (Madeleine Carroll) against him, her lover. Center left is Miss Haye, then directly below, from left to right, Miss Carroll and Mr. Brook, Miss Carroll, and Mr. Brook. Betty Hamilton, illustrating the rich scenes and settings.
In "Loves of a Dictator," the regal Madeleine Carroll risks her own life in a farewell visit to her lover, Dr. Struensee (Clive Brook), her staunch supporter and honest adviser, thrown into a dungeon and sentenced to death on a pretext. Next, the winsome young Queen Caroline Mathilde herself, a close-up of her as she first met the serious Dr. Struensee, a man of science far ahead of his time and consequently hated for it. In his last moments on earth, facing extinction by the axe, he broods not only on the bitterness of his own fate, but that of his beloved—did she escape a like ending?
ONE cigarette in the dark gave the photographer a chance to catch this interesting black-and-white study of Phillip Reed. You'll see Reed with Bette Davis in First National's picture, "The Girl from 10th Avenue"
Why Merle CLICKED

Fifty million film fans can't be wrong! Miss Oberon, a newcomer to Hollywood, is on a non-stop flight to stardom

By HELEN HARRISON

...
IRISH NIGHTS
And Other ADVENTURES

Erin Go Bragh, my Colleen.
The Abbey Players, famous Irish actors touring America, came to town. Maureen O'Sullivan entertained for them and the darlin' asked me to a big luncheon she gave at her home studio, M-G-M. I came in a pourin' rain and met the whole troupe who are wholesome, homey folk. First we met up in the research department, presided over by the interesting Natalie Bucknall. And some day soon, kitten, I shall discourse on what a fascinating place that is... Fancy hors d'oeuvres and cocktails were served before we went down the commissary. I met Miss Eileen Crowe, the lady who very night played the part in "The Far-Off Hills," while Maureen is going to do on the screen, so I pulled a big kis to the city right out of the air (there's nothing you can't do in Hollywood!) and presented it to her as a welcome gift.
The luncheon table was splendidly decked out in green flowers, green aspics, tiny Irish flags and the brogue of Er which sent the stock of the land of Killarney to a new high
could hardly wait to see "The Far-Off Hills" that evening, for, though, that I never will know how good it was since audience was so filled with enthusiastic movie people, including Maureen, naturally, that I couldn't keep my eyes from going. They kept lighting on the young Miss Jean Muir, used to hang around back-stage a lot when the Abbeys were in New York and who was now sitting on the edge of her absorbed.

Well, from Ireland me and the Man went to heaven, which trocadero in this case. There, who do you think I saw? Maureen O'Sullivan! Surely!

There were others, too. That is, Fred Astaire, was talking intently to the Irving Berlins he didn't bat an eyebrow, alone a foot, when they eyed the Continental! A great down for me who was certain to see something spectacular by "the Astaire would rather talk than listen, but not so Mack Gordon. Mack didn't write the Continental but . . . so most all of Bing's tunes and has tossed off a ditty or two on the side. You may remember "Did You Ever See a team Walking?" and "Love Thy Neighbor." Bing rolled eyes, heaved his shoulders and did rat-a-tats on the table fork while he boo-booed-a-boo. Dixie did some head shoulder shakings, just like everybody wants to do when they hear the piece, only they don't do it so smooth and a-chaa!

It was a daisy of a night, that night. I got both eyes full of all your favorite movie stars. So, before I go on to other things, I must report that small Nancy Carroll with the big eyes wore a black Salvation Army bonnet with a bow and big long streamers all the way down the back! A quaint spectacle in the Troc.

The ravishing Virginia Bruce supplied enough allure for a dozen movie stars. Her brushed-gold hair, worn in a simple knot, with a half-moon shaped fluffy fringe, kept me insanely jealous all evening. Whenever I lowered my eyes it was to covet her floaty chiffon gown in a luscious rose-sunset shade, with her neck and shoulders rising from a huge, all-around ruff.

But let's leave the Troc and romp over to see the merry Pat O'Brien, and his missus and their kid, Mavourneen, they are so daffy over. She has the cunningest nursery, in pink and white with a miniature chaise longue in white moire taffeta piled high with pillows, just like a débutante's, that Barbara Stanwyck gave her. But that isn't all. There is a wondrous dressing-table, too, of white ruffled net over pink with looped up ribbon bows like a ballet dancer's skirt and a real mirror! It's a fluffy miniature of mama's and although the young one is too tiny to use it, 'tis a very pretty piece of feminine frippery to have in one's nursery, anyway.

From the nursery we toddled to the bar where I had to see the hundreds of pictures of Pat's friends, and the framed stills from every picture he's ever worked in. Anytime you have a week off, spend it with Pat at [please turn to page 104]
Here's a grand evening for you who like singing and dancing with a plausible back stage story sandwiched in. The fact that Al Jolson, better than ever, and Ruby Keeler, good as always, are in it lifts it out of the class of average musicals.

The hero (Al Jolson), supposed to be temperamental and unreliable, is barred from the show business. Then he meets Ruby. His sister, (played by Glenda Farrell, and she's swell!) makes them team up as an act. So far it might sound routine. However, the developments are anything but. And the dialogue isn't sacrificed for music. Dance numbers are exceptionally good—especially the routine featuring "A Latin from Manhattan." You'll find it swift and tuneful musical entertainment.

This will remind you of "The Thin Man." For it is as sparkling, thrilling and devastatingly humorous as last year's ace murder mystery.

William Powell has Ginger Rogers to banter with throughout this guaranteed-to-baffle murder problem. Bill again does his sleuthing in a most adroit and entertaining fashion, to extricate himself from a nasty mess following the slaying of a reporter in his apartment.

You don't know the answer until the final surprising fadeout, but the repeated sallies of irresistible wit and humor ease the tension delightfully. Another bright flow of dialogue and directorial punch is set off by easy, winning performances by all concerned, including Paul Kelly, Leslie Fenton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Russell Hopton.

One of history's most fascinating figures, Richelieu, comes to the screen in brilliant form. Mr. Arliss cannot but deliver a superior characterization, and he has never been more accomplished an actor than as the great Cardinal of France.

Although in history many versions of the iron-gloved priest are found, 20th Century has wisely kept to the middle road. You see his schemes, his trickery, his brilliant plans, and listen to his biting remarks, delivered in the typically delightful Arliss style. But one neither hates nor loves Richelieu. Rather, one waits to see what Arliss will do next.

Maureen O'Sullivan plays the lovely Lenore, his adopted daughter who, by merest chance, changed the history of France. She is so freshly lovely it is easily understood why Richelieu, to defend her honor, fights Louis when the King, for his own selfish ends, orders the Cardinal to marry her to an old man she has never seen.

Louis, played by Edward Arnold, is as excellent a portrayal as the most exacting historian could wish. And the rest of the cast measures up. Direction is rather slow. One wishes it had more fire, a more nail-biting, hand-wringing tempo. But the beauty of photography and mounting is superb. And the religious scenes so lovely they are a privilege to witness.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

RICHELIEU
PRIVATE WORLDS
GO INTO YOUR DANCE
STAR OF MIDNIGHT
VAGABOND LADY
FOUR HOURS TO KILL
BLACK FURY

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

George Arliss in "Cardinal Richelieu"
Edward Arnold in "Cardinal Richelieu"
Douglas Dumbrille in "Cardinal Richelieu"
Charles Boyer in "Private Worlds"
Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds"
Clive Brook in "Farewell to Love"
Paul Muni in "Black Fury"
William Powell in "Star of Midnight"
Robert Young in "Vagabond Lady"
Richard Barthelmess in "Four Hours to Kill"
Roscoe Karns in "Four Hours to Kill"
William Blakewell in "Strangers All"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122

☆ VAGABOND LADY—Hal Roach-M-G-M

A MORE spirited, delightfully mad and altogether enjoyable bit of comedy drama than this you'll seldom see. It's a pip from start to finish.

Robert Young is the captivating scapegrace son of a too, too dignified family. Stiff laced brother Reginald Denny entrusts Robert with the task of making fiancée Evelyn Venable appreciative of the finer things of life. Of course, he does just the opposite—and she loves it!

This is the best thing Robert Young has ever done. His playboy character is a triumph in whimsical anything-for-a-good-time rôles. Evelyn Venable shows refreshing spirit and Frank Craven's old-sot father rôle is a new deal in drunks. Plenty of grand "touches" can be credited to Director Sam Taylor and writer Frank Butler.

☆ PRIVATE WORLDS—Walter Wanger-Paramount

NO prophetic gift is necessary to state that this will be one of the year's most discussed pictures. It is a triumph in adult entertainment, with interesting characters playing against the extremely unusual, daring and yet absorbing background of mental abnormality.

Modern psychiatrists, working together in a hospital for mental cases, are the principals of the drama. In struggling to right the warped minds of their patients, they find themselves tangled in "private worlds" of their own.

Claudette Colbert, as the woman psychiatrist living a "ghost" romance, gives what is probably her most mature performance to date. Charles Boyer definitely arrives in a rôle which his screen authority makes hypnotically attractive. Thereby he qualifies as Hollywood's number one masculine threat.

Whether or not due to Gregory La Cava's great direction, both Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett rise above themselves and become actors. You will not soon forget the eerie power of the scene where Joan hears mad voices call.

The whole film radiates skill and understanding, No recent photoplay has been more convincingly real nor more genuinely compelling throughout. A large share of the credit must go to Phyllis Bottome, who wrote the book, and Lynn Starling, who put real words into the mouths of real people. It's for intelligent adults, not for children.

☆ FOUR HOURS TO KILL—Paramount

NORMAN KRASNA'S stage hit, "Small Miracle," is even more tense and compelling on the screen. It's a "Grand Hotel" idea within the lobby of a theater while a show is in progress, centering around a doomed killer (Richard Barthelmess) passing four hours handcuffed to the guard who will take him on a train to the gallows. Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, triumphs gloriously in pathetic force. His skill is matched by the superb comedy-pathos of Roscoe Karns, as an expectant father, and by the moving performances of every principal, including Joe Morrison, Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Ray Milland and Charles C. Wilson.

This is high tension stuff, embellished by high art and striking production.
A SAGA of the coal-mines, with Paul Muni intensely believable. It is drama in the raw, with no pretty-pretty. Done with intense realism, the coal-mining town, the elemental problems of the miners, live and have strength on the screen. Karen Morley is well cast as Anna Novak, who precipitates all the trouble. An excellent problem picture.

THE clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone fail to make this the superior picture it should have been. Jean is the show girl who marries millionaire weakling Franchot. He can’t take it when his father and friends turn against him, and his suicide leaves Jean with a baby and a ruined reputation. It’s Powell to the rescue.

EDDIE LOWE rides to glory in this grand film version of Dashiell Hammett’s yarn. As a slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees, Eddie muscles his way into a mystery and wise-cracks through a beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled. Excellent cast, including Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi.

A CLEAN Scandals, not an off-color line, and Eleanor Powell—a tap-dancer so good you can hardly believe it—make this one something you’ll want to see. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are a small-time team, discovered by George White, who let the bright lights go to their heads and have to be disciplined by hard luck. Ned Sparks gets most laughs.

A DRAMATIC, historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented. Clive Brook is the radical young dictator, Dr. Struensee, who, in 1766 was taken into the Court of Denmark by weakling King Christian and fell in love with the bride Queen, Caroline (Madeleine Carroll). The story of their romance is told directly and convincingly.

THIS fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama is played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone and the delightful Una Merkel, who make one grand team! The story is not all that could be desired, but speedy direction and spirited acting make up for it. Steffi Duna is good as the mystery woman, Conrad Nagel excellent as the heavy.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

ONE of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Their daughter, Leila Hyams has been married a year to Dean Jagger, and the first battle has been waged but not won. Leila comes home to mama, who decides to scrap with papa, thus diverting the kids from their own troubles. Deft, human comedy for the whole family.

GEORGE RAFT and the Old Maestro, Ben Bernie, pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable blend of music, comedy and fast drama. The talk and action are breezy, the songs catchy, the dances neat. A newcomer, Lloyd Nolan, comes through with an ace character performance. Good support from Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt.

A PIP of a simple little family picture. May Robson has four youngsters, all as different as the four seasons. Preston Foster is the oldest and the practical one, supporting the others. William Bakewell yearns to be an actor. James Bush is the parlor pink, and Florine McKinney, the daughter. It is an amusing story of the family’s problems.

JEAN PARKER becomes a hack driver after her father is killed by the henchmen of her best friend, racketeer Chester Morris. She won’t take any aid from him after that, and winds up in jail when the cops find a stolen race horse between the shafts of her cab. An exciting horse race then decides whether she shall be freed or jailed.

A LIGHT airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell takes Hugh Herbert in the toothpaste business with her, and Hugh, flavoring the paste-like cocktails, has some high moments. Glenda Farrell is her expertly alert, decorative self, William Gargan is a rival salesman, and Ruth Donnelly is acies as Joan’s jittery mother.

THE saga of the routine clerk who can’t get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance, and Glen Boles with Rosina Lawrence are a charming pair of impetuous lovers. Alan Dinehart unloads the supposedly worthless property on timid Horton. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]
He Hated the

The name William LeBaron may mean absolutely nothing to you, but it means more than you can imagine to such celebrated folk as, for instance, Mae West, W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby and George Burns and Gracie Allen.

To get right down to cases, Mr. LeBaron is one of those mysterious and much-maligned moguls of the movies—a producer. He has been thus engaged for the past fifteen years. More than that, he is a good producer—and more than that, folk seldom speak disparagingly of him, which is odd because the Hollywood custom is to mention producers in public unless you can throw knives at their backs. Perhaps strangest of all, he has been highly successful in a business he actually hated for years, resisted bitterly, and was finally lured into only by base trickery and deceit.

Should the name William LeBaron sound vaguely familiar, it is because you have seen the name—but never the face—on the main credit titles of many pictures you have enjoyed hugely—and no doubt on a few that bored you to tears. After all, he is only human and can't score a touchdown every time he carries the ball. By and large, he gains more yards than he loses.

Let us, for a moment, consider the man chronologically.

As a child, in Elgin, he displayed early symptoms of ingenuity which hovered on genius. One incident will serve to illustrate. A playmate's father owned a condensed milk factory—the thick, gooey kind. Strict sanitation was the watchword—human hands must not touch! Nothing daunted by this stern injunction, little Willie's agile brain evolved a plan for swiping the toothsome liquid in unlimited quantities. The filled cans moved along an endless belt to a topping machine. During this brief passage their delectable contents were unguarded. Our Willie and an accomplice lurked craftily beside the traveling belt, each armed with a common pencil. As the cans passed, the pencils were dipped into them, licked off, dipped in again—ad nauseam. A quickly acquired sense of timing made it eventually possible to dip every third can without missing a dip or spilling a drop.

This ingenious system was not only positive evidence of precocity but also was proof of a cast iron stomach—or maybe not, because Mr. LeBaron sometimes mournfully declares this juvenile indiscretion is probably half what's wrong with him now.

Our young hopeful—Bill then and Bill now—graduated from
William LeBaron is a producer whom all Hollywood respects and admires in spite of the fact that he was lured from the stage into pictures by the basest of trickery

BY BOGART R O G E R S

Richard Dix, little Douglas Scott and Irene Dunne in a scene from "Cimarron," another of LeBaron's productions that won a PHOTOPLAY Medal. It was also an Academy Winner.

William LeBaron, script in his hand, camera by his side, directing a scene for a Paramount picture. He has the gift of getting precisely what he wants with a minimum of time and effort.

Movies

Elgin High School, entered the University of Chicago in pursuit of his chosen career. Two years later the LeBaron family moved to New York and Bill, perforce, transferred to New York University. There he met two young blades who, like himself, were destined to go places without, as we say, horsing around.

One was Deems Taylor, who wrote music (since, he's even written operas for the noted Metropolitan). The other was Reinald Werrenrath, whose fine voice was to become infinitely better. LeBaron and Taylor joined forces and wrote college plays. Werrenrath sang them. Librettist LeBaron says the first three were no worse than most college plays. But the fourth—ah, the fourth!

It was an amazingly mature and expert job of writing called "The Echo." Book and lyrics by LeBaron—music by Taylor. Charles Dillingham heard of it, saw it, acquired it for Broadway production. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
SUMMER SHOPPING LIST

Extracts from Ethel Merman's shopping list, including one member of a new eye kit. An eye lotion that leaves the eyes cool, rested after exposure.

A very new French lavender, divinely refreshing and fragrant, in an inspired flacon. Miss Merman finds a few drops rubbed between palms keeps hands dainty, cool.

Black satin and hookless slide fastener contrive so smart a manicure kit that I thought it was a bag. Inside is everything to make your hands colorful and lovely.

A smart daytime bag in tweed linen with its own belongings, including a compact, lipstick, petit perfume flacon, a purse mirror. The catch to be monogrammed.

This page is advance advice for your vacation bag as well as your Summer dressing-table, and inspired by that throaty songstress, Ethel Merman, next to be seen with Eddie Cantor in "Dreamland."

Whether sixteen or sixty, we all need an eye kit when we start running about the country in open cars or languidly looking over the roll of the ocean and burning sands. An eye bath twice a day is necessary to a sense of eye comfort and rest, as well as clear, sparkling beauty. In a compact little box-kit, we find a soothing, restful lotion for bathing the eyes, preferably with an eye-cup; eye drops, especially designed for those who wear glasses or are forced to undue eye strain; eye cream to be used nightly to prevent crinkly little laughter and exposure lines, and an eyelash grower that helps wonderfully in keeping lashes and brows well-groomed.

Of that very new liquid French lavender, the truest thing I can say is that if you see it and smell it, you must have it. One of those Summer refreshants that serves two purposes—keeps you immaculately groomed and enticingly sweet. This light perfume seems perfect with cottons, linens, organzies and waft chiffons.

That tweed linen bag is a charming accessory for all costumes except the formal, and that manicure kit gets an orchid for convenience and good looks.

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP
HAIR MOOD

Martha Sleeper with an aureole of half-sculptured curls high about her head and a double bang, upper half of which curls tightly, lower half forming a lacy fringe

The back shows art by Antoline of Saks Fifth Avenue, in a triangular part from which curls are brushed in ringlets. Miss Sleeper appears in "The Scoundrel"

WHEN the poet said of June, "Then, if ever, come perfect days," perhaps he divined the human instinct that seems to awaken at this season and in turn inspires us to reach for some small share of perfection. In women, this desire invariably turns toward beauty.

When you become a little weary of yourself, as we all do at times, try making some change in your appearance. Hair arrangement is my best suggestion, because it will work more magic than any one point I know. Have you ever stopped to think of the possibilities you carry around in that top knot, that its arrangement can make you look younger, older, gayer or more spiritual at will? This accounts for the great changes you may see in your favorite stars from time to time.

Most of us are too familiar with our own faces and selves to be good designers of our own coiffures. That is why I think the best means toward an attractive change is to put yourself in the hands of a good hairdresser and let him work his will on your locks—just once, anyway. The next best thing is to study the screen, try to find your own type in a rôle that approximates your place in life, then attempt to copy her hair. Perhaps you can do this yourself, or perhaps you need a picture or design for your hairdresser. The screen coiffure is especially created for that type and rôle, so that if you can fairly find your type, the chances are that you may use her as a pattern.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK
Maxine Doyle starring in Act II, the use of a skin freshener to further remove cream, close the pores and tone and enliven the skin.

Successive steps in make-up. Act I, Anita Louise is applying a melting cleansing cream. Only a clean skin will look satin-smooth, lovely.

Act V features a delicate flush of rouge, cream or compact, over the cushion of the cheek, before powdering, with Claudette Colbert. Rouge and lipstick must harmonize in tone.

Miss Colbert presses on powder generously, the surplus later to be removed. The trick in powdering is to distribute it evenly and to use a harmonizing skin tone. End of Act VI.

The curtain rises on Act VII with the fair lady, Gloria Stuart, lightly removing extra powder with a very soft face-powder brush, a trick found on every star's dressing-table.
Act III, showing Margaret Lindsay stroking on powder foundation cream, an adaptation of screen make-up base, in correct skin tone

Eye shadow technique in Act IV, with Frances Dee. Use a trifle for daytime, more for evening, concentrating the color close to your lashline.

Act VIII concerns itself with brow accent. Use a finely pointed wooden crayon, black or brown, according to your coloring. This is Miss Dee concentrating on the subtle, fine art.

There is magic in mascara if it is applied skilfully. It should be brushed on upper lashes with an upward motion; very little on lower lashes with down motion. Miss Dee in Act IX.

The finale, Act X, with Miss Colbert featuring a super-indelible lipstick in tone sympathy with her rouge and powder. Lipstick, of all touches, is the indispensable for good-grooming.
THE ANSWER MAN

"I said I'm the best fisherman," quoth Spanky McFarland to his pal Scotty Bockett. "Oh, yeah?" is the answer. "Yeah!" "Oh, yeah?" "Yeah!"

THE Answer Man's mail bag is just bulging with queries about a certain angelic looking little leading man—Spanky. He is one of Clark Gable's chief rivals, and is Clark worried!

Spanky made his professional début at a very early age when he appeared before a camera as a model on an advertising poster for a certain bread company. His photograph caused such a sensation that the bread company made an advertising film starring him. His aunt sent his photo with the advertising film to the Hal Roach studios. One look and those far-seeing executives signed Spanky to a contract. He became a sensation in the Hal Roach "Gang" comedies at the age of three. He also appeared in several feature length pictures, the latest being "Kentucky Kernels" with Wheeler and Woolsey. And did Spanky lead them a life while working on their set—pulling chairs away whenever either of them went to sit down and many other such tricks.

Spanky, whose real name is George Robert Phillips McFarland, was born in Dallas, Tex., October 2, 1928. He has brown hair and brown eyes. He spends much of his time riding on a small bicycle or playing games with the neighbor kids. He is a regular he-man, preferring guns to other toys. He has two gold fish he christened Mike and Ike, 'cause they look alike. His latest picture is "Beginner's Luck."

MARTY LOUISE PIERCE, DALLAS, TEX.—Glad to hear from you, Mary Louise. Francis Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia on November 6, 1906. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 150 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. He is under contract to RKO-Radio, but was loaned to Paramount for "Pursuit of Happiness" with Joan Bennett.

ALMA LUCILE KANE, MEMPHIS, TENN.—When you ask questions that require long answers, Alma, you should send the old Answer Man a return envelope, so that he can answer them fully. Here's a brief history of those you asked about. Lyle Talbot was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on February 8, 1904, and christened Lyle Henderson. He is 5 feet, 111/2 inches tall; weighs 173 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Jean Parker was born in Deer Lodge, Mont., August 11, 1915. Her real name is Mae Green. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 106 and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 160 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His real name is Ramon Samaniegos. You will find a list of addresses elsewhere in this issue.

CAROL OF BERKELEY, CALIF.—Well, how do you think your name looks in print, Carol? At this writing, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is over in England. His latest British picture is "Catherine the Great." Doug was born in New York City on December 9, 1907. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 150 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes.

ROMA, GREELEY, Colo.—Cheer up, Roma, your new hero, Cesar Romero, rates screen billing and what's more will be getting it from now on. He has the lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman" and plays the role of Andre DePons in "Cardinal Richelieu," in which George Arliss plays the name role. Cesar was born in New York City, February 15, 1907. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 170 and has black hair and brown eyes. Prior to going into pictures a year ago, he spent three years as a ballroom dancer and four years on the legitimate stage. Some of the plays that he appeared in were: "Dinner at Eight," "Social Register," and "Strictly Dishonorable." Don't forget to watch for him in his two latest pictures mentioned above.

KATHLEEN LOGGSON, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Here's the low-down on Frank Craven. Frank was born in Boston, Mass., in 1875. He is an actor, author, producer and director. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1883 in a child role in the "Silver King." Spent years traveling with stock companies all over the U.S.A. Entered pictures in 1929 when he made "The Very Idea" for RKO. His latest is "The Casino Murder Case" featuring Paul Lukas and Rosalind Russell. Martha Sleeper is a native of Chicago, born there on June 24, 1911. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 98 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She entered pictures in 1923. Latest are "Great God Gold" and "The Sconder," with the noted playwright-actor, Noel Coward. She is married to Hardie Albright.
EVERYONE has been noting the "palling about" of Gordon Westcott and Mrs. Wallace Reid (Dorothy Davenport). They go lots of places together but, take my word for it, it's no romance, as many think.

Dorothy and Gordon used to play together in a roadshow y'ars and y'ars ago. Well—not too many y'ars. And they just happen to have a lot in common.

I don't see why someone doesn't fall in love with Wally's attractive widow, however. She's one of the most stunning and interesting women in Hollywood.

LAST time I saw Jack Oakie I thought something should be done about it—meaning his tremendous ...niques.

Jack picked up some thirty pounds—no less—until he began to resemble Charles Laughton after a big meal.

When I saw him last he was very merry about it all and not too worried, but since then he's changed his mind.

Now a doctor follows him around supervising his vitamins and his calories at meal times. The meager diet, however, hasn't dampened the irrepressible and imitable humor of Jovial Jack.

He's still a card.

AFTER a somewhat acrobatic farewell to Lupe the other night, I think that Johnny Weissmuller will limit his Tarzan trapeze acts to the set.

On hand to bid Lupe farewell at the station, Johnny obeyed that jungle impulse and ran after the departing car. He grabbed it, swung himself up for a final kiss and then dropped, flat on his handsome face in the cinders. It was most tragic, especially to Lupe whose re treating walls of distress were heard above the puffs of the engine.

Johnny recovered, but with a nice crop of cinders in his shins and elbows.

PAGE 86
DINNER
FROM OLD DENMARK

Carl Brisson Plans a Danish Dinner, Beginning with Smorgasbord, Rivaling the Romans in Sumptuous Viands and Twisting the Tongues of Good Americans in Their Pronunciation

WHEN you can get a man in a cooking mood, possibly into an apron and most certainly into the kitchen—when you can—something good is sure to come out. It won’t be fancy, but it will probably tempt you to gasytonomic over-indulgence. Men know how to make coffee that is coffee. They know how to broil a steak in man-fashion, than which none is better. And sometimes they know more.

When Carl Brisson, Danish Paramount star of “All the King’s Horses,” arrived in Hollywood awhile ago, he knew enough to bring along his Danish cook and Danish recipes. Herrings masked in cream, pigs’ trotters in graceful poses and foods that I can’t spell and you can’t pronounce can cause a sensation—even in Hollywood.

At first, Carl and his household swore secrecy on divulging the component parts of his food creations, but with compliments flying fast and furious and lovely ladies asking very direct questions, there wasn’t much chance of the mystery remaining one. So here’s the inside story from Carl’s lips.

A typical state dinner at the Brisson home begins with smorgasbord. The French call it hors d’oeuvres, the Italians, antipasto, and appetizers or cold table covers it for the rest of us.

A correct smorgasbord, according to Carl, consists of between fifty and one hundred dishes of every kind—fish, flesh, fowl, salad, and on and on. This light introduction is followed by a meat course with vegetables, a green salad, three or four cheeses, sweets and dessert. Coffee and liqueurs are offered later in the drawing-room.

The proper liquid menu to be consumed with dinner is an important part of the ritual. Before the smorgasbord, Mr. Brisson serves a famous Danish schnapps or akvavit, as it is sometimes called, as an aperitif. With the smorgasbord, Danish lager beer is the thing, and with the meat course, probably a white or red table wine. A little very dry sherry accompanies the sweet course.

Here are a few of the dishes that will be found in the smorgasbord: Creamed salmon tidbits; canape a la Riga; Spring Russian salad; liver paste; rullepolse; spegepoulse; mushroom canapes; salted herrings; gaffelbittar; herring salad; buttered herring and eggs, herring in cream dressing; hard-boiled eggs in mayonnaise; anchovy fry; mock caviar; eggs with creamed lobster; eggs on spinach; eggs with Madeira and tomato sauce; French string beans and mushrooms; such cold roasts as beef, pork and tongue; frikkedeller, hakkebofer with onions, beef tatare with egg yolk; pressetsylte; meatballs; stuffed onions; pigs’ trotters: bikesmad and—but isn’t that enough?

Having wheedled the inside story on a few of these little numbers, we offer them for your own gas range:

**Creamed Salmon Tidbits:** With a pastry cutter, shape twelve slices of white bread into rounds. Mix together by pounding in a mortar four ounces smoked salmon, one tablespoon cream, three tablespoons butter. Then put the mixture through a strainer. If not soft enough, add a little more cream. Now butter the bread rounds, place on each a slice of hard-boiled egg (you need three eggs for all). Force the salmon through a pastry bag and tube in neat piles on top of the egg. Garnish with a few sprigs of dill. Enough for twelve tidbits.

**Eggs with Madeira and Tomato** [Please turn to page 127]
“Camels certainly make a difference—”
SAYS
MISS MARY DE MUMM

In Newport, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most feted of the younger set during the New York season.

“Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference,” she says. “Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I’m a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I’m sure that’s one reason they are so extremely popular.”

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough “lift.” And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel’s costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CAROT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D’ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, New York

Copyright, 1935
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N.C.

MISS DE MUMM’S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES
THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

CAMELS ARE Milder!...MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND
A justifiable flood of requests has come in for another picture teaming the delicate beauty of Joan Bennett with the sturdy handsomeness of Joel McCrea since their dramatic triumph in Walter Wanger's "Private Worlds." Everybody asks that they be starred on their own
When I give you exercises and diets I give you star standards of beauty. My exercises do not develop muscles. On the contrary, they flatten muscles, tear away fatty tissue and make you as flexible and graceful as a panther. My diets do not starve you. They give you vigor and energy and the minerals that the body needs.

I've had complaints from some of you saying that you can't possibly do all the exercises I give you. Well, for heaven's sake, don't! Use your brains. Choose the exercises you need most and when the part of the body you have exercised is reduced then go on to another exercise. Simple, isn't it? Well, why didn't you think of it?

I get so many letters filled with self-pity. I wish you'd spend that time you devote feeling sorry for yourself on getting rid of your blues. Many of you say that you're sure the picture stars haven't a worry in the world. Well, let me tell you—you're wrong. I worked in the stars' figures. I worked on their souls as well.

Those girls used to come to me in tears because they were not as successful as they would have liked to be, because they had just put out on a part they wanted, because they had quarreled with their sweethearts. Believe me, the stars have the same problems you have. And I felt sorry for them. There's nothing more pathetic than a beauty in distress.

But I bawled out the stars, just as I bawl you out, so that they could get the courage to go on. Jean Harlow, Helen Twelvetrees, Glorita Swanson, Constance Bennett and scores of others have told me their troubles and they've all said that I cured them of their bad nerves and melancholia.

Buck up, girls! Crying doesn't get you anything—yourinkle. Start today to take good health and happiness that is yours.

I'm going to tell you how to overcome poor circulation and cure your bad nerves. For when you've cured your nerves, you've cured the depression blues. Every night before you go to sleep roll over on your stomach with a pillow tucked under your ankles. With your hands, grab hold of the bed posts. Grab hard and make your whole body grow tense even your fingers and toes. Hold that tense-ness for about half a minute. Then relax for half a minute. Repeat this ten or twelve times. You'll soon feel yourself slipping off to sleep with every nerve quiet.

Before you do this exercise get your solar plexus relaxed. Lying on your back in bed, gently massage your stomach and dig in good and hard into the solar plexus. When you start out it will be tight and tense. Work on it until it is loosened. Just before you drop off to sleep take a nice big glass of grapefruit juice.

You'll feel well and rested after the night's sleep which begins with these exercises. And your blood will have circulated properly all night long. In the morning, jump right out of bed. Don't lie in bed feeling sorry for yourself. Keep yourself so busy before breakfast that you haven't the time to think how unkind fate has been to you. Hop under a warm—but not hot—shower. Scrub your body briskly with a brush and soap. Then work for about five minutes drying your skin with a rough Turkish towel and run the towel up and down your spine until the blood is tingling.

Now get your neck loosened up for the day by digging your fingers into the end of your spine at the back of your neck. Work on the top of your shoulders, too, using the right hand for the left shoulder and vice versa. In the center of your chest, right between the breasts, is a very important gland which, if stimulated, will increase circulation. Work on the gland with your finger tips in that gentle rotary movement I've talked about so often. Do the same thing on all the neck muscles working right up to the roots of the hair.

Boy! Don't you feel swell? And not an ounce of self-pity in a carload of cares. Why? Because your blood is running through your veins. You've loosened up those sluggish glands. You're ready to go out and lick the world.

And, of course, while you're doing these exercises you'll also be taking whatever exercises are necessary to work off the limbs and lumps of flesh that accumulated while you were sitting around feeling sorry for yourself.

Here's just one more exercise that you should do occasionally. It'll make you feel great. Lie flat on your back with your arms at your sides. Relax completely. Now get someone to help you by bringing your feet slowly up until your toes are over your head. Do this about three times at first and work up to ten. It can be done!

One thing more for circulation, energy and blues' curing—about twice a week make your luncheon of this menu: Steamed brown rice to which has been added a heaping tablespoon of raisins and a level tablespoon of brown sugar. A glass of sweet milk. A dish of gelatin.

Okay. Now you'll be asking me, "But what am I to do when I feel like having a big cry?"

The answer is this: If you take off that excess weight, if you get your sluggish blood running through your body, if you eat my way and exercise my way you won't feel like crying. Blues are about as welcome in the society of good health and keenness as rival stars are to each other in the same picture.

So, come on you neurotic, melancholy women! I'll guarantee that the depression is over for you the minute you climb up on Sylvia's band wagon.

---

**Answers by Sylvia**

**Dear Sylvia:**

What is your very best exercise for taking down the hips? I have time to take only one hip exercise a day. How long should I do the best exercise?  
M. R., Westport, Conn.

Here it is. Get on the floor on your hands and knees. Stretch the left leg back as far as you can with the toe pointed. Now draw the left leg up until the knee is on your chest and put your weight on the left foot. . . . As you do this put the right leg back with the toe pointed. Go entirely across the floor three or four times this way pulling up first the left and then the right leg. Do this slowly and make sure that you feel your hips and legs pulling, pulling. Work up until you're crossing the floor fifteen or twenty times. Baby, that will take down the old hips. If you have stubborn lumps of fat squeeze them off with your good ten fingers.

**Dear Sylvia:**

What is the proper way to take sun baths?

**Letters, letters, how they flood in!**

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

---

Some of my friends get burned to a crisp the first few days of summer and I'm sure that can't be good for the skin.

M. McD., Santa Barbara, Calif.

Always begin with just one and a half minutes of sun the first time. That means one and a half minutes front and the same on the back. The next day increase this to three minutes front and the same for the back. When you're up to ten minutes you can increase by five minutes. I could shake those stupid people who take a chance on ruinning not only their skin but their health as well by lying in the sun a couple of hours the first day.

**Dear Sylvia:**

Please tell me what foods are good for anaemic people.  
Mrs. D. R. T., Billings, Mont.

Rare beef, broiled liver, liver extract (and if you don't like the taste, add it to soups), gelatin (lots and lots of gelatin). In fact, you should eat gelatin every day at least. You won't get bored with it because it comes in so many flavors. Ripe black cherries. And three glasses a day of the juice produced from simmered turnip tops or beet tops. Raw apples—eat the skin, too—lettuce, raw carrots, fresh blackberries and raw red and white cabbage (be sure the cabbage is finely shredded).
IT'S WONDERFUL to win love — even more wonderful to hold it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to choke the pores that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear — tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way. Screen stars protect their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap — the soap especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE
Thrilling words—but nobody says them to the girl who has Cosmetic Skin...

Lather sinks deep down into the pores, swiftly carries away every trace of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Use all the cosmetics you wish, of course! But to protect your skin—keep it really beautiful—follow this simple rule:

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh rouge and powder during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

Ruby Keeler
STAR OF WARNER BROS. "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN
I'm not particularly superstitious, and Jeanette MacDonald swears she isn't either—but from now on it's a cinch she's not going to worry about the number thirteen. "Naughty Marietta" was her thirteenth picture. If you've seen it, you'll know it's the best picture Jeanette ever made.

When Francis Lederer and Katharine Hepburn parted on the set of "Break of Hearts" where their temperamental differences made it impossible for them to work together, Francis addressed Katharine gravely: "When you have had a great deal more experience, Miss Hepburn, you may become a fair actress."

Louise Fazenda was listening to assistant director Roy Rowland lament the hard luck he had been running into. As Roy finished, the big-hearted comedienne whipped a penny out of her purse and gave it to him. "This has always brought me good luck," she said. "You can have it."

Rowland thanked her profusely and pocketed the piece with reverence. That night his shaving mirror broke, he ran into a lamp-post with his car, and he got a sudden and acute attack of appendicitis which rushed him to the hospital where he was immediately operated upon.

When he recovered, Rowland returned the penny with the following note: "Dear Miss Fazenda, here is your lucky penny. I can only say thank heaven it wasn't a horsehoe."

Sid Grauman, famous theater owner, let his income tax returns go until the deadline. When he arrived at the bureau he was all fussed up, not to say nervous. The gentleman in charge began firing questions. "Did you file your tax for 1933?" he asked. "Er ... er ..." began Sid nervously, "wait until I call my secretary."

Several more questions were shot at him, to answer which the clammy-browed Mr. Grauman each time had recourse to his secretary. "Are you an American citizen?" he was finally asked.

The perspiring theater magnate didn't know a thing by this time. He grabbed frantically for the phone. A moment later he turned back beaming. "I am!" he announced proudly.

Isabel Jewell is bringing the folks out from Wyoming to settle permanently in Hollywood. She won't talk when Lee Tracy's name is mentioned—but surprises all present by showing up at rare intervals with him.

So it's probably just simmered down to a nice friendship. Isabel remarked to me the other day that it certainly behooved her to begin making time. Ten years ago, she set herself a mark. Ten years in which to achieve stage and screen success, marry and have a baby.

She says she has a year and a half left in which to accomplish the last two—and she's getting worried!

The morning event in the Crawford menage is the arrival of Franchot's flowers to Jean and red roses. But Baby has all the fun. Baby is the dachshund puppy, also to Joan from Franchot (with love and kisses, we assume). Baby waits, panting furiously, for the red ribbon and the white ribbon on the flower boxes. After a little by-play, he gets them, and tears through the house, ribbons streaming.

Then the inevitable encounter with a table leg, and Baby lands in a heap, neatly done up in red and white bandages. Joan thinks he has a little flag-pole blow!

Little did old Cal figure, when he took the week-end up in Lake Arrowhead, that two of the screen's leading Idols would have the same idea. (Making it a mixture of business and pleasure for Cal.) There was Clark Gable looking full of health and wearing the loudest melody in captivity, recuperating from the mailing he got by loving hands in Texas. (Went down to officiate at his step-daughter's wedding.) And there was Cary Grant looking awfully lonesome, girls—roaming around with nothing but a Sealyham in a red collar.

After a year's continuous illness, Mrs. Wallace Beery is able to be on her own for the first time. She is going to Honolulu with a companion—because Wally is unable to leave the studio for that long.

The real reason Marion Davies' picture is delayed is because Mervyn LeRoy is taking time out to make the acquaintance of his son. The baby was born while Mervyn was busily directing "Oil for the Lamps of China" and he insisted on a little while between pictures to "register" with the newest member of the Warner-LeRoy family.

A golden wedding is something to celebrate, these days—especially in a Hollywood family. Dick, Joby, and Ricky Arlen are taking off for St. Paul to celebrate just such an event with Dick's parents, on the twelfth of May. It will also be in the nature of a family reunion and a good old fashioned get-together.

The record-breaking engagement for the season has taken place. At least, until another comes along that can top it. Anita Louise became engaged to Kelly Anthony (son of a Los Angeles automobile magnate) and announced it on Saturday.

The following Monday announcement was made of the break. Do you suppose seeing Tom Brown at a party Sunday had anything to do with it?

One of the show spots at Paramount Studios now is the door over which hangs the legend: "Bing Crosby, Inc.

It's Bing's business office, and it has made all the rest of the stars very jealous indeed. They want to know: "Do you have to be a crooner to incorporate?"

Jack Oakie, particularly, is depressed. The other day he hammered on the door and when Bing, very businesslike, emerged, Jack wise-cracked: "You can't fool me—I pay an income tax too."

Fred Keating's confession has a nice honest ring to it. (I suspect a lot of other actors feel the same way only it doesn't sound quite glamorous enough so they try to make up better ones.) Anyway, Fred hates radios he has no pet economy, his pet extravagances are "all of 'em" his favorite sport is reading in bed—which is also his favorite place to spend a week-end.

We nominate him for charter member of the "Man After Our Own Heart" Club.

[Please turn to page 88]
This day will never come again—save it with snapshots

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by... Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood

[continued from page 86]

Jo sooner does the Marquis de la Falaise pop into town than he prepares to bide himself off to some dank and dark jungle or other.

Now Connie’s titled husband-producer, who has been rounding into shape his latest picture on Indo-China, is preparing to depart for a mysterious destination. It’s far away, and that’s all he’ll say.

Connie, of course, has a financial interest in the projects which have been successful and interesting.

Remember the days when it was considered fatal to a star’s career to have a baby?

Not so long ago.

Well—just to show you how times have changed, Gloria Stuart, who plans to present husband Arthur Sheekman with an heir some time soon, tells me that her fan mail has piled up by leaps and bounds ever since it became known that she was to be a mother.

Most of the letters give very earnest advice all about everything. Gloria says after reading them she’s in such a fog about what to do about the youngster when it arrives that she’s afraid she’ll be spending all her time reeling directions.

I knew something would come of that moustache Bing Crosby sprouted for “Mississippi.”

My worst fears have been realized.

Now Dick Powell has received notice from Warner Brothers to leave his upper lip in the

unshaved state that nature intended. It’s for his next picture.

The “Tree” is ordering a shipment of moustache cups, anticipating what it might all lead to.

This “Woody” Van Dyke person is becoming just about the most honored man in Hollywood.

Not only from a professional standpoint (he’s about tops in his record of smash hits for the past year) but strictly aside from moviemaking.

“Van” holds numerous decorations from foreign countries, and the other day he told me that he had been honored with a new one—and a very special and time honored order, by the way—the Baronial Order of Runnymede.

It dates back to the nobles who gathered about England’s King John, in the year 1215, and made him sign the historic Magna Charta outlining the rights of Englishmen.

“Van,” however, says it doesn’t mean a thing to a traffic cop.

Here’s another one on Bob Montgomery.

The other day when Joan Crawford came on the set of “No More Ladies,” clad in that startling swim coat, Adrian designed for her, it was too much for Bob.

The suit is one-piece and streamlined, solid white with blue trimmings with a cape striped with blue, which hangs to the knees.

Bob took one look and gulped. It took him three or four takes to remember his lines for the next scene.

[please turn to page 130]
Ann Sothern stars in white net, with handbag to match

... featuring the Convenience and Security of this slide fastener . . .
ITS CORRECT NAME IS TALON

This bright star of Hollywood chooses her handbag fashions the Talon way! Finds the Talon fastener a guide to style and quality as well as an assurance of convenience and security for handbag contents. Careless handbags, with the possibility of loss of precious compacts, money, notebooks, have no place in important Hollywood wardrobes. Talon-fastened models star with the stars every time.

You, too, can be sure of handbag style and security by taking the Talon fastener as your guide. You'll find models for every type costume, every occasion, in a complete range of prices, at your favorite store. Be sure, when you buy, to check the name on the fastener . . . it must say TALON . . . to insure satisfaction.

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE
A NEW TONE IN

Make-up

In spite of her soft, calm beauty, Rochelle Hudson is a spirited little person, just twenty in March, with almost a veteran record in pictures. That flower-fine skin of hers gets plenty of soap and water baths but a cream is first used to remove make-up. Her skin has a childish glow, so she uses very little make-up, sometimes no rouge at all or a faint touch. Powder is also used sparingly but all over her face, not just on chin and nose, which is always a mistake. Her lips are well rouged and eyes left untouched for day. Her terra cotta touches include rouge, lipstick, powder and nail lacquer, an idea for every one of us, this harmonizing of all touches. This terra cotta is a shade of unusual warmth. It gives a natural, sun-kissed touch, suggesting good health and ebullient spirits. The perfume is a fragrant water-lily odeur.

Rochelle told me two good eye make-up tricks. Instead of using mascara in the Garbo manner, which is accenting the outer end lashes for that long, sleepy look, if the lashes are brushed inward toward the center of the eye, this seems to open it up and make the eye appear larger and clearer. Try this, especially if you have decided lashes. The other thought is for evening and must be done very lightly. A favorite trick is a tiny triangle at the outer corners, but Rochelle says that if these two little lines do not meet and are gently drawn then slightly smudged, they make the eyes appear much larger.

Since most of our beauty aids have been perfected, the whole trick lies in correct use.

Rochelle Hudson in quiet mood. Her skin possesses a faintly luminous quality, the result of youth, fine texture and a mere touch of make-up, shown opposite, in new, warm tones known as terra cotta, a shade that blends well with her radiant rich skin.
"How Beautiful She Looks"
...they say of
Ginger Rogers

Wouldn't You Like to Have
This Said About You?

WHAT a pleasure to know that the attraction of your beauty calls forth admiration. How interesting, how thrilling life becomes.

You can share this joy if you learn how to emphasize the charm of your own natural beauty with the magic of a new kind of make-up, originated for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in new, original, harmonized color tones. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure they will glorify the color appeal of your beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brunette or redhead.

Instantly, the very first time you make up, you will note an amazing difference. You will see how the face powder actually gives to your skin a satiny-smooth loveliness...you will marvel how the rouge, like finest skin-texture, imparts a soft, natural color...you will see your lips becoming more alluring with a perfect color accent...and hours later you will wonder how make-up can remain so lastingly beautiful.

So today can bring your most wonderful adventure in beauty. Share the secret of all Hollywood's stars...for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up is 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.

POWDER...Creating a satiny-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Rachele Face Powder blends in color harmony with Ginger Rogers' light tiara coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.

ROUGE...Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder...Max Factor's Flame Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks...smooth, like finest skin-texture, it always blends evenly.

LIPSTICK...Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof...the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

Max Factor Hollywood

Society Make-Up: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

Mail for your Color Harmony in Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

Mail this COUPON To MAX FACTOR...Hollywood

For personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick...mail this coupon.

 гармония
of the demi-monde quite so scrupulous as this one,” he nodded toward the set.

I laughed. I thought I was expected to. Mr. Deering, who sat nearby, studying the script, looked up, annoyed. “Please, Miss Adair, try to remember that no matter what kind of business you’re doing paging, when you are off the set you are supposed to be a—er—” I presume it was the mounting indignation in my eyes which caused him to falter.

But I finished his sarcasm for him,—“supposed to be a lady! Well, I’m not a lady, Mr. Deering. Perhaps that accounts for it. I never saw a drawing room in my life except in pictures and I’d never worn an evening gown before I put this one on.”

Gay had released me by this time and he now patted me on the shoulder. “Well said, my lass, well said—with fire and trippingly on the tongue, methinks.” He turned to the director. “It was not Miss Adair’s fault. I did it with my own little insatiable hatchet. It’s the pioneer in me. I wanted to find out if anything as fair to look upon as our co-worker in the cinema vineyard could be real. I thought I must be dreaming and it was myself that I meant to pinch. A perfectly natural mistake but it did settle a bet. She is real and—”

MR. DEERING interrupted him. “A bet with whom?” he asked coldly.

“With my better self, sir. You didn’t know I had a better self? Gadzooks, yes. Shy and unassuming but always hanging around criticizing me unmercifully, nonetheless. Mr. Deering, Miss Adair and gentlemen all—meet my better self, Sir Galahad Gay.”

He got the laugh that he was expecting—a very grudging one from the director—and the scatter-brained actor went on to something else, secure in the feeling that he had squared everything.

But things were far from squared between Mr. Deering and me. I was smarting more from humiliation at the way the director had spoken to me than from resentment toward the irrepressible Freddie Gay. I recognized some way that the latter did not mean anything seriously—ever—but I felt that I was in an almost irreplaceable false position with Scott Deering. For some reason I cared about that. A strained formality pervaded the work for the rest of the afternoon. I could not shake off my combination of moods and the director looked and acted as if he were doing an unsavory job that he wished fervently he could get out of.

For that reason nothing went right. But a certain number of scenes were scheduled for that set which was to be dismantled that night, so we plodded on wearily, long past quitting time.

Shortly after six o’clock I was on a staircase, coming down to meet Mr. Gay, who was my lover in the picture, when suddenly and disturbingly the structure under my feet began to rock and sway. I thought that the carpentry work had collapsed. It was a very sick sensation and I wondered, as I fell, if I was going to be violently ill.

Freddie Gay mounted the staircase swiftly and caught me.

“Hold everything!” commanded Deering sharply.

There was a long, deep rumble underneath somewhere and arc-lamps on their standards swayed drunkenly.

“IT’s only an earthquake,” said Deering.

“I was afraid it was my conscience,” Freddie whispered in my ear. Then he spoke to the director, still holding me. “What’ll we do now?”

“Retake!”

It was an unpopular decision and there were muttered protests from the crew. But Deering pretended not to notice them and went on about the work as if nothing had happened. A devil was driving inside him and he bit into the job savagely. I sensed that it was partly because he was angry with me—I didn’t exactly know why. I hadn’t meant to fall into Freddie’s arms.

Everybody was jittery and if Deering hadn’t held his crew together with an iron hand they would have walked out on him.

It was probably because of that rebellious uncertainty and the nervous readiness to abandon ship that the accident happened.

I was descending the staircase again for about the tenth time when there was a second shock—not so strong as the first, but a considerable disturbance just the same.

One of the lamps of the upper staging got away from the electrician in charge of it and crashed onto the set. Nearly everybody dodged at the electrician’s warning cry, but one of the sound men was hit.

It was Lanny Barnes. He had his earphones on and hadn’t heard the shout.

Nobody knew how badly he was hurt. Jimmy McCane jumped to the set telephone and began calling the studio hospital.

Some of the men started to pick up Lanny and put him on the property couch, which was at the bottom of the staircase, but Deering stopped them.

“Don’t move him!” he ordered. “Wait till we get a stretcher.”

Jimmy yelled from the telephone. “The hospital doesn’t answer!”

“Ask the operator why not.”

“I did. She says there’s been a call for all nurses and doctors to report to Long Beach. Our ambulance left five minutes ago.”

“This guy is bleeding all over the place,” said a prop man who was kneeling beside Lanny. “I pushed into the circle around Lanny. “Keep out of this!” Deering told me curtly. “Don’t be silly. I can help.”

“This is no time for a publicity racket,” he said cuttingly. “There’s nobody here to take a photograph for the papers, ‘Blonde Actress Poses as Nurse!’ ”

“I’m not an actress—I’m not even a blonde—but I am a nurse.”

MOVE over, Lanny, and let me lie down beside you.” The comedy touch was added by Freddie Gay.

As it happened it was not amiss. Even Lanny smiled weakly at the old joke. It was his leg that had been hit. There was a gash in it from just above the knee down to his ankle and the blood was pouring out.

There was a train on my own. I tore it off. It made a serviceable temporary tourniquet which I twisted up with a pair of electrician’s pliers while Deering, taking orders from me for once, cut off the leg of Lanny’s trousers.

“Louella,” I said to my hovering guardian, “go to the dressing room and get all the clean make-up towels you can find, and a bottle of that astringent face lotion.” She departed.

“Somebody else get hot water! Props,’ saw off a piece of stage brace, for a splint!”

“Who’s a carpenter’s job?” Props objected.

“Okay, get a carpenter then. Far be it from me to disrupt a union just to save a man’s life!”

We were just an hour getting Lanny in shape so that he could be moved. And my dress—or rather the company’s dress—looked like a butcher’s apron.

Mr. Deering commanded a film delivery truck and we improvised a stretcher. Somebody gave Lanny a lighted cigarette—conventional stuff out of the war pictures—and he grinned at me as they carried him away.

“Thanks, Miss Adair,” he said. “I owe you one.”

Mr. Deering followed the truck to Lanny’s house in his own car. He was feeling guilty. I guess, because if he hadn’t been so pig-headed about keeping on with the work nobody would have been hurt.

CHAPTER XVII

WENT to my dressing room. While I cleaned up as best I could and got into my street clothes, Louella told me what news she had gathered up about the earthquake. Long Beach was in ruins, she said, and a lot of people were dead.

I remember thinking grimly to myself, “I don’t see how I can be to blame for this.”

When we came out of the dressing room onto the studio street Scott Deering was there. He had seen Lanny safely home and had come back to talk to me.

“I guess I was a little harsh on the set this afternoon,” he apologized lamely.

“A little harsh? How harsh can you get?”

“I’m taking you somewhere to eat.”

“Sorry,” I lied brusquely. “I have a dinner engagement.”

“So have I,” he replied, “but nobody is keeping engagements tonight. It’s an old California custom. All bets are off after an earthquake. We start all over again. You’ll be safe with me.”

“Safe from what?”

“Falling buildings, alligators, actors—practically everything.”

“But—”

“Come on, Louella,”—he had learned her name from hearing me order her about—“that is, if you don’t mind riding in the rumble seat.”

That decided me. That and the fact that while we were standing there the earth gave a little shiver under my feet. I did it about every fifteen minutes all night. I didn’t exactly like the idea of going home anyway.

He took us to Karl’s Barbecue out on the Figueroa Street where we could eat in the car.

The waitresses dressed in matador costumes—tight long gowns, flaring at the bottom, sashes bolero jackets, Mexican hats and waist-length caps. The general effect is the same as a musical comedy and the girls themselves only escaped Ziegfeld because they were too young when he was alive.

{PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94|
Everybody's Crying for BABY PANTS

Catalina Baby Pants is one of the biggest grown-up water-fashions of 1935—both swim suits and trunks. "Hand-Lumes"—look hand knit! So very provocative!

These Warner Bros. players prefer "Baby Pants"
PHOTOPLAY
Mr. Deering was silent as he drove me home. 
But when he delivered me and Louella at my door he stopped me for a minute after she had gone in.

"So you really are a nurse," he said.
"I didn't quite graduate," I replied, "but—"
"I know," he interrupted, "I used to live in Michigan myself."

So that was why he had been watching me so thoughtfully while I worked over Lanny. 
I was frightened again, but I couldn't admit it. 
"What's Michigan got to do with it?" I asked, 
"not a thing." He patted my arm, 
"I told you that you were safe with me, didn't I—from everything?"

Goodnight, Miss Adair."

He turned and went to his car.

CHAPTER XVIII

I slept like a log that night. So much had happened in the last couple of days that nothing short of a landslide could have kept me from it. There were several earthquakes during the night but I only learned about them from Louella in the morning.

That day, at the studio, I found that a very pleasant change in the atmosphere had occurred. Freddie Gay kidded me unmercifully about being a little heroine, but I think there was a new respect in his tone and he didn't try to get fresh—anyway, not very.

But the most noticeable and certainly the most pleasant thing was the attitude of the crew. They had decided to like me. And that, I knew, is one of the most fortunate things that can happen to an actor or an actress on the stage or screen.

I think that day was one of the nicest in my life. Even Scott Deering was cordially considerate. He made me less afraid of him. In return, I did the best I could. It wasn't much, I knew, but at least I learned my lines and did what he told me as well as I knew how.

There were minor difficulties, of course, and two stunt men were killed in a flying sequence. That saddened everybody, because they were nice boys and one of them had a wife but I tried to make myself believe that the accident was not a part of my personal jinx. A head-on collision in the sky seemed rather extraordinary—there's so much room in the air for two planes to miss each other—but, after all, I scarcely knew either of them. One was doubling for Freddie Gay and it sobered him, literally, for almost a week.

There was a sneak preview of the picture in Pasadena and Scott Deering took me over. The first trial showing of a finished picture is always called a "sneak preview," but in some way, by an underground telegraph, nearly everybody gets wind of it. The place was packed and a huge crowd was waiting outside to watch the celebrities come in. As every automobile door opened at the entrance, a bevy of autograph hounds swooped down on the luckless occupants to demand signatures which they would later sell for anything from a quarter to a dollar apiece. It's a racket.

But when Scott helped me out of his car nobody paid any attention to me. They didn't know who I was.

He laughed as he dismissed his driver.

"You are entering a theater unmolested for the last time in your life, Rochelle," he said.

I looked at him questioningly.

"Do you think the picture is all right?"

"It's in the bag, darling—it's in the bag."

| CONTINUED NEXT MONTH |
Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

- Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 50c a bottle at all drug and department stores.

Nonspi
THE SAFE AND PERSPIRANT FOR FAITHFUL WOMEN

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
The Nonspi Company
112 West 15th Street, New York City.

Send me a Special Trial Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I understand the change of colors, too. In Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

What Defeated Jack Gilbert

(continued from page 27)

belonged to them. He wasn't any New York stage actor who came into Hollywood—for money! He wasn't the kind—excuse my bad school—who just wanted to earn enough money to get out of Hollywood. He didn't look down on Hollywood—he looked up to it, he believed in it as a great new art that belonged to the people, was closer to them, gave them more real happiness than other arts had done.

Work.

And love.

Ah, that word included a great deal for Jack Gilbert. The love of women—and how recklessly women loved him. He came, in time, to belong to the great company of poets and lovers, for he knew a great love affair. Jack was devoted to Virginia Bruce when he married her, he was crazy about Leatrice Joy, dear and lovely Leatrice, and there were other women who adored him. But he had one love and one only in all his life, and that was Garbo. She was his only love, as he was hers.

A ND tragedy pursued him even there, for a woman might love Garbo, as Gilbert loved her, but there was no happiness in loving her. She had not been made for love, Garbo, but for her work—and theirs, to me, was that most pitcous of all things, the great love of two people who cannot be happy together, who even while they love look at life so differently, want such different things, have such different natures that unused room in each. So he lost his great love—and with her, it seemed, went his luck.

You see, there can be no half way measures with Gilbert. That, I am sure, is why we loved him so—why he thrilled us on the screen—why he had a place no one else has ever occupied. You felt the sheer dynamic emotional force of the man, even when it came through the medium of the screen.

But love, to Jack, didn’t mean just women. It meant friendship, too. And Jack was capable of the greatest and most loyal friendship. Again, there were no half measures. If you were Jack’s friend, it never occurred to him that everything he had wasn’t also yours; it would never have occurred to him to hesitate or count the cost if a friend wanted or needed him. It just couldn’t have entered Jack’s mind.

You know how with your friends some one thing they have done for you stands out and makes a deathless bond of understanding and gratitude? Two or three years ago, death took the dearest friend I had in the world, a woman well past seventy upon whose wisdom and knowledge I had leaned for many years and whose going left me sadden and more lonely than I had ever been. Upon the day that we covered her with golden and committed all that was left of her to the flames, I came home to find Jack Gilbert waiting in the kitchen for me. The house was very quiet, the way it is in the midst of the sea. It was a very low spot in my life, that night was, and I shall never forget the kindliness, the gentleness, the sympathy, strong and wise, that Jack gave me all that night. He talked to me, he led me away from the thought of my grief, he found little tales to tell me that were cheerful yet not so cheerful I couldn’t bear them, he made me talk of the friend who was gone and console myself with the knowledge that I could never really lose her.

His men friends have been many and close—

he and Dick Barthelmess and Ronny Colman and Dick Powell used to form a quartette that was full of fun and never bored, but condensation. He and King Vidor and Lewis Milestone were inseparable pals, who could talk them together a whole week-end. He and Dan Ogden Stewart, Laurence Stallings and many other writers who came out from New York found so much in common that they spent nearly every night together.

If you consider those names, you will realize how much Jack had to offer intellectually. On a certain occasion a famous New York editor had been assigned to a drawing room on a train with Jack Gilbert. The editor protested to the conductor that in the station—what in the world could he talk to about a “ham actor” and matinee idol? He was quite annoyed, really. When we got off the train the next morning, he told me that he and Jack had sat up all night talking.

So you see now what we have lost in Jack Gilbert. The boy of “The Big Parade” on the screen. The great lover of “Flesh and the Devil” on the screen. We could ill afford to lose him.

No one else has come along who has given us that feeling of joyous life no one else has come onto the silver sheet that has given us that sense of male-and-female love as a vital something that might burn up the world.

And as a man, we have lost the most charming, the most loyal, most entrancing of persons that ever lived.

For now it seems that we have lost him.

Why?

What has happened to send Jack Gilbert into solitude, into seeking not life but escape from reality, surcease from thinking, so that sometimes for days he doesn’t answer his telephone, so that telegrams from his dearest friends remain unanswered? Jack, who was so dear and gay, so touched with genius, and whom we need and miss so much.

It is a tragedy—and tragedy is often something for which no one is to blame.

I do not think anyone was to blame for the tragedy of Jack Gilbert, though certainly wisdom was used at times, both on his side and on the side of those who dealt with him, so that often it seemed he had enemies bent upon destroying him.

TWO incredible and all-powerful circumstances united to destroy Jack Gilbert—and the very thing that made him great, his eagerness, his restlessness, his love of life—made him an easy victim.

The talks.

The fact that he was getting too much money.

These two things tangled and bound him, tipped him, emmeshed him so that he exhausted himself trying to fight his way out until they became like living things to him, and filled him with bitterness and a sense of personal history that other passion and temper brought them alike to flay him.

When the talks came, the whole of Hollywood changed. It was cataclysmic. Nothing was like it used to be. The world turned over before our startled eyes. Great scenario writers were out of work because they didn’t know anything about dialogue, and playwrights from New York who didn’t know anything about the screen were getting fabulous salaries. Stars fell from the heavens and new stars flamed—went out swiftly.
Recipe for Romance

...take one complexion, keep it MIRROR FRESH

What a shock—in the middle of a magic evening—when you take out your puff and repowder! Smash goes romance!

And it's so unnecessary. When you dress, put on a fragrant film of Marvelous, the new face powder by Richard Hudnut. Now you're looking your loveliest. And you'll stay that way—for Marvelous contains a secret ingredient, beneficial to your skin, that will keep it mirror fresh—as fresh as the moment you left your mirror—from 4 to 6 hours by actual test.

Romance is too precious to destroy so casually. Keep your skin lovely, gardenia-smooth—know the security of "mirror freshness."

Will you try it? Mail the coupon, enclose 6c (for postage and packing) and we'll send you four generous purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder, enough for two weeks. Or don't wait—stop in at the nearest drug or department store. The name is Marvelous. The maker is Richard Hudnut. And the price will surprise you—just 55c.

M A R V E L O U S  F a c e  P o w d e r  5 5 c

Mail this!

FREE—Marvelous Make-up Guide—and FOUR generous purse-size boxes of four popular shades of Marvelous Face Powder. Mail coupon now!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I want to try Marvelous. Send me the four trial boxes and Make-Up Guide. Here's 6c for packing and postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY    STATE
a little direction, a good deal of careful help and selection of stories and directors, he might have survived them as well as did his beloved Greta Garbo.

But temperamentally, Jack and the people who handled the money were at odds. They didn't understand each other; they didn't speak the same language. Jack was unsettled, worried, wildly unhappy over the fact that he had failed—that he had been made fun of, that within twenty-four hours he had changed from the greatest star on the screen to the greatest problem on the screen. He was impatient, and right then he needed the most careful handling.

The battle between Gilbert and his own studio is historic. It is an open secret in Hollywood. It was a question of business interests—and artistic temperament. Of a thousand and one difficult angles during those supremely difficult years of readjusting every-thing, intellectually, artistically and mechanically. Of actors worried over jobs, over this new monster—the mike, and of executives worried over whether these new pictures would go over a thousand new problems in making them.

The studio wanted Jack to take much less money.

Jack countered with an agreement to take less if he had more say about his pictures— he was fighting for his life and he knew it.

When no agreement was reached, the studio seemed to lose interest in Gilbert. No really logical effort was made to save him—perhaps they figured it was hopeless. Anyhow, they had a right to their own decision in the matter.

And Jack grew morose and nervous—he felt he was being unfairly treated, and he grew belligerent.

Finally, the clash of temperaments—which has happened often enough in the peculiar and difficult business of studios—came to a climax. Jack swore in public print that M-G-M was keeping him away from the camera on purpose to ruin him, that they wouldn't let him work, they were trying to force him to break his contract with its incredible figures.

Adjustments were made. Jack had started on a down-hill course by this time. There are many things which can never be told, they are too delicate, too impossible to understand, too hard to tell. But somewhere along that difficult road, while his whole life and life's work slipped away from him, while he felt himself misunderstood, the victim of a peculiar method of twentieth century persecution, Jack seemed to lose his grip.

He knew his talents—knew his ability.

He wanted a chance to direct, to write, to act.

But the gods had become deal, the gods who always before had listened to his softest whisper.

Garbo gave him his great chance, and he somehow didn't make the grade. It was Garbo who asked to have him as his leading man in "Queen Christina," believing that the old, magic combination—Gilbert and Garbo—might bring about the old, magic results. But it was an unfortunate venture. A bad story, a very bad picture, Garbo at her worst—and Jack in a stupid part, stupidly directed.
One after another things fell away before him.  
As his luck had seemed all good, now it seemed definitely all bad.

His marriage to Ina Claire was a great mistake—and for Jack a costly one, for the brilliant Ina did more to undermine his self-confidence than anyone else in the world had ever done. Just when Jack was having the greatest difficulty in surmounting the talkies, when he was going through all the harassment of learning to speak lines, of facing a new world of acting, wasn’t the best time for him to marry the pointedly witty comedienne, who probably speaks lines better than any other actress on the American stage. Ina was a woman of tremendous charm—but there was so softness and no gentleness to her. None. 

She meant to help Jack—no question about that. But, psychologically, nothing could have been worse than her amused superiority, or while that might have been all right with anyone else, it wasn’t good for Jack where his wife was concerned. He needed, just then, praise and comfort—somebody to cheer loudly for him. 

His marriage to Virginia Bruce looked like working for a while. A lovely girl, with every charm, and with much understanding of life. But Jack by then was past much help. His nerves had betrayed him. He felt himself a party— and in many ways, I think he was and is. Without work to do, that passionate intensity of disposition was a red-hot goad that drove him constantly. Without work, he brooded. He wanted to work. He saw he loved him and had helped to make the sweeping by him. His sense of injustice flavored his whole life with bitterness. 

Like Byron, he who had been the idol, the idolized, the gleaming success, found himself shoved aside, beaten by those he believed to be his superiors. And it was more than he could endure and remain himself. 

Right or wrong, those of us who have loved him, love him still—because we know he’d do the same for us. 

Right or wrong, he was a great artist and he gave us much that was beautiful and joyous. 

Personally, I think he got the worst break any man in pictures ever got—and on top of that I also say that, personally, I think he was handled with very little understanding, very little tact and very little wisdom. 

Proud, vain—as all creative artists must be in their hearts—highly keyed to life, over-dramatic, over-imaginative, overly emotional, the thing was too much for him. But if he hadn’t been all those things he would never have been the boy in “The Big Parade” nor the lover in “Flesh and the Devil.” 

Life seems to have lost its taste for Gilbert, or to be so flavored with bitterness and idleness and injustice that he can’t drink of it any more, anyhow he seems to have hung away the cup—and we hear the crash of it. 

I think Byron must have felt rather like that in Venice—and in Greece. Or Keats—

In Italy. Or Poe or Stephen Crane. Or Da Vinci, when they were laughed at. 

The artist, defeated by the world—and the commercial world at that. That’s Jack Gilbert—and artists don’t understand those things very well, some of them. 

I think he was right, mostly. 

But right or wrong, his tragedy is one that breaks my heart for its reckless waste of talent and of charm and of things that made life all the more worth living. 

And right or wrong— we still love him.

---

HAS “lipstick-parching” 

ROBBED YOUR LIPS OF LOVE?

When a man kisses, he wants to kiss soft and smooth lips—not crinkly and rough lips! 

Yet so many lipsticks don’t consider the feel of your lips—they take that delicate rosy skin—the most sensitive skin of your face—and dry and parch it until the texture of your lips is more like crepe paper than a caress! 

Away with “Lipstick Parching!” Banish lipsticks that take the young moisture from your lips! Here is a NEW kind of lipstick which Coty has discovered. A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, exciting color... but without any parching penalties.

It is called Coty “Sub-Deb” Lipstick. It is truly indelible...yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It gives them the warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That’s because it contains a special softening ingredient, “Essence of Theobrom.”

Make the “Over-night” Experiment! 

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—notice how soft your lips feel...how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick? 

You can now get Coty “Sub-Deb” Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five ardent indelible colors at drug and department stores. 

NEW—Coty “Sub-Deb” Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

Dance to Ray Noble’s music. Wed. 10:30 P.M. New York time NBC Red Network.
The Tragedy of Being a Hollywood Mother

[continued from page 52]

fact, he has a bunch of rattle-trap things with the paint worn off, just like any other youngster at the careless age. He is never allowed to stay on the set and watch his mother in a scene. No photographs are made of him for publication, and, of course, he is not taken out in public to places where he would be recognized.

Norma has worked it out with a perfect balance between home and studio. But this worry not to sacrifice the screen career to the baby or the baby to the career—what heartaches for most of the girls who look so lovely and carefree when you see them on the screen.

The frantic juggling of time, just plain time, that goes on. The speed laws that are disregarded, to get home for one precious moment before baby is asleep! Especially during that first year when schedules are so vitally important.

No star who is making a picture can get home until eight, at best. She must take off her make-up and see the rushes—and, in most instances, she has a long drive between the studio and her home. So she kisses the sleeping baby and hopes to see him a little while in the morning. No baby can be kept up until eight o'clock to have dinner with mother, because every picture baby, without exception, is properly reared and on the strictest schedule. The best play-time of the day, as you know with your own baby, is the romp on the floor just before his supper. But few star-mothers can enjoy this rare interval. I have never heard of any mother in pictures selfish enough to wake up her child or interfere in any way with his schedule. It's an unwritten law—just as a seven o'clock call to be made up and on the set is a law.

And after a star's child is old enough to wait and have dinner with her—well, mama usually is no longer a star by that time!

ANYWAY, as you mothers know, baby has the lightest meal at night and dinner is at noon. Frances Dee goes home to noon dinner with Joel Dee McCrea if she has to drive forty miles and take an extra hour. She allows nothing to interfere. It is an unwavering rule on her set. The instant "lunch" is called Frances makes a bee-line for the door where her car is waiting. The make-up and bouffant costumes—during "Becky Sharp" for example—are forgotten. Acting and career are forgotten. She is Mrs. Joel McCrea having luncheon with her young son, and it is by far the biggest moment of her day.

No matter how late she has worked the night

helena rubinstein creates... new allure for your lips!

TOUCH your lips with the bright magic of Helena Rubinstein's Lipstick... and see them gain allure! The world-famous art of this great beauty specialist brings your lips vital glamour—the warm, breathing appeal of youth!

Her new discovery—a rare biological ingredient—protects and promotes your natural lip moisture. It ends the harsh, dry artificial look. Your lips gain dewy luscience—lustre!

Experience, too, the added loveliness made possible by her genius for color. Her newest shade is "Terra Cotta," the subtle, natural tone of the elegante. Or the more exotic Red Geranium, Red Poppy, Red Raspberry, Red Coral and "Evening." No ugly purple undertone... These lipsticks glide on—and stay on! .50, 1.00, 1.25. . . . Rouges to harmonize, 1.00... glorious powders that benefit your skin. 1.00, 1.50.

mystery for your eyes

Glamorous Persian Mascara—will not smudge, nor easily smudge. Black, Brown, and the new Blue and Blue-Green. 1.00. Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00.

LIMITED OFFER!

pasteurized face cream and beauty grains special combination set...1.00

Here is the secret of a glorious complexion—clear, radiant—young—a complexion that makes your cosmetics doubly alluring! Helena Rubinstein's priceless beauty secret—which has amazed the women of three continents.

Pasteurized Face Cream will cleanse, freshen, soften and protect. Smooths away lines—quickly. Actually transforms your skin. It is Helena Rubinstein's miracle cream... Beauty Grains—a stimulating complexion wash used with water or a teaspoonful of milk. Nothing in the world like it! To remove blackheads and whiteheads—refine pores—speed skin renewal—soften texture—normalize oil glands. Ask for "First Steps To Beauty," 1.00 complete.

MAIL SERVICE... If there is no Helena Rubinstein dealer in your community, order by mail. Consultation by mail is also welcome.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York

SALONS IN: Paris • London • Milan • Detroit • Chicago • Boston • New York • Seattle • Los Angeles • Montreal • Toronto

Copyright 1935, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

Reflected glory, you might say, taking a look at beautiful Tala Birell in the mirror. It was when she was doing her latest picture, "Air Hawks"
before, Frances is up at seven when her baby wakes. So if she does not see him at night, except asleep, they have at least shared two or the best times in the day. And if you hear about Frances being hauled into court on a pending charge, don’t put it down to recklessness. Remember, she was in a hurry to keep an important engagement.

Frances has had a splendid offer to make a picture in London. Whether she accepts is entirely dependent on the temperature and the climate over there at the time. At the present time she is making a thorough check-up of food supplies so the baby’s diet need not be altered. If it is decided that the trip will be beneficial to Joel Dee, a bouncing young husky if ever there was one, she will take the flyer. But she will not gamble on her baby’s health nor will she be separated from him.

As a matter of fact, she told a friend that she was waiting for Joel to get an offer, as she herself would rather not go over to work but just be Mrs. Joel McCrea and have all her time with the youngster.

When Joan Blondell’s baby, Norman Scott James, was four months old, Joan had made two pictures since his birth. She is so fond of her baby that she feels it’s a great deprivation to watch him grow up. “Sundays, I see him with his eyes open,” she told me, as if relating some indescribable miracle. “Wild ones couldn’t drag me away from home on that day.”

WAS out on a location trip, not long ago, on a picture Sally Eilers was in—her first after her baby was born. There was an undercurrent of excitement around the place. Sally flushed up suddenly, her eyes sparkling. “My baby is coming out to visit me today, for the first time,” she cried. Her words sped head of her because she couldn’t wait to tell the great tidings. She was so beautifully overjoyed, so madly anxious to get her arms around his warm little body—just for a moment.

The car drove up with the baby and Sally was inside before it stopped. In ten minutes, the car drove away with the precious cargo. Sally waved it out of sight, with food for a moment with her heart in her eyes—then went back to work. A different Sally—ubiquitous.

The question of divorce and custody of her child has driven Ann Harding almost to disassociation, and broken her health for a time. If she were not a picture star, possibly Harry“(unnamed) would not have contested her right to little Jane. His contention is that a mother whose career is in pictures has no time to devote to a child.

Ann, whose devotion to her little girl is the most important thing in her life, will fight to the death to see her suit to a finish. A mother is judged, in cases out of ten, to be the natural guardian of her child. Ann Harding was considered a fit and unfilsed mother up to the limits imposed upon her by her profession. The best part of her child’s support is dependent on that profession.

She went through the most torturing period the kidnapping scare—and it is never entirely absent—with guards placed even at the end of the road leading to her hilltop home. The frenzied police dog also was at large day and night within the fenced-in Harding estate, but now, six, goes to school every day accompanied by a guard.

When she is making a picture, Ann is home for seven every night, if it means halting the middle of a scene to leave. From seven till seven-thirty belongs to Jane, and no truism is tolerated. If Ann has guests, they...
can wait. Ann has very definite ideas about child rearing. It is no haphazard business to her, to be left to providence and a good nurse. She respects the individuality of her daughter, and never forces herself on the child. She waits patiently for Jane to come to her with problems.

Ann does not believe the atmosphere of a motion picture set is good for the young mind, so Jane is brought to the studio only at very rare intervals, although Ann is denying herself the privilege of seeing Jane more often by adhering to this rule.

Through all the exigencies of profession travel, and broken marriage, Gloria Swanson has managed heroically to keep her children with her most of the time. During enforced separations she is miserable.

The worldly and soignée Gloria is difficult to picture in the devoted mother rôle, but she is actually one of the most conspicuously successful star-mothers in pictures. Like Ann Harding, she has definite ideas on the subject, is a strict but fair disciplinarian—a perfectly splendid mother. Gloria believes the English children are the most beautifully brought up and models her own ideas on this school of behavior.

Gloria, the younger, is fifteen. Joseph is twelve, and Michele Bridget is two and a half. Bridget is very important with her little troubles. When her mother is working, she saves them all up for a thorough going-over at the first opportunity. If young Gloria gets ideas at school about wearing high heels or smoking cigarettes or using make-up, she consults her mother who convinces the child that she must not be guided by what the other girls do, but what she, her mother, thinks is best for her. Gloria, the younger, has never been out without a chaperon—either the boy's mother goes with them, or Gloria—no matter if she has an early call at the studio the next morning.

Joseph is a young inventor, with promise of genius. Gloria reads scientific treatises to keep up with him. When she has the time, she is out in the workshop pottering around engine models with him.

Perfect manners are emphasized among the Swanson-Sombor-Farmer children to such an extent that their mother knows she can be absent from them for any length of time with confidence in their behavior. After all, says Gloria, good manners are simply a practical application of the golden rule. "Do unto others"—and she thinks a well-mannered child has grasped the fundamentals for a good life.

THIS is a secret—but Gloria has a suppressed desire to have a children's school—and in some not too remote day she may start one.

There are two classes of screen star mothers, to divide them into general divisions—the dressy and the intelligently efficient types. The dressy type likes to have the baby brought in, pink and fresh and sweet, to show to visitors on a Sunday afternoon. Or, if the child is older, dressed up at teatime and sent in for an hour while mama tells stories—when she can be home from the studio between pictures.
The efficient type is, perhaps, best exemplified by Louise Fazenda. All winter long, her son Brent was in Palm Springs with a competent nurse, because Louise felt all the sunshine and moderate climate better for his health. It was a real sacrifice for her to make, because only to see him nights and mornings could be better than just for week-ends. Every Sunday she flew, literally, to Palm Springs, he couldn't get there fast enough. And once here, it was not enough just to hold him and look at him. She wanted to do everything for him. Squeeze the orange juice, put the carrots through the sieve, feed him, bathe him, weigh him, change him, dress him—even wash his little clothes. She was jealous of everything a nurse did—she wanted to have the full pleasure of bringing up her baby through every minute of the day and ministering to every need.

She makes clothes for him, on the set between scenes. He was taken ill once, and Louise was in Hollywood. It was raining so hard she couldn't fly down to Palm Springs to make good time driving. She went almost mad with anxiety until her husband put her on a crack express train which usually roars right through the desert. It stopped at Palm Springs for Louise—a frantic woman in need of make-up and funny costume to the delighted passengers. It was a short trip, but Louise says she put on ten years.

Joan Bennett seems to manage her household with one hand and her career with the other. Never a cog in the machinery slips. Through a wonderful nurse for little Melinda, Ann the one year old, and a governess for Diane, the mechanics of the situation are beautifully entwined. But she hasn't seen very much of her children lately.

OR eight months after Melinda was born she made no pictures. She enjoyed the most supreme luxury a star-mother can have—an undivided companionship with her baby, when she started to work again, Joan as doing two pictures at once and she never was Melinda except on Sundays. This became unendurable until she finally insisted on permission to have the baby brought on the set every day. Joan is looking forward to the day when she can retire and be with her children all the time, with no interruptions. She works now, while there is a demand for her, simply hastens the day and the independence—and she feels it is worth the sacrifice, so the present!

Arlene Judge, Karen Morley and Dixie Lee rosby are all young mothers, who must give their babies in other hands from morning till evening—wondering if they are all right, calling to the telephone at every opportunity to call up home and find out.

I know the retort from all you strict disciplinarians—"A baby is better off in the experienced care of a nurse than in the care of an inexperienced mother."

Maybe you're right. But it's pretty hard on the mother, having to deny herself the irreplaceable delight of watching and holding and nursing for her own baby, hour by hour. Picture this to yourself—six o'clock on a very sunny morning, when your baby wakes up with a wide pink yawn and the happy sighs that send your heart leaping. He gives you that morning smile, and the day folds like a magic carpet—every moment in irreplaceable companionship.

There is no delight on earth, for a woman, to be compared with the daily cares and joys of motherhood—and no star in pictures can have this exquisite pleasure!
that bar. Not drinking... unless you want to!... but listening to his stories about all the folks whose pictures hang there. Now I don't imble, as you know, Joan, but there's no rule against carving your Mitzi Hancock in the O'Brien bar with the good old ice-pick, is there? So, I etched it on. You may, if your old eyes are still bright, see Walter Catlett peering through his chapers over Pat's brawny shoulder. Incidentally, Pat's elbow is right smack in Jimmie Cagney's face. A good thing for O'Brien they're life-long pals, huh?

Me, I'm too weak-minded, but the gentle Evelyn Venable just eats vegetables which must, doubtlessly, keep her from ever raising a temper. Nothing ever makes her angry... and the day I was there for lunch, first, John Lodge was late, then Tessie the dog suddenly did a fade-out, all the while workmen kept coming in and going out, banging away at an addition they were building on the house. But Evelyn kept serene as a lily pond. Eventually Tessie returned; Mr. Lodge put in his tardy, though welcome appearance and at the stroke of one the workmen threw down their tools... klink!... and silence reigned. Then to the vittles.

Food is one of my prime interests, but I will rest my jaws long enough to say that I've never seen such lovely eyes as Evelyn Venable's... nor such a charming manner as her husband, the ace cameraman, Hal Mohr. The lunch was very tasty, but I couldn't concentrate on it much because Bride and Groom were arguing over horse-back riding. Groom begged Bride to give it up because he was afraid she might have an accident. The little woman laughed and said she was too good a rider. Said she, "Give up your flying and I give up my riding." Latest reports are that neither have given up either... but Evelyn now rides with a groom, and her husband takes her along when he flies!

I've always loved Evelyn's dark, naturally curly, simply-dressed hair. I guess her man shared my sentiments for when she said eagerly, "Darling, how would you like me to live you with bunsa on it?" He replied briefly, "Darling, how would I like you in the nose?" And that, kitten, was that!

I just remembered that I promised, last epistle, that I was going to tell you all about the ranch party at Harry Carey's. Half a moo while I leap on Dobbin! Tally-ho and a bottle of Biminet! Jamshed Dinshaw Petit, the Bombay laddie who has more rapedes than you or I ever will, my sweet, was the honored. The boy, as I told you, is taking a little jaunt around both hemispheres, and whilst stopping in our fair Hollywood, his pals showed him life as she is lived here. A bit of the latter included a sample of the Wild West, or Mister Carey's rancho.

Among the guests you would know was my old friend, Henry Hathaway, who directed "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Hank once was a prize bronco rider, and Edwin Willats who designs so many of the peachy sets at Metro. Ann Sheridan, who is as pretty as she is talented, drooped up with me, and Monte Blue, the attractive Tom Keene, Joyce Hearst and Julie Haydon, a pippin who got into pictures via the fairy-tale route. She sent her photo to Ida Koverman of M-G-M (who found Jean Parker) and Mrs. K. was so impressed by her beauty that she had the girl come to the studio. Put away that tin-type, Joanie, it only happens once in a lifetime! Will Rogers couldn't come so he sent Mrs. Carey, whose name is Olive; this wire: "Golly Ollie so sorry but I've got to go to Wyoming. Will."

The moment we arrived we found the genial Harry had the gee-gees all saddled. The gang immediately set forth over mesquite brush and sage (I reckon that's the lingo, pardner!) for a couple of hours, then we limped back for lunch. After that there was a first-class demonstration by experts in cow branding and taking from "La Paloma" to "Home on the Range." There is no use to continue... the moon, the music, the smell of wide, open spaces...! I'm going to buy me a pair of chaps, settle down and wrangle mustangs!

NEVER ignore health for pleasure... combine them! That's this last creed since the cowboy outing I just wrote you. I let the Trocadero rest a couple of nights while I concentrated on What Is Good for the Growing Girl. Under this heading came Ida Koverman's party at her Santa Monica beach home to which I went with Jack La Ruco, so some of the others may have been there, for I felt it the best sea breeze we've had in a long time. Jack, the son, was very pretty, with long blond hair, and I kept looking all the time at his do, not realizing the others were there.

But to continue! There were lots of beauties around... Jean Parker, Madge Evans, Mady Christians, Joan Marsh, Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel, Betty Furness and... but with each name you see a smiling face with which things are very fine, so I left the champagne strictly alone and just concentrated on demolishing a bunch of the teeney, piping hot meat canapes. My old friend Nils Asther shared a few of them with me. It was my first real opportunity to thank him for the cable he sent me warning of which I flaunted plenty in the face of the current boy-friend. (All the way from Sweden! Imagine!) I asked Nils to repeat the performance whenever out of town. He agreed, which is lucky, but personally I'd just as soon have him stick around... if he'd stick with me!

But to continue! There were lots of beauties around... Jean Parker, Madge Evans, Mady Christians, Joan Marsh, Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel, Betty Furness and... but with each name you see a smiling face with which things are very fine, so I left the champagne strictly alone and just concentrated on demolishing a bunch of the teeney, piping hot meat canapes. My old friend Nils Asther shared a few of them with me. It was my first real opportunity to thank him for the cable he sent me warning of which I flaunted plenty in the face of the current boy-friend. (All the way from Sweden! Imagine!) I asked Nils to repeat the performance whenever out of town. He agreed, which is lucky, but personally I'd just as soon have him stick around... if he'd stick with me!

But to continue! There were lots of beauties around... Jean Parker, Madge Evans, Mady Christians, Joan Marsh, Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel, Betty Furness and... but with each name you see a smiling face with which things are very fine, so I left the champagne strictly alone and just concentrated on demolishing a bunch of the teeney, piping hot meat canapes. My old friend Nils Asther shared a few of them with me. It was my first real opportunity to thank him for the cable he sent me warning of which I flaunted plenty in the face of the current boy-friend. (All the way from Sweden! Imagine!) I asked Nils to repeat the performance whenever out of town. He agreed, which is lucky, but personally I'd just as soon have him stick around... if he'd stick with me!

But to continue! There were lots of beauties around... Jean Parker, Madge Evans, Mady Christians, Joan Marsh, Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel, Betty Furness and... but with each name you see a smiling face with which things are very fine, so I left the champagne strictly alone and just concentrated on demolishing a bunch of the teeney, piping hot meat canapes. My old friend Nils Asther shared a few of them with me. It was my first real opportunity to thank him for the cable he sent me warning of which I flaunted plenty in the face of the current boy-friend. (All the way from Sweden! Imagine!) I asked Nils to repeat the performance whenever out of town. He agreed, which is lucky, but personally I'd just as soon have him stick around... if he'd stick with me!

But to continue! There were lots of beauties around... Jean Parker, Madge Evans, Mady Christians, Joan Marsh, Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel, Betty Furness and... but with each name you see a smiling face with which things are very fine, so I left the champagne strictly alone and just concentrated on demolishing a bunch of the teeney, piping hot meat canapes. My old friend Nils Asther shared a few of them with me. It was my first real opportunity to thank him for the cable he sent me warning of which I flaunted plenty in the face of the current boy-friend. (All the way from Sweden! Imagine!) I asked Nils to repeat the performance whenever out of town. He agreed, which is lucky, but personally I'd just as soon have him stick around... if he'd stick with me!
...ances more vigorously. News Item: He was met with Anita Louise. She was present with an unknown gent, but Tom had a little ranger with him, too. Such elaborate stories the young starlets made of avoiding each other... they had a mad on... I'mtyping it's not permanent, but Anita always peeking over her partner's shoulder to see where Tom was, and the lad's eyes did a fine bit of darting about, too.

USY as a bee I was taking in everything for your edification, my lamb, when along came Edwin Willis ('member I told you he scouted at M-G-M) and invited me over to his table. Eddie Lowe breezed over to the table with Irvin Cobb's daughter. She clipped: "Dad's just had his teeth fixed. Poor boy, he's got to talk before a ladies' society. He'll probably hiss at them!"

She rolled her eyes around the place. "My, my, I'm due for a collapse, too much say-daisy geengs on for a simple country girl like me."

The handsome Lowe fellow said he wanted to collapse too... he'd been eating so many ring beans at dinner he felt like a relief map Iowa!

When those two irrationalis left we chatted out thisa and thata.

Mostly thata.

After this I did a little dancing. Occasionally I got bumped by a grand looking girl who wore a tailored suit and a tremendous six-carat sapphire on her scarf-tipped finger. When turned about the lady proved to be Miss C. Lombard, who had no business being anywhere but in a bed nursing a cold, but who said she would rather munch rat poison than stay between the sheets another moment.

Back at the table we greeted the saucy Florine McKinney and her shadow, Barry Trivers, who writes very good movie stories. Sadly he pointed to his upper lip, the moustache was gone. "I done it," said Florine proudly, "with my little hatchet! For months I've been begging him to shave the thing off, but he wouldn't."

And then chimed in the lad with the hairless lip, "she said that if Ronald Colman could take his off for 'Clive of India,' I certainly could do it for Florine McKinney!"

"So what else," asked Florine, "could he do?" Then they danced off, looking very pleased with themselves.

Now I shall give you the Fox luncheon held for their splendid designer, Royer, at the Assistance League this very noon. Betwixt courses, I talked with Adrienne Ames, and the creator himself, and I got a very heartening flash of What's To Be. The results are pretty chi-chi! Besides, Adrienne, the other honeys whose clothes were modeled from the unexplained pictures, "Dante's Inferno" and "Mystery Woman," were Mona Barrie and Claire Trevor.

ADRIENNE was dying to eat her salad, but she had to pop up and pose for pictures every moment. There was a robe-de-style number with a big stuffed bird perched at the waist that the photographers went nutty over, so they had the model, Adrienne, the clever and embarrassed Royer and the other girls pose all together. Suddenly Royer got hysterical and pointed. The bird was upside down! Our little humorist, Miss Ames, remarked that it had probably had a hard winter and was now flying south for the sun!

Another surprise note was the sudden entrance of the three of the Marx brothers. These little men just rattle to the League for a quick and good lunch, but when they spied their favorite movie star they just pulled up the chairs and went for a full dinner. Then Mrs. Bruce Cabot made an error. She told them they were moving into a fashion luncheon. Chico went for her head, Harpo for her arms and Groucho for her feet. They scrambled the daylight's out of her. Then they left off abruptly and pompously marched away.

POOR Adrienne, she pulled herself together and started to tackle her salad again. But it had been removed! During the next course she stopped to applaud the lovely gowns, posed for more pictures, and bowed to several enthusiastic fans. By this time the meat was cold so dessert was brought in. Perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but I told her she was looking well after her flu siege. During the ensuing discussion she looked up and saw the waiter disappearing with her chocolate cake and coffee!

It was then time to go, so Adrienne asked me to meet her at the Vendome next week and have a little lunch.

And speaking of lunch reminds me I haven't had any yet, so as much as your stoical scribe would like to continue she will have to be a little copy cat and say what Fred Astaire did when his lighter wouldn't work—"The flint is willing but the spirit's weak."

Not bad, eh?

Ravenously yours,

Mitzi.
Where Is Hollywood's Glamour?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

EDMUND LOWE PICKS MOST ALLURING LIPS IN LIPSTICK TEST

Movie Star tells why he chose Tangee Lips

• "Give me the natural lips...rosy but not painted!" Thus Edmund Lowe sides with the millions of men who don't like that painted look. Tangee can't make any lips look painted, because it isn't paint. Its magic color principle accnats the natural rose in your lips.

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush-rose shade your lips should naturally have...soft, kissable, womanly. And since Tangee isn't a "paint" lipstick it will not coat your lips with a smear of greasy paint. Try Tangee. It's 9c in one size, $1.10 in the larger. Or send 10c and the coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Makeup Set offered below.

CARL BRISSON has just sent his big white Hispano-Suiza with all the fancy built-in accessories back home to avoid the tax. He came, of course, from Europe, and probably still believed in the legend of how Hollywood stars captured glamour. But he was about ten years behind the times, and his old-fashioned stab at glamour missed by the wide breach of boredom. Few bothered to look at the automobile. Nobody cared.

I haven't heard of a star with a private car for years. The roadsides of the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific used to groan with them. I haven't seen a chinchilla coat for lo these many moons. The Talmadge sisters used to wave them in the breeze at every public occasion possible, and Clara Kimball Young once forked out $80,000 for the most famous of the lot.

No star that I can think of would remotely consider striding up and down Sunset Boulevard regularly every afternoon in brilliant Chinese pajamas as Nazimova used to do. The lighted "TM" brand which used to announce in Tom Mix's Catalina home to the tourists in glass-bottomed boats have long since winked out. And Tom, although an inurable showman, has laid aside his blue velvet evening clothes in mothbolls, and no longer puts up his ponies in the best London hotels, as he did Tony in the past.

VALENTINO, of course, was tops on the male side for glamour; even when he built a house on a hilltop, not so different from the hundreds of houses which today surmount Hollywood's knolls—but he called it "Falco's Lair." Glamorous? Certainly. Pola Negri sent to Europe at enormous expense for a certain kind of tree to plant on her lawn. Only the sigh of the wind through those particular boughs could soothe her esoteric spirit, she explained. Would that make her glamorous today—or luminous? Now, here is the public going to take her buying the Valentino house—"to be near his spirit"—with a nominal fee to be charged visitors, if her plan materializes? How long since have you heard of a mad caprice to equal that of Mabel Normand when she implored all the friends gathered at the pier to bid her good-bye with her on a trip to Europe? And when she returned and heard the regrets of those who had failed to be on hand for the profitable adieu, she took the "left-overs" and made a second trip—standing all expenses.

No—exhibitionism is out, partly because it doesn't beget glamour any more, and partly because the old mad Hollywood is gone. It has grown up, sobered up, taken a look at itself and, slightly ashamed, completely reversed its glamer-sucking tactics.

The idea used to be to let the world know how much you had. To dazzle with opulence. To enchant with magnificence.

Every pay day Wallace Reid used to walk into Sam Kress's old drug store on Hollywood Boulevard and stop at the perfume counter. He'd buy hundreds of dollars worth of expensive scents, which he distributed to the first girls he met.

Most stars of the old Hollywood had their paychecks spent before they ever saw them. They were children living in a wonderful land of plenty and they had no reason to suspect that it wouldn't last forever.

They know better now, and the idea has suddenly about-faced. Now, it's not to let the world know how much you have. And save as much as you can. Improvisation is out. This idea of becoming famous personalities in the country have their headquarters in Hollywood. If I listed the number of ranches and other sound investments of the stars, it would take up the rest of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

What happened? What sobered Hollywood up? And just where is Hollywood's glamour today?

SEVERAL things happened. For one thing Hollywood was mellowed and tempered by that which mollows and tempers all things including good wine—age. The mad manne-kins sickened of their own brew and swore off as they grew older.

Another important factor is the talkies. They flooded the town with stage actors, tired of hotel life and trunk living. They made sane home life popular and fashionable. In stead of a possible twenty-weeks a year on Broadway, they had fifty-two on contract salary and a chance to put away that nest egg they had always dreamed about. They set about doing it and the rest of Hollywood followed suit.

Also, of course, there was the Depression.

The only place left for glamour was in work. And that is just where Hollywood's glamour is conjured up today—in work, in careers, in screen personalities—and in sane, healthy play—even as you and I.

Private lives, which used to have everything to do with glamour, now have nothing. Glamour lies strictly before the camera's eye.

Greta Garbo is the most glamorous star of this age. Yet there is no "enticing charm" about her life. It is simple, secretive, colorless. She does nothing showy or spectacular. Wherever she rented the big house in Beverly Hills she used but two rooms. She ate in the kitchen and slept in the smallest bedroom. The rest of the house was dark. She is said to have rented this house because of its high walled back yard in which she could take sun baths.

But the measer known facts of her existence haven't created her powerful charm. Her spell on the screen has done it.

Mae West, as the whole world knows, completely belies her screen character in private life. Her glamorous fore-runners—Nita Naldi—
and Barbara LaMarr—however, created a romantic legend in Hollywood.

Off screen Mac is no more Diamond Lil, the sexy siren, than your Aunt Hannah. She leads a life of hard work and little diversion. You couldn’t pick up a whisper of scandal about her even with one of those new radio sets that get Russia.

And as I said, the whole world knows that—but it doesn’t give a hang. Mac is glamorous because she burns up the screen as no one ever burned it up before.

You can apply the same rule to Norma Shearer, glamorous because she flaunts married convention and lives a free life—but strictly on celluloid. No more conventional, stainless reputationed wife and mother can be found in Hollywood or elsewhere, for that matter.

So, today, that personal glamour which was measured by lavish squandering of money on eccentricities, pretension, extremes in dress or behavior—the very things that gave Hollywood (and rightly so) its label of being a mad town of wholly irresponsible people—has gone forever.

But few, and very few examples of outlandish behavior or living are seen or known. A Dietrich may come along with another clothesfad, such as howlous get-up, but, like Dietrich’s, it won’t last long. It will be laughed out of existence. Also, you no longer hear of Katharine Hepburn plunging down in the middle of a street to read her mail. There was one mention lately of her running around the set with no shoes on, but it wasn’t picked up and spread around. Those things, mild as they are in comparison with events of a few years ago, are ignored or snickered at and dismissed.

Let’s take some of the top bracket names at random and see if we can point the finger at one eccentricity of any sort.

Joan Crawford, to lead off with, pictorially one of the most glamorous actresses on the screen. But—Joan is the most concentratedly hard-working girl in the films. Rarely is she seen about town. Not that she is “exclusive,” she just hasn’t the time. Her work is her passion, and her relaxation is more work, in the little theater she built on her estate. If not, that is, dancing, to keep herself point perfect in picture pose.

So, there’s no help there. Now for Clark Gable. And we may as well admit at the beginning neither is there any help there. He and his attractive wife are seen occasionally at the better clubs and cafes, but almost all his other spare time, and he has little of that too, is spent in outdoor sports, mainly hunting—and not the coy charmers as you might expect from his screen roles.

As for Robert Montgomery, there’s his farm in Connecticut, on which he gets out and, believe it or not, works. From the earth we jump to the aesthetic—Kitty Carlisle. Kitty, in less opulent days, was strong for clothes. All her pin money went toward an attempt to be the best appearing woman—not, not the most lavishly dressed woman, as it might have been a few years ago. But now, Kitty spends every spare moment on her voice, travelling even to Europe when she has the time to further her singing. Hardly time to be glamorous there, is there? As for the clothes, still very smart, but they get the least of her time.

And Claudette Colbert likes nothing better than jumping into her small car and shooting off alone, to any destination her fancy may take. But, you say, who doesn’t do that? That’s what we’ve all done. All right, Bing

---

**I’M IN LOVE with the new Styl-EEZ WHITE SHOES**

"You have to wear the dainty new summer Styl-EEZ shoes to realize they have the art of keeping cool down to a fine point. For one thing, they’re white—and that makes them look cool. For another thing, they’re air-conditioned—with hundreds of perforations worked into clever designs...just like little windows that let cooling breezes blow in on your hot feet! To me, Styl-EEZ shoes are the coolest, the smartest, the most comfortable friends that a pair of busy young feet can have when it’s 100 in the shade...and any other time. They’re quality through and through, but their price doesn’t budge my budget. I’m glad I have the Styl-EEZ habit!"

Special construction features, found only in Styl-EEZ shoes, prevent rotation of the ankles and keep your feet from tiring easily...unusual in shoes so moderately priced.

$6.50—Slightly higher west of the Rockies

Other Selby Products—ARCH PRESERVER and TRU-POISE Shoes
In Canada, write Selby Shoes, Ltd., Montreal

---

**Styl-EEZ**

A SELBY SHOE

Send this coupon for Styl-EEZ booklet of features and new models.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Please send me a copy of your newest Styl-EEZ booklet.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

---

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1935 107
PHOTOPLAY

Sets, one dead," script long divorced from wanted right the debt *108

S" will Greater Santa Fares and roundaboutient new AIR-CONDITIONED principal all-expense This

CANYON comfort Ranch and Observation, years. Then EXPOSITION

CANYON is pictured New the cool Lilies and Santa the automobile to Redding, Conn., and set about recouping in the only way she knew how. She wrote a play.

It is for Miriam Hopkins, a Goldwyn contractee, that the initial Crothersescript is intended. Its theme is the power of money: and Miss Crothers has adapted it from an unproduced play of her own, called "The House of Larrimore."

"I know Miss Hopkins will be great in it," she told me, "and it will be great to work with her again."

Most of Miss Crother's comedy-dramas have dealt with the changing social attitude toward the allegedly weaker sex. Women, she said, "evolve" and she quoted a line of them to the effect that if you want to know social change, watch women. Thus "Nice People" was concerned with the more somber aspects of "flaming youth"—"Let Us Be Gay" with the remarriage of a divorced couple! "When Ladies Meet" with the problem of "a middle-aged woman," etc. She doesn't know precisely what women are "evolving" to right now, but she isn't worrying. "They are capable," she assured me, "of taking care of themselves."

Unlike many of her Broadway contemporaries, Miss Crotherses has approached the cinema with an open mind. In the theater, her word was absolute; John Golden, who presented many of her plays, had such confidence in her ability that he would frequently remain away at Miami Beach until after a premiere. Producer as well as playwright that she was, she could see a script take living form as she penned it. Sets, costumes, movement, speech—she visualized them all. Nor did it take her long to get the hang of the films; even while at M-G-M, she began, she says, to get the pictorial feel. She recognizes the gulf separating the two mediums, and she is aware that the cinema is compounded of "quick telegraphic moving things." But she is unalterably opposed to motion for motion's sake.

"I realize the films cannot be wholly men-

"realize the films cannot be wholly men-

tal," she explained, "but I do believe the human element is often lost sight of entirely. "There is too much running up and down stairs."

Of her filmed plays, she liked "When Miss Crothers Meet" better than "Let Us Be Gay," and "As Husbands Go" more than either. She wouldn't go to see her silent pictures.

Miss Crothers looks forward to her new adventure with zest; but you must not suppose that it has replaced the stage in her affections. When someone asked her recently what there was left in the theater, she replied quickly, "Just what we put in it." With fire in her eyes, she amplified this to me. "People who say the theater is dead," she flashed, "are dead themselves." But she admits that the talk is giving it "some life."

She scoffs at the notion that the screen is a more profitable venture for an established playwright—at least over a long period of time. "A successful play," she said, "makes easily $100,000 for the author. It usually runs two seasons and may go to London. Then there are the other foreign rights. Add to these the amateur stock, book, film and radio rights, and you will appreciate why I regard that as a fair figure."

"Yet the movie people fondly believe they pay you so much."

MISS CROTHERS does her writing in bed; she has for years. Mornings. "Life is so interesting, even to get up begins a different kind of world," declares this extraordinary woman "Once the pad is brought in with the break-

fast tray, I am completely isolated from every-

one. I can work in peace. When I do get up, it is with a free conscience."

"In the afternoons, I play golf. Eighteen holes," she added, "today."

Golf, winter and summer, is one of the reasons she has taken Hollywood to her bosom. She didn't, at first; she had never felt lonely, she confided, than during those first few months; even in Europe. Now she regards Hollywood as "a gracious, charming place to live. Here one meets one's own craft and kind," she exclaimed. "I've had a happy winter; I've been very gay!"

I wanted to know if Miss Crothers had gravitated naturally toward the theater. She assured me she hadn't.

"The stage was very remote and wicked to the Crothers family," she recalled. "Nor had any of us been writers." An astonishing number of them had become preoccupied with medicine—father's uncles and cousins. Even

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1935

CROThers—Detours

Greater comfort for fewer dollars will highlight this summer's western vacations via the Santa Fe. Observation, lounge and club cars; Fred Harvey dinner is standard and tourist sleeping, and chair cars, will be AIR-CONDITIONED on all principal Santa Fe trains. Fares and sleeping car cost will be the lowest in years.

DUDE There are scores of fine RANCHES Dude Ranches in the Santa Fe Southwest, pictured in a new Dude Ranch booklet. INDIAN-DETOUR try motor explorations, roundabout cool Old Santa Fe, New Mexico, have delighted Santa Fe patrons for years.

GRAND Grand Canyon dawnsreshold CANYON the memories of a lifetime. There is a wide range of convenient all-expense Grand Canyon tours via the Santa Fe.

Then comes HOLLYWOOD and the EXPOSITION AT SAN DIEGO.

MAIL THIS COUPON

W. I. BLAINE, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines, 918 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill. Book picture books and folders about fares from...

Name

Address

Dude ranches

Indian-detours

GRAND CANYON

California

[continued from page 29]
her mother had suddenly, at the age of forty, turned to the well-thumbed pages of Gray's "Anatomy." A few years later she received her M. D.

All this was bound to have its effect on Rachel, youngest of nine children. Hers was a lonely life; in a kind of blind despair, she began to build houses on the floor for her dolls and live out, as she describes it, their full lives. "Talking aloud for them like that," she says, "I began to play at playwright before I knew a play was." Soon, as a matter of course, she was writing "novels," and even a play. "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining, or The Ruined Merchant."

After being graduated from Illinois State Normal, she set out, starry-eyed, to seek her fortune in New York. She found it.

But first there were years of struggle. Miss Crothers had only $300 and an unconquerable faith in herself. When an interview with Daniel Frohman, dean of theatrical producers, came to naught, she entered the Wheatcroft School of Acting. It was there that she received a grounding in that fearful and wonderful art which was one day to be truly hers. Soon she was coaching other students, and even writing plays for them—typical, adolescent pieces like "The Rector," "A Water Color," "Elizabeth" and "Which Way?"

In 1906, Carlotta Nielson, the actress, persuaded a manager to put on "The Three of Us," by Rachel Crothers. In it occurred a scene in which the heroine, crying out that she was able to look after herself, hied her to a man's room. This was considered very daring at the time; but it didn't hurt the play any. "The Three of Us" marked the beginning of its author's investigation of the social attitude toward women, and was an instantaneous hit.

Since then, she has averaged a play a year. If, out of it all, she has evolved any enduring philosophy, she thinks it is this: "We bring all our misfortunes on ourselves. If somebody has deceived us, we've allowed ourselves to make a mistake in judgment. Every failure I've had has been my failure; my play was wrong. It is a most unhappy philosophy to believe we have been injured by others."

**LIGHT UP...**

and feel pleasant

Watch a fellow light his first Kool. See the mild surprise turn to the good old grin that shows he's found something. The smoke feels refreshingly cool. The throat relaxes. And best of all, the coolness of Kools doesn't interfere with the fine tobacco flavor—it's fully preserved. So try Kools for your throat and for pleasure's sake. And save the B & W coupon in each pack for handsome nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Write today for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

**SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS**

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Leslie Fenton, featured in the sophisticated mystery, "Star of Midnight," starring William Powell, Ginger Rogers
It opened the following autumn at the Globe Theater. Bessie McCoy, Richard Harding Davis’ wife, was the star. Also in the cast were the Dolly Sisters, their first American appearance. Likewise the dancing team of Ryan and White, the latter to become George White of “Scandals” fame.

“The Echo” was an instant success. So was Bill LeBaron. Likewise Deems Taylor. No college show had ever graduated from the dear old campus right onto Broadway before.

LeBaron received his diploma before his play was produced. Face to face with a cold, cruel world and wisely realizing “The Echo” might just as easily be a smaller as a smash hit and that many a playwright had starved to death waiting for the first royalty check, he got a steady job with a publishing house at twenty-five dollars a week. This sufficed handsomely until his play opened. For many weeks thereafter he received weekly royalties of one thousand dollars.

The result was a bad habit which remains with him to this day. To be specific: every Saturday night he collected his weekly twenty-five dollars, got himself organized and refused to go home until every dime had been squandered. In his own words “It taught me to know nothing whatever about the value of money.” His salary is several digits larger now but he finds it just as easy to spend as it was then—and just as much fun.

The sudden prosperity of “The Echo” did not turn our hero’s head. He continued to hold steady jobs, but industriously wrote more plays nights, Sundays and holidays. “The Very Idea,” a hilarious farce starring Ernest Truex, which LeBaron authored alone, was his outstanding non-musical effort. It played for years, was twice made into pictures—and may be again. Who knows? His musical tops was the tuneful and charming “Apple Blossoms,” music by none other than Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacoby. In the leading roles were John Charles Thomas—the man with no last name—and Wilda Bennett, no kin to Joan or Constance. But the real stars of “Apple Blossoms” were a couple of shaw-stopping youngsters from vaudeville, making their first New York legitimate stage appearance—Fred and Adele Astaire.

Mr. LeBaron, by and large, penned so many plays that recently he sold the motion picture rights to one he had completely forgotten ever having written. It was called “Something to Begg About,” but the author now frankly declares that “nothing” is a better word.

In his spare moments—during lunch hours probably—Mr. LeBaron dashed off vaudeville sketches for a man named Jesse Lasky, little musical mélanges entitled “Redheads,” “Trained Nurses,” and such like. These eventually led their author into what might well have been a fatal error of judgment. Mr. Lasky invited him to call one ante-bellum Sunday afternoon. Mr. LeBaron called. Present were two other fellows named Cecil B. DeMille and Samuel Goldwyn. They pronounced a fantastic scheme. They were going to make a motion picture and wanted him to join their venture as a scenario editor.

Mr. LeBaron’s answer was an ill-concealed sneer. He loved the theater which was paying him handsomely. He didn’t like motion pictures. They were just a fad with no future whatever, he declared. He also declared he didn’t know a thing about them and neither did Lasky, DeMille and Goldwyn, which was true. Their blandishments fell on deaf ears. Even offers of equal partnership left him adamant. So Lasky, DeMille and Goldwyn marched to fame and riches in Hollywood which the skeptical Mr. LeBaron for the asking, could have shared.

LITTLE did he know that ere long the movie project was again to rear its ugly head and bite him for keeps. As follows:

After the war he was on the editorial staffs of two national magazines. After Mr. LeBaron took over his second magazine job he was asked by the publisher to be at a certain place, certain time. Mr. LeBaron went

Who said picture making wasn’t a serious business? This was when “Chasing Yesterday” was being shot. Anne Shirley is at the table, with O. P. Heggie. Director George Nicholls, Jr., crouching...
was ushered into a pitch-black room, pushed into a seat and presto — a motion picture flickered on a far wall. He watched it in contemptuous silence. The film completed, the lights went up. Mr. LeBaron looked around to face his publisher who said: "What do you think of it, Mr. LeBaron?" Said Mr. LeBaron vehemently: "I think it's terrible." Which was the end of his career as an editor and the beginning of his career in motion pictures — his publisher was interested in a motion picture company, and he, too, didn't like that particular film.

Mr. LeBaron was immediately assigned to the job of re-editing and re-writing the picture, which he did so successfully that he was given further assignments. Came the day when, because Mr. LeBaron had nothing better to do, it was decided he should produce a picture on his own. His choice of subject was a story he and a girl around the place liked. Her name was Frances Marion, now, as you know, one of the leading scenarists. Everybody else was agin it. Along came a young director out of the West named Frank Borzage. He liked the story, too. The three pooled their talents and enthusiasm. The result was "Humoresque," a howling success and the winner of the first Photooplay Magazine Gold Medal for the Best picture of the year, 1920.

TWO more pictures produced by LeBaron were later to win this honor, "Beau Geste" and "Cimarron," which makes him the only three-time winner of the prize. "Cimarron" won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award for the Best Produced Picture of the year — the other two probably may have, too, except that the Academy wasn't awarding awards then.

In producing "Beau Geste," Mr. LeBaron pulled the rather unusual caper of sending a company from New York to Arizona, which everyone thought was pretty stupid at the time but didn't later when the picture became the sensation of the year.

Since "Humoresque" Mr. LeBaron has produced a list of pictures as long as your arm — maybe both arms. First for Cosmopolitan, then Paramount, then RKO-Radio and now for Paramount again.


A FEW of the stars with whom he has been associated besides those already mentioned are Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Marion Davies, Thomas Meighan, Adolphe Menjou, George Raft — but again, why go on? He brought Wheeler and Woolsey to Hollywood for "Rio Rita," which made them headliners. Likewise Edna May Oliver. Also Irene Dunne. All of which goes to show he's been fairly busy most of the time.

While he has achieved success with almost every type of picture, his recent efforts have been chiefly comedies and musicals. He has the rare — I might even say almost extinct — gift of knowing quite precisely what he wants and getting it with a minimum of time, effort and excitement. Although he can and does throw out an atomic bombardment of con-

New powder, 3 times silk-sifted, subdues harsh reflections — makes faces look softer, more youthful!

REAL loveliness lies unsuspected in many a face!

For ordinary unsifted face powders too often bring out one's worst points! They give the skin a flat, hard surface that causes strong light reflections and throws features and contours into harsh relief.

That's why the sudden loveliness — the new delicacy of feature — that appears when you change to silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder so often seems like a miracle!

Sifting 3 times through silk has given Evening in Paris face powder a texture so fine and downy that it absorbs light — cannot throw it back in harsh reflections. It subdues overbold features, softens contours, gives the entire face a look of tenderness, more delicate loveliness.

Perhaps you have never guessed just how lovely you can be! Try a box of silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder!
TO END SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That’s Easy to Eat

PIMPLES and blotches, like mud-dines and lack of color in the skin, are usually caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring so little relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct skin troubles caused by digestive sluggishness. Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up, body poisons cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly restore your digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And your whole system benefits so that you feel better as well as look better.

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation in the body and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name
Address
City State

TO THE CODE AUTHORITY FOR PERIODICAL PUBLISHING AND PRINTING INDUSTRY (A-3)

232 Madison Avenue, New York City
Telephone Ashland 4-0350

PUBLISHERS STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

This is to certify that the average circulation of PHOTOPLAY for the six months’ period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Copies sold</td>
<td>442,452</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copies distributed free</td>
<td>34,647</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>477,099</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
(Signed) Wesley F. Pape, Secretary.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 4th day of February, 1935.

LAWRENCE A. HAGAN,
Notary Public, Queens County.
Queens Co. Ck’s No. 581, Reg. No. 1332.
N. Y. Co. Ck’s No. 260, Reg. No. 6H192.
Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1935

YOUR SKIN IS SO LOVELY, DEAR!

—PHOTOPLAY

She says:

Her imperfections were on the temeriment alone.

That is why external treatments bring so little relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct skin troubles caused by digestive sluggishness. Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up, body poisons cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly restore your digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And your whole system benefits so that you feel better as well as look better.

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation in the body and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

HE works on the theory that it takes two people to make a fight—so count him out. A valuable asset is a sharp and unerring wit that frequently enables him to sum up and conclusively dispose of a problem with a single brief but humorous sentence.

Writers respect him because they know he can write a better script than they can—and will, if theirs isn’t up to snuff.

He commands the loyalty of his associates because he deserves it. Sixteen years ago he engaged a new secretary, assured her that if her work proved satisfactory the job would be permanent. The other day he told his secretary—everybody knows Georgette—that if her work was satisfactory the job would be permanent, which was exactly what he told her sixteen years ago.

His most depraved personal vice is a secret passion for pop-corn. Neighbors report he can be heard in his kitchen at all hours of the night stealthily preparing to indulge this weakness. He imports the raw material from Kansas, prepares it with loving solicitude and arrogantly brags about the quantity he can eat. In extenuation, may it be said that he eats it straight from bowl or bag—no tossing kernels into the air and catching them in his mouth. He’s not like that.

He rides in the back seat of an automobile with utter complacency at any speed or under the most harrowing circumstances—for the simple reason that he doesn’t like to drive a car, seldom has, never intends to. There is not one back-seat-driver corpuscle in his entire bloodstream. By the same token, he has practically no sense of direction or location. He doesn’t know—or care—where he is until he reaches his destination.

His favorite comedian is Bill Fields, whose favorite audience is full LeBaron. The latter’s shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the Fields genius and knowledge of how to put it on the screen has contributed materially to the Fields success.

A fascinating and willing conversationalist in private, he has yet to be caught leaping to his feet at the snap of a toastmaster’s whistle.

His friends say he recolls convulsively at the very thought of being asked to speak in public and I say: “Bless you, Mr. LeBaron. May your tribe increase.” It is doubtful if, for a long time, he has been fooled by anyone.

I would not be accurate to say he discovered Mae West for pictures. Suffice it that he has been the producer in charge of all her screen vehicles. Curiously, he wrote the first play in which she appeared on Broadway. Miss West says she was a child actress then but Mr. LeBaron gallantly contradicts her by insisting she was carried onto the stage in arms—without saying whose arms. Equally curious they did not meet from that time until she came to Hollywood for her first picture. He is not one of her best friends but also one of her severest critics. The other day he started to enter the set on which she was working. He had no pass and a new doorman who didn’t know him, refused admission. Mr. LeBaron took the blow stoically. “That’s fine,” he told the doorman. “If you just stick to that maybe I can get a day’s work done.” He can take golf or leave it and he loves horse races and so do I and if I don’t stop here we’ll both miss the first race at Santa Anita, so if there’s anything more you want to know about Bill LeBaron—ask Bill LeBaron.
screen by Ben Hecht. That was one reason Coward felt kindly toward the idea of playing in one of Hecht and MacArthur's movies. Plans at first were for Coward to play a small role in a picture that the two American playwrights had ready to produce. After they met Coward, however, and talked to him, they were so impressed with his charm and picture possibilities, they told him if he would agree to play the leading role in a film they would write one to suit his personality and talents. Caught up by their enthusiasm, Coward, who had turned down dozens of profitable movie contracts, agreed. Hecht and MacArthur shelved the script they had on hand, retired to a mountain retreat and wrote furiously for several weeks on "The Scoundrel."

While working in the picture with Hecht and MacArthur, Coward flatly refused to make any changes in their script. Even so, some of the lines sound distinctly Cowardian. When, for example, the blasé young publisher says to the girl, "I'm sorry if I've ruined your life," and she answers, "You haven't ruined it—you just decorated it." Neatly turned dialogue like that reminds one of Coward's own—the lines, for example from a scene in "Design for Living," when Gilda says, "Doesn't the eye of Heaven mean anything to you?" and he answers, "Only when it winks."

Those who admire Noel Coward most call him a genius. Those who admire him least call him a natural—a man who happened to have what the public wanted just at the time the public wanted it. They say if he had been born a generation earlier or twenty years later, nobody would ever have heard of him; that his phenomenal success isn't genius at all but just luck—luck because he has a knack for writing the kind of tunes people of this generation enjoy dancing to, the kind of shows people today like to watch.

"Natural or genius, he's a regular fellow, and his phenomenal success hasn't spoiled him."

Once when police reported that three thugs had tried to kidnap Coward, newspaper men dashed to his hotel for a statement. Cool, unruffled, he said calmly, "They weren't thugs, they were autograph hunters." The reporters, eager for a good story, were unable to get more than that from Coward.

It is probable that the formality and organization of picture making in Hollywood scared him away from movie contracts. Working with Hecht and MacArthur was different—backgammon going on just off the set all the while, changes in script and direction made as and if they were needed, mutual New York friends dropping in to visit. It was home.

Besides, Noel Coward couldn't tie himself down to a contract. He's smitten too often with wanderlust. As soon as "The Scoundrel" was finished, he packed up and started for China. Going to write his autobiography while there. Just why a chap would choose war-torn China as a writing retreat, we don't know. And Coward doesn't explain. Hecht and MacArthur, at the same time, left for the New York countryside to write another picture play for Mr. Coward. For Noel is supposed to come back in midsummer to start his second film.
Why Merle Oberon Clicked

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

found that out when she waved a fare-thee-well as alone he sailed back to India—Merle immediately embarking on a stage career.

Miss Thompson found the prospects of the theater delightful and vice versa. Soon she was working at Elstree and wondering if Hollywood were fact or phantasy.

There were countless suitors who ultimately became countless desperate young men all heading for the Thames and oblivion. Merle did not think them worth her while. Except one.

And again there was an "engagement" which lasted for almost three years and ended in an annulment of wedding plans.

But meanwhile her career was getting off under its own power.

Estelle Thompson had been discovered by Korda's ex-wife. It was at her suggestion the producer-director took pains to cast her in his pictures, studying the promising young actress with a keen professional eye.

ESTELLE THOMPSON, he decided, was no "name for a glamorous lady of the cinema. Telephone directories were scanned for a more euphonious one and then Merle did some of her own private thinking—at which she is very good, as you will later see—and suggested Auberon. Finally it was edited to Oberon. Estelle Oberon. Not so jolly good, doncha-know?

So they looked through more directories, until Merle offered her middle name and everything became pip-pip and toodle-oo!

The most fitting thing that ever happened to her, she says, was being cast as Anne Boleyn in the memorable "Henry the VIII" with Charles Laughton.

Merle was recuperating from an illness at the seaside. Long hours of watching the blue sky and the water pounding along the rocky coast were interrupted only by reading theatrical publications from London. Her recovery became suddenly complete when she read the astounding news that she was cast as Anne! She haunted museums and libraries, she visited historic spots and thought so much of the ill-starred Queen that actually, she says, "I almost believed I was she!"

Reporting at the studio she nearly had a relapse when she found she had exactly two pages of script!

She was crushed.

"It was a terrible blow," she admits, her eyes clouding in recollection, "for Anne being the most important wife. I naturally thought I had the leading role. I didn't know what to do, but I resolved I'd show Korda!"

At the time London films were hard-pressed for money and having accepted his role—although still before production—everyone was given a salary cut.

To this Merle made no protest because she was so anxious to make good, and, she decided, it was a big chance! With two pages of dialogue! What an impossible task she set for herself!

Then word arrived there was to be still another cut for the entire cast, the deciding meeting to be held Saturday. The day was Friday.

And here are some facts which should give you a tip-off on just why Merle did click!

She thought a great deal about that second cut. She really didn't feel she could accept it. Yet she was so anxious to get the part and "show Korda" that she devised a coup de theatre.

As the first part of her scheme she called on London's most famous theatrical photographer and that very day sat for a variety of poses. The man's knack was infallible and she never worked harder in her life to cooperate. She felt certain that, as a result, the pictures would be all she could ask for.

When would she have them? Monday or Tuesday, he assured her, because she wanted them rushed. (Three or four days is the English equivalent of a Yankee split second.)

MERLE realized, in panic, that would never do! Was all her strategy to go unrewarded?

He must do better than that, she pleaded, for the meeting was the following afternoon—and shooting was to start Monday. Even movie photographers, I have it on good authority, are men, not immune to feminine beauty in distress. He would, he promised, rush through two pictures for Saturday.

Fine! Well, almost fine, anyway. Merle believed her whole career was at stake. She still believed it was.

The two pictures came through as promised and they exceeded her every hope.

Armed with her deadly ammunition she hurried, uninvited, to the meeting. The board had convened. Quite casually she asked to see Korda, on a pretext. He left the conference only long enough to explain how important it was for her not to interrupt at that time. Fate he explained, practically hung in the balance, by its teeth.

MERLE showed him the pictures quite, quite casually. She mentioned, as he looked at them, that she'd be very glad to appear in the film, provided, of course, there would be no second cut. . . .

She watched his face behind her shantung lashes as he murmured something about he'd take these with him—and she shouldn't worry—she was sure everything would be all right. And it was!

But that is only half of the story. . . .

After "Henry the VIII" Merle's stock shot up by leaps and bounds. She was under contract to Korda for five years, with twelve-month options.

And because Korda neglected to take up her option on April 13th, 1934, her contract up and lapsed!

Merle's agent delightedly told her about it and produced offers from almost every company in Hollywood at figures starting at ten times the salary she was receiving from Korda! She was, in a legal sense as far as London Films' contract was concerned, "free, white and twenty-one!"

But it was her telephone conversation two weeks later Merle mentioned she was no longer under contract to him.

"What do you mean?" Korda roared, frantically.

Merle explained.

He asked her to please come immediately to his office.

Ruth Fraser, Merle's lifetime friend and
constant companion, rode with her to Elstree. Ruth tells me she pleaded with her not to sign a paper—not to lift a pen.

"You mustn't, Merle," she commanded, advised, threatened. "You are only young and famous once. You must think of yourself. Korda should have taken up your option!"

Merle promised nothing, denied nothing. She sat quiet and thoughtful. Korda greeted them frantic and distraught.

... It was an oversight ... stress of business ... she couldn't hold him to such a technicality ... and so on ... Merle burst into tears. She couldn't, she explained, to Ruth, do that to the man who had given her her first chance! She told Korda of the offers she had received, the fortune she was signing away. His reply was:

"But I'd be very much insulted, Merle, if their offers had been for less!"

And so ended one of the most incredible incidents in Filmodom.

Merle is the kind of girl who you and I are. And she was that embarrassed when she and Chevalier were to film their first love scene for United Artists' "Folies Bergere."

OVER and over the scene was shot, with Merle giving Maurice a discreet peck that caused director Roy Del Ruth to say:

"You're not cast as a school ma'am, Merle, you're supposed to knock him cold!" which only made her more self-conscious. Finally they put screens around and she tried harder than ever. Maurice said, "Chevalier教ched how to kiss in six takes," and everyone laughed. Merle felt she was getting worse instead of better. Finally, at the eighth take, she forgot her embarrassment and put what Monsieur calls "Um-umph" into it. Del Ruth, apparently relieved, sighed, "That's better!"

And Chevalier, with his hat on the side of his head and his infectious grin, said, as only he can say it, "You're telling me!"

For Chevalier Merle has nothing but praise. He is so delightful—such a charming personality—and yet some say how difficult he is, how taciturn. "They simply don't know him."

One day an interviewer talking with Merle on the Bergere set mentioned she'd have to get to Chevalier and confessed she was really afraid to approach him.

"Don't worry," Merle said, "he's charming. He's just sensitive, don't you see? Now you leave it to me. I'll introduce you. Just visit with him and see what you get for your story."

They met and Chevalier, at ease, was his most delightful self.

As a consequence, thanks to Merle, she got the real Chevalier, the spontaneous, sparkling personality!

THERE is, too, another side of her nature, the romantic young woman who wants very much to have a husband, a home, children. Her recipe for a happy marriage is a love long tried and tested, a friendship that includes mutual interests and tastes, respect and also admiration. In short, she says, "One must always have one's feet just a trifle off the ground. Love must have illusions, dreams and ideals." Yet should she wed here, she is not fearful of what Hollywood might do to her marriage, for, as she explains, she could never live in the limelight, never dramatize her own personal life—and that, she believes, accounts for many Hollywood divorces.

Merle clicked, if you ask me (which, of course you haven't), simply because you've wanted her to—and fifty million film fans can't be wrong!
The Rise of a Song King

[continued from page 45]

A break that comes as such a surprise as Lambert's last minute call is so often a portentous one in show business that Eddie wouldn't have missed the opening if all the pneumo-cocci in the world were tugging at his lungs.

The show clicked. A twenty-week run in Hollywood is almost epoch-making. Joe sang his heart out seven nights a week hoping that somebody out front would heed and be driven into a frenzy of picture contracts, but, though he seemed to go over all right, Hollywood turned a blank stare on him when he tried to make the grade at studios.

The money helped. They paid off their debts slowly but surely and began thinking the world not such a bad place after all. Joe got quite friendly with Al Herman, the star of the show. A crusty old duck, Herman, but a grand guy. He growled at everybody, but always was the first one to do the real helping when anyone had a bad run of luck. One night he growled at Joe who was standing in the wings.

"CAV, kid . . . get a car. Got to have one in Hollywood from here on . . . Probably won't do you any good though."

And with that cryptic remark he left. But Joe talked it over with Eddie and they decided it would really save enough car fare and time to pay for itself. "And there," says Joe, "is the laugh! We found out cars don't pay for themselves. 'Try it sometime and see.'"

When the show closed they had a car nearly paid for and a small amount of money saved. So small that it only lasted for three weeks, during which time they had scurried high and low in search of some kind of an engagement. Once again they got down to small change—and two things happened at once. They got an offer from a small vaudeville circuit in Seattle, but no transportation money. In the same mail they got a statement from the finance company brutally calling their attention to the fact the payment on the car was long over-due and, even though it was the final installment, the company wanted the money or the car.

The boys deferred. They conferred a lot in those days. The way they did it was to empty their pockets on the bedspread and then go through all the pockets of the clothes in the closet. Then they counted up the money—and usually shook their heads sadly. It was never enough.

This time Joe went to see Al Herman. He told him about the contract in Seattle and then began working on how to broach the delicate subject of a touch.

"Good," growled Mr. Herman, "good . . . What are you telling me for? Congratulations? . . . Okay, you're congratulated."

"Well, it's this way . . ." Joe stammered and blushed.

"Un-huh. Thought as much . . . Trouble with you young squirts you spend everything you get . . . Buying a car! Unright!" And Mr. Herman reached for his checkbook still muttering. The more he liked you and wanted to help the more he grumbled. "How much do you need?"

"Well, we need $22.36 for the last payment on the car and about . . ."

"About nothing! . . . Take what you get!" he snorted, giving Joe a check for fifty dollars—which was twenty more than he needed.

"Glad to see you get a break, Kid. You deserve it. Swell voice." Joe blinked in his surprise . . . "And now get the devil out of here!" bellowed Al Herman remembering to be gruff.

THE HORSE

One night stands, quick and dirty lunch wagons and smelly hotels, badly ventilated dressing rooms always shy of light bulbs, and cheap theaters on a cheap circuit—vaudeville in the great Northwest. But they saved money. There was no place to spend it until they got back into Seattle at the end of the contract.

Joe was all set to try Hollywood again, but to Eddie that little town was just one short step out of The Black Hole of Calcutta. They argued for days in the hotel room, but for once Eddie was willing to have his way. He haver hunch that New York was the place for Joe. Then they decided to flip a coin—New York or Hollywood, and then they argued about who was to flip it. Finally Joe did—tried hard to make it come up heads—Hollywood—but Eddie concentrated and tabled it.

They divided the money into seven parts, six for six days of cross-country driving and the seventh to carry them a week in New York. But they made a miscalculation. It took two weeks to get a job in the big town instead of the week they'd figured on, so they were both "exacting" again by the end of the second week.

Then came the job that justified Eddie's hunch—singing with George Olsen's band over WOR. George and Joe were sitting around one day listening to a Tin Pan Alley composer running through some songs he wanted to peddle to the band. Just before he left he tried out "The Last Round-Up" on them. Why not? He'd tried every place else! But this time was different. Joe liked it and so did Olsen. They put it on the air for a couple of nights and it flopped dearer than a deceased garden slug. But, they figured, you can't be right all the time, and promptly discarded the song.

MONTHS later Joe was sitting around between numbers with Mrs. Olsen in The Wigwam—Pittsburgh. Polly she inquired what had happened to that cowboy tune, and Joe asked Olsen why they didn't try it on a first-hand audience. . . . You know the rest. All about how they went wild over the song, how Olsen figured that when the house could see the singer and the band the song went over even if it did flop on the air, and how they used the song again when they went into the New York Paramount.

But still Joe was really scared to try singing a hillbilly tune to a sophisticated Broadway audience. The first time he went on for that number it was with a whisper but he stopped the show. They wouldn't let him leave the stage, and raised such a commotion that Adolph Zukor came down from his palatial offices upstairs for the next show to hear this wonder worker himself.

He didn't go back upstairs afterwards either. He went back-stage as fast as his legs would carry him—and his competitors will tell you that's very fast. In ten minutes Joe Morrison had signed a contract upping his salary just ten times—from seventy-five dol-
Don't take this risk!

Nestle Shields You Against the Re-used Pad Practice

- What a terrible price to pay for a permanent! Hair turned dull, faded and lifeless. Vitality gone. Infected with hair and scalp disorders. Yet that's what happens where the same pads are used from one head after another—where the unhealthy conditions of another woman's hair are transferred and steamed into your own!

It's not a nice thing to think about or talk about. But Nestle, having originated the permanent wave, feels that the time has come when every woman should know the truth. For none of these dangers and risks can happen to you if you have a genuine Nestle Wave, given by a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop using only fresh Nestle materials.

It's EASY to Protect Yourself! Simply go to a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop displaying the Certificate shown below. Make sure that you see the Nestle name on the felt pads and waving lotions. Then you will have a permanent wave of fascinating beauty — and the process will be completely beneficial and invigorating to your hair.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY • New York

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.

You've heard the old expression of being "up a tree." It's Florence Rice just taking a bird's-eye view
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1935

SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

THEDA BARRA confessed! In this issue an article told the truth about the greatest vamp of the day. Among other things Miss Barra confessed that she wasn't born in Egypt, a worrier of slant-eyed gods. Her birthplace was Cincinnati, and her real name Theodosia Goodman. She had just completed an unsuccessful venture on Broadway, in "The Blue Flame." Man Dinehart was her leading man. Norma Tal- lardge joined the PHOTOPLAY staff with this issue, as Fashion Editor. In her first article she advised all girls to learn to cook and sew. "The Golden Age of the Pictures" was an article which discussed the remarkable heights to which the motion pictures as an industry had soared, and compared it with its present size, it was a small business then, with the talks not even prophesied and color but a dream. "The Lonely Princess" referred to Mary Miles Minter. The romantic story of Mary and Doug Fairbanks' "waxing and welding" was detailed. "Beauty's Greatest Handicap" was a story about Katherine MacDonald, who admitted, however, that she would not trade her beauty but hoped to overcome its many handicaps.

Chief among the movies were "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with John Barrymore; Richard Barthelmess and Clara Seymour in Griffith's "The Idol Dancer;" Wallace Reid in "Excuse My Dust;" Dorothy Gish and Ralph Graves in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town;" Lawson But and Ann Forrest in "Dangerous Days;" "His House in Order," with Elkel Ferguson; the cover girl—Katherine MacDonald.

10 Years Ago

BACK in 1925 the invasion of Hollywood by some foreign stars but by Indians! They had come there—tents and all—for afterword pictures needed for redskin scenes in "The Covered Wagon," and there they stayed. "A Honeymoon Home Built by the Wages of Evil," was the house of Wallace Beery and his bride, Rita Gilman. There's still one of Hollywood's happiest homes—"The Most Versatile Girl in Hollywood" was Louise Fazenda. Now the mother of a two-year-old son. Louise has added child rearing to the list of her achievements. Incidentally, she has been in films for twenty-three years. Few can top that record! In the roto section was a lovely picture of Claire Windsor with her son Billy. He's sixteen years old. Other por traits were of Eleanor Boardman, Lita Grey and a couple of the young girls in "Hollywood's happiest homes.

5 Years Ago

FIVE years ago, by PHOTO- play's own confession, there were four novels. However, nothing could criticize without making the readers mad as hops! They were Clara Bow, John Gil bert, Rudy Vallee and Garbo. A statement that Jean Arthur had stolen scenes from Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid" was the public screaming at our doors and postmen working overtime bringing angry letters from angry readers. To-day, however, one wit has dubbed Clara the ex-Girl, and Jean climbed another step toward stardom in her latest film, "The Whole Town's Talking." The most tempestaul lady in pictures was Mary Nolan, keeping Universal constantly in a state of excitement. She dropped out of pictures shortly thereafter and hasn't made a film now for about three years. Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque were denying divorce rumors and they are still to-gether. Agnes Ayres was rumored engaged to Director Lewis Milstone, but it never came off. Milestone is still a bachelor, and the last we heard of Agnes, she was demonstrating a beauty product in a New York store. Pauline Frederick's coming mar rriage to Hugh Leighton was announced. That marriage was annulled the following December. and Pauline is now Mrs. Joseph Marmon—her fifth matrimonial ven ture. Best films were "Journey's End," starring Colin Clive; "One Romantic Night," Lillian Gish's first talkie, "The Divorcee," with Norma Shearer and Chester Morris; "All Quiet on the Western Front;" "King of Jazz." in color. Cover girl, Ann Harding.
might better have been called "Break of Ribs." He took a too realistic tumble from the orchestra stand and cracked his slats up pretty painfully. Not painfully enough, however, to damage his interest in the picture into which, as you probably know, he stepped when Francis Lederer and Katharine Hepburn couldn't get along.

Charles Boyer may become the rage and the big heart-beat of the ladies in this and other fair lands. In fact, after seeing the intensoes, authority and magnetism of his personality in "Private Worlds" I am inclined to predict that he will. But he will always be first the actor, the artist, interested not in his abounding popularity or his power over feminine hearts, but in the fine shading he can give his character creations.

He himself was quite disappointed in his work in "Private Worlds." He thought it was flat and monotonous. He considered it just another Hollywood job, and the tumult and tribute which followed the preview absolutely astounded him.

Even as we talked he dismissed it quickly to speak of his part in "Break of Hearts." Was it romantic? Well—he supposed so, but what was important was that it offered a real range of characterization and change.

He's a serious and, I rather imagine, a sophisticated person. He's had women mad about him before. Like Valentino, Boyer discovered the strange, amorous power of a burnoose early in his career.

Jane Hamilton, you saw her last in "Roberta," gasps at one hundred thousand in diamonds!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1935

![A Comb with Live Fingers](image)

**A COMB with Live Fingers**

It strokes new life, health and beauty into your hair!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, the "Live" comb, which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair. Its shining metal teeth pass through your hair like living fingers. They are "alive" with a gentle electric current that invigorates your hair as an April shower freshens a field of grass. Electrical science releases the newest wonder worker, based on the logical principle: stimulated circulation!

Dandruff and abnormal falling hair checked in a few days! Lifeless, dull hair gains new life, becomes wonderfully lustrous! Straight and thin hair becomes thick, glistering, soft and wavy! A valuable aid in arresting growing baldness!

Thousands of testimonial letters attest these seemingly extravagant claims and European specialists explain the phenomenon—that the electricity, passing from the battery through the double row of curved teeth reach the weakened hair roots—literally revives its life-giving energy over them. More than a million Evans' "Dermectro" Combs now in use by men and women throughout Europe—thousands already in America.

The electric current is generated by a battery in the handle. No shocks—no sparks—no need to "plug in." You cannot feel the current, but when you put the tester lamp against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—spares battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the new health and beauty of your hair.

**EVANS DERMETRO COMB**

*Mail at G. LINDHOLM CO., Dept. P, 6 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

**EVANS DERMETRO COMB**

Do you want your hair more beautiful, healthier, better? Then don't delay, send for this comb. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement of your hair, just mail it back to us and we will immediately refund your money.

Mail at G. LINDHOLM CO., Dept. P, 6 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

1 enclose Money Order __ Cash __ Check for __

Please send FREE Evans Dermectro Comb checked below, with full instructions and ready for use, along with your booklet "Care of the Hair." Ignore Evans Electric Comb, plated DeLuxe model complete.


NAME ________________________________
ADDRESS ________________________________
CITY __________________ STATE ____________

The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimoni-als, with our Voluntary, the out-putals of which are upon our files and free for inspection.

"...I notice a great improve-ment in my hair. New hair comes in and it has taken on a glossy and beautiful look."

Signed, Mrs. R.G.

**FIRST DAY**

"... am now 40 years old. Already my hair started to go gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray..."

**LATER**

"...has in spite of the fact—just at the start time I have been using your comb, I have to say that the result is won-derful! This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and more. The time given by you for testing it is quite, because already after 4 or 5 days the amount of the comb is obvious to anybody." Signed, C. M. E.

**FIRST DAY**

"...For years my hair was thin and losing..."

**LATER**

"...But thanks to your ex-cellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful...

Signed, M. H.
Like Valentino, he played the role of a
Moroccan prince, Fazil, in a play called
"L’Insoumise." The hot sands of the desert,
and all that Potent stuff!

Women of Paris became delirious when
they saw him in this play. They said he had a
"tormenting beauty" and they showered him
with cigarettes, perfumes and, of course, flam-
ing users of love. Early morning he would
have to hurl his prostate forms cluttering
up the steps of his hotel and kick his way
through suicidal bottles of poison and what
not. It was that bad. Well, nearly that bad.
But the whole business left Charles Boyer
pretty cold. He was polite but firm about it
all.

His work kept him too busy for any
such foolishness—

AND I rather imagine that’s just how he
feels now—or will if they make an idol
out of him in Hollywood.

When you talk to him you can see that he’s
a set-up for the great-lover affliction.

First of all, there’s the accent. His is
pleasantly romantic—soft and mesmerizing.

Then the eyes. They’re quite large and very
dark beneath eyebrows which can close in
the middle and spread at the ends most diabol-
ically when he talks.

It gives him a downright wicked look at
times—and is that intriguing!

He is thirty-five—old enough but not too
old—and his good looks are of the dark, but
sincere type. He’s a cinch.

However, to me the most striking thing of all
about Charles Boyer is the intense power of
his personality—that which a French critic
once noted by saying “He always seems to
have a temperature of a hundred and four.”

It is not so much when you talk to him, for
then the gracious, typically Latin charm of his
manners and the politeness of his speech dispel
the idea. But when he acts on the screen there
is room for no one else. He radiates authority,
jealousy, and a nervous intensity which is
unmatched by any other actor I can think of
who doesn’t resort to dramatic subterfuges or
tricks.

It is nothing acquired. When he was prac-
tically an infant, in the tiny town of Figesac,
France, where he was born, his mother took
him to the Superior of a church school.

“I am not bringing my child here for you to
instruct him,” she explained to the nun. “He
is too young for that. But I wish you would
see if you can get him to sit down and keep
quiet!”

A few weeks later little Charles returned
home and astounded his parents by reciting
the long story of the “Passion.” His father
immediately upgraded the Superior for tiring
Charles out with such tasks of memory.

“I taught him nothing,” she replied. Charles
had picked it up from hearing the older
students. He could sit still—but he couldn’t
keep quiet! He had too much nervous energy.

That a man of all this charm could have re-
mained a bachelor up to his thirty-fifth birth-
day in spite of all the beautiful women in
Paris and Hollywood is little short of a miracle.

But Charles Boyer never had eyes for women
until he met little blonde, English Pat Pater-
on at a dance party last year and im-
mediately forgot all his “confirmed bachelor”
ideas right then and there.

THEY were married on one of those impulses
—of-the-moment occasions—after a wild, im-
romptu ride to Yuma, Arizona—and you can
add Mr. Boyer’s assurance to that of general
Hollywood observations that they’re very
very happy and he considers himself “very,
very fortunate.”

Yet, in spite of the fact that the whole town
is currently at his feet and heaping laurel
wreaths wholesale on his brow, Charles Boyer
is anxious for his six months in Hollywood to
be up. For then his French screen contract
will call him back to Paris and that will be a
great event, this time—because he will be
bringing home his Hollywood bride—and
“Pat.” Mrs. Boyer, that is, for the first time
is due to “meet the folks.”

Fabric: Sheers and crépes, roughish silks,
prints, especially those of abstract rather
than purely geometric motifs, and linen lace

Line: Skirts will be about twelve inches from
the floor. Jackets, brief or of hip length.
No finger-tip or Russian type designs.
Light colored fox will be used in combina-
tion with popular tartan or tailored suits as
new note. Combination of fabrics where
cape or coat is plaid or novelty, with match-
ing plain fabric. New linen lace suits with
taffeta slips and linings—these lace usually
in navy-blue. Taffeta good in combination
with other fabrics as trimming, or entire
ensemble. Trend for highest fashion is
toward fulness at bottom of skirt. Many
favor taffeta-lined skirts to give this illusion
of stiffness and size. Most extreme ones
will run very large at the bottom. Side fulness
and draped effects important for town
frocks.

Town Frocks: Much shirring, which replaces
cordings and quiltings of last season. Re-
moval of large balloon feeling in sleeves,
especially with jumper type dresses.

Forecast for Summer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Trimming: Carnations and tulips are impor-
tant flowers, and flowers as definite trim-
ing and part of frock lines are important.

Hats: Almost “anything goes” if it is unusual
interesting and fresh. Beware of the fan-
tastic new hats that lack reason. After all
they must be attractive. Straw with paten-
t and shiny surfaces will be good.
Pastel felts are important, and large hats
will be seen for sports and street. Feathers
in almost grotesque fantasy adorn the more
formal chapeaux.

Jewelry: Pearls, black and white, even for
sports, will be smart. White, marvellous on
dark fabrics; black, marvellous on light
Trend fashionable jewelry, and not so
much in quantity. Earrings, as well as
bracelets, few and large.

Sports Clothes: Interesting combinations will
be good, such as ensembles of linen and
taffeta, etc. One excellent outfit combines
taffeta blouse in turquoise blue, black linen
suit with silk braid binding, worn under
sports coat of turquoise and black plaid
wool. This is similar to the tailored outfit

V-Elle

"WHIRLPOOL" BRASSIERE

It’s the choice of Hollywood and her movie stars... yours, too, if
you wish to be smarter. "Whirl-
pooled" pockets mold the bust into
alluring curves. At all leading stores.

Send for free style folder

HOLLYWOOD MAXWELL CO.
6773 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

ENLARGEMENTS 15c

Special: Beautiful Enlargements for Prizes, Postcards, etc. (Ten
Six of One Price). 50c New Enlargements (Framed) With This
Art and Photography Dept. Western National. Carriage Co.
UNIQUE-Art-Service, 550 W. 144 St., NEW YORK

FUN! BIG PAY

WITH an easy-payment, sweet-tempered Buescher you
play tunes right away. Be a musical "hit!" win new
friends, popularity; increase income; opportunities for good-pay jobs.
You can qualify quickly.

FREE ON TRIAL and Demon-
er Instrument. Write now for
details and handsome Free Booklet: Mention instrument:
saxophone, cornet, trom-
bone, etc.

BUESCHER-BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
GOODBUESCHER BUILDING
ELKHART INDIANA
worn by Mona Barrie in "Ladies Love Danger," and also a brown and white combination sponsored by Vionnet in her Spring showing:

EVENING CLOTHES

Colors: White and pastels are still important. Dusty pink very prominent. Lipstick red, "electric," powder blue and prints in vibrant colors on navy-blue ground will be good.

Fabrics: Crêpe, ninon, plain and printed starched chiffon, mousseline de soie, organdy, taffeta, lace, eyelet embroidery, with special emphasis on plain and printed chiffon.

Line: Draped skirt in its many new types adapted in prints, plain chiffon and crêpe. This silhouette resembles the pre-war line but has great chic. Some are wrap-around with side drapes; others with gathered and pegged sides to add interest to skirt. Other important new trends are full gored skirts in taffeta with organdy over-skirts.

All necklines are in two classifications: the very low, or the tailored, almost shirter-maker type.

Trend is away from the fulness at waist. It now starts usually at hips (seven inches below waist). Many evening gowns show front fulness which is achieved with shirred effects.

This, to be good, must be kept flat over hips and stomach. Difficult to wear. Skirts will be shorter as season progresses. All skirts should clear floor in front and some will be ankle length in front. These usually dip at sides and are longer in back, ending in a brief train. Front of dress may be arched or cut square over feet. This movement to slit or uncover feet is definite indication of shorter skirts, but does not mean short skirts. Oriental and harem skirts with billowy bottom and side treatment in chiffon are an important trend; also deep girdle and sashes to accentuate this harem feeling.

These are very high style notes and require great chic to wear, but are definitely important.

The classic line gown is staple, but not too new and, therefore, should be considered by conservative dressers.

Tunics are practically passé; tiered skirts good.

Wraps: Organdy and sheer wraps in either long capes or coats are good. Some organdy coats with tiers are worn over simple taffeta gowns or gowns of print crêpe or taffeta.

FASHION ADVICE

Short women should avoid the front shirred fulness of skirt and the deep girdle of the harem sash. The following innovations are more becoming: the full gored or godet skirt of taffeta, organdy or sheer fabric. The new silhouette is definitely more elegant, more youthful, but more discouraging to the heavy person.

Shirred fronts of bodice and upper sleeves are excellent for the person who wishes no evidence of a too small or too full bust.

To appear to advantage in the new Summer fashions, the wearer must be well-groomed at all times.

Any nonchalant or careless effect is disaster when gowned in the draped or the harem silhouette.

To Love, Cherish and Protect, are the desires created by dainty femininity. Crystallize these emotions with the adorable tiny tints of—

GOLDEN GLINT

the SHAMPOO

with the tiny tint RINSE

BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

25c at Drug or Toilet Goods Counters

SPEAKING

... from a cultivated point of view

Live where the advantages of established residence are available at sensible rates by the day, week or longer. Correctly designed, finely appointed suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry available. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.

The Sherry-Netherland

Facing the Park

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH

NEW YORK
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE,

122

It's

Casts of Current Photoplays

Fun to

»

Work

1935

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED
"BABY

HARRINGTON"— M-G-M

FACE

—

water.

Beauties.

"BLACK FURY"— First National.— From

Joe

Farrell,

the

Branch, Boston, Mass.
See Car ter's Typewriter

yr-^i

i
/
/\J
,/-iVr/yy C
f
Wt-t/ Ltsl J

Ribbonsintheexcitingstarsplashed boxes to match
the Midnight Carbon.

MIDNIGHT CARBON PAPER

SKIN!
OILY
DANGEROUS
BREEDING

A

IS

GROUND FOR BLACKHEADS
NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES
SCARS, INFECTION! I>i-..lv HU. U..-...J- - i.-urifThis
a
n-itlly
Au^iurz KLEERPLEX WASH.
wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific
it I,

ingredients.

iddy

.MllluW

manrelu
Getn

powera

RENEWS!
STANT IMPKOVEMENT.

at

the

LIGHTENS!
No

chemical*.

QUICKLY, SAFELY!
BEAUTIFIES y ur akin
SEE INattractive look.
No otaying home. A guar-

es

anteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and
thousands of happy users Men and Women. Nothing itke Hi Stop
Your »*in deserves the
wii-tini; time und money on ordinary prndueta.

—

beat
<plue

Gel your
10c

2

postage)

months' supply
dire-.t

to

Crehan;

Mary Novak,

Mae Marsh;

Sokolsky, Akim Tamiroff; Louie, Selmer Jackson;
Tessie Novak, June Ebberling; Mac, Ward Bond;
Bill, Pat Moriarty; Agnes Shemanski Edith Fellows;
Johnny Novak, Bobby Nelson; Little Mary Novak,
Dorothy Gray; Kubanda, Vince Barnett; Ivan, Jack
Bleifer; Welch, Supt., Willard Robertson; Jenkins,
Purnell Pratt; Anna Novak, Karen Morley; McGee,
Barton MacLane; Sieve Crcmcr, J. Carrol Naish;
Sophie Shemanski, Sarah Haden; The "Bulitchka,'
Erne Ellsler; Mulligan, Wade Boteler; Alec Novak.
Egon Brecher; Pete Novak, George Offerman, Jr.;
Mose, Floyd Shackelford; Chris Shemanski, Mickey
Rentschler; Zilch, the dog, "Corky"; Willie Novak,
Wally Albright; Tony, Pedro Regan; Lefty, Geo. Pat
,

work will be easier, too. For this fine carbon
makes clear copies and is clean to handle. 1CH*
will bring you sample sheets. Address Dept.
P-2, The Carter's Ink Company, Cambridge

of KleorpJe*

KLEERPLEX

i

Waah TODAY.

W

Send

$1
St.,

Collins;

Mike Shemanski, John Qualen; J. II
Henry O'Neill; Butch, a miner, Eddie

Hendricks,
Shubert.

"CARDINAL RICHELIEU"— 20th

— Based

1934.

.

Kleerplex.)

Bulwer-Lytton.

Boyd Irwin; Olivares, Leonard Mudie; King of SwedLumsden Hare; Conde, Russell Hicks; Duke
D'Epernon, Keith Kenneth; Duke Lorraine, Murray
Kinnel; Duke of Brittany, Herbert Bunston; Large

en,

David Clyde; Old Innkeeper, Charles
Coachman, Reggie Sheffield; Tradesman
Frank Dunn; Chamberlain, Wm. Worthington.

Innkeeper,

Evans;

BIRTHMARKS

AND SKIN BLEMISHES HIDDEN BY

COVERMARK
burns,
hides
birthmarks,
acne, liver spots, eye circles and
Perfect for eveall skin discolorations.
A thin coating
ning or screen make-up.
transforms a sallow skin into an alluring

Completely

"CHASING

YESTERDAY"— RKO-Radio —

the novel "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard"
by Anatole France. Screen play by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.
The cast: Jeanne, Anne Shirley; Sylvestre Bonnard,
O. P. Heggie; Therese, Helen Westley; Mile. Prefere,
Elizabeth Patterson; Coccoz, John Qualen; Henri,
Trent Durkin; Mouche, Etinne Girardot; Mine lh
Gabry, Doris Lloyd; The Slavey, Hilda Vaughn.

From

freckles,

complexion. Absolutely harmless; will not
Approved by skin specrack or rub on*.
Send for full information and
cialists.
free color

matching chart

LYDIA O'LEARY.
551

I

Inc..

Dept.

P-fi

New York

Fifth Avenue

Crooked Heels

"DEATH

EAST"—

FLIES
Columbia.— From the
Screen play by Albert Destory by Philip Wylie.
Mond and Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Phil Rosen
The cast: John Robinson Gordon, Conrad Nagel;
Evelyn Vail, Florence Rice; Evans, Raymond Walburn; Helen Gilbert, Geneva Mitchell; Baker, Robert
Allen; Burroughs, Oscar Apfel; Salu, Miki Morita;
Dr. Landers, Purnell Pratt; Mrs. Madison, Irene
Franklin; Dr. Moffat, George Irving; Pasloli, Adrian
Rosley; O'Brien, Fred Kelsey; Wotkyns, George
Hayes.

British.—
by H. G. Lustig and M. Logan
Benn Levy. Directed by Victor
Saville.
The cast; Slruensee, Give Brook; Queen
Caroline Malhilde. Madeleine Carroll; King Christian
the story
play by

VII, Emlyn Williams; Brandt, Alfred Drayton;
Guldherg, Nicholas Hannen; Juliana, the Queen
Mother, Helen Haye; Von Eyben, Isabel Jeans; Sir
Murray Keith, Frank Collier.

"FOUR HOURS TO KILL"— Paramount.—
From the story by Norman Krasna. Screen play by
Norman Krasna. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The

—

—

Di Scholl's Walk-Strafes

Phil Regan; Duke, Barton MacLane; First Blonde,
Sharon Lynne; McGee, William Davidson; Mexican.
Akim Yamiroff; Dorothy Wayne, Ruby Keeler:
Luana Bell, Helen Morgan; Music writers, Warren
and Dubin; Fred, Gordon Westcott; Una, Patsy
Kelly; Second Blonde, Joyce Compton;
Jackson.
[oseph Cawthorn.

"HOLD 'EM YALE"— Paramount.— From the
Adapted by Eddie
by Damon Runyon.
Welch and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Sidney
story

The

Lanfield.

cast:

Clarice

Van

Cleve,

Patricia

Gigolo Georgie, Cesar Romero; Hector Wtlmol,
Crabbe; Sunshine Joe, William Frawley;
Mr. Van Cleve, George
Liverlips, Andy Devine;
Barbier; Sam, the Gonoph, Warren Hymer; Bennit
South Street, George E. Stone; Mr. Wilmol, Hale
Hamilton; Coach Jennings, Guy Usher; Cleary,
Grant Withers; Laverty, Gary Owen; Mrs. Peovey,
Ethel Griffies; Langdonn, Leonard Carey.
Ellis;

Larry

"HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE "—Mono

—

From the story by Edward Eggleston.
Directed by Lewi'
Screen play by Charles Logue.
D. Collins. The cast: Ralph, Norman Foster; Hannah, Charlotte Henry; Martha, Dorothy Libaire;
Shocky, Tommy Bupp; Hawkins, Otis Harlan; Bud
Fred Kohler, Jr.; Jake, William V. Mong; Doc Small
Russell Simpson; Randall, Joe E. Bernard; Hank
Wallace Reid, Jr.; Pearson. George Hayes; Sarah,
Sarah Padden
gram.

"IT'S A

SMALL WORLD "—Fox.— From

the

"Highway Robbery" by Albert Treynor.
Screen play by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman.
Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Bill Shevlin,
Spencer Tracy; Jane Dale, Wendy Barrie; Judgi
Julius B. Clummerhorn, Raymond Walburn; Lizzie
Virginia Sale; Nancy Naylor, Astrid Allwyn; Cat,
Irving Bacon; Cyclone, Charles Sellon; Motor Cop,
Nick Foran; Mrs. Dale, Belle Daube; Snake Brown,
Jr., Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Snake Brown 111, Frank
McGlynn, Jr.; Snake Brown, Sr., Bill Gillis; Buik
Bogardus, Ed Brady; Freddn Thompson, Harold
story

Minjir.

"MARK OF THE VAMPIRE "—M-G-M.— From
the story

by Guy Endore and Bernard Schubert
Tod Browning. The cast: Professor.

Richard Barthelmess; Eddie, Joe MorriGertrude Michael; Helen, Helen Mack;
Danish, Dorothy Tree; Johnson, Roscoe Karns;
Carl, Ray Milland; Anderson, Noel Madison; Little
Mai
Tafl, Charles C. Wilson:
Girl, Lois Kent;
Mason, Henry Travers; Pa, Lee Kohlmar.

cast: Tony,
son; Sylvia,
.l/<n

"GEORGE WH ITE'S 1935 SCANDALS"— Fox.—
the story by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman.
Screen play by Jack Yellen and Patterson McNutt.
Directed by George White. The cast: Honey Wallers,
Alice Faye; Eddie Taylor, James Dunn; Elmer
While, Ned Sparks; Manya, Lyda Roberti; Dude
Arline Judge;
Holloway, Cliff Edwards; Midgie,
Marilyn Collins, Eleanor Powell; Louie Pincus,

From

Irena, Elizabeth Allan; Count
Mora, Bela Lugosi; Inspector Neumann, Lionel At
Baron Otto, Jean Hersholt; Fedor, Henry Wadsworth; Dr. Doskil, Donald Meek; Midwife, Jessie
Ralph; Jan, Ivan Simpson; Chauffeur, Franklyn
Ardell; Maria, Leila Bennett; Annie. June Gittelson;
Luna, Carol Borland; Sir Karell, Holmes Herber'
Innkeeper, Michael Visaroff.

Barrymore;

Lionel

will;

DYNAMITE "—Universal.— From
bv Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by
Doris Mallov and Harry Clork. Directed by Alan
Crosland. The cast: Mr. Dynamite, Edmund Lowe;
Lynn, Jean Dixon; Mono, Verna Hillie; Chartnion,
"MISTER

the story

"FAREWELL TO LOVE" Gaumont

From

Dr. Scholl's WALK-STRATES correct this
fault by equalizing the body's weight. They
stop -strain on the ankles; keep your shoes
smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached
in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. Sold
only 35(5.
by all drug, shoe and dept. stores

National

the story by Bradford Ropes. Adapted by
Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast:
.1/ Howard, Al Jolson; Sadie Howard, Glenda Farrell; Benny Rubin, Benny Rubin; Rio, the banamasla,
Earl Baldwin.

Directed by

Screen

Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape
and the heels wear crooked. It is the way you
the weight of your body is off balance.
walk

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE'— First

— From

Century-

on the play by Sir Edw.
Screen play by Maude Howell.
Adapted by Cameron Rogers. Directed by Rowland
V. Lee. The cast: Cardinal Richelieu, George Arliss;
Father Joseph, Halliwell Hobbes; Louis XIII, Edward Arnold; Queen Marie, Violet Kemble Cooper;
Queen Anne, Katherine Alexander; Lcnore, Maureen
O'Sullivan; Andre DePons, Cesar Romero; Baradas,
Douglas Dumbrille; Gaston, Francis Lister; FonDeBussy, Joseph Tozer;
Irailles, Robert Harrigan;
Buckingham, Guy Bellis; Austrian Prime Minister,

United Artists.

:14th
Dept. P.-T). I
U.S. 91.25. and no

N. Y. C. Or pay postman (plus (' O b.tl,:.^). Outside
CO.D/p MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! (Copyright

ISSUE

Benny Rubin; Aunt Jane, Emma Dunn; Ilarriman,
Charles Richman; Officer Riley, Roger Imhof; Lee.
Jed Prouty; Stage Manager, Tommy Jackson;
Secretary, Iris Shunn; Madame DuBarry, Lois Eckhart; Sam Fogel, Fuzzy Knight; Grady, Donald
Kerr; Daniels, Walter Johnson; Master of Ceremonies,
Fred Santley; Ticket Seller, Jack Mulhall; Dispatcher,
Harry Dunkinson; Lady in Waiting, Esther Brodelet;
Porter, Sam McDaniels; Jean, Marbeth Wright;
Chorus Girl, Aloha Ray; Boop Sisters, Edna Mae
Jones, Madelyn Earle; Do's Four Gals, Florine
Dickson, Marbeth Wright, Kay Hughes, Mildred
Morris; George White, Himself, and the Scandals

"Jan Volkanik" by Judge M. A. Musmanno, and the play "Bohunk" by Harry H. Irving
Screen play by Abem Finkel and Carl Erikson. Tin
cast: Joe Radek, Paul Muni; Slim Johnson, William
Gargan; Tommy Poole, Tully Marshall; Johnny

Its sparkling silver
design adds glamour
to a dull task. The

THIS

From the play "Something to Brag About" by Edgar
Selwyn and William LeBaron.
Screen play by
Nunnally Johnson and Edwin H. Knopf. Directed
by Raoul Walsh. The cast: Willie, Charles Butterworth; Mtllicent, Una Merkel; Ronald, Harvey
Stephens; Uncle Henry, Eugene Pallette; Rocky, Nat
Pendleton; Dorothy, Ruth Selwyn; Skinner, Donald
Meek; Edith, Dorothy Libaire; Albert, Edward Nugent; George, Robert Livingston; Mullens, Stanley
Field; McGuire, Raymond Brown; Glynn, Wade
Boteler; Dave, Bradley Page; Judge Forbes, Richard
Carle; Hank, G. Pat Collins; Collon, Claude Gilling-

original story

•-when you're using
a Carbon as dashing
as Carter's Midnight

IN

Esther

Dvorjak,

Ralston;

Victor

Varconi;

Lewis,

Minor Watson; King, Robert Gleckler; Williams.
Jameson Thomas; Sunshine, Matt McHugh; Rod.
G. Pat Collins; Jans, Greta Meyer; Felix, Bradle)
Page; Joe, James Burtis.

"ONE NEW YORK NIGHT"— M-G-M.— From

the play "Order, Please" by Edward Childs CarScreen play by Frank Davis. Directed by
penter.
Jack Conway. The cast: Foxhall, Franchot Tone;
Phoebe, L'na Merkel; Kent, Conrad Nagel; Colhs.
Harvey Stephens; Louise, Steffi Duna; George, Charles
Starrett; Ermine, Louise Henry; Selby, Tommy
Dugan; Blake, Harold Huber; Carlisle, Henry Kolker

"PEOPLE WILL TALK"

Paramount.— From
by Sophie Kerr and F. Hugh Herbert.
Screen play by Herbert Fields. Directed by Alfred
The cast: Henry Wilton. Charlie Ruggles;
Santell.
the story

Clarice

Wilton,

Mary

Boland;

Peggy Trask,

Leila

Hyams; Bill Trask, Dean Jagger; Doris McBnde,
Ruthelma Stevens; Strangler Martin, Ivan Linow;
Romanoff; Pete
Constantine
Plolsky,
Prettyboy
Ranse, Edward Brophy; Helen Baxter, Manna
Schubert; Spider Murphy, John Rogers; Mr. Quimby.

Sam

Flint; Willis

McBride. Stanley Andrews; Marin

.


PHOTOPLAY

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—FOX

Gay dialogue in a wisecrapping story presents
Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie as two
whom their crash in a Louisiana swamp, leaving
Barry and Barrie stranded. Tracy falls hard, but believes
the girl to be a notorious divorcée. Complicat-
ins are adjusted with numerous laughs.
Wendy Barrie has something new. Spencer
is easy and assured. Light and amusing.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER—
MONOGRAM

NORMAN FOSTER is the schoolmaster
who finds himself in the Indiana hotbed
of the Civil War, and Charlotte Henry
plays her first grown-up role. Fred Kohler,
Jr. and Wallace Reid, Jr. look like promising
material. Others in the cast of this old-time
favorite are: Dorothy Libaire, Tommy Bupp,
William V. Mong and Russell Simpson.

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M.G.M

A n amusing, none too unusual little story
about the timid soul whom everyone mistakes
as a big-shot gangster, and who, in the end,
also turns into a hero. Charlie B. Turner,
with his quiet, rather expressionless face
turns in an ideal characterization.

NAT PENDELLTON as Public Enemy No. 1
is fine. So are, Donald Meek, and Una Merkel
who should have more to do.

HOLD 'EM YALE—PARAMOUNT

RATHER a weak but pleasant little program
picture, involving four thugs who inherit a lady—not literally, but it amounts to that.
Patricia Ellis falls for uniforms, causing grief
and expense to her fop, papa, so he invites
the comic gangsters to keep her. It winds up
with a football game between "Harvards"
and the "Yales"—and Larry Crabbe, papa's
choice—wins the game and the girl. Cesar
Romero gets better in every picture. William
Frawley, Andy Devine, George E. Stone.

DEATH FLIES EAST—COLUMBIA

WHAT originally made very good reading
concocted by Philip Wylie emerges, on
the screen, as an irritatingly illogical story
with much too much air-liner. Both Conrad
Nagel and Florence Rice do well with it all,
but the comedians, Oscar Apfel, Raymond
Walburn and Irene Franklin have to struggle
desperately with material that simply is not
funny. But it isn't very interesting.

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—FIRST
NATIONAL

JUST another murder mystery, and pretty
thin in spots. For your suspense and ex-
citement you follow Aline MacMahon and Guy
Kibbee as they track down the murderer of
a paralytic's son. It's not their fault that the
story sags, for they're both in top form, as is
Allen Jenkins who struggles manfully to make
you laugh. Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and
Patrick Ellis hold up in support.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M.G.M

A NY picture presenting Lionel Barrymore
offers you some pretty good acting, but
here he labors with a confused and incoherent
story. All about vampires who live in an
otherwise deserted castle and suck out
people's life blood—ugh! But in the end
they're just stooges who help solve a murder.

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-RADIO

A RATHER pallid film version of "The
Crime of Sylvester Bonnard" by Anatole
France. Motivated by nostalgia over a youth-
ful and frustrated romance, O. P. Heggie
seeks out and adopts, after some legal difficulties.
Anne Shirley, daughter of his one-time sweet-
heart; but this story, while straight enough,
doesn't seem very important in the screen tell-
ing. There are excellent characterizations
by Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1935
So many requests for information have come into the offices of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, regarding the operation of various clubs, that it may be wise to explain that a prospective member of a fan club may get detailed information about joining clubs already formed by writing direct to the club headquarters itself. Simply select the name of the club you wish to join, as they are listed in the Fan Club Corner, and write direct to the club. All information about joining, dues, etc., will be forwarded to you.

Fan Club members are certainly getting around these days. Reports coming in from all the clubs have mention of members going hither and yon, seeing their favorite stars, visiting fellow members in other cities, and entertaining in a big way. Despite this happy visiting, club bulletins are more attractive this month, containing lots of hard work preparation, with much interesting news.

The Fan Club Federation's second issue of "Fan Club Fare," is worth considerable time. There are so many interesting things in it that it is hard to name the outstanding club contribution. However, the fashion piece, "Fashion Designing with Charles LeMaire," written by Minnette Shermak, president of the Jean Harlow Club, is going to interest all members.

Write the Fan Club Federation at 116 East 29th Street, New York City.

Joel McCrea, the precious little baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee), grabs the spotlight honors on the cover of the new annual number of the club news. Shown at the age of six days, this youngster is going to have plenty of fun followers in this club. Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Shobogey, Wis., is the capable president of his club.

Jean Harlow tells her club members about her new studio dressing room, in the club bulletin, "The Platinum Page." She writes: "The drapes are of a crepe in what is called Ice White—the exact shade of the walls. The furniture is antique white tipped in antique gold. The little French chairs are upholstered in different shades of white, some being quilted satin and others in fine brocade satin. In the dressing room proper the chairs and dressing table stool are done in oyster white velvet. The apartment also has an enclosed refrigerator that has the same mirrored panels as the wardrobes and above that has shelves of white wrought iron. Mother gave me a delightful surprise by sending me a complete luncheon set of white Wedgwood, plain crystal glass with my monogram. Well, in all, it is indeed a lovely and cozy studio home, with radio and phonograph combination." Write Miss M. Shermak, 328 E. 90th St., New York City, for details on the Harlow club.

The Sidney L. Bernstein questionnaire, going to a quarter of a million film goers in England, resulted in naming Norma Shearer the most popular actress shown on the British screen. George Arliss was named as the favorite actor. Members of the Norma Shearer Fan Club are certainly proud of the news. Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, is president of this club.

The April issue of "The Telescope," will celebrate the first birthday of the Lew Ayres Fan Club. Write to Helen Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Michigan, for details about joining.

One of the members of the Vallee Booster Fan Club wrote a most successful song about their favorite, Rudy. It is "King of the Air." The club is sole distributors of the piece. All fans of Rudy Vallee are invited to write Beatrice "Val" Gordon, Lefters Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., for club details.

Alice White's letter, appearing in the club bulletin of the "Alice White Fan Club," informs us that while at Palm Springs recently she entered her English sheep dog in a dog show. Snooty won three ribbons and a trophy.

This fan club is for girls only, and Lucille Carlson, 200 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., is president.

The Movie Club Guild of Chicago is certainly going places and doing things. The progressive dinner we told you about in the last issue was a great success. They are now going in for all sorts of card parties. One was held March 14th.
Mae West Can Play Anything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Paramount set to direct Mae West, I didn't know whether she was actually an actress, or simply a woman with an amazing personality. She hadn't finished rehearsing the first scene until I knew the answer to that one. It was "actress!"

There is none of the poseur in Mae West. She is so genuine in her work that she breathes life into characters that would be lambymanly artificial in the hands of lesser players. For example: Jeanne Eagles was the only actress who succeeded in making Sadie Thompson a believable, sympathetic character.

In her characterizations we know so well in pictures today, Mae West is the soul of rhythm. Neither her seductive walk, her knowing, alluring wink, nor her languorous drawl are studied poses. I have seen several clever girls attempt to imitate Mae, but they always fail to even touch the real thing. Their Westian poses are jerky and unconvincing. In other words, the lure is lost.

LIKE our other few real actresses, Mae believes in what she is doing. She understands the necessity of rhythm and relaxation in acting. She reminds me of a "sleeping" leopard, completely relaxed, yet with all her senses fully alert for the lenament. To watch Mae play even an unimportant scene says, strolling nonchalantly across a set, stopping to light a cigarette for a man, is to watch the epimote of grace. But, to watch her really turn on the heat and "GIVE"—I'll leave the effect on your system to your own fertile imagination.

I wonder how many people realize that Mae West saturates sex? She has made our old fashioned vamipires, those mysterious, pallid, emaciated, smoky-eyed females appear as futile as they usually are in real life. Her robust, lusty humor would do much towards humanizing several traditional characters.

Mae has always wanted to do a version of the Queen of Sheba. As this glamorous biblical character is almost wholly a legendary woman, the West version, however humorous, is apt to be as truthful as any.

—Catherine the Great—

OBSERVE the billing! I submit Mae West as Catherine the Great. Am I mad? Not at all. Read your history. What sort of woman was the amazing Empress of all the Russians? Not the glorified person we have seen in pictures. Not by any stretch of the imagination. Instead, she was a female Don Juan or Casanova, as well as a remarkably strong, dominating and fascinating woman.

She freely acknowledged taking her fun where she found it.

She was really a woman of great executive ability, and every inch an empress despite the irregularity of her moral life. To the very end, she was a great gal, good-natured and bubbling over with robust humor.

So much for the character that everyone will agree Mae West can play. I'll now go to the other extreme.

Mae could play a Peg O' My Heart.

—Mae as Peg—

Yes, I know this sounds ridiculous. What, La Belle West in curls and baby-faced in-
What else could she play? Well, how about that swell little person whose kindly, lovable nature captivated Charles the First quite as much as her lure as an actress and her sex appeal?

**Vera Gawn.** I'd give a lot of salary for the opportunity to direct Mae in this gay and romantic, but tragic bit of history. Mae could contribute a characterization as rich and racy, laughable and human as was Charles Laughton's Henry the Eighth.

Unlike many of our outstanding screen personalities, Mae West will never be limited. She can play anything, and many surprising things well. She has terrific personal appeal on the screen. Women like her as well as men. Mae understands the psychology of her own sex. She never takes a good man's man away from her.

Never says “Come up and see me some time” to the wrong guy.

The audiences get a great kick out of Mae. Because they get as many laughs as they do thrills.

I have mentioned a few of the girls Mae West could play if she chose to—Skeba, Catherine, Stella, Peg, Nell and Cherry. It would not be at all difficult to picture her as Madame X, Salvation Nell, DuBarry, Salomy Jane, Anna Christie, or even the girl I've reserved for the last.

How about Mae playing opposite, say, John Barrymore, in “The Taming of the Shrew”?

Shades of Shakespeare! This is no jest. After all, you know, the Bard of Avon's women were down-to-earth gals. In my opinion, Mae could play the shrewish Katharine to John's dominating Petruchio as well as most of our modern actresses.

Why not have a go at some of these girls, Mae?

**Why not, indeed?**

Here are the reasons:
1. “She Done Him Wrong” made picture history.
2. “I'm No Angel” made more money.
3. “Belle of the Nineties” (despite censorship) making new records.

Sure, Mae West can change her character, but who wants her to?

I don't.

---

**Dinner from Old Denmark**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

Sauce: Butter thickly six individual timbale moulds and sprinkle finely chopped parsley over bottom and sides. Carefully drop an egg into each mould so that yolk will not break. Set moulds in pan of boiling water to reach half the depth of timbales. Cover with iron lid and let it boil steadily. White will be firm in about eight minutes. Turn out the eggs carefully, garnished ends up, on a platter covered with Madeira sauce. For the sauce, mix in a deep saucepan four tablespoons Madeira wine, two tablespoons tomato ketchup, one cup good stock. Bring to a boil and let it cook from fire. Mash together one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon cornstarch. Add to sauce and stir until smooth. Cut saucesan over fire again and stir constantly until sauce comes to a boil. Sufficient for six persons.

**Moatballs:** Soak six tablespoons fine dry bread crumbs in one-half cup cream, or less fave ready nine ounces beef from loin, four ounces veal and four ounces pork, which has previously been put through a meat chopper five or six times. Better have your butcher do this. Mix the meat and soaked bread crumbs, adding any remaining cream and one-half cup cold water drawn from a siphon, a little at a time. Now fry, without browning in one tablespoon batter two tablespoons finely chopped Bermuda onion. Stir into the meat mixture two-thirds teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon white pepper, pinch of allspice, yolk of one or two eggs and fried onions. Shape in small balls and fry in butter, using low heat. Shake in pan occasionally to keep balls in shape, serve with pan sauce poured over them and, if desired, a border of fried yellow onions.

**Pigs' Trotters:** Select four pig feet and singe over a non-sooting flame. Plunge them in boiling water with a little soda and scrape carefully. Repeat two or three times, changing the water, after which the feet should be quite white. Split in halves lengthwise, place in two pots cold water, adding two tablespoons salt, ring to a boil and let them cook from three to four and a half hours or until a toothpick will easily pierce them. Cool in cold water to make them whiter. Place in the liquid in which they were boiled to turn into jelly. Serve with pickled beets.

Here is another variation of the pigs' feet theme.

**Pigs' Feet Sauce:** Prepare and cook as above. Cool with a beaten egg roll in line bread crumbs and fry to a golden yellow in butter.

The favorite dessert in the Brisson menu is abbahage, or apple cake with whipped cream.

When Mr. Brisson finished “All the King's Horses,” he promised the electricians, laborers, wardrobe girls and other workers on the set a big party. Having heard what a typical Brisson meal was like, several of the electricians sent the star the following message: “Would you mind if we asked for ham and eggs? We can’t pronounce much else on the menu.”

---

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

**DARK, LUXURIANT LASHES INSTANTLY and SAFELY**

Every day more and more beauty-conscious women accept their eyes to deeper beauty and meaning... with MAYBELLINE instantly darkness lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping eyelashes. Contains no dye... utterly harmless... non-staining... tearproof. Approved by Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities.

Black, Brown, Blue, 75c at reputable toilet goods counters.

---

**The famous Stone family has moved en masse to Hollywood and plans to make its home there. Fred, with Paramount, and daughter Paula.**

---

**HAPPY ENDING**

**When the tumult and the shouting have died down... and the inner man needs replenishing before bedtime... then, right then, is the time to have a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.**

They're light, crisp, satisfying, and invite that needed slumber — with the sweetest dreams.

Kellogg's are sold by all grocers. Served everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
Let Sylvia of Hollywood
Mold Your Body
into a Dream
of Loveliness

Now you can acquire the beauty of the screen stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, No More Alibis.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whiff of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

Carefully guarded secrets told

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets . . . the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by photographs and excellent diets.

There is no other book like No More Alibis—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in No More Alibis.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatments right in the privacy of your own home.

This great book only $1.00

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this marvelous book is ridiculously small—only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—now.

Read This Table of Contents

DETERMINE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK

Diet and Exercise for General Reducing

When Fat Is Localized—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Abdomen, Fat Fudge Arms, Shimmering the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Beav-Hips, Slimming the thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Bump, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—To Reduce

Reducing for the Anemic

Gain Fifteen or More Pounds a Month

If You're Thin in Places—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs

People Who Eat All Day—Dress Chair Spreader, Drooping Shoulders, Lumbreel Warnings!

The "In-Between" Figure

Keep That Perfect Figure

Clothes Tips for Structural Defects

A Firm, Lovely Face

Correcting Facial and Neck Contours—Off with That Double Chin, Enhancing a Receding Chin, Shimmering the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Something Out a Thin, Creepy Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"

Skin Beauty Diet and Energy Diet

Beautiful Hands and Feet

Acquire Poise and Grace—Overcome Nervousness

Advice for the Adolescent—to Mothers—to Girls

The Woman Fast Forty

No More Alibis is full book size, 155 pages and is illustrated with more than 100 photographic plates. It is beautifully covered in a rich coral Permastrat binding. Send for your copy of this amazing book—today.
Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Hal Roach Studios

SAFELY to Alice, family of Jack (no address)

Jack Cooper

Joe Palooka

Dr. Scholl's

Pinky Kelly

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St., Hollywood

Universal Studios

Burbank, Calif.

Warner-First National Studios

Hollywood, Calif.

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Hal Roach Studios

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Quickly relieve Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender, they'll press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief. These specially designed, padded cushion packages protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and callouses. Try them sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

END CORN PAIN STOP SHOE PRESSURE

Quickly relieve Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender, they'll press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief. These specially designed, padded cushion packages protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and callouses. Try them sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.
However, despite the stories you would read about Jean's shunning night life—it's no longer exactly true. Jean is stepping out a bit now, which as it should be, say I. No use in not having a whirl every now and then. Jean does it in company with handsome Robert Taylor, the current big moment of more than one ardent lady in this here world. Robert seems to have stepped right in and taken Jean away from her school-day sweetheart, Pancho Lucas. But my informants tell me that the Jean-Pancho heart-beat has been slowed down now for quite a spell.

is certainly giving his inventive imagination a lot of play these days. You ought to hear some of the funny things he needs just a little more money for—everything, of course, but a new plane cover! (He's only about two weeks away from it now or we wouldn't tell on him.)

WAS on the set the other day at M-G-M where Bob Montgomery was shooting a scene in "No More Ladies." I thought my eyes were deceiving me when I saw Bob in the midst of his lines, suddenly break into a spirited jig.

What ho—I thought—competition for Fred Astaire! Then a set man confirmed that whenever Bob balls up his lines he always goes right into a bit of footwork. Let's off steam that way.

A CERTAIN Dr. Kressman is showing considerable interest in one Claudette Colbert—can it be just professional concern?

BACK in 1919 Lloyd Hughes made the first picture at the studio now known in Hollywood as Monogram. Lloyd played the lead with Enid Bennett (remember her?) in "The Haunted Bedroom." It was the first picture that the late producer, Thomas Ince, made at his new studios. The other day, Lloyd started his screen comeback in "Honeymoon Limited"—at the same place.

THE demand for technical accuracy by motion picture studios knows no bounds. In the picture "Anna Karenina," being made with Garbo at M-G-M, little Freddie Bartholomeu, of "David Copperfield" fame, has a part in which he plays with a number of Russian soldier dolls. These dolls were sent, after considerable costume research, to the art department, and ordered painted to the last accurate detail in the uniforms and correct colors of the old Imperial regiments they represent. They will photograph only in black and white—but it helps to keep the art department busy.

Incidentally Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey have called it quits. Reason—things got too serious, with Irene saying it is too early in her career for romance.

THAT favorite and luxurious retreat of the Hollywood stars, La Quinta, is near the tiny desert town of Indio, deep in the Coachella Valley. Recently Ronald Colman returned from a stay there absorbing the well known ultra violet rays, and ever since his friends have been calling him "Clive of Indio."

YOU husbands who have to hold something out on the little woman to get those new golf clubs, can sympathize with Paul Lukas. He has to have a new covering for his airplane, but Daisy doesn't approve of his flying. And Daisy holds the key to the exchequer. Paul